

A night with Angel Dust

It happened two or three days ago. I was casually watching TV in the humble apartment that I was renting, half asleep in front of the monitor. I had stumbled on the TV news channel, which I usually wouldn't watch, as the newscaster's bitchy behavior and way of talking were highly irritating me. I was lazily listening to the news, as they were talking about the yearly extermination that was taking place, which I had forgotten was today, when an interruption caught my interest. I shifted my position a bit, surprised to see the princess of hell herself in front of the cameras. Her charming slender face and curly long blonde hairs were pretty famous amongst the population of hell, as she was wearing her usual elegant outfit, which consisted of a pink colored tuxedo covering a white shirt surmounted with a black bow tie, and purple tinted trousers above black suspenders. I found myself listening to the blonde girl's presentation of her ambitious project. To resolve the problem of overpopulation in hell, which has led to the idea of a yearly extermination commanded by angels, she had in mind to create a hotel where demons could redeem themselves and be cleansed of their sins, the "Happy hotel", as she called it. I found the idea very stupid, of course. Why would we want to become good persons? Our bad behavior was the reason why we were here, in hell, why would we want to change it? That seemed to be too much effort for nothing of worth. And how would this kind of place even work? I imagine it would be like a sort of rehabilitation center or something, filled with dumb activities like sewing and meditation, introducing to each other like in an AA meeting... Yeah, I'd prefer dying during the extermination than going through this torture... Besides... Was it even possible to make up for our actions anyway? Like, it wasn't even certain that it would lead to a result in the end. If it didn't work, it would just be wasted time, and I haven't got that. Yup, gonna pass on that hotel, I think. That's what I thought at first, but I soon found myself watching the live advertisement until the end, taking interest in this farfetched idea. The princess' way of talking and her enthusiasm showed a real investment in the concept she had created. She even sang about it, that is real devotion right here. But her tone also inspired... A feeling of safety? I felt soiled at the rotten simpleton feeling that had touched my brain with its slimy tentacles, but that was the only word that came to my mind. A sense of warmth and forgiveness resonating from her tickled my guts. I kept thinking about this broadcast over and over again, remembering every word that was said this day, even the belittling arguments of that awful newscaster in response to the concept. It was to a point that I couldn't even sleep at night, I kept fidgeting and rehearsing all the pros and cons of such a place that the princess had presented. I mean, I felt a bit pathetic as a demon for even considering the idea of participating to the project... But in the worst case, I could just take a peek and see how it played out, nothing would keep me here if I wanted to leave. Besides... Maybe there was still hope for me? Hope to be forgiven, at least by myself? I didn't really have a choice in my previous life, I had to do the horrible things I did as it was a matter of survival, and that's exactly because I didn't do one of these things that I wound up dead, but it doesn't change that I have to live with the aftermath of those actions. Maybe the Happy Hotel could make me feel a bit less... Guilty about my actions? Heh, a demon with guilt, it takes all kinds... I definitely didn't like this feeling of uncertainty, and I had to give it an end as soon as possible.

And now here I was, wandering through the streets of hell, shamefully looking around me, avoiding any demon that might guess where I was headed to by taking a detour every time I saw someone. Soon enough, I found myself standing in front of a tall structure, analyzing its entire esthetic. I looked up at the building that was towering over me like a menacing monster. Its multiple floors were giving it a height that was almost dizzying, as I had to lift my head up to a point that it would almost hurt before I was able to see the top of the building and its glowing label, without

which it would be impossible to recognize the building over the numerous buildings of this type. Showcasing its name upon the entire city, contrasting with hell's crimson sky and clouds were written the words "Hazbin hotel", in a glowing set of letters that didn't seem to follow any kind of structure, nor did they seem to be written with an already existing font. The letters were clumsily held from falling by the steel support behind them, rendered almost invisible under the strong light glow, which, when giving it a deeper view, seemed to come from a multitude of lightbulbs spread throughout the letters. Wait... "Hazbin hotel"? That's weird, I would have sworn the girl on TV called it "HAPPY hotel"... I was at the address that was indicated during the announcement though, I was adamant about it. I guess I misheard... I actually preferred the name this way, "Happy hotel" was way too childish and "Girly" for my tastes, the term "Hazbin" was giving a bit of a sarcastic humor to the name of this place. Dazzled by the light and cursing my stupidity for having directly stared at the glowing sign, I heard the mockeries of some demons looking at me from afar, as my cat ears twitched and turned towards the source of the haunting sounds. "I knew this was a bad idea" I told myself, irritated as I was about to head from the opposite of the hotel's direction, running away in the hopes that my integrity as a demon could still be saved, when I was suddenly stopped by a voice coming from behind.

"Why hello there, feline looking friend!" I heard from over my shoulder, as the sizzled and nosey voice that echoed those words sounded like a voice that could come out from a distant radio.

- H-Huh?

