

The noble man and the demon boy

Sebastian x Ciel

Von _Shary_

Kapitel 4: This demon, Hunt

She fumbled with her necklace nervously. A beautiful woman in her twenties stood by the roadside, a handful of streets away from the train station. She couldn't wait where her colleagues loitered as not only had they already claimed this territory, but she was so far out of their league that she didn't even have a ball court. She'd tied her blonde hair up in a complicated knot, hoping that a combination of her hair and all the flamboyant make-up she'd painstakingly applied would help her appear more mature. Her baby face had always caused her problems, but now to go as far as to get in the way of her job? Maybe she wasn't cut out for this kind of work after all...

At long last she caught sight of a man walking in her direction and mentally prepared herself. Her heart fluttered pathetically in her chest, quivering like a chick waiting to be swallowed by a cat.

"Um, excuse me, Sir..." She cautiously approached.

As though he'd not seen her in the first place, the man completely ignored her, eyes set forward, briskly strolling past.

It was hopeless. If things continued like this, then she'd never manage to make a living down this path. Having been born into a family of drug and alcohol addicts, Jennifer had never had much of a chance in life. Her parents were hardly human nowadays, let alone good role models and her so-called friends had influenced her into making all the wrong decisions; setting her on the wrong path early on. Ultimately, despite wishing otherwise, she'd ended up following in her parents' footsteps at the mere age of fourteen. Expulsion from school soon followed and after she'd run away from home and tried to make a living by taking on countless mini-jobs; where she'd always ended up being fired because of her unreliability, prostitution had just seemed like the next natural step down the path to destruction. It wasn't like this would be the first time she'd sold her body for money; she'd already lent some men a hand when the occasion had warranted it and she was in desperate need of cash, but this situation was somehow completely different. This time she'd come here with the sole intention of earning enough money to make it by.

Of course there had been moments in which she questioned her very existence. But in

her eyes, even so much as the possibility of changing her way of life had been nye on impossible from the outset. It seemed like God simply didn't want her to do well in life. And she was not strong enough to change it herself. Sometimes she thought she would be better off just ending her life and getting it over with, but she was just too damn afraid and incompetent to do so.

Her undoing had simply been blindly following other people's negative examples. Deep down, she herself knew that she wasn't a bad person and honestly doubted that she'd ever been one. But as much as she desired to rise from the ashes of her failures, the luck she needed to do so just never seemed to come a-knocking.

Clenching her fists, she resolved herself to her plight. Arriving home without any money today would be unforgivable. Perhaps an air of confidence might help her to convince more customers, even if it was just for show.

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Meanwhile, a few blocks away, Ciel prowled through the streets looking for prey. It was just past midnight and although a few weeks had passed since the kidnapping incident, he still hadn't managed to consume a single soul. Fortunately, sleeping every day allowed his strength to recover to a degree, and during the day his life with Sebastian distracted him from the hunger more than he'd care to admit. But at night it struck, almost crippling him with its strength; sometimes the starvation was so potent that it felt like he was hovering on the verge of death. Even so, he was still yet to find a victim suitable to be his prey.

Avoiding the station as there were too many witnesses around to risk the odds, he aimlessly wandered through the streets, hoping to bump into the perfect victim by chance.

Suddenly, the mobile phone in his pocket made a sound. A message from Sebastian. Over the last few weeks Ciel had mastered how to use the device correctly, as well as some of the other whimsical technological devices humans used nowadays. He had to admit that humans did seem to have an apt talent for finding increasingly addictive ways to kill time efficiently whilst expending the least amount of energy possible, and even he had taken a liking to some of those so-called "video-games". Most of the time when Sebastian was gone, Ciel would find himself in front of the TV playing with his old video games, reading his books or watching TV. When Sebastian returned, they would often play said games together or Sebastian would tell him stories about the human world and how his day had been. Sometimes he'd also take him sightseeing in and outside of London. Once in a while the curious man would ask Ciel about how these places had been a century ago; stories Sebastian was always very fond of hearing.

Taking the phone out of his pocket and observing the screen, the boy saw that his black-haired charge had sent him a message via WhatsApp, something trapped inside the device people nowadays used to spam each other with trivial chit-chat. What could be so important that he needed to mail him at this hour and realistically, why was he even still awake?

He opened the message and a video popped up; showing a sequence of little kittens snapping at a ball of wool and mewling adorably with their tiny high-pitched voices. The message below said: "Look at their tiny palms! They're perfect!" A heart-shaped smilie followed.

Ciel almost dropped his phone in secondary embarrassment, cheeks burning red. How dare the silly human send him such foolish videos that served no purpose more than wasting his precious time that he needed for genuinely important things. Like observing humans whose souls he'd finally get to eat!

Ignoring the stupid video and putting the mobile back into his pocket, he heard the sound of drunken laughter close by. Looking up again, he noticed that he was walking past a pub, from which a group of drunken young men had just thrown open the door to take leave. Pushing each other and making incoherent noises while almost tripping over, they tried to make their way to the station. Ciel could smell the piercing scent of whiskey and ginger ale as though he were standing next to them and it sent a shudder of repulsion rattling through his body. But they were in a group, and taking down all of them would create too much of a fuss, even more so because they were still near the pub and headed directly to the station.

