

Baests: The Escaped Demons

Part I

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I.

Clean, neat brown dress pants that match his complexion. White dress shirt with several wrinkles that is complimented with a black tie. A smile and glasses completes his wardrobe. Several other individuals wait impatiently on the street corner with the man. The wind is rushing through people's clothes. It was suppose to be 77 degrees, which was said by the weather man yesterday. It is 82 and tremendously windy. The public bus arrives at the bus stop, which is the street corner he has been waiting on. He allows the six other individuals on the bus first. Four women and two men board the bus slowly; he follows.

He begins to search for an open seat on the bus. He finally finds an open seat next to a young woman. Her hair is as red as the Golden State Bridge; She stares at the window next to her while listening to her music intently. He proceeds to sit down next to her. He quickly checks his watch, 12:45p.m. The bus has begun moving. He turns his head to face her and smiles for a brief moment. She notices and half-heartedly smiles back. The man turns away for a moment. He assesses the passengers of the bus. He counts seventeen individuals. He, again, turns his head towards the woman. She, with displeasure, removes her earbuds.

“Yes?” She asks

“Hey. I'm Mack O'Malley.” Mack introduces himself with a small amount of awkwardness.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Emily Costane.”

“Hey can you do me a favor? I know we just met but it will help you and me. Can you lean back exaggeratedly? Mack asks Emily without a hint of sarcasm or joking.

“Why?” She asks as her fright and flight mode begins to activate.

“Just do it. Its fun and comfortable. Trust me.” He calmly assures her.

Emily, confused and quite frighten, begins to lean back with Mack against their bus seats. This causes the two to sink due to the fact that the bus seats are not recliners. Immediately, the window is pierced after they sink down. An older man with grayish-brown hair collapses to the floor. Seconds before, he was calmly reading the paper, adjacent to Mack and Emily. Casually, blood appears and swarms around his head. The amount begins to increase. The bus comes to a violent stop. Mack, who has sunk all the way to the floor, pulls Emily down to his level. The entire bus erupts into a frenzy of fear and confusion. “The fuck was that?” A woman yells out that is meet with no answers. Mack glances at the entire bus and returns his attention to Emily, who is caught up in the frenzy also.

“Everyone! Stay low and run straight away from the bus into that alley, which face the bus doors. But once you get into the alley, do not stop! Keep running. Move, now!” Mack commands the entire bus.

Quickly, everyone follows his commands. Emily hesitates as she stares at Mack.

“What about you?” She asks.

“It don’t matter girl! Move ya ass. C’MON!!!” Mack yells in order to get her to leave the bus.

She sprints off the bus. Mack looks at the brick-built building across from the bus. The building is several stories high, eight. His eyes bounce back and forth as he searches all of the windows of the building. He finally finds the sight of a man running through the building in front of the windows. Mack disappears suddenly, as if he was never there. He reappears in an elevator. The elevator is moving up as the light of numbers increases. 7....8....9.... The highest floor. The doors open and the man, who Mack saw running through the building rushes into the elevator pointing a black handgun in his face.

Mack calmly stares at the shooter. He does not acknowledge the weapon in front of him.

“I’m gonna get out of here, and you’re my way out.” The shooter demands.

“Sir, I’m apart of the Law, don’t do this. Really.” Mack warns the man.

“Well, then, I’m definitely going to do this and kill you afterward.” He tells Mack with a half smile.

Mack notices the camera in the corner behind him as he turns his head back. The next moment, the camera falls to the elevator floor in pieces.

“What the hell was that? Huh? You know about this. don’t you?” He asks but already assumes that Mack is the reason behind the camera’s destruction.

“Well...” Mack smiles as he responds.

Mack, in the blink of an eye, removes the gun from the man’s hands. He quickly disassembles it as he stares at the man. The man only sees eyes of anger and pleasure. The man begins to breathe heavily with fear. He charges at Mack. Mack, winds his right arm back. His hand is shaped in his palm, which is facing the man, not a fist. The man is violently stopped after Mack hits the man’s chest with his palm. The power is detrimental. His chest cavity caved in and punctured his heart. Simultaneously, his rib cage shattered and punctured both of his lungs. He drops to the floor, lifeless. Mack’s pupils are blood red. The elevator doors open, which are welcomed with numerous policemen. Mack closes his eyes as he puts his hands above his head. He slowly opens his eyes, and the color has returned back to normal. The policemen slowly lower their guns as they notice his badge on the hip of his pants.

“I’m apart of the government services. His heart died, unexpectantly.” Mack tells the police his improved lie.

II.

Mack rises up from his bed; the bed is on the floor. The room is bland. There are several posters; mainly sports and a skyline of Philadelphia. He leaves the small comfort of his bed and walks toward the open bedroom door. He walks to the living room with tremendous fatigue. Its small, just a couch and a large screen TV that is on the floor make up the living room. The TV turns on without Mack using the remote or announcing anything. A man of the same complexity, who looks very similar to Mack, is on the screen. Mack, who is a fairly large muscular man with the physical condition of a 27 year old except that his dark hair is thinning, rests on the couch. The man on the TV screen is more slender and has quite a large afro. He has the physical condition of a 24 year-old.

“Hey Peter, What’s good, bro?” Mack faintly talks to the TV.

“Looking Tired Mack. The last assignment too much for yo old ass?” Peter mockingly asks his older brother.

“I ain’t trying to hear that bullshit. Did they transfer my money?” He asks

“Yea man. Fifteen hundred in the bank, man. But forreal, why do you choose to live in North Philly? You make six-figures.” Peter jokingly asks Mack.

“Love this City, kid. Also, when I need to kill or want to kill, the people around here are dope boys, and dog fighters. So.. I just kill them. I always make it like it was gang related or something else. Cant track it back to me or the FIS.”

“Well, good and bad news. You got another assignment. You’re heading back to the land of our people, not Ireland. I’m talking about AFRICA. Somalia to be specifically. We have Intel that there will be an attack on several cargo boats. First they have to load up. There are huts and cabins in a remote area in the country. We’ve got you an ID. You’ll be a member of 368 Task Force of the Army. You’re Dante Gregory. Remember it. Be it. Follow the orders of the leader, Sgt. Anderson. Once you find the pirates, kill ‘em all, then disappear. However, you know to make all of the Army soldiers unconscious. Orders from the Black General.” Peter details to Mack, who just completed a mission yesterday.

