

"You want to know why I wanted to spit in god's eye for sending this child to hell for committing suicide?"

The Devil approached me and tapped his ashes on my uniform.

"Because then she would join the wood of self murderers along with all the fascists that took their own lives across space and time when they were losing their wars. That includes the very nazis that you fought so hard against in order to lay down the foundation of your undying love for that human bride of yours."

He put his cigar out on my chest and while he maintained his composure, he harbored deep hatred within his eyes.

"Could you just imagine it? That poor half jewish half muslim girl, forced to have her body harvested by harpies alongside those nazis that fought to systematically exterminate her people? Then those very same nazis rebranded their fascism for American consumption by setting their sights on muslim populations after the events of 9/11. Maybe even well before that in the wake of the Israeli Palestinian conflict."

He spit on me in the very same place he put out his cigar.

"You angels make me sick with your misplaced sense of justice. You should be thankful that I gave her the option to become my ward or get a second chance to be there for her sister. You should be groveling at my feet that when she gave her virginity to me as part of her payment, that it was a small price to pay for your pride."

He backhanded me causing all the orifices in my head from my ears, eyes and nostrils to bleed, but I stood my ground. Even if he was pulling his punches, he still wanted to make sure I was capable of hearing.

"You're still one of my favorite students, but you need to know your place. Don't forget it."

I remember our exchange like it was yesterday during one of many times I would demand access to the NDA in his contract with Sahara. I wanted to know what she really did during her 13 months in hell which stretched to 13 years from time dilation. I refuse to believe it was just sex. Something happened to her and she wouldn't be capable of keeping it a secret. That means her memories were either tampered with, erased or worse.

Soul Conditioning.

To this day, I still can't stand the thought of not knowing what really happened, but my teacher is a man of business that operates with cruel efficiency and neutrality. To think that the daughter of the Devil surpasses her own father in that regard, but I should consider myself lucky that me and Sahara are her friends. Who knows for how much longer once she is done living out her human lifetime in the prison realm.

Ever since Sahara has achieved 4 finishing moves, she received a mission from heaven that would not only test the extent of her power but drastically change the demonic ecosystem. She was commanded to burn down the forests of nazis in the wood of self murderers and exterminate the rest of them that resided in hell. No longer would they be allowed to exist for all eternity to suffer because of what the Devil did to spare Sahara from a grotesque fate. One can only wonder if this was truly an act of god's mercy to end their suffering for good or to cause the most suffering for them to be wiped out from existence at the hands of the very girl who represents everything that they hate. Such a thought makes me sick to my stomach, but Sahara didn't falter. I can only hope that she can hold on to that part of her that is still the gentle girl I once knew who dreamed of working with special needs children. To care for them the way she cares for her younger sister. Is this what my teacher was talking about? How love and hate are two sides of the same coin? Is that why she achieved the unthinkable and harnessed the power of justified hatred which was something that challenged the very institutions of the afterlife? If that alone wasn't enough, she even manifested the power of true love because she trusted me with her whole heart? Whatever the answer may be, one thing is clear.

I must not fail her. Failure is not an option.

All the Nazis were rounded up at the inner ring of the seventh circle of hell out in the pouring rain. The Devil was present because he wouldn't want to miss this level of suffering for the world. To add on to their suffering, the Devil allowed the option to pick one among them to appeal to Sahara to spare their lives. To pathetically beg for their lives or to be wiped out of existence with nothing but the memory of their names to fade out into painful obscurity. The one that they would elect for the gruesome task would be none other than the desert fox himself, Erwin Rommel. Upon hearing her name, he suspected what horrifying fate he and his people would be subjected to experiencing the unforgiving desert himself firsthand during his North African campaign. Even someone who stood steadfast in the racial purity of the white race had his ideals eroded from the heat when he advised his own POWs not to fight among each other. Now those very same ideals are going to be put to the test as the last hope for his people.

Sahara descended into the depths of hell with a rapier in hand. The nazis shouted racial slurs upon her arrival, threatening to repeatedly rape her corpse and defecate on it. Sahara had this cold look in her eyes I have never seen before.

