

DSA
Demon Slaying Alliance

(first draft)

Chapter 1

Another Broken Sword

After witnessing the knife being drawn from her husband's chest, the woman ran as fast as her legs could carry her. She turned the corner before looking back, since she didn't want to see the soulless body of her husband, and saw, chasing after her, three men carrying unusual knives.

The men were her husband's work colleagues, she had met them before, Steve, John and Mike was their names. Steve was the skinny one with long black hair, he had wanted to date the woman for years so why he was after her, with the want to murder her, it made no sense. John was an overweight man with only a few hairs on his head, despite his belly size he didn't look tired at all (coz you know, you'd expect fat people to get tired pretty easily, no offence fat people). Finally there was Mike, he had no hair and wasn't over or underweight, he looked about average, he's this woman's ex-boyfriend, but she never thought that he'd go this far.

She was beginning to run out of breath so she knew that she had to lose them quickly, she saw an alleyway between two buildings, it looked dark and uninviting but she knew that it was her only option if she wanted to lose the three stooges chasing after her. She took a sharp left and the psychopaths followed behind her, she turned to look at them once more, still as bloodthirsty and as hungry for murder as they were earlier. Before she even had time to react, a thirty foot brick wall appeared out of thin air and crashed into her. After examining the wall she could tell that her fate was sealed, she slowly turned her head and gazed at the three men now walking towards her, licking their lips, itching to kill.

She panicked knowing that there was nothing that she could do to stop them from slaughtering her. They were ready to pounce at her and would have definitely killed her, leaving her as a lifeless sack of bones, if it wasn't for the sound of a gun firing a piercing bullet, only just missing Steve's head, which made them turn around to meet their new challengers.

The first one was male. He had hair the colour of night, that covered only half his neck. His eyes were different from one another, one of them was the colour of grass, while the other was the colour of magma. He wasn't too tall, five foot eight at the most. In his hand he held a katana that was cased inside its sky coloured sheath. He wore a t-shirt of the band *Metallica* as well as a pair of black jeans.

The second being was the opposite gender to the first. She had long hair also the colour of night, with a couple of strands the colour of blood. She had eyes the colour of the sky on a summer's day. She was a couple of inches smaller than the male. In her hands she held a pistol in each. One had the barrel facing the murderers and the other pointing at the concrete. She wore a red jacket, with a white sleeveless shirt and jeans that looked almost identical to the male's.

The three murderers stood there keeping their gaze on the two beings that stood at the edge of alleyway. The monsters looked like they were in fear but the warriors had what looked like grins on their faces like they were happy to see people who were blood thirsty and had an intent to kill. The woman was still there looking like she was about to scream from both the fact that three of her deceased husband's' friends were on a rampage to kill her, and the fact that the bullet that was fired had nearly shot her in the head.

'Looks like Satan's got his hands on three more people' said the female warrior 'wouldn't you agree Lukia.'

'It certainly looks that way Crestel' said the male entity, 'I feel sorry for the poor souls that have been harnessed.'

'That may be true but remember that killing these does kill our boredom.'

Lukia let out a little chuckle 'You've got a good point there, plus these things can't even be considered human anymore, so there's no point in having them around anyway.'

'I'm glad we're at an agreement.'

'It's funny as well.'

'What's that?'

'The Possessed that we fight are so weak that a child could kill them, and yet, when people encounter them all they can think to do is run away.'

'Well what do you expect? After all *normal* humans fear what they think they can't destroy, that's why the DSA was created.'

'I thought it was created so we could put an end to this war that the angels and demons are having.'

'Well that too.'

Lukia brought his sword, still sheathed, onto his shoulder as his grin grew slightly wider, 'Anyway we still need to kill these guys, so you get the girl out and I'll kill the Possessed'.

Crestel looked slightly disappointed 'Aww but I wanted to take out those guys'.

'Well it's my turn anyway, and besides these guys look weak, you may find stronger opponents on the way back.'

