

# ETERNAL PAYMENT



HIS DISGRACE  
WILL BE OUR REDEMPTION

Part 1- Season 1

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# Eternal Payment Part 1 - Season 1

## Episode 1: Bad Luck Follows You

Getting beaten up by a troll was an odd feeling. It was one I wasn't keen on repeating. The problem is I hadn't learned my lesson yet. At least the winged jerks in the sky seem to think so. It's 2017 now and my New Year's resolution is to prove them wrong. I'm turning over a new leaf. No more dice. This time, I'm going to pay off my debts and get my damn wings back. I flinched again... Maybe after a little more practice.

It is an odd feeling getting beat up by a troll. Emotionally, I mean. Physically it's still a kick in the teeth, and I'm no slouch. It's just that when you're actually standing there and this big - smelly - gray - smelly - hulking - smelly - witless - did I mention smelly (I mean I don't even know what kind of dead fish, skunk fat, and giraffe ass combo that is, but wow) monster is bearing down on you, what would you be thinking about?

I can tell you, that at least in my experience, it ain't what's on TV later. It's more along the lines of "Why the hell did I take this job?" I knew the answer, of course. I owed the wrong guy a favor and now I got to stand here and try my hardest not to die too soon because junior is still trying to make good on his escape.

The troll had already trashed the office outside the safe room. They were looking for something they could use to bash the reinforced door in. Me being the lucky idiot who stayed out of said safe room as a distraction got to be the lottery winner in tonight's "What's on the menu?" episode.

The trolls could probably get through the door quickly enough. That's when I drew the short straw. Keep the door secure until help arrives. Got it.

There were three trolls that came a knockin'. The one that stood before me now hunched over and drooled on the tile floor. He stared at me with a hungry, stupid, and once again, smelly grin. "Here I am. My name is Jonathan and I'll be your dinner this evening." Sarcasm in the face of dismemberment, that's just typical. This is why my brain doesn't take my mouth out for walks or nice steak dinners.

"You. You need to open the metal door. Open it now." the troll growled stupidly at me.

"You." I mocked, "You need to go kick rocks. Kick rocks now." I growled stupidly back. My response went over about as well as you'd think. It took the loud warty idiot about four seconds to actually process what I said. It's expression changed from confusion, to realization, and then finally, to anger. He snarled at me and reached to his side.

I figured out what he was doing about a half a millisecond before the chair started flying toward my skull. I ducked it easily enough. There was some distance between us after all. The troll hurled another chair at me. Finally, he let out a bellow and charged. I had been playing for time. Every second we weren't actively fighting was a second that I was still breathing and hoping that backup would show up soon.

Why did I agree to this again? Oh, yeah. Favor. "Damn." I said and reflexively winced; angels, even disgraced ones aren't supposed to curse. Let me back up a second here. When I say "disgraced", what I really mean is "dis-GRACE-ed." Sorry, got side-tracked again.

The troll charged and I pulled out my revolver from the leather strap it hung in inside

my jacket. I looked quickly into the cylinder and saw a light blue glow. Thumbing back the hammer I fired into the troll's center of mass. One thing to know about trolls, they hit like a truck and if you want to physically hurt them, you're going to have to hit like that too.

I didn't have that kind of strength, but what little magic I maintained after my "going away party" as I liked to call it, went into crafting several special bullets. They were my proverbial truck and one of them flew right at that chair-throwing peabrain's chest. It pained me to use the bullet. That round was one of only a handful I had left. They were my lifeline back into the good graces of the lads upstairs. Once again, graces with a capital "G".

The round, as expected, hit the brute right in the center of his heaving lungs. Immediately acid started eating away at his flesh and sinew. One point Jonathan. The bad news is even with all the screaming he was doing, his momentum didn't diminish.

His weight slammed me to the floor. He continued to scream and writhe on the floor of the office. "Not good. This is very not good." I said rapidly as I tried to push the grunt off me. That magic acid would work on me just as much as him. I don't want it on me. No, thank you.

Peabrain sat up and the pressure on my chest lessened immensely. My diaphragm expanded to breath again and I scrambled back on my elbows to get away from the acid. He took a nasty side swipe with his inch-wide claws. They missed, but barely. I kicked up with my boot and it connected with his nose. Crunch. "Yes." I thought.

The troll howled again in agony. "C'mon acid, work faster." I said through gritted teeth. A fist the size of a dinner plate slammed down where my head had been. It was a blind swing through bleary eyes and I dodged it easily. I jumped to my feet.

