

# The noble man and the demon boy

## Sebastian x Ciel

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### Kapitel 6: This demon, Confrontation

Sebastian and Ciel were facing Grell, standing in the middle of a clearing, surrounded by allotment gardens. Between them lay a man who was almost dead, having been shot by an unknown person who had seemingly run away before Ciel and Sebastian had arrived.

Ciel, having realised the situation, suddenly turned around to Sebastian, shouting: "Let's run!" Sebastian, who himself did not have a clue what was going on, decided to follow the demon's instruction and started running away from the unknown man, with Ciel following him. Before they could leave the clearing though, the red haired Grim Reaper made a huge leap, landing in front of them and blocking their way.

"I'm afraid I can't let you go. Now that I have encountered a demon, I kind of feel the obligation to fight you. Lately I haven't had much entertainment, so let's have some fun!"

"Well, I don't have the time to fight someone like you! Step aside!"

"Oh my, you're boring.", the Grim Reaper sighed. "Demons and Grim Reapers are enemies! We Grim Reapers need to collect the souls of dying people in order for them to be reborn someday, but you demons keep eating them away, disturbing our work."

"I don't plan on snatching away that man's soul! He's almost dead anyway. You don't have any reason to fight me!"

"And what about this man?", he nodded into Sebastian's direction. "You're planning on devouring his soul sooner or later, ain't I right? What if I feel like rescuing him from you? And having some fun with him as a reward..." He giggled, striking a blow with his Death Scythe towards the demon.

"Damn Grim Reapers!" Ciel hissed, jumping away before the chainsaw could hit him.

The fight had begun. The two non-human creatures were moving quickly; following their battle from a human perspective was difficult. Their huge jumps made them look like they were flying, touching the ground only to lift up again with renewed power. It

was a very one-sided fight though; Grell kept swinging attacks at the demon, which Ciel avoided.

"Come on, fight back! This is dull!", the red haired man shouted in disappointment. The demon did not listen to the Grim Reaper though, dodging the next attack from his death scythe again. But against his expectations, Grell immediately turned around after the Death Scythe had missed its prey, and with a quick twist of his right leg launched his next attack. The impact of the Grim Reaper's high heeled shoes hitting the demon's stomach sent him flying across the clearing, crashing into a hedge with his back first and falling to the ground.

Seeing the weakened boy lying on the ground, Sebastian decided to intervene. A good master had to protect his servants after all, even if said servant was a demon. But before the black haired man could put his resolve into action, Ciel picked himself up and shot Sebastian a furious look. "Stay there! You'd only make things more difficult!", he shouted, getting back on his feet. The black haired man gritted his teeth; never before had he felt this useless and he hated that feeling more than anything.

Grell began walking towards the both of them, playing with his hair in boredom. "For a demon you're pretty weak, aren't you? When have you eaten your last soul? Beating a baby isn't so much fun at all... Let's end this quickly, so I can enjoy myself with your pretty human~", he winked at Sebastian, who himself stared at the Grim Reaper in disgust.

Not answering, the demon realized that just dodging Grell's attacks would not lead him anywhere. He wasn't in good shape to begin with because of his 'diet', and he felt how this fight was draining the remaining energy from his body. He did not stand much of a chance but since he would lose anyway if he continued like this, he at least had to try. However, the Grim Reaper didn't give him much time to think about his condition or strategies, as he came flying at him once again, determined to end this fight as soon as possible.

Waiting for a chance, Ciel continued avoiding Grell's attacks for a while, until he eventually ducked under one powerful sweep of the rotating death scythe. Using the moment his opponent needed to rearrange his body in order to hit Ciel with the chainsaw again, the demon aimed for Grell's glasses. His plan was to hit his face, destroying his glasses and using the distraction to flee together with Sebastian. But he had underestimated the redhead's superhuman reflexes. Before Ciel's fist could reach the Grim Reaper's face, the latter grabbed his arm, holding onto it and preventing the demon from jumping back.

His voice was alarmingly pissed now: "Has no one ever told you not to hit a lady in her face, you brat?! Time to give you a lesson!"

Taken by surprise, the demon could not react fast enough. With a swift move, the Grim Reaper swung the Death Scythe in his other hand through the air; piercing Ciel's stomach with it. Blood was spilling onto the ground. Only seconds later the demon also vomited a gush of blood. With a jerk, the Grim reaper removed the chainsaw from Ciel's body, causing a flood of red juice to pour out of the wound. As Grell let go of

the boy's arm, he broke down immediately, collapsing into the grass.

As he fell down, his Cinematic Record was released from his body; spreading out in front of him. Although unseen from the human eye, it began telling the story of the demon's life from the very beginning.

