

Devils Fall
Book One
of
The Devils Curse Novels

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The Devils Curse Novels
Book One: Devils Fall
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Chapter One

Sixteen Candles

I grabbed Samael's hand. Running down the hall I dragged him towards the attic, where we used to sneak to play games when we were little. It was our hide away from fathers overbearing rules such as, "Do not touch the "ouija" or the "evil book"."

"What is this all about, Lucy?" He asked curiously.

I turned towards Sam with a finger over my lips, silencing him so we wouldn't be heard. Once we climbed up the creaky steps to the dark attic where the cobwebs hung, I pulled Samael through the door and quickly shut it behind us. He turned with his hands up in the air.

"Can I talk now?" He whispered harshly, a grin spreading across his face. He knew what day it was.

"Yes, as long as you don't disagree!" I shrieked with excitement. I bounced my way over towards the chest that had all of our old goodies we had found around the realm that the new comers had dropped on their way through. Dropping to my knees in front of the chest, I pulled out an iridescent glass ball from the chest. Turning to lean my back against the chest, I tried waving my hand over it to see them but nothing appeared. I wasn't strong enough yet.

I pouted looking up at Sam. I held the ball up for him to take. He grabbed it and spun to sit down next to me on the old creaky floor. He smiled at me knowing exactly what I wanted him to do.

"Does this count as a birthday present if I do it for you? Because I totally forgot." He teased.

"Yeah, just do it!" I laughed shoving him.

I shook unable to contain my excitement.

He swirled his hand over the ball while he chanted. He looked like the most graceful demon you could ever lay your eyes on. His brown eyes glowed like topaz while he pulled from the darkness to create the image into the glass ball.

"Close your eyes." He whispered, gently placing the glass ball into my hands.

"But then I can't see them!" I whined.

He laughed forcing my eyes closed. Once the ball was in my hands the heat warmed my veins striking up hope and love and everything they felt.

"Open up," Sam said softly. He knew every year that this was the one thing I would force him to do.

I opened my eyes, the images flowed through the ball. Spring flowers, green fields, children laughing, men and women in love, people learning, people dancing.

Mortals.

"Happy Birthday Lucy," He whispered. I peeked up at Sam, my face glowing from the light of the glass ball. I leaned forward kissing him on the cheek.

"I love you, Sammy." I said smiling.

He laughed, swirling his hand over the ball, changing its image.

"It's the mortals messin' with your mind." He joked. He knew I did truly love him the most.

"So, what's your daddy got planned for you today?" Sam asked lazily.

I peered into the ball wishing I could just swim through the ball and appear in their

realm.

“Who knows, last year he had business in Purgatory to tend to so maybe this year will be the same.” I sighed.

He shrugged leaning back against the chest. He reached behind him pulling out an old dusty grimoire. Its cover was a deep brown leather that had a golden symbol of a star engraved into the front of it.

“Want to resurrect some souls to keep him busy for today?” He snickered flicking through the grimoire reading each one of the spells and what would happen if they were resurrected. He had always held onto that book and would sneak into the attic to summon souls to keep Father busy when we wanted to play, instead of do our studies.

“No. They were talking about cooking up some Eurynomos for supper..” I smirked waiting for Sams response. Sam peeked up at me from under his dark lashes. He had slouched further down on the floor, leaning his head on his hand.

“Yummy.” He gagged. “A little flesh on top of flesh for Supper.”

I smiled at him while I still watched the glass ball of wonders change images.

“You could poof me a cake, ya know.” I winked.

Sam stretched out on the dusty floor, looking up at me like he was just too exhausted.

“If you remember right, I did that two years ago and it was a fail because I ended up inside of the cake, Luce.” Sam reminded me.

I shrugged. “Maybe you’ve gotten better, a cake is a cake to me.” I joked.

He shook his head, raising his hands to silence me. He spoke in the one language he was fluent in. Sarcasm.

“Honey, I’m already the greatest.”

I couldn’t help but crack up laughing at his obnoxious amount of confidence.

“Luuuuccyyyy!” I heard a shrill from afar. I was being summoned by the Fates. They always remembered my birthday and gave me a free “cutting of the thread” as a gift. I leaned back laying my head on the opening of the chest behind me. “Happen to have an invisibility spell in there anywhere?” I groaned, letting out a frustrated sigh.

Sam squinted at me, he told me “Nope.”

He was confident but not enough to try to keep me from the Moirai’s birthday present. I handed him the beautiful glass orb before I stood up from the attic floor.

“Welp, the festivities have begun. You gonna come watch me pick a thread to cut?” I grinned at him, dusting off my black dress. I held out a hand to pull him up.

“I’ve gotta wait behind this time Lucy. I have a couple of things I have to do today and they can’t wait.” He gave me a lopsided smile.

“Fine..” I pouted, sashaying back and forth towards the attic door. “But you’re missin’ a lotta fun Sammy. This one might even scream a little.” I glanced back at him teasingly.

I took a few steps down the ladder that led out of the attic. Sam was grinning from ear to ear.