I frantically turned around, expecting one of those demons I had seen before to be the one that I would be facing, but I soon realized that those who were making fun of me just before weren't here anymore. Instead, I was faced with a tall dark red silhouette, which discernable red and black hair tufts resembling deer ears and way of smiling from ear-to-ear were two obvious hints as to the identity behind the silhouette. The bright red dress, slightly torn upon its end and the dark red coat it was covering, as well as the dark red pants surmounting black hoof-shaped boots, and the microphone looking cane he was holding on his right hand were the final details that confirmed the name of the person who was in front of me. A heatwave traveled through my entire body as I involuntarily lowered my tail and ears as a sign of fear.

"You... You are... The radio D-Demon?" I managed to mumble, unable to articulate that much due to the dangerous aura that was emanating from the almighty demon.

- Haha, I see that my reputation precedes me! I am indeed the one you call "Radio demon"! He joyfully replied, leaning forward to face my face with his cheeky smile. But you can call me Alastor, I am more than pleased to meet you! The demon extended his left hand towards me for a handshake.

This outburst of formality my interlocutor was showing made me even more anxious than before. It's not everyday that you meet one of the most powerful, if not the single most powerful demon in hell, and an encounter with him was probably announcing very bad news. Forcing my body to get itself together, I was already preparing a desperate escape in case I would need to. Of course, I knew my chances of survival were low if I just ran away, but that was probably the only thing I would be able to do if things took a dangerous turn. Still on my toes, I tried to take a threatening tone, leaving untouched the awaiting hand he had proposed to me.

- Wh... What do you want from me?

- My, such animosity, I wonder what I did to deserve this... But fear not, as I come in peace. Alastor retreated his hand and stood bolt upright, his hands behind his back, but still looking down on me

with an eerie amused stare, like a predator curiously scrutinizing a prey before continuing. You see, I couldn't help but notice the interest you have in our lovely hotel, and as the charitable soul that I am, I figured I could invite you inside. What do you think?

What I thought, was the confirmation that the rumors were true... The news had circulated on Internet, but nobody really knew if it was a fake news or not, as these were way more present in hell, due to the lack of required verification on the journalistic reports, both in physical and digital format. I didn't believe the news, since I figured that the interview would have talked about it if it was the case, but at this very instant I was forced to believe that my theory was wrong. If Alastor was part of all the fuss about the "Happy hotel", then it was probably a trap, and a better bet to drop my initial idea of visiting it. I tried to regain a composure before proceeding with my answer.

- N-no, thank you. I... I think I'll pass...

I'll admit, after the words came out of my mouth, I realized that was a very bad answer. I risked upsetting the terrifying deer demon, which would absolutely sign my death warrant. In fact, I was already starting to go through all the process of death acceptance in train speed, expecting this sentence to be my last. It was almost as if I was already closing my eyes, waiting for my punishment for the affront that I had made. But instead of seeing an enraged beast in front of my eyes like I was expecting, Alastor just seemed amused.

- Haha... You don't get to refuse. The demon simply reacted before snapping his fingers, right as a bright flash suddenly clouded my vision before I was able to do anything. It felt as if I was out of this reality for an instant, a sort of strange floating feeling which I thought was the feeling of death, before the world and its reddish hues appeared to me again.

The scenery that appeared in front of me wasn't the same than during my conversation with Alastor, though. Instead, I seemed to be in a Victorian decorated lobby, with walls covered of all kinds of paintings, supposedly representing powerful demons through history, with furniture and additional details adorned with gilding, which color was embellishing the walls around the room, the lavender color on the upper part being separated from the red color on the lower one by the same kind of gilding. All of these elements were elegantly mixing together in a balanced red, lavender and yellow contrast.

"What the FUCK?!" were the only words I was able to form in front of this bizarre experience I've just lived and this unknown place I was discovering. Words to which Alastor, who I didn't realize was here with me, casually answered with a "welcoming" :

- Welcome to the Hazbin hotel! A desperate place where desperate demons struggle towards their desperate goal of becoming what they'll never be... Good persons, haha! He leaned dangerously close to me before continuing. I'm sure you'll feel right at home... He added menacingly.

- Uuh... O... Kay... Haha... I replied, forcing a hesitant smile on my face.

- Well, I'd love to show you around, but I have other... Unmentionable projects to attend to. But no worries! I'll leave you with the owner.

Alastor straightened before speaking loudly, as if to make an announcement, his voice resonating through the entire place, if not the entire building.

- My dear! Someone wants to be part of your joke! You are invited to the reception!

He leaned close to me again before whispering.

“She isn’t the receptionist but the demon who’s supposed to do that is always... In an unfitting state for his duty.” He admitted, turning my head to a corner of the room, where a seemingly handmade bar installation was located, and where a strange looking feline looking demon with brown and white markings accompanied by red wings and eyebrows as well as a bowtie of the same color, was drinking a bottle which label was literally indicating “Cheap booze”.

