You are damned. If not by the fall, than by where it ended.

Long ago, there was an angel named Lucifer whose pride and passion moved a third of the heavenly host into rebellion. He could not understand the purpose behind mankind's creation, and wanted the holy Throne and all his fellow angels to see the flaws inherent in it.

They fought against Heaven. They lost. And for their perfidy, their hearts were torn out as they fell to the red, wound-raw desolation they would come to know as Hell.

Once angels, now demons, and bereft the inspiration of their leader, the demons vented their spite and hatred on mortal souls as one by one, they fell into their keeping. Beelzebub, Lucifer's general, took command of the fallen host and embraced every vice and horror of damnation. Reshaping himself into a fickle, hateful monster he would have every demon emulate in reverence.

But Sargantas, once a captain of the host and dignified even in his damnation, clung to his nobility.

Five days after your arrival, Sargantas will come to know a great change of heart. The tragedy of his environs and the audacity of his impossible dream will start something never before seen: A rebellion against Hell, *by* Hell. He will united long-abused mortal souls beneath his banner. He will reunite with comrades long thought lost, or else part with them decisively. He will win the heart of Consort Lilith, and save her from her befouled existence.

And in the end, he will know destruction. Betrayal. And death at Beelzebub's hands.

But take 1000 CP knowing that even now, Heaven yearns for the redemption of its' wayward brethren.

Wayne Barlowe's The Heart of Hell Trilogy

Location and Age

Everyone around here is if not a damned soul, then a fallen angel, or some strange native of Hell's ecosystem. You may be any age fitting your background and race options, within reason. As for locations, pick freely from those offered below:

1. Dis: A horrific reflection of its' lord Beelzebub, to call Dis dystopian (no pun intended) is to do it a disservice (really, no pun intended). The great wall known as Lucifer's Belt has a demon of great power bound within it's very structure, a sure defence against any of the Salamandrine natives or their Abyssal prey and pack animals here to date. Within, in the gutters of Dis' streets succubi turn tricks for sullen demons while the distinguished soldiery of Hell's armor is as blackened and twisted as what is left of their souls. The Lord of Flies himself holds court in an extravagant throne room in between mutilating those who have failed him or doing far, far worse to Consort Lilith with perverse affection while parading her nude for all to see. This is, in short, Hell's most hellish city.

2. Adamantinarx-Upon-The-Acheron: As Dis is a reflection of its' master, so does Sargantas' city betray it's lord's nobility and yearning for Heaven. Instead of bullying and brute forcing Hell into his twisted vision, Adamantinarx was designed in civil collaboration with the finest architects Sargantas found under his command. Instead of embracing Hell's damnation, Adamantinarx strives to emulate Heaven's beauty in the graceful slopes of its' structures. And instead of deadly court politics, the demons of Adamantinarx live in complete civility, united in joy under a lord who cares for them. But alas, even here damned souls are employed to labour as both builder and construction material for the city's walls. A contradiction Sargantas will not be able to bear much longer.

3. A Rival City: When the demons fell from Heaven, some semblance of their ancient hierarchy in Heaven remained-allowing the powerful to claim mystic supremacy over the lowly. Thus, you may start in any other city in Hell-though know that none is so damned as Dis, nor as glorious as Adamantinarx, and most are far more isolated from aught of benefit. You may find yourself in a freezing citadel where a demon lord with a disembodied head eagerly partakes of disembodied slaves to ride as temporary bodies. Or perhaps somewhere exotic, shaped by its' lord's adventurous spirit. Or if you have the misfortune to domicile under Lord Astaroth's rule, you may be just in time to see a long-neglected city come to ruin soon.

4. The far reaches of Hell: Beyond the cities of Hell, beyond all the land Beelzebub tainted and claimed with his dread power, there live the original denizens of Hell. They eke out a living in it's strange, generally arid wastes hunting nightmarish beasts 30 feet in length or even greater. With no love for hell, their fearsome prowess in battle and knowledge of the twisted foliage or arid dunes might prove lethal were it not for the demons' vigilance. This is a hard land, suited for a hard people. But perhaps you find meaning in it.

5. The pit of Abaddon: What foul misfortune. Far away from any civilised place in Hell, there is a hole from which horrific, vaguely insectile deformed horrors and troubling dreams issue. Few descend the slimy walls and the turbulent air currents to behold what lies within. For far below, there is a god-monster so twisted in aspect it's face resembles no living thing, though it has enough of the humanoid about it to carry out its' work: Reshaping demons it manages to influence into craven servants. This horror is called Abaddon, and in the faith of the Absysals he is both the Lord of the Underworld and the very incarnation of Hell itself.

   It would be supremely unwise to be here without good reason.

Races

Damned (+200 CP/Free): Of course. You are but another human soul, condemned to Hell for the horrors you committed in life. In form and bearing, you are but from the ordinary make of humanity-though those that endure to this day are often those that accomplished great things in life. It matters little if you were Hannibal Barca, Queen Boadicca or an insignificant sinner in life. For now, demonkind considers you slave labour at best. Often literal building materials or beasts of burden. And at worst, playthings to be torn apart at leisure.

For +200 CP, like almost all souls the demons have marked you with a Burden: A black orb embodying all your sins which can be used to freely manipulate your form, whether into a horse or brick. Or inflict staggering pain. Or curse you. Or…well, one gets the idea.

For free, through some small miracle you have avoided this fate. Expect hostility from demonkind and jealousy from their slaves if they find out about this.

Demon (Varies): You are the scorched, twisted and literally heartless living carcass of something once divine and beautiful. Many of your kind bear crowns of hellfire, though they are little more than embers of your angelic glory. Many of your kind are humanoid, though with little need for strict adherence to physics and biology-a general outline of personhood that stands as a monument to your maimed spirit. And many of you are missing limbs, ribcages or other features from the Fall. It seldom impedes those of you that have survived this long.

All demons are stronger, swifter and tougher than mortal men-though most will still die eventually from a thousand cuts, a Hell-forged sword through the guts or the jaws and thews of Hell's great beasts. While how much celestial might you retain will be determined below, know well that the promise of eternal life was stripped from you as one of your punishments.

Not all demons are those that Fell, though. Some were conjured up from the fiery pits by the work of Demons Greater, others bred through various unholy unions. A strange few seem to even have been *worshipped* into existence by mankind. Or to have once been human in life-yet shaped into something *other* even before their descent. Your exact nature is irrelevant, for Hell knows only power-which your investment here will determine.

