

# The noble man and the demon boy

## Sebastian x Ciel

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### Kapitel 2: This demon, Beginning

Now that their life together had begun, the question was: How to hide the demon? According to the contract, Ciel should never leave his side for more than a few hours. Of course Sebastian was not living with his parents anymore; he had a big house on his own in an upper class area of London. The only problem was, that he was almost never alone in the house. There were always several house maids and servants tending to their work and his wiles. He barely did any house work or cooking on his own, even though he was very well capable of doing so. Being born into a rich family, it was just not acceptable to do such mundane tasks yourself. But that didn't mean that he wouldn't make his own meals when the chance arose. They needed to make up some sort of story. But in all honesty, it didn't really matter what story they came up with: in the end the boy's attire was just too suspicious.

When they'd nearly reached the mansion, Sebastian paused in his step.

Ciel threw him a questioning look.

"Why are you stopping?"

"We need to do something about your attire."

"I already said; I'm not gonna change my clothes! I like them this way. If you have a problem with them, then that is none of my business" He growled in response.

Sebastian sighed. Such a stubborn demon.

"I do not mean to say that your style is bad. Even though it is very much outdated, I need to say. But the servants will grow suspicious of you if they see you like that. Nobody wears such clothes nowadays. Do you want them to find out that you're a demon?"

"..."

"My point exactly. We need to come up with a plausible story first and find something fitting to wear according to it. I already have an idea."

And Sebastian's plan worked out better than they could have imagined. Not long after arriving, Sebastian received a phone call from his mother; she had apparently been almost moved to tears when she'd heard that Sebastian had rescued a homeless boy from the streets who'd been bullied out of his home and had no known family to speak of. And of course he could give him shelter if he felt responsible for the boy. In return the boy would be enrolled in their service program. Mrs. Michaelis had praised her son for his good-naturedness, to which Ciel had rolled his eyes.

They were sitting in Sebastian's spacious and comfortable bedroom. Not only did it have a big bed, but also a comfortable sitting area with a couch, an armchair and a top of the range LED TV. The chimney in front of the TV was just for show; the house was of course heated by modern central-heating. Ciel was sitting on the arm chair and Sebastian was sitting on one side of the couch, speaking on the phone with his mother.

When she'd hung up and Sebastian had put the phone away, the demon spoke: "You're lucky that your parents believe every word you say. And that we found that bin with used clothing."

Sebastian smiled in response. "It was actually a container with clothes donated to children in poverty."

"I don't really care where they're from, these clothes are absolutely tasteless." Ciel hissed in disgust. "Uncomfortable and on top of that itching everywhere! Don't you dare make me wear something like this ever, ever again." The boy warned, eyes glinting with an undisclosed threat.

"I don't think you're in any position to be giving out orders, Mr. Butler." The black haired man grinned. "Too bad that none of the servants clothing fit you. You should have gone with the maid's outfit instead."

Ciel glared at him angrily. "Don't forget with whom you are talking, human! In the end, I will be the one to kill you."

"Oh, I know." Sebastian quipped with a wicked smile.

After arriving at the mansion and talking to the servants, Sebastian had given Ciel some clothes that he'd worn when he was younger. Although the demon continued to wear the eye patch they'd found in the container to hide his eye with the contract sign.

It was almost half past midnight now. The servants had already gone to bed and it was quiet. Since the area Sebastian lived in was famous for upper-class family homes, there was no noise coming from outside either.

"I guess it is time to go to bed now. Or don't demons need to sleep?" Sebastian suggested.

The boy shook his head. "We can sleep if we want to, but we don't need it."

Abruptly he stood up from his chair. "I do have something else to do, though."

He approached the window sill.

"Where are you going?"

The demon's eyes narrowed viciously, his mouth curving into something that looked akin to an unhappy smile.

"Where do you think a demon would go? I am going to get some food of course. I'm famished."

"You're going to hunt souls? What about the contract with me?" Sebastian asked, the questioning tone of his voice indicating his perplexed state.

Ciel started laughing. A bitter laugh.

"You think that just because I have a contract with you I wouldn't want to eat any other souls? You are quite arrogant. But then again, you are only human."

Sebastian pinned him with a look that begged to differ.

"How many souls does a demon need?" He was indeed curious about this.

"The quantity is not the question, nobody knows for sure. It depends on the demon. We demons are always hungry anyway. But some demons seem to have higher self-control than others. As I'm a young demon I need more souls than most."

"How old are you then?"

Ciel groaned in exasperation. "You're asking too many questions... I was born in 1875. At that time people had at least some sense of taste."

The boy was about to take a leap from the window when the black-haired man stopped him again.

"Whatever is it now?" Ciel hissed, unnerved.

"Wait a moment please. I want you to take this with you."

Sebastian began to rummage in one of his cupboards until he found what he was looking for and handed it to the demon.

Ciel looked at the object with adept confusion.

"This is a mobile phone. Similar to the one I was using to talk to my mother before. If you're hunting for souls and need to talk to me, use this."

The demon frowned, bewildered. "Are you kidding me? I don't need this human toy, with which you can talk to other humans! I'm a demon!"

"So you are capable of telepathic communication?"

"..."

"Then take it."

Ciel accepted the mobile with a flustered exhale. "You're really getting on my nerves, human."

"You can call me Sebastian." Sebastian smiled, amused.

"And how exactly am I supposed to use this? And for the record, I AM capable of telepathic communication. At least, when you call my name I can hear it pretty much wherever I am."

"Well, that is interesting. You can't talk to me over distances, but if I call your name you'll come obediently running back to me like a dog."

WHACK!

Being hit by a demon was really something, Sebastian noted. It surprised him to see the innate power that could be hidden in such a small body. His face would probably hurt for quite a while.

After Ciel had calmed down a bit, Sebastian explained to him how the mobile worked and saved his number on Ciel's new phone.

Amusingly enough, the demon was really clumsy when it came to using the mobile phone. He also didn't seem to have much patience, so when the phone didn't react instantly he almost threw it across the room in anger.

Sebastian sighed. He understood that the boy had been born in another century and didn't exactly have much contact with humans besides eating their souls, but how was it possible for someone so powerful to actually be this incapable?

After their surprisingly difficult struggle, the demon finally left for hunting and Sebastian sat down on the bed.

He'd not imagined ever returning to this place and he was dangerously toeing the line of exhaustion, but at the same time he felt inexpressibly ... alive. It was kind of ironic considering the fact that he'd made a contract with a demon that would eventually lead to his death. However, he couldn't ignore what he felt deep down.

Thinking about what the next months would lead them to, his face split into a smile.