'Good point, I won't take long, five minutes at most.' She got in a stance that looked like she was about to charge right into the enemy's territory.

Lukia brought his sword out of his scabbard, the blade shimmered from the light being emanated from the street lights. 'Please, these weaklings won't even take three minutes'.

Crestel shot more bullets that left a deafening screech in the ears of everyone in the alley. The three Possessed and the girl covered their ears but Lukia and Crestel didn't even

seem affected by it, it seemed that either they didn't seem to hear the ringing that the others heard, or they did this so often that they were pretty much used to the sound. She ran (or skated) past the murderers towards the girl by the wall, however despite the fact that the monsters were still hearing the ringing of the gunshot, they had snapped out of their daze to see Crestel climbing up the wall with the girl slung over her shoulder.

The Possessed tried to climb over the walls to chase after her, at that point Lukia started charging towards them, 'Hey, your opponent is me' Lukia shouted as he ran at them with the handle of his sword in both of his hands. The monsters turned their attention towards Lukia just in time to be able to dodge his vertical attack with his sword.

When he turned around he noticed that two of them were to his left and the other one was on his right. 'Alright, looks like I'm gonna have a little more fun than I thought I would' Lukia said. As he finished his sentence a knife began to emanate in each of their right hands, the handles of the knives looked a lot like kitchen knives, the same black plastic handle and the same shape that you would find on a kitchen knife, but the blade looked a lot like an army knife, it had the same sharpness and shape as one and shined silver like the blade of Lukia's katana, only the knives were brighter.

Steve was the first one to attack, he charged at Lukia with excitement and a bloodthirsty look in his eyes. He tried stabbing Lukia, but Lukia was too quick to even allow Steve to leave a scratch. Lukia swung his sword at an incredible speed, but sadly Steve dodged out of the way, just out of reach leaving only a scratch on his torso, that Steve made look more painful than it actually was. Lukia did a full spin and attempted to swing again, and with an attack that would have been fatal instead the blade connected with a knife. The knife belonged to Mike, who surprisingly had a lot of strength in his right arm, considering the fact that he was using only one hand while Lukia was using two, he was holding the knife with the blade going down his arm so that it was more likely that he would defend his opponents attack. Lukia jumped rearwards disconnecting the blades of the knife and the katana and landed, skidding slightly during the process but was still able to maintain balance. Afterwards Mike threw his knife into the air and it flipped one-hundred and eighty degrees and the handle landed into the palm of his hand with the blade of the knife pointing at Lukia. Mike charged at Lukia going for a horizontal swing, but Lukia was prepared for it. He turned his right hand, until the blade of his sword was pointing to the floor, while he was turning his hand, he straightened his left hand and placed it firmly onto the blade, close to the point at the end, to help balance the sword out when it and the knife would clash. The knife and the sword connected and as Mike pushed on the blade of the sword Lukia pushed back, during this Lukia heard the cracking of metal coming from his sword, he had no choice but to disconnect the blades, so he harshly placed his foot onto Mike's chest and pushed with his leg making him fly backwards and into the wall right behind him.

Lukia's grin grew even bigger than before. Normally people would be worried considering the situation, but he felt thrilled about the fight he was having. It had been months since he had been in a fight with any kind of challenge in it, Lukia lived for that thrill.

John had decided to discard the knife and instead a pistol formed in his hand, the pistol was a dark metallic black colour and looked a lot like Crestel's pistol except for the size of the magazine, it had a magazine that looked like it could hold up to thirty bullets. 'Looks like Satan finally realised that he's fighting a tough opponent' Lukia said excited to

fight. John placed both his hands on the handle of the pistol and aimed down the sight, placing his pointing finger of his right hand onto the trigger, and with that he pulled the trigger and fired a bullet at Lukia. Lukia started running to the left and ran in circles. John kept firing with every shot missing, he eventually ran out of bullets so Lukia started running towards John at an incredible speed, however his speed with running wasn't as quick as the speed of John refilling his gun, in less than three seconds he had taken out the empty magazine, put in a new one and was back to aiming, this made Lukia stop dead in his tracks. He didn't look threatened at all, in fact he even looked ready for the bullet to be fired, John pulled the trigger and the bullet came out at full speed. Lukia focused his hearing and listened for the sound of a bullet, when he was convinced that he heard the bullet, he swung his blade going up and left and sure enough he heard a "clang", and with that sparks emanated from the blade where it had connected with the bullet, the bullet had been disintegrated into nothing.

