

Sinnerman

Von Alucard

Inhaltsverzeichnis

Kapitel 1: Knock, knock	2
Kapitel 2: Guardian Devil	5
Kapitel 3: Deal with the Devil	8

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.

Kapitel 2: Guardian Devil

"Look who we have here..." Lucifer's eyes burned bright. His presence alone made Chloe's hair stand up and she wanted to run with her daughter. Just that familiar voice - kind of familiar, it sounded otherworldly - calmed her down a little.

Lucifer entered the room, his wings kind of relaxed against his back, but those things were big enough to be impressive even then. The long pinions dragging over the floor, normally pristine white feathers stained with blood, his clothes shot to shreds, yet the rest of him surprisingly clean.

The man stumbled backwards.

"First you tried to kill me." Lucifer took a step forward.

"Then you tried to ruin me." Another step.

"You threatened the only humans in my life that I care for." His voice was not loud, but it vibrated in every cell of the human's body. In all of the humans.

The Sinnerman fired, emptying his clip into Lucifer, who didn't even flinch. He spread his wings out, cutting the rope on Chloe's wrists so she could free herself and the spawn and run for their lives.

"And now you kidnapped the Detective and the spawn? Oh, you have no idea what I'm going to do to you, my friend."

Then his glamour melted away, revealing the burned figure beneath for the first time since his Devilnapping.

"You have no idea who you messed with, do you?"

The crime boss stumbled backwards. The Devil and he were totally oblivious to Chloe who freed her daughter, told her to hide behind a desk she guided her to, and left her blindfold on. The Detective was fighting against a freak out moment.

Trixie didn't need to see that.

Lucifer sauntered towards the Sinnerman, who was now throwing the weapon at him.

"What? You pissed off the Devil! You stole my jam! And now you are scared? Next time you should check first. I'm the monster that scares off other monsters just by existing. But there will be no next time. I know where you are going and you should be happy that I'm not there to punish you myself!"

The last threat was snarled. He held the man into the air with one hand like he weighed nothing to him. He was ready to kill him, to torture him in any possible way before allowing him to die.

The human clawed in primal fear at the Devil's forearm, trying to escape. Without success.

Lucifer stretched one of his wings forward, the feather blade pressing on the man's chest, drawing blood at the first contact.

"LUCIFER! STOP!"

And he did. Just her voice was enough to stop probably the most powerful being in existence, second only to his parents. She wanted to run, she wanted to scream and never look back. But she couldn't, not now.

He stood there, breathing heavily with rage, trembling, the insane Sinnerman still in the air. Chloe appeared in front of him. His eyes, fixed on the miscreant in front of him till now, looked at her.

"You are not a monster, Lucifer. I know you are angry, I know you want to punish him, but this is not who you are." She put her hand on his cheek, gently stroking the

scarred and burned flesh. "Please, put him down."

"But..." Lucifer was fighting against himself and his desire to rip that piece of shit apart.

"I know, please, we want to go home. I don't want you in trouble. I want you by my side. Lucifer, please. And you don't want to scare Trixie, do you?"

In trouble? Him? He just disarmed, wounded and dismembered at least 20 humans but they wouldn't know what to say, because who would believe them about an angel attacking them?

Still, her words and her gentle touch, the pleading in her eyes were enough. Lucifer sighed, his human appearance returning.

"Very well..." He opened his hand. The terrorized human fled from him as far as possible, pressing against the wall and wetting himself.

Chloe could see his dark brown eyes again, only the bloody wings reminding her of his inhuman nature.

But she could see anxiety in his eyes. Was he afraid? Of what? Of course, he was the Devil - the adrenaline was the reason she could think straight at the moment.

She had seen the best in him and now got a glimpse of the worst. Would she run? Should she? What about Trixie? Could she accept the Devil in her life and in the life of her daughter?

The silence between them was getting uncomfortable and she could see the fear in Lucifer rising, his short, fast breaths. She knew the signs of an approaching panic attack.

"Hey, hey, hey, look at me Lucifer, everything is fine, okay?" How could she be afraid of him? Maybe she should be, but he just saved Trixie and her.

"Don't worry, come let's get outside and call for backup, yes? Do you trust me, Lucifer?"

He nodded. "Of course, without a doubt."

"Then trust me when I say I won't run. I know you won't hurt us, so please don't run away this time, okay? Promise me."

He let out the breath he was holding and nodded again.

"I promise, Chloe."

"Trixie? Babe? Come here." The scared girl left her hideout, and was about to pull off the blindfold.

"Detective, trust me, when I say that the spawn shouldn't see the things out there. Definitely NC-17 rated... Don't look at me like that. I don't kill...human" "I knew you would come Lucifer. Did you hear me?"

"Yes spawn, I did hear you. You saved yourself and your mother."