I was unscathed. Cool. The troll on the ground would not be getting up. That acid would bind it in pain until it's organs were eaten away. One down. I let out a small cheer. Okay, it was more of me turning to the beast on the ground and curb-stomping his face a few times, but hey, what's the problem with a little celebration, right?

A malevolent snarl from the door cut my curb-stomp-fest short. Oh, yeah. There were three trolls weren't there? Just peachy. How had I forgotten that again? I really am the worst angel ever. The second troll was just as predicable. It charged just like the last one did, but I couldn't do anything about it. I didn't have the time. This particular troll was more of a green booger color than the last one, but just as strong. He grabbed me around the waist and threw me headlong into the metal door.

My head rang like a tuning fork as I stumbled to my feet. The third troll stalked into the office. I know that the sin that got my wings clipped was gambling. I love me some dice rolling. I love me some dice rolling so much that I got in deep. It was as bad a run of luck as anything. "Kinda like right now" I thought.

I stepped to one side and crouched behind a cubicle wall; my face already starting to swell from headbutting the safe room door. Oh, and by the way... OW! The sounds of clawed feet shuffling around the office slowly became clearer. Now what?

I still had managed to hold onto my revolver. Lucky stars. I had five more rounds in the weapon. Only one of those was another of my special bullets. I'd loathe to fire it. They were dwindling rapidly.

I gritted my teeth and stood back up and looked over the waist-high wall. Both trolls were very close, but were approaching from opposite directions. Why is it they learned

tactics NOW? I fired three barks of my revolver at the troll on the left. At least two of them went straight through him and splattered the wall of windows behind him with thick red blood. The glass was bullet-proof and spider web cracks danced on it's surface. The troll fell back into a desk and crushed it to splinters.

I had one more round before the last-ditch effort bullet. The revolver was a special make and fired a special caliber round. It had worked well on the beast. His green flesh stained red. It would have probably worked well on the final one had I been able to spin around fast enough.

The claws slashed down and I felt my back split like a fillet-of-Jonathan. I crumpled to the floor and my vision clouded up with pain. I touched the bracelet on my right wrist to my forehead and I felt the inscription's magic knit up the gash on my back. I was just about to flip over and give this jerk the last two pieces of my mind when a heavy fist came down and everything went dark.

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"That's quite a story, Jonathan." the man said. He looked down at a clipboard and wrote something on the paper he held.

"Every bit of it's true. Doesn't that count for something?" I asked.

"Yes. It counts for something. The young man did get away. One favor down, four more to go. I'm sending you back."

"Oh, C'mon! I earned at least-" I started to say, but a white flash cut me off. I woke up in pain on the floor.

## **Episode 2: The Witch's Pendant**

Go get a fancy pendant from a crazy old woman in her crazy old mansion. That's the job. It would be worth one of my favors. "Must be some pendant," I muttered and took the binoculars from my eyes. That house looked real expensive, and I'd really hate to mess it up. If everything goes according to plan though, I won't have to.

In theory, the crazy old woman was a witch, and the pendant was a powerful talisman that she stole from some knights. That's why returning it falls into the good deed favor category thingy, and I still owed four of those suckers. The problem was, of course, that if she really is a witch, she probably has a whole nasty mess of enchantments and supernatural security guards in there. I groaned softly to myself. The stipend the holy warrior jerks gave me after the incident with the troll only managed to top off my angelic reserve tank and give me a few more fancy bullets.

Movement up at the house caught my eye, and I looked back into the binoculars. The batty old woman stepped out of her front door and walked over to her garden on the side away from me. I looked at my watch. It was almost time. That's one good thing about old people, well old mortal people. They always had another doctor's visit coming up. Even a witch is mortal, so it was game time.

I sat back deeper in the trees and waited. God, I hate waiting around for no reason. Hmm, I didn't flinch at the thought. Was that a good sign or a bad one? Eventually, and man do I mean eventually, the cane-wielding pendant stealing harpy got in her car and left. The fake phone call from her "doc" had worked. "Who needs magic anyway?" I said.

I felt my joints creak as I stood back up. Mortality sucks. As I crossed around the side of the house just inside the treeline, I pulled my sunglasses out of a jacket pocket. I

slipped them on and surveyed the house again. This time, the HD vision the sunglasses gave me showed a very different scene. Crisscrossing lines of power covered the walls. So, she really was a witch. I looked for a pattern in the pulsing spiderweb of defenses. The nexus appeared to be coming from an upstairs room with a cracked stone balcony. "Gotcha."

