A Escape From Hell

In the bottomless dim cavities of hell, lay the remains of the man who would prove destiny and creator wrong, Taurus. His soul had been reaped long ago, yet an infinitesimal fragment of him remained within. 70 years ago, Taurus had executed many indefensible sins, all of which were compelled upon him. Taurus was forced into a gang at the age of 15. He lived in a poverty-ridden neighborhood for all of the brief 34 years he lived, and this grew unfavorable conditions. He got implicated in the crime and began doing hit and runs and assassinations for a quick buck. This and the plethora of other sins he ended up committing, led him straight to hell. At the pearly white gates of heaven, he knew his fate. He knew where he was headed, but he also knew that this would not be the end of him.

Shortly after he arrived in hell, he was captured and imprisoned by the guards and was going to be prepared for the eternal torture. Taurus had already been subject to torture in his life, it was nothing new to him. The pits of hell were intensely hot, stuffy, and smelt of corpses and rotting flesh, it was far far worse than one imagine. It was absolute and eternal torment. Taurus knew that he needed to escape, but he didn't know-how. Soon after the torture began, the hell knights realized something, Taurus wouldn't have any response to the torture done. Everything ranging from burning to ripping off limbs repeatedly seemed pointless. Astonished by this, the knights immediately took him to their king, The Devil. When Taurus died, much of the world was rather happy and did not seem to hold any regret for his death, even his own family.

This made his soul shrink out of pure pain, anguish, and regret. It only worsened his urge to go back on earth and relive his life. His soul was blackened and left with virtually nothing. The Devil asked Taurus a question. “Why are you here?” “You know why.”, Taurus said hastily. “Oh of course I know why you’re here, but do YOU know?”. Taurus began to think, and he began to get lost within himself. This is the exact trick The Devil wanted to play upon him, and it worked like a charm. For whatever reason, the thought of not knowing the true reason for being in there made Taurus’s head feel as if it was going to be crushed.

“Take his soul.” The Devil told the knights, “So soon sire? He has not yet faced enough suffering for his soul to be worth m-” The Devil pulverized the knight for merely questioning his order, and the others quickly began to do as told.

Taurus was taken to the harvesting chambers. Here, the victims' chests were ripped open and their souls extracted from their hearts. The souls would then move up into a maze of pipelines and feed into the generators, which would power hell's energy. Their victims still suffered torment, just without the ability to feel anything now. Now, if you remember, Taurus’s soul was already quite hurt and rather small. So insignificant that when The Knights ripped him open, the extractors could not remove anything. “Ha, no soul. You really do deserve to be in here!”, The Knights threw Taurus’s body back down into the burning pits, as they thought he had no soul, therefore he was simply a carcass to them. Little did they know, he still had a tiny amount of soul energy left within. Taurus managed to stumble his way back out of the pits, and in front of him, lay a barren red landscape. Blood red ground, and a maroon sky. The wind blew hot and heavy in his face, it hurt. Hell was infinitely vast, and amongst the landscape, he could only see large towers filled with husks of people being tormented, and in the very center, the castle, where the devil resided. The castle was also where the libraries were. Hell had a hierarchy, and in extremely rare and favorable conditions, one of the victims of hell could move into the hierarchy. This had only ever happened 3 times in the entire existence of hell, and each time it did, God unleashed his full wrath upon The Devil. These three battles were remembered forever in hell's history, and each time, they somehow managed to turn hell even worse, even inflicting tremendous pain and agony upon The Devil himself.

As Taurus stood outside the pit and thought about what he was going to do, a large pack of flying demons passed over Taurus, he took cover behind a black bush, these were also littered across Hell's landscape. To manage to get out of hell, Taurus would need to reach the deepest and innermost sanctum of Nekroval, the castle which The Devil stayed in. This part of the castle housed the only exit from hell, and it was only ever used by The Devil, at the very few and rare times at which God would ask to speak with him. Taurus didn't know where the portal led, or how it worked, but he knew one thing, that he needed to reach it. This would be a tremendously difficult task. But he quite literally had eternity to do it. His best chances of making it inside the castle, and not being caught, were to make his way up into the hierarchy or fake it. He thought and thought, and eventually concluded that he would just let time play out, and see what he could find, for now.

Taurus began to venture out, not to the castle but to the towers around it, which housed the rest of the victims of hell. He needed food, anything that was even nearly edible was fine. Entering the tower meant more torture and extreme uncomfort, but he didn't pay mind to it. 2-3 days after he entered, he was thrown into the pits once more, but this time with a small piece of food. It was rotten human flesh, disgusting, vile, and horrendous, just as you would expect from hell. He ate it regardless, nearly puking it all out, but he needed any nourishment he could get. The energy of hell would heal a person's body back once the torture was “complete” for a few days, so their souls could be tormented more to pull more energy out of them once harvested. Now, the fact that Taurus could climb out of the pits, was astonishing. The insides of the pits had guards watching them, but only the bottoms, not above since no one even thought of climbing out. Taurus, however, did. He seemingly had access to the hellscape above and could go whenever he wasn't in the torture chambers.