“Shit. I gotcha. Oh yea, keep live up being a White Colonel man. Then you can join the big boys as a Black Colonel.” He addresses Peter with a chuckle.

Peter backs his rolling desk chair away from his black computer screen. He rises from the chair and walks through a large room filled with desks and computers that are paired with an individual sporting the same attire. Suit and Tie. Peter walks to a red haired woman who is typing contently. She is the same woman from the bus yesterday. She doesn’t look at peter, who has sat on her desk next to the computer, but she acknowledges his presence.

“Hey Peter.” She addresses Peter with a smile.

“Tonight, The Ol’ pizza place on the South side. 7 work?” Peter confidently asks Emily about a date.

“Yea, that’s good.” She responds.

“What you searching?” Peter asks as he glances at her computer screen.

“I’m creating fake identities for agents for their assignments. On the desk, under your ass, is your identity for your assignment.” She explains.

“Nice,” Peter says after he gets off the desk and opens the folder with several papers, “I have to kill the dictator in an African country, but make it as if he had a heart attack. The General doesn’t know, that I am going to kill the entire army of the dictator. Just ‘cause I can, and I do not want another person obtain reigns and do the same shit this guy is doing.”

“Okay, but do you need to kill that badly?” Emily asks with much concern.

“Yes. Unlike my brother, my appetite for death is difficult to control. As a baest, we have to kill to stay strong and immortal. If not, we become human. one kill is ten years of extra life. At birth, we’re given fifty years to live. I’ve been alive for one-hundred twenty-three years. Now, we age differently than humans. One year for us, is five years for y’all. So, because Mack is five years older than me, in baest terms, he’s one hundred thirty-eight years old.”

Peter gladly explains these type of creatures that roam the earth that he and Mack belong to.

“Wow.. I never knew, they never told me anything about you guys or the history of you.” She explains her lack of knowledge.

“Yeah. We’re the secret of the FIS. Only higher ups know about us; WHAT we really are. The rest just believe we are amazing detectives and soldiers. But yea, were fairly close in relation to the vampire race, but—“Peter stops, he looks down at her face. A face full of concern and eagerness for more information. All that comes to his mind is the innocence of humans. “I gotta go, I’ll see you tonight.”

He walks toward the elevator door in front of Emily’s desk. He stops at the elevator door in thought. He finally turns around and faces her desk.

“Emily, my race isn’t as bad as you think. God gave us free will; we decide our productivity level and what we choose to accomplish. Some choose to kill for joy or for bloodshed and destruction. However, there are some, who use the appetite for killing for good.” Mack says. He turns around contently and enters the elevator after it opens. The doors close.

III.

The wind flows violently across Mack's face as he stands in the passenger entrance of a plane. Black. All he sees in the sky. Darkness, with a white light overcast, Full moon. He jumps fearlessly out of the plane. He pierces through the air at dangerous speeds. He pulls his hatch and descends slowly down into a dense forest. He walks straight forward after all the other task members land.

A village comprised of small wooden cabins, and a large compound. The soldiers slowly walk through the village with weapons armed and ready. They gather in the middle of the village in front of a fairly large concrete building. It is a white building with little to no windows and one metal door. Mack's stomach becomes uneasy as he assesses the situation. Sgt. Anderson stands in front of the squadron.

"They're in there, men. Lets kill these bastards and go home." He commands that is followed with a battle cry. All of the soldiers do the same. Mack does not. Mack is not a soldier of the army. Not anymore. The soldiers begin to advance toward the compound. The door is unlocked as they attempt to open it. Mack's stomach becomes increasingly uneasy. A setup? They enter the compound and slowly advance through the long corridor. They check each room in the corridor fast and clean. Mack glances at the soldiers around him and begins to reminisce.

He enlisted in the military in the mid 70's when he was physically mature enough to pass for 18. Mack begins to remember the many mates he made, but it is followed with the horrors he has seen and done. Many of those

mates he formed a friendship with, died right beside him. His closest friend, C.D. Monterey, who was from Lamont, Utah, was shot with three bullets from a rifle used by a Vietcong. He died in Mack's arms. Mack would use his powers in the war, but only when he was alone. He could not afford for the US government to discover what he was and who he was. The interrogation, torture, and experiments were too much for him and especially for his younger brother. The Vietnam War. The war officially ended three weeks after his death. He has never fully forgiven himself for not using his power in that moment. He joined in order to use his curse for good and fulfill his appetite. In the end, he visited Hell.

Mack quickly returns to reality. The compound appears to be abandoned. The squad walks down the corridor which leads into a large open room. There's torn mats on the floor. It's a martial arts gym. Mack glances down at his right foot. He lifts his leg up and reveals a small puddle of blood. He crouches down to the puddle quickly and dips his index finger in the shallow puddle. It's cold. He shoots back up to stand. He searches around as if he is looking for someone or something.

“What is it, Gregory?” A soldier adjacent to him asks.

Mack doesn't answer. He continues to assess the room. The room has seven doors connected to it that are around the room. The room is the middle of the entire compound. Suddenly, all but one of the exits has a man standing in the door way. Their pupils are blood red. They all stare at the squad of ten as if they are insects. Mack's eyes enlarge as he looks at every single man. He glances at the squadron he has lied to and realizes he does not know any of

their names. He has said a culminating fifteen words since meeting all of them two days ago. Now, they are going to be killed by a creature they cannot defeat. A creature that can only be killed by decapitation. A creature that kills to survive, to satisfy an appetite. Mack turns and finds a long katana sword on the wall. He vanishes and reappears in front of the sword. He dismounts the sword and unveils it. During this, six soldiers have suddenly collapsed. Only four men in the doorways have disappeared. The rest of the squadron begin to release their ammunition on the creatures. They all are struck with the bullets and fall to their back. Mack sees through their charade.

“RUN NOW!” Mack commands the entire squadron.