*A shadow lurking in a dirty side street in London in 1875. It was a gloomy night in late December. A carriage stopped close by and a formally dressed man and a woman in a bell-bottomed dress stepped out of it, laughing and chatting about today's ball. As the carriage left, the shadow broke free from the darkness, attacking the woman first. Screams filled the night air as she fell down to the ground, her soul being devoured in only a split of a second, replacing the scary look in her eyes with nothing but emptiness. The shocked man yelled in horror as he realised that their attacker wasn't human and he ran away as fast as his body allowed him to, not even glancing at his wife for a second time. He had never been a fast runner but in the face of his death he dashed faster than he ever thought was possible for him. Needless to say it was by far not fast enough to escape the inhuman speed of a demon. Letting his prey run for a while, while his soul released the precious scent of despair, the shadow followed him unnoticed, hiding in the darkness. After some time, the man allowed himself to be lulled into a false sense of security and granted himself a little pause from his running, frantically grasping for air to fill his famished lungs. That moment, the demon released himself from the shadows right in front of the man. The man's face turned pale. While he began walking backwards slowly, he stuttered: "Please! Please not me! I haven't done anything wrong in life! Please! Please spare me!" His soul smelled so delicious as it clung to life hopelessly.*

*Eat! Eat! Eat!*

*The demon could not withstand his mighty hunger for a second longer.*

*The man's lifeless body dropped to the ground as the creature had finished sucking out the soul from his body. But it felt like it was still not enough. It was painful. His hunger was painful. As a newborn demon, he felt like he existed for the sole purpose of eating.*

*An old homeless grandpa sleeping on a park bench. A little child who went lost in the streets. A father who worked all night long in a factory to earn enough money to feed his family. The boss of a criminal group. The years went by as he fed on all those lives. It did not matter who his prey was as long as it stilled his hunger for just the split of a second and helped him survive. In the end all humans were the same anyway, being scared or begging for their life in their final moments.*

*1890. It was a night like every single night before as the demon hid in the shadows of a park, waiting for the chance to devour the next soul. He saw the outlines of a girl approaching the park in the distance. She seemed to be alone. As she passed a street-lamp, the light was illuminating her face for a brief moment. Curly blonde hair tied into two pigtails and eyes of a vivid green colour glittering from tears...*

The Cinematic Record showed all of these memories in barely a few seconds as Ciel fell to the ground into his own puddle of blood. And it was still ongoing. But the only one who had glanced at it for a second was Grell, who had now averted his eyes from

it in boredom and approached the demon who was lying on the floor and clutching to the wound in his stomach while howling in pain, to deliver his final death blow.

"You're still alive? You demons are quite tough. Too bad you're just a kid, one could have so much fun with your kind~", he sighed.

For Sebastian's eyes everything was happening incredibly fast. Unable to see Cinematic Records, he only noticed Ciel falling to the ground from the red haired man's attack. He knew instinctively that it was best for him to escape now and that was also what the demon had ordered him to do, but he also knew that it was not what he himself wanted. The demon was right when he said humans were selfish and of course Sebastian was no exception. He did not want Ciel to die, as he was the one who had made it worth continuing his life for some more time in the first place. And even though he knew he probably wouldn't stand a chance against a superhuman being even though he was so capable, he at least wanted to do *something*. Without the demon his life would return to the boring procedure it had been before, so it didn't make any difference dying right now.

As the so called Grim Reaper stepped closer to Ciel, Sebastian was skimming his brain for a possibility to distract the former. That bizarre creature was bound to have some kind of weakness...

Grell already prepared his Death Scythe for the final blow when-

"So you are a so called Grim Reaper? That is indeed interesting."

Taken by surprise, he paused in his movement and turned his head around to the human who had suddenly started talking to him.

"I really mean it. I am very interested in inhuman creatures. I would like to know more about you, as well.", Sebastian continued.

"R- really? You really want to know more about me?", Grell asked perplexed, suddenly sounding shy like a teenage girl who had just been asked for a date by her crush and didn't expect this to ever happen. He lowered his Death Scythe, not caring about the demon to his feet right now.

"You foolish human! What do you think you're doing?! I told you to run!", Ciel coughed. It made an effort for him to speak and he was still unable to stand up.

"Yes!", Sebastian answered Grell's question with an ensuring and charming smile, ignoring Ciel's words completely. "I am tired of humans. I think I am more into inhuman beings right now. Please teach me more about your species!"

The Grim Reaper didn't need to be told twice as he suddenly dashed forwards into Sebastian's direction.

"SEBASTIAN!!" The demon yelled.

But it didn't seem like the Grim Reaper had intended to attack the black haired man. Instead he was taking his hands into his own as he was standing in front of him, wiggling around in delight, squealing: "Of course I'll teach you more about me! I can show you everything I have!"

"It would be a pleasure.", Sebastian replied politely, whereon Grell almost lost it.

