

# The Mystery Curse

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A young teenager grows up confused about his powers and feeling out of place. When tragedy strikes, he is taken to the one place where he can save the world. He must risk losing himself and the one most precious to him to do it...

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# The Curse; Booksie contest entry for the 'End of the World' Prompt

"I will not help you with this," Mark Klemens glared at the demon in front of him. "I will not kill for you."

The demon, Ellister, growled in frustration. "Mark, you knew this day was coming, and you know the consequences of denying me. I have already told you. Would you really want to put your family through that?"

Mark shook his head. "No. I should have said it two years ago, when you first approached me. The answer is still no."

The Ellister nodded thoughtfully. "You just got married, did you not?"

Mark glared at him, wishing the daggers he was shooting could kill the demon. "Don't you even touch my wife..."

The demon smiled at him. "She has a child, doesn't she? That child is not normal, and will grow to be your worst nightmare. I guess it would serve you right, since you will not join us. If you were to give us the child, I would call it even."

Mark shook his head violently. "No way in hell."

"Funny words...but too true. You have no idea what you are getting into," the demon smiled coldly. "If you insist, I will leave things as they are, for now. When the time is right, the child will come to us, unless we need him earlier. In that case, something can be arranged...goodbye, Mark." Ellister shimmered out, disappearing.

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Twelve years later

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Eric Klemens smiled as a squirrel ran up a tree, chirping back at him when it reached the top. He had always felt a strong connection to nature, and this was not an exception. He could do things that other people could not, and he found it amazing. His parents had always told him not to use the powers, but he could not help it. That would be like telling him to stop breathing.

Touching the tree, he turned the bark to life, causing the branches to tickle the squirrel. The animal chirped at him again, and he laughed. He didn't see how this power could be bad. He could cause anything to change at his will, and it was amazing.

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By the time Eric was thirteen, the powers were stronger, and he could call the climates to obey him. He could turn a snow storm into a sunny day, or make it rain in areas that needed it. His parents were still trying to discourage him from using the powers, but he would not.

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Two days later, his mother found him. "Eric, we have to go into town for some business, but we will be back in a while. Be good, okay, and please do not use that power of yours," she smiled at him. "Goodbye, sweetie. I will see you later."

"Bye, Mom," Eric ran his hand through his thick, dark brown hair. Sighing, he walked back into the house to his bedroom.

Glancing in the mirror, he turned to it fully. He wondered where these powers came from and why his mother did not have them. His father was not blood related, so it was not a surprise that he was normal.

Looking at himself, he stared at his eyes. They were not the same color as everyone else's, but a deep reddish gold, with a darker ring on the outer edge. People always gave him strange looks because of it, and he didn't like it. On top of that, he had dusky skin, while his mother had fair. It made him feel different.

He began to feel a pulse in his temple that became increasingly worse, so he sat down. When the pain had subsided, he took some pain killer and began to do his homework. He was interrupted by the door bell ringing about two hours later. Rolling his eyes, Eric pulled his ear buds out and walked to answer it. Looking through the peep hole first, he froze when he saw police officers. Opening the door slowly, he looked the officers in the eye.

"May I help you?" He looked from one officer to the other.

The taller one sighed deeply. "Are there any adults here? We need to speak with them, please."

Eric cocked his head to the side. "My parents left a while ago. They should be back at any time."

The officers exchanged a look. "This has to do with your parents..."

Eric looked wary now, but opened the door wider so they could enter. "Whatever it is, you can tell me. Please come in."

The officer who had spoken before offered a tight smile. "Thank you."

"What happened?" Eric knew it was something bad.

"I regret to tell you that your parents were found dead outside one of the supermarkets....the cause was unknown." The officer speaking tried to touch Eric's hand, but he jerked it back.

Nodding, Eric lowered his gaze, licking his lips nervously. He had somehow known, but did not want to admit it to himself. He had just hoped he had been wrong. "So...what will happen now? I have nowhere..."

There is a man who claims to be a distant relative, so we will be running a background check on him. Until then, you will be under the care of child services," the officer smiled again, trying to offer comfort.

Eric glanced at him coldly. "Okay. Whatever you say. Will I be leaving today?"

"Yes. I'm so..." The officer jumped when Eric interrupted him.

"Stop apologizing! You didn't kill them, did you?" Eric yelled, glaring at the officers. "Please, just go. I will be ready soon and I can call you. Please leave."

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The officer nodded. "Okay. We will be back later."