- Pitiful Thing (Free): You are akin to one of the succubi, or the very Least of the Demons Lesser. Scarcely more than mortal in durability alone, such is your weakness that even untrained but violent mortals might overpower you in numbers. You have little magical might except perhaps an unnatural beauty or gifts of equivocal irrelevance in a duel.

- Demon Lesser (200 CP): You are numbered among the Demons Lesser, a peer to the likes of the loyal Elligor or the base Andramalach if you are a soldier by trade, or else vigilant Eintsaras if you are of a scholarly bent. Though far from the great lords of Hell in both authority and power, you could well be a knight in their employ or a respected sage-typically towering at over ten feet above the average mortal. You can practice the Art: A dismal recollection of heavenly power, generally manifesting as a unique glyph that can perform numerous effects. All demons can use these glyphs to study the nature of souls, including what they did in life and what shapes they are suited to take.

  Demons, when slain, leave behind a disc comprising their essence. All demons can absorb such discs to take the strength of their fallen enemies. Less lethally, any demon who swears allegiance to another may bond a copy of their sigils to that demon's, allowing that demon to use a measure of their shared strength in combat or other works.

- For a demon of your stature firing homing projectiles that track foes, manipulating things far away in a wide room as if with your own hands, manifesting weapons from nothing, attaching armor magically so it can't be removed and igniting your sword hot enough to melt ordinary metal like butter are common feats. Depending on your exact nature and history, you may potentially have more potent magic representing long training in a certain field at the expense of versatility-a scholastic demon being able to absorb information far more swiftly from books and manipulate animalistic familiars far away with great finesse at the cost of far lesser combat prowess.

- Demon Greater (400 CP): All hail a true lord of hell, a once-captain of the angelic host, a being that towers over Demons Lesser as they tower over mortals and whose very presence weakens foes. Or a being of comparable magnitude. If the powers of a Demon Lesser are those of a supernatural soldier, you are truly a general of Hell. With little time, you can shift the weather to bring down fog or blow favourable winds to speed the flight of your legions, lay protective glyphs that bar any force lesser than yourself from entering a city, and send many glyphs at once to bear your messages to soldiers across the battlefield. With greater preparation, you can spawn legions of lesser demons from Hell's molten pits or perform greater workings like the erection of structures proof against all but the greatest of hell's horrors. You are no less impressive physically-devoid of the need for food or sleep that plagues lesser demons, able to reshape your own form to your moods as if like clay (granting yourself wings or armour of hide and scale if it pleases you) and gifted with might enough to rip lesser demon in half or cleave stone with your blows.

Salamandrine (200 CP): Tribal, nomadic, and possessed of unusual joints and four eyes despite your humanoid countenance, your people are called the Men of Wrath by the demons for how difficult you were to subdue despite their superior magic. For eons your kind fought the Abyssal creatures of this land and revered it. The Fall was a novelty, and the horrors brought in the wake of the fly polluted much of the land you once dwelled on. Ever since then, demons and Salamandrines have existed warily and uneasily, each scorning the other yet respecting each other's danger. It bears saying again: Yours is might great enough to battle creatures that tower over most Earthly animals and prevail, and your hardscrabble life has made you more fit for war than most demons. Whether you are the leader of a tribe or a stalwart warrior amongst them, your kin have fierce loyalty to each other-for they are all they have left in the wake of their absent god.

Origins

In Hell, the only certainties are corrosion and loss. It matters little if you are a lord in name only or an ordained noble recognised by the Fly, such things have a way of filtering out the weak and incompetent. As such, you may think of the origins below as more guiding philosophies in Hell, and have any social station reasonable for your race.

Any of the options here may be taken as Drop-In.

Idealist: You yearn ever for Heaven's grace, and in doing so could be said to have betrayed your nature as one of the damned. You comport yourself with dignity, trying to treat your lessers as cherished comrades and lightening the load on slaves. But Heaven is ever distant, a faint star in Hell's sky. Whether you're a pilgrim or an ultimate heretic tormented by your own shame, your hopes seem in vain. And yet, something deep within tells you to keep trying.

Idol: You are coveted, for one reason or another. Perhaps you're a courtesan of some renowned, used and abused by the legions of Dis like a filthy rag. Or perhaps you are either muse or artist, a rare taste of beauty in Hell with little to your name other than your appeal. Whatever the reason, you are desired. You haunt the dreams of the demonic and damned alike. But alas, your past has little history of resisting such affections. And the caress of Hell is almost always harsh.

Soldier: You are a warrior born. Perhaps you've sworn your blade to your captain in Heaven, even now he is a mere lord of Hell. Perhaps you're a nomadic warrior, or an eccentric demon that trained with them to learn of their potent fighting Arts. Whatever the case, violence is your bread and butter, your best bet to rise up through the ranks of Hell. Whether you're a loyal soldier or a blood-drunk sadist is another matter.

Artisan: You are a prodigy of Hell. It's work may be cruel and loathsome, but it is wondrous in its' own way. You create the sophisticated devices that even demon lords covet, draft the fortresses they use to hold territory, design new beasts of burden or otherwise offer some practical application of Hell's resources beyond the raw power of demonic magic. Your skills will make for a potent bargaining chip, providing you can prevent them being coerced from you.

Opportunist: You may be a warrior, or an artisan, or a shiftless fool. What distinguishes you is not your career, but your *ambition.* See, you want what the demons on top have: Their riches, their splendid palaces, the luscious embrace of their consorts. You know that a knife in the back cuts deeper than any blade in the front, and you've learned a lot of dirty tricks to get as far as you have in Hell. How many will you trample to feel less damned than most?

Monster (200 CP): You are a demon among demons, the most damned among the damned. There are ancient horrors in this world that even demonkind shudders to approach. If not the titanic Watchers that fell first before Lucifer's rebellion, than strange horrors that predate any angel. Even if you are but a shadow of their horror, their harbinger or cast-off aberration at best, it is more than enough to strike fear in most. With this alone, yours is great enough power to both inspire dread in most demons of your calibre and to back it up before any further enhancements-though know also it is far from beyond your peers to slay you in numbers if your base grotesquery is all you bring to bear. Ironically, Beelzebub the Fly himself may epitomise what it means to be that which demons fear: To have a greater appetite, more depraved pleasures and a more refined cruelty than any other in Hell.

Perks

Perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. Discounted 100 CP perks are free.

Idealist

To Err Is Demonic (100 CP): You may have fallen from Heaven, but you took some of its' grace with you. Your composure is immaculate, your discipline divine, and you will never lose your compassion and empathy for the suffering of others should you sincerely wish to understand them. That knowledge may burden you, but never cripplingly so. Yours is a force of will and innate optimism great enough to let you believe in salvation even in the darkest pits of Hell.