I took one more look around the premises and, satisfied that I was in the clear, darted for the wall. Large light brown squares of stone made up the barrier to her house, and their pockmarked faces provided enough grip for my hands and feet. I jumped and scurried up over the wall quickly enough. It wasn't a graceful ascent, but hey, I'm disgraced remember. Maybe I could try a little finesse next time, but did it really matter? It worked fine after all.

After vaulting the wall, I looked both ways before crossing the vegetable garden. I didn't want to get run over by any bewitched onions or anything. I passed the patch and leaned up against the side of the house. I felt it practically humming with energy from the ward lines. They were all tangled in knots. It was powerful due to the way the strands bound together, but the knots were work of amateurs.

I slipped out of my body like taking off a jacket... by unzipping it. Once free, but tethered, I could touch the energies directly. It took a couple of minutes of fiddling, she had really tied those suckers tight, I got them disentangled, and the strands hung limply safe in their places. The power holding them together had to go somewhere though, and I knew it shot straight back to mother dearest to go tattle on the horrible angel. Now, I was on the clock. She'd be coming back in a mad fury, but hopefully, I'd have the time I needed to get in and out.

I flew back to my body and zipped my jacket back up so to speak. I made a silent prayer of thanks that the same rough, easy-to-climb brick which composed the witch's wall was the same for her house. I scaled it to the rim of the balcony with just as much elegance. Once I had a finger hold on the balcony, I used a firmer grip to get myself the rest of the way up.

I didn't see any other external magic security do-hickeys, so I started in on the small latch to the inside of what looked to be a study or private library. It only took a second, and it clicked open. "Oh yeah, Jonathan. You're one amazing angel thief extraordinaire," I muttered as I opened the door.

"What in the name of..." I said much louder than I should've and covered my nose with a hand. "What kind of mothball cat piss and formaldehyde is this witch using." I used my other hand to fan the air in front of my face. "Jes, uh... Louise," I said and made a silent apology to the sky.

Moving further into the dusty library, I saw that for as much power as what came from this room, the witch didn't come in here very often. I didn't see any disturbances in the furniture, dust covered every surface, and the carpet looked fluffed as if it had never been trod on. I walked up to the drawer in a desk on the far wall. It thrummed with power. I felt that talisman before.

I pulled the drawer open and stared down at it. "This is bad. This is oh so very much not good," I said. It glowed a soft gold that reflected off my face like a treasure in an Indiana Jones flick. The Talisman of Zeus did not belong to a group of knights, or for that matter, an old witch.

Only ancient and mighty beings could even touch the Greek Talismans. There was just

one God. I know as I've worked for him for a while now, but the Greeks found a way to force energy into a set of talismans which granted abilities to their wearers. Those people strong enough to withstand their, uh, side-effects, were considered gods.

This particular talisman had one nasty bloody history. You know the German word Blitzkrieg? Yeah, that means lightning war. Now, I wonder just how it got that name? Hmmm? "Oh, boy," I said.

"Oh boy, indeed," the witch agreed. I turned around to face the door. Well... Shit, I thought.

"Well... Shit," I said. "You got back rather fast."

"Yes, I tend to do that when I get all of my wards back at the same time," she replied with a poisonous smile. I felt a series of magical shields flare up around her person.

"Now, who the hell are you and what are you doing in my study?"

"Well, that's a funny question," I said. "My name's Jonathan, and I'm actually trying to steal a pendant." Honesty is always the best policy, right?

She raised an eyebrow in surprise. "That's not a pendant." Stepping forward into the room the witch's expression soured. "You're not what you seem," she said.

"Uh, no. I'm not. Neither, it seems, are you," I said and pointed to the talisman. I knew that one of two things had happened. Option one: The knights didn't have a clue what they were getting themselves into. Option two: They knew, and they wanted to send me into a huge fight against a power I vastly underestimated. I don't know what it is, but something about being around for a few millennia makes me a bit of a skeptic when it comes to mortals.

"Option two it is," I told the witch.

"What?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing. I was just figuring out if the idiots who hired me were completely ignorant, or if they wanted us to throw down."

She closed the door behind her and sat down in a red armchair near the wall. She didn't turn her back or even break eye contact as she took her seat. I almost suffocated on the smell of human preservatives which plumed in the enclosed space.

"Who hired you?" she asked.

"Man, you really get right to the point don't you," I replied smirking.

She crossed her arms, and I felt the pulse of her probing energies press against my defenses. She was much stronger than I first thought. She might even be able to wield the Talisman. "I find it takes less time if I don't dance around the subject," she said.