"On your knees."

Woman's Scorn.

This ability allowed her the power to force anyone she hates into submission. Sahara summons this hatred from the idea that if anyone were to ever rape her sister, she would be unable to tell her because of her disability. Her hate comes from the men that looked upon her body lustfully at the age of 13 and the women who shamed her for it. The gravity grew thick and the Nazis were flattened into the ground. The weight of their sins were so great their organs were being crushed but unable to feel the merciful grip of death. Only the desert fox was allowed to remain on his knees and the ability to speak. I never thought that I would live to see the day that a French Algerian American Jew would strike fear into the hearts of the very people who terrorized people like her.

"I know who you are. I have read books about you."

She uses the tip of her blade to tilt the chin of the desert fox up towards her so that they were making eye contact.

"Just looking at you makes me want to puke. The idea that you pitiful nazis are going to beg for your lives after systematically eradicating the jews by using your little concentration camps and gas chambers to inflict the most suffering and pain against us..."

She pushes the blade deeper into Rommel's jugular to produce a trail of blood to drip down his neck. She smiles wickedly at the desert fox.

"Then that cycle of pain and hatred would be inherited by the zionists that compels them to do the same thing to the palestinians? How they gleefully reject any notions of fascism with antisemitism by exterminating the muslim populations?"

She begins to drag her blade down from his jugular down his midsection while she speaks.

"How do you plan to convince me to spare your lives and deny a direct order from god?"

She stops her blade right before she reaches her manhood and removes it. Erwin Rommel pissed himself in fear but with the survival of his fellow German people hanging in the balance, he needed to at least be able to make sounds with his voice, even if they devolved into sobs.

"Please! I beg you! We are just people!"

Bitter tears flowed out from the German war hero who was betrayed by the very people he was fighting for.

"We were deceived! The suffering inflicted onto us from the aftermath of World War drove us to madness, even so far as to kill ourselves! We hated those fucking jews who took everything from us! We would hate anyone who took everything we had! We needed a reason to fight! Hitler was our only hope of salvation to save the fatherland!"

The desert fox could barely speak from feeling his ears and nostrils clogging up, crippled by his own anguish.

"My own mother couldn't even recognize me because she thought I was one of the Russian soldiers who were going to rape her. Nothing changed... Nothing fucking changed! My brothers and sisters continued to kill themselves rather than suffer at the hands of the Russians! And in the end, it didn't even fucking matter! I was accused of plotting to kill my fuhrer and all I could think about was my family!"

His voice died down into a defeated tone and now he was just a shell of a man.

"I remember talking to my son for the last time... telling him that I was going to die... how it was a deeply painful thing to be killed by your own people... How I assured him that the fuhrer would keep his word and spare my family..."

He bowed his head down into the ground and the storm raged on alongside his desperate plea.

"Please! Please, please, please spare us! These people are consumed by pain and rage from the atrocities of hell! They cannot think for themselves!"

No matter how he cried out on behalf of his people, Sahara did not change her demeanor. Instead she allowed this relic of history to finish bawling his eyes out while she considered his words to think of a response. Once she did, she kneeled down to the desert fox and spoke in an unnervingly gentle voice.

"Tell me... do you think muslims or jews are people? Did you and the Nazis think about us as people?"

The desert fox was stunned into silence.

"I didn't think so... you know what I think?"

She wipes away his tears.

"I think you Nazis are just weak. Weak people who found an easy target with the jews to rip away their humanity. Again and again, history continues to repeat itself and you pathetic excuses for human beings still cannot handle the consequences of your actions."

She gets up from her position and steadies the blade to her side once more.

"You speak about your son. I will spare your lives if there is a single nazi child among you. My sense of justice will be strong enough to deny a direct order from God if I am unwilling to kill children. Is your son among you?"

Panic started to seep into the mind of the once proud nazi war hero. He struggled to find the words to answer her question which only further strained the insurmountable patience Sahara possessed.

"Well? Is he?"

All that the desert fox could do was hang his head in shame and tell her the truth.

"No... My son is not here..."

"Why is that?"