It wasn’t long before a sound of creaking stairs indicated the upcoming arrival of the “Dear” Alastor had just called out. I looked around me to take another look at the hotel lobby, and realized that Alastor had disappeared. “He must have teleported again”, I told myself. Well, now I was alone to face whatever was coming down the stairs. Where did I get myself into... As the noise continued, I could discern a feminine voice clearly repeating “Oh my gosh” over and over, a voice that I recognized right before the person whom it belonged to appeared at the foot of the stairwell. Yes, just as I thought, that was the princess of hell herself. Her exhausted face, probably due to the draining descent held a yet childishly excited expression, which emanated a sort of purity that had the talent of making me feel a little more reassured. Well, that was before she rushed at me, still saying the same lines that I heard back then she was in the stairs. I was at the edge of retreating and running away, as I had finally located the exit at this point, but was stopped by the feeling of her hands wrapping around mine.

“Oh my gosh oh my gosh oh my gosh!!! Welcome to the Happy Hotel, you’re gonna LOVE it! My name is Charlie! She almost screamed, shaking my hands so much that I felt like she could rip them off at any instant. She took a more detailed look at me before her eyes sparked with excitement again. Oh my god, you’re another CAT! I’m sure you’ll get along with Husk, then! Say hello, Husk!” She invited, turning to the bar, where the aforementioned feline demon was still drinking his booze.

- No. The demon monotonously answered, probably more interested in his drink than anything else that was happening around him.

- Haha, okay... I’m still sure you two will become best friends! The woman retorted with an uneasy tone, turning her head back to me with an equally uneasy look.

- Y-Yeah, I hope...

Honestly, I didn’t wish to become friends with this “Husk” guy, but I retained myself from saying it. I heard another set of stair squeaking footsteps, much quieter, yet heavier this time, before I got to see the person who they belonged to. A girl wearing a goth-like outfit, which consisted of a white mini-dress surrounded with a light-navy blue belt, a pair of evening gloves and stockings of the same color, although the left one had light-pink stripes, of the same pastel hues than the rest of her outfit, and a choker, of the same color too, stared at me with a puzzled and wary look on her face, scrutinizing me like a criminal.. She had a light gray skin and long white hairs that ended with pink stripes at the height of her knees. I also noticed a big red tie at the back of her head.

“Who’s this guy?” The gothic-looking person asked Charlie, moving forward slowly and menacingly, as if she had already antagonized me, although I was hoping it wasn’t intentional.

- Oh, don’t be so cold, Vaggie, he’s our new resident! She replied, clumsily trying to make the conversation less awkward by taking a friendly tone.

The cautious person started examining me again, from my feet to the tips of my ears with her murderous stare, which had the effect of making me extremely anxious and uneasy, as I nervously snickered a bit, waiting for her judgement with anticipation.

- I don't trust him. She admitted, crossing her arms.

- Come on, Vaggie, don't be so wary, he doesn't look THAT terrifying... Charlie objected, even though I didn't know how to take the last part of her argumentation. I could see the second girl's eye twitch and her expression distort a bit as a reaction.

- He's a MAN! And you know what men do in hotels? They do... "Man stuff" with the furnitures! She almost yelled, turning her head at me with a disgusted look.

- They don't do that... Well, not all of them... Listen...

Charlie grabbed her friend's shoulder and they both turned around, their backs facing me, as my sensible ears could hear whispers from both of the girls, sometimes accompanied with hand gestures. I didn't want to invade their privacy though, so I chose to ignore what the two women were saying, uneasily waiting for their private conversation to end. After a while, they turned back again, and I could already tell how the conversation went from how Charlie's joyful face couldn't contain its smile.

"... Fine, you can stay. Welcome to the Happy Hotel, I guess..." Vaggie said in a menacing tone which clearly meant "I keep my eyes on you".

- Th... Thank you... I replied, trying to be as friendly and innocent sounding as possible. Um... Just to make sure though... Vaggie's stare turned grave and menacing again, but I took it upon myself to finish my sentence. Is this place the "Happy" hotel, or the "Hazbin" hotel..?

- ...I knew he wanted to fuck with us! Vaggie's angry tone stabbing me. She was ready to jump at me, fortunately stopped by Charlie keeping her in place and begging her to stop, trying to stay polite and firm at the same time, when a grave voice coming from the bar stopped the dispute.

- Wait, you girls didn't even realize yet?

- REALIZE WHAT?! The goth-girl yapped at him.

- The radio fucker changed the front sign, guess this place is the Hazbin hotel now. I thought you knew.

There was a moment of silence during which it was almost possible to hear Vaggie's head boiling inside.

- He. Did. WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT??! Her enraged yell shook the entire building, as I could feel the pain in my sensible ears from this shout worthy of the most ferocious and dangerous creature in hell, even after having covered them in anticipation. Vaggie furiously rushed towards the bartender and slammed her hands on the counter before continuing. WHERE IS HE?!

- I don't know! I saw his disappear, I guess he left. Why do you ask me anyway, the fucker was with the other fucker right here! He objected, pointing his finger right at me.

I repressed the urge to call Hush a fucker in return, both feeling uneasy about the situation, and in danger faced to the white haired girl's piercing look as she had turned her head towards me. She started rushing to my direction, mumbling what seemed to be a Hispanic language, as I was already imagining her striking voice piercing my eardrums. To my surprise, this is not what happened though, as Vaggie firmly yet carefully grabbed Charlie's wrist as she came across.

- Come with me Charlie, we're gonna find him and I'll make this FUCKER bow down to you in apology!