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After the police had left, Eric sank down to the floor. He was trying to block his emotions, especially the rage he felt burning through him. Taking deep breaths, he thought about the animals outside and how peaceful they were. That was when he started to feel helpless. This probably had something to do with his powers. Glaring at his own hands, he nodded. He was the cause of this. He would find the person who did this and kill them.

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One week later, Eric received a call from the same officer he had seen before, letting him know that everything had cleared with the relative. He would be going to the man's home that afternoon, but was not looking forward to it.

They arrived at the man's home, and Eric felt another headache coming on. He saw a boy that looked to be a bit older than him sitting on the grass, watching them. He had silvery blond hair and pale skin. Once he got up and approached them, Eric felt the headache vanish immediately. The boy ignored the officers and turned to Eric. He had light blue eyes that had the same strange ring around the irises, except that his were dark blue.

"You are to stay here?" The boy smiled at him, and Eric felt a strange feeling in his stomach, and he could not focus properly.

"Uh...yes," Eric managed quietly. "Where do I stay?"

The other boy smiled at him, then glanced at the officer. "I have it from here, sir. Thank you."

The officer nodded to him. "Thank you, Chris. We will stay in touch."

Chris smiled at the officers again, turning back to Eric. "My name is Chris Walker. I will show you to a room."

"Thanks, Chris," Eric answered quietly. "I'm Eric Klemens."

Chris tossed his hair back out of his eyes. "I know. Come this way. We will probably have to share a room for a while, so I hope that's okay."

"Sure," Eric was still numb from the entire ordeal.

Chris led him into the house, then a bedroom. "Make yourself comfortable. There is only one bed, but you may choose the side you want. It doesn't make any difference to me."

"Thank you," Eric whispered. He could feel a strange atmosphere in this place, but he did not know what it was.

"Hey, I'll be back soon, okay?" Chris looked nervous now. "Just make yourself comfortable...enough." He left quietly, leaving Eric to himself.

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"You called for me, sir?" Chris did not meet the gaze of the demon in front of him.

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"Yes. Have a seat," the demon motioned to a chair.

"I would rather not, sir," Chris answered quietly.

"SIT DOWN!" The demon glared at him. "It was not an option. Sometimes, I swear..."

Chris rolled his eyes, sitting down. "Fine. What do you want?"

"I need you to keep an eye on Eric Klemens. He is what we have been waiting on. He will be the key to unlocking my plans. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Chris shifted uncomfortably in his seat. They really needed to invest in new chairs. "Is that all, sir?"

"Yes. You may leave," the demon offered an evil grin. "Have fun, but don't get too close to him. He will be gone by the time he is eighteen."

Chris glared at him. "Have fun here? Sure..." Without another word, he left.

When he got back to the bedroom, he found Eric already asleep. Changing quickly, he got in on the other side. He had every intention of protecting Eric from all harm. He had always known who the younger boy was, and had wanted to meet him. Just not like this. He had to think of something that would overturn their plans to destroy the world. He knew that Eric was the tool they wanted to use, and he would not let that happen.

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Six months passed, in which time Eric has learned from Chris that they cannot trust anyone else here, because they are demons. He shows Eric how to control his powers, assuring him that they are not a bad thing. They are part of him. He also tells him that they neither of them are from Earth, and that is why they have powers. The more they train, the stronger their bond grows stronger.

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On his sixteenth birthday, Eric is given a dagger by Chris, and is told to keep it hidden on him at all times. It is enchanted so that it will not be detected by the demons, and he will be able to use it, if needed. He had begun training the younger boy to fight as soon as they were comfortable with each other. Now he would know what to do if the demons decided to do anything to them.

The demons also had a meeting on that day, called by the leader, Ellister. Once they were all present, he began.

"The child grows stronger with every day. We need to begin his training and tasks soon. His sole purpose here is to bring an end to this nasty planet. It is not his own, in the first place, so he should not have a problem with it," the leader laughed. "He has befriended the Neptune child, however, so it will be dangerous to get those two to stay apart...as Chris had been planning, I am certain. They do not realize that they are enemies, since Pluto and Neptune are never in agreement. Chris has been coming along nicely, and he knows what he is supposed to do. We need to inform Eric, so he is aware of his destiny."

One of the demons cleared his throat, and the leader looked at him. "Your Excellency, the child does not realize that his destiny is to die. Pluto sent their servant here to destroy Earth, and he made it more creative by adding a child that, through death, would bring an end to it all. Then we will have full control of this planet."