"Can you use this talisman?" I asked, dancing away from her question.

She sighed and glowered at me. "Yes, I can," she replied.

"No one in the last hundred and fifty years has been able to use it without killing themselves."

"That's true," she said. I loaned it to the Germans, but when they fell, I took back what was mine. The bodies they stacked helped power some of the more complex incantations I needed at the time." She crossed a leg over the other and took on a closed posture.

"Now, tell me who hired you before I have to show you what those incantations gave me."

"Look, lady. I don't want a fight, but I also think that you're up to some bad juju up in this place. The thing is, I'm kind of on probation here, so if I don't deliver, I'm looking at a lot worse than you burning me at the stake."

"What," she paused and sighed again, "do you suggest?"

"I propose we overlook this little escapade and rig up a decoy pendant to give to them. They don't need or deserve that level of power. Hell, they'll probably just end up blowing themselves and the nearest populated area sky high." I offered.

She blinked. "What do I get out of this... deal?" she asked.

Well, crap. Why did I start dealing again? "What do you want?" I asked.

"I can't simply allow someone to steal my possessions, nor can I allow them to hire others to do the same. I want to know who hired you."

Is it wrong that I actually considered her for a moment? I did, but then my caution kicked back in. "No dice," I replied. "What else? There's got to be something?"

She crossed her fingers and held her head on them contemplating. After a moment, she said, "There is one other thing. You could recover something for me, a child."

"Woah, I'm not a babysitter, and I'm not into human trafficking."

"That's the final offer, or I will have to- how did you put it- throw down," she said.

To be fair, I can hold my own pretty well, but if she had enough power to use the Talisman of Zeus, I didn't want to find out if I could win this fight. I had only a small portion of my strength. Losing my grace put a lot of my magical clout locked in a safe and very far away from me.

"Fine. Who is it?" I asked.

She smiled devilishly. "Her name is Beth Rastin, and she lives in Austin."

"Alright, I'll track her down. Now, give me a decoy," I said.

She snapped her fingers, and her eyes flashed red. A second talisman appeared right next to the original. I reached out my senses and felt a power there. It wasn't nearly as strong as the original, but it should pass inspection. I snatched it up and put it in my pocket. I turned to leave out the window I came through, but her voice stopped me. "One more thing," she said. "She's a half-demon. That's not a problem is it?"

### **Episode 3: Austin and a Detour**

"Why don't you go ahead and explain your thought process for a moment, Jonathan," the woman asked. Her heavenly glow and grim expression didn't mix.

"Well, I just figured that the knights were up to something you know? It was a bad position to be in," I replied.

She picked up a pen from her desk and clicked it several times. Her stern expression didn't change. Instead of keeping her eyes, I looked out the large floor to ceiling windows. Outside, clouds drifted by and several initiates floated through them reading. "You do realize that those knights were crusaders. Had you just followed through on your deal it would have paid off some of your debt? Which brings me to the witch, why didn't you smite her down?" the woman asked. The click of the pen echoed in the antiseptic room.

"I just thought that it would've been a fight I didn't need right then, and holy warriors or no, those knights were up to something. You can't tell me they weren't. The pendant could've killed them if they touched it, and if it didn't, they would've done something far worse with it. C'mon doc, work with me here!" I pleaded.

She scribbled something on her pad then placed it a little too neatly on her desk.

"Jonathan, here's the thing. You're not a very good angel. You should've helped the knights, and you should have smote the witch. Now, you're in a deal to rescue a half-demon child from the hell mouth in Austin. I'm sorry, I don't see how your actions warrant a stay of your probation nor does it allow me to scratch one off your debt. The council agrees with me on this. Frankly, we're all very concerned. You're on thin ice as it is," she said and leaned back in her chair.

"I'm trying to do the right thing. I'm working on those favors, but something wasn't right on that last job," I replied. She was already shaking her head before I finished the sentence. A sound like a thunderclap pealed through the room, and I felt jolted back to earth.

I was sitting reclined in the driver's seat of my black impala. So what if I watched too much Supernatural in heaven. Those primpy little princesses just made me sick sometimes. I had to ying that yang somehow. Plus, I got great reception up there. And I will swear in front of the whole heavenly host, Cas is a badass.

I slapped the keys into the ignition, and the engine rumbled to life. My head rang, and I opened up the glovebox to grab a few aspirin. Those trips back and forth didn't use to bother me, but then again Grace made everything sting a lot less. "Assholes," I mumbled.

