

Sinnerman

Von Alucard

Kapitel 1: Knock, knock

They took Chloe and the spawn. Big mistake, very, VERY big mistake. Yes, Pierce warned him, but since when did Lucifer listen to anyone? Now he had to face the consequences. He had chased the Sinnerman, wanted to know what that maggot had done to them. But the more details he found out, the more confused he was. The suitcase, the one he brought from Las Vegas to here. That's all they wanted. Lucifer never opened it. He just got it, because he had a deal with Candy and that thing was part of it.

It seemed the Sinnerman wanted it back. And he was what? A simple human, a crime boss? Yes. A threat to others? Yes. Stealing his jam? Of course. But he was still human. Good! That maggot didn't know who he pissed off. Lucifer tried to find the Detective and her spawn. And for the first time since he had his wings back, he couldn't stop his eyes from burning with the fires of hell. He felt sorry for the poor barista he scarred for life when his wings flared out and his eyes flashed red, when he got a phone call from Dan that both had disappeared.

No, he was furious, he could either keep his wings tucked in or control his eyes, not both, not at the moment, so he let his eyes burn and use shades to hide them. Lucifer had to admit that the Sinnerman was great at one thing.

He hid well. Even Lucifer, calling in favors and bringing fear and terror over the LA underworld, could not find him.

It was a week now. He knew the Sinnerman needed them alive for his stupid suitcase, so why didn't he call already? May Dad have mercy with him, if he dared to torture his girls. Even one hair out of place and he would rip him apart limb from limb, kill him, take a first class trip down to hell himself and start all over again.

Lucifer paced in his penthouse. Wings flaring out behind him, feathers sharp like razors cutting through the stone pillars and the furniture like nothing. And he didn't care. He needed to find them but how? Did he miss something?

Then there it was, a tingle in his spine. Something he hadn't felt since his fall. Someone was praying to him? But who? A celestial phone call if you will. A small hope lit inside him.

Maybe, just maybe? He concentrated, and tried to hear that prayer. It wasn't easy, he was out of practice after all. It was a small innocent voice.

Confused thoughts - not Chloe then, no purer, a little girl. BEATRICE! It was the little spawn praying to him, asking him desperately to find them because he could do that, he was the Devil. An angel. It had to be true because Lucifer didn't lie. At least she

hoped so desperately. And she prayed to him, because people prayed all the time to angels.

Too bad he couldn't answer, it was one way only, except between celestial beings. "Come on Beatrice, I need something to work with." He muttered to himself, starting to pace again. She was scared, and blindfolded. That could only be for two reasons, to hide the identity of the people responsible - which he doubted since Chloe and he knew already who was behind all of it - or to hide where they were being held. For whatever reason.

Or would they want to scare the girl? His wings puffed at the thought. She was also hearing different things. Like loud machines, same track over and over again. And the smell. The smell gave him the hint. It was foul, fishy and made her want to vomit. That would have to do. He could definitely work with that. Maze could help him. Oh, they would bring hell upon them. Pun intended.

The docks? How cliché. An old factory that was still in use, even more cliché. Lucifer thought the Sinnerman would have more style.

While Maze was clearing the area of any threat that could come to the Deckers - since he was immortal once again when she was around, thanks to his wings - he would be the one with the fun part.

A locked steel door? Cute. He knocked, still wearing his shades with the fires of hell burning behind them.

A small window in the door opened, and obviously the fat guy behind it didn't expect Lucifer on the other side with this manic grin. "Hello~" His smooth, British voice was enough to wake an ancient fear inside of the fat man. "Do I have to knock again? Or will you let me in?" His wings flared out again behind him. The little window shut and he could hear screaming behind it.

"Okay knocking again, it is." And he did, just one time then he blasted that thing out of its hinges into the hall. He was greeted with several guns in different sizes. All aiming at him. Oh a warm welcome, then. This would be fun. After all, they needed to be punished.

"No need to waste your bullets. Everyone who stays calm will just be sent into oblivion...everybody else? Oooh I'll show you pain."

His grin was gone and the temperature inside the hall rose when his wings flared out once again. The armed men backed off in one step simultaneously. One of them had a nervous trigger finger; a single shot rang through the air.

It would have been a headshot but the only thing that broke were his shades with his Devilish, burning eyes behind them.

"You just ruined my favorite shades!" As soon as the words were spoken he attacked. Of course the fight was hardly fair - he was the Devil, immortal, super strong and fast. His wings were dangerous weapons that cut more than one hand from their owner. He wouldn't kill them, but he could wound them very badly. Maze was not the only one who knew torture. She was the best, yes, but he also knew where to hit, what to cut and what to break to get the most amount of pain while keeping the body alive and conscious.

In the office part of the building, one man paced up and down. Nervously. He had heard a strangled cry over radio followed by gunshots and screams, a lot of them,

more than there should have been.

He received a message "Boss?...BOSS!"

"What is it? What is happening? How many are there?"

"Just one!"

"One?!?! Are you fucking kidding me? Kill him already!"

"You...you don't understand...He is..he is the Devil!"

And then the line went silent after another scream.

The two women next to him knew exactly what was going on. Chloe tried to stay calm. Lucifer. It had to be Lucifer, who else? And Maze nearby, she was sure of that. How did he do that? He wasn't a fighting guy, he never fought.

She had never seen it and even if she had, he was alone against a whole criminal and armed gang!

Oh please stay safe, Lucifer!

She had seen how he did impossible things, maybe this was one of those things again. Trixie on the other hand, relaxed in an instant. The little girl had been terrified for the few last days. Mostly bound to that chair except for two or three times a day when allowed to go the toilet and blindfolded all the time.

"It's him, Mommy. I prayed and he found us."

"What are you talking about?" The distressed voice belonged to the Sinnerman.

"Well, Duh. Lucifer is the Devil, but also a fallen angel, says Wikipedia and you can pray to angels. So I did and he heard it and will rescue us."

"Haha, good one, you little pest. Now shut up before I make you."

Chloe panicked as she heard the sound of a gun being cocked. She was ready to fight for her daughter's life when she heard the door to the office blast open.