

Deal With The Devil

George didn't see the car coming until it was too late. Bam it hit him at forty miles an hour. He died instantly. Looking around, George waited for the heavenly gates to appear. When none did so he gathered he was going to the other place. It wasn't a peaceful thought to be having.

That's when an angel appeared before him. "George is it?" The angel asked. She was wearing all red with horns and a pitchfork. George gathered she had a tail as well. But didn't dare ask what was under the black cape.

George frowned, had he really gone to the afterlife to be part of the Devil's gang? Is that all his hard work led him to? He wasn't sure he wanted to be part of that. But if that was the deal, then that was the deal.

Looking back to the angel, he nodded. "Yes my name is George, who might you be?"

The angel smiled at George. He would do just fine. She decided. There wasn't anything else she wanted out of life, for there was nothing more that she could ask for than to possess a soul such as George's. "I want your soul." She said, "I'm an angel, you're dead, and you have a soul that I wish to possess."

George hem and hawed it over in his mind for a moment. What good would his soul do for the angel if he wasn't using it anymore? He no longer had control over his body, so what good would it be for her?

"I have a soul, it is true." George said. "But there's nothing you can use it for."

The angel scoffed at the thought. "Of course I can use you my dear boy." She said, "I can return you back to the overworld and set you free. At which point you can offer me your soul in exchange for one day of bliss before you are trapped in my clutches forever."

"You want me to make a deal with the devil?" George asked.

"In a manner of speaking, yes." The angel replied.

George thought about it for a moment. It was tempting to go back to earth for one more day of bliss. What would he do with his one day though? It wouldn't be an easy thing to comprehend for sure, but he would figure something out.

"You have a deal." He said.

"Good." The angel smiled at George. "One day of bliss coming up. Just um sign this document."

"Document?" George asked. A three hundred page document appeared before George. "What the hell is this?" He asked. "Looks like I'm signing my life away." He paused, reflecting on the statement he just made. Of course he was signing his life away. That was the expected end result wasn't it?

Without reading the document, George signed it. If he was going to give up his soul to the devil he might as well make the best of it. Jumping in without a net as it were. George handed the document back over to the angel and smiled. "I hope there isn't some weird thing in there where you turn me into a fish or other nonsense."

The angel smiled. "Oh you never know with the devil. I can't recall the last time he revised the details." She laughed at the matter. "Never mind that though, everything will be okay. I promise."

She shook George's hand with her other hand behind her back crossing her fingers. She was an angel working for the dark lord himself, George should have known she would lie to him. But it didn't cross his mind, he was off to have one last day of freedom before being turned over to the devil's servants.

George wondered what he would do with his final day of freedom. He would have to come up with a plan for sure. Something he'd never thought of doing ever before. It would have to be something on the spot, nothing fully planned out. He wanted to be outgoing for once in his life.

He found himself at the beach. George had been to the beach on several occasions, just never a nude beach like this one. He looked around at the various people living their lives carefree not worrying about a thing. It was freeing to him.

George took off his swim trunks and joined the others in their nude attire. He smiled as others walked past him. Is this what living really felt like? He wasn't certain. But George wanted to find out more.

Laying down on the sand, George fell asleep. He could hear the crashing of the waves in the distance. A woman's voice called out to him.

"Excuse me sir? Sir?" The woman said. George woke to find a blonde haired woman standing over him.

"What?" George asked.

The woman smiled. "Hi there, glad I woke you. It's kinda dangerous to fall asleep on a beach, you know. The heat alone can kill you." She said, "I'm Amanda by the way."

George sat up. "Oh I didn't know that." He smiled at the nude woman standing in front of him. "I know this is forward, but would you like to get a drink sometime?" George asked.

Amanda blushed. "Sure how about this evening?"

"That will be perfect." George said.

The rest of the day progressed pretty well, George went bowling, shot some hoops at the local gym, and got a few laps in at the track. He never felt so good in his life.

Getting dressed, George headed to the local night club. As he entered he saw Amanda standing at the bar trying to order a drink. The bartender was too busy to notice her. As he was helping other customers.

George approached Amanda. She was dressed to the nines complete with heels. George smiled at her. "Hey there." He said.

Amanda turned and smiled at George. She looked different, he almost didn't recognize her.

George pulled some money out of his wallet, put it on the bar and grabbed two bottles of beer from behind the counter.

"Hey!" The bartender yelled.

George pointed to the money. "Don't worry I paid ya." He said. Leading the way, George took Amanda to a secluded area of the club where they could talk.

"Do you come here often?" George asked.

Amanda shook her head. "No, first time. What about you?"

George shook his head as well, "First time for me as well."

Amanda smiled at George. She felt butterflies in her stomach. There was something special about him.

George smiled back at Amanda. He too felt a connection to her but wasn't quite certain what that connection was. He reminded himself that he had a finite amount of time before he would have to surrender his soul to the angel.

As the evening progressed, George and Amanda enjoyed their time together. They didn't want to say goodbye at the end of the night. But had to. George realized he would never see her again, it was a shame.

Laying in bed, George looked at the ceiling. He expected the angel to poke her head through the ceiling at any time and claim his soul right then and there. It didn't happen though. George fell asleep.

He woke up to find himself in the afterlife. Sure enough the angel was there waiting for him.

"So you had a fun evening." The angel said.

George smiled, yes he did. He wouldn't change it for the world.

"I suppose this is where I surrender my soul to you?" George asked.

The angel nodded. "Yes, as per the agreement. You are to relinquish your soul to me."

George frowned. He wished he could have another day with Amanda, but knew that wouldn't ever happen.

"Okay let's get this over with." George said. He waited for his soul to be sucked out of his body. It didn't quite happen that way of course, no he was simply transported to what appeared to be a prison cell where other souls were waiting for doomsday.

"So this is it huh?" George asked. "This is the waiting room for hell."