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The leader smiled. "Exactly, though it is the fault of his human parents that he will die. Now we must train him to fulfill his destiny. I do not yet know where the Neptune brat fits in, but if he plans on defying us, he will die with the Pluto child."

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That night, Chris woke Eric up, by lightly touching him. "Sorry. I just have a few things I need to speak with you about. I would have waited until the morning, but they will begin your training tomorrow, and I will not see you. Will you take a walk with me?"

Eric yawned. "Sure. Just give me a second." He stood up and changed into warm clothes quickly. He noticed that Chris had turned away as he was doing so, something he never did. "Okay. I'm ready."

Chris turned back around, smiling at the younger boy. "Shall we go? There is a path that leads into the woods, so we will not be disturbed." He motioned for the younger boy to go ahead of him, taking out his dagger and placing the hilt in his palm.

They walked for a while without speaking, then Chris touched Eric lightly on the back. "We will be safe to talk here."

He sat down on a nearby log, and Eric joined him. He turned to the younger boy, taking his hand. He seemed to be troubled. "Eric...there is something I didn't tell you, for fear of what they would do if they found out. It may change the way you look at me. Would you like me to continue?"

Eric smiled at him. "That's okay. What is it?"

Chris lowered his head for a moment, the moonlight shining on his hair, turning it to silvery gold. "I have done bad things. They have made me kill people, and I hate them because of it...I'm afraid they will want the same things from you, and I want to help you to resist them. If it means that we are both locked up, I will take that chance."

Eric rubbed his hand, causing Chris to shiver. "I'm sorry they made you do those things. I had been meaning to ask you about your past, but didn't get the chance."

"Eric, I know of a way to defeat them, but it will take both of us being strong and knowing our powers. Maybe we should keep things how they are, for now, and let them train you," Chris looked into the other boy's eyes, which were now shining bright golden. "Then we can take them down, when the time comes. Do you understand?"

Eric nodded. "Yes, and I agree...where are you from? I'm just curious."

Chris shook his head. "I'm not sure. I have memories of another realm...or planet. It is beautiful, and feels so welcoming." He smiled sadly. "I don't think either of us is human, and that is why we are here. This is all I have ever known, but you had the opportunity to experience parents and a normal life...you were lucky."

Eric bit his lip. "I had always felt different from them. It was difficult to relate, but now, with you..."

"I know," Chris nodded, pulling him to his feet. "Come here. Do you still trust me?"

"Of course I do," Eric smiled at him.

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They walked out into a clearing, and Chris pointed up into the sky. "That is where I feel like we should be, if there is anything up there now. They are beautiful, aren't they?"

"Yeah, they are..." he looked at the older boy, then turned away.

Chris stared at the dark haired boy for a moment, then turned away. "We should be getting back."

Eric nodded without a word.

They made their way back in silence, slipping back into bed.

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The next morning, Eric was called into the leader's chambers. Chris went with him to a point, but was stopped by two of the demons. "The master must speak with him alone. Go find something else to do."

Chris glared at them. "I will wait here. Don't touch me again." He leaned against the wall, ignoring them. He was not about to leave Eric to these monsters without being close enough to defend him.

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Inside the chamber, Eric smiled at Ellister. He was trying to not show his nervousness, but it was difficult.

"Eric, we will begin training you to use your powers to the best of your ability. You will be required to complete tasks within that training, and your powers will grow stronger," Ellister was smiling at him, and it was creepy.

"What kind of tasks, Master?" Eric asked softly.

"After we test your abilities, you will be required to kill two people. Don't worry. They would be dying in prison, anyway, so your will only be saving the justice system the trouble. We will appear with you, and you will shove this poison down the men's throats. That simple. They will think the prisoners killed themselves. Are we clear? This is your destiny."

Eric thought about it for a moment. The men were not good, but they always had a chance of turning around. "No. You can train me to do anything else, but not to kill. I won't do it."

Ellister glared at him. "You are just like your human father. He was weak, and could not do what would have been necessary to save his wife and himself, in the long run. I would have left them alone, if he had helped us. I do not think it would have made much of a difference for your destiny, though."

Eric glared at the floor, wanting to unleash all of his power into the demon. Instead, he simply shook his head again. "I will not do it. Find some other freaky person to do your dirty work."

The Ellister grabbed him by the chin. "Are you denying me, child?"

Eric glared at him. "Yes, I am."

