

The Devil's Love

# The Devil's Love

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Two different men searching for love. One is an older man that has been through the ups and downs of life.  
The other is a young boy looking to understand the world.



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nubile body that really knew how to move. And soft, deeply tanned skin. Now as for personality traits, she needed only one. She had to love sex and all the time. To arrive at this moment, I had traveled vast distances enduring many hardships. Abject poverty, starvation, show tunes, you name it. From across the room, I saw her. She was perfect. I knew almost nothing about her and she didn't know much more about me. It was exactly how it was supposed to be. I brought her to my room. The lights were soft, the moment was right. Then she leaned over and whispered in my ear, 'Do you love me?' Thoughts raced through my mind. Did she really want me? What had I done to deserve this bounty? Does God exist? Who invented the lava lamp and why?

ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ "Do you love me?" Staring into her eyes I knew that she really needed to hear it but for the first time in my life, I knew these were no longer just words and if I said it, it would be a lie. "Do you love me?" she whispered. "Do you love me?" It would not be tonight. The answer was no.

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ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ The gates of hell are open night and day; Smooth the descent, and easy is the way. I know Satan has a spot reserved for me, everyday I am trying to run the other way. I could still smell her on my skin...What was the smell though... strawberries, she smelt like strawberries. A single hair of hers laid on the lapel of my jacket, I choose to leave it, it allows me to lie to myself that I actually cared about her.

ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ï¿½ My apartment was on the opposite side of town from Debbie's, I drive a long way for the bottle. The fifth storey of the building, a good walk up the stairs, but that's one thing my Ma always taught me, "Don't be lazy Zus! Take the stairs, your legs were made for walking." She died last year. Down the hall from my 505, lives a pretty little thing that makes me tremble. I have yet to try anything on her, trust me I want to, but she is different. She is the kind of girl that is special, she doesn't have daddy issues, she doesn't spend the evening in the bars looking for romance, she attended college and actually got the grades cause she was smart. She is a respectable women, and I am a pitiful man. I would sell my soul to the devil himself to be able to be her man. If I had a soul to sell at this point.

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