Pulling out of the motel parking lot in Lawton Oklahoma, I made my way back onto the freeway heading south. The time passed slowly, and my mind flipped between channels in my head, a half memory of getting killed by a troll, the looks on the knight's faces when I turned up in that shady-ass bar, and then the look on my face when I spotted what the Talisman indeed was. Finally, as I passed through Dallas about three hours later, my mind settled on the little girl needing my help.

I knew there was a lot of strings going on in this story, and I knew that a whole lot of it didn't add up. Finding Beth Rastin better shine a light on whatever the hell (literally) was going on. The big bosses upstairs didn't seem to want me on this track. I get it; I do. They aren't really all for the whole saving a half-demon thing, but this whole repay my debts to society business was their whole idea.

Two pit-stops later and my legs felt sore and half asleep as I climbed out of the Impala. I parked the car in the back of a run-down looking grocery store on the northern outskirts of Austin. I pulled my cell phone out of my pocket and dialed the witch's number. Yeah, I got her number, stop looking at me like that. Sure she was probably centuries old, but look at who you're talking to. It was honestly surprising it took me this long to get suspended. "Better to be lucky than good, I guess," I mumbled as the phone rang.

"What?" a cranky voice answered.

"Oh, hello dearest. So nice to hear from you. How've things been?" I said using a Mrs. Doubtfire accent.

"Jonathan, I'm super busy right now. What the hell do you need?" the witch asked.

Smirking, I almost continued tormenting her. Maybe that should count toward my debt. I pissed off a witch... repeatedly. CHECK! "I'm in Austin. Where's this hell mouth?"

"There's a whole bunch of super nerds that think they're hipsters because they smoke a lot of weed and have shitty beards. They run a bar that, I kid you not, named the Leaky Cauldron," she said.

I scoffed. "Like from Harry Potter?" I asked.

"Yeah. that's the one," she said.



"Pshhh. Nerds," I agreed.

"Yeah. Anyway, the owner of the bar decided that he wanted to bring magic to Austin. He stole a bad news book from a Polish sister of mine and ripped open the hell mouth in his basement." she clarified.

"Wow. What a dumbass," I said as she continued.

"Yeah, well. Just inside the hell end of the hell mouth is an old asylum. That's where she's at. Break her out and bring her back here. I can put a cloaking charm together for her. It'll hide her demonic signature. Now go away. I'm busy." the witch snapped, and the line went dead.

"Jerk," I said to the empty air and opened my internet browser. A stray cat with more than a little mange jumped out of the green dumpster next to the grocery store loading dock. It scurried off behind some boxes. I bet those white-robed high and mighty judgemental hypocrites were probably watching. They'd want me to go chase that cat down and offer it a saucer of milk or something. They knew damn skippy that I wouldn't do that. I was busy with bigger fish right now. So, of course, I flipped off the sky and jumped back in the car, through the driver's window of course. I guess could go for a light gluten-free IPA today.

The google machine on my hand sized internet device quickly pulled up the bar's address, and I drove over to the grungy, oil slick parking lot outside the bar. The throaty growl of the Impala gave up its last cough as I killed the engine. Climbing out, I saw the green neon sign above the bar's overhang. "The Leaky Cauldron" flickered and showed signs of needing desperate maintenance. A skinny man stood leaning against the wall next to the door. He squinted at me accusingly through his odd-shaped glasses and haze of marijuana smoke. "Hey man, you ever hear of fuel economy?" he asked and pointed to my Impala.

"Hey man, you ever hear of a haircut?" I said and pointed to the chihuahua-sized man-bun affixed to the top of his head. I pushed past him and stepped through the door. My skin immediately reacted and started itching. The gloom of the bar matched every other bar I've ever been in, but this had the added effect of a hell mouth nearby. Even though my goal was to jump into that toothy pit of sulfur, it still put me on edge.

Four or five patrons sat around in the numerous tables which the proprietor scattered around the floor. They all looked like tattooed and pierced carbon-copies of Mr. man-bun outside, and they were all staring at me. It was as if they'd never seen someone rock a charcoal gray three-piece suit before. It might also have something to do with my pistol belt and my glowing revolver sitting in its holster, but that's neither here nor there. I didn't need my super duper go-go-gadget sunglasses to sense every last one of these guys had some bad news mojo going on. They were all high as hell, but it was on devil juju, not Mary Jane.

