

KYLE DEREKSON
PROFESSIONAL DEMON
HUNTER

Kyle Derekson, Professional Demon Hunter of Bakersfield, was running along the bank of the Kern River on that beclouded, rainy Falltime day. He had caught word that a demon was attempting to sneak its way into town through the channel in which the river flowed, which had virtually no surveillance.

While on the errand, Kyle Derekson (who could seldom bear the indignity of being called by his first name alone) always carried his trademark weapon with him: a long, slender wooden staff with a heavy, rough, and ballish knot on one end, whose other, thinner end would walk toward the nearest demon (no matter how far) when set on the ground and shoved along.

"I'll find you, punk!" he yelled as he ran through the raindrops toward Bakersfield, against the water's flow.

The waterway soon took a bend, and once he passed it, Kyle saw the demon blithely leaning against the earthen canal wall on the left, having heard his shout and readying for battle.

The demon laughed at him in his expected high-pitch, scratchy demon voice.

"So lemme guess." The demon smirked, straightening his posture. "You're here to exterminate me, 'cause I'm a demon, huh?"

"Yep. And I've never met a demon that didn't seek to kill and eat humans, or at least corrupt them morally. Hi, I'm Kyle Derekson, Professional Demon Hunter." He struck a pose, as he ever did when he announced his name to friend or foe.

"Think yer strong, kid, am I right? I'm gonna EAT YOU!" The demon leapt forth at Kyle, stretching upward his arms and clawish fingernails.

Kyle braced his weapon from its thinner end, and clobbered the evil-willing demon's wicked face with the ball-end of his staff.

"Real good blow that was, kid," said the demon, straightening out and spitting blood. "But yer blatant discrimination against our superior kind is nothin' but a—"

While he was talking, Kyle sprang forth and concentrated his life energy (or "aura") in his fist, striking the demon in the side and knocking him to the ground.

Then he smashed in his face with the rod, as its blood flowed downstream.

"Got 'im," he said to himself, before walking off back to town, his staff slung over his shoulder.

Kyle Derekson had once tried, desperately, to get his acting career off the ground in Los Angeles. But at his height, he could best be described as a "C-list actor."

After much introspection and careful thought, he chose to forsake the industry altogether and live somewhere smaller and less extravagant, while abiding in California. That was how he ended up living in Bakersfield.

But it took him not long while living there to realize, that, perhaps that town's ghostly energy being of the unholy sort, in the whole state of California, demons and materialized ungodly forces flocked to Bakersfield like no other area, especially to the very navel of town; whence, he reckoned, a certain impure energy must be outflowing, beckoning the demons who felt it to come nearer.

Since under United States law, demons were not considered persons in any respect, nor given the slightest rights, when Kyle Derekson would see one on the street, whether wandering or seeking the middle of town, he would be so besmitten by its both physical and spiritual unsightliness, that he would pick a fight with it, to do the whole town a service by ridding it of the foul entity's presence.

At first he was the one ending up beaten in more than half of the battles, nearly dying in one brawl; but soon enough his own strength, combat skill, and manipulation of his soul's ghostly aura improved so much, that he always would overcome them.

This prompted the demons to choose their stronger fighters to fulfill the Bakersfield missions, and pretty quickly, the streets and alleys becoming filled

with demonic filth that craved the taste of human flesh, the Mayor of Bakersfield hired Kyle Derekson full-time to take them out.

Lately, Kyle bethought in his head while slowly making his way back to town along the riverbank, how the reports, confirmed and not, of demons in Bakersfield were increasing.

Kyle tried to figure out the meaning of this.

The rain was light and everything's hue yet bright, even dreamily so. The air was clearer than normal and even the duller hues struck the eye quite intensely. The day was slightly after noon.

Kyle sighed. "I guess I'll just have to stay on the lookout for now. Someone actually was killed yesterday by a demon. That doesn't bode well..."

Kyle's staff had one fetter on its demon-finding ability: it could only work on even, hard ground. It was soft and wet where he stood, so he would need to get back to town before using it again.

It was about ten minutes later when Kyle Derekson set foot once more on paven road. Then he set down the thin end of his staff, and pushed it forth, to see that it turned off to the somewhat left. He headed off in that direction.

Soon, by timely application of the rod's ability, he was able to find the demon in question hiding out in an alley.

It sprang at him with a knife, but he calmly dodged, smacked it out of its hand, and beat its head in till it died.

That was the last demon Kyle caught that day.