They were out of question. Still, he refused to believe that there were no suitable victims in the vicinity! Demons could keep going without any food for a long time, but there was a certain limit as to how long Ciel could continue this unnecessary starvation without losing control over his senses; especially taking into account that he was still considered young by demon standards.

All of a sudden he felt the faint aura of a grieving soul somewhere in the distance. Following the trail instinctively, it grew stronger and stronger. It was a deliriously delicious sensation, akin to a feast; consisting of a mixture of sorrow, self-loathing and regret.

As he neared a crossroads a few streets away from the station, he caught sight of a young woman dressed in gaudy clothing loitering close to the roadside. She was the one, the one he craved. The overwhelming aura originated from her. In his nearly famished state, her scent made his mind foggy, making it hard to control his body and not just devour her soul right away despite being only a stone's throw away from the station's busy nightlife. His mouth became dry at the thought. There was no turning back right now. He needed her; his body demanded it and he couldn't ignore the staggering feeling any longer.

Jennifer glanced to the right at a movement in the darkness, another person approaching the crossroads having caught her eye. Noticing that it was only a boy, 14, maybe 15 years old at most, she was initially disappointed before feeling his longing stare burn the back of her neck. He seemed to be in need, trying to keep his breath regulated.

Somewhere in the deepest recesses of her mind her morals warned her not to take advantage of a boy this young. But then again, she really needed the money and

judging from the boy's expensive clothing he didn't seem to be lacking for it. Well... it wasn't like she planned on hurting him exactly, rather the contrary... She'd be doing him a favour, wouldn't she? Tossing her doubts away, she began walking towards him, reminding herself to appear more professional this time.

"Hello love, where are you heading to at this hour? Are you looking for something?" She brushed her fingers across his shoulder, clutching to him as she promiscuously pressed her body against his side.

"I think I can help you find what you are looking for." She whispered seductively into Ciel's ear.

Her grieving soul being so close, it took his last bit of self-control to just nod whilst averting his gaze from her. He bit his tongue. Stay calm! You need to wait until she brings you somewhere where there is nobody around! He reminded himself.

The blonde girl smiled. "You made the right decision. I'll make sure it's especially enjoyable for you~ My apartment is just a few blocks away from here. It won't take long."

He followed her; leaving the road and the station behind them. After a short walk they arrived at a run-down housing estate. Garbage and cigarette butts littered the pavement and the gutters and the walls were sprayed with so much graffiti that it looked like Elma the elephant had simultaneously combusted somewhere in the vicinity.

"This way."

She led him into one of the houses and they climbed the dirty staircase until they reached the second floor.

Fumbling with her keys and finally opening the door, they entered the small apartment. It wasn't as dirty as Ciel had expected it to be, considering the state of the surrounding neighbourhood, but it wasn't exactly clean either and there was barely a scrap of furniture to be seen. Leaving the lights off, the girl drew him into her bedroom.

Standing in front of the bed, she turned around to look at the boy. "How would you prefer me to~"

Except she didn't have time to finish her sentence as the demon had already surged ahead, pushing her onto the bed and climbing on top of her. Taken completely off guard she let out a quiet yelp of surprise as she was thrown backwards, her back hitting the bed as her hair came loose, splaying blonde hair across the mattress.

Her eyes went wide open as she blinked owlishly at the boy hovering above her, noticing how his single blue eye had suddenly darkened, beginning to glow an ominous shade of reddish-pink. It was at that moment that Jennifer clocked on to the fact that this wasn't just some normal guy in his teens with far too vivid an

imagination. Hell she wasn't even sure that he was even human. And at the same time, with not a care in the world as to who or what was sitting on top of her, she felt with a sense of foreboding relief that her miserable life had finally come to an end.

The moment Ciel went to place his mouth over hers to finally suck her soul out of her body, she just smiled at him, accepting her fate and whispered a sad, yet relieved; "Thank you".

The demon froze, stunned as the sight before his very eyes seared through his mind and a memory from long ago, a time which he had tried to bury deep into the depths of his consciousness, hit him with force.

The body of a blonde girl covered in blood beneath him. Her curly hair splayed at the sides of her head. A teary, exhausted face blessing him with a warm smile. Vivid green eyes shining with kindness.

"It'll be fine. Please, please end this life of mine. Thank you... for everything."

Stunned by the unexpected and unwanted nostalgia, he released the young madam; rising up from the bed as he stumbled backwards in shock. His eyes reverted to their normal colour.

It was impossible. In the end he just couldn't do it. Not now. Not to someone who reminded him so much of her.

He left behind a baffled Jennifer, fleeing through the window at light-speed, leaving her ignorantly unaware of the fact that she'd barely escaped their brief encounter with her life.

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"You're back quite early today. Was your hunt successful?" Sebastian greeted him as he climbed through his bedroom window into the house.

Ignoring him, the demon stumbled past the man and sat down in a corner at the other side of the room, winding his arms around his knees and hiding his face in cradled hands. Sebastian followed him with his eyes, noticing the demon's change in demeanour immediately.

"Oh, someone's in a very bad mood today. Don't you want to sit down on the sofa at least?"

"Shut up!"

"Oh my. What a nuisance. Even though I sent you such a cute kitten video." Sebastian sighed. "You really do need to do something about your temper."

Ciel didn't respond.

"I guess you're not in the mood to talk. So let's call it a day." Sebastian turned off the light and lay down to bed once again. "Good night."

Silence filled the room.