

THE HELL BREED

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1.

“So why the hell would I agree to do this?” Sebastian asked, trying to hide his fear.

He had heard stories about me his entire life, but that had not prepared him for meeting me face to face. He sat across from me, fidgeting nervously behind the desk. I had been told that I was quite beautiful by demon standards. However, humans seemed to have had different standards by which they judged beauty.

“You’ll agree to it because it is your destiny,” I replied calmly yet assertively. “For centuries, I have guided your family to this point. You’ve been groomed for this. You are free to decline my offer, but you won’t.”

“And why is that?” he asked, his curiosity piqued.

“Because I am offering you something that you could never acquire on your own. You will be the ruler of an entire world. Your fortune may be able to buy you all the sex, drugs, and other earthly pleasures you desire, but you could never buy the kind of power that I’m offering you.”

“I have power,” he replied childishly.

“You have power over what men do with their time,” I said. “They do and say whatever you want because you pay them to do so. They’d quickly abandon you if a higher bidder came

along. That's not real power. I'm not offering you control over people's lives. I'm offering you control over their souls."

"Oh yeah?" Sebastian said. "If it's so great, then why are you so eager to trade places with me?"

"Do you have any idea how long eternity is? I have grown weary of my position and I'm in desperate need of a change of scenery. It's only temporary. I'll be reclaiming my place as soon as our contract concludes. Think of this as a vacation."

"Before my father died, he told me this day would come," Sebastian said. He was growing more confident. "He was jealous that you chose me and not him. You've definitely got my attention. Can you explain the rules again?"

"The contract lasts for six days, six hours and six minutes. During that time, you will be master of the realm of the damned. My kingdom will be your playground. I will take your place here. I will be unable to create or take human life during my stay. In other words, I can't impregnate anyone or kill anyone. I'm forfeiting all of my supernatural abilities while I'm in human form. You will have full access to those abilities throughout the duration of our contract. Those are the terms. Do we have an agreement?"

I slid the contract across the desk to Sebastian. A big smile appeared on his face, as if he had just realized he was getting the better end of the deal. He signed the paper without hesitation.

I spent an hour getting adjusted to my new body. Being human meant being weak and mortal. It was not an easy transition for a being that had existed since the beginning of time. For the first time ever, I felt vulnerable. I wouldn't describe it as fear. It was more like anxiety and excitement from not know what would happen from one moment to the next. I had always existed, but that was the first time I was ever alive.

Alone in my bedroom, I gazed into a mirror, admiring my new body. My skin was slightly tan and smooth. It was obvious that Sebastian had been born wealthy. His body didn't have the wear of a man who had worked hard or worried much about anything. My blonde hair was perfectly groomed and flowed down to my shoulders. My eyes were the blue color of a glowing topaz stone.

I had been observing Sebastian his entire life. I knew everything about him, but for the first time I actually saw the world through his eyes. I now understood why the man was such an arrogant prick. In the world of humans, he had everything. His soul was damaged, but who needs a soul when you're rich and beautiful.

There was a bottle of whiskey on the dresser the mirror was attached to. I picked up the bottle and took a drink. The liquid burned as it slid down my throat. I almost vomited, but didn't. After a few seconds, I felt a slight sense of dizziness. I took another long drink. I was amazed as the humans' ability to turn a liquid into euphoria and then bottle it and sell it. Their science was almost as efficient as my "magic". There was a knock at the bedroom door and then Miller entered.

"Sir," the old butler said. "Your guest has arrived."

“Send her in,” I replied.

Miller left the room as Chloe entered, closing the door behind her. Without saying a word she removed her dress, exposing her large, surgically augmented breasts. Her flesh was a bronze color which made her bleach blonde hair stand out. There was absolutely no fat visible on her body. I supposed that was what human males found attractive.

“Hey, baby,” she whispered.

She pounced on me, wrapping her arms around my body as we fell backwards onto the bed. She furiously removed my clothes as she pressed her lips against mine. Her warm, wet saliva moistened my mouth. Her tits pressed firmly against my bare chest as she took off my pants. I became aroused, but did not understand why. It was only flesh touching flesh. Why was that so damned exiting?