“Gregory what are you talking about? Son, no one is an enemy with seven rounds in their body.” Sgt Anderson mockingly tells Mack.

The men’s bodies begin to move; they slowly rise to their feet. The response is smiles from all of them. Sgt. Anderson’s body freezes in disbelief. His gun has fallen to his hip due to his frozen state. He is not alone; two other soldiers repeat his actions. What are they? Several of the dark men were shot in the head. A dead man rises and his body physically removes a bullet and the wound heals and seals itself up. Mack knows the fate of the squadron. He knew it since he saw the red eyes. The men unveil a small hunting knife from their pockets. All of them are daggered before they could process the magnitude of the situation. They lie on the floor lifeless. Their blood begins to pour from their wounds. The torn mats are now greatly covered in blood. Mack’s right eye begins to change color. His iris is red but the pupil is black.

His left eye's pupil is still red. He looks at the gang of baests. He deeply thinks about his options in this situation. If he kills them, then ten years is taken from his life expectancy. He only has seventy years left. A man, left of him, charges at him with the knife. Mack moves to his left in order to dodge the man's charge. As the man charges past him, Mack chops the sword down and amputates his hand. Then he quickly swings the sword up at his neck. The man's head falls off as the headless corpse begins to fall. He turns and faces the rest of the gang. His left eye has transformed into the same appearance of his right eye.

A baest's power stems from their eyes. Eyes are the gateway to one's soul. Baests have a demonic soul. Their eyes allow them to be extremely fast, teleport to anywhere they deem necessary, unmeasurable strength, greater hand-to-hand combat skills, and the ability to see through human skin. The perfect killing animal. As the eye transforms to another form, these skills increase dramatically. The FIS has acquired a large sum of research and personal accounts of these creatures. They have ranked the creatures according to their eyes. There are three stages that are documented. Mack has just entered stage 2.

Mack tightly grips the sword and disappears into thin air. He pops up throughout the entire room. Always behind one of the men. They are unable to predict his movements with their eyes. They can't follow his speed. One by one, a corpse falls without a head. Blood begins to become the new color of the room. Mack suddenly drops to a knee. He is struggling to stay in his current position. He begins to cough which reveals blood as it hits the floor. Loud foot stomps begin to resonate the air. The sound stems from the

doorway directly in front of Mack. Mack lifts his head to face the dark doorway. A dark red creature appears in the light. He has a horn on each side of his head. They are black as night as they point to the sky. His body seems to be sculpted; it is branded with numerous printings. Pentagons, and various demonic symbols, but one sits on his right chest blatantly. It is the largest one. A “M”. His legs and feet are the same complexion as his upper body.

“Mack O’Malley or shall I say Mack Kallo, of the Kallo clan. You’ve done well in humanity’s and God’s eyes, but in for your own people, you are a traitor. So is your brother. Point and blank, you had seventy years left in your life, and you still killed your own race. You’re weakening as we speak. A baest should not kill its own, hence why Satan put this little “trick” for our people in order we would stay united in the effort to overthrow the world for Hell. With that, I am tired of you and have been since you were born. I am going to kill you, personally. Losing ten years to kill you will be so worth it.” The demon expresses his disgust of Mack and his brother Peter.

The man instantly faces Mack. He tightly squeezes Mack’s cheeks as he raises his body off the floor. Mack, too fatigue and weak to defend himself, stares at the ceiling preparing for death. The man winds his hand with finger nails as sharp as a knife and plunges them through Mack’s chest and his heart consequently. “There’s another way to die,” The demon whispers to Mack, “Having one’s heart pierced, destroyed by one of the four Original Escaped Demons.” He releases his grip on Mack’s face; Mack’s corpse drops to the floor. He looks at the body without remorse. He then glances at the entire room and the massacre that had commenced.

“Well, I know the other Kallo has felt the death of his brother. It’s only a matter of time until he feels my presence on this earth. He is the only Baest that is stupid enough to attempt to defeat me. He’ll have to defeat the two other Originals.” The demon reveals as he thinks out loud. He vanishes into thin air; leaving no trace of his presence there.

IV.

The night is filled with stars but no moon. The stars are shadowed by the light of the street lights, businesses, and passing cars. The wind breeze cools the warm air. Peter, joyfully, walks beside Emily down a lit sidewalk. They pass numerous bars and fast-food joints. He glances at Emily as if something is bothering him.

“Why did you choose to work for the FIS?” He finally asks her.

“Well, the FBI higher ups recommended me for something better. They refer to you guys as the ‘Odd Investigation’” She happily explains.

“How long its been, nine months?” He asks and she nods in response, “So how have you been adjusting to this other world?”

“Awkward and frightening. I was raised catholic but stopped believing when I went away to college. At the time, I needed to see proof, physical proof. Then when I began working for the FIS; they gave me a folder that classified and named all the creatures that are on the earth. Dustmans, Witches, Vampires, Werewolves, Fallen Angels, Demons, Baests, and users of magic. The first page of the folder said, ‘Angels exists, as does Demons. Heaven and Hell are true and your choices choose which one you’ll see once you close your eyes for good.’ Also, Baests are vicious creatures. I looked at some of the files of you guys—“She reveals to Peter but stops once Peter stops walking.

“Why? Why did you look at those files?” He sternly asks her, which evaporates the fun that was once present.

“I— I’m sorry,” She responds with hesitation and guilt, “It’s just I wanted to know more about you guys. All that sheet said about you guys was ‘Kill on sight’. I wanted to understand why you, and only your race has that distinction. Also, the FIS has very easy software security.”

Peter chuckles and smiles at Emily after her statement. Peter, suddenly yells in pain. He stumbles forward and backs his back into the wall of a restaurant. He violently pulls his dress shirt’s sleeve up past his right arm’s elbow. His forearm has a bright red mark which is the shape of a “K”. It is fluctuating from black to red. Emily, frozen by the quickness of the recent events, stares at his arm.

“What’s happening Peter? W-What the hell is that on your arm?” Emily asks but is met with no answer.

“Shit!” Peter yells in frustration, “He’s free. God no..”

“Wait, who? What are you talking about? Do I need to call the FIS?” she asks with great concern and fear.