"B-Because... B-B-Because when we were losing the war..."

He couldn't even bear to look her in the eyes.

"We k-killed our own children with cyanide pills. Then the parents killed themselves b-because they would rather die than live to experience the c-consequences of losing another World War..."

This used up every ounce of patience that Sahara had to hear out this sentient sack of shit.

"I'm going to cut your dick off and I want you to eat it in front of them. I want that to be the very last thing that they see before I exterminate all of you slowly and painfully. If you do that, I will give you a quick and painless death for your valiant effort to convince me to spare you putrid, stinking meat bags with your sob stories."

Before the desert fox had time to process that information she castrated him with a flick of her wrist. Rommel screeches in agony and he starts throwing up from the overwhelming pain. The Devil erupts in laughter while the great German war hero struggles to function just enough to scrounge up the remains of his manhood so that he could eat it in front of the other nazis. Then he looks over towards my direction to comment on the situation.

"Well you know what they say..."

The Devil lights up his cigar while the desert fox completes his final task to swallow up his remains.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Drought.

Woman's Scorn is considered a level 2 finishing move, but Drought is a level 1 finishing move. While Woman's Scorn is considered stronger in power, that shouldn't detract from the horrifying destructive force of Drought. Every single nazi was transported to a scorching desert where the sands of time slowly and painfully seared their bodies. At first, one would think that burning sand is preferable from the scorching flames of hell that obviously induces more pain. However there are a few things to consider. Overwhelming pain can at least override the senses to deprive the ability of humans to think anymore. The burning sand was slow and maddening plus that wasn't even the worst part. What I could only classify as a class 3 torture, the nazis were forced to experience constant undying thirst, starvation and the sun blinding their eyes. All the while experiencing mirages, causing hallucinations in their mind that forced their own psyche to collapse over and over again.

If that alone wasn't enough, there is even time dilation thrown in the mix. For every minute that Sahara experienced using this power, 1000 years have passed and been forced into this small window of time. So while the Nazis experienced a 1000 years, the forces of space and time warped into this accelerated pace that caused a sense of sickening vertigo, depriving these mere humans any sense of reality let alone the concept of hell anymore. All they could do is be forced to exist in this singularity where time loses all meaning and all that could be understood is that they were suffering slowly and painfully. Unable to satisfy their bodily needs, unable to allow the pain to override their senses, forced to be capable of thoughts in a never ending, eroding loop of seemingly meaningless existence. Once a minute had passed, Sahara slowly raised the heat higher over the course of a second minute, adding on another 1000 years until their bodies finally evaporated.

The desert fox witnessed everything in the same amount of time Sahara did within 2 minutes but at the same time he still understood that thousands of years have passed for the people he was unable to save. And yet, there was still a part of him that was relieved that he didn't have to be subjected to such a fate.

"Thank you..."

Off with their heads.

This was a level 3 finishing move. Normally, decapitating a sinner in the confines of hell would not be enough to kill them since hell forces them to regenerate in order to facilitate their eternal pain but this technique bypasses regeneration from anyone who doesn't possess true love or hate. The Devil clapped his hands.

"Good show Sahara. I can't remember the last time I felt entertained. Thanks for clearing up some space for the zionists. Maybe next time when you come back, you can clean them up too."

Sahara didn't say a word and the Devil takes his leave. I walk over to Sahara's side and I dread to know how this experience will have an effect on her. Not because of what I saw, it wouldn't be the first time I witnessed a class 3 torture but... because she is still human. I'm worried that all of this will be too much for her but I do my best to offer her comfort.

"No one will blame you for how you acted. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

"Louis..."

"Yes, ma cherie?"

She looked up at me with a hint of grief in her eyes.

"Am I still a good person?"

I don't hesitate to pull her into a hug and shield her from the rain with my wings.

"I don't ever want you to ask that again! I will always think you're a good person and it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks!"

"..."

She buries her face into my chest and I can feel her body tensing, trying to hold back her tears because she doesn't want to show her sadness in the depths of hell.

"Okay..."

"Viens ma cherie... let's get out of here."