Something came over me. It was as if a fire had been ignited inside my veins. I wanted to just lie there and let her do whatever she wanted to me, but my body would not allow me to. I reached behind her head and grabbed a handful of her hair. I pulled her head back and gently bit her neck as I inserted myself inside her. I rolled her over so that I'd be on top. I had seen humans mate before, so I did my best to imitate what I had seen. My thrusts were clumsy and lacked rhythm at first. Then I became lost in the moment and stopped thinking so much about the “hows” and “whys” of the encounter. I let my human body's instincts take over.

I became aware of all of my human senses at once, but could not concentrate on any of them. I put my hand around her throat and gently squeezed. I increased my pace to keep up with her moans.

“Harder,” she said. “Harder.”

I obliged her by putting more pressure on her neck. Sweat began to drip from my face and fell on her naked body. From what I knew of human etiquette, getting your sweat on someone was considered rude in any situation other than during sex. I looked at her straight in the eyes as I reached my climax. Then it was over. Seven inches of my body had released the fire that had burned within my entire being. I rolled off of her and lied next to her.

“That was amazing,” Chloe said.

We stared silently at each other for several minutes. A feeling of discomfort came over me. Sebastian had been dating Chloe for several months, but I had just fucked a human. What made it worse was the fact that I had enjoyed it. It was always easy to condemn humans for taking pleasure in the flesh, but now I had experienced it for myself. My pride was wounded for having lowered myself to the level of a sexual being. However, I had come to Earth to experience life as a human. Sex was part of the human experience. I needed some time to think, but could not form coherent thoughts with her staring at me.

“You okay, Sebastian?” Chloe asked. “You don’t seem like yourself tonight.”

“I’m fine,” I replied, frustrated. “I need some time alone. You should leave now. I’m sorry.”

She was obviously offended that I wanted her to go. She argued for a few minutes, trying to figure out what was wrong with me. Eventually she agreed to go, but insisted that I spend some time with her the next day. She got dressed and left. I was alone and exhausted. I closed my eyes.

The Fallen Ones do not sleep, therefore they do not dream. Human minds are different, though. Every night their subconscious minds play out their deepest desires and most horrific fears. My first experience with the dream world was rather unpleasant.

I found myself back in the realm of the damned. I was still in Sebastian's body. I saw the lost souls of the human race, naked and terrified, burning in the lakes of fire. It was the world I was so familiar with, yet it was much darker and harsher from my new perspective.

The demons that performed their tasks of tormenting the humans seemed much larger. They were once my beloved pets, but within my dream I found them repulsive. The screams of the tortured souls were deafening. They used to be simply the background noise I heard while performing my duties. I stood there observing the chaos that was my former home. I felt both amazed and appalled. Then a voice came from behind me.

"Hey, babe," it said.

I turned around and saw Chloe. Her perfectly tanned skin was burned and scarred. Her fake tits were gone, replaced with mutilated holes in her chest. Her once beautiful blonde hair

was covered with bald patches where it had been burned down to her scalp. The smell of her burnt flesh was overwhelming.

“Why did you do this to me?” Chloe asked.

She stepped closer to me. I tried to back away, but she latched on to me. She grabbed my hair and kissed my lips. I tried to pull away. She pulled my head back and bit my neck as I had done to her when we were in bed together, only much harder. Blood rushed from my neck wound and flowed down my chest. Chloe began laughing hysterically.

I woke up back in the human world. My entire body was sweating and shaking. The unfamiliar darkness around me was more comfortable than the dream of my home.

2.

The next morning, I sat alone in the dining room, eating the breakfast Miller had served for me. After the awkward sex and the nightmare I had experienced the night before, I felt a sense of what the humans called “depression”. I had only been human for one night and I was already ready for my vacation to be over. I had the undesirable feeling that is known in the world of man as being “home sick”.

“Can I get you anything else, Sir?” Miller asked as he came into the room.

“A bottle of whiskey,” I replied.

He left the room and returned moments later with the bottle. He placed it in front of me, and then left the room again. I opened the bottle and took a long drink. For some reason my body craved the sweet effects that the alcohol produced. I continued to drink until half of the bottle was empty.

“Mr. Davenport,” Jessica said as she entered the room. “Sorry to bother you during breakfast, but I have some files that require your attention.”

