

Baests: The Escaped Demons

Part I

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I.

Clean, neat brown dress pants that match his complexion. White dress shirt with several wrinkles that is complimented with a black tie. A smile and glasses completes his wardrobe. Several other individuals wait impatiently on the street corner with the man. The wind is rushing through people's clothes. It was suppose to be 77 degrees, which was said by the weather man yesterday. It is 82 and tremendously windy. The public bus arrives at the bus stop, which is the street corner he has been waiting on. He allows the six other individuals on the bus first. Four women and two men board the bus slowly; he follows.

He begins to search for an open seat on the bus. He finally finds an open seat next to a young woman. Her hair is as red as the Golden State Bridge; She stares at the window next to her while listening to her music intently. He proceeds to sit down next to her. He quickly checks his watch, 12:45p.m. The bus has begun moving. He turns his head to face her and smiles for a brief moment. She notices and half-heartedly smiles back. The man turns away for a moment. He assesses the passengers of the bus. He counts seventeen individuals. He, again, turns his head towards the woman. She, with displeasure, removes her earbuds.

“Yes?” She asks

“Hey. I’m Mack O’Malley.” Mack introduces himself with a small amount of awkwardness.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Emily Costane.”

“Hey can you do me a favor? I know we just met but it will help you and me. Can you lean back exaggeratedly? Mack asks Emily without a hint of sarcasm or joking.

“Why?” She asks as her fright and flight mode begins to activate.

“Just do it. Its fun and comfortable. Trust me.” He calmly assures her.

Emily, confused and quite frighten, begins to lean back with Mack against their bus seats. This causes the two to sink due to the fact that the bus seats are not recliners. Immediately, the window is pierced after they sink down. An older man with grayish-brown hair collapses to the floor. Seconds before, he was calmly reading the paper, adjacent to Mack and Emily. Casually, blood appears and swarms around his head. The amount begins to increase. The bus comes to a violent stop. Mack, who has sunk all the way to the floor, pulls Emily down to his level. The entire bus erupts into a frenzy of fear and confusion. “The fuck was that?” A woman yells out that is meet with no answers. Mack glances at the entire bus and returns his attention to Emily, who is caught up in the frenzy also.

“Everyone! Stay low and run straight away from the bus into that alley, which face the bus doors. But once you get into the alley, do not stop! Keep running. Move, now!” Mack commands the entire bus.

Quickly, everyone follows his commands. Emily hesitates as she stares at Mack.

“What about you?” She asks.

“It don’t matter girl! Move ya ass. C’MON!!!” Mack yells in order to get her to leave the bus.

She sprints off the bus. Mack looks at the brick-built building across from the bus. The building is several stories high, eight. His eyes bounce back and forth as he searches all of the windows of the building. He finally finds the sight of a man running through the building in front of the windows. Mack disappears suddenly, as if he was never there. He reappears in an elevator. The elevator is moving up as the light of numbers increases. 7....8....9.... The highest floor. The doors open and the man, who Mack saw running through the building rushes into the elevator pointing a black handgun in his face.

Mack calmly stares at the shooter. He does not acknowledge the weapon in front of him.

“I’m gonna get out of here, and you’re my way out.” The shooter demands.

“Sir, I’m apart of the Law, don’t do this. Really.” Mack warns the man.

“Well, then, I’m definitely going to do this and kill you afterward.” He tells Mack with a half smile.

Mack notices the camera in the corner behind him as he turns his head back. The next moment, the camera falls to the elevator floor in pieces.

“What the hell was that? Huh? You know about this. don’t you?” He asks but already assumes that Mack is the reason behind the camera’s destruction.

“Well...” Mack smiles as he responds.

Mack, in the blink of an eye, removes the gun from the man’s hands. He quickly disassembles it as he stares at the man. The man only sees eyes of anger and pleasure. The man begins to breathe heavily with fear. He charges at Mack. Mack, winds his right arm back. His hand is shaped in his palm, which is facing the man, not a fist. The man is violently stopped after Mack hits the man’s chest with his palm. The power is detrimental. His chest cavity caved in and punctured his heart. Simultaneously, his rib cage shattered and punctured both of his lungs. He drops to the floor, lifeless. Mack’s pupils are blood red. The elevator doors open, which are welcomed with numerous policemen. Mack closes his eyes as he puts his hands above his head. He slowly opens his eyes, and the color has returned back to normal. The policemen slowly lower their guns as they notice his badge on the hip of his pants.

“I’m apart of the government services. His heart died, unexpectantly.” Mack tells the police his improved lie.

II.

Mack rises up from his bed; the bed is on the floor. The room is bland.