“Emily, I need you to listen to me. A millennium ago, there were four demons who escaped Hell. Satan, angered at their treason at first, but saw opportunity in it. He knew they were the path to Hell on Earth. Thus, he gave them certain abilities and a curse to make sure it will be possible. That curse being the reason why we must kill to survive. One of the demons has been freed, Moralu. I don’t know why or who did this extremely foolish thing. Nonetheless, he has to be sealed back up or Earth will see the apocalypse. I have to go to Africa, Now. Stay here, this is my fight.” Peter explains the background of his people.

“No! No fuck that. I’m coming with you.” She snaps back.

“It’s not an option. You may know the words on the paper, but you have no idea of the horrors that are not documented.” He explains in order to change her mind.

“I’m coming with you.” She states.

“Okay, jus— Just don’t involve the FIS. The best rule that was put in place by Mack was that Baest issues were to be handled mostly by Baests.” Peter says.

Emily looks at Peter with confusion from his statement; she redirects her attention to assist Peter to his feet. They begin to walk in the opposite direction that they were originally walking. Peter slowly relinquishes her care as he begins to walk normally. They reach his car, a dark blue sports car. They quickly enter the car. Peter starts the car and drives away from the curb.

“There’s a lot to explain to you. There are many secrets in the FIS. For instance, ‘The Federal Investigation of the Supernatural’ was named by Mack.” Peter briefly reveals.

“Say what!” Emily exclaims in shock, “That means Mack was one of the founders of this? Then why isn’t he one of the members of the executive council?” She asks in order to understand these revealed secrets.

“I told you we are immortal. Now, he is not because he really controls the entire system in the shadows. All of us do, but Mack is the primary controller. Also, the members of the executive council don’t kill, they just give orders and assess budget and shit. We need to kill; so he decided to just be an agent.” Peter explains with emphasis on the real leaders.

Emily sits back as she processes all of the information that has been presented to her. Information that is crumbling the information she thought

was facts. There are multiple baests who work at the FIS. Damien, Aaron, Athena, A.C., Mike, Tyrese, Peter, Mack. She begins to realize that every single mission they received were selected by another Baest. A secret from of bureaucracy.

The car slowly stops next to the curb in front of his house. An extremely clean, fairly large cottage-type house faces his car. The two exit the car and enter the house. The house is neat, but has a sense of lonlieness. Only Peter lives there, but there house is furnished as if an entire family lives there. Peter runs upstairs after walking into the house. Emily, noticing he didn't close the front door, closes it. The house is dark until Emily flips a switch on the wall. The living room is lit by dim overhead lights. She glances at the wall. The wall behind the large TV has numerous newspaper articles cut out and framed. The newspapers are old, which are evident by the dates of the articles. "Nine found gruesomely murdered in the Woods. Killer at Large. April 9th, 1959" Emily, after reading the title, begins to mental math. She realizes that Peter killed these people when he was fourteen years old, in Baest years. Seventy-four in human.

Peter rushes down the stairs with two packed suitcases. He notices Emily looking at the newspaper articles. He drops the bags and hangs his head. Emily, distraught, stares at Peter but only seeing a monster.

"Were they bad people?" Emily asks in order to reassure her that Peter is of a good heart.

Peter sighs as he glances at Emily. "No, not all. I don't truly know, to be honest. When I was young, all me and Mack could do was kill. We killed to

get food, clothes, and survive. I, unlike Mack, have a disastrous appetite. After jumping from orphanages for the better part of a quarter-century, I ran and began a dissent into madness. I know you won't forgive me. No one has a past like mine. I killed nearly two hundred fifty people from the late fifties to the late seventies. I was recruited to work for the FIS and use my power for good. Mack saved me from myself. I hang both my horrific past with my current deeds on the wall. I want to do so much good so that it out weights my past."

"Your real fight is against yourself." Emily responds to his heartfelt explanation.

"Well, I'm flying to Africa. You can follow through with your statement back on the south side, but I'm alright if you don't." Peter gives Emily the option again silently wanting her to follow her statement.

She slowly walks up to him, whose head is fixed on the floor. She lifts his head to see his eyes of sorrow. She tenderly holds his face and kisses him. Peter immediately kisses her back. Peter walks her into a wall and the two continuously passionately kiss. Peter grabs her and lifts her off the ground. She wraps her legs around his waist. In an instant, the two are upstairs in Peter's bedroom. He falls softly on top of her on his bed. Peter experiences a feeling he has felt in his heart before. Is this lust or actual Love?

V.

The two awaken naked under the covers of the bed. Peter stares at Emily, who does the same with a large smile. There are no words, just the enjoyment of another person's presence fills the atmosphere. At a time, all of the worries seem to float away in each other's eyes. Peter crashes back to reality as his eyes enlarge. He jumps out of the bed and quickly dresses himself.

"We gotta go. Damien hooked me up with a plane to Somalia, but the offer drops at ten in the morning, its thirty minutes past eight. The plane is in central Pennsylvania, which is two hours away. We gotta go. Cmon girl, up and ready." Peter explains in a rush which results in Emily following his directions.

The two leave the house quickly with the two suitcases that Peter packed. They enter the car and speed off onto the street. The sun beams down through the windshield into their eyes. It's quite warm, but not hot. Peter pulls down the windows.

"So why are we going to Africa? I don't understand." Emily asks which breaks the short time of silence.

“Okay. There are four demons who escaped Hell. The Original Escaped Demons. They created the rest of the entire race. They are actually brothers, ironically. Moralu, Kallo, Suta, and Trex. As I said before, they appeared on Earth a millennium ago. They expanded their army by the only way to turn someone into a Baest. They wanted numbers, so they turned dead people. There are more dead people than those living. So its ingenious. They gave dead corpses the blood in their veins. The found out that humans who have recently died are endowed with their powers but not the same caliber. Corpses that have been dead for a while, just are mindless zombies. They, with their newly formed armies, caused nearly all of the worst events in the first five hundred years. In that time, some of the baests began disliking what they were doing. Somehow they developed a conscious. I don't know how. They began influencing many of their brethren to follow suit. This caused a great war that lasted a century.”