“Jessica,” I replied, surprised to see her. “I thought Sebastian told you... I mean, I thought I told you to take the week off. I’m on vacation and I’m not dealing with any work related affairs.”

“Yes, Mr. Davenport,” she said, “You did tell me that. “I just thought you might want to take care of this before you leave town.”

“I’m not going anywhere. I’m spending my vacation at home.”

She was nervous. It is a common misconception that I have omniscient powers. I have the ability to observe anyone I choose, but only at certain times. It was like a television. I would watch something that I found entertaining until I was no longer amused. Then I would simply “change the channel”. I had never found Jessica interesting. I knew very little about her other than that she had been Sebastian’s personal assistant for almost a year.

“Where would you like me to put these files, Mr. Davenport?” Jessica asked.

“Call me Sebastian,” I replied. “Would you like some whiskey?”

“No thank you, sir,” Jessica was confused. Sebastian had never been very kind to her. “I don’t drink often and it’s only nine o’clock in the morning.”

I stared intensely at Jessica. She was in her mid-thirties. Her long brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail. A pair of glasses covered her hazel eyes. She was dressed professionally, but her posture would suggest that she was self-conscious about her body. She wasn’t beautiful, but she was pretty. She had an innocence about her, unlike the woman I had been with the night before.

The whiskey had taken affect. My head was spinning and all I could think about was the shameful pleasure I had experienced the previous night. I stood up from the table and walked over to her. I look through the lenses that covered her eyes and gently touched her face. I was human and humans liked to fuck. It was that simple. I leaned in to kiss her. She quickly pulled away.

“Mr. Davenport,” she said. “What the hell are you doing?”

“Is this not what you want?” I asked. I was confused. Maybe I had made a mistake.

“Of course it’s not what I want,” she said, offended.

“Would you mind telling me why not?”

“Because,” she began. “You’re my boss. And even if you weren’t, you’re ten years younger than I am. I know you’re drunk, so we’ll forget this ever happened. If it ever happens again, though, I’m afraid I wouldn’t be comfortable working for you anymore.”

“I understand,” I said, even though I really didn’t. “I apologize.”

Jessica was a strange creature. I was intrigued by her sense of morality. I had observed Sebastian his entire life. Every woman he had ever desired had willingly thrown herself at him without any thought of the consequences. Jessica could have had the thing that so many other women desired, and yet she declined. I had to know more about her.

“Would you have dinner with me tonight?” I asked.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” she replied.

“Please,” I begged. “I promise to behave myself. You’ve known me for almost a year now. You know that I don’t have any close friends. I need to be close to someone I can talk to. You can just meet me at the restaurant, if you’re uncomfortable being alone with me.”

“What about your girlfriend?” Jessica asked. “Won’t she be upset if you go out with someone else while you’re supposed to be on vacation?”

“I almost forgot about her,” I replied. “It will be fine. I’ll talk to her.”

“I don’t understand,” Chloe cried. “Things were going so well with us.”

I stared out the window with my back turned to her. I could not bear to look directly at her. It wasn’t that I felt sorry for her. I was disgusted by her. Chloe was pathetic. It was as if she had expected her relationship with Sebastian to have a fairytale ending. The handsome millionaire falls in love with the beautiful model and they are supposed to live happily ever after. She didn’t realize that perfection comes with an expiration date.

“I’m not breaking up with you,” I said coldly. “I am simply saying that I need you to leave me alone for the rest of this week.”

“Why won’t you look at me?” she asked. “Is there another woman?”

I turned around to face her. Tears ran down her face, ruining her makeup. She was sobbing uncontrollably. The situation was something I was not prepared for. Why did I care if this human was hurting?

“You’re unstable,” I told her. “How many men had you fucked before you met me? Why is fucking me so much different from them? We, as humans, pair off with each other simply to mate and pretend that life is better when we’re not alone. You can find another rich man to attach yourself to and it will be the same thing. We’re all interchangeable. There is

absolutely nothing special about our relationship. You know this, but you're just too afraid to admit it."

"So you don't love me?" Chloe asked.

"No. I don't believe in love. It's just an excuse we use to treat each other like shit."

