

## 1350

"Renato was a tetrad! No fucking Cainite is killing a tetrad." With a growl, Caera lifted the woman a few inches, and earned an ear-splitting scream. A fresh coating of blood poured down her legs and the bloodgrip vines.

"We did, with Greg's help." *Www.NoVêlWôr(m).com*

"Who is Greg?" David asked. He already knew, but he wanted to hear it.

The other demons poked their heads around the tunnel, and slowly stepped out to join them, every one of them eying the Cainite with pure hatred. 611 liked that. She grinned at them, and spat blood at David. He didn't dodge it.

"One of the chosen. An unmarked! He'll--" Her last coughing fit was a weak mess of half gargles and pants. Her head drifted forward, and her eyes went blank.

611 became 610.

Snarling, Caera tossed the corpse toward the other girls, and without hesitation, the Las jumped on her body. They didn't care about the words said or their context. They just wanted food. Honestly, it was nice seeing creatures being so carefree and honest, when everywhere David looked, all he found was cruelty.

"I know where we are," Caera said. "Never been in this tunnel, but I know the mountain. We follow the path that other Cainite told you, and I'm sure I'll find the path soon enough. And then... we head to the temple." She walked back to the alcove on the side of the cave, and fetched herself a heart with ruthless efficiency.

"The temple?" David asked. "You mean--" *Www.n@elw(c)Rmm.©Om*

"Where Kia and Marquez were killed," she said between tearing sounds. He didn't look. "That's where this Greg person is."

"You're sure?"

"You asked them about Greg. The man gave you directions. I know about the lava rivers, and the death pits. It can't be a coincidence."

"Then... what do we do?"

"What do you mean?" Jeskura asked, stepping over 610's corpse and the Las tearing her open. "Caera dragged our asses here for a goal. Let's do it and get out of here."

"Even if that means I run into Greg? 'Cause, I mean, that woman in the aera armor told us what would happen, Jes."

"Yeah, but she gave you two options. Avoid them, or kill them. Caera?" *Www.novêlWôr(m).com*

"Kill them," the tiger said, coming back out of the alcove with teeth covered in blood. "And I want to see Renato."

"You heard the Cainian," Acelina said. "Renato is dead."

"Renato was a korgejin with hundreds of years under his hoof! He's not dead to some... some fucking souls who think they deserve to rule Hell!" She stood up on her hind legs and grabbed the air in front of her. "To some stupid... fucking... worthless... souls!"

Everyone stopped and looked at her. The Las stopped eating, and Dao poked her head out from behind Acelina's wings, head tilted, face aimed at Caera.

Caera growled, spun, and walked off down the tunnel.

Jes and Dao watched after her, solemn, before they looked to each other. They leaned in, rubbed foreheads, and sighed. They understood. Dao hopped after Caera, probably with intent on cheering her friend up. It wouldn't work.

"If I could catch Zel's killer," Acelina said to David, "I would do as Caera would. I would string them up, rip out their intestines, and have them eat their own innards." With a heavy snarl, she walked after Caera, long wings hooked on her shoulders and lightly touching the ground as she moved. For a second, she looked all too similar to some sort of evil sorceress with their robe dragging along the ground behind them.

He looked at Jes again. She glared at him, shook her head, and pushed him after Acelina and Caera. The Las, clicking and munching, followed.

"You girls don't have to follow us," David said.

"David... doesn't want us?" Lasca said *Ww@ÑovelWôr(m).©óm*

"What? No, that's not what I mean. You can come if you want. The more help the better, but you said--"

"We follow! Kill Cainites! Make home safe!"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

The Las all raised a hand, saluted, and followed.

His own little army.