The Ellister dropped him. "Then you will pay for it." He spaced out for a moment, and Eric knew he was speaking with someone. Seconds later, the door opened, and two demons entered and took Eric by the arms. They led him out, and he caught Chris' eyes as he was passing. They were blank.

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The demons locked him in a cell, then returned to the chambers, where Chris was still standing. He watched them pass through the leader's doors, then left silently. He needed to prepare his and Eric's things. He had a plan.

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That night, Chris could not sleep. His mind kept returning to Eric, and he had decided to go through with plan B. Writing a note, he slipped down to the prison quietly. Punching the one demon that was watching the door, he smiled at Eric.

"I'm sorry they locked you up, but just play it cool for now, and I have a plan. Here." He handed a paper through the bars, along with a protein bar. "If you are quiet, they will let you out soon." He squeezed the younger boy's hand. "You said the other night that you trusted me, and I hope that still stands. We need each other. Just stay strong, okay, love?"

Eric's eyes widened at the last word, but he nodded. "Okay. Whatever you have planned, I trust you. I hope we can get out of here soon."

Chris nodded. "I hope so. Just hang in there, okay?"

"I will. You, too," Eric smiled at him.

Chris glared at the guard, who was still sound asleep. He had used power to knock the demon out, and it had brought him a sense of satisfaction. He would not remember what had happened, because Chris had wiped his memory of the event. He smiled at Eric, then left.

Once he was gone, Eric opened the note, reading it carefully.

"You have the power to help me take them all out. It will take strength and determination, but we both have that. They are planning on using you to end the world. If they still have you here by your 18th birthday, the curse that is on you will cause you to make the world crumble. That was the payment to your father for not agreeing with their plans. I am sorry I didn't tell you sooner, but they were always around. You will be seventeen next year, so your power will be strong. We just need to wait until then and train. Do not let them turn you into a killer, or they will have you where they want you. If we wait until next year, we can turn the plan around on them and kill the leader. If we do that, all the demons here die, we are free, and the curse is broken. That is why he fears us. Love, you have the power to do this, so do not fear. Now, this will turn into dust as soon as you put it down. Trust me."

Eric sighed, placing the paper on the floor. He watched as it turned to dust. Looking more closely at the dust, he noticed that it was shining golden, instead of grey. Smiling, he used wind to blow it away.

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The demons let Eric out the next day, but he still refused to kill for them. They were angry, but did not press it. Instead, they began to train him, as Chris had said they would. They noticed that the two boys were obeying them, and were happy about it.

By the next year, they were both strong. Eric could feel his power growing, as was his friendship and trust in Chris.

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One day, Chris approached Eric. "They are planning on taking us into the city, so they can show us what humans are supposedly really like. Last time, it was a whore house, which made me want to puke."

Eric laughed. "Isn't that supposed to make you happy?"

Chris cringed. "It was gross. Those women are not there because they want to do that with their lives. They are slaves to their own bodies...it's horrible."

"Why are they taking us to the city?" Eric smiled at him. "I really do hope they don't take us to a whorehouse."

Chris grinned. "But I thought you would enjoy it." His blue eyes were dancing, a rare occurrence.

Eric glared at him. "Not after you put it that way, smart ass."

Chris laughed. "We need to get ready to go."

"Chris, how long now?" Eric looked suddenly serious.

"Not long, love. They still think we are on their side, and they can't get into our heads," Chris smiled at him softly. "I will let you know when we will strike."

Eric nodded. "Okay. I guess we should go see where they are taking us, huh?"

Chris winced. "Yeah." He did not sound enthusiastic.

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The demons took them to an underground fight, where there were not limits on the damage. This meant that they were killing each other. It was supposed to make the young men see that killing was normal, but it just made them hate the demons more.

When they got back to the house, Chris and Eric retreated to their room. They did not feel like being around the demons any longer and they were getting restless.

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The next morning, Ellister called for Chris. He moved carefully so he would not wake Eric up and took his undetectable dagger with him, just in case the demon tried anything.

When he entered Ellister's chamber, he noticed that the master did not seem happy.

"Have a seat, child. I need to speak with you about recent events," Ellister took a sip of his drink, then offered it to the teen. When Chris refused, he glared at him. "As you know, Eric will be eighteen next year. You also know about what will happen at that time. The world will end, and we will leave. You will return to Neptune, where you came from, by the way. Eric, on the other hand, will die a very painful death, along with the rest of the planet. There is no way to reverse this. We are very happy to have him here with us. If you do not start helping us again, you will die with him...do you understand? You knew this would be happening, and you befriended the child, anyway. Not good."