The next morning, another mostly cloudy yet sheen one, Kyle followed his staff beyond the outskirts of town down a dirt road through the green fields and woods (for which Bakersfield was not renowned) a fair way, waiting for the next demon to try to enter town.

But when he saw the sight before his eyes, he could not forbear jumping off the side of the road and into the bushes by the trees.

Kyle had one little-known skill: he could reckon the exact number of a group of men or things just by looking.

There, marching toward Bakersfield, came a band of one hundred and one demons. Many of them held weapons.

He overheard them betalking the planned destruction of Bakersfield, followed by the merry relation of their intent of eating all those who lived in it.

"Shit! I have to take them all out before they can do it! I have to fight them!"

Seeing he had little choice, Kyle revealed himself and stood tall before the demons off the side of the road.

"Hey. I'm Kyle Derekson, Professional Demon Hunter, and before you enter my town you're gonna have to mess with me!"

They looked at him but ignored him.

"Hey! Don't you hear that I'm talking to you!? Come fight me!"

They still ignored him.

He approached the troop, but narrowly dodged the sword that was swung at him.

"Watch it, asshole! You wanna fight me?! Well, then come chase after me! Come on, I'm right here!"

Continuing to ignore him, Kyle approached a different flank of the band, and swung the heavy end of his staff at one of the weaker-looking demons, who fell down to the ground, and he smashed in his face. "One down, one hundred to go," thought Kyle.

"Still not gonna fight me??"

The demons' countenances changed, and suddenly out from the troop trod one confidently standing demon, as the rest marched on.

In its high-pitch voice, it laughed and yelled, "I'll eat you!!"

"So be it," said Kyle. "Wanna try?"

"Sure!!"

Kyle walked blithely toward the demon, and began a kick, which it tried to block with its forearms; only he wasn't aiming for his body, but his feet.

Kyle's kick swept the demon right off his feet, and he landed loudly onto the short, sparse grass.

"Had enough, idiot?" asked Kyle.

But the demon arose easily enough, its face shifted into a crazy bloodthirsty one, and it said, in a deep, low and throaty voice, "Entering Rogue Mode..."

Kyle became frightened.

The demon suddenly began charging at Kyle at quite a swift speed. Seeing the demon's aura turn very sinister after he announced his "Rogue Mode," Kyle started fleeing the demon, who gave him chase.

A long time went by, and the demon hadn't slowed down in the slightest, so Kyle threw his staff at it as he ran. But the staff only broke in two pieces when the demon struck it out of the air.

"Shit!! That was my weapon! I'll need a new one now..."

Kyle, having worked up his strength over the years of his demon-hunting, had unmatched stamina, and kept running as the charged-up demon pursued him.

Eventually Kyle found a sturdy-looking, thick stick lying on the ground nearby, and so he quickly picked it up, and thrust it into the ground so it stood upright. and he hid behind it.

"This demon here is clearly sacrificing all his mental energy to achieve this stark aura, so he should be stupid enough not to go around it." Kyle stooped behind the stick.

Indeed, the demon reached him and was forced to stop at the stick. But Kyle barely dodged the strong, aura-filled punch that the demon launched toward the ground where he sat.

He quickly got back up on his feet and grabbed back his stick out of the earth, turning back and standing firmly before the demon. The spot where it had punched was deeply indented from the blow.

This time the demon didn't charge forth, but only marched toward him slowly and robotically.

Evidently the demon's Rogue Mode ability was one that allowed him to operate on autopilot, at its wit's expense.

Kyle grunted and smacked the demon in the face with his new stick, reinforcing it with aura.

It was unharmed.

"Defeat each demon with as little energy [including aura] as possible, so I don't get worn out before I finish them all," Kyle had thought. But already he was meeting a challenge.

He let the demon catch up to him (slowly), and all it did was wind up its fist, and mightily but dodgeably punched forward.

"If that had hit me," thought Kyle, "I could be really hurt."

Kyle smacked the demon twice more with the staff, but to no effect.

He tried again in different areas of its body, but the same happened.

"It's invincible?? How long can it last like this??"

Kyle suddenly burst off in the same direction whence they came, and made the demon charge after him again, after saying, "Rogue Mode."

Then Kyle tried the same earlier technique of hiding behind the stick fastened in the ground. But this time the demon's fist grazed his head before he got out of the way.

Though Kyle was able to recover his stick, he felt dizzy and a throe in his head. Nevertheless, while the demon was getting up from its deep punch, he tried smiting it once more with the stick.

