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Dialogues - Book format (translated from Cold blood - Kleg Stories episode 2)

I

Fingers, claws and black scales lingered over the table: the demon was handing a pen. Clarion raised his head from the paper. «It's insane.»

Three yellow eyes were looking at him: two at their place, over the cheeks, the third in the middle of the forehead.

«On the contrary: this is a wonderful occasion.» The demon smiled. Scarlet teeth appeared behind the lips, all sharp like canines.

«Yeah, sure. As if I could refuse.» Clarion stared at the pen. «Maybe your demon bosses are more humane than ours.»

«This racist pun make my heart cry.»

«I thought you demons have no heart.»

«Right. But we have feelings.»

Clarion took the pen. He couldn't avoid to touch the skin of the demon: scaly and viscous. Probably it was intentional, the creature wanted to make him uncomfortable.

Clarion hid the repulsion. At least as much as he could, until the hairs on his forearm decided autonomously to raise.

«If a demon come to assign me a mission means that now the Kleg agency trusts me.» It was more a question than a statement.

«So they said to me.» The demon nodded.

«So why the hell have we met in a brothel?» They were in a hall, seated behind a counter. Velvet cloth covered the tables, and large pouches tinkled on the belts of the costumers.

«I understand. You thought this was a kind of reward.» The blotches on the demon's face moved: the skin tightened in an amused smile. «But, could you please cut off any reference to my homeland?»

«Right, forgive me. But stay on the topic: why did they choose this brothel?» Meanwhile Clarion noticed a blonde who was following him with the corner of the eye. He was expecting that, but before a mission it was better to pay more attention.

«Check the report. It was a hooker who fed us the information. And, I am a new girl here.»

Clarion raised his eyebrows, unsure of which question ask first.

«Don't you see I'm starving?» said the demon.

So that creature was a female demon. Strangely his, or well, "her" breast was plain.

«May I offer you a dinner? What do you like, meat of a virgin?»

«You're most kind.» The breath of the demon smelt of sulphur. «But I must refuse, I eat only sins. Do you have any question?»

Clarion glanced at the paper, and he moved on the chair to have more light. He already read it; but he needed an excuse to find a better position to check the blonde. Tall, slender, curvy. She wiggled her hips and turned, pretending not to notice him.

«A question. Is it better here or beyond?»

«I'm not allowed to give information about the afterlife. Do you have any question *about your assignment?*»

«The Alchemists have a plan to screw up the Secretary of Health. I have to suppress this abuse. Easy, isn't it?»

«It is not. One other Kleg agent is on the place, undercover.»

«I read the report. And I was guessing why the boss insisted so much for the external support.»

«Our agent couldn't be trusted. Have you read her file?»

«This afternoon. Is the source reliable?» Clarion bit his lips.

«Corruption, or other leverage. Your chief says the Kleg didn't receive any report about the dinner tonight. Something went wrong.»

«So my boss is resting his fucking undead ass while I'm going on a blind mission?» Clarion snorted. «Amazing.»

«The bad language is welcome, the complaints are not. But...» The demon raised a hand to stop any comment. «My orders are to move quickly. If you don't have any other questions I need to summon your backup. Wait me here.»

Clarion shook his head, and signed the paper.