"There's a neverborn here," Keely said, staring up at the three-story home with large windows. Aesthetically pleasing lights made the beige house glow behind the shrub-decorated metal gate. It was the picture of serenity.

Keely grimaced, walked over to the white iron gate, and pressed a button on a decorated box. A stiff voice ordered her to

identify herself. She caustically asked, "Is there any answer I could give that would make you open the gate?"

"Mr. Hattori is not accepting visitors."

"That's what I thought you'd say. You should open this gate before the Hattori house becomes one of tragedy," Keely warned. When it came to rescuing souls from a neverborn, she didn't have much patience, and the voice on the other end of the speaker had already used that up. Keely didn't negotiate, and she wasn't compassionate to those who unwittingly stood in her way. "Open this gate, or I will leave this house in ashes."

Sutton dismounted from the bike, adjusting her crossbow so she could more easily access it and its bolts. "Okay, we're doing this." The threat was real for the neverborn, but Keely couldn't be sure what skin it wore until they actually saw it.

"Are you threatening the house of Hattori?" the speaker boomed.

"No. I promise death if you don't open the gate." Keely's body elongated and grew taller by two feet. Wings coated in a black membrane sprang from her back, while spiraling horns grew from her temples. The clothes she wore caught fire and scattered into ash on the wind as her skin turned into something glistening and scaly, but sickly, as black veins spread over her body. She turned her skeletal face to Sutton and winked one of her flaming eyes before red, molten fire dripped from a mouth overcrowded with pointed, grey teeth.

"We're doing the demon thing," Sutton said under her breath, taking position behind one of the concrete pillars. Keely's demon illusion scared her so badly the first time she had seen it

she'd frozen in place, even forgetting to breathe, then passed out from her own fear. Since then, when Keely used the demon, she had to force her body not to shake and to swallow away the knot in her stomach. As bad as the demon scared her, it scared the neverborn more. While they were busy trying to cope with their fear, Keely easily freed their stolen souls.

"I hate the demon thing," Sutton said aloud, suppressing a cringe.

Keely lifted a bony, white hand with dark orange flames igniting in its palm. The flame hovered in her palm for a moment before it launched over the fence and flew toward the house. A second later there was a loud explosion, and debris rained down on them. Sutton knew it wasn't real and tried to tell her body that even as she lifted her arms to protect herself from the falling pieces of stone and wood. The illusion was so complete she could feel heat from the fire now consuming the house.

Keely's demonic form crawled up the fence like a spider crawling across a wall before she jumped over. Sutton ran after her, dexterously climbing the gate behind her and vaulting over its top. When she landed on the other side, the two of them were faced with four terrified-looking guards aiming guns at them. Keely lifted her hands, and streams of orange fire shot from her, igniting the men before they could shoot. They screamed and clawed at their skin as they rolled across the ground, completely believing the illusion cast upon them. Sutton almost vomited at the smell of the sulfur and burning flesh. She momentarily scrunched her eyes closed, wishing her mind was stronger, so she didn't fall victim to Keely's illusions.

"God, why can't you be a unicorn?" she asked, covering her nose and mouth, trying to fend off the illusion. "Everybody loves unicorns. And how sick are you for coming up with this shit? Burning flesh, really?"

"Shut up," Keely hissed over her shoulder, walking toward the house leaving burning footprints behind her.