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Devil's Fork

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The elders had whispered about it, it took forever to find. Every country, every state and province depending on which country you were talking about had one. It was just never talked about except in hushed whispers. The subject of the topic was forbidden. He had to do this it was the right thing to do. There was heavy dew that clung to the air shrouding everything in a light hazy eerie mist. His car lights were on, and it was the only light that guided him. Why was midnight so damn important? Chills crawled up his prickly skin.

Closing his eyes tightly he took a deep breath. This was the same road he had come out to check earlier in the day. It was the right place. This was the right thing to do.

Self-doubt began to creep into the back of his mind, listening hard to his surroundings, there was no traffic around, in truth on this stretch of road there wasn't much traffic during the day either. This was not a surprise.

Pacing up and down, not stepping into the center of the crossroad, biting his bottom lip hard he tasted the bittersweet blood. Licking his wounded lip, nervously, he looked over his shoulder.

"Forgive me grams for what I'm about to do."

Holding his breath, he rushed to the center of the crossroad and pulled the spade out of his back pocket. Digging feverishly, he hacked away at the soil viciously, the hard dirt clay in the middle of the road made him fight hard towards his goal.

The hole was big enough. He felt the beads of sweat on his brow. A cold wind snaked it way across the dirt.

He took the metal box from his backpack and with shaking hands he gave it a kiss and placed it in the hole. Then he quickly covered up the box with the rich brownish red clay soil.

Sitting back on his heels, he frowned then stood up quickly. Forcing himself to take a couple steps back he resisted the urge to dig it up.

"What have I done?" he whispered to himself, clapping his hand over his mouth he spun around to find just himself in the middle of the road.

Something came over him, he took a couple steps back to the freshly mound dirt and stomped on it pressing the dirt down, he hurried over to his car. Pausing, he looked down at his watch. One minute to midnight.

He had one minute to get the box back! One minute to get the box out of the ground and stop this foolishness. One minute to stop the madness, one minute to save his soul.

"Time's up," a soft sultry voice whispered.

He jumped nearly out of his skin, spinning around he saw the most beautiful raven hair woman standing in front of him her crystal blue eyes were so blue they looked like they shone. Her red lips curved into a devilish grin.

"Who are you?" he whispered.

She chuckled, "Who do you want me to be?"

"I thought, I thought ...," his voice trailed off.

She stepped closer and caressed his cheek with her long cold fingers. "That I would be what a male? Hoven and barring horns on my head?" Tossing her head back she laughed much like her voice, it was hypnotic like a drug.

He blinked and the image of the devil barring hooves and horns appeared before him. Jumping back inhaled sharply.

"Is this what you thought I would look like?" a deep raspy voice asked.

He nodded slightly not taking his eyes off her or him. The cloven hoof monster changed back to the gorgeous woman who first greeted him.

"Isn't this much better?" the deeply raspy voice chuckled.

He blinked hard.

She cleared her throat. "Well, you summoned me," her soft sultry voice was back. "I know why but you have to ask for it. Those are the rules."

"Who are you?" he stammered.

She laughed, paused, tilted her head to the side and grinned.

"They were just stories," he gasped.

"Were they?" she whispered.

"You can't be real."

"I don't have all night kid. I'm the devil and even I have a schedule to maintain."

"But, but ... but ..."

"Say it," She whispered inside his mind. "Say the words."

"I need my," the words trailed off as he heard his grandmother's words warning him.

"Saaaaay it," she stood just inches from him. He could smell fresh baked cookies on her breath. She looked like an angel.

"I need my brother back. I want him back alive and healthy like he was before this accident, I want him to be alive and to live a long happy life."

Stepping back with a big grin on her face. "You know the price, right?"

Swallowing hard he dared not to blink but only nodded stupidly.

"Good Jason Mathew Smith we have a deal. I'll see you in two years."

"Two years?" that didn't sound like enough time.

"Yes, those are the terms. Enjoy your life," she laughed and disappeared.

"Hello?" he heard his brother's voice calling as he came up the street. "Hello?"

"Joey?" Jason spun around.

His twelve-year-old brother came running over to him. "Jay!"

Hugging his brother, he couldn't believe his eyes. His brother was alive and hugging him.

In two years when the hell hounds came, he would remember this moment for the rest of eternity, and it would be worth it.