The Possessed stared in shock; they couldn't have believed that Lukia was able to destroy a bullet with a sword. However they quickly escaped their daze and snapped back to reality. John started shooting again, however Lukia was once again ready for the bullets and focused his hearing once more and once again slashed and destroyed the bullets without a single one even laying a scratch on him. John got more frustrated and started to increase his firing speed, but Lukia was still able to block the bullets and create a parade of sparks to fly past him and fade away as they fell into the puddles on the floor.

'Unlucky for you guys, I coated my sword in holy water before this fight' Lukia smirked. John ran out of bullets quickly and Lukia started charging once again. John backed away until his back hit the wall and before he was able to find another magazine and clip it into the gun, he felt a sharp and agonising pain go through his chest. He looked down to see that a blade had penetrated his torso. He slowly tilted his head upwards to see Lukia holding onto the handle connected to that blade.

'Sayonara fatso.' Lukia said as he pulled on the handle removing the blade from John's torso and as he gasped for life. His body slid, leaving a trail of blood down the wall until he planted himself onto the floor, leaving only a lifeless corpse with his eyes still open.

The other monsters didn't even seem phased by the fact that their ally had just been defeated, they just continued hissing and glaring at Lukia. After only a few seconds, Steve finally lunged at Lukia. He was quick but unfortunately for him Lukia was slightly quicker, he dodged the attack by jumping to the side. Before Steve even realised what had happened, he felt Lukia side kick him in the stomach, the feeling made him feel like he was about to throw up. Steve dropped the knife and stood there with his hand on his stomach, feeling the pain that the hard kick had left. He was unable to defend himself when Lukia snatched the knife up from the floor and did an uppercut with his katana and leave an unsettling scar on Steve's chest. Steve roared in pain, it was so deafeningly loud that you could hear it ten blocks away. With that Lukia flipped the knife so the blade was running down his arm, and used it to pierce the bottom of Steve's neck he then let go of the handle. Blood started spewing out from the knife and a combination of choking and gargling came from Steve's mouth, and not long after he fell face first onto the concrete floor that lay in beneath him, leaving him, just like John, as nothing but a lifeless sack of bones that was once human.

Mike was the only one left. He looked like he was consumed by rage and like he could explode at any minute, while Lukia's face was stained with the same smirk as before. He lunged at Lukia, but Lukia was prepared for it, just like he did with Steve he dodged the attack by jumping to the left, and this time rather than kicking Mike he swung his sword aiming it for Mike's hip. Unfortunately Mike was prepared for this counter, and he retaliated by lifting up his right foot and stomped it down on the tip of Lukia's blade forcing it onto the floor. Lukia was in too much shock to do anything as Mike lifted his knife and hammered the butt onto the blade where it was cracked, and then the blade shattered to pieces as if it was glass.

Lukia stood there in shock, examining the murdered body of his blade, right in the centre of the blade, where it was cracked; there was nothing but shards that was once his sword.

'You bastard', Lukia uproared, his words were filled with rage, 'that's the third sword this month!' with that he drew out a knife of his own and attacked Mike.

Sadly Lukia had more skill with a sword than he did with a knife, he struggled to defend the attacks that were coming from Mike and had a hard time dealing strong attacks. No matter how much he pushed when his knife and Mike's clashed, he never had enough strength to win and had no choice but to leap back or to the side. Mike had strength that only a Demon would have.

