

DOUBLE TALK
A Fanfiction by AmandaK

"Stay away from me, Cole!"

"Phoebe! What did you see?"

oOo

Okay, what the hell just happened? What did I do wrong this time?

You really have no idea? You're an even bigger dimwit than I thought. How you ever managed to make demons quiver in their boots and wet their pants for five hundred years is beyond me!

Shut your trap and tell me.

...

Talk to me, Turner, dammit!

Can't. You just proved my point. You told me to shut up and talk to you. How dumb is that, eh?

You... You lame excuse of a demon! If I didn't need you so badly, I'd--

Do what? Kill me? Been there, tried that, remember? You failed. Instead, the Charmed Ones bested you, and you're stuck with me. Want to know why Phoebe bolted, or not?

Yes. Tell me.

She saw the truth.

Huh?

Man, you really aren't the smartest cookie in the bin, are you? Phoebe has the power of Premonition. She saw you -me- for what you really are: evil squared, and squared again. She's gone. Face it, you lost.

But how could she-- Filthy little human half-breed! You did this! With your love and concern for the witch, you made it possible for her see past the barrier of my powers!

Yup. Told you I'd foil you every chance I get. Then again, it was really a matter of time until she found out, she's too smart not to. I'm glad she did; as long as you're with me, our love is a lie. Phoebe knows that now. But God, what I wouldn't give to kick your sorry ass all the way to Hell for forcing me to hurt her!

You better no try; you'd make us both look like an idiot, your ass being mine too... So, what will she do now?

Don't know. Why do you care about Phoebe anyway? Tonight's the ceremony and you'll be the sworn ruler of the Underworld once more.

Will she try to come after us?

Does that worry you?

Just answer the question.

Yes.

What makes you so sure? She had plenty of opportunities to vanquish you when you were Belthazor. She never did.

Because in her heart she knew I loved her. And through me, so did Belthazor, in his own twisted way. He was a part of me. You, on the other hand, aren't. You don't belong here. You're a parasite.

I could. Love her.

Hahaha. Are you running for Source of All Bad Jokes, too? You wouldn't know love if it bit you in the demonic behind. Evil can't love.

You could help me.

I won't. I never wanted this. I never wanted your power. I was quite happy the way I was.

Right. You were the mighty Belthazor for a hundred years. One of my finest soldiers. And you want me to believe you were content as a simple, puny, little human living a

simple, useless human life?

Yes. I was happy. Falling in love with Phoebe was the best thing that ever happened to me. Anything else pales beside it.

I don't understand your feelings for the witch. How can love be enough? Don't you miss the power over life and death? To be able to do as you please, take what you want, and damn the consequences?

Not really. Not anymore... When Belthazor was vanquished and I lost my powers, it was difficult, I'll admit. Those fireballs were one hell of a power. And shimmering was convenient. Beats taking the bus any time. But I soon realized I had said farewell to my demonic nature long before Belthazor vanished.

Then... the Seer was wrong.

Excuse me?

She suggested you. When she foresaw the witches destroy my previous me. And you, you had room for rent, so to speak. A void aching to be filled, that's what she said.

That's why you picked me?

Yes. Believe me, if I'd known you'd create such a fuss about it, be so pesky, I'd have picked someone else.

...

Hey, Turner? You still there?

Yeah. Was thinking. So... you don't particularly need me? When the sisters vanquished your old form, your... essence - spirit - powers, whatever, could have manifested itself in whomever you wanted?

As long as the vessel wasn't fully human. Humans are not equipped to handle demonic strength of my caliber, you know. They explode. Get all messy.

What if another body is available? Would you leave me?

Would I? Half-breed, I'd be gone in a heartbeat! I've had more than enough of listening to you whine and drivel over your precious witch.

Yeah, yeah, no need to get nasty. Shut up and let us go. I have an idea that will solve both our problems.

Go where? What idea?

oOo

"I can't do this. I have to find her."

"And what if the wizard finds you? He'll take your throne."

"He can have it."

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