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She grinned some more, and instead of kissing him, rested on him. Literally. She let her head rest in the nook of his shoulder and neck, and didn't move, content to make him work hard for every breath, considering how much she weighed.

"Spire mothers let the best hatchlings who survive the pits and become adults taste of them. It's pretty delicious."

He raised an eyebrow. There were a million oddities with how Hell did the whole food chain thing, but this didn't fit. W.W.VéLwOR@.com

"Any, uh, other demons do strange things like that?"

"Not lactate, no."

"And... uh... do you get any sustenance from the milk?"

She lifted her head enough to grin down at him again.

"Yes. Spire mothers are unique like that."

"A lot?"

"No, just a little bit of resonance." She leaned in again and licked his neck, long and slow, like a grooming cat. "And no, you can't get resonance from a demon's cum. Or your cum."

He laughed. Damn.

"They seem pretty unique, then," he said.

"I found some records suggesting maybe spire mothers and children of the spires like Vinicius were supposed to rule spires together. Or maybe, it's just some shitty reflection of the surface."

"A reflection... You really think some pieces of Hell are just reflections of the surface?"

"The records I found hinted at it. Some think the volarin and volaras--incubi and succubi--started being born in the spires only when humans started the whole civilization thing."

"Oh. You think the spires adapt based on what's happening on the surface?"

"I do."

Interesting hypothesis. Supposedly, Heaven and Hell had been around for a very long time, and if they evolved as reflections of the surface, that fit better with the whole scientific theory of evolution. Kinda. Assuming time passed the same in Hell as it did on the surface. W.W.VéLwOR@.com

No wonder Caera was so into uncovering Hell's secrets. Shit was confusing, and everything he learned just made him want to learn more, an itch in his brain he couldn't scratch.

"So Acelina is super valuable," he said. "Not for the milk, I mean, but because of how important they are to spires."

"Yes."

"You think if we drop her off at the Grave Valley spire, Azailia will help us on our... quest?" He almost choked on the word. W.W.VéLwOR@.com

"Maybe, but probably not." wW.VéLwOR@.com

"Why not?"

"Because she's a demon. She's going to see you, an unmarked, and immediately think of ways she can use you to her benefit. She might try to take over Death's Grip, now that Zel's dead, and she might think you can help with that. Or she might just eat you, thinking it'll give her your powers."

He groaned and knocked his head back against the ground a couple times. There was always that possibility. Any time a demon saw David, there was a good chance they might try and eat him, and that chance only increased when they realized he could craft auras that couldn't be resisted. Reading the ancient language was just the cherry on top for a power-hungry demon.

Of course, eating him might give them nothing, just a meal, or worse. Maybe he was poisonous? That'd be kinda cool.

"Admit it," Caera said, and she pressed her chest down on his harder, enough to half knock the wind out of him.

"Admit w-what?"

"That you want to fuck Acelina's tits." She pressed down harder, earning some gargled choking sounds from him.

"I admit! I admit!"

Laughing, she relented and pushed herself up onto her hands, both on either side of his shoulders, so she could grin down at him.

"You break easily."

"I am a weak little man who needs protecting."

The sound of her laughter filled him with a warmth he wasn't used to. Making his sister laugh was one thing. Making a woman laugh, one he'd had sex with? There was something pleasing about that he couldn't put his finger on. But he liked it, a lot. He wanted to do that more.

"You're not weak, after what you did for your sister."

"Thanks."

"And you agreed to help me. Definitely not weak."

He shrugged. "I could still crack? Dressing up as a Cainite and just walking into their lair? Yeap, that could easily prove too much, I crack, and run away screaming and crying."

More chuckles. "Somehow, I don't think you'll do that." She lowered herself back down, but more into his side, and squished her huge breasts into him as she snuggled between his arm and chest, and slipped her claws under his skirt.

"Uh..."

"Your aura is driving me insane. Gonna rub one out for you and calm you down. I'll keep my eyes open." She nodded toward the cave exit in the distance she faced. He hadn't even noticed she'd lay specifically in an orientation so she could easily watch it.

"You're the one that keeps talking about giant tits."

She leaned up and in enough to kiss his jaw, and brought her lips to his ear.

"I bet I could convince Acelina to let you fuck them."

He shivered as her long fingers wrapped around his increasingly hard length.

"Yeah?"

"Not like you'd need me to, though, with that aura of yours."

"I'd... prefer to not use my aura like that."

She leaned in over him and kissed him again.

"I get that, but with a bitch like Acelina, you'd be doing her a favor. She wants to fuck you. She's just too proud to admit it. Use the aura and give her an excuse."

"That sounds pretty twisted, Jes."

Caera lifted her head up enough to not-so-gently headbutt him in the forehead. Ow.

"The fuck did you just call me?"

"Uh, I mean, that does kinda sound like something Jes would do, you know? Just, bully her way to what she wants. She--" He sucked in a breath as Caera squeezed his cock, hard. She lifted it, set it along his abs, and nudged her side against it as she stroked its base with a softer grip, thank god.