Don't get me wrong Lukia was really strong and would have normally killed these guys by now, however it seems that they used a higher class demon, than what Lukia was used to, to possess Mike.

Their blades clashed one last time, and Lukia used all his strength to try and win this clash, he would have most likely won if Mike didn't have another trick up his sleeve, swung his knife upwards and was successful in disarming Lukia, and in less than a second Mike placed one hand on Lukia's shoulder and shoved his arm across Lukia's throat, he then ran forwards, forcing Lukia backwards and making him crash into the wall behind him, this made Lukia cough up some blood, the pain was almost unbearable for him to handle but could only just prevent himself from screaming out in pain, after all he was more focused on the fact that he wasn't able to breathe from beneath the pressure that Mike's arm was putting on his neck.

Lukia could see his life flashing right before his eyes, he thought he would pass out at any given moment, and most likely would have if a bullet hadn't been shot in the back of the head. Mike's body became heavy as the force that was being pushed on Lukia's neck loosened; he became limp and fell on the floor to join his fallen brethren.

Lukia looked ahead of him to find that Crestel was standing there in front of his and her clothes were drenched in blood, way too much blood to have come from only Mike. Lukia was thankful and had never been happier to see his comrade right in front of his eyes, he didn't show it though (he has a reputation to uphold after all).

'So much for it only taking three minutes then.' Crestel said, in sort of a mocking and patronizing way.

'I had it all covered.' Lukia said in a sort of arrogant way, 'I was completely fine without your help.'

Crestel examined the area, 'Well it certainly looks like you had a lot of fun while I was away.'

'Not as much as I as you had.'

'Nah I didn't really, I only ran into a couple on the way here and they were seriously weak.' She noticed the katana that had been destroyed and was now spread around the ally way, 'I see that these guys did a number on your sword.'

'You sound surprised.'

'Well I'm not really; I'm kind of used to you breaking your toys. You do tend to do that quite often.'

'I don't do it that often.'

'Your PlayStation controller last night.'

'Come on, that game was cheating and you know it.'

Crestel let out a sigh. 'Right, anyway we should report the situation to Christ and let him know that we've finished our mission.'

'Yeah I almost completely forgot about that.'

'Jeez, what will you do without me.'

'Hey, you remember how it goes, you're the smart one in our group, and I'm the one who does the fighting.'

'And yet you can't kill some weak Possessed without my help.'

'Oh will you shut up about that, this was a one off ok.'

They both started to laugh. It seemed that Crestel mocking Lukia was pretty funny to them. Once they were done laughing, which went on for longer than you'd expect it to, they left the alley behind as well as the corpses of their vanquished foes.

They walked for about ten minutes until one of them finally spoke, 'Here should be a good place to contact Christ.' Lukia said.

'Yeah I agree.' Crestel agreed as she rummaged through her pocket and pulled out her iPhone 5 S, she unlocked her phone and pressed her finger on the facetime app and opened it up, she went through her contacts in search for the name Christ, she had a lot of contacts in her phone, mainly from friends at college and at her work, but there were a few on there that were her friends at the DSA.

She eventually found the name "Christ" in her contacts and called him, it was ringing for about thirty seconds, until someone finally answered, however it wasn't Christ.

This person had white skin like Christ does, but everything else about him was completely different. He had eyes the colour of mud, and had golden hair that was so spiky that he looked like he was from an anime or something like that. He was wearing clothes that really didn't go well with each other. He wore a dirt coloured Firetrap t-shirt with a camo jacket. Lukia recognised his friend almost instantly.

'Hey Ry.' Lukia said, pleased and confused to see his friend.

'Hey Lukia, Crestel what's up.' Ry said (just to let you know, Ry is short for Ryan).

'Hey Ry, we're calling to report back to Christ on our mission.' Crestel said, 'Is he available?'

'Afraid not sorry, he's gone out to do something, so anyway how'd the mission go?'