- Wha- Hey, wait! She tried to object, cut by the force that was pulling her towards the exit.

- I'm gonna make him eat his own ears! Vaggie replied, more than decided to find Alastor, as she was fuming at this point. Charlie turned her head to look at me before speaking, or more like, yelled to make herself heard besides the goth-girl's threats.

- You can take a refreshment at the bar if you want! It's free! Were the last words I heard from her before the door shut close, shaking the entire ground.

I stood still and silent for a few seconds in pure incomprehension as to what just happened in front of my eyes, before shaking my head and getting myself back on track. My first thought was obvious; I HAD to leave this crazy place! There was no way I would be able to handle both that snarky insulting bartender and the sleeping volcano that this "Vaggie" girl was... But for a reason that I didn't even comprehend, I told myself that I could at least drink a bit, since it was free. I turned towards the bar, a bit forlorn at the idea of talking to Husk again, before taking a place on one of the stools. The half-cat, half-bat looking demon stared at me before reluctantly asking with a frown :

"Alright, what will you take?"

- A 66, please. I answered in a defensive tone.

- Pff. Pussy. He grimaced before turning his back at me as he started preparing the cocktail while grumbling. Demons are so fucking weak nowadays, he said... We used to drink the blood from the enemy soldier's hearts back in my time! The rice eaters wouldn't need it anyway, since they were dead. Heh, good old times...

The demon, whose poker symbols on the wings I had just noticed, turned back to me, sliding a big pint across the counter with a very apparent disgusted expression that he wasn't even trying to hide.

"Here."

"I knew that was a bad idea", I told myself as I grumpily grabbed the handle, sliding the beverage down my gullet.

-I hope that's not the best you can take, you're already disappointing me enough, hehe.

That guy sure was lucky that I wasn't the kind to start fights, I would have already shown him the extent of my powers otherwise. Besides, I'm not sure that his literal "cheap booze" was much harder to handle than what I ordered. I still kind of wanted revenge though, and even if it was a petty one, I was rummaging through my brain to find an answer that would roast him so much he would feel the natural climate of hell is a warehouse fridge. But before I could say anything, a new voice made its apparition right beside me.

- Oh, give him a break already, you won't make me yours by belittling your rivals...

- Huh. You. Husk disparagingly replied.

I recognized this mysterious voice, even though I knew that it wasn't one that I knew from someone I met once... I put my mind to work despite my horrible memory abilities, yet couldn't remember where I have heard these specific vibrations before, until I turned my head to my right to uncover the identity behind it. My eyes widened, as I instantly recognized the traits and hints of the tall and slim silhouette whose voice I forgot was his. I recognized the white as snow hairs and fur on the arachnid looking demon's face, topped by pink circles here and there, three of them

conveniently placed under the demon's left black eye and right yellow eye, both surmounted by an eyeliner, pink as the spots on his face, making it much more expressive. Nobody could mistake his wide smile either, with sharp teeth which color was as pure as the fur around his holder's face, save for a single golden tooth. I started to blush madly, lucky to have fur to hide the red hue that my skin must be taking right now.

"A... Angel... Dust..." I managed to say with a wobbly voice.

- Nice to meet you, hot stuff~ He answered with the flirty tone and sultry stare he was known for, bending forward from the stool I haven't heard nor seen him sitting on, purposefully leaning confusingly close to my face.

My whole body stiffened at this very instant, and I did my best to not melt in place in the company of the famous Angel Dust, the "Spider in the Kinky Boots" as he is mostly called on the Internet. The truth is that I wasn't expecting him to be in this place anymore. After the fiasco that was the interview, and with the mediatization of the footage of him participating in the annual purge, I thought that he would have been kicked out of the hotel for sure, yet here he was, disconcertingly close to me, as if he wasn't aware of how close he was... Or as if he was in fact perfectly aware, and actually teasing me.

"It is... An honor to meet you!" I extended a shaky hand towards him, poorly attempting to stay as natural as possible.

- Uuuh... I don't shake hands, sorry, way too formal. He replied, closing in again to whisper something in my ear. I prefer shaking something else...

The sudden confession caused my heart to skip a bit and a nervous laugh to slip off my mouth, as Angel Dust frankly laughed, sat down on the closest chair, leaning back and crossing his legs.

- Heh, sorry, I like to play with my fans, especially the bashful ones...

With a hand gesture he made with one of his four pink gloved hands, the demon ordered a drink to the bartender who seemed even grumpier than before, Angel Dust's presence probably being the cause of it. I took the occasion to scan him from top to bottom, while he wasn't looking at me. Although his elegant bowtie and white suit with pink stripes were highlighting a prominent chest which would confuse a lot of peoples about Angel Dust's gender, I was looking down at his long black booted legs with interest. Being a porn star, Angel Dust's body had been laid bare to the camera and had now been discovered by a lot of peoples, but there was one thing that nobody had ever seen before about him, and it was his feet. He would always appear with his signature boots all the time, and there was even one video in which he would dominate someone with them, without ever taking them off though. Of course, this gradually attracted a lot of foot fetishist's interest... Including mine, which was the reason I was slyly looking at that piece of cloth of his, making sure he wouldn't see me. I reflexively looked back up when I noticed he was turning to look at me again after a sip of his drink, before resuming the conversation.