“Holy shit. Wow, have you turned any corpse?” She eagerly asks.

“Yes, like three. They are dead. Anyway, to fully answer your first question. In that war, the three, Trex, Moralu, and Suta were over thrown and sealed away. They sealed them away in the three of the four corners of Africa: West Sahara, Somalia, and South Africa. Kallo who lead the side of the conscious baests was killed by Moralu. That is why we're going to Africa, specifically Somalia.” Peter finally explains the reason for this plane flight.

Peter, after speeding past cars discretly and dodging police, turns off the highway into a dirt road. He drives the car slowly on the dirt road. The road leads to an open field with a small black jet plane patiently waiting. The two

exit the car quickly and approach the plane. A dark man patiently waits in front of the plane. He is casually dressed but appears to be the same physical age as Mack.

“Damien. Thanks man. I owe you, forreal.” Peter acknowledges Damien.

“Yea I gotcha Pete. So you felt his presence too?” Damien asks.

“Yea D. Moralu is back. It’s only a matter of time before he releases his brothers. At the same time, I gotta find Mack. My overactive mind is scaring me.”

“Me and your bro go back. Knowing him, he’s aight. Hurt, but aight.”

Damien responds trying to reassure Peter.

Peter slaps his hand before he leads Emily to the plane. Damien boards the plane also. The back of the plane has multiple parachutes on the walls of the plane. Beneath the parachutes is a long bench on each side. Damien ignites the plane and starts the process to ascend into the air. Peter straps on Emily’s parachute very tightly. He gives her a passionate kiss then proceeds to strap his own parachute. The plane ascends into the air and bursts through the air. The time frame of a flight to Africa is over fifteen hours.

Seconds turn into minutes, minutes turn into hours. Time progresses faster than expected. Emily decides to sleep through most of the duration. Peter, on the other hand, remains awake. Nearly an entire day to his thoughts.

Suddenly a red light flashes. The flashes consequently awakens Emily. She

awakens confused to the light. The floor of the jet begins to slide away from the two. Just the sight of distant ground beneath them.

“It’s time to drop.” Peter says.

Emily hesitantly drops down first. Peter, quickly follows. They pierce through the air at unmeasurable speeds. Emily flails in fear as she falls. Peter positions his body in a straight line pointed toward Emily as if he was a torpedo. He reaches her level. He emphatically points to his level as a way to tell her to pull it. She pulls it immediately and her parachute shoots out, which slows her descent. Peter does the same once assured of her safety. The two quickly descent down toward a rocky canyon. Peter notices a large white compound on his left side. It quickly moving away from him as he approaches the canyon. Emily lands hard and tumbles to the rocky terrain as she dragged by the parachute. The parachute comes to an end gradually. Peter, who landed like a professional, rushes to her aid still linked to the parachute. He removes the parachute off of her head. He holds his index finger to his lips in order to keep her quiet and calm.

“Gotta be quiet. There’s a compound like four-hundred feet west. Take my hand and we’ll rush there.” Peter whispers.

Emily takes his hand. Before she could take a breath, they are in the middle of the village facing the compound. Peter begins to walk toward the compound, which front door has been left open. Emily follows him. They walk down the corridors which lead them to the massacre. Emily steps back, disgusted by the sight of this. Peter walks over corpses, but abruptly stops.

He drops to his knees in front of Mack's corpse which has a thorough hole in his chest. He drops his head with morose. Tears begin to flow down his face. They fall onto Mack's blood dried clothes. His heart sinks lower than the depths of Hell. His sorrow turns into anger, Dangerous, blinding rage. He rises to his feet and callously flips a headless corpse to its back. He rips open the shirt on the corpse. A "M" is on his right chest.

"Moralu is free. That fucking son of a bitch did this. He killed Mack. I am ripping his head off with my hands!" Peter announces in a state of rage.

Emily stares at Peter with great sympathy. She knows she can never understand what he is feeling, but is still hurting for him. Peter lifts Mack's corpse off the floor and flashes outside of the compound. Emily is left alone. She sprints out of the room through the corridors which lead back to the front door. She walks out to the sight of Peter bury his deceased brother. A man he has looked up to since the late 19th century. A man who save him from his own and the country's destruction. Peter stands above the unmarked grave he dug and buried. Emily slowly walks up beside him. Peter's head falls into Emily's chest with tears in his eyes. Emily, who is slightly shorter than him, holds his head tightly to her chest. She earns for his pain to be relieved. She hopes that her holding him can lessen the pain. Even if it is slightly, it will create a sense of fulfillment for Emily.

"I will not let anything bad happen to you. I promise you Emily." Peter claims.

Emily does not respond. She just continues to caress a monster who is in pain.

VI.

Emily suddenly awakens to the scenery of a moving background. She is in the back of a pickup truck. Peter sits beside her observing the landscape that is surrounding them. He finally notices that she is awake and smiles at her.

“Stay calm, we’re getting a ride. The driver is an old, OLD family friend. He is of the Trex clan. Sadly, he told me he will die in a year or so. He gave up killing about thirty years ago. He got tired of the bloodshed. He just wanted to be a good man without the blood of others on his hands. He always told me this when I was young, ‘He who has done Evil, Expects Evil.’ It’s an African proverb. It’s absolutely true.” Peter calmly speaks as his mind drifts.

Moralu is reanimated directly on the dirt road that the truck is driving on. As the truck continues toward him without any signs of stopping. Moralu punches down on the hood of the truck, which causes the trunk to lift off the ground. Emily flies off the truck bed and falls on her head. The trunk drops back down with Peter still in it. He’s unscathed from the attack. Peter hops off the trunk. He quickly walks toward the driver’s door. Peter checks his

pulse. Nothing. Peter turns his head toward Moralu. His eyes transform. The pupil and iris become black. His eyes are a pit of darkness.

Peter, with blinding rage, charges at Moralu. He explodes an insurmountable amount of punches and kicks. Moralu blocks and dodges most of them.

However, those attacks do make contact. Moralu counters a punch by Peter, which causes Peter to fall to one knee. Moralu tightly holds his head. Peter, with quick thinking, violently jams his two fingers into Moralu's left eye. It destroyed the retina and nerves that are attached. He blinded Moralu in his left eye. Moralu steps back in pain as he holds it. Blood begins to stream down from that eye. Baest can heal any part of their body, except the eyes. The eyes is the source of their power.

