

Chapter 14

I walk a few blocks and find myself in front of the Golden Pint. I look at the door as men and women come and go. I don't drink, so there's no point in me going there. I also don't have any money. But they have seats. It isn't like I have anywhere I need to be. Sitting down and thinking is probably a good idea.

I sit in a booth, and a moment later I'm startled to realize it's the one I sat in with Juliette. I waved the server off as he approaches and lean back. I notice the television.

It's the news. the rolling banner at the bottom of the screen says there's an increase in demon activity in Alabama. Why the anchor woman says something I can't hear before the image changes to a scene of men fighting in the street. The news does actually show that humans hurt each other. I look away. The news isn't important to me anymore.

What are my options.

Do I have any?

All I can see at the moment is either going back to headquarter or leaving the city. I don't trust Amanda to leave me alone, no matter what she said.

Food is going to be an issue. I eat more than humans. What do they do to get money? I don't remember Jason ever explaining that. I put my hand in my pocket and I pull out the small wallet. Maybe I do have money. I still have the payment card they gave me, as well as the access card for the building entrance. does the card work only at the grocery store? I never used it anywhere else. Everything else was provided for me. I put them away, planning on testing it the next time I need food.

Someone sits across the table from me.

I look at Juliette. She gives me a shy smile.

"So, who are you really?" I ask her.

The question takes her aback. "Well, I'm a mother of three who works two job and does the best she can to make the ends meet."

"Is your work for him one of those two job?"

"If you mean Mister C, no."

I snort. "Mister C. Do you even know what he is?" The confusion on her face is answer enough. "He's a demon."

She frowns. "No, that's can't be right. He's been giving me money to help with the bills for a while now. Demons don't do that, they just hunt and kill us."

"That's what I thought too," I mumble. "What have you been doing in exchange for that money?"

"All he asked me to do was to engage you in conversation. It wasn't easy to do. I tried to discretely get your attention for two month before the incident with the bottle. That gave me

the perfect excuse, but even then, I had to chase you through two full aisle before you acknowledged me."

"You put your hand on me."

"I'd been calling after you for the length of that aisle. I thought you might be deaf."

I shake my head. "And here? Why did he tell you to take me here?"

She blushes. "He didn't. I wanted to get to know you."

"Why?"

She stares at me. "You have to know."

I just look at her.

"You're a good-looking guy. I thought that if you got to know me we might become friends and maybe more."

It takes me a moment to work out what she means. "You mean us having sex."

Her face turns crimson and she looks at the table top. After a moment, she looks up, no longer quite as red. "Well, maybe."

"You know nothing about me."

"I know you have a good job, and that you take care of your children when they with you."

I shake my head. "I don't have children, and I'm not a construction worker. Like I said. you know nothing about me."

She studies me, frowning. "Okay, then why don't you tell me who you really are?"

"I'm two years old." I'm not supposed to tell her, but after all the lies they told me what to I care about protecting their secrets?

She chuckles. "That's funny. You look pretty good for an infant." I don't smile, and after a moment her amusement fades. "You have to be kidding. That's impossible."

"I was made to hunt and kill demons. That's all I know."

She swallows and waves a server over. She orders a beer, I pass. She's silent until it arrives and she takes a long swallow.

"What exactly do you mean by that?" She asks, putting her mug down.

"I woke up for the first time two years ago. They told me my purpose was to kill demons, to protect humans."

"But you're human, right?"

"No."

"Then what are you?"

I rub my hand before answering. "I don't know."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know that they have a name. I never asked it of the organization." Even after what they did to me I'm reluctant to give Amanda and Jason's names to someone else.

"That building where I picked you up, is that them?"

I hesitate for a moment, then nod.

"You were hurt. what happened?"

"I learned things I wasn't supposed to. I became a liability."

She leans in and whispers. "I they coming after you?"

"I don't know."

She straightens. "What Are you going to do?"

"I also don't know that."

She sips her beer before talking. "You can come to my place, if you want."

"No. I can't."

"It's okay, really. It isn't big, but I can make room."

I shake my head. "Even if they don't hunt me, demons are going to be coming for me. The reasons why I was created might have been a lie, but I am not going to endanger humans because of that. I'll leave the city, draw the demons away. Maybe I'll go to Alabama, That's only a few hours south. They can use a hunter there according to the news."

"Do you have to do that? You said the reason they created you was a lie, so you don't have to go on killing demons."

"It's all I know."

"You can learn something new."

I shake my head and stand. "No, there's no point in it." I leave, ignoring her protests.