

The noble man and the demon boy

Sebastian x Ciel

Von _Choco_

Kapitel 1: This demon, Contract

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He did not fit in here, at all.

The alley was dirty, the walls were painted with graffiti and it stank in a way that made him think that the bin men had never bothered to visit.

This kind of environment simply didn't suit him. The fashionable young man in his mid-twenties looked like he'd be more at home on a film set.

His name was Sebastian Michaelis and he was the only son and sole heir to the Michaelis family. Having been born into the upper class, he'd never wanted for anything in his life; he was well raised and talented in a way that few could ever rival. His family had always set great value upon him becoming a self-efficient individual who would succeed at anything, so they had always supported said talents. Some days it seemed like there was barely anything he couldn't do. He was fluent in six languages; he prevailed at horse riding, cooking, hunting and pretty much anything imaginable. Frankly, he was a perfect specimen of a human being.

There was only one problem.

His health. One year ago he'd started to pass out from time to time without any obvious reason. He'd never had any particular health problems before, so his family had been stumped. Several visits to prominent doctors all around the UK had followed, until finally one of them was able to pin point the cause. It turned out that Sebastian had a rare illness that was not yet well explored and would, at some point in the foreseeable future, lead to his death. It was only a matter of years, though with the illness being so rare, no one could really know for sure. As far as they were aware, there was no known cure.

His family had been devastated. Their only heir, whom they had raised so well was about to die and there was nothing they could do about it.

Sebastian however did not pity himself, nor did he care for their sorrow. He'd quickly accepted the truth. It wasn't like there was anything in particular that was holding him

to this life anyway. He had always lived up to his parents' wishes, not particularly because he was loyal to them or to the family name, but rather simply because a different life style wouldn't have been any more interesting either, so he hadn't really felt any need to rebel against them. Not to mention, his pampered lifestyle had made it possible to try out basically anything he'd wanted to and allowed him to observe other people from above. There had been times when he'd taken advantage of his social standing and his father's money and indulged himself in high-class activities, expensive things and women every day, but he'd soon grown tired of it. The only thing that left, was observing other people and their struggles; that was the one thing in life that still offered him some level of entertainment.

To him, there was no goal left in his life to cling to, nothing left to aim for. He could do and obtain anything he wanted, so what more was there to strive towards? So when he'd received news of his ailing condition, he'd felt rather indifferent about it. It just meant that his time for observing other people would be a little shorter than he had expected. But in the end, humans were all the same. He would have no regrets, he felt as though there was nothing left in the world that he had yet to see. So why not end this life before he was forced to lie in bed all day long, incapable of moving or doing as he pleased because of his illness? Perhaps that was the thing that scared Sebastian the most. Not being able to do anything at all. Death was nothing compared to that.

This dark, dank and dirty alley, where nobody he knew would pass by and stop him before he could successfully commit his last task, was perfect for his plan.

He took out a tiny bottle from his pocket. Obtaining poison was so easy these days... He hadn't even needed to use his connections to get his hands on it.

Opening the lid and bringing it to his lips, he thought of something profound to say in his last moments, but nothing in particular came to his mind. He felt nothing. He had no last words to give to this boring world, it wasn't worth the effort.

The liquid was a breath away from his lips when he heard a voice hiss in the darkness.

"You really want to kill yourself with this? You're even stupider than I'd thought."

Where had the voice come from? He glanced around, but he couldn't find any trace of another person in the alley. He had an odd feeling that the voice was in his head, but that was impossible. Was he imagining things? Had he lost the plot? Maybe that was what a near death experience was like, allowing final regrets you did not even know you possessed to flash by? Interesting.

But the voice continued.

"Well, if you want to kill yourself, then go right ahead. I'm not going to stop you."

Well, his final regrets seemed to have given up on him rather quickly. Something told Sebastian that something interesting was about to happen. He didn't know what was going on but he decided to play along. He put the little ampoule down and looked

around the alley for any traces another's presence, but there was nobody indeed.

"Who are you?" He asked in no precise direction.

"I do not have a name. You can call me whatever you want."

This was getting quite amusing.

"Can you show yourself?"

"..."

Slowly, creeping along the alleyway, a dark shadow formed before him. It held no real shape and simmered, seemingly growing darker by the second.