To Rise, Divine (200 CP): Any demon lord may perform an Infernal mirror of angelic Risings, anointing a trusted subordinate with line after line of fiery glyphs to raise them to the level of a Demon Major, in a process that while much celebrated takes seemingly little effort. This is a promotion both legal and metaphysical, the demon not necessarily learning all his lord's Arts and uniquely honed powers but often developing unique abilities based on their own competencies-such as Elligor gaining such prowess in training others in martial Arts that in minutes he honed several succubi with no background in anything other than spreading their legs into deadly warriors.

You, however, take it one step further: Your interdimensional nature allows you to uplift any being subordinate to you by a similar level. This is capped at the maximum power of the relevant race option. A powerful vampire might be able to transform an elf into another powerful vampire, but not necessarily grant them every spell the original vampire mastered-though it's certainly possible the new powerful vampire might discover unusual talents for moonlight magic or something else evoking their prior talents.

Salvation on the Battlefield (400 CP): A tongue silver enough to ply the Fly's court with rhetoric so unimpeachable one may leave with both dignity and body intact, your rivals unable to retort without humiliating themselves. A mind fast enough to play the games of war with rival demon lords over the eons and attain an undeniable place of prestige even while scorning easy acts of treachery. A trove of heavenly knowledge and Hellish lore splendid enough to impress visitors, as well as a stage presence grand enough to move fellow demon lords with your heretical vision. You now share in the same tactical and charismatic gifts Sargantas used to declare war on Dis and prevail-though not without a miracle or two, at the very end. More generally you are more competent than average in just about every mundane field a demon could hope to turn their hand to as if you had continuously improved yourself since the Fall-not an amazing

warrior with this alone, but broadly trained enough you could give even seasoned master warriors new insights.

Heaven's Helping Hand (600 CP): In a time of great doubt or compassion, you prayed to Heaven for guidance. And Heaven answered. As the ground shook, light from the Throne fell upon you-bleaching your demonic form white as it instilled you with holy purpose. You sense Heaven's will acutely now, gaining glimpses into how to offer compassion and redemption to those around you through vague yet infallible divine revelations. So touched by heavenly grace, all who serve benign divinity from priests to saints to angels and even the righteous damned will know you as a brother and comrade if you but act on that same compassion before them-yet even to those wicked but loyal to you, your presence offers hope while filling your foes with craven doubt. Last but not least, as you act with righteous intent you become a beacon for miracles scaling to the earnestness and diligence of your efforts. Such forces are sponsored by Heaven to make the world as a whole better, not your own strength, so merely sparing one downtrodden by your own actions would do little more than light a candle. But should you accomplish great things in service of spiritual salvation, even a false god might fall before the Throne's judgement, and even a demon might have his place in Heaven restored as his soul is cleansed of all impurity and trauma to rise anew. An angel reborn.

Idol

Another Heart in Hell (100 CP): And lo, it came to pass that Lilith was no longer the only demon in Hell to keep her heart. You are marked by this strange circumstance: You bear strange beauty that transcends the merely physical as an expression of spiritual passion deep within you great enough to hold onto hate for Heaven even after eons suffering in Hell. Even if you should have birdlike feat or a striking bearing, your sublime allure conveys a beauty so potent that you could have all eyes on you in the court of the Fly and be traded as a prize worth Hell's throne among its' greatest lords. Only one other matches your beauty and poise, and the Fly guards her jealously.

If it is not clear, with this alone it is as much a curse as a gift among demons.

Solace in Chains (200 CP): You've suffered greatly, and it seems to bring out the best in others. There is something about you that inspires pity in anyone with any compassion at all, and kindness that transcends both your past and outward appearance. The more similarly your suffering to that of others and the longer you've lent your company to another, the more you bring out the best in them. Forging lifelong friends from those that bear your scars.

Chains of Yearning (400 CP): Sometimes, being more ideal than person can be a hell of its' own. Your reputation proceeds you like a hurricane before a butterfly, letting you become a font of hope in Hell should you work to make your will and presence known. Even if you are held captive and subject to unspeakable torment, some combination of your stage presence and sheer fortune will inspire followers, admirers and unexpected allies to come to your aid. How tragic few of them will know how you truly feel behind the blazing ideal of your legend.

An Unclean Legacy (600 CP): Whatever sins you committed in life, you have resolved to take your fate into your own hands. Perhaps Heaven, distantly, applauds. Those you take a major role in leading or mentoring are now guaranteed to become great in their field, finding great wells of talent in competencies both mundane and mystical-sometimes even those you yourself are not exceptional in. While seldom truly exceptional in their field, events line up for them to forge great successes on par with a mere damned soul leading armies of his kin to victory against a Demon Major. Unless direly mistreated, such prodigies are inclined to be greatly loyal to you, intuitively understanding your attention instigated their greatness.

Soldier

At Your Service (100 CP): Not every lord is as kind as Sargantas, and Hell turns a blind eye to much of its' rank and file. No more shall this fate befall you. Though your demonic masters may be no more merciful, your accomplishments and earnest efforts will not be obfuscated, and your comrades will understand the sincerity of your loyalty as long as it is in fact offered in good faith. For your part, you have an uncanny knack for sensing the loyalty of those serving you in a military unit.

Art of War (200 CP): It is rare but not unheard of for Demons Lesser to hone unique Arts solely in service of warfare. You have one such trick, not a truly great spell by Hell's reckoning but one that can potentially turn the tide in pitched battle. Striking multiple times in a single blow for example, or coating your blade in corrosive curses through a sacrifice of your own blood. Whatever your baseline stature as a being of Hell, this magic makes it supremely more efficient to kill your peers quickly.

By Pain Reforged (400 CP): Moloch's body was broken from the fall. That has done nothing to mar his dread reputation as a bloody butcher among demon lords. It seems you've inherited some of his spirit, because the more your body is mangled and torn up the more dangerous overall you are in combat. Lose a hand and blows that once bounced off metal plate might dent it while swords swing unerringly into armor chinks. Lose multiple limbs, and you might find unholy strength propelling the rest of you fast as an arrow across the battlefield and

parrying blows too quickly for other demons to see. Just remember that lose too much of yourself, and even your inhuman prowess might not be enough to save your life.