“Just make sure they don’t pull you in with.” Sam teased.

I rolled my eyes, peeking up over the ladder at him. He was standing there looking at me with that lopsided grin that he gives so well.

“Awe, would you miss me?” I teased.

“Nah, I’m just thinking about those poor shrieking souls and how much torture you’d cause them by your constant yapping.” He shook his head, his grin growing wider.

I glared at him, sticking my tongue out.

Placing my legs on the sides of the ladder and sliding down rather than taking the time and effort to walk down. I hopped off the ladder and turned bumping into Melanie. My

sister and daddy's favored immortal daughter. She'd only been an immortal for the past two years. She turned immortal around the same time she turned into a snarky bitch.

"What were you doing up there?" She said through gritted teeth, "Were you up there with Sam again!?" She growled.

I shrugged, as I watched her expression change into its complete bitch form. She stood with her hands on her hips glaring at me like she was some mother figure.

"Hells to the yeah!" I mocked her while I walked backward towards the basement door. Mel stood with her arms folded. Her eyes were flaring red at me.

She had a little thing for Samael but he hadn't ever returned the interest. Sam would turn eighteen seven months from now. I was turning sixteen today, but I always worry that once he turns immortal he'll lose interest in hanging out with me like she did. Once you turn immortal, you became Hell's little puppet running errands for father leaving no time for fun and games.

I turned to walk down the stairway to the basement when I heard the Fates screech my name again. I circled down towards where the Fates did their business. They were basically my version of a mortals old grandma. A little off their rockers, but, I love them as they are. I walked down and could smell something boiling.

Lachesis was stirring the pot. It was her turn with their one eye that they shared between the three of them. I never understood why father couldn't give them at least two more eyes so they wouldn't get lost. There was a certain insecurity at the thought of peoples fate relying on three old women who shared one eye.

"Sweetie!!!" Lachesis shrieked when she noticed me. Klotho and Atropos ran over towards Lachesis trying to take the eye so they could see me.

"Hey!" I said watching them all fight over the eye.

"Give it to me you old hag!" Atropos screeched scratching at Lachesis.

The eye made a "plop" noise falling into the pot. They all gasped when they heard the noise. They were unable to see where the eye was in the pot. I sighed deeply, watching them attempt to find the eye with a spoon. They yelled at each other like a bunch of old hens.

"Here, Here," I said shoosing them away. "I'll get it out.." I groaned. Grabbing the spoon I began to scoop for the eyeball as it floated around in the boiling water. When I found it, I tossed the eyeball at Klotho. Surprisingly, she caught it and rubbed it on her black cloak before she popped it in. Atropos and Lachesis both muttered about why I had chosen her. I didn't really care at this point, who had the damn eye.

"You're getting so beautiful, sweetheart! Don't you two think so?" Klotho shrilled at Lachesis and Atropos. They're wrinkly jaws tightened, looking annoyed.

"How are we supposed to know, we're blind!" Atropos voice sounded like she had spent too much time in the boiler room breathing in the smoke from all of the ashes.

"So! Do I get my yearly thread cutting?" I giggled, trying to remind them of my special day.

"Of course, honey!" She shrieked. "We were just in the middle of stirring the pot of threads. Just reach in and pick out a troubled soul!"

I walked up to the boiling pot. Flashes of lives swirled in a circle like iridescent threads inside the pot. I didn't want to see whose life I was ending, closing my eyes I reached in and grabbed a thread. Pulling it out it was like touching a long piece of slimy spaghetti noodle. It dangled between my fingers. Why lifelines had to be so gross to the touch was beyond me.

"Ohhh, I must measure it!" Lachesis hollered excitedly. She smacked Klotho on the back of the head retrieving the eye and placing it into her own socket. I held out the

lifeline for her to measure it with her mini tape measure. She calculated how long the person originally had to live.

“Ohhh! We have a winner, little sucker only had a day left!” She yelled over to Klotho and Atropos.

“Who is this guy?” I asked curiously. The thread dangled between my fingers while I held it. It began to squirm like a small worm trying to fall back into the pot. Lachesis shrugged nonchalantly at me. Grabbing the thread she looked it over for observational purposes before the cutting began.

“Some serial killer or he may have just delivered the wrong newspaper. He has bad joo-joo on him, that’s for sure!” Lachesis told me. I arched a brow at her causing her to giggle loudly.

Atropos waddled over and handed me the cutting scissors while Lachesis and Klotho stretched the thread for me to cut. I squeezed my eyes shut and used all of my strength to cut the thread. It took longer than I expected but ended with a tight *snap* noise. The man appeared before us. He dropped down from the ceiling and into the river of souls..

Yes.. We have the river of souls in our basement and yes.. It does get loud and annoying at night making it impossible to sleep, but it makes it easier for Father to keep an eye on the Moirai. They are older than time and quite unruly old women, but as I said before,

They are like family to me.

THE CURSED AUTHOR



Sarah A. Kenney is the author of The Devils Curse Novels. When she isn't writing, she is living life in search of new inspiration from religion, mythology, family and her nightmares.

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