"So, what brings you here? Did they promise you a rent-free living space too?"

- Um... No, I- Angel Dust cut me off before I got the occasion to finish my sentence.

- Oh, you came here to see me, that must be it!

- Uuum... Yeah. I answered, not wanting to upset the demon I hold in such high esteem. There was a bit of truth though, I didn't think he would be actually there, but I still had the tiny bit of hope that I could see Angel Dust, so that was a sort of half-lie.

- Hehe, I understand, a lot of peoples want to see me! Angel Dust replied, before continuing. Just, not in this place... Peoples don't seem to like it. You have real devotion, I like it! He leaned in closer for a second time, facing my eyes with a sultry look. Maybe I can reward you by devoting you to me...

- Uuuh... I couldn't do anything else than blush and look away, feeling slightly excited at the idea, but way too anxious to own it and keep what I understood as a joke going.

My gaze slipped on Angel's boots again, as I witnessed the fabric deforming a bit, indicating a toe wiggle happening inside it. This got my body to suddenly stiffen in front of the spider demon's face. A heat wave made its way all around my body as I swear I saw Angel Dust's expression turn into a grin for a millisecond before it turned back to its usual flirty look.

- So, what are you into? He asked, breaking the awkward silence that I had caused.

- In... Into what? I replied, acting dumb and hoping that Angel Dust wouldn't have to make me tell him my desires out loud.

- I'm talking about kinks, of course! What do you like? Dom, Sub, BDSM, that kind of stuff...

It was hardly believable. We had just met a minute ago, yet I was officially talking about kinks with Angel Dust. If I knew that it would happen one day, I would have worked on getting more confident and less bashful about it, because my body was literally bathing in sweat right now, and I was unable to form any comprehensible words. It wasn't so hard to invent something and lie about it to hide my stronger fetish, but there was something that was keeping me from just... Talking, and I was just babbling separate syllabus. I felt the shame slowly kill me inside.

- I, uum, well, I like, I mean...

- Oh, or maybe you're a foot guy?

I felt like time had stopped for a moment at the insinuation, my brain going in alert mode and trying to think of a plan to perfectly dismiss the subject while not being too suspicious. If only I had the actual time to think about my plan in detail though, I told myself as Angel Dust continued.

"A lot of peoples want to see my feet you know, many of the letters I get are actually about that... And many of those are the creepiest, I have to admit..."

Angel Dust leaned back on his chair and rested his boots on the counter, right in front of me, almost pushing my glass over and spilling my drink on my clothes. I couldn't do anything but attempt to act disgusted and keep my eyes on Angel's, feeling the "Thump" sound of my heart getting louder and louder, as it had become an ambient sound by now.

"... But that's also pretty cute! I like having peoples wonder about what might be inside these taunting, mysterious boots..."

I could tell that the demon's toes were wiggling inside the boots right now. Could it be possible that Angel Dust had figured out? Except from one or two quick stares, I haven't done anything too suspicious though, have I? It was getting harder to not look at the leathery footwear, and I thought that even though I would get rejected, probably labeled as one of the "Creepy fans" Angel was talking about, I would not have another occasion to see them that close, I was almost

tempted to stop resisting for good, but fortunately, that's when Husk spoke, for the only time which I was actually thankful to him.

"Get your fucking stinky boots off my counter or I'll cut your legs off." He said, nonchalantly washing a glass.

- Heh, you see, even Husk wants me to take my boots off... I'd do it if you want, husky~ Angel said as he grabbed the top of his boot, slightly lowering it down to show a bit of his leg under it. The cat demon's eyes widened, although it wasn't for the reason I thought.

- Oh. My. Fucking. God. I can't believe you called me "Husky". You know what? Fuck this shit. I'm out. He grabbed one of those poorly labeled bottles he seems to have hidden in a compartment under the counter before leaving, flipping both of us off. A short period of silence followed before Angel Dust finally retracted his legs off the counter, to my not-so-big delight.

- I'll get him one day. He said, seemingly slightly disappointed that his catch ran away from him. He turned to look at me again, with the same flirting smile than before. Anyway... You know what? Let's take it upstairs. He said winking at me, standing up and motioning me to follow him.

I shyly obliged and let Angel Dust lead me towards the antique staircase, climbing up the equivalent of two floors before I was greeted with a corridor surrounded with multiple doors on each side along the walls. I marveled a bit at the carpet's complicated design, while also using the time I had behind Angel to look at the soles of his boots as he was walking in front of me. We traveled through the corridor and passed a few doors before the spider demon came to a stop in front of one of them. He turned the knob and opened the door, before inviting me to enter first. I accepted, almost nodding as a reflex. Angel followed, closing and locking the door behind him as a ticking sound indicated. It was a relatively medium sized bedroom, with a king size bed along the left wall, and a bunch of storage cabinets, like a dresser, a closet, and a desk with six spaces beneath it, probably with the purpose of hosting drawers. The three spaces on the left were empty, although I couldn't see if there was something in this space or not.