This time it was knocked backward and took several seconds to regather itself. This time the attack worked.

The demon continued marching forward.

Kyle reckoned he was closer to understanding Rogue Mode's weakness.

He swung the stick around in his hand, and then ran off once more so the demon would chase him, and then did the same trick with the stick, this time dodging accurately.

While the demon was getting up from its punch, Kyle walloped it with heavy force, and it fell down and rolled around on the ground a few times

before lying still quickly, and then arising wearily once more, returning to marching at Kyle.

"I've figured it out," he said.

But the demon did not, nor could, answer (being in its autopilot mode).

It didn't take long, or much more of Kyle's energy, to render the demon a lifeless rag on the ground.

"Ninety-nine left."

Kyle sprang off to find the demons' group again.

"Hey, I defeated that fool. Who next?"

"I don't appreciate your being crass with us, Mr. Derekson," said another demon leaving the group toward him (the rest kept going). "You can call me Crakov."

Kyle hit him hard with the stick, but he stood unmarred and drew out a coin from his pocket, holding it between his thumb and index finger.

"Look, Mr. Derekson, I wouldn't be too hasty if I were you." He flipped the coin and let it land on the ground. Kyle instinctively leapt back. "If this coin lands heads, then the damage from that attack you just made goes, rightfully, to me. But if it lands tails, you get the damage instead." He laughed.

The coin turned up tails.

"Ow!!" yelled Kyle, being stricken backward.

"If one minute elapses, however, from the time of the attack, and the coin has yet to be flipped, then I take the damage regardless." He picked up the coin.

Kyle punched him right in the belly, but Crakov flipped the coin and it landed tails again.

Kyle fell, in pain, to the dirt. The demon just stood there, unmoving.

"You see, with my ability, many of my foes are the ones to defeat themselves! Ha!"

"Very well. I'll just have to outlast ya. That's what I'm good at." He struck Crakov again.

The coin landed heads.

"Good shot, Mr. Derekson; but you shall need many more of those before you have defeated me." He kept standing there, unshifting.

Kyle hit him again, but the coin landed tails, again, and he was knocked back.

"They say my coin is rigged!" Crakov laughed sinisterly. "Just a rumor, of course."

"Alright.." Kyle stood up, and clobbered Crakov again.

But when Crakov flipped his coin, Kyle snatched it out of the air and laughed. The former's expression turned to shock.

"That's actually a pretty good ability, Mr. Crakov, I believe was your name. But I can just do this—" He stuck the coin on its side into the dirt, and pressed it far down, so it would never lie flat again. "Now, according to what you said, one minute from now you'll be dead."

And he hit the defenseless Crakov with a great many blows and ran off to the troop again. "Ninety-eight left."

"Alas," bemoaned Crakov, as he stood there waiting to die. "My weakness was that I never developed my own strength— only my simple coin trick.. And that was too easy to break..."

Fifty seconds later he died.

In Kyle's way was another demon with no weapons. Kyle stood back, but it charged toward him, gently tapped him on the shoulder, and fled back again before he could swing at him.

"What was that?" Kyle looked confused, but delighted.

The demon calmly started walking off, which annoyed Kyle.

"Hey! I'm Kyle Derekson, Professional Demon Hunter." He struck a pose. "Hey!!"

When he started running toward the demon, it swung a punch in front of itself from afar, but Kyle was knocked to the ground quickly, before getting back on his feet. He was landed another blow from afar.

"I get it.." said Kyle. "Your ability is remote attacking, huh? Good one, I like it." He was hit on the right cheek, then the left, then the right again, and then in the upper chest.

The demon turned around to face him again, but Kyle couldn't get near it before being knocked back with a remote attack.

"Man, I'm really getting beaten up already..." he thought to himself.

But the demon, thinking confidently enough that it could keep Kyle away from its troop with its ability, started striding back to them, continuing to strike Kyle from there.

The next thing the demon knew, however, was that it had been hit with the end of Kyle's new stick, felling him forward to the ground, and Kyle was there fast enough to land him his finishing blow.

"That's why it's important to watch your back when in a fight," he said. He had simply thrown his stick at the demon while it wasn't looking. "Lucky I had good aim... Ninety-seven left."

He quickly reached the group again.

"I'll fight you next," said a smirking demon walking by him back to the field where the former duel had taken place. "Name's Attrick. I'm truly quite impressed with your skills, but you're still outmatched here."

"Huh? I'm Kyle Derekson, Professional Demon Hunter! I bet I'm stronger than you!"