Fortress of Bone and Gristle (600 CP): Not all demons, it must be said, are created equal. You have a stature and raw mystical power far surpassing that of your lesser kin, towering over them enough to leave the average Demon Lord in your shadow. While this alone comes with little more refinement for that magical energy, you can easily level buildings with a swipe while being no slower than the average demon. Perhaps long ago you were magically fused with a building and have since learned how to further enhance yourself with Hell's magic. Perhaps you are of the even older rebel angelic host, a runt of their litter chained less securely. The specifics matter not. Suffice to say to support your biology, your physiology is incredibly durable and hard to damage by anything short of a true weapon of Heaven-whether you have flesh of living stone, or living thunderclouds.

Artisan

Sculptor of Souls (100 CP): The most basic of the demonic construction arts is the reshaping of souls. To turn a man into a brick with a gesture. To ply at his sins, his grievances and malice, so that he may be reshaped into a gigantic beast of burden or a swift steed. To compel such bricks to fly into formation as fortresses, bridges, towers or stranger mechanisms-even the pages of books. The soul was meant for so much more, but it is also the ideal building material-taking on almost any mundane properly in the hands of a gifted crafter like yourself.

Inspired By Grace (200 CP): Heaven is long lost to the demonic host, but so touched are you by its' beauty that you have the talent to carve breathtaking sculptures, paint vistas that communicate all the shades of divine joy and perform other works of art and craft which convey Heaven's beauty through materials that fall far short of its' wonder. Whether you're working with a tube of ordinary acrylic paint or doing the best you can with pigments extracted by Abyssal horrors and the blood of the dead, you can make things with them so touching even a devil might cry to see what he lost.

Abyssal Tamer (400 CP): The Abyssals, the beasts of Hell, are fearsome enough even Demons Major are loathe to trifle with them callously. Yet somehow, your studies of Hell's environs have taught you how to make them biddable. By hook and crook, by analysing their diet and concocting strange reagents that make them placid or unique Arts or stranger things, you can render things that tower over houses as obedient as hounds. Even in future worlds the greatest beasts of the natural world can be housetrained rapidly by your demonic domestication practices.

Conjuror General (600 CP): While the hierarchy of raw power is rigid in Hell, your skill holds breadth and depth enough that even a Demon Lesser could find a place of great privilege in Beelzebub's court with it. While you will be able to do more with greater reserves of magic, such is the depth of your mystic studies that using curated proxies (such as soul bricks) you can broadcast your magical powers many miles across Hell, conjure sophisticated avatars for other demons to speak through and manage dozens more separate magical processes simultaneously. You may even be gifted in Hell's rare Arts of healing, which while far from Heaven's salvation can soothe the pain of entire shattered skeletons and other deathly trauma. More than mere brute force, your insight into complex systems lets you read other demons like an open book, and even constructing lattices of glyphs to model real time changes on Hell's battlefields from afar. Let others struggle over land and ideals. Your mastery of the mystic arts is dominion enough to command respect.

Opportunist

Brave Sir Hellknight Ran Away (100 CP): To hell with your oath, and your soiled honour! This is Hell. You may as well act like you're damned. You have a keen eye for opportunism, a sixth sense for danger and a natural talent for kissing ass. All of which is vital to being a reasonably successful minion under the Fly's egomaniacal rule (though less so as long as he's pleased and in control of the situation) as well as knowing when you can cut and run from him safely.

Infernal Adventures (200 CP): Since when has being trapped in Hell stopped you from having a little *fun?* When you set aside your cares and set yourself to exploring the world you're in with no forethought, you've a tendency to find yourself entangles in interesting times. Perhaps you'll wander into the hills only to find a Salamandrine outpost, or encounter a nest full of valuable eggs laid by some Abyssal beast. There will peril but fortune will favour you having many opportunities to avoid it, and a great chance you will come away from the adventure with a tidy profit as well as a wonderful story to tell. No legendary artifacts, but you'll enjoy heaps of luxuries or Infernal arms of common make as long as you don't mind a lack of foreknowledge about which ones you'll find and when.

In future worlds, consider this toggleable adventurer's luck to be the equivalent of a mundane man being chased by an angry sheep and accidentally slipping on a winning lottery ticket.

Skulking Vermin (400 CP): You know all too well that there's no secret to staying alive and hale in Hell. Yet somehow, you keep getting away with it. Those hierarchically superior to you have a tendency to overlook you whenever it's convenient, and fortune smiles on you when it comes to dangers of the battlefield that lack malice. You won't be carpet bombed with hellfire by accident or caught unaware by a volley of arrows, though this won't save you from a lunging beast or a straightforward stab to the throat. What you also have hour is excellent timing for performing backstabs of all kinds, and a tendency to reap disproportionate rewards for your untimely betrayals.

Dark God's Pet (600 CP): The dread powers of Hell have taken notice of you, whether as a useful tool or a paragon of what it means to be a demon. Title, honour and privilege are all yours now-within reason to your base race option, of course. You are all but guaranteed to be the right hand of the Fly, and relatively insulated from his mercurial moods. And in future worlds, dark gods and demon lords of all kinds will take a similar shine to you-seeing something worth nurturing, however arbitrary the reasoning. Even those that seek to destroy the world would be happy to keep you around as a herald of their glory and general for their legions, while satisfying your carnal appetites so long as they're not too inconvenient. Perhaps if somewhere else you were to meet Lucifer before he became known as the devil, with this you could convince him to make you his right hand instead of Beelzebub.

Monster

Diabolical Deformity (100 CP): Most demons, for all their strangeness, default to the humanoid template and recognisable features. You…do not. Even if you are humanoid, the way your body is structured and the kind of things it does just *do not make sense.* You could have a gaping void for a face into endless darkness despite it being attached to a normal neck. Your hands could be streams of smoke that extend endlessly behind you until they coalesce into fingers. You could have *oblongs for legs*. While this could potentially endanger someone trying to stab you with a dagger, the major advantage of your bizarre biology is that it's just really hard to figure out how to hurt you in a way that matters without excessive over the top force. There *is* some sort of logic to your biology, but try explaining that to someone trying to figure out which of your hearts is the one that matters.

Suffer Unto Me The Little Children (200 CP): Some demons, like Moloch, style themselves as false gods on Earth. What they get out of it is…vague, though this apparently empowers their form and magical abilities. Not overwhelmingly, but enough to rise above most peers in might and magic. You've thrown your own hat in the ring, making a name for yourself as some pagan god or other (the divine presence upon the Throne obviously being a far superior entity) and you've done it successfully enough you're significantly stronger than the average specimens of your kind. Even in future worlds, should you wish a minor religion dedicated to you may have sprung up somewhere for you to cultivate into a real faith. Just don't get cocky with this. Moloch certainly learned a false god isn't immune to the wrath of his followers.