'Lukia nearly died.' Crestel said.

'What, no I didn't.' Lukia shouted.

Ry burst with laughter, 'You're kidding me right?' he said, 'The mighty and powerful Lukia Sammer nearly died against some weak Possessed.'

'I know right.' Crestel said as she too burst into laughter.

Lukia was getting frustrated by them two laughing at him, 'It's only because he destroyed my sword.'

Minutes later Ry and Crestel's laughter had come to an end, Ry found himself and stopped laughing, 'Well did you at least have fun out there?' Ry asked.

'Yeah I did actually.' Lukia concluded, wanting to change the subject before he became more humiliated, 'By the way, what are you doing in Christ's office?'

A look of guilt came across Ry's face as Lukia asked that, a look that gave away that he wasn't there for a good reason, 'I've done something bad.' Ry said.

'Oh crap what have you done this time?'

'I tried to steal a golden apple from Christ's "special" tree'

'Oh for goodness sake Ry.' Crestel exclaimed in a frustrated way.

'What I've never had one before and I wanted to give one a try.'

Lukia placed his hand over his face as a sign of disappointment, 'Ry you are aware of how great of a sin that is right?' he said, 'You can only get one when you become a Golden Knight.'

'I know Lukia but I was just curious.' Ry said

Crestel let out a sigh of frustration and disappointment, 'Ry this is why you rarely ever get to go on missions with us.'

'Because I'm always curious?' asked Ry.

'No because you're always getting into trouble!' Crestel explained trying her best to hold back her frustration and rage.

'Come on, you know that I can't help my sinful ways babe, it's just who I am.'

Lukia wanted to say something, but he was lost for words, all he could do was to sit back and let the argument happen.

'Look you say that you can't help it, but you're only doing this to get attention from people.' Crestel said.

'Look who cares why I do what I do, it makes me different to other people.'

'It'll also make you rot in hell.' Lukia muttered under his breath so that no one would hear him.

In the background they heard a door open, another man with a familiar voice entered the room, it sounded like the voice you'd hear from a high school teacher who teaches history, 'Ryan, what are you doing at my computer?' said the voice.

'Oh Christ, you've got a call sir, from Lukia and Crestel.' Ry said in a nervous tone.

With that Ry went back to cleaning and replacing him in the computer chair was a man who didn't just sound like a high school teacher, but also looked like one as well, or more like a fun one.

He had hair the colour of mud that was curly and a uncombed, I mean it was all over the place, like an armpit had grown on his head. He had skin that looked like he'd been on holiday too many times. He was wearing round sunglasses, and hidden behind those glasses were two golden eyes. He wore a shirt, that was once like snow but now had been consumed by a grey mist, that looked like it hadn't been ironed in years with the top two buttons undone, and a pair of what looked like school trousers, also un-ironed.

'Yo sup.' said the man sounding like he hadn't slept in days.

'Good evening Christ, our mission has been successful.' Crestel said, in a pleased way, like she was glad that Christ was there to interrupt her and Ry's conversation.

'That's good to hear Crestel; I take it that you didn't have any trouble?'

'I didn't but I think that Lukia had a bit of a problem.'

'Would you stop that?' Lukia asked in an angry and frustrated way, 'Yes you saved my ass this once, now will you please stop going on about it?'

'Let me guess, you broke another sword Lukia?' Christ asked as if Lukia and Crestel weren't just arguing.

'I'm afraid so sir.' Lukia said in a guilty way.

'Lukia, I understand that you go overboard sometimes, but you need to stop breaking the equipment that we supply you with.'

'I understand sir, I apologize.'

Christ let out a sigh 'Anyway I want you to report back to base, you'll be debriefed there.'

'Understood sir, we'll be right there.' Crestel said.

They stayed on just long enough to hear Ry break something, and to hear him curse before ending the call, 'Sounds like Ry's having fun.' Lukia said sarcastically.

'Anyway, we need to head back to base, after all you have a meeting to attend to' Crestel said in a cheerful way.