Kyle swung his stick at Attrick, but missed, and the latter took that opportunity to punch Kyle in his shoulder, before swiftly darting back.

"That didn't hurt at all!" scoffed Kyle.

"Look at your left wrist."

A digital wristwatch made of aura had appeared on his arm, with the number "14" displaying.

Kyle didn't like the looks of that. "What the hell is this?"

"That's how many more times I have to hit you before you go unconscious. Then I win. It started at fifteen, but you're already down one.

This, I call Death Alarm: Go To Sleep. What will you try now, moron?" Attrick feigned an attack to Kyle's right, but when he tried to block it, hit him on the left side of his chest. The number on the wristwatch turned to "13."

Kyle cast aside his big stick and bent down to pick up a little, flexible but firm leaf stem about a foot long from the ground.

"There, that's better."

And while Attrick was still bewildered at his choice, he sprang forward and landed his own punch on him. However, in so doing, Attrick also laid in his own.

The watch said "12."

"Smooth move," said Kyle.

"I've already dealt three out of my fifteen hits needed for you to say goodnight. And what'd you get rid of your stick for?" Attrick tested his question by dashing forward at Kyle and launching a flurry of quick punches.

But Kyle was able to block all of them by flicking around his light, aura-enhanced stem, swiping all eleven down in two seconds.

"Impressive, Kyle."

"Shut up!" He charged at Attrick and struck him again, but at the expense of another attack on himself.

"11."

Kyle tried again, hitting Attrick's thigh well enough, but received another hit to the face. Luckily for him, none of Attrick's attacks, as per his Death Alarm's restriction, did any damage. Attrick's approach was quantity, not quality, of attacks.

"10."

"Already down to ten, you idiot? Mister 'I'm Kyle Derekson, Professional Demon Hunter'?"

"Shut up!!"

"Not gonna." Attrick tried to strike Kyle again, but he blocked every attack with the leaf-stem.

"Not bad.. But now I've got you purely on the defense. Ha! Now who's the 'hunter?'"

"Watch it, you pest!"

"Why should I? I thought it was your job to make me. You came here trying to corner us, but now I've cornered you! Alone!"

Kyle was seething with anger.

Attrick leapt at him once more and dealt him roughly ten punches in one second, but Kyle blocked them all... Except for one uppercut.

"9."

"Look, Kyle, you've dealt me virtually no damage thus far, while you're already 40% defeated."

Kyle yelled out in anger and charged at Attrick, punching his shoulder, but Attrick in turn kicked him back.

"8."

"You've already wasted away seven out of your fifteen points, leaving you only eight left."

"Shut up, I said!!"

"You're the one who's angry, not me. I'm being perfectly calm. Can you see that? Dumbass."

"Fine." Kyle tried to gather himself, while Attrick went on taunting him. "I swear in the name of Bakersfield, I'll have you defeated within the hour, punk."

"Okay, well then do it already! This is boring."

Kyle unexpectedly turned around and walked away a short distance, swiping down Attrick's attempt at a strike.

"Giving up?? I thought you swore to defeat me, right, Kyle Derekson, Professional Demon Hunter?"

When he was done making the remark, a hand-sized stone had been heaved right at his face.

"That's easy!" He broke the stone with his hand, which had nearly reached him.

But while Attrick was busy focusing on the stone, Kyle had vanished out of sight, and was now behind Attrick, ready to attack.

He hit him right in the back of the neck and ran back.

"You got me that time, I'll admit, Kyle. Nice one. But now you can't try that silly trick again, can you? You're still cornered."

"You'd better believe I sure enjoyed that attack, every bit of it."

"And I bet that'll be your final success, too."

Kyle unhesitatingly sprang forward at Attrick and tried to strike him, just once, without getting hit himself. But he was hit again anyway.

"7."

"You're never gonna win against me like that, Kyle! You're trying too hard, but the problem is, you're stupid!"

"Crap!" thought Kyle. "If I keep using this little stem, I won't be able to do any damage to him. But if I use my big stick, then I won't be able to block his attacks..."

"Think hard, Kyle!"

Neither of them durst go near his foe for a while, as they stood staring each other down, Attrick keeping his bold smirk but Kyle making no light of the situation.

"Well, Kyle, if you won't come to me (like you're supposed to for your job!), then I'll have to come to you. This time I'll stand my ground." Attrick strode forward at Kyle, who was bracing his leaf-stem, and let out his flurry of punches once more, but didn't stop.