Sebastian had never been the type to be into ghost stories, but he'd also never opposed them either. Despite all common sense telling him otherwise, for some reason he just knew that this was real and that he wasn't just imagining things. It felt so real and there was simply no reason for him to fantasize about such things, even if he was on the verge of committing suicide. It just wasn't like him at all.

"You are not human, am I right? Why did you choose to show yourself before me?"

"Accepting the truth so fast? Huh... you are quite an interesting human. I was just hungry and you happened to cross my path. I'm a demon you see, and I'm eating human souls."

Sebastian's mouth curved into a smile. For him to meet a demon in his final moments. This sudden turn of events was very much to his liking. Far better than dying because of a mere illness or some common poison. This was much more interesting.

"So you stopped me from committing suicide in order to eat my soul? What if I refuse and kill myself right now?"

"Tsk. Don't think you're so special. I can always just search for a tastier human than you. But do you really want to do this? Hasn't your life always been boring the way it was? I can make you an offer."

That peaked Sebastian's curiosity. "What kind of offer are you talking about?"

"We can make a contract. I will stay by your side until the moment I decide to take your soul. Wouldn't this fulfill your wish of a more interesting life? You are going to be in contact with a world most humans barely know about, let alone get to interact with. I will also protect your life from any harm other than your illness. In exchange I will eat your soul when it reaches its most delicious condition."

The dark haired man's grin grew wider when he realized something. This demon was a liar. But that did nothing to prevent him from fully enjoying the turn of events.

"What reason is there to grin about, human? You are really stupid, aren't you?" The demon's voice echoed, unnerved.

"Alright, I'll accept your offer, demon. Make a contract with me."

Out of nowhere a hand shot out from the darkness and palmed Sebastian's left hand, in which he still held the ampoule. It was smaller than Sebastian's hand, but with long, black fingernails.

His hand instantaneously grew warmer and warmer, until it almost felt as though it was glowing. Staring in awe, his grip loosened and he accidentally dropped the tiny bottle containing the poison, allowing it to fall towards the ground, shattering on the asphalt and spilling its contents on the floor.

As the demon drew back in on itself, Sebastian noticed that there was a sign in the shape of a hexagram on his hand.

"I guess now it's time for me to take a shape in which I can accompany you without attracting attention."

The shadow began to thicken, bubbling and churning within itself.

Sebastian was curious as to what kind of shape the demon would take. The shape of an animal? A cat would be nice... Or would he take the shape of a human? A handsome man in his mid twenties, maybe in the formal but stylish form of a butler? At least that was what Sebastian's aesthetics defined as good taste.

As the shadow lifted there was a boy standing in front of him; dressed in frilled dark blue clothes and looking like he'd just stepped out of a 19th century movie. His body shape and childish features gave him the appearance of a 14 year old. One of his eyes was blue and the other one glowed a reddish-purple colour. As if that wasn't odd enough, it also seemed to be etched with the same hexagonal symbol as the one on Sebastian's hand.

The taller man stared at the boy-shaped demon child in disbelief.

"Why are you staring at me like that? Stop it!"

Sebastian began to chuckle.

"It is just... if I were you I would have taken a more... impressive appearance."

The demon snapped. "You stupid humans have no idea. If you wish to continue talking like this, I can just change my mind and take your soul right now."

"I'm afraid that's against the contract."

"Shut up!"

The boy turned his head away from the annoying human. They'd just formed their

contract and the man was already getting on his nerves. Maybe this hadn't been such a good idea in the first place.

"So, are you going to give me a name or not?" The demon asked in a somewhat sulky tone.

The black-haired man gave him an appraising look. The most striking thing about the demon's appearance was undoubtedly his single clear blue eye. He could only describe it as azure and it reminded Sebastian of the sky.

"If you really want me to. Then I am going to call you 'Ciel'."

He smiled at the demon boy.

"Hmph. If you wish so. Then, from now on I will be called "Ciel."

At this moment Sebastian knew next to nothing about the mysterious demon that had suddenly appeared before him, beckoning him from the edge of death. He only knew that he was a liar, having pretended that their encounter was an accident despite being so well-informed about his illness. Then again, neither did he know how the demon even knew of him, nor what kind of life awaited both of them.

But one thing did he know for sure. Things were going to be much more interesting from now on.