

Chapter 1

The massive steel door creaked open as I was led shackled with leg irons and handcuffs past a wall plastered with multiple copies of Tikvah's advertisement. My new home was one of many homes in which I have lived during my 300 years.



The irony of that picturesque welcome hit home after I alone in my Death Row cell--alone with my memories in this temporary home, for in years past, even though my demonic being has endured punishment after punishment, I have continued to exist.

Unsuccessfully I have tried to recall what it was like when I was human. But I can't even remember what it felt like having human blood flowing through my body.

I can empathize with Tikvah's call to "rest in peace." In my mind, he was speaking directly to me; mocking me for the deal I had made during that fateful year of the plague in 1666. Some may call it damnation, but when the Prince of Darkness calls me home to sit at his right side, I'll willingly accept the consequences that brought me here.

And what a deal it was—power, sex, riches beyond belief. All I had to do was serve My Master. On that fateful September day when I was 15, I entered a confessional booth for the last time and that's when I learned that I would never die.

You're probably asking yourself 'Who is this monster?' So let me introduce myself--but I'm not a monster, just a demon doing what his boss has ordered him to do."

Throughout the ages, even I, a demon possessed by My Master, has had to adapt to the mores of contemporary society. So when I describe myself, it's not self deprecation. Monster is a word that you the reader have applied to me.

My name is Daniel and I'm a servant of God. Not the God that you may believe in, but the God that really created creatures that evolved into "the human race."

And that's where I come in. I'm My Master's agent--his supply clerk so to speak. I guess I should explain this more fully.

My Master had a falling out with a competitive deity, one whom he had considered a friend. That so-called friend overthrew My Master and His earthly realm and then exiled him beyond the Styx, My Master was hunted and harassed by the entity who became His arch rival.

With this defeat, my Lord and Master lost everything except His desire to recover what had been taken from Him. And to do that required a cadre of servants, acolytes to prepare the way for My Master's return to power.

It was my 15th birthday and, while my family was neither rich nor poor, a prayer session had been planned to ask that they be spared them from the plague that was ravishing all of Europe.

My parents, my relatives and many other villagers planned to continue praying, but I was not destined to attend. For on that Sunday my adolescence abrupt ended.

I entered the confessional and knelt down. Just as the priest opened the partition, I froze and could not remember how to begin. But he sensed my nervousness and prompted me: "Forgive me father, for I have sinned. It has been a very long time since my last confession and these are my sins."

I began to list my sins—especially my wet dreams and my pleasure especially after I came.

I felt compelled to tell the priest things that I had fantasized about—the little girls who caressed me as I slept. I revealed my innermost joys and trepidations to whom I assumed was a man of God, a shadow on the other side of the curtain.

Suddenly, the candle in the booth flickered. I froze. What looked like a soft girlish hand began to gently fondle my pantaloons. It felt as if I was reliving the best wet dream I'd ever had. I couldn't move my hands. But my groin wasn't paralyzed and my tool grew larger than ever before.

Then that lovely, gentle, clenched hand transformed itself into a cherubic mouth of a young girl that started to suck me and devour my teen juice. I felt omnipotent as I climaxed again and again.

The orgasms continued for what seemed an eternity. But the ejaculations were also synchronized with voices--directives piercing through my brain.

“This shall be yours forever--power, money and all the pleasure you desire. For I am the true God and I will give this to you if you will serve Me. The choice is yours. But there is no choice, is there?”

I screamed out, “Yes, I want this forever. I’ll do whatever you want me to do, just don’t let this ever stop.” Suddenly the booth's door opened and I was no longer an awkward teenager, I was a leader and my body and pantaloons were dry.

Sitting in my Cell Number 66, the centuries flashed before my eyes--orgies, murders, crimes that My Master and I had participated in. I was the Marquis d'Sade. Then I was Robespierre. I was Jack the Ripper. I was Hitler. I was Stalin. I was Lee Harvey Oswald. And now I'm Allen Abbott.

My body has aged slightly (which is normal for a 315 year old), but my desire for revenge has continued. My shell, now inhabited by My Master, will take back what was taken from Him. My Master, the true creator of humanity believes that he now also become humanity's destroyer.

The confessional's door reopened into a cornfield in a strange land; a cornfield with people dancing around a pentagram.

The men and women waited for me and then their hands welcomed me. My clothing disappeared just as their robes fell to the ground. My nudity brought forth an ever-increasing erection, larger than any of my new male acolytes.

I felt gratified as they pressed their bodies against mine; kissing me and manipulating the few parts of my body still remained visible. The humans were ready to worship me, their new leader, but My Master and I had to prove to them that we were worthy of their adoration.

How did I --or should I say Allen Abbott--wind up on Death Row? Well, I’m here now and it’s as good a place as any to tell you about my latest conquest. Although I’ll be skipping around quite a bit, I'll try not to be too tangential. However, you’ll have to bear with me because, as you humans like to say, ‘Give the devil his due.’”