There are several posters; mainly sports and a skyline of Philadelphia. He leaves the small comfort of his bed and walks toward the open bedroom door. He walks to the living room with tremendous fatigue. Its small, just a couch and a large screen TV that is on the floor make up the living room. The TV turns on without Mack using the remote or announcing anything. A man of the same complexity, who looks very similar to Mack, is on the screen. Mack, who is a fairly large muscular man with the physical condition of a 27 year old except that his dark hair is thinning, rests on the couch. The man on the TV screen is more slender and has quite a large afro. He has the physical condition of a 24 year-old.

“Hey Peter, What’s good, bro?” Mack faintly talks to the TV.

“Looking Tired Mack. The last assignment too much for yo old ass?” Peter mockingly asks his older brother.

“I ain’t trying to hear that bullshit. Did they transfer my money?” He asks

“Yea man. Fifteen hundred in the bank, man. But forreal, why do you choose to live in North Philly? You make six-figures.” Peter jokingly asks Mack.

“Love this City, kid. Also, when I need to kill or want to kill, the people around here are dope boys, and dog fighters. So.. I just kill them. I always make it like it was gang related or something else. Cant track it back to me or the FIS.”

“Well, good and bad news. You got another assignment. You’re heading back to the land of our people, not Ireland. I’m talking about AFRICA. Somalia to be specifically. We have Intel that there will be an attack on several cargo boats. First they have to load up. There are huts and cabins in a remote area in the country. We’ve got you an ID. You’ll be a member of 368 Task Force of the Army. You’re Dante Gregory. Remember it. Be it. Follow the orders of the leader, Sgt. Anderson. Once you find the pirates, kill ‘em all, then disappear. However, you know to make all of the Army soldiers unconscious. Orders from the Black General.” Peter details to Mack, who just completed a mission yesterday.

“Shit. I gotcha. Oh yea, keep live up being a White Colonel man. Then you can join the big boys as a Black Colonel.” He addresses Peter with a chuckle.

Peter backs his rolling desk chair away from his black computer screen. He rises from the chair and walks through a large room filled with desks and computers that are paired with an individual sporting the same attire. Suit and Tie. Peter walks to a red haired woman who is typing contently. She is the same woman from the bus yesterday. She doesn’t look at peter, who has sat on her desk next to the computer, but she acknowledges his presence.

“Hey Peter.” She addresses Peter with a smile.

“Tonight, The Ol’ pizza place on the South side. 7 work?” Peter confidently asks Emily about a date.

“Yea, that’s good.” She responds.

“What you searching?” Peter asks as he glances at her computer screen.

“I’m creating fake identities for agents for their assignments. On the desk, under your ass, is your identity for your assignment.” She explains.

“Nice,” Peter says after he gets off the desk and opens the folder with several papers, “I have to kill the dictator in an African country, but make it as if he had a heart attack. The General doesn’t know, that I am going to kill the entire army of the dictator. Just ‘cause I can, and I do not want another person obtain reigns and do the same shit this guy is doing.”

“Okay, but do you need to kill that badly?” Emily asks with much concern.

“Yes. Unlike my brother, my appetite for death is difficult to control. As a baest, we have to kill to stay strong and immortal. If not, we become human. one kill is ten years of extra life. At birth, we’re given fifty years to live. I’ve been alive for one-hundred twenty-three years. Now, we age differently than humans. One year for us, is five years for y’all. So, because Mack is five years older than me, in baest terms, he’s one hundred thirty-eight years old.”

Peter gladly explains these type of creatures that roam the earth that he and Mack belong to.

“Wow.. I never knew, they never told me anything about you guys or the history of you.” She explains her lack of knowledge.

“Yeah. We’re the secret of the FIS. Only higher ups know about us; WHAT we really are. The rest just believe we are amazing detectives and soldiers. But yea, were fairly close in relation to the vampire race, but—“Peter stops, he looks down at her face. A face full of concern and eagerness for more information. All that comes to his mind is the innocence of humans. “I gotta go, I’ll see you tonight.”

He walks toward the elevator door in front of Emily’s desk. He stops at the elevator door in thought. He finally turns around and faces her desk.

“Emily, my race isn’t as bad as you think. God gave us free will; we decide our productivity level and what we choose to accomplish. Some choose to kill for joy or for bloodshed and destruction. However, there are some, who use the appetite for killing for good.” Mack says. He turns around contently and enters the elevator after it opens. The doors close.

III.

The wind flows violently across Mack's face as he stands in the passenger entrance of a plane. Black. All he sees in the sky. Darkness, with a white light overcast, Full moon. He jumps fearlessly out of the plane. He pierces through the air at dangerous speeds. He pulls his hatch and descends slowly down into a dense forest. He walks straight forward after all the other task members land.

A village comprised of small wooden cabins, and a large compound. The soldiers slowly walk through the village with weapons armed and ready. They gather in the middle of the village in front of a fairly large concrete building. It is a white building with little to no windows and one metal door. Mack's stomach becomes uneasy as he assesses the situation. Sgt. Anderson stands in front of the squadron.

