

## 1088

But he didn't fit into any of those categories. He was unmarked, special. For better or worse, that at least meant he didn't have to worry about dying horribly at the moment, especially with Jes and Dao protecting him. Which meant he got to look around and admire how freaking awesome some of the environment was. Every so often, the path through the mountains revealed a random statue, and Jes and Dao insisted it hadn't been carved. Hell had grown it.

One of the statues gave him pause, one that was crouching in a ready-to-pounce position in the nook of a ravine wall.

"Holy shit," he said, "what is that?"

"That," Jes said, grinning at him as she came up beside him, "is a bolstara, one of the tetrad."

"Bo--"

"Yes yes I'll fucking explain, nerd. There's four big boss species of demon that have been around since the Spires War."

"Spi--"

She slapped him against the back of the head. Gently, but enough to shut him up.

"Later. So, tetrad demons. Big, giant, fucking scary. Hot as fuck though, right?" The gargoyle walked up to the half crouching demon, turned, and posed. "This is a statue of Zelandariel, spire ruler of Death's Grip. Hell does love to grow statues of spire rulers."

Jes was a few inches shy of seven feet tall. The bolstara demon was over ten feet tall, and she had four arms. Hooves, too, though her figure was more slender than Dao's more thick, curvy legs. She had four giant black horns that flowed backward, majestically even, and her skull elongated back behind her a bit, emphasizing the crown-like look. No wings, no tail, but her black hair tendrils flowed down from her skull, thick tendrils that were braided and filled with weird little spikes.

Oh, not spikes. Bones. Her tendrils had little bones weaved into them.

David walked up to the huge statue and looked up at her gorgeous face. No nose? No, she had a nose, but it was mostly flat and subtle, with tiny nostrils he almost couldn't see. From a distance, he couldn't see it at all, instead giving her face a really alien mask look that was exotic, and beautiful. Long, slender cheeks, and unusually narrow eyes that had long outer corners, like a woman emphasizing with mascara.

Unlike Dao and Jes, she was naked. That was a very slender stomach, and a couple of perky breasts. Not large, but it was kind of hard to even notice that, considering how complex and large the rest of her body was. He almost didn't notice the nipple chain connecting her nipples, and other bits of metal jewelry around her fingers, wrists, her ankles above her hooves, and a necklace.

Daoka clicked a few times.

"I know, right?" Jes said. "Fucking so damn hot. But she's not too happy with me, for leaving. Even less happy for trying to kill Diogo." Shrugging, she walked past Zel's statue, up to Dao, and kissed her. "But not as hot as you, big-titted goat bitch."

With some high-pitched fast clicks, Dao chuckled and kissed Jes back, before hopping away back onto the path. But she stopped a few feet along, turned, looked to David, and held out her hand. She thought he was a puppy, someone to protect. The strangest stroke of luck he'd ever received, and probably ever would. Awesome.

David gave the ridiculously tall, strangely hot four-armed demon a second glance. No tail and hooves, like a satyr, er, riiva, but the resemblances ended there. Even the four horns were different, Dao's curling so she could literally ram into people while Zel's flowed backward.  
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Hell was a strange place.

"Anyway," Jeskura said, "tetrad demons are the strongest demons around, since Belor died, last child of the Old Ones. And before you ask, tetrad because there are four types. Zel is a bolstara. There's fujara, korgejin and gorujin.  
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Wait a second. Gorgala and riiva, and Jes already explained some others, like tregeera, devorjins, and vratorins. Now a bolstara, fujara, korgejin, and gorujin. Weird species names, but there was a pattern there, a very weird pattern.  
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"Are the... fujara, female-like? And the korgejin and gorujin male-like? 'In' and 'a'?"

She grinned back at him.

"Figured it out quick."

Uh oh, ego stroke, his biggest weakness. He couldn't help but smile, and squirm.

"That's weird though. Why name the different sexes a different species?"

"Cause they're not really different sexes. Ain't no demons down here giving birth."

"I... what?"

Laughing, she slipped an arm around his shoulders and hugged him to her side as they walked.

"Live long enough and maybe you'll get to see a hatchery."

"Hat--"

She squeezed her arm around his neck, putting a quick end to his question.

"Just focus on staying alive for now, okay? Keep your head down. We gotta make a trip near Gorzen Eye to find my friend Zreeg. He'll help us set up the traps and shit."

"Zre--"

"A borjin. Souls call them minotaurs. Come on." She let him go, flapped her wings, and leapt ahead.

Daoka stuck with David. In fact, she slipped her arm around his neck and shoulders, too, and clicked quietly at him. Almost a purr.

"I, uh..."

She clicked a few more times, and ran the blunt side of a claw down his chest, before leaning in closer and clicking more, again like a purr, lips inches from his ear.

"Yeah, I feel it too," Jeskura said.

"Um, feel what?" he asked, squirming a bit under Dao's arm. She didn't let go.

"Been feeling kinda tingly ever since yesterday. Not like I normally put my tongue inside Dao with fresh meat nearby, watching."

"R-Right." He gulped as Dao chuckled, clicked slowly a few more times, and traced her claw closer down his naked chest, his abs, and toward his crotch.

"Dao!" Jes slapped her tail against the stone. "It's not him. You feel a sin aura coming off him? 'Cause I don't. I don't know what's up, but it can't be coming from him. Something's definitely in the air, but he's just fresh meat who shouldn't be here."

Dao frowned and let go of David, but she smiled at him anyway as she hopped ahead.

Thank God. He was half a second away from getting hard with the way Dao was all over him. Which itself was pretty weird. Wasn't she in a relationship with Jes? Jes didn't seem to mind, either. Open relationship? Or, just... a couple of demons that didn't mind putting a man between them for a sandwich every now and then?

He slapped himself in the face. The only option, with no access to a cold shower.

Jes looked back at him. "The fuck?"

"Nothing. Nothing." You're in the middle of Hell you god damn pervert. Focus!

After a quiet, pained groaned, he bounced his weight on his feet a few times, hopefully getting some blood flowing away from his dick -- if that was even how blood worked in his afterlife body -- before he jogged after them. And hey, his feet didn't hurt much anymore. Silver lining.

"I don't suppose I could get some clothes?" he asked. "I dunno, just... something so I'm not naked?"

"Ha. Yeah, maybe. You'll only be painting more of a target on your back, but I suppose if you're with us, any other demons who see us will just think you're a betrayer from a distance. Some demons let their betrayers wear armor when hunting. And hopefully any demon who sees us won't recognize Dao and me unless we get too close."

"You two are really wanted? Bounties on your head and stuff?"

Daoka clicked a few times, softly, head hanging, until Jes rubbed her shoulder.  
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"We are. That fucking asshole Diogo needs to die, and Tacitus too while we're at it. Just a couple shitlords who got into power because they're bigger than most, and they're making life hell for us."

Pun? Jes didn't smile. Not pun.

"Making life Hell? As opposed... to..."