"So, this is my room, make yourself at home!" Angel exclaimed as he directly walked up to the close, as I was taking a look around the place. I was still shocked at the idea that I was alone with Angel Dust in his room and couldn't stop awkwardly fidgeting. I looked through the window, pensive as to what I should do from now on to not look too awkward or give a bad impression.

"W-Wait... We are really doing it?!" I exclaimed in pure shock, as my innocent brain still hadn't realized after all the allusions from Angel Dust, and his invitation to join him in his room.

- Of course, why do you think I brought you up here? Now, get on your knees, I know the exact thing for you~

- O-Okay, I answered, a bit embarrassed, but also doing my best to contain my excitement. I listened to the instructions and fell to my knees on the spot, right in front of the locked entrance door, touching the cold hard wood floor with them, apprehensively wondering what was Angel Dust had in store for me. At that point, I was pretty sure Angel had figured out my reserved personality hid a liking for domination stuff, and my assumption prove itself to be true when the demon turned back, holding a large piece of black cloth in his hand.

- Yup, that's a blindfold. Here's what's gonna happen: I'll make you taste something, and you'll have to tell me what it is, although the answer might be obvious, okay love?~ Angel winked at me in such an adorable way that I couldn't help but feel a rush of excitement.

- O... Okay... I answered, even though I didn't seem to have much of a choice, the demon had already covered my vision with the dark material and tied a knot at the back of my head. I fidgeted a bit as I realized that was the first time Angel physically touched me. His hands felt warm and welcoming, as it felt like every touch was a tender caress to my face.

I was now completely blinded by a black canvas covering my eyes, closing them under the piece of fabric to get in total immersion and to avoid getting lint on them. I was highly anticipating Angel's next action, as I felt him put a collar around my neck, tightening it enough to make me realize its presence, but not too tight either. I heard multiple sounds that I couldn't accurately define, and probably trick sounds that Angel Dust made in order to keep the mystery around what I would be "Tasting" as he said. I heard was an almost silent "Thump" on the floor, and suddenly felt a hint of warmth arriving right on my face, and Angel Dust spoke again.

"Alright, take a taste of these~" I heard of a somewhat stern tone that I had never heard from Angel Dust before, as I felt the leash being pulled and my head following right after, forcefully planting onto a firm and warm surface, from which the rising temperature seemed to come from, with my face slightly sinking into it.

Despite not knowing what my face had touched, its organic nature felt like a relaxing and soft embrace, with a large surface that was giving a lot of space for wiggles, which was my first reflex as I listened to the instructions of my newfound master, spelunking through the unknown surface by rubbing my nose where I could feel a bit of resistance pushing it, while also welcoming it to knead onto a bunch of what seemed to be wrinkles flattening under my face, surrounding the sides of my snout like a tender hug. The thing I was rubbing my face onto was unknown to me, although a caress on the left side of my face proved me that whatever they were, there were at least two of them, as the second mysterious surface was motherly caressing my fur and pressing against it, which had the effect of making my fur feel damper from a bunch of sweat that must be gathered by it. I turned my head to my left to get a feel of that second object, as I started kissing every single millimeters of the warm extent, starting from the bottom, progressively going up to feel a curve welcoming my face through the entire surface until I was greeted with what felt to be long appendices that I gave the same affectionate treatment to.

I gave a passionate kiss to each of the eight appendices, feeling my lips around their round shape as my lust went up while I kept kissing and licking, before I stuck my tongue out and started lapping, feeling a slightly moist taste of salt as my tongue rolled around and between the mysterious objects. My face was pushing through the soft little balls, pulled towards them by Angel Dust who I could only hear content moans from. I opened my mouth and placed one of the mysterious items in my mouth, sucking up and down in a repetitive motion, before resuming my usual kisses and sucks onto the next asset, not before passing my tongue between two of them and catching the intensity of this space which had an undoubtedly stronger taste. This lasted for a few minutes before I went down to the soft large pillow surface again, preparing to start this worship cycle again, when I felt the soft pressure of the object I had licked right before apply flat on my face. The round shapes on top of the element seemed to clench a bit on my forehead, rubbing it in circular motions, before I felt them grab the black cloth in front of my eyes.

"Alright, now, time for the big reveal~" I heard Angel Dust's sultry voice say as the black canvas that had clouded my vision lifted up. My eyes took their time to adjust to the light they have been secluded off for a few minutes now, and I looked, awestruck, at what I had been worshipping this entire time.

Angel's long white feet were displayed right in front of me, shifting and moving in front of me to delight my view with their numerous wrinkles interacting with each other, as the demon would rub his soles together, displaying a rounded arch that was an invitation to explore. The arachnid continued his presentation while I could only watch at the fluid motion of these really long feet. His soles were big enough to cover my entire head, and were surmounted by four long pink nailed toes wiggling around to feature how soft their base were. The large slender figure featured a ton of wrinkles that seemed to get transmitted to each different part of the foot in a fluid motion, as the carved sole was giving an even deeper relief to the immaculate pair, making them look like they were specifically made to host a face therein.