"They're in there, men. Lets kill these bastards and go home." He commands that is followed with a battle cry. All of the soldiers do the same. Mack does not. Mack is not a soldier of the army. Not anymore. The soldiers begin to advance toward the compound. The door is unlocked as they attempt to open it. Mack's stomach becomes increasingly uneasy. A setup? They enter the compound and slowly advance through the long corridor. They check each room in the corridor fast and clean. Mack glances at the soldiers around him and begins to reminisce.

He enlisted in the military in the mid 70's when he was physically mature enough to pass for 18. Mack begins to remember the many mates he made, but it is followed with the horrors he has seen and done. Many of those

mates he formed a friendship with, died right beside him. His closest friend, C.D. Monterey, who was from Lamont, Utah, was shot with three bullets from a rifle used by a Vietcong. He died in Mack's arms. Mack would use his powers in the war, but only when he was alone. He could not afford for the US government to discover what he was and who he was. The interrogation, torture, and experiments were too much for him and especially for his younger brother. The Vietnam War. The war officially ended three weeks after his death. He has never fully forgiven himself for not using his power in that moment. He joined in order to use his curse for good and fulfill his appetite. In the end, he visited Hell.

Mack quickly returns to reality. The compound appears to be abandoned. The squad walks down the corridor which leads into a large open room. There's torn mats on the floor. It's a martial arts gym. Mack glances down at his right foot. He lifts his leg up and reveals a small puddle of blood. He crouches down to the puddle quickly and dips his index finger in the shallow puddle. It's cold. He shoots back up to stand. He searches around as if he is looking for someone or something.

“What is it, Gregory?” A soldier adjacent to him asks.

Mack doesn't answer. He continues to assess the room. The room has seven doors connected to it that are around the room. The room is the middle of the entire compound. Suddenly, all but one of the exits has a man standing in the door way. Their pupils are blood red. They all stare at the squad of ten as if they are insects. Mack's eyes enlarge as he looks at every single man. He glances at the squadron he has lied to and realizes he does not know any of

their names. He has said a culminating fifteen words since meeting all of them two days ago. Now, they are going to be killed by a creature they cannot defeat. A creature that can only be killed by decapitation. A creature that kills to survive, to satisfy an appetite. Mack turns and finds a long katana sword on the wall. He vanishes and reappears in front of the sword. He dismounts the sword and unveils it. During this, six soldiers have suddenly collapsed. Only four men in the doorways have disappeared. The rest of the squadron begin to release their ammunition on the creatures. They all are struck with the bullets and fall to their back. Mack sees through their charade.

“RUN NOW!” Mack commands the entire squadron.

“Gregory what are you talking about? Son, no one is an enemy with seven rounds in their body.” Sgt Anderson mockingly tells Mack.

The men’s bodies begin to move; they slowly rise to their feet. The response is smiles from all of them. Sgt. Anderson’s body freezes in disbelief. His gun has fallen to his hip due to his frozen state. He is not alone; two other soldiers repeat his actions. What are they? Several of the dark men were shot in the head. A dead man rises and his body physically removes a bullet and the wound heals and seals itself up. Mack knows the fate of the squadron. He knew it since he saw the red eyes. The men unveil a small hunting knife from their pockets. All of them are daggered before they could process the magnitude of the situation. They lie on the floor lifeless. Their blood begins to pour from their wounds. The torn mats are now greatly covered in blood. Mack’s right eye begins to change color. His iris is red but the pupil is black.

His left eye's pupil is still red. He looks at the gang of baests. He deeply thinks about his options in this situation. If he kills them, then ten years is taken from his life expectancy. He only has seventy years left. A man, left of him, charges at him with the knife. Mack moves to his left in order to dodge the man's charge. As the man charges past him, Mack chops the sword down and amputates his hand. Then he quickly swings the sword up at his neck. The man's head falls off as the headless corpse begins to fall. He turns and faces the rest of the gang. His left eye has transformed into the same appearance of his right eye.

A baest's power stems from their eyes. Eyes are the gateway to one's soul. Baests have a demonic soul. Their eyes allow them to be extremely fast, teleport to anywhere they deem necessary, unmeasurable strength, greater hand-to-hand combat skills, and the ability to see through human skin. The perfect killing animal. As the eye transforms to another form, these skills increase dramatically. The FIS has acquired a large sum of research and personal accounts of these creatures. They have ranked the creatures according to their eyes. There are three stages that are documented. Mack has just entered stage 2.