Her eyes changed to glowing, blood red ovals. Her skin became cracked and scarred. The smell of burnt flesh filled the air around me. A long, forked tongue slithered between her lips. She was the Chloe from my nightmare and she was alive and breathing in the human world.

"You're going to pay for this," she hissed.

"What the fuck!" I shouted as I jumped back, startled.

"What's wrong, baby?" Her face had changed back to normal. It was just some kind of hallucination.

"Nothing," I said. "I'm fine. You should leave now."

The Italian food was delicious. I did, however, prefer whiskey more than the wine that was served with our dinner. Jessica enjoyed it, though. She had finished two glasses and was working on her third. The atmosphere of the restaurant was enchanting. A candle flickered in the center of our table. The flame seemed to be dancing to the soft music playing in the background.

Neither Jessica nor I had said much while we dined. It seemed that she was too nervous, trying to figure out my intentions. I was busy studying every movement of my new human companion. The way she carried herself throughout the night was interesting to me. It was as if she held a secret that only humans knew and was beyond my grasp. It seemed that she would share that secret with me if I proved that she could trust me.

“I’ve had a great time so far,” I broke the awkward silence between us.

“Me too,” she replied, relieved that I had finally said something.

“Maybe since we’re both taking the week off,” I began, hoping my nervousness didn’t show. “We can spend some time together. Get to know each other on a personal level.”

“What exactly are you trying to do here?” Jessica asked. “I mean, is this some type of game?”

“Why would you say that?” I was shocked.

“You’re Sebastian Davenport,” she said. “You’re rich and handsome and every woman’s dream guy. I’m a thirty-six year old personal assistant that’s trying my damndest to support a teenage daughter all by myself. I’ve got practically no education and absolutely nothing to offer a man of your stature on a personal level.

“I’m not so naïve that I would think that you are actually interested in me. I’ve seen the women you date. They’re beautiful. I’m not. If you’re playing some kind of sick game, there’s no way it’s going to work on me. I’m not attracted to good looks and money. I’m attracted to

honesty and decency. No offense, but I've known you for a while now, and I'm pretty sure you're not my type."

"Well," I was hurt that she doubted my sincerity, but then I understood that she was talking about the Sebastian that she knew, not me. "Maybe I can convince you that I'm not as bad as you think."

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I didn't mean any disrespect. Please don't fire me. I'm just a little buzzed from the wine."

"Buzzed is a cute look on you," I replied.

"Wow. That's a weird thing to say to someone that just accused you of not being honest or decent."

I burst out laughing. It was the first time I had ever laughed as a human. It felt great. Between the atmosphere of the restaurant and the company of that amazing creature, I was glad to be right where I was. I no longer missed my home. I had nothing to use as a reference, but I was pretty sure that was what being happy meant.

"I know you think I'm an asshole," I said, still laughing. "But if you give me a chance, I'll prove that I'm more than you think I am. Come home with me tonight. I promise that I will not touch or disrespect you in any way. We'll just watch a movie or something."

"I'd love to," she replied. "But I told my daughter I'd be home before she goes to bed. In fact, I should probably leave now. I could come see you tomorrow if you'd like."

“That would be great,” I tried to hide my excitement, but couldn’t.

We talked a little while longer, then I paid the check and we parted ways. As I drove home, I contemplated telling her the truth. She did say that she was attracted to honesty. I was being deceitful to her. I could have just told her that I wasn’t really Sebastian. I was just possessing his body for a week and then I’d return to Hell. Even if she did believe me, she’d never want to see me again. I decided it was best to keep my secret from her.

I didn’t know how long I had been asleep; I just knew that my dream was peaceful. I started to wake up when I felt her slide into my bed and press her body against mine. As she kissed my lips, I opened my eyes. I was completely aware if I was still in the dream world or if I was awake. My vision came into focus and I saw her face.

“Hey,” Chloe said.

“What the hell are you doing in my bed, Chloe?” I asked. “I told you that we need to spend some time apart.”

“I know you did,” she said. “And I know why you told me that. I followed you tonight. I saw you with that ugly whore. It’s okay, though. I forgive you.”

I jumped out of bed and she followed me up. She had a deranged look in her eyes, as if she were considering harming me. Chloe put both of her hands on my face and reached in to kiss me. I shoved her and she fell back onto the bed.

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