

2022

The Midnight Deal

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Her heart felt like it was ripped out of her chest, the loss of her son was the hardest thing she ever had to deal with in her life. Many days she thought of ways of killing herself because living in this world without his bright smile was unbearable. He was her world, everything she did was wrapped around the life of her son. He was taken from her too young, on his twenty-second birthday he was stepping off a bus and hit by a drunk driver, crushing him up against a tree on the sidewalk. He was dead instantly. Her whole world was crushed.

This was the fifty-ninth crossroads she came to, in the center of the dirt road she dug a hole, it was eleven fifty-seven, three minutes to go. All or nothing, she thought. All or nothing.

Crouching down to the ground, she tucked the beaten metal container in the hole and covered it with cold dirt. Standing up she looked around, “Hello?”

Slowly turning around, she scanned the area. It was dark, nothing but trees and bushes. This is where the famous Robert Johnson made his deal with the devil too so he could play blues like no other. Ellen really needed this to work, she couldn’t keep doing this.

“Hello?” she called out to the air around her. Her voice echoed. “Hello?”

Looking down at her phone, it was now midnight. Tears welled up in her eyes. Her heart felt like it was breaking all over again. A hot salty tear slid down her cold cheek. “Hello?” she sobbed. “Please!”

Sinking down to the ground she began sobbing, all she wanted was to see his face, hug him and hear him laugh again. She loved him so much and he was all she had in this world that meant anything to her.

“Hello Ellen,” a soft voice spoke to her.

She paused in mid sob and sniffed. “Hello?”

A hand touched her shoulder gently. “I’m here. Fifty-nine I guess is your number. I thought you would give this up.”

“I miss him so much,” she cried.

“I know. He was such a good soul too.”

“I’ll do anything to have him back. Please,” She begged.

The hand helped her up to her feet. The pretty lady smiled at her. “I was a mother once too. I know, I can feel your sorrow.”

“Then you understand why I am here.” Ellen felt hopeful.

“I do. But do you understand what you are asking?”

“I do.”

“You would be signing your soul over to the devil. For what a year to enjoy with your son?”

“Even just a minute would be worth it.”

“It’s an eternity in hell request. You sign this, and you belong to us, forever. There is no going to heaven. No spending eternity with your son.”

“He’s in heaven?”

“Yes, he’s there waiting for you. He’s hoping you will have a good life and when you cross over, he will be there waiting for you. You have a long life ahead of you. Good things will come your way if you let them.”

“I can’t,” she gasped. “I can’t.”

“Well, the choice is yours.”

“I’ll take the deal.”

“You haven’t even asked what the deal is.”

“I just want my son back, alive and healthy.”

The woman sighed. “Normally I wouldn’t do this, but okay. This is the deal. I’m feeling soft tonight because of the circumstances. I bring your son back, he lives a long, good life and when he dies, he can go back upstairs as long as he follows the rules down here. And you my dear.”

“Yes.”

“I will let you live the rest of your years with him. I assure you when your time is up my hellhounds will be coming for you and you will spend eternity in hell; your soul will belong to us. Essentially you will be a demon. There will be no afterlife with your son and grandkids.”

“I’ll have grandkids?” she looked at the woman with a hopeful heart.

“Yes, he will live a nice long life and have great-grandchildren. You’ll get to meet them. Like I said when your time is up, it’s a done deal Ellen. There are no bargaining or dealings, you will belong to us.” The woman snapped her fingers and a clipboard with the deal appeared, in one hand and a pen in the other.

Ellen reached for the pen. The woman shook her head no. “Hold out your hand.”

Ellen complied.

The crossroads demon jabbed her finger and she began to bleed; the pen sucked it up. The demon smiled and handed Ellen the pen. “Sign on the dotted line and all you asked for will be.”

Ellen took the pen, held it in her hand. It felt heavy, much heavier than it looked. Swallowing hard, Ellen held her breath and signed her name on the line.

“Alright,” the demon bent down and dug the box out of the ground. “Thank you for your offering and for your soul. I’ll be back to collect it when the time is right. Enjoy your life, Ellen Winters.”

The woman disappeared. Ellen stood there and waited.

Her son Alexander came walking out of the mist and stopped when he saw her, “Mom?”

“Alex!” Ellen ran over and hugged him tight. “Oh my god baby! I love you!”

“I love you too,” he hugged her back. “What are we doing out here?”

“We are going home.” Tears slid down her cheeks, but they were tears of joy, she never thought she would ever get to hug him like that. She paused, stepped back and then hugged him again as tight as she could.

“Mom, you’re crushing me.”

“Sorry, I just love you so much. I would do anything for you.”

“I know mom, I love you too.” He kissed the top of her head.

“Let’s go home.”