Mack tightly grips the sword and disappears into thin air. He pops up throughout the entire room. Always behind one of the men. They are unable to predict his movements with their eyes. They can't follow his speed. One by one, a corpse falls without a head. Blood begins to become the new color of the room. Mack suddenly drops to a knee. He is struggling to stay in his current position. He begins to cough which reveals blood as it hits the floor. Loud foot stomps begin to resonate the air. The sound stems from the

doorway directly in front of Mack. Mack lifts his head to face the dark doorway. A dark red creature appears in the light. He has a horn on each side of his head. They are black as night as they point to the sky. His body seems to be sculpted; it is branded with numerous printings. Pentagons, and various demonic symbols, but one sits on his right chest blatantly. It is the largest one. A “M”. His legs and feet are the same complexion as his upper body.

“Mack O’Malley or shall I say Mack Kallo, of the Kallo clan. You’ve done well in humanity’s and God’s eyes, but in for your own people, you are a traitor. So is your brother. Point and blank, you had seventy years left in your life, and you still killed your own race. You’re weakening as we speak. A baest should not kill its own, hence why Satan put this little “trick” for our people in order we would stay united in the effort to overthrow the world for Hell. With that, I am tired of you and have been since you were born. I am going to kill you, personally. Losing ten years to kill you will be so worth it.” The demon expresses his disgust of Mack and his brother Peter.

The man instantly faces Mack. He tightly squeezes Mack’s cheeks as he raises his body off the floor. Mack, too fatigue and weak to defend himself, stares at the ceiling preparing for death. The man winds his hand with finger nails as sharp as a knife and plunges them through Mack’s chest and his heart consequently. “There’s another way to die,” The demon whispers to Mack, “Having one’s heart pierced, destroyed by one of the four Original Escaped Demons.” He releases his grip on Mack’s face; Mack’s corpse drops to the floor. He looks at the body without remorse. He then glances at the entire room and the massacre that had commenced.

“Well, I know the other Kallo has felt the death of his brother. It’s only a matter of time until he feels my presence on this earth. He is the only Baest that is stupid enough to attempt to defeat me. He’ll have to defeat the two other Originals.” The demon reveals as he thinks out loud. He vanishes into thin air; leaving no trace of his presence there.

IV.

The night is filled with stars but no moon. The stars are shadowed by the light of the street lights, businesses, and passing cars. The wind breeze cools the warm air. Peter, joyfully, walks beside Emily down a lit sidewalk. They pass numerous bars and fast-food joints. He glances at Emily as if something is bothering him.

“Why did you choose to work for the FIS?” He finally asks her.

“Well, the FBI higher ups recommended me for something better. They refer to you guys as the ‘Odd Investigation’” She happily explains.

“How long its been, nine months?” He asks and she nods in response, “So how have you been adjusting to this other world?”

“Awkward and frightening. I was raised catholic but stopped believing when I went away to college. At the time, I needed to see proof, physical proof. Then when I began working for the FIS; they gave me a folder that classified and named all the creatures that are on the earth. Dustmans, Witches, Vampires, Werewolves, Fallen Angels, Demons, Baests, and users of magic. The first page of the folder said, ‘Angels exists, as does Demons. Heaven and Hell are true and your choices choose which one you’ll see once you close your eyes for good.’ Also, Baests are vicious creatures. I looked at some of the files of you guys—“She reveals to Peter but stops once Peter stops walking.

“Why? Why did you look at those files?” He sternly asks her, which evaporates the fun that was once present.

“I— I’m sorry,” She responds with hesitation and guilt, “It’s just I wanted to know more about you guys. All that sheet said about you guys was ‘Kill on sight’. I wanted to understand why you, and only your race has that distinction. Also, the FIS has very easy software security.”

Peter chuckles and smiles at Emily after her statement. Peter, suddenly yells in pain. He stumbles forward and backs his back into the wall of a restaurant. He violently pulls his dress shirt’s sleeve up past his right arm’s elbow. His forearm has a bright red mark which is the shape of a “K”. It is fluctuating from black to red. Emily, frozen by the quickness of the recent events, stares at his arm.

“What’s happening Peter? W-What the hell is that on your arm?” Emily asks but is met with no answer.

“Shit!” Peter yells in frustration, “He’s free. God no..”

“Wait, who? What are you talking about? Do I need to call the FIS?” she ask with great concern and fear.

“Emily, Ima need you to listen to me. A millennium ago, there were four demons who escaped Hell. Satan, angered at their treason at first, but saw opportunity in it. He knew they were the path to Hell on Earth. Thus, he gave them certain abilities and a curse to make sure it will be possible. That curse being the reason why we must kill to survive. One of the demons has been freed, Moralu. I don’t know why or who did this extremely foolish thing. Nonetheless, he has to be sealed back up or Earth will see the apocalypse. I have to go to Africa, Now. Stay here, this is my fight.” Peter explains the background of his people.

“No! No fuck that. I’m coming with you.” She snaps back.

“Its not an option. You may know the words on the paper, but you have no idea of the horrors that are not documented.” He explains in order to change her mind.

“I’m coming with you.” She states.

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