

1107

~~David~~

David and the three demons walked alongside a mountain cliff face, rock on their right and a steep drop into the red river on their left. Caera walked with David on all fours, Daoka behind them, Jeskura ahead. The path had taken them higher and higher, until a good few hundred meters of falling awaited for anyone who stepped in the wrong spot, either by rolling down the mountain, or straight into one of the many ravines. But at least there weren't any flying, er, gliding demons this high up, and the chances they'd stumble onto hunting demons, or humans, this high up was low as well.

He had a giant penis.

He grinned to himself. Every time the memory came up, he wanted to laugh, and he had to fight to keep it down. Of all the weird things to happen to him in the past few days, getting sent to Hell was horrible, and getting a giant penis was awesome. What the fuck? [Www.m0v@twrRm.com](#)

"Last time I walked a path like this," Caera said, "three years ago, I stumbled onto a gorujin."

"What do they look like?" he asked.

"One of the tetrad, so, big. Must have been ten feet tall at least, with two giant wings. Four huge horns and a long tail. Big sword."

That did sound pretty awesome. Scary, but awesome.

"Do demons usually use weapons?"

"Not usually. Hard to use them without practice, when you have wings and spikes and claws getting in the way. And they lack the satisfaction of grabbing flesh with your own hands and ripping it apart."

He blinked down at the prowling tiger woman, and she grinned up at him.

"You're scaring me."

"Good. I'm playing nice, but make no mistake, demons love violence. We love the sensation of skin and muscle tearing apart, and bones breaking under our grip. Even Daoka loves it."

David looked back, and Daoka clicked softly at him as she smiled. But she did nod after a couple seconds, hopped in closer, and pat his head once. [Www.01v.LW0\(r\)M.0m](#)

"It's still a lot better than I figured demons would be," he said, smiling at the satyr. "I mean, not that I expected demons to actually exist, but, yeah. Much better."

Daoka's grin brightened, and she rubbed the back of his head with the side of her curling horns, before getting back into position.

"The gorujin was skinning another tregeera's skull at the time," Caera said. "If I had to guess, the gorujin was Romakus."

"Romakus?"

"He's been making trouble for the spires this side of Hell. Probably a member of the Damall."

"Damall?"

Caera laughed. "You were right, Jes."

"Told you," Jes said between chuckles. "Dude just can't stop."

Hearing a demon say 'dude' was never going to sound normal.

"The Damall," Caera continued, "is a group of troublemakers. When one spire gets uppity and tries to spread its borders, the Damall have a habit of showing up and giving them a hard time."

"That... is a strange goal for an organization. They do this for all the spires?"

"Yes."

"Weird."

"Yes."

"Okay, next question. You want help killing the Cainites. Who are they?"

It took her a second to answer. Sensitive topic, or he was asking too many questions. Both, probably.

"Humans who are devoted to Cain."

"Devoted to Cain? So not exactly real Cainites then, from human history?"

"I'm not sure. Cain was a real person," Caera said. "Died tens of thousands of years ago."

"On the surface?"

"Well, yes, but also in Hell. I don't have any of the details, no one does, but back then he managed to stir enough humans and demons to his cause, he prepared to assault Heaven. Cain's War."

He stared down at the tiger woman. A human did that?

"I'm sorry, what?"

Caera managed a shrug. "Your guess is as good as mine. It's not written anywhere how he accomplished any of the shit he did, but he did some amazing shit. He had all eight spires working for him, and he'd taken False Gate for himself. His plan was to use the vortex, but how, no one knows."

"And the Cainites down here worship him?"

It'd probably forever eat at him that they called them that, when they weren't actually Cainites or Cainians. What little he knew about the real sect was that they didn't actually worship Cain, but considered him important to their views, and they had a lot of gnostic beliefs. But, whatever, roll with it.

"Sort of. They think Cain had the right idea about one particular thing."

"Yeah?"

"Humans can ascend and become stronger than they are by eating demons... and angels."

"Angels too? What the fuck? Does eating a demon even have a benefit?"

"Far as I know, no," Caera said. "Humans do occasionally kill a demon and eat them, but I haven't seen any humans get stronger for it."

"Me neither," Jes said. "Just a full belly."

Daoka clicked twice.

"But an angel," Caera said, "that I don't know. No one's eaten an angel. At least, I don't think so. Any demons who did died ages ago, and I haven't found anything written about them, either."

He nodded as he looked down, stroked his chin, and watched his toes find grooves in the rocks to walk on. So, Hell had its own organizations, like rebel groups, and raiders, and cultists, and probably other things. And--

"Eight spires?" he asked.

"What?"

"You said Cain got eight spires? You mentioned earlier about the Nine Spires War?"

Caera smiled. "You paid attention."

"He's the brainy type," Jes said. "Another reason we're keeping him around."

"The ninth spire," Caera said. "The forgotten spire, in the Forgotten Place. Middle of Hell, an island in that sea. No one goes there anymore." [www.n0v.d1W0r@.0m](#)

"No one?"

"No one. The sea can't be crossed."

"Just... can't be crossed?"

"Can't be crossed. If you ever get near the inner shore, you'll see why." [Www.n0\(v\)d1w0r@m.c0m](#)

He frowned as he looked down again. That was a shitty answer, but Caera was already answering many of his questions, and if she thought that answer was good one, it must have been.

"Sounds like an important place. Too important to be forgotten."

"Yes. Ironic, right?"

"So there's eight spires in use, then? Eight rulers?"