Kyle impressively blocked the first thirty-seven of them, but the thirty-eighth attack reached him and knocked him backward.

"6."

"Doesn't matter even if you run away, Kyle Derekson Demon Hunter, 'cause now you have become the hunted. You only have six points left before I defeat you."

Like holding on to a handful of sand, as it slowly seeps through the fingers no matter how tightly you hold it, Kyle was cornered, and wouldn't be able to dodge or block Attrick's attacks forever.

Kyle was nearly running away, while Attrick was calmly, casually striding at him.

"Yeah, run away, you pest! *You're* the pest around here, Kyle Derekson, Demon Hunter!"

As his last resort, Kyle put the leaf-stem in his pocket, and picked up the bigger stick that he had cast aside.

Attrick suddenly charged at him, and Kyle landed a clean hit in the face. But Attrick kicked Kyle in his calf, taking him off balance before he fell to the floor.

"5."

Attrick threw many punches at Kyle, who just barely had the time to draw the little stem out of his pocket again to block them.

Attrick kicked Kyle again, and Kyle leapt back while still on the ground and sprang back up.

"4."

Attrick charged at him again, the bloodlust showing in his eyes, but he struck him hard with the big stick, sending him on one foot for just long enough to lay in a wallop.

But still Attrick was able to counterstrike Kyle before the latter could fully flee. Finally, a little blood could be seen on Attrick's devilish face.

"3."

"Nice. Well, still didn't do ya much..."

Kyle realized this was a fight he could not win, and, notwithstanding his oath to Bakersfield that he would end it, he decided to make a run for the rest of the demons' group.

"Hey!! Kyle! I'm not done with you!" He followed very near behind Kyle, pursuing him and nearly catching up.

Instantly Kyle stopped in his tracks, turned around, and, before Attrick could dodge, clobbered him in the chest, knocking him back.

But while flying backwards, Attrick grasped the end of Kyle's stick, and tore it from his hands, tossing it behind him on the ground.

"Ha," he said.

And while Kyle was still in somewhat of shock, Attrick flew at him and managed to punch him, unblocked, with both fists, before dodging his late defense backward.

"2."

"1."

"Shit!" he yelled.

"I've got you, Kyle Derekson."

Kyle tried running away, but without the big stick, he was unable to deflect Attrick's kick to the ass, which sent him falling forward and onto his face, as the wristwatch's number turned to a large, red "0" and said, "It's time! Go to sleep!"

"Idiot," scoffed Attrick, walking away from Kyle's body which would be unconscious for ninety minutes. "I'll leave someone better to wring the information out of him... Before we *eat him!*!"

Now the watch on Kyle's wrist displayed a countdown from "1:30:00" until Kyle would wake up.

Attrick had not gotten very far down the road when he heard someone walking behind him and turned around.

A thin man, wearing a dark-greenish-brown tweed sports jacket over a dress shirt and a loose pair of slick, dark gray pants, not to mention the newsboy cap the same hue as his jacket on his head, was walking slowly towards Attrick, holding a whip firmly in his left hand, lightly flicking it as he went.

The man looked like he had just come from a men's country club in the nineteen-twenties.

"Who are you," shouted Attrick mockingly. "A horse jockey?"

"First I must, then, ask: Who are you?"

"You answer me, then I'll answer you. Got it?"

With a disinterested look on his face, the man was yet coming closer to Attrick, who stood his ground.

"Very well. You may call me Meitar. But what business is it to you?"

"Hey, put the whip down! What are you, threatening me?"

"You have yet to answer either of my questions."

Attrick stepped forth and struck Meitar in his chest. A wristwatch appeared on Meitar's left wrist, displaying the number "14."

"What is this?" he asked. His disinterested expression did not shift an inch.

"Self defense. I call it Death Alarm: Go To Sleep! I'd be careful if I were you."

"Why is Kyle Derekson, the Demon Hunter, lying on the floor unconscious, wearing a watch that looks just like this?" He pointed to Kyle's sleeping body far off the side of the road.

Attrick didn't answer.

"I have asked you four questions so far, and you have partly answered one of them. I see how it is... Well, I'll show you the respect to tell you that, in light of you and your comrades' invasion into Bakersfield, the Mayor has dispatched Loetz and myself as reinforcements. It seems you have already taken Mr. Derekson out of commission."

"Yeah, I did. Now get out of my personal space right now." He punched Meitar again.

"13."

Without so much as flicking his hand, Meitar's whip stretched out slightly and slapped Attrick on his cheek with such force that he fell onto the ground before shakily getting up.