Monstrous Miasma (400 CP): Deep within the bowels of Hell, a strange transfiguration converts the dead of demonkind into forms stranger. More insectile. And ultimately, more obedient to the will of a greater being. While you may not necessarily wield the full might of great Abaddon, you seem to have a similarly fundamental connection to Hell. With power equivalent to one of Hell's common spells, you may resurrect the dead of Hell (including damned souls) as beings similarly reshaped as the Abaddim: Typically seldom enhanced more than the average demon, but utterly obedient to your will even over vast distances. The specific aesthetics of how they're changed are up to you. The true profit from this dark gift is their one unique ability: To terraform the land and substance of Hell (or other realms of existence) into something that while no more valuable to the original is more suitable to your survival and other preferences-producing smog, perverse incense or some other particulate which naturally enhances your overall power. With thousands of such thralls, even a mortal soul would wield power great enough to rival Demons Greater.

Prince of Carrion (600 CP): You are an aggregate. Less politely, you are a devourer of the divine, having fed richly from the tattered remnants of fallen angels who did not survive Heaven's reprisals intact. By folding and transforming their pain into multitudes of dread creatures that make up your form, you have attained raw mystical power as unique in Hell as Beelzebub-though you need not be a second mass of flies, perhaps a squirming mass of leeches or a great cloud of wasps instead. Now no blade forged in Hell can slay you, for your mass simply parts around their blows, and naturally your shape and presence are far more malleable than those of most demons when you can disperse and recombine at will. Individual instances of vermin budded from you can infest other demons, hollowing them out into variably obedient thralls-potentially multiplying so much they are little more than husks obedient to your will, and channels for what mystic rites you deem fit to wield. Last but not least, your current state grants such intense power that should you lash out in rage,

tens of thousands are in danger. Entire buildings and even the very streets of Hell over a large precinct of Dis can be savaged by vermin with such unnatural rot it is as if they were meat rather than stone in moments. Just remember, Beelzebub is dangerous for more than just being such a living atrocity. This dread gift offers you power alone, without the finesse and experience of a Demon Greater.

Items

There is little charity in Hell, save for the right to suffer and inflict further suffering. There are no item discounts.

A Mound of Damnation (50 CP/100 CP/200 CP): The human soul is a font of endless possibilities. This is no exaggeration or pontification on divine design, it is a very literal phenomena demons gleefully use to abuse the human soul into stone for walls, iron for weapons, the seeds of war beasts and vellum for book bindings. Though demons of greater skill can bring forth more profound works from the substrate of the soul, there seems to be little upper limit save that at least in Hell the human soul generally takes a solid, stable form. By the strange wills of Heaven or Hell, a reservoir of damned souls flows your way-already packed into the default shape of bricks.

For 50 CP, you have a small mound. Enough to build a shed, which replenishes continuously from damnations in an unseen world every week or so.

For 100 CP, you have a great pool of soul-bricks. Enough to build a fortress, and while also replenishing in a week it's greater amount means you will surely have more to work with over the same amount of time.

Finally, for 200 CP you have a true wealth of souls. As seams of gold fill a rich mining shaft, so too do you dredge up more souls from this reservoir than most demons have a regular use for-and likewise, it replenishes to fullness in a week.

This item can be repurchased.

Forges of the Fallen (50 CP): Great is the need for sword and shield, helmet and plating, and all other tools of war in Hell. Red-hot and steeped in soot blacker than night itself, this forge and your choice of either lesser demons or cowed souls staffing it can forge all such implements with the inhuman endurance and precision of the damned. By some strange fortune or the whims of an eccentric Demon Major, this particular smithy uses it's ever-replenishing supply of native Hell materials instead of souls for its' smithcraft. While technically slower than simply reshaping souls into swords, at least the smithy is relatively guilt free if you care about such things.

Tribute of the Wastes (50 CP): There are more things in Hell than are contained in mortal philosophies, and by your investment here every week you may receive a shipment of them great enough to furnish an entire battalion in Hell. These are strange resources native to Hell's environs, typically only harvested by eccentric scholars such as Lord Furcas or the native Men of Wrath. An example being crystal that flickers like solid fire, which contains in itself such tremendous heat that with some specialised glyphs it can be used to conjure a fiery javelin capable of shattering and melting stone when thrown. It is, quite simply, crystalised fire.

This item can be repurchased for different yet equally unique and valuable resources. Perhaps you would prefer a cowl of Abyssal worm silk that can reknit your wounds while being tougher enough to weather Hell's storms, or the bottled waters of the Acheron which induce sorrow so pure it can transport one's senses and spirit briefly to the borders of Heaven.

Puime-pe-Molocha (100 CP): Among the most feared weapons in Hell, these two blades bear ten vicious hooks. Forged of fused diamond, no armor in Hell can withstand them and the cursed wounds dealt by them are awfully slow to heal even with the greatest powers of restoration available in Hell-while inflicting agony great enough to make great warriors faint. In the hands of their master Moloch, Demon Minors can be easily ripped apart by them and legions of lesser soldiers are little more than chaff to be cut down by them like a scythe. You now own a pair of weapons scaled to your form in this jump and otherwise equal in puissance.

Or perhaps, you would prefer a weapon of comparable power but more suited to your nature and preferences? That too is available. This item can be repurchased for other, similarly singular wonders of Hell. Perhaps a standard that fills your troops with unquenchable bloodlust numbing the pain of broken bones or exhaustion for as long as you raise it, or a shield that deafens and knocks down those who strike at you with captured thunder.

A Place of Dread Secrets (100 CP): The library bought by this purchase is ornate and well-organised, possessed of a certain austere dignity even filtered through the lens of Hell's grim aesthetic. It's true value is more than just being a talking piece, though. This particular library is either a general wealth of information about Hell and it's notable features, or a particularly detailed study into an area of interest. Instructions on complex spells, remembered accounts of Heaven, an exact record of every soul that ever passed into Hell. Knowledge worth killing and dying for is now rightfully yours.

For 100 CP, you may purchase additional libraries or expand your existing one with more wings containing greater knowledge.

Beasts of Burden (100 CP): Whether wrought from damned souls or tamed from Hell's hostile environs, you now have enough well-trained beasts of Hell to equip a battalion as heavy cavalry. The exact nature and size of these beasts is largely up to you to determine, with two guiding trends: They are tougher and more vicious than any earthly animal, but while potentially surreal in biology and appearance their threat is primarily physical. You may field faceless behemoths with elegant tusks, three-legged colossi with axes for arms and a void for a face, or winged insectile horrors that dribble acid on foes. Regardless of these creatures' capabilities, harsh training has rendered them into fearsome but disciplined steeds for demons with the nerve to ride them.