'Jeez don't remind me.'

They started walking; going by street lights, the time was eleven forty five at night, the sky had very few stars, and the sounds of street cats could be heard, after what felt like an eternity walking, Lukia finally decided to speak.

'I have a question.'

'What's that?' Crestel asked.

'Why are you still with Ry after all these years?'

A look of confusion came across Crestel's face, 'Why do you not like him or something?'

'No it's nothing like that.'

'Then why are you asking me this?'

'Well it's just that he's always getting into trouble, and is always starting fights, he's always causing sins, annoying people, and he never does anything during missions, why do you stay with him?'

'Well I guess it's because, he makes me laugh, and he's been there for me ever since I first joined the DSA, he help me to become stronger and I just fell for him. Why were you wondering, are you jealous or something?'

'Don't be ridiculous, I'm not interested in having a relationship.' Crestel started to laugh, it wasn't a loud laugh, but was loud enough of it to be heard by the neighbours in the area. 'By the way why did you join the DSA?' Lukia asked to change the subject.

'I thought I told you.'

'I forgot.'

'What is up with your memory?'

'Hey just because you're good at remembering things doesn't mean that everyone has good memory.'

'Jeez, I joined because I ran away and you and Ry found me and brought me in, remember?'

'That was you? I thought that was just some weak child who couldn't fend for herself. Actually that matches with you perfectly'

Crestel gave Lukia a well deserved punch in the arm.

'Come to think of it, I don't recall asking you why you joined the DSA.'

'I'm guessing that you want me to tell you then.'

'If you don't mind.'

Lukia's hand slid into his pocket, and brought out a ring. The ring's colour was like a curtain of shadowy mist came together and created it. It seemed the perfect size for Lukia to wrap around his finger.

'Well I'm doing all of this for one reason.'

'And what reason's that?'

'Revenge.' As he said that, the air grew mysteriously cold, that made a chill run down Crestel's spine, at this point they stopped walking.

'What do you mean by revenge?'

Lukia's hand flew to Crestel, showing her the ring. 'This ring belonged to my sister.'

'I didn't know you have a sister.' Crestel responded, thinking he was wanting to change the subject.

'It's the person whose grave I visit every year.'

'That's who that grave belongs to? How come you've never mentioned it till now.'

'It's a subject I don't like to talk about.'

'Why? Did she mistreat you or something?'

Lukia's fist clenched around the ring. 'When my parents died, she looked after me. She brought me in and treated me like I was her own son... and then... and then...'

'What happened?'

Lukia's eyelids closed tightly. 'She was killed by Satan.'

A look of shock and sorrow came across Crestel's face. 'Lukia... I-I'm so sorry.'

'That's why, when the time comes for me to fight him, I'm gonna be the one to kill Satan.'

Silence filled the streets, the type of silence that was so painfully loud, that you would be able to hear a pin drop. Crestel was filled with the content to shout at him, she would say that he was crazy. In all the years that they've known each other, she never known that he had a goal that sounded so unbelievably impossible. However, despite the fact that she wanted to shoot him in the shoulder for being so stupid, she didn't have any doubts about his goal. Instead she thought that he was able to do it, in fact she thought, and always has thought, that he was the only person who could slay the demon king.

'Well, that's something I'm gonna have to look forward to.' Crestel said.

'You really think that I can do it?' Lukia asked.

'I know you can, I believe in you, Lukia.'

A smile spread across Lukia's face, as he finally had someone who didn't laugh at his ambitions, and actually supported his decision. 'Alright then, we better get back to base, before Christ sends a searching squad.' Lukia said as he once again began to walk.

'ok.' Crestel said as they both walked off into the night, 'Can I ask a question now?'

'Ask away.'

'If I'm the one who remembers and you're the one who fights, then what's Ry?'

'I don't know, he hasn't been on enough missions with us for me to know.'

Their laughter echoed into the night and throughout the street.