Meitar's face still looked the same, as if Attrick were a mosquito buzzing around him, annoying him, and nothing more.

Meitar's whip stretched by itself again (he called this ability Hempen Serpent), the outgrowing part having the appearance and texture of strong rope, wrapped itself around Attrick's throat, lifted him up, and heaved him away about fifty yards into a nearby tree, leaving an Attrick-shapen bruise in it.

Meitar kept on walking upon the road, unhindered by Attrick's annoyance. His whip returned to its normal length, and he hid it back on the inside of his coat.

The watch on his wrist disappeared, and Kyle Derekson returned to consciousness.

He was at first quite bewildered as to why the demon Attrick, who had just defeated him, lay, contorted and unconscious, by one of the nearby trees, and who the well-clad man walking down the road whence he came was.

He got up, slowly.

"Hey!! Who are you??"

Meitar stopped and casually turned to look at him, approaching.

"Hello, Kyle Derekson, Demon Hunter. Hearing that you were going at the swarm of demons alone, the Mayor ordered two reinforcements to come and assist. I am one of them. You can call me, Meitar. I'm going now to meet up with the other one. I suppose you should come with me, though we've got this taken care of by ourselves."

Kyle was both pleased to hear that Bakersfield was safe after all, and displeased that his earnest efforts were being undermined by men he had never even met.

"So all that fighting was for nothing?" he thought.

He followed Meitar along the road.

Meanwhile, Loetz was standing in the middle of the same road near the outskirts of town, waiting for the demons to arrive.

He was wearing a white buttoned shirt and jeans, and had a small beard.

It did not take long for him to see the troop of demons, shouting and getting themselves excited about what they sought to do with Bakersfield, coming closer but still far away.

Loetz picked up the blue plastic spray bottle that hung on his belt, and sprayed three little clouds of mist that quickly dissipated in the air.

Before the demons reached him, the clouds in the sky above grew thicker, and it began to rain.

Loetz sprayed another puff of mist from the bottle, and fog began spreading out, enshrouding the area in haze.

He sprayed twenty more times from the bottle, and the sprayed mist particles clung together and formed twenty razor-thin disks of aura and water, that started to spin violently.

The disks dispersed in different directions and then flew towards the troop of demons, spinning like sawblades.

Kyle Derekson went on following Meitar along the road, now at a swift pace, as the road went from dirt to pavement, and they could begin to see the rain and mild mist in the distance.

"What is that??" asked Kyle.

"That is my partner Loetz's ability. You will see soon enough."

When Kyle and Meitar reached Loetz, the rain had ended, and the remaining ninety-six demons lay, beheaded and hewn in pieces, on the wet road, their blood mixing with the water; and Loetz's spray bottle was back on his belt.

"You beat me," said Meitar. "Well, I got one. But I think he's still alive."

"Well good for you," smiled Loetz. "So this is Kyle Derekson, huh?"

"Yep. That's me. Sow how'd you do it??"

Loetz took out his spray bottle again.

"Tempest in a Bottle: Storm God. Watch this."

He sprayed the bottle once, and the mist quickly took the transparent shape of a sword, which started churning in the air on its own.

As if to impress the already humiliated Kyle Derekson, Meitar drew out the whip from his coat pocket, and it smacked the sword out of the air, which flew backward and then burst back into mist, dispersing.

"You see, I can create any object I like out of mist," said Loetz, "which can then move independently of me. I also made the rain that you saw."

"Well that's sure somethin'..." said Kyle, somewhat annoyed.

"Okay," said Meitar. "Now that the rest have been dealt with, let's go back and make sure the one I encountered is dead."

"Attrick is what he said his name is," said Kyle. "And the whole time I was fighting him, he was acting like a real asshole, mocking me. I can't stand demons like that..."

"Yes," assured Loetz. "We'll make sure he's done in real well by the time we're through."

The three hurried back to the field outside of town to put an end to him.

As it so happened, Attrick had just returned to consciousness when they got there, and, having felt Meitar's far stronger might already, he did the one thing he could do: flee.

"I got this," said Loetz.

He took out his bottle and sprayed it once, the mist taking the shape of a spear, and cast it at the fleeing demon, who collapsed onto the ground.

The spear reverted to mist and dispersed, and Loetz walked toward the fallen devil, shifting his bottle's nozzle to a different setting.

When he grew close enough, he shot a round drop of water at Attrick's head, boring a hole all the way through and into the earth.

Kyle walked up and kicked the body.