

Devilish Scheme.

Zion was sitting on the train, spacing out while gazing out of the window. It was decided (against his own will) that he had to finally move in with his mother at the beginning of the fall semester. He had been living with his father since his parents had divorced when he was a child.

The view from the windows of the train was grey and dull, and slight showers occurred throughout the trip. The scenery changed from city life to beautiful open fields, surrounded with pine trees and other green varieties. However, the smaller trees have already begun their transition into the fall-winter weather, coating the bottom layer of vegetation visible from his little window. On his lap lied his sketchbook, where he drew small details from the landscape, at least as many as he could remember. His earbuds were in and he was blasting peaceful music, mostly instrumental.

Hours had passed and they finally announced the arriving station. He was unprepared to see his mother, it had been too long. He knew that she had her reasons to move away and stay within Canada, but he never really was told which were these reasons. He gazed around the area, lugging his huge suitcases and backpack, trying to find this woman within the crowd, and then he heard his name. For some reason, it was as if he heard that voice in his head, so he frantically looked around, until he saw her.

His mother was oddly young looking for her age. She had long silver hair that fell gracefully on her shoulders. Her eyes were a deep brown, and there were small smile lines on her face, caused by the thousands of smiles she gave the world throughout her life. She was dressed with baggy clothing, decorated with flowers and warm fall colors. But she had this strange aura

around her, no matter how hard people would try to stay away, they couldn't help but to speak with her and feel this overwhelming sense of sharing their problems whenever they were in close proximity to her.

The woman received the boy in a welcoming and tight hug mumbling how happy she was to finally have him home. With a great smile she took one of his suitcases and walked him to the parking lot. Zion could only follow her, feeling strange with the energy he was getting from her. He wanted to feel discomfort, even slight disdain towards the woman in front of him. He thought he would be awkward but he felt as if every fear about this new place disappeared or as if he had been living there his whole life. Zion obviously blamed it on his mother, but little did he know, he would soon discover the truth. He would soon discover why people felt happy and calm around him too, and most importantly, why his mother had to leave when he was younger. The ride was calm and their conversations were brief. They mostly consisted about the past two years of the young boy.

“How is everything going?”

“Good I guess” Zion shrugged while looking out the window.

“You guess?”

“Yeah, I just really had a hard time leaving everyone behind.”

“I bet you did. But ya’ never know what changes life may bring you, son”

“Yeah, I just wished I had more time, there was this guy..” Zion widened his eyes, realizing how much information he was about to give. It had been way too long for him to talk about boys or even talk about his life at all, she didn't have his trust, so he remained silent for the rest of the trip.

The scenery had changed now from a small town to forested areas and was he very appreciative of it. There were a few houses scattered around, and he didn't expect his mother to be one of the few that actually decided to live away from society. The house that they parked in front of was covered in wood boards. Said wood boards were covered with moss, giving it a very rustic feel. On the roof peeking through the plants, was a small chimney. The inside of the building also seemed like it was taken out of a story book. There was an open living room and kitchen. It was decorated with crystals and plants, as well as the hallways. In the kitchen there were two cages with small birds that sang happily. The rooms were just the right size for a college boy and his belongings. He appreciated the fact that every room had enormous windows facing the forest. He liked the idea of waking up in the morning and being able to gaze at the mountain top while he sipped on his coffee without being bothered.

He had decided to unpack, and try to make his room a bit more welcoming, even though his mother left some decor that was to his liking. His mother had announced that she needed to leave for the night, letting him get settled in on his own. Unfortunately, he noticed he had less belongings than what he thought , which also meant he quickly finished. Now, what was he supposed to do?

He had the urge of heading out for a walk. The cool crisp fall air settled well with the boy's strange mood, finally, beginning his stroll along the mountainside. Zion was distracted, completely immersed in his thoughts when he heard a deep voice calling out.

“Are you lost, boy? ”

“Uh, no, I'm okay. Just wandering around.” He mumbled, slightly on edge after hearing that voice, trying to find the figure it belonged to.

“Well, it doesn’t seem like so. This isn’t a common trail to be on.”

“No..Well, I mean, I just wanted to clear my mind, so I am just walking until I decide to turn back.” He sighed and tried to figure out a way to avoid confrontation, the voice did not seem friendly.

“Who are you boy? You are not from here” said the voice finally showing itself.

Zion stared at the figure that emerged from behind the bushes. He was beautiful. He was a tall slender boy, blond hair just slightly grazing the back of his neck and his eyes were as blue as ice. He sensed no wrong coming from this stranger, but he couldn’t help but feel on edge. His deep voice didn’t seem to match the beauty of his face or his somewhat graceful stance.

“No, I mean, I’m Rosalinda’s son.” He mumbled.

For a while, there was no response. That made Zion think that he should just leave the guy alone, even though he had barged in on his walk, go home and just lie in bed, SAFELY away from this guy.

“Oh I see” He said at the same time that a strange smile was rolling across his face. “I look forward to hearing about her special boy.”

Zion smirked, this person was strange. He decided then to get out of there, it didn’t take a rocket scientist to understand that the forest was a dangerous place for him at night. After getting home and preparing himself for bed. He put his phone down on the table and gazed up into the glass window that was behind the bed. He was able to see the stars in the night sky. Even though he was exhausted and he was comfortable in his bed, there was this feeling of being watched that he couldn’t shake. He kept looking around the room, but he saw nothing, hoping for a pair of

yellow eyes looking back at him, it at least would have brought him ease. He finally could hardly keep his eyes open, drifting into sleep.

