

DISCLAIMER: I should point out that under no circumstances do I condone or approve of any activities described in this, or any of my other stories. Under no circumstances should you engage in the kinds of activities I write about. This writing is fiction. Please, do not sell your soul to the Devil.

And now, with that out of the way, I bring you a Dance with a Devil.

Prologue

My name is Andrew Golanov, and I sold my soul to the Devil, and the Devil would agree that I was getting the best half of the bargain. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

The day I sold my soul was one of the worst in my life. I had just been fired from my job due to somebody else's mistake and my roommate moved out when I was gone, so I got home to a half-empty house. To make matters worse, there was an eviction notice on my door. So, I packed up my few portable belongings, my desktop computer, my laptop, whatever clothes were clean and my books. I tossed everything in the back of my little Explorer and left that place behind me.

I wasn't sure where I was going to go. My sister lived in town, but I wasn't allowed at her place since her boyfriend and I came to blows the year before, and our parents were almost ten years dead. So, with no place to go, I drove around the city aimlessly until I found myself turning into an abandoned construction site. I sent my sister a text, letting her know about my epically bad day, and hopped out of my Explorer to smoke a joint.

As I was sitting there on the hood rolling the joint, my nose caught something other than the acrid smell of my weed. It was a faint smell, one my brain linked to a perfume my grandmother had been fond of, made of crushed Madagascar periwinkles. I turned my head and was shocked to see somebody walking towards me.

My first groggy thought as I stuffed the half-rolled joint into the old tobacco pouch I carried my weed in was that it was a security guard, but when she passed through a patch of light I knew she couldn't be. No security guard would walk around in a nearly sheer latex dress that hugged her body and ended just below her hips. I watched her, entranced, as she passed from shadow to light and back, drawing closer. Even from this distance, it was easy to tell she was naked but for the nighty and a pair of stiletto heels.

When she moved through the shadows, it was always easy to tell that her eyes had a deep red glow to them, as though somebody were holding red lightbulbs behind her eyes.

When she reached the hood where I sat waiting, I was able to get a better look at her. Her shoulder length hair was a straight and a warm black; this close I could see her eyes were, at least in the light, a pale green. Her skin was a flawless alabaster, accentuated by the sheer black nighty that stretched taut across her breasts. While I've never been overly skilled at determining a woman's bust, I had to guess that they were at least a 36D, looking even larger when contracted to her slender, and hairless, build.

“Good evening Mr. Golanov,” were the first words she said to me in a voice made for phone sex, husky and soft, full of the promise of pleasures to come coming from a smile to stop a man’s heart.

“Uh... hi,” I replied with my usual grand eloquence, something which, if anything, only made the widening of her smile that much more genuine.

“You don’t know me, do you,” she asked, standing there like a wet dream.

I shook my head slowly, not wanting to take my eyes off of her in case she should vanish, or I wake.

Her smile changed to a cute frown at the shake of my head, and I saw, for the first time up close, that red light I had almost convinced myself to have imagined before. “Has the compact been abandoned so soon,” she asked, but I didn’t answer. I had the feeling she was more talking to herself than to me. “Your parents and uncle, where are they?”

“Dead. They died ten years ago next week, in a plane crash.”

“How old are you Andrew?”

“I’m twenty six next June, June 6th,” I replied, curiosity entering my voice.

Her head snapped up to look at me. “Do you have any sibling?”

“Yea, I have a twin sister. Now what’s with the third degree here,” I demanded, sliding off the hood of my Ford. It was only then realized that I stood four inches taller than her.

She looked at me, obviously digesting this information before replying. “Well, your age and the time of your parent’s death tell me what I need to know. Forgive my rudeness earlier. My name is Anima Dannata.”

I laughed out loud, for once glad my parents insisted my sister and I learn Latin. “Your name is Damned Soul, seriously?”

To my surprise, she didn’t even sigh when I joked about her name. She just nodded and continued. “If your parents hadn’t died when they had, you would have learned of me earlier. I’m sure you’re familiar with the legend of the Crossroads Devil, to whom you sell your soul for a single wish. These legends, along with many others, are true. Over a hundred years ago, however, a man appeared in Deansgrange, Ireland. He made us an offer we found too tempting,” she said, smiling and stretching her slender body, running her hands through her hair, making it look as though she were thrusting her breasts at me.

“Instead of a single wish and death in ten or twelve years, he made a pact. The first born child of every generation would, on a day when their life crumbles, be visited by one of us, and be given three gifts, and when they die, they become a servant of Hell. We agreed to this, and to this day the pact has been

honoured. Your uncle was childless however, something we had not anticipated, and so it was decided that you would be the next heir to the pact.”

I held up a hand. “Wait. If you know my uncle is childless, and if he’s now a Servant of Hell, how the... well, how the Hell do you not know anything about me,” I demanded, the spell of her words, and the story itself, shattered. This had to be some crazy prank.

Didn’t it?

This time I got a reaction. Her arms came down and folded under her breasts, her eyes narrowed and she gave me a definite frown. “The powers of Hell are not unlimited. We don’t haunt people and spy on their daily lives. We rely on human agents, and your uncle didn’t live near you. We believed he would sire a child in due course, but he was injured, and you know the rest.”

I nodded once, the memory still painful. For reasons still unknown, my parent’s plane had lost power to one engine, rolled over and plowed into the small regional airport, killing just over a hundred people, my uncle included.

“So, to answer your question, we knew almost nothing about you. Only the one who receives the gifts becomes a Servant, and according to him, your uncle wasn’t on the best of terms with your parents. Hence, our lack of information about your family. We haven’t been able to properly locate you until only a day or so ago, when one of our agents was passing through town. You humans are so... unpredictable!”

I hopped back up onto the hood of my Explorer, and pulled out my half-rolled joint. That feeling of it being a prank was fading. Something in her tone just sounded right to me, and I thought it over as I rerolled the joint. When I looked up, she was still there, waiting for something. “So... do I have a choice in this? I mean, there has to be a downside to this deal, right? If somebody doesn’t go along with it, the world ends or something?”

Another sigh fell from those lips. “No, the world will not end. But if you decline, then your sister will be given the choice. And if she declines, then the pact is broken, and the fury of Hell will descend upon your family line for three times the length that they have been in our service. I need your answer Andrew, and I need it now, before the hour passes.”

I looked at the joint in my hand, and for once, most unlike myself, I jumped. I’m not normally given to action without thought. I like to consider all my options and make a well-informed decision, but this night, I jumped right in. The joint flew out of my hand, sailing into the night as I looked into her eyes.

“You have a deal.”