"Are you our guardian angel?"

"More like a guardian Devil, wouldn't you say?" He looked at Chloe.

"Yeah, now come on." She glanced back at the gibbering, drooling mess that once was a crime boss.

"Don't worry Detective, he won't go anywhere. Because if he moves a muscle before a police officer is here to arrest him, I'll know it. And I will be there."

Lucifer's grin made Chloe's hair on her arm stand up again, before the Devil turned and left the office, followed by the Detective.

On their way out she got a good look at Lucifer's work.

She had to suppress the retching especially at the door, where there were several men, all unconscious, all wounded.

And the heavy steel door. She could see where Lucifer must have hit it because of the

fist sized dent in it.

It was Lucifer, and he did what he had to do to rescue her. And now? She threw a look at the Devil himself standing there. His fingers playing with a cigarette that was not lit up, because she told him once not to smoke near her daughter whom he still held with one arm.

It wasn't good for her health. And he listened. The actual Devil listened, he respected her, he made her laugh.

He held up a phone for her; it belonged to one of the criminals, since his own didn't survive the bullets. How could she explain everything that that happened in there? Lucifer standing here? His suit was surprisingly clean, not perfectly but not with big blood splatters. But it was shredded with bullet holes.

"Lucifer, you don't lie." He looked confused at her, tilting his head in the fashion she found so adorably cute.

"If I call back up now, how would you explain all of this?" She looked up and down at him

"Well, I would tell the truth, of course."

"Which either gets you most likely in trouble or in an asylum. Maybe it's best if you leave?"

She could see the pain in his eyes, his shoulders dropped.

"I guess...that's it?" His voice was quiet, she barely heard him.

"What?" She had to think a moment. "Our partnership? NO! Don't be ridiculous, Lucifer."

He handed Beatrice over to her, the little one sounded asleep from all the adrenaline leaving her body and the exhaustion of the last days.

Chloe took her and put her hand on Lucifer's.

"I promise Lucifer, no...I swear that I will come over to LUX after everything is wrapped up here, okay? But there is one condition."

Lucifer raised an eyebrow.

"I'll bring Trixie with me, so maybe...prepare your guest room?"

He nodded and smiled hopefully.

"I will." With a roll of his shoulders the wings appeared again. He pulled out the keys of his Corvette from his pocket. "You need a ride and I won't sit in my car with filth and blood all over me. I would never get this out of the leather. See you later then...I have some serious wing grooming to attend. Bloody blood. It's a pain to get it out of feathers."

And with a few strong flaps of those wings he was up in the air and heading to LUX.

An Angel, the Devil, her friend and partner, maybe more?

No, all of those things. Yes, maybe he was some kind of monster. Even though she didn't want to think about him like that, at least he was her monster.

Lucifer didn't kill any of these people. He could have, but he didn't. Even the Sinnerman was alive. He wanted to kill him, to send him to hell but he just left - wasn't that a good thing? Good for her that she didn't see the smirk on his face.

He might not kill humans, but Mazikeen was not bound by Dad's rules or the Devil's morals. And he knew his demon wouldn't be that merciful to the kidnappers for hurting her friends.

Kapitel 3: Deal with the Devil

It had only been hours, but to the Devil it felt like years, maybe even eons. Would she come? She gave her word, but maybe she was too scared? Maybe she was already running?

At least he could occupy his mind with cleaning his wings as well as possible. His hot tub was the only thing big enough for that task. Now he sat there in the hot water, scrubbing furiously at the dried blood in his feathers that made him itchy. Maybe more furiously than needed.

He had found the Sinnerman so maybe he should now get back to cutting them off again? He would think about that, but not today. That process was painful, exhausting and he would pass out from the blood loss. He couldn't risk that, because he still believed in Chloe staying true to her word.

And she did. Lucifer didn't hear the soft "Ping" of the elevator.

Chloe stepped in the penthouse - no white sheets? Good. She had worried for a moment. But the living space was silent, was he not at home after all?

First, she took care of Trixie who was asleep again, after waking up in the car and talking about Lucifer and how awesome he was.

Chloe tucked her into bed in Lucifer's guest room. She smiled, because he had placed a stuffed dog on the bed for her.

Lucifer in a toy store buying that thing? Nope, she was sure he ordered it on Amazon. Since he got his phone, he was in a symbiotic relationship with that device. She could already imagine him whine because now he had to get a new one.

Chloe heard cursing in a language she never heard before and that didn't sound human at all. Okay, so he was at home. She grabbed two glasses and his favorite bottle of Whiskey. Yes, in his bar were at least a dozen different bottles of that stuff but she knew which one he preferred.

Lucifer still didn't notice her as she sat down on one of his sunloungers. The tumblers and the bottle set down on the table, she took a minute to enjoy the view.