"Surprised? Angel Dust said with his tongue lustily rolling out of his mouth. I figured that you would like these, given how you kept staring~"

The demon pulled on the leash again, giving me a closer view of the silk like texture of his belongings while he spread and wiggled his toes around. The view awoke another wave of excitement that made my heart pound very fast and my face blush like crazy. If it was impossible to see my shade under my fur, my expression clearly indicated the amazement and love I felt in front of this folded environment that was Angel Dust's soles, which I was seeing from so close I could see all the seams on them. He pointed his left toes towards my nose and pulled the leash more, casually curling his toes to grab my nose between them, welcoming me to their warm atmosphere. Despite the licks and sucks I had given them, I could still smell a present cheesy smell between Angel's toes, though knowing what I was now smelling was making my pleasure rise up even further. The left toes would occasionally wiggle on my face to rub it in a nurturing way, filling my mind with the bliss of their softness getting so close to my face. Angel Dust then extended his other foot towards me and forced his big toe into my mouth, resting his toe on my tongue to fill with its sweat, while resting his other toes on my chin.

"Now, how does it feel to suck at my divine toes? I bet they taste good~" Angel snickered, wiggling the toe that was in my mouth.

My only answer was to moan very loudly, before lifting my hands to eagerly grab the awesome pair, pushing them further towards my face, while rubbing their smooth tender soles with my thumbs, kneading both of them into the soft material and feeling them drag along the arch of the demon's long feet. Angel was right, his toe had a divine taste, and I could feel my mind being filled with the sweet cheesy scent and salty taste that I had the immense honor of experiencing so close to my face. The wiggly mass was swiftly rubbing the inside of my mouth while my tongue was dancing around the sphere, warming and moisturizing it with my saliva, as Angel couldn't keep himself from moaning positively at the feeling. Once the toe was completely soaked, Angel rewarded me with a toe pat on my nose, before taking his toe out of my mouth. He then suddenly stuck his three remaining toes in my mouth, filling it almost completely as my tongue was pushed back and had almost no space to work on the smooth digits that were rubbing my cheeks from the inside. I moaned loudly and closed my eyes, with both of my olfactory and taste senses being completely taken over by the dominative toes, before taking a big whiff. After the three toes were completely cleaned, he plucked them out of my mouth and presented his soles together for another presentation, with his soles now glistening and shining under the light of the hotel room. He moved his feet back and forth while scrunching his sensitive toes, showing the amount of wrinkles that extended to the whole foot's length, before spreading his toes, which slightly shifted sideways during the spread, forming a perfect arch that looked like it was ready to grab my whole face in them. And that's exactly what they did, as they surprisingly jolted on my face, each toe grabbing a tuft of my forehead as if they were tightly hugging me, while I felt my face sinking into the smooth

skin of Angel Dust's soles, feeling the skin make place for my nose and face as it was now surrounded by their huge arch. He pressed his soles as strong as he could, taking my breath away to only be able to sniff at the smell of his soles, as he grinded them sideways to impregnate me of their odor, before loosening his grip a bit and moving his feet backwards to get into my view again, as I was dazzled by the intensity of the smother I was put into.

"Well, I think you know what to do now, they are all yours to worship~" Angel commanded, putting his upper set of hands behind his head and looking at me in the same flirty look that he was known for.

He slowly advanced his feet towards my face and this time, I didn't need Angel to pull on my leash to let me push my face into this delicious sea of wrinkles, as I delicately grabbed Angel's left foot by its ankle and lapped up and down the precious surface, gathering any speck of dust and sweat that was still present on them with my saliva, starting from the heel. As I was avidly licking the left ball, angel had resumed his caressing session on my cheek, drumming his toes on my cheekbones and gleefully rubbing my cat ears, rubbing his toes in their inner part, which had the effect of arousing me a lot. I kept licking, following the natural curve of the spider demon's arch to wind up on the soles, while I felt the fur of my cheek dampen as I felt the soles and toes play around with my fur and rest on top of my head, rubbing it in a cute way while continuously drumming his toes on it. I moved up the toes, as they wiggled and splayed in front of my face as if welcoming me, while Angel Dust was goofily giggling at his little tease. He kept the cute spectacle going for a few seconds as I peacefully watched the wiggling digits dance right before me, before he pointed his big toe and poked my lips with it, to which I answered by opening my mouth and letting it enter to give it a second suck, this time being calmer and driven towards pure worship and less about domination, as I carefully licked away all the sweat that they had found themselves to be coated in again since the time I licked and sucked on them. I felt the salty taste fill my maw little by little, as I alternated between the flesh, which base I was also nibbling a bit while looking directly at Angel Dust, whose smile indicated me to keep going, and the thin toenail that I covered in my saliva, without forgetting to slither my tongue in the tight space between the two. This lasted for a few minute, as I gave each toe the same treatment, while between each toe-sucking session, I was greeted with Angel Dust splaying his toes and presenting me his in-between toe area, which I advance my nose towards to take deep whiffs of before gleefully covering them with my tongue, and starting to suck on the next toe. I kept this going for the four toes of the demon's left foot, still supported by the other foot who was now basically squeezing my ear around, as Angel Dust had probably guessed by my moans and pants of pleasure that this was a soft spot for me. It felt like touching a very sensible area which sent a fuzzy feeling down my spine, which only grew bigger as he continued using my ear as a foot toy. About to reach a climax, I hastily grabbed the right foot and began the same treatment, while it was now the left foot that was left alone. Except that this time it wasn't rubbing at my face and ear, as it instead directed down to my body, rubbing and applying a soft pressure on it, as its dexterous toes were expertly caressing my fuzzy shoulders and chest, pressing and mounting it toe by toe. I didn't hold the foot I was worshipping with both of my hands either, as I was pushing the lower foot towards my skin, liberated of any sense of self shame that I could have felt before. I was in my little heaven, with me taking extreme care of my idol's feet, while they were nurturing me the same way. The up and down motion was about as exciting as the ear play that I had experienced, and my worship was cut off by the need to pant for a good moment before being able to resume it. I had finished cleaning every little inch of Angel Dust's feet as I was now pulling his leg closer to my face and licking the top of the foot, which was as smooth as the rest. This led to Angel Dust snickering a bit as he looked at me with what seemed to be a genuine, peaceful smile.