Peter rushes away from him to Emily, who regained consciousness. He slowly helps her to a sitting position. They both look at Moralu, who stares back in great anger.

“Fool. You should have killed me when you were presented the chance. Now you must fight two.” Moralu announces as he begins to close his right eye and concentrates. “Ladies, Gentlemen, my children. My descendants. The time has come, the same time that some of you thought was legend. Its real. It is time to rule this Earth.” Moralu yells openly.

“What is he doing?” Emily asks.

“He's calling every single Moralu on this planet. There's fucking a lot.”

Peter answers Emily.

“There is a Kallo. Yes, the last one. He is trying to stop us from taking what is rightfully ours. He’s accompany with a human woman. Kill them on sight, but revive the girl. Add a new family member.” Moralu adds to his announcement.

Moralu stops speaking and vanishes. Then men and women begin to appear as if they were groundhogs popping from the ground. He rises to his feet. They all are wielding a sharp weapon. The open field now is filled with fifteen baest with violent intent. Peter knows if he can dodge their attacks and obtain a weapon. He’ll win. Then he realizes he only has one hundred years left. There will be more to battle. Emily stares at this battle that Peter is about to enter. One by one, they attempt to attack Peter. He effortlessly dodges and redirects their attacks. He finally dodges an attack and obtains a machete that was wielded by an old woman. The battle ended before it began. Peter in a flash amputates all of their feet. These baest are stage 1 while Peter is stage 3. Peter suddenly appears over Emily. He helps Emily to her feet. They vanish. The baests scream in pain on the floor. They grab their amputated feet and matches them with their ankles. The feet slowly reassembles. The baests look at each other in confusion and shock.

“What kind of power does that Kallo have? His eyes.. I haven’t not seen those type of eyes since the very first people were turned by the Originals.” An elder woman speaks.

VII.

Peter and Emily reappear in the open grasslands. Several tall, skinny men walk slowly toward them. Peter turns toward them and greets them with a large smile. Emily looks at them with confusion and fear. She looks at Peter's face for confirmation. Her feelings ease once she notices his smile. Peter walks toward the men. He begins to speak to them in their native language of Maa. Emily attempts to follow their conversation by observing their body language. The African men Peter is chatting with men who are dressed in bright red robes. Their faces are painted with white tribal markings. Most of the men have long braided hair. Periodically Peter points at Emily, which is followed by laughter by the men. Peter quickly walks back to Emily's position.

“Okay. They're going to kill us.”

“Wait why!” Emily yells as she begins to enter flight mode.

“I'm playing. Nah, we're going to stay with the Maasai people for a little bit. I know this specific tribe. They know of baest. They harbored me when I fled the US in the early seventies.” Peter reassures her after tricking her with a joke.

Peter leads her to the group of men. He introduces her to them. Emily hesitates but tries to communicate with them. “Hello, I am Em-ily. I am not a bae-st..” The men look at each other a little confused. Peter dropped his head into his hands with great embarrassment. “We can speak English.” One of the men interjects with a large smile. Everyone begins to laugh at her ignorance. “Yup, so shall we?” Peter rhetorically asks to end this moment.

They walk through the grasslands. Emily observes the entire beautiful landscape. As they progress through the land, a large herd of Zebra and Wildebeest roam freely. She has only seen these animals on TV or at the zoo. Those two presentations of these wild animals does not compare to this sight. Baby Zebra and Wildebeest playfully fight each other and run through the herd. Peter notices her shocked and joy filled expression. He smiles as they continue to follow the Maasai warriors. Eventually the men stop after arriving at a location in the grasslands with several huts lined up in a circle. They’re semi-nomadic people. Cattle freely roam the living area.

“Uhh..” Peter begins attempting to reveal bad news, “The Maasai people get all they need from the cattle. So we’re having cattle for tonight. Also, they don’t cook it.”

“Wait, what!” Emily asks in great surprise.

Day becomes night. Emily spends her time talking to mothers as they prepare the food. Her mind expands farther than it has ever been. She is witnessing and learning about a country, a continent, and an ethnicity that are only speculated by a few Americans. All she knew of Kenya was the

animals that she has seen on TV. In less than a day, she has learned more about Kenya and Africa than she did during her entire schooling. Eventually the mothers finish their preparation. It is time to feast and celebrate. Several Maasai warriors and Peter killed an Ox for this feast.

Stars bright the dark sky. Emily sees a natural lit night by the stars. The entire tribe sit in a circle around a small fire. They all consume the fairly slightly raw Ox meat and cattle blood. Emily embraces their dietary customs. Her stomach becomes increasingly uneasy. She rises to her feet and leaves the circle. The tribe continues to sing emphatically. Peter follows her. Emily leans on one of their huts and vomits. Emily, after vomiting, has multiple questions and thoughts rush to her head. All of which, lead back to the same question. Am I pregnant? Peter finally reaches her.

“Are you okay, Em?” Peter asks.

“Yea. The blood didn’t sit well with me,” She half-heartedly answers.

“Hmm.. Well, we gotta leave at the crack of dawn. We’re going to Western Sahara. Suta is sealed there. Be ready for that voyage. But it’s going to be alright, okay?” Peter details the upcoming plans.

“Yea, okay.” She responds with a fake smile.

VIII.

Peter stands outside of a hut that faces the entire village. It's as if that hut is the middle of the entire community. Emily slowly walks out of the tent she was staying in. Peter thought it would be a good idea to give each other a small break by staying in separate huts. Emily immediately notices changes in her body. She vomited again and awoke with fatigue but craving for food, a chocolate fudge sundae, specifically. Emily does not want to add to Peter's already full mind. She decides to keep it to herself for the time being. Peter walks up to her happily. He softly takes her hand and smiles. The two teleport to the deserts of West Sahara. Peter begins to breathe heavily as he attempts to regain his stamina.

“Teleporting... across... a.. Continent... requires a lot of stamina and power.
“Peter says in between every deep breath.