The morning after was a morning he didn't expect. He woke up to screaming, almost surrounding the whole house. A hysterical high pitched voice, pleading for someone to leave. It was his mother. He jumped out of bed, rushing to where he heard the voice come from, in panic. The situation he found was unexpected. His mother held in one of her hands a vase, while her other hand was inside it, threatening to throw some sort of dust at whoever was bothering her. When Zion looked up at the door, his jaw dropped. It was that strange guy from the day before just staring straight at her, with a more than angry expression on his face. Whatever they were fighting about, seemed serious. He didn't know what to do. Soon after, the boy just looked up at Zion, smiled and left moments before his mother threw that dust at the now closed door. He was in awe, just walking up to his mother, checking if she was okay, however, both heard the boy's voice, faded away as he left the premises

"I will be back when he knows! You can't keep him forever!"

Zion just looked at his mom, expecting some sort of explanation. She simply shook her head, at the same time she walked towards the kitchen, ready to finish preparing breakfast as nothing ever happened.

"What the hell was that?" he asked.

"Nothing important. Now, let's just hav-"

"No, what was that about? What do I need to know, mom?"

"You wouldn't understand, just forget about it." She shivered, shaking her head again.

“I’m done with secrets. If you want me to stay here, you’re going to have to tell me what’s going on.” He sighed, before walking away.

That was the last conversation the two had in days. He wasn’t the confrontational type but it had been enough. Mostly due to her avoiding him almost every second of the day, which drove him up a wall. He didn’t think that him asking a question was that bad. During these days, he found himself thinking in excess about that stupid blond boy, and even though they had only seen each other once, he felt a certain connection to him. Almost as if it was a calling

Of course he wasn’t just going to let this be, so tired of waiting, he confronted his mother. The conversation wasn’t at all that pretty and he was more than assertive. He needed to know what was going on. The boy felt tricked, even angry by being kept at bay for so long. It had been over 3 years since he had last seen her, and now she had secrets. It simply wasn’t fair. He stood in front of the house door, staring her down, forcing her this way to talk.

“What the hell have you been hiding from me?”

“ You wouldn’t understand...”

“Try me. I deserve to know! You disappear from my life and expect me to just accept secrets?!” He practically screamed at her.

The woman sighed, placing her bag down. She didn’t speak, but she took a bird from the cage next to her, pet its head a few times before snapping its neck. He stood in shock, not even able to let out a scream, almost ready to vomit. She had just killed a bird. A defenseless bird. However, before he could say anything, she closed her hands, leaving the bird between them, and started whispering something in a foreign language. A few seconds after, she opened her hands,

showing the now alive bird that flew away, trying to hide. She gazed up at her son, who was dumbfounded, staring at the bird.

“You...”

“I made a deal with the Devil..

He waited for her to continue speaking.

..signed his book and became a witch.”

He didn’t understand, he was in shock, he was disappointed. His mother continued talking, her voice breaking from the sorrow .

“This power traps you to the point where the limits of good and bad dissipate. I have done bad things with my power, I have witnessed my coven’s life vanish before their eyes because of me. I could have it all. I could have everything, except him, your dad. We aren’t allowed to mix with mortals, but I loved him. So I made a deal with the Devil to be with your father. I had to give him my first son. But I couldn’t give you up, I just couldn’t so I ran away. I left to protect you. I hid you, but now you have been found.”

He was in awe. His own mother, drunk by power and desire. He looked at his mother horrified, before, grabbing her by the shoulders and shaking her, seeking an explanation.

“What do you mean by handing me in?”

“You are his to do as he pleases”

All color left his face, and his legs turned to jello, to the point where he was no longer able to stand on his own, leaning more on his mother than he wanted to.

“Am I going to die?”

“I...I don’t know” she mumbled.

He stared at the floor, feeling lost. He had no idea what to do.

“Why did you let me come here?”

“It couldn’t be avoided.”

“You said you were protecting me. Why let me come?”

Silence.

“Is there any way to avoid this?”

“No.”

Days passed and he was consumed by fear. He never left the house, he barely even slept. The Devil was coming to get him, but he didn’t know when. It was until one day where he heard his name being called out, in the deepest of voices, he knew it was time. He wasn’t ready to give up his life.

“What do you want from me?!”

That is when the blond boy just invited himself into his room, rolling his eyes. The tall figure walked around, looking at the small and intricate objects that he had.

“Why are humans so scared of death?”

“What do you want?”

“Well, I’ve come to take you home.”

“This is my home.”

“Oh dear boy, this isn’t home. It never will be. Don’t you want power? To be known? To be accepted?”

Zion kept a close eye on the boy that walked around his room, wondering. Was power worth it? He had no ties to the mortal world, so he wouldn’t be losing much. However, there was

this part of humanity he didn't want to lose. This guy really knew how to pull strings. He sighed, closing his eyes for a second. This gave the blond boy enough time to sit right beside him, legs crossed and his hands placed gracefully over his knee.

"Hell isn't as bad as it seems. Plus, Lucifer has great plans for you. A powerful young boy. Almost as if you were his son. And of course, with a mentor like me your life would be full of thrills. Just sign the book and come."

"Will I die?"

The devil sighed, once again rolling his eyes.

"You humans and your fear of death. No, you won't die. You'd be immortal. Don't you understand? Lucifer took this opportunity to find an heir. He pulled a lot of strings and made a lot of deals to get you a perfect life so you would finally come to hell when you found out it was his doing."

This is when everything clicked. His life at school was perfect, his friends all cared for him, nothing wrong except for his parents divorce. Zion looked up at the boy, his mind still running a mile a minute, but he had made a decision.

"Take me home."