He once more climbed out and went to scout the land, to find any clue or hint of what he should do. As soon as he began to walk outside, he suddenly began to see flashbacks of all the people he killed. He saw the people he assaulted, and the effects of it on their loved ones, and he saw his grave, with no flowers, and no one around to mourn his death. Hell was not only physically painful, but it had an awful mental bearing on the people there as well. Taurus was stuck in this state for hours. He got himself together and continued walking. He heard a bull stomping behind him. It was him, The Devil. Taurus was swooped up and thrown into a cage being dragged behind the bull and dragged straight into Nekroval. There he sat, upon his throne of bones and swords, and Taurus by the grand stairs leading right up to the throne. “You’re a fool mortal, trying to escape this place is futile.”, the devil spoke with a slight tone of amusement in his voice. “I'll kill you before I even think about leaving this place you vile filth!”, this was a terrible move by Taurus, taunting The Devil is not something one should do. Within seconds of him spouting whatever garbage he could think of that sounded intimidating at the moment, Taurus’s back was full of arrows, and his torso with knives. “You might want to pick your words carefully.” The Devil knew that Taurus was useless right now, but he admired his incredible courage to even dare say that to him. “I think you're aware of the fact that I can't feel any of this.”, said Taurus, “Oh of course I am, just testing you.” The Devil saw that Taurus couldn't feel pain, and planned to use this to his advantage. “How would you like to be one of my guards?” This was it, it was Taurus’s one-way ticket into the hierarchy of hell, he couldn't believe himself, but he could not get a better opportunity. “If it means I get out of that damned place, I don't care what I do.”, Taurus exclaimed. “Very well then, you’ll need to pass a few…tests.” Taurus knew that The Devil wouldn’t simply let him be his guard without any sort of testing going on, but he was not prepared for what was coming after him.

Taurus was taken into a massive arena, and all of a sudden, its walls disappeared and turned into pitch-black darkness. “Fail even a single one of these tests, and you will be imprisoned within this infinite darkness for eternity.”, said The Devil. Taurus simply stayed silent. Soon, Taurus was given nothing but a massive sword. And it was extremely thick. It was more like a slab of steel than anything, but its edges were unforgivingly sharp. Taurus slipped his finger across its edge, and with even the slightest pressure, it was sliced open. Just as he was about to look up, Taurus was met with something that scared even the likes of him. It stood about 8 feet tall and peered down at him with empty white eyes, and a strangely frail, weak, and skeletal body. Within a flash of the eye, he was thrown across the arena, with his shoulder immediately broken. “WEAK!” hollered The Devil.

The demon charged at him once more, pounding his skull into the ground again. Taurus began to question himself, but regardless, he knew what he had to do. With only a few seconds left until the attack sprung back once more, he picked up his greatsword, and right as the demon crawled up to his level again, he slashed. Unnerving screams of pain and anguish were heard throughout the entire hellscape, and the residents of Nekroval wondered what The Devil was up to this time. The demon lay there, twitching, with its strange black blood oozing out from its sliced open stomach. “THAT'S IT? THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO THROW AT ME?”, screamed Taurus, in a maddening state of euphoria. The demon that Taurus just managed to slay was amongst The Devil's top ranks in his gladiating armies. Now, Taurus was not at all expected to survive this, not feeling pain is different from simply being immobilized from broken bones and paralyzation. “Well done mortal, now, onto the next test.”, it had become clear to Taurus that the testing would last a while, and that The Devil would not be satisfied anytime soon. Taurus was aggressively taken up to the barren hellscape above, and The Devil stood in front of him. “What's it gonna be next?” he asked. “Me.”, said the devil in a stern and menacing voice. “What?”, “Me Taurus, I am your next challenge. Beat me, and you gain a rank amongst us.” Taurus was beyond astonished, he did not know if The Devil was being serious or if it was simply another one of his malicious tricks.

Taurus had to think quickly and did the best he could, he hauled up his great iron slab of a sword and took charge. “Foolish.” As soon as he went to deal a blow to the devil, his entire arm collapsed under the weight of his sword. Even though all wounds would fully heal in hell (to perform more torture, later on, to bring more energy out of the soul's emotions), they still took a few days. Taurus’s back and shoulders were still terribly beaten up from fighting the previous demon, and he could not handle the weight of the massive sword. The Devil still had not done anything, other than stand around. Taurus took a few more futile swings, all of which were dodged far before they even came close to his enemy. “Enough mortal, my turn.” Just as Taurus was going to get up again, all he could see was the afterimage of The Devil's tail, and it was soon buried deep into his chest. “I'm honestly surprised you even picked up your sword, but it is commendable. No one in this place would even think about facing me, and here you are swinging around a piece of scrap. Only someone as ruthless, stupid, and idiotic as you would do this.” The Devil's derogatory words enraged Taurus beyond imagination.

He was not too good at staying calm and making smart decisions, but this one time, his anger proved to be of use. Taurus’s body overflowed with mysterious energy, one which even The Devil could not recognize. A purple aura began to come off of him, and within moments, The Devil's tail was severed, and he lay on the ground, with blood spewing. “Watch your words you filth.” Taurus took the tail, swung it across his back, and began to walk off. The Devil, however, was not finished. He would not just let someone whom he looked so lowly of, hurt him. The Devil summoned his demonic bull and rode atop it with unfathomable rage. Taurus heard its stomping, turned around, and simply stuck his sword out. The bull ran right into it, headfirst. The Devil jumped high into the air and struck down upon Taurus with crushing forces, this time, he could not dodge. There lay his partially alive body, twisted and shattered. “As much as I look down upon you, I declare that you have passed the test. Come to Nekroval when you are ready.” The Devil spit on him, severed the hand with which he wielded the sword, and walked away. “Curse him and his unknown powers,” he said furiously.

Taurus would lay there for months. He was hurt, and the only reason he was alive was hell's energy, but mainly, the mysterious raging power that overcame him when he severed The Devil's tail. Soon, he would enter Nekroval, and begin his plan to escape.

To be continued…

Ayaan feedback…

Vash shows great amount of detail in his story and his main character was very interesting. I was very surprised when the main character cuts the devil’s tail off. The worldbuilding of hell and the different parts of it makes the story seem together and makes me more interested in the story and wanting more. His grammar was perfect and I enjoyed every second of the story. 10/10