This item can be repurchased to expand your menagerie, including different Hell-spawned horrors as potential cavalry.

A Fearsome Fortress (200 CP): Towering high like a jagged fang in Hell's substrate, this mighty fortress is a reflection of your majesty and desire. Whether it was shaped from souls or carved from Hell's desolate earth, it's walls tower over any earthly monument, it is furnished with precious things found only in Hell, and it is reinforced such that all but the greatest of Demons Major would struggle to claim it for as long as it's garrisoned with an army of Hell under your command. If you are of a military mind, it could be replete with mighty weapons, lore about the terrain and secrets of Hell, nightmarish torture chambers, ritually sacrificed victims whose flesh you may wear like crude suits and monstrous horrors fit to lead devastating cavalry charges scarring the battlefield as much as your enemies' flesh. But should you mourn Heaven instead, it could be a vision of beauty stocked with arts to move even the most bitter demons with memories of what was lost in lieu of embracing Hell's horrors-while still holding great weaponry and riches to defend it.

This item can be repurchased for additional fortresses reflecting different desires, though be wary that most lords of Hell will look upon such affluence with jealousy.

A Fertile Field (200 CP): Twenty miles of Hellish soil crumble into bubbling lava. Seemingly useless to human eyes, to demonic ones the vital energies of Hell coruscate like little else. Magic that conjures forth the living things of Hell is greatly amplified here, not just letting anyone with the bare minimum knowledge of such rites to create ordinary demons but and (in much lesser quantity for each magical working) even Demons Lesser-all of whom hold instinctive respect for you as their creator, though are ultimately free willed. With some experimentation, it might even be possible to conjure Abyssal beasts of great stature or the Men of Wrath.

Beasts of War (200 CP): This great stable houses some of the vilest souls in Hell, mutated and mutilated by its' finest beastmasters into a form fitting their depravations. They number among the greatest of Hell's cavalry, each at least the size of a rhinoceros and no matter how hauntingly humanoid or seemingly devoid of senses their appearance are both swift and mighty enough to trample demonic infantry underfoot in the fury of war. The beasts have been cowed greatly to fear you as their master, certain to heed any rider under your command with more fervour than they prize their own lives. Just remember that for all their might, they are little more than beasts. Although they are at least bridled and armoured in finely forged hell-plate.

Alternatively, they may be tamed Abyssal monsters or yet stranger cavalry- perhaps some manner of golems animated by demonic magic. This item can be repurchased for different breeds of steeds, though the difference in their abilities is generally minimal for the function of providing brute force; a body of stone that feels no pain in exchange for lacking a slavering acidic maw, for example.

Ialpor Napta (300 CP): So thin it seems little more than the memory of a sword and shaped like a feather, this faintly fire-rimmed blade slew many angels on both sides during Lucifer's rebellion. When wielded, the residual celestial flame erupts with an intensity great enough to cleave through the flesh of Demons Major like that of mortals. The mere sight of this weapon inspires impossible hope in those with any remaining nobility in Hell, and fear even in some beings far greater than Demons Major from what their wielders were capable of. Even in future worlds, the righteous will have their hearts lifted and the damned cowed as if the shadow of an angel flew overhead when this sword is drawn against them.

Legate (300 CP): When you fell from Heaven or merely Earth, you were not entirely abandoned. Four-winged, androgynous formed from hundreds of luminous glowing glyphs, this creature of heavenly Light is bound to serve you as a sort of familiar. Diligent and honest as any creature of Heaven, the Legate has little desire but to abide Heaven's will and yours in that order. It has immense knowledge of the magical arts, able to assist in even the complex art of healing or in conveying messages across great distances or identifying arcane artifacts or complex enchantments. Teleportation or being summoned across great distances are trivial things for it. The Legate's greatest power, however, is to briefly assume the form of a heavenly destroyer. If a mortal and demonic soul willingly offer themselves to be subsumed into the Legate, it will fuse with them to become as unto an avenging angel. The four shining blades in its' hands can smite even Hell incarnate with unerring swiftness, though once a task of this magnitude is accomplished the whole of the thing swiftly dissipates. Never to be seen again.

At least, not until the next jump or decade, whichever comes sooner. It seems Heaven has tasked this particular Legate for great things in your service.

Gatekeepers and Demolishers (300 CP): The greatest works of Hell perversely fuse flesh and artifice, perhaps in emulation of the corruption Beelzebub first spread across this land. Each purchase here either lets you buy one of the greatest defences known in Hell, or the war machines used to lay waste to them. You may purchase a demon of great power who has physically fused with an enormous wall great enough to surround any one of Hell's cities. This entanglement allows him to work his magic wherever his building-body extends- creating passageways for troops by reshaping the brickwork, or raining down glyphs like arrow volleys. This living wall, bound into your surface, may then be placed around the properties of your choice. Alternatively, you may have a dozen Demolishers under your command: Broad-backed, flattened creatures made of hundreds of souls compressed together into a gigantic monstrosity capable of ripping and tearing through demonic walls such as the above. Or if you abhor such damnation, perhaps simply Abyssal beasts of comparable power, whether they resemble slow-flying mantas or enormous centipedes.

This item may be repurchased for whichever option you did not take.

Companions

Loathe Thy Neighbour (50-200 CP): Just as thy neighbour loathes you, doubtless. And yet who is more fit to know your pain than your fellow damned? Each 50 CP invested here lets you import or create a companion with 800 CP to spend on backgrounds, perks and items. You may pay 200 CP for a discounted full set of 8.

Hell is Other People (Free/50 CP apiece): But maybe, just maybe. They're worth it. Can love bloom, even in the pits of perdition? Do you think yourself capable of swaying Sargantas from his journey to Heaven's light, kindling hope in Lilith's heart as she tries to spread it through Hell for her own escape, or…no, suffer not even the thought of how you might appease Hell's viler lords. Either way, for free anyone who pledges to accompany you as companion may escape the torments of Hell (though not necessarily the torments of *you).* For 50 CP, you're guaranteed to make a good impression with them. In a way that isn't necessarily unspeakably degrading, if for some incomprehensible reason you use your meeting on Beelzebub.

Old Comrade (50 CP): They were your comrade in arms in Heaven, if you were both demons. Your brother, by blood or bond, on the battlefield, should you hail from Earth. And as a Salamandrine, they were your most cherished among your clansfolk-having brought down both beasts and demons together with you. Whoever they are, they are similar in power and accomplishments to your background and overall build in this jump-though perhaps falling a shade short overall. And they were close enough to trust your back to on the battlefield even before you understood damnation. Now that you are damned together, your friendship has only grown all the stronger.

