

## 94: Demonlings

The room fell silent the moment Beatrice said the word 'Demonlings'. The very air got heavy.

Samuel raised his head, blood drained from his face, similarly to how Olivia looked yesterday when she learned the secrets of this grim establishment. Olivia herself was not looking much better. It was hard to tell whether the ninja girl was still reeling from yesterday's discoveries or if this was the effect of hearing the name of some monsters Beatrice knew nothing about.

"What do you want to know?" Ember asked. For once, there was not even a hint of her usual carefree or sarcastic attitude.

"Everything," Beatrice said flatly. "What are they? Where are they? How strong? How many? Why does the king want them dead? Though, judging by their name alone, and everybody's reaction, I assume they're at least the partial cause of this whole mess?"

Ember sighed, then took a sip from her cup to water her throat. Then she asked the succubus, "How much do you remember of what the High Priest Lucarad told you?"

"Oh, after the whole orgy thing?" Beatrice specified and tried to recall. She realized that between all the sex, attempts on her life, more sex, and then some more sex on top of that, she had completely forgotten her talks with the High Priest before she met the powder-snorting king.

"Something about the Demons from... Beyond?" Beatrice spoke slowly, pulling the words through a thick cum-fog that shrouded her memories. "That these Demons have appeared some time ago and nearly destroyed this world, right? He also mentioned some sort of corruption and how I'm the one who could somehow combat the effects of it."

"Right," Ember took another sip with her eyes closed. "Now, starting with your last question. Yes, the Demonlings are a part of the menace that plagues this world. They are one of the weakest and most numerous among the forces of the Demon Legions that crossed into this world."

"But don't let the word 'weakest' fool you," Olivia said ominously.

"How strong are they then?" Beatrice asked.

"Well..." Ember paused and looked at Olivia. "That one would be torn to shreds in a matter of seconds..."

Olivia glared at Ember but did not respond to yet another insult.

Is that actually true? Beatrice wondered why would the ninja girl not even try to make a retort like usual.

"If the four of us fought together..." Ember paused again as her eyes wandered, studying the ceiling. "And no—I'm not talking about you, dear brother. Rather that nympho on the second floor, that's still recovering from the railing that our Savior gave her."

Beatrice blushed and looked away.

“Which is good, because we need you to awaken as many of your powers as fast as possible,” Ember said, without a hint of sarcasm. “You’re the biggest X-factor of this small little group of misfits. But realistically, if we use the other two as meat shields, we’d probably end up killing a couple of Demonlings before we’d be done for.”

“T-that few?” Beatrice stuttered. “If they’re that strong, how is there anyone left alive at all?”

“Well, the king did just nonchalantly give you a quest to start fighting the Demons of the Beyond,” Ember shrugged. “They are part of the Demon Legion proper, not some off-shoot monster mutations that the world is full of now! Lucarad presented you as a Savior that would save the world, so the king gave you an appropriate quest for a hero. If it was that easy, the whole nightmare would have been dealt with long ago.”

“The problem with Demonlings is that they are always moving in large numbers,” Olivia explained. “If you throw large enough count of bodies against them, they eventually can be pushed back. But if it’s just a small party, it doesn’t matter if the task is to kill two or two hundred of the monsters. They’re not the type of enemy you can just pick off one at a time. We’re either strong enough to defeat the entire group, or we shouldn’t bother. Yes, I do not stand a chance against a group of those insects. Neither does Ember—the Demonlings are near-impervious to all but the highest tiers of magic.”

“And regular arrows or other such ranged weapons can’t pierce their armor,” Samuel added. “The ballistas that are on the bastions around this city are strong enough pierce through those things, but... I don’t expect you to be allowed to take a ballista, nor that you would want to haul it across the rocky terrain outside these walls.”

*Holy shit*, Beatrice said to herself, realizing how strong she needs to become before she can complete her starting quest.