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Chris bit his lip, worried. If he had been wrong about the curse, Eric would die and the plan would be blown. If that happened, he wanted the demons to kill him, along with Eric. He just hoped that was not the case.

"Do you have nothing to say for yourself, Neptune child?" The leader never used his proper title, unless he wanted to intimidate the young man. He was doing a good job of that now.

Chris sighed deeply, looking into the eyes he hated with his whole heart. "Fine. I will cut off contact with him, then watch him die...is that good enough for you?" Those had been very painful words for him to utter, since he cared deeply for Eric.

The demon studied him for a long moment, then nodded. "Yes. Just be sure to do that."

Chris looked defeated and just stared at him.

"You may leave," the leader smiled at him, which made Chris want to puke.

Chris left quietly, leaving out the doors and running as far and as fast as he could, which was quite a way, with his power. He was angry with himself for not being strong, and he felt very much like a failure.

He finally stopped, and felt a presence close to him. When he turned around, he saw Eric standing close to him. Closing the distance quickly, the younger teen held him close as he broke down. Sobbing into Eric's shoulder, Chris did not want to let go.

"I heard what the leader said. I won't let that happen. You said we just have to kill him, and this ends, right? Then we can leave and be done with this mess," he looked down at Chris, who still had his face buried in his shoulder. "I will end this soon. What do I do?"

Chris pulled away, taking a deep breath. "I have a plan. I don't know if I have the strength, though. If they win..."

"They won't. We are stronger than them together, and they fear us," Eric smiled at him. "We have to play on that fear and just concentrate our powers on the leader. You already said that if he dies, they all do. That is what we have to do. We should do it soon. Within the next few weeks, at least. Then we can disappear and go find a life away from this prison. Are you up to it?"

Chris stared at the younger boy for a long moment, then nodded. "You're right." He kissed Eric's hair. "Thank you for pulling me back."

"Of course," Eric smiled.

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For the next few weeks, Chris showed Eric all he knew about fighting and the techniques the demons would most likely use. He had been correct when he said they were more powerful than the demons. As aliens, they were faster, stronger and had a higher intellect. The demons knew this, and that was why they had to use fear as their only threat. They could not stop or control the teens' powers, and it was a disadvantage for them. Chris and Eric planned on playing off of that.

One week before they were planning on striking, Chris was called back into the Ellister's chambers. The old demon was sitting in his chair, glaring down at the young man.

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"So, have you been doing as you were supposed to, and ignoring the Pluto brat? Don't you dare lie to me." He was now smiling, which Chris found disgusting. The demons could not read their minds, so Ellister would not know that Chris was a very good liar. He had used that tactic the entire time he had been in the compound, which would be close to eighteen years.

Chris glanced at him blankly. "Yes. I have seen him a few times, and we are still sharing a room, but I have not connected with him any further, as you wished."

Ellister spaced out for a moment, then looked up as two demons entered. They stood by the door, waiting for command. He turned back to the young blond. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," Chris glared at him. "But you also know that I hate you."

Ellister glared back at him. "Yes, I do know that. That is why we will make sure." He motioned for the demons to grab him, and they took the young man's arms, without a protest. One of the demons placed a hand on his head, and Chris became nervous. He knew what they were about to do.

"I will ask you one more question," Ellister looked into Chris' eyes, and the young man could not turn away. "Does The Pluto child have any ill plans against us?"

Chris glared at him. "No." He had lied to the demon plainly, and hoped that Ellister still could not read it.

"Are you sure?" Ellister seemed to be enjoying himself now. As soon as he spoke, a sharp pain shot through Chris' head, all the way down his spine. He screamed, staring unfocused.

Breathing heavily, he answered quietly. "Yes, I'm sure. He knows nothing." He knew that as soon as he got out of here, he would be telling all of this to Eric. The demons would not get away with destroying Earth.

"Honestly, I don't know what attachment you have to this planet. It is so filthy, especially compared to your home planet and our own realm," Ellister shook his head. "You are a strange one." He turned to the demons holding Chris. "You may let him go. He is of no more use to me, at the moment. Lead him to the door, though."

The demons pulled Chris to his feet, and over to the door. He stumbled out as soon as they let him go. Leaning against the wall, he sighed. He wasn't so sure this plan would work, and Eric might die, after all. Shaking his head, he walked slowly back to his bedroom. Eric was on the bed, and pulled him over to it immediately. He had felt the tension from the encounter, and was determined to stop this. Throwing the covers back, he hugged the older boy against his own body, thinking. They had a week to end this, and they had to come up with a strong plan.

