

Sometimes even godly accountants make the biggest of mistakes.

I crossed the rickety old bridge over the Styx, running my hand over scraggly, falling hair. I drifted through the pitch-dark meadows towards the palace.

I wandered into His garden, an empty garden with pale white withering flowers against the mellow dark backdrop.

I walked under the high branches, the fallen leaves crunching below my bare feet. I stopped below the pomegranate tree, gazing at it with anger and sinful hunger.

“My brother is dead!” I shrieked at the tree. I think I expected an answer, but the ancient tree stood still and that did not appease me.

“He is!” I screeched again, “He was my brother, and he’s dead!”

The tree’s branches shook violently and the stormy sky thundered.

“So are you,” the wind howled, echoing in my blackened ears, curling around my dying locks, mocking my roughened skin.

My body trembled, suddenly frail as a twig. I closed my eyes unwillingly as if the dark forces were compelling me to move my body. A vivid image swirled behind my eyelids. Back to the road, back to our little black Honda with Joshua at the wheel.

“Little sister, little sister,” he flashed a smile, “What are you dreaming of?”

“Nothing,” I said quietly, “Nothing, Joshua...”

“Oh really?” his hand wandered to my thigh and grabbed it, squeezing it tightly and I tugged my dress self-consciously even lower, “Really, Little Sister?”

“Yes, Joshua...” I attempted to slide backwards into the passenger seat, but his grip on me strengthened.

“Why nothing?” he glanced at me with a slow, meticulous smile and twinkling, lazy grey eyes, “Why nothing, Little Sister, when all I dream of is you?”

I let out a small and shaky laugh, and grabbed his larger hand with my smaller one, trying to push it off.

“Hands on the steering, Joshua,” I laughed uneasily, “Hands on the steering...”

He growled suddenly, letting go of the steering from the one hand that had been loosely holding it and clasped both hands around my neck. My heartbeat faltered and my breath quickened as his thumbs brushed hot and heavy against my collarbones, and I shut my eyes tightly.

“I’m a damn good driver, Megan,” yelled Joshua, no longer in the guise of honey, “Damn good, you hear me?”

“You’re just like Dad,” my voice struggled to be clear as I choked, trying to inch away from him.

The handsome face contorted and the angular jaw went up as his forehead creased. His hold on my throat tightened. My head felt numb and I wondered how long it would be before the blood rushed to my brain... and then his fingers slipped just as they had come. There was a moment of silent comfort, before our Honda slammed into the cargo truck ahead of us. All went black.

My eyes opened, and once again I stood below that fateful tree. I looked down at the six pomegranate seeds, older than me and all of my ancestors.

“Why am I the one in Hell?” I wanted to scream into the blackness, but when I tried, I gulped back bitter saliva as I realised Hades had perished my voice.

Up in the clouds, in a golden mansion, sat a charismatic man. His fingers mindlessly picked up a fruit from the basket beside him. He sank his teeth into its flesh, and the sweet taste of heaven-grown apple took over his senses. An angel knelt at his foot, her eyes fixated directly on his face, “What do you wish for, Master?”

His lips moved into a slow smile. As he swallowed the chunk of apple, he leaned down and locked eyes with the angel. She seemed to shudder at the unnerving brightness in those grey pools as they twinkled.

“Find Megan,” he whispered, “And bring her to me.”