

A Demon's Lament

By SSOD

Submitted: August 7, 2006

Updated: August 7, 2006

The begginings of a story...A demon set on Earth to seek out weakling demons and troublesome Angels. Hard work...harder still is the mixing of his life with humans. Can he pull it off??

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/SSOD/38061/A-Demons-Lament>

Chapter 1 - The Begginings

2

1 - The Begginings

shoot. He was late. The normally deserted square where he made his usual transformation had been populated by a few traveling performers. Some had been drunk enough to believe he was a dream, others could still walk strait. It had taken him an extra fifteen minutes to convince them there would be better business in any of the OTHER squares of the town.

He sighed as he beat his graceful but jagged black wings harder. Of all the demons in Hell, why was HE the one chosen to be posted on Earth? It was hard enough adapting himself to all the changes, let alone having to search for petty demons and sneaky Angels...

The dark wings slowed as a metal building came into sight. He looked around carefully (perhaps less carefully than he should have in his haste) and swooped down to land. As he came nearer to the dirt driveway surrounding the factory, he spotted someone coming out of the building. *Dammit!!* He swooped around a corner of the building and stopped beating his wings all together, allowing himself to drop ungracefully to the ground below. He landed, a hand and knee taking the weight of his fall. He stood rapidly. Whoever came out of the building would most likely round the corner to where all of the extra oil used in the factory was kept in a smaller brick building. He brushed off his shirt and moved toward the edge of the building leading to the entrance. A slight breeze picked up. A feather brushed his ear. ACK!! he hadn't changed back yet!!

Quietly cursing, he lifted his shoulders and thrust them downward, a movement not unlike that of a man adjusting a new suit. With the downward thrust, the black wings entered his back, disappearing from sight. He sighed as a man rounded the corner. Too close.

"Oi!! Ryuu!! Is that you, man!? Where've you been!? You're a bluidy 20 minutes late!!" Ryuu recognized the young man as the only other worker at the factory. The old man was stubborn about hiring workers to work for him. Ryuu and the other man, Coy, worked shifts. When one was there, the other left. Ryuu took the evening and dawn shifts. During the night and day, he was doing his duty for Hell, seeking out and punishing stray demons, and searching for Angels that could cause trouble. Not to mention keeping his identity secret....he sighed.

"Ryuu!! I should've been able to leave--" Coy stared for a moment strait into Ryuu's eyes...shoot!! his eyes!! Ryuu blinked rather hard and looked back.

"What?"

"shoot!! Am I that tired!? I could've sworn your eyes were red a moment ago!! Now they're back to that shiny bluie color!!"

"Oohh...must be the sunset. You should go home. I'll take over."

"Oi!! 'ave fun with that, ay? The ol' man's none too pleased!!" Coy grinned and stalked off to where his car was parked. As he watched him drive off, Ryuu sighed and turned to face the entrance of the building. *How do they do it, these humans...?* He stalked toward the building, and the angry old man who awaited him inside...