"Re-re-really?! C-can I ki-kiss you?!", the Grim Reaper spluttered in excitement.

"Please go ahead."

"Waaaah!!!" At this moment Grell was almost exploding. Flirting was one thing, but for it to really happen was something completely different! He couldn't even remember how many years ago his last kiss had been! "Okay! Okay! Here I come! Please close your eyes! It's rude to kiss a lady with your eyes open!", he demanded with a pouty voice for show.

Sebastian did as told. But when Grell also closed his eyes and the black haired man felt the other one leaning in closer, he opened his eyes again. This was the moment he was waiting for! The Grim Reaper was distracted; this was his chance!

But before he could act in any way, he saw something sharp being thrust between them, only missing Grell's nose by millimeters and preventing him from getting any closer to Sebastian. It was a silver pruner with a very long, extendible shaft. He turned around and saw a man with short black hair and glasses dressed in a suit standing on a branch of one of the trees surrounding the clearing. Readjusting his glasses the man shortened his pruner's shaft again and instead began to finally reap the soul of the dead man who was still lying on the floor.

Finishing his work, he looked at Sebastian and said: "I am sorry to interrupt your conversation. My name is William T. Spears of the Dispatch Management Division of the Grim Reapers. Grell Suttcliff!", he turned his gaze to Grell, who had meanwhile started staring at William with a pouty look on his face. "You are not doing your work properly again. You are here for work and yet you are starting an unnecessary fight while forgetting your actual purpose for being here. And then you also indulge into an affair while on work! This is against the rules!"

"But Will! I was so close! You're not fair!", the other Grim Reaper whined.

Ignoring his colleague, William jumped off the tree, walked towards Sebastian and bowed deeply when he was standing in front of him. He also gave him his business card. "I am very sorry for the disrespectful behaviour of my fellow worker. I hope something like this won't happen again."

With those words he grabbed Grell and started walking away.

"Wait Will!", Grell protested. "There's a demon over there! Aren't we gonna do something about him?", he pointed into the direction where Ciel was still lying on the floor.

William threw a look in Ciel's direction. Recognising the demon, he shook his head.

"Don't mind this one. Let's go."

"Wait, you know this demon? Why-?"

Not responding, William continued grabbing the red haired Grim reaper out of sight.

"Ouch, you're hurting me, Will! Do you need to be this cold to me now that we are finally having some time for just the two of us again? I- OUCH!"

Sebastian did not pay attention anymore as the Grim Reapers walked away. He hurried towards the demon, who had been alarmingly silent during the past minutes.

The black haired man knelt down in front of the boy and reached out his right arm to touch him, when all of a sudden the demon took a jump towards him, knocking Sebastian off his feet and making him fall on his back with Ciel on top of him. When a surprised Sebastian looked up at the demon's face, he saw that his otherwise blue eye had turned to a glowing red. He had never seen him like this, but he instinctively knew that this was his real demon side. And judging from the fact that the Ciel he knew would never react this way, he also concluded that his instincts had taken control over this body. The demon's blood was wetting Sebastian's clothes all over and he breathed heavily; not only because of his hunger but also because of the wound in his stomach. His greedy stare pierced through the black haired man.

So this was the moment his soul would finally be taken. He had not planned it this way and somehow he even regretted it to happen this soon as he was beginning to enjoy his life with the demon. But it needed to happen sooner or later anyway, so it was not like he was completely disappointed. The demon leaned in on Sebastian, who closed his eyes, waiting for his final moment calmly.

As Ciel's face drew closer, Sebastian could already feel the demon's hot breath on him. It made his skin prickle. Only centimetres were left between their mouths. Soon his soul would be sucked out, bringing his life to an end. But suddenly Sebastian felt the weight on him collapse. Startled, he opened his eyes just to find the demon lying on top of him unconsciously. Worrying about the condition of the demon who had just been about to devour his soul, the black haired man checked his pulse. It was weak but he was still breathing. It seemed like he had only fainted from exhaustion and loss of blood. On a second thought Sebastian didn't even know if it was normal for demons to breath or if this was again just one of Ciel's quirks.

Taking in a deep breath, Sebastian stood up cautiously, lifting the boy up into his arms. What a night. Even for him this had been almost too exciting, but somehow they had managed to survive. Unlike the man lying on the other side of the clearing. Glancing at the dead body, Sebastian decided that he should better be going. Not only did he want to avoid nasty questions from the police that were sure to turn up sooner or later, but the heavily injured boy in his arms did look as if he could use some treatment. Although Sebastian doubted that a demon could die easily, that so called

Grim Reaper's weapon had indeed done some significant damage to this small body.

He also needed to wash their clothes and make up a story for the servants. Besides, the demon owed him some answers when he recovered. Thinking about how to effectively wash blood out of clothes, he left the clearing with Ciel in his arms.