Emily looks past a slightly tired Peter and notices a large hole in the middle of the desert. She points at it, which draws Peter's attention. They sprint to the hole. Peter looks down and realizes it is a large, manmade cave.

“Moralu is down there. So is Suta. I can feel their presence.” Peter says.
Peter jumps down into the hole without warning Emily. Emily, unexpectantly, follows him into darkness. She lands but cannot see anything. She quickly digs into her pocket and unveils her cellphone. She turns it on and uses its flashlight app. She flashes it around and Peter standing patiently,

looking at Emily is brought to the light. He nods and continues to walk slowly through the cave. The cave begins to become lit increasingly as they walk closer to the end of the pathway. The pathway leads to an open area. Moralu stands in front of a metal coffin with biblical type inscriptions on it and chains also around it. Emily looks to her right in search of Peter. Peter is nowhere to be found. Suddenly he reappears on the opposite side of the coffin facing Moralu. His irises and pupils as black as the cave he just traveled through.

Moralu looks at him with a snob expression. He tilts his head at the entrance where Emily stands. He quickly turns his head. A dark haired, young woman stabs Emily in her back with a small dagger. Peter cannot move. He is paralyzed. Is this fear? A feeling he has not felt for nearly a century. Emily collapses to her side, lifeless. Peter flashes to her position. The murderer still hovers over Emily. Peter, in the midst of rage, decapitates the woman with the machete he obtain previously. He has been carrying it on his hip since then. He kneels beside her and tightly squeezes her corpse against his body. Emily's blood masks his hands. Peter quickly thinks and reaches the decision. Turn her, now! Peter uses the machete to slice open his right forearm. Blood profusely flows from the cut. He holds the cut over Emily's open mouth.

Moralu begins to chant random sounds. It does not resemble any language on Earth. The chains unlock themselves and they drop to the floor of the cave. The coffin lid is shattered into pieces. A skull with horns as large as a bull rises from the open coffin. Once air reaches his skeleton, tissues, muscles, eyes, organs, and skin grow at supersonic speed.

“Welcome brother. The time has come for us to continue where we left off a thousand years ago.” Moralu explains.

Peter lays Emily down before rising to his feet. He slowly walks into the open area where two of the Original Escaped Demons stand. Emily jolts awake, heavily breathing as if she was shocked with an AED. Her pupils are bright red. It work.

“How am I alive? Is the baby still alive? Did he turn me?” Emily asks in her thoughts as she tries to understand everything that has occurred.

Suta and Moralu stand in front of Peter expressing arrogance in their stance. Suta chuckles, “You must have done something fun to anger this one.”

“Yea. I killed his older brother, Mack Kallo. He’s the only Kallo left. Well, the last true Kallo. That girl just got turned, so she does not count.” Moralu explains to Suta.

Peter turns his back toward Emily and realizes that she is alive. He returns his head to face the Originals.

“Those eyes. They remind me of Kallo himself. He is definitely the direct descendant of Kallo. Well, we get a chance to finally end this clan.” Suta addresses Peter.

Moralu and Peter disappear and reappear all over the open area. Emily actually begins to see the two when they reappear for a second. Her eyes have given her passage into a speed that is unthinkable for humans. She re-directs her attention back to Suta. Suta, who has not stopped staring at her, crosses his arms waiting. Suddenly Moralu reappears in the middle of Emily and Suta. His body drops to the ground, but his head falls off simultaneously. Peter reappears behind Emily breathing deeply. The sclera of his eyes is as black as Hell. His irises are bright red. This transformation is not documented in the FIS. It has never been seen before. This is Stage 4. Peter dusts off his clothes, which are nearly torn off his body.

“Ima use every single year I have to kill you and Trex. During the fight, Moralu said something to me. He said you and a Fallen Angel massacred my entire family to prevent what is happening now. Well, what you feared most is right before your eyes. ‘Kallo, We Fight.’” Peter promises Suta.

“While we play this game of cat and mouse,” Suta begins after his slight smirk disappears, “My, Moralu’s, and Trex’s clan are searching for Trex’s coffin in South Africa as we speak. They probably have released him already. Now, he is more uncontrollable and ruthless than any of us. So—“ Suta reveals but is disrupted by a long cylinder piece of rock pierces through his heart. Suta, in great shock, turns around to face Emily. Emily immediately crouches down to her knees. In an instant, Peter swings his machete blade through his neck. Cut his head clean off. Peter stands over the headless corpse with his eyes. The eyes deform back into his regular color. Peter stumbles back; he drops down to his knee with his hands covering his eyes. Emily rushes to his side. Peter drops unconsciously.

IX.

Peter bursts up from his bed. He looks around the room and quickly realizes he is in his bedroom. He's in his house outside of Philadelphia. How? Peter gets out of his bed and grabs random clothes on the floor and dresses himself in a hurry. He runs out of the bedroom into the hallway. As he runs, the smell of pancakes and sausage links fill the air. He runs downstairs and finds Emily cooking. She's cooking as if it is a Sunday morning in a normal family home.

“What are we doing back in my house? How did we get back to Philly?” Peter asks with great confusion.

“Honey, relax. Sit on the couch.” Emily gives Peter directions. Peter reluctantly follows her directions. He sits down and the TV flips on suddenly. An old man with white hair is shown on the TV. He is wearing a full black suit. He slightly smirks at Peter. Peter recognizes the man.

“Morning Agent O'Malley. It's okay. Emily filled us in on this matter. I know why you took this dangerous, and world concern by yourself, but FIS could have provided superb backup. Now, I am extremely sorry for your loss

regarding Mack. He was an astonishing gentleman. One of the largest hearts any person can have, human or non-human. This situation has grown as much as it needs to be. I have resurrected the all-baest task force to handle Trex. You are no longer involved, understand Black Colonel?" The man demands Peter.

"Yes Sir." Peter says as he turns off the TV without formally ending the conversation. Emily walks from the kitchen to Peter hanging his head. She sits on his lap and passionately kisses him. Peter looks at Emily's smile then looks away a little frustrated. He plays with his fingers, slightly.

"When were you going to tell me?" Peter asks.