Once during this jump, should you be in great need, your friend will intervene to turn things around greatly in your favour.

Second Heart (50 CP): Lilith was not the only one to be scorned by Heaven's grace yet fall to Hell without having participated in the Fall, as her handmaiden can attest. This woman, likewise beautiful beyond compare yet noticeably inhuman, was once greatly feared by humanity. Yet after coming to Hell by circumstance, she is all too aware that while greater than the greatest damned soul she is still no match for even a single Demon Lesser. Unlike Lilith, she was fortunate enough to find you and find her footing in relative comfort. Her radiance bewitches the weak in Hell like a goddess' grace, yet that is dwarfed by the gratitude and adoration she holds for you. Though untrained, she has great potential in arms and mysticism if taught.

Crafty Confidante (50 CP): Either a succubus of unusual power and influence or a particularly conniving Demon Lesser, this hellish soldier of fortune quickly saw your potential and contrived to win your favour by any means necessary. Though carnal and caustic in nature, around you they pay great obeisance and go to great lengths to see your will carried out-ostensibly in the hopes of great reward. A lifetime of rising up through hardship has made them a jack of all trades among demonkind and more competent than average in whatever their vocation is, having learned to cheat a system built by monsters, for monsters. Despite their venom and tendency to hold grudges, for one reason or another they seem to genuinely cherish you-as you can tell from the fact that they openly joke about betraying you someday, rather than actually carry it out.

Legion (300/400 CP): A great force of armed demonkind, a host equal to the standing army of any one city save Dis itself, has sworn loyalty to you under the laws of Hell and been inducted as your followers. They may be mostly rank and file demons or damned souls, with Demons Lesser as their captains and lieutenants, but each is armed and armoured to the teeth and well drilled for battle. Though more gifted in battle than sorcery overall, no demon here is truly unfamiliar with Arts relevant to the battle and many have developed unique ones to give themselves some manner of advantage. They are of a nature suited to your style of command, whether vicious and opportunistic or disciplined and relatively idealistic as Hell goes. Either way, they look forward to shedding blood in your name.

For a surcharge of 100 CP, this force may be primarily comprised of Salamandrines instead. Though they lack the magic of Demons Lesser, such is their skill at infiltration and force of arms that even Demons Major are wary of their threat-able to scale sheer walls and navigate Hell's terrain with a natural ease most demons lack, and tear apart demons in close quarters combat with nightmarish casualness.

This option can be repurchased, should you wish to start assembling an army as great as the one Sargantas marched against Dis.

Drawbacks

Obscene (100 CP): Some suffer the Fall better than others. You are, whether from an unfortunate landing or the past suffering inflicted by other demons, hideous and unwholesome even by demonic standards. You may be missing eyes, have a mouth stitched shut or an additional one gnashing and snapping at random on your back, have missing limbs or a mantle of noxious mucous. Of note is the fact that this doesn't actually impede you or even cause you pain in a way that matters, it is just that you look awful in a way that would make even succubi hesitate to satiate your lust and broadcast weakness to most demons for having lost so much.

Craven (100 CP): You are as wounded in spirit as the drawback above would have wounded you in body. Lust, envy, greed-these are old friends, driving your every action as surely as the bottle drives the drunk. You are not entirely an animal, but to have your base desires met or your crudest and most immediate ambitions satisfied is more compelling to you than any noble deed or act of glory. It goes without saying that self-preservation is a much higher priority for you than usual, leaving you cautious even in a fight you could conceivably win.

Mourning (100 CP): There is some regret that haunts you even when you should have lost everything else, as if you had bathed in the Acheron but taken some of its' water with you. Be it daughters that parted from you violently in life or the grace of Heaven itself, this haunting sorrow drives you in search of a solace Hell by its' nature cannot contain. No deed shall fully satisfy you, no joy truly alleviate the weight this place on your spirit. Only after seeking answers to your sorrow has shaken Hell to its' foundations will you feel anything close to closure, by which point you'll likely have bigger problems.

Called to the Pit (200 CP): You cried out for more power, and the voice of Hell itself answered you. Now Abaddon, perhaps the only true god in Hell, compels you to do his bidding in dreams and subconsciously guides your actions even in waking. His control is not so absolute as to put you in danger, but he knows your nature well enough to best use you to accelerate his goal: Gaining enough power to rise from the pit with an army of transformed Abaddim under his command, then terraform all of Hell in a bid to return it to his and the Salamandrines' dominion. Once he is free, Abaddon's control over you will be much greater-though fortunately as long as you continue to serve him he is more than happy to reward a useful tool.

It is a shame that not only is Abaddon bent on warring with every demon, but Heaven has prepared a certain surprise that will spell his demise. Prepare to fend off the will of the pit's lord, or else have wit enough to subvert his goals in service of your own.

Captive (200 CP): Admiration can be a terrible thing. Some Demon Major (save Sargantas, who is above such deeds) took such a liking to you that he decided you belonged in his dungeons, for one reason or another. Your stay is not necessarily torturous (unless you are unfortunate enough to choose to be the Fly's captive, in which case…poor you) but you are strictly confined to the demon's fortress with most of his household and court dedicated to ensuring your imprisonment. Escape could come from finding out if one might not be so loyal to his lord as it seems, soliciting external aid, or preferably both.

You could fight your way out of course, but few demons have the might to try.

Sullied (200 CP): It seems Hannibal Barca is not the only one to be tainted by that which is anathema to him. At some point, you suffered crippling injury that was soothed only by applying the disc of a great demon to your very being. Not only are you down an arm or a leg, but the soul of that demon fills you with its' maddening urges, it's megalomania and rage and humiliation-or perhaps, it's unwanted nobility should those feelings be old friends to you. It is long dead, but it's way of being occasionally fills you with an unnatural urge to commit deeds similar to it. A cross you must bear for your stay here along with your amputation, unless you can heal yourself both physically and spiritually.

Foe of the Fly (300 CP): Beelzebub, Lucifer's general in the war against Heaven, has heard enough. You are a threat to his authority greater than Sargantas himself to be destroyed posthaste. It will take time, but he will marshal every lesser demon lord in Hell, every weapon in his arsenal and every beast that fears his yoke, to slay you. The Fly himself surpasses any other demon from the Fall in raw power but it is beneath his dignity to bring his fullness from his throne when he could instead command others to slay you-though not beyond him to try infesting you with his flies through great works of sorcery, or similar feats of assassination. Long before you meet Beelzebub on the fields of battle, you will learn to fear the slightest sound of buzzing.