He glanced at Chris, who had dropped off to sleep, exhausted.

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The next day, Eric waited until Chris had awoken naturally, then smiled at him. "I have a plan. Let's go for a walk, okay?"

Chris smiled back at him. "Okay."

They walked through the woods, so that anyone trying to follow them would be thrown off. Eric spoke as they walked.

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"I think we need to end this today. They called you in yesterday to make sure you were on their side, right? Well, we need to strike while they think you are with them..." He continued to tell Chris all about his plan. They both agreed it would work. It would have to wait until evening, though.

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That evening, Eric walked into the kitchen, smiling at the demon serving. "I would like to take Master Ellister his dinner, please."

The demon glanced at him, then nodded. Fixing a large plate of red meats and leafy greens, the demon handed it to the young man.

Eric smiled at him again. "Thank you." Pouring a glass of wine, he took it with him to the outer doors of Ellister's chamber. When the doors opened, he placed the food in front of the Master, never meeting his eyes. Bowing low, he left quickly.

Running back to his room, he smiled at Chris. "It has begun."

Chris watched him closely, then smiled back. "How can you be so calm about all of this? If they win, you die next year...you are just amazing."

"I have never worried about life. I know this will work, because we have planned it out carefully," Eric frowned. "I am sorry that you had to grow up around this....I know it must not have been easy."

Chris shrugged. "It was okay. I didn't really spend any more time with them than what I had to, so I was alone most of the time. I'm glad you are here with me now, though."

Eric smiled. "Me, too."

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An hour after Eric had taken the food to Ellister, both teens returned to his chamber. There was a guard there, so Chris used his strength and knocked him out with a punch to the face. He let the demon drop to the floor, then opened the door for Eric. The younger boy slipped in, again not meeting Ellister's eyes. The demon looked satisfied and unsuspecting. Eric took the plate from him and placed it on the table. He did not want it to get in the way of the attack.

Chris walked in, meeting Ellister's eyes coldly. He had his fists clenched, holding in the power he wanted to unleash. What Ellister had failed to notice was that he had sealed the doors with his powers. Once they closed, only he could open them.

Eric smiled at the demon master. "I hope you had a good meal."

Those were the trigger words, and Chris shot a full bolt of energy into Ellister's chest. The demon did not have time to react before the second one hit. Once the demon was weakened, Eric moved over in front of him.

"You thought you could kill me, along with Earth. Well, you have been wrong the entire time, and now you will die for it," Eric used his powers to turn the chair arms to ropes, which wrapped around the demon's arms before he could move them.

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Ellister glared at Chris, shocking his mind. He fell to the ground, grabbing his head. That was the only way the demon could get through to him.

Eric did not look back, even though he knew his friend was in pain. "I know you cannot do that to me. You all fear me, because unlike the other planets, Pluto is invulnerable to all attacks that can be made by enemies. That includes mind shocks. I do not appreciate you shocking Chris, however." He glared at the hated demon, tightening the ropes. "You do not have anything you can defend yourself with against me. I will kill you, along with all of your minions."

The demon master laughed. "You do not know what to do. You have nowhere to go, and will wander for the rest of your life."

Eric shrugged. "That's okay, because you will all be gone." He glanced at Chris, who had managed to get back to his feet and had a full globe of light in his hands. He was ready to throw it at any time. Eric took out the dagger, placing it at the demon's throat. "Just remember that I could have killed you, right here, with this dagger. I am better than you, though."

He stepped back, and Chris shot the globe of light at the demon, hitting him in the head. Ellister shimmered out, then back in. At that moment, Eric felt a weight lifted from him and he knew the curse had been broken. He had thought Chris would have sent the demon away with it. Instead, he had freed Eric.

Smiling at Chris, he turned back to the demon. He pulled energy from deep inside his soul and placed a hand on Ellister's head. The demon shook violently, then dissipated into the air. He could feel the same reaction within the entire compound, as all of the demons were sent away. There was a crack of thunder, and the compound was silent.

Chris moved over to Eric slowly, kissed him on the mouth. "Now that the world is not ending, and the demons are locked into their own dementia, I think we should get out of here."

Eric pulled him in for another kiss. "I agree. Thank you for sticking by me. Where should we go?"

Chris chuckled. "Anywhere away from here, love."

The End

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## The Mystery Curse

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