I was pretty sure that if I could sense them, they could tell that I wasn't just some ordinary patron who just happens to dress snazzy and carry his revolver with him. So, in my most disarming voice, I said, "Hello fellas. My name's Jonathan. I'm from the government, and I'm here to help." That didn't work out so well. Go figure.

I heard the front door creak. Mr. Man-bun just joined the party. "Gentlemen," he said from behind me. "Would you mind giving me a hand with kicking this divine dirtbag out of here?" The whole slew of nerdy hipsters sitting in front of me tensed and then stood. This time at least, my big mouth probably made things worse, but it wasn't the primary

cause for the chair flying at my halo-less head.

Naturally, I ducked the chair, and as a result, I incurred only a glancing blow to my shoulder and a dusty scuff mark on my suit jacket. I was just coming up with a witty remark when then the devil hipster that threw the chair came running up to me. He had a large glass beer mug in his hand and was attempting to follow up his chair throw with cracking the glass all over my face. It was a feint. It didn't work. Note to self, don't start a barfight while wearing flipflops. It made his charge awkward and slow. It gave me more than enough time to swing in a haymaker to the side of his skull which sent him spiraling to the ground. The beer still in his mug splashed all down the front of my vest, and I sighed inwardly. "I'm not here to pick a fight, guys," I tried shouting over the immediate eruption of noise and movement following devil hipster's decent to the floor. More glasses and mugs came hurtling towards my brain bucket, and I dropped behind a small half wall next to the long hammered-copper bar top.

Shouts replaced the mugs for the next volley as my aggressors reached for more ammunition. "Get the hell out of here you high-and-mighty prick!" I couldn't help but smile at the irony.

Unfortunately, I'm not entirely so eloquent in my responses when in the thick of it. The only answer I could come up with at the time was, "I'll shove my high-and-mighty boot right up your ass if you don't back up." This type of incendiary commentary helped calm them immensely... or not. More mugs and bottles arced over at me, so I grabbed the only thing nearby, the chair, and held it up in front of me like a shield. I stood and advanced on the group. Man-bun stood off to my left and looked high as a kite, but equally pissed off. Three others attempted to encircle me and my lion tamer chair. I wasn't having any of that. I swung the chair around in a full arc, and the three jumped back out of reach. As I did so, man-bun saw his opening, and he leaped toward me while I had my back turned. He hit me in a quick one-two to my kidney, and I reflexively threw my elbow around in a jerking motion. He dodged out of the way, and the three others came in all at once for a tackle to bring me to the floor.

I wasn't about to let them subdue me so matter-of-factly, so I leaned into man-bun as I swung around. He got a hold of me and landed a few more punches to my torso, but the primary threat of the three amateur football hipsters missed me entirely. Their momentum carried them over in a heaping pile, and I crashed the chair I still held over the head of the top one on the dog pile. Man-bun took advantage once again of my temporary distraction and kicked me in the back, knocking the wind out of me and sending me to the ground.

I laid there with my lungs burning, and I realized he put a lot more power behind that strike than he should have been able to. He kicked me again, this time hammering my ribs. The blow pushed me over onto my back, and I groaned out, "So, I take it you own the place."

He smiled devilishly, which was fitting of course, and reared back to kick me again. I saw spots and blotches dancing around in my vision, but even still, I noticed the outline around him. His aura seemed darker than it should. It looked as if he was leeching the ambient light from the room. "You should have stayed away from here. I'm going to send you back up to heaven nice and bloody," he said.

"Don't ever monologue," I said holding up my revolver, and put a bullet through his front teeth.

The other three suddenly had somewhere else they had to be and a serious motivation to

be there. They clambered up and hustled off. The bartender, who was hiding behind the bar during the entire exchange, jumped the half wall at the entrance and scurried after the others. I stood up and stretched. Looking in the mirror behind the bar, I noticed beer stains and the grime from the floor covered my suit. The dry cleaners are going to charge me double again. Grumbling, I descended the stone steps behind the coolers in the back of the establishment and stepped into the acrid, hot glow of the maw of the Austin hell mouth. "Time to get this over with, I guess," I told myself, grabbed my family jewels, pinched my nose, and stepped through.

## **Jonathan's journey continues in Eternal Payment Season 1 – Part 2**

Well, it looks like we have a bit of a problem here don't we? It looks like we ran out of words. I'm really excited to tell you all about my little trip to hell soon, but there is a bit of good news. Part 2 is coming soon. It's coming really soon actually. If you haven't done so already, I'd like to invite you to join the mailing list to keep up to date on Part 2's progress as well as all the other projects in the works.

Click [here](#) or use the web address below to join.  
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