Shorn Husk (300 CP): Oops. It seems the Fly has already had his way with you for some long ago wrong, though mercifully is satisfied with the punishment he has already inflicted unless you also took the drawback above. Now you are, physically, a complete wreck. You are a shambling parodic husk of a demon, your internal organs drooping outside you as you waddle through puddles of your own blood. Or you have been flayed into little more than skin and bones after Beelzebub was done eating all else of importance from inside your own flesh, the slightest breeze inflicting great agony on you. Suffice to say unless you have truly miraculous ways of healing or regeneration, all you can truly count on is your will to survive and what magic your shattered form can cast. Even your mind has been pushed to the brink of madness, the Fly holding *nothing* back to make an example of you.

Unholy Emergence (300/600 CP): Something is stirring in the depths of Hell. A force far greater than any demon that current rules, on par with the Watchers of old or with the walking apocalypse that is Abaddon. It is a being whose form towers above the greatest buildings of Hell, who spreads ruin in its' wake like the plague and for whom defeating the greatest of demons is literally as easy as breathing. Or if it is not some grand unholy behemoth, it is something of equal threat-as if Lucifer were to return from dormancy only to turn his sword upon all of Hell. And yes, for one reason or another this being will choose to target you first over some ancient grudge.

For 300 CP, you have a year's head start from when it flees itself. Beings of this magnitude were sealed only by Hell's grandest collective workings or mechanisms of imprisonment wrought long ago by Heaven, and seeking to restore them would be a mighty task for any in Hell. Unless you were to somehow find a way to invoke Heaven's aid against it. For 600 CP, the being frees itself within moments of your arrival. No known active force in Hell can save you from such immediately certain destruction, unless you and all you have are enough to save Hell.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

The third book still isn't out as of the time of writing. When Lucifer wakes up, I'm going to have a headache from balancing him.

Where's the angelic option, you ask? The *full* angelic option? Too broken to include here, that's where. Seriously Watchers and Abaddon are treated as forces of nature by the other demons, and the one known instance of the former still has PTSD from angelic blades, while the latter was destroyed in SECONDS when a no-bullshit being of heavenly light brought all its' swords down on it at once. I cannot stress this enough: From what we've seen, angels are plot devices compared to the local demons.

Seriously, the art is fantastic and the major selling point of the series. If I could justify it I'd have added a "Wayne Barlowe artstyle" perk but unfortunately it is a major plot point everything looks so gnarly because, well, everyone is literally stuck in Hell. Presented below is PROCESSION, which depicts our FUARKING heroes on a stroll.



>The virgin Charlie Morningstar

>A total clown to the people she's trying to save, from a lineage of clowns

>Can draw with crayons. Badly. And improvise musical numbers

>Constantly mocked by demons she could *theoretically* obliterate with a glance because throwing her power around feels "mean"

>Blows up at her girlfriend and father for not doing everything she expects of them, and cries because her mom won't respond to her texts

>Best friend is a self-hating crashout of a gay spider that purposefully gets himself date raped to feel something, who she treats like a housepet to coddle and occasionally ties to train tracks as a publicity stunt

>Yearns for the attention and love of Lilith, who has been chilling on a beach in Heaven for 2 seasons

>Continuously dunked on by a smug TV-headed newsman and needed her dad to save her from Dickmaster

>Burst out crying when her gay friends left the Hotel in a huff (again) and came back after some R&R.

>Prideful enough to ignore her friends and try to get an interview with people she intellectually knows hate her and want her to fail, gutless enough that being reminded she's trespassing on private property is sufficient to make her drop any hostilities

>Somehow lost contact with Lucifer despite him wanting nothing more than to dote on and support her, depended on him to renovate the hotel after a literal war, appears to lack any imagination whatsoever for how he could help her cause beyond the obvious and immediate

>Hard carried by her friends, including some cannibal Overlord she literally just met. Makes literally every decision based on vibes, to their detriment

>Completely upstaged by Emily in S2 who pushed for Heaven to welcome redeemed souls, started the silly friendship beam to contain Vox's exploding weapon and did everything else Charlie couldn't because she was having a mental breakdown about Sir Pentious' death AND made the worst possible decisions right after learning he was fine

>Has no actual clue how redemption works, constantly improvising with her idea crayons then panics when it doesn't work

>Still not directly contacted by 99.9% of Heaven even after she was accidentally vindicated

>Her legacy is a news clip of her twiddling an evil moustache out of context, causing multiple wars against Heaven due directly to her own decisions and only mildly inconveniencing VoxTek's overall operations

>The Chad Sargantas

>Lucifer's own captain in the divine rebellion, maintaining his dignity even after falling from grace

>An accomplished tactician, master of arcane forces, diplomat, historian and master artist capable of depicting Heaven's wonders with Hell's pigments

>Commands awe from foe and friend alike, yet offers an open palm to any he sees virtue in

>Bathes in the river Acheron to bear all the sorrow there ever was as penance for his existence as a lord of Hell, his resolve strengthened by the experience

>Best friend is Elligor, his faithful soldier in Heaven, who despite mourning his lord's disappearance from Hell takes up his cause and uplifts abused succubi into warriors

>Lilith loves him so much she founded a battered succubus' movement in his honour, almost reached him in Heaven through the Acheron and compares Lucifer unfavourably to him

>Raised his sword against every demon in Hell for the salvation of every soul, successfully stormed Dis and though almost dying to Beelzebub filled the Prince of Hell with more dread than he'd known since the Fall

>Carries immense guilt and doubt for participating in the damnation of the human spirit, still continues on what he knows to be a hopeless mission that will cast him from his friends and lover because it's the right thing to do

>His friends know better than to question his noble convictions, or doubt that he has anything but their best interests at heart

>Admired Lucifer enough to follow him into war against Heaven, still knows he was ultimately wrong and strives to do better

>Bears the burdens of his friends on his back, and uplifts them both literally and metaphorically to become the best versions of themselves

>Repeatedly upstages any other demon in his way by being a better tactician than Astaroth, having Moloch's number in a duel but having a friend who could fight him anyway and impressing Andramalik so much he just abandoned the battlefield rather than stand against him

>Understands full well the magnitude of the demons' sins against Heaven, still prays earnestly for guidance

>For his sacrifice and earnest repentance, is personally escorted to Heaven by an honor guard of angels and restored to angelic grace

>His legacy is peaceful coexistence between damned souls and demonkind, as well as inspiring even more selfless heroism