"..I didn't know how to tell you. How long have you known?" Emily responds as lifts off his lap.

"Since I turned you. When I held your lifeless body, I felt an heart beat that wasn't yours. That's when I realized you were pregnant. That's why I had to turn you. Now, anytime was a good time, to tell me Emily, Dammit." Peter responds attempting to stay calm.

"What? You do not want this child?" Emily snaps as she begins to tear up.

"No. I want that child. It's just, I put you and our future child in danger. I almost destroyed my first chance a creating a family. If anything happened

to you or the child, I could never live with myself.” Peter explains his concerns to Emily.

“Peter,” Emily addresses as she walks up to him, “You are going to be a great father.”

X.

Emily stumbles into the living room. Peter, who is contently watching TV, jumps off the couch to help her. “Shit, you have to kill. That weakness, craving, slowness. It is all coming from lack the death. You’re gonna have to kill someone soon.” Peter provides the reason for Emily’s recent symptoms. She slowly nods and tries to ultimately accept her new life. Peter reaches in the back of his pants and pulls out a black handgun. He places it into her hand. The handgun has a small posted note attached to it. Emily reads the note. 1431 East Carroll Avenue.

“They’ve been running heroin outta that place for several months now. The police can’t find nothing because they have to follow the law and obtain warrants. We don’t gotta do that, luckily. Also luckily, tonight is their last shipment for the month of October. We gotta hit now. Cmon.” Peter explains the path for Emily to kill her first several individuals.

The two, dressed in dark pants, shoes, jacket, and ski masks run through the back alley of rowhomes. The darkness of the night is their cover. Peter jumps a fence surrounding a small backyard with a small car with no tires. Peter breaks the lock off the garage effortlessly. Peter pulls the garage door up. Emily reanimates in the opening of the garage pointing the handgun. The garage has two rows of tables. Each table has the same setup of a scale, a kilo of heroin, and white zip lock bags. All of the workers at the table, once realizing that their location has been compromise, unveil their guns. Emily shoots each men with incredible precision. Eight bullets, eight dead bodies. Peter walks up beside her as she tightly grips the gun and her hand shakes uncontrollably.

“I’m proud of you, but we must leave now. Cmon.” Peter commands.

They sprint away from the scene. Through the alley into a main street. It is not populated because it is 2am. A black luxury sedan stops in front of them. The two quickly enter the vehicle. They remove their masks. The car drives away from the area.

“Now there is a police car to arrive at the scene. The two officers are members of the FIS. Just so we can have a foot in everything we need to know. They basically make the scene look like it is a drug-turf war. They basically remove all of the evidence that can be related back to us. To the police, they think that crime is eliminating itself.” Peter explains how baest in the FIS acquire their kills without being assigned to missions.

“Alright. So I have to kill forever?” Emily ask softly.

“No, only if you can deal with the fatigue, cravings, and physiologically hell for five years, then you can stop and live normally.” Peter fully explains how baest die naturally.

The car abruptly stops. Peter and Emily jolt forward, then back into their seats. A man who has the same build and complexion as Moralu and Suta stands firmly in front of the sedan.

“Kallo, get out of the car right now!” He demands.

Peter glances at Emily before exiting the car. He slowly walks to the front of the car. He maintains eye contact with him. “You killed my brothers. More importantly, you’re ancestors just because he killed Micky or Martin..” Trex addresses as he attempts to recalls Mack’s name.

“Mack. His name was Mack Kallo. A better man than any baest.” Peter responds with great anger.

“Well, I’m here to finish this like I did to those sorry excuse for baests. Not here, no no. We’re going down,” Trex states.

Trex stomps his foot twice and the two vanish into thin air. Emily and the driver look around in fear. The driver turns up the police monitor on the dashboard. “... Suspects are traveling in a black sedan with a Caucasian driver.” Peter resurfaces on the street next to the side of the car. The two exit the car to help Peter. A disastrous hole is what his lower abdomen consists

of now. They kneel to his side as he coughs up splatters of blood. The driver's phone rings, which causes him to answer it immediately.

“Where did you guys go? What happened? Y—You're gonna heal right?” Emily asks him.

“Not—Not this time girl. The fight in Hell... I killed Trex but the damage received...” Peter attempts to explain before he drifts into the afterlife.

“Peter? Peter! Cmon baby, wake up! You can't die, you promised you would protect me and your child dammit.” Emily yells with great sorrow.

“Go! The actual police are coming this way. The cleanup crew never made it to the scene. I don't know what the fuck is going on. Run! I'll take the fall, Go!” The driver yells as police sirens increase in volume.

Emily sprints away as fast she can. She flashes to an alley and falls down with her back against a brick wall. She begins to bawl her eyes out in silence. A neatly dress young man walks up to her. He crouches down to her level. Emily looks up at the man.

“The Lord has watched you and is pleased with your heart and soul. He wants to give you an opportunity that Mack, Peter, and all descendants of Demons never had, a normal life. Stay away from the FIS. Only darkness comes from them.” The Angel softly explains to Emily, “Don't worry, Peter and Mack are in purgatory to purge the demonic essence from their souls. They will go to heaven. They will be at peace.”

Emily looks at the man with unspeakable gratefulness. The man fades slowly from her vision. Emily feels the cravings, fatigue, and thirst lifted from her. She does the trinity sign directly after this occurs.

XI.

Emily slowly unpacks all of her items into Peter's house. Her stomach has enlarge greatly. She begins to remove all of the negative and horrific newspaper articles from the wall. She takes a diploma off the wall. "University of Pennsylvania, May 14th 2005" it reads. She quickly realizes that he graduated the same year she graduated from Brown University. She returns to unpacking her things and pink baby toys.

Emily left the FIS two days after everything transpired. She found a job as an ATF Intel agent. It is not as financially well as the FIS, but the danger and evil level is tremendously lower. She is content with her profession. The FIS ceremonially buried and awarded Peter and Mack the Medal of Honor. The highest distinction anybody in the FIS can receive. Then six months later, on June 17th, 2009, Charlotte G. O'Malley was born. A beautiful baby girl born without a father. Only connection she will have will be her mother's recollection of him, which will be absent of what he was.

