

The Harbringers of Bad Decisions (pt1)

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“Poison.”

“No, Karla... The Blood of Your Enemies.”

“Damn it,” I shouted at the two idiots on my shoulder, “For the last time, I’m NOT going to feed baby Jimbo any of those things for dinner!”

It had already been several weeks, but I still hadn’t gotten used to the mistakes I’d summoned in my attempt to woo over the popular chick in my class. I palmed my face with my hand and sighed. All those months spent training myself to learn when to trust the angel, and when to trust the demon, were now wasted. Instead of getting one of each to balance the other out, I’d gotten myself two lesser demons, the worst of their kind, who couldn’t even do the one job they were created to do: usher in chaos that favored their master. I’d nicknamed them the ‘Harbringers of Bad Decisions’.

“Karla,” a small red demon wearing a snappy suit, glasses, and unkempt black hair said in a dignified tone, “You will not make any progress in your journey until you choose which one of us will bring you your desires.”

“Hah!” a blue demon with a potbelly, red eyes, a green mohawk and a greasy sleeveless shirt countered, “Funny that you’d say that, Salazar. She would’ve MADE a decision by now if you didn’t confuse her with your crazy ass words and shit.”

I rolled my eyes. “No, and you’re not any better, Pomos. Neither of you are any help. I’m trying to babysit a goddamn baby right now. Didn’t any of you keep up to date with the new material? A demon’s supposed to know their way around the world their master lives in!”

I was standing in the kitchen, trying to whip up a meal for a baby, but I was having trouble performing even the most basic cooking skills. Jimbo’s parents were looking for a babysitter who could cook, as they didn’t believe in buying baby food from the ‘evil corporations’. So I’d lied that I knew my way around cooking for babies; when I got the job, Muriel was furious, and shouted in my face- in her usual, condescending tone- that she needed this job more than I did. All I gave her was a big, ‘fuck you’ grin. It was a devious thing to do, but what can I say? I was right at home with the dark arts. However, now my evil decisions were starting to catch up to me.

A devilish grin flashed across the red demon’s face. “Ah,” Salazar said, “You wish to learn how to lie to that boy’s parents, do you?”

“Yes!” I exclaimed, exasperated. For the first time since I summoned him, Salazar had suggested something helpful. “I need to keep up my lie for just a few more days. After that, they can fire me all they want, as long as I don’t do something dumb enough to land myself in jail. And there’s no

chance in hell I'm gonna call his parents and admit that I played them. I NEED this money."

I had read that demons were good at keeping up faux, 'noble' personalities for their masters. It was how so many politicians succeeded in this modern world. C'mon, I thought to myself. Please tell me I didn't waste sixty bucks on that old conjuring text.

"Yes..." Salazar continued, while Pomos let out a raspberry and sat his fat face on his hands. "The Luring of the Mind. That spell on the infant should do it."

I thought about it for a moment. For a second, Salazar seemed convincing. But then, I realized he was still a gigantic idiot. "Hold on. You're telling me to use a mind control spell on a fucking BABY? The one the Vizar used to enslave King Romold and ultimately bring doom to the kingdom from his not-well-thought-about wish? Are you crazy?"

Salazar was telling me to not feed Jimbo at all, and just puppet him to act like he was full, so that when the parents came back, they wouldn't suspect a thing. The Luring of the Mind only worked on one- and only one- person, so I couldn't use it on the entire family. There were so many holes in his plan that I wanted to smack that fool right off my shoulder.

Pomos laughed heartily. "SEE! I told you that you're always overthinking things! Look kid," Pomos whispered into my ear, "If you wanna to show those parents you've got them in your clutches, do this. Mind control one of them instead. Figure out who controls the money. That way, it doesn't matter if the other disagrees. You'll get your dough in the end."

"Huh," I replied with a deadpan expression. Pomos's plan wasn't that great either, but he thought it was. I didn't have the energy to tell him off. Salazar had already taken the last fuck I was willing to give away.

Suddenly, I heard a fumbling at the front door.

"Shit!" I whispered under my breath, "They're back home early?" This was very, very bad. My eyes darted across the kitchen. I couldn't even figure out how to evenly spread peanut butter on a piece of toast yet. Could a baby even eat that?

"Karla!" Salazar declared, "You must make your choice soon! The baby."

"Or..." Pomos butted in, "The one who's got the goods."

I panicked, and shut my eyes. "Old gods, lend me your powers. Just..." I suddenly forgot the rest of the incantation. I had to resort to a spell that didn't rely on words, but on emotion. Unfortunately, there was only one I knew well. "Just fuck my shit up."

"Oh Jimbo, we're home!"

I heard the dad walked in through the door. Just a second later, I yelped when someone's head popped next to the kitchen entrance. It was the mom. "Karla, so sorry we couldn't tell you that we'd be home early. You see..."

I noticed I was stiffening up, so I began to relax. Her words were hardly registering in my head as I was just starting to realize what I'd just done. It was like I was slowly rolling into a sinking void. I'd had evoked The Luring of the Mind.

Fuck, I thought to myself. This is what I get for buying the bargain bin edition.

TO BE CONTINUED...