

Hotter Than Hell

It all started when Miss Match challenged Desi to a game of Strip Uno.

One hour, three decks of cards, and two arguments over whether a Reverse card counted as an article of clothing later, they were both naked, slightly drunk on fireball whiskey, and rolling around on Miss Match's scorched bedsheets.

"I *told* you the 'Draw Four' was going to be your undoing," Miss Match purred, climbing over the demon girl like a victorious jungle cat with a vendetta. "And now look at you—nude, flustered, and about to be devoured."

Desi, cheeks as red as her horns, tried to maintain dignity despite having one leg thrown comically over her own head. "I was *strategizing*," she insisted, right before Miss Match's tongue made contact and all her strategy dissolved into a high-pitched squeak.

Desi's tail twitched erratically, occasionally knocking over half-melted candles and a suspiciously placed lava lamp. "Th-this wasn't supposed to be—ah!—*part* of the punishment!"

Miss Match didn't reply. Mostly because her mouth was otherwise occupied, but also because she had entered what scientists (and several of her exes) referred to as the "Dangerously Focused Lesbian Zone."

Desi clawed at the sheets, eyes wide, trying to maintain composure as her toes curled hard enough to audition for ballet. "S-stop doing that thing with your—OH GODS you *know* what you're doing with your tongue!"

Miss Match briefly looked up with a smirk. "You taste like sin and bubblegum."

"STOP COMPLIMENTING ME, IT'S CONFUSING."

Miss Match grinned. "That's half the fun, babe."

By the time the night ended, the lava lamp had exploded, Desi had screamed in infernal tongues at least twice, and Miss Match had learned that devilgirls were surprisingly ticklish behind the knees.

They never finished the game of Strip Uno.