

Write a story with the line “and it was the most beautiful music he'd ever heard in his life”

Sweating, and gasping for air, Giuseppe woke up from his slumber to a dark and rancid place. Behind him, he heard screams, but he didn't dare move. He lied in his bed, unable to move, overwhelmed by the smell and halting cacophony of noises around him. Eventually, his eyes adjusted to the darkness and he gathered his surroundings. There was a figure at the foot of his bed, large hands circling the horns that lie on top of the figure. There was a commanding air around the figure, its muscles bulging in the darkness as harrowing screams echoed around him.

The figure eventually spoke, “Tartini. Not many souls with a body in the living world see me, but you...”, his deep, guttural voice filling Giuseppe's brain, commanding all his attention. The figure continued, “you are unique. As a gift, I can give you a deal. Play your best piece. If mine is better, your soul belongs to me. If yours is better, I become your slave for eternity”.

Giuseppe swallowed: standing across from him was the devil incarnate, shrouded in darkness. Giuseppe squeaked, “I acc...accept”.

The devil replied, “Let the coin decide who plays first”. Giuseppe swallowed again. He had dedicated his life to the violin