“Hehe, you’re better at this than I thought~ I might make you my official foot servant, you know?”

- Y-You... Think so? I replied as my eyes opened wide at the idea of being near such perfect feet in a frequent basis, as my astonishment made me stop licking for a moment.

Angel Dust lowered his legs for his feet to stay on my lap, alternatively pressing the ball of each foot against my stomach, while I intertwined my fingers between each of the spider’s toes, peacefully squeezing and brushing my thumbs against the cleaned soles.

- You’re a pretty talented worshipper, I wouldn’t let it go to waste~ Angel replied, while his left foot drifted to the side and grabbed the black piece of fabric that had blinded me a few minutes ago from the ground. He lifted up his foot towards my face, presenting me with the cloth before continuing. By the way... How was my sock?

- Your... Sock? I started blushing madly again as I realized that the blindfold was actually one of Angel Dust’s sock.

- I have a lot of these, all worn out and sweaty from my bare feet... The demon launched the sock to lay on my face with a snicker, as its toe side extremity landed right on my nose, and I could feel the taunting remnant of smell that had been built inside it during the whole day. It was like feeling Angel Dust’s feet before the actual worship, which started the machine of arousal in my body again. Angel Dust looked with a smile from ear to ear before continuing. You can keep it as a souvenir, or more like... a reward. But for now, keep it on your face, I have one more thing to do~

Angel’s feet started wandering around my body, carefully rubbing every spot of it, from the bottom of my stomach to the top of my shoulders, as I peacefully whiffed at the cheesy smell and the warm built up sweat that was on my face, panting madly. The demon masterfully grabbed the bottom of my tailor suit with his long and dexterous toes, before lifting both of his feet up, effectively unrolling the piece of cloth I was wearing upon my chest. Understanding Angel Dust’s intents, I submissively helped him by taking the vest off by myself, while making sure to keep the sock still on my face. I felt the cold air freshening my chest for a moment, as I didn’t realize that I had sweated so much in my clothes, before almost immediately feeling the intensive warmth of Angel’s naturally lotioned soles flattening the fur tufts of my body. Feeling Angel’s skin directly touching mine sent me shivers down my spine, while they were gently drumming up and down on my torso’s length, playfully exploring its front and sides, while I wasn’t doing anything else than pant and moan while pressing the black sock onto my face. The passing of the delicate feet wound up at my face level again, as the soles rubbed and sandwiched both of my cheeks between them. The face rub lasted a few minutes, as Angel would resume playing with my perked up ears and making me moan and pant very loud, as my thin ear skin was more sensitive than the rest of my body. He grabbed the sock with his right toes and tossed it on the ground at my right, allowing me to get a view of his long spreading toes again, before he lowered his soles at my shoulder level again, rubbing his skin on my furry clavicle again, at first grouping both feet to rub on the left, then right shoulder, and then tasking each foot to their respected side. He progressively glided his feet down my body again while slowly regrouping them together as they would travel a sort of V shape on my body, until they were finally drumming their toes against the top of my jeans, lightly grabbing the belt I was holding, and starting to unbuckle it as I witnessed the precise toes do their work, unable to say a thing out of pure bliss.

“Now, kitty foot servant... Wanna get to the real stuff?” Angel took on his sultry look again as he winked at me, confirming his lusty allusion.

I was already panting from the metallic sounds of my belt getting unbuckled and was unable to reply anything, but I energetically nodded a confirmation, my tongue already hanging from my mouth in anticipation. Angel pressed both of his feet on my inner thigh area, drumming his toes which delightful impact was strongly reflected through my clothes, sending waves of electric excitation to my entire body. Without stopping his toe drumming session, he reached his upper left arm towards the door next to which was the activated light switch that powered the light bulb making the room dimly lit.

“I call that a yes~” He said as he switched off the light, for the foot action to continue.

THE END