His back was to her, strong muscles working the wings. He looked amazing, beautiful and like a big, giant bathing bird.

But she couldn't get rid of what was beneath this mask. The thought alone of that thing made her want to run and never look back.

Lucifer cursed again in that weird language, trying to get the blood off the feathers he couldn't reach by rubbing against the hot tub wall and using the jets.

Big, bad, Lord of hell. Satan himself cursing over dirty feathers, like they were the most offending things ever.

"Need help?" Chloe's question startled the almighty being into slipping in his tub as he tried to turn around. Lucifer hit his head, followed by a "bloody hell!"

Not that it would hurt him anymore, it was more or less a reflex, but his face lit up like the sun when he saw her. "Detective!"

It hit her - he literally made the stars, the sun, yet how was it possible that she, a boring and plain old human, could make him look like that?

But the lightbringer smiled at her like she was the brightest thing in existence, his face was happy, but only for a moment before he frowned.

"What are you doing here?"

Now it was Chloe's turn to be confused.

"Maybe because you saved our lives?"

"Oh...of course. Do you wish for something else? Don't worry, I don't collect souls, and I won't damn you to hell. You are going to the most boring place in existence, together with your small, sticky human. How is she, by the way?" Lucifer couldn't even look at her and tried to look busy by furiously cleaning one of his big pinions.

He didn't notice how Chloe sat down next to him, only her feet dangling in the warm and pinkish water after she pulled up her trousers. It was a little disgusting to her, but she wanted to be near him.

"No, I don't mean it that way, Lucifer. I mean, you saved our lives and I wanted to know if you are hurt. If you are alright." Her hand reached out to his shoulder, but she wasn't sure if she was allowed to touch him. He flinched all the time since his kidnapping when she tried to touch him, like if he was in pain or if something was wrong with him.

"I will not lie, Lucifer, you scared the shit out of me earlier. You nearly killed him!"

"But, he deserv-"

"I'm not finished yet." Okay she dared to shush an archangel and she got away with it, with just a curious and pouty look from him. And his feathers puffed out in annoyance. With the wings totally soaked, it looked hilarious. But she had to concentrate.

"How many times did you tell me the Devil isn't evil, he..no, you only punish? You are not a murderer, Lucifer... How exactly did you find us?"

Maybe changing the subject would distract him a little.

Lucifer felt guilt - of course he was a murderer, she just didn't know about it. He was a monster, the biggest of them all. He sighed heavily.

"Well, Beatrice prayed to me."

Chloe threw him a confused look. Was that really the case? Was this possible at all? She thought it was just Trixie's imagination.

He smiled a little, or he was forcing himself to smile.

"I have my wings back, which means I can hear prayers again. I was quite confused, there are not many people praying to the Devil. Except a few satanists. And since the most of them don't really believe in me I can't hear them anyway. It means I could hear your spawn loud and clear. She was scared and told me as much as she could without talking to me, since I can't answer prayers directly. So Maze and I searched for you. And we found you, saved you, end of the story, really."

The Devil continued to scrub his feathers furiously, stupid blood and filth in general. Everything was itching. If he would not ask for help, she would not offer it.

Chloe knew how proud and stubborn he could be. So she just got rid of her trousers and her shirt and joined him in the tub, just in her underwear. Still cautious, she grabbed the soap from his hands and touched the unfamiliar appendage.

It shivered and she could see the goosebumps over Lucifer's whole body. Yes his whole body, of course he wouldn't wear anything in his pool. But his exhibitionist side was nothing new to her, she could deal with it, for now and as long as Trixie was asleep.

Chloe was still amazed by the shivering and his ragged breathing.

"Does it hurt?"

Lucifer just shook his head.

He seemed to enjoyed it, since his own feather grooming stopped. Fine, she could do

that. She never needed to deal with wings, let alone giant wings, but 'just use common sense' was her thought. And it worked. She grabbed one of the big pinions, applied soap and massaged carefully till the blood came out of the feather. She shot a glance towards Lucifer, he looked like a happy puddle of goo. Like he had melted. He even made some noises that sound like a mix of purring and chirping.

"So, no horns then?"

"'m afraid not." He mumbled pleasantly.

"But what did I see, Lucifer? That...well..." How could she address this? But she didn't need to, because he did.

"That monster? That was me, what I really look like. I have no idea why my crispy side is back. But if you crashed through three planes of existence you get a little crunchy."

"You are not a monster, Lucifer-"

"Am I not?!" Suddenly he was furious, all the relaxation gone, his wings flared out, the pinions sharp like a blade nearly cutting into the walls of the tub, his eyes red and the burned skin showing again. "I killed my brother for you, I AM a monster, that monster that I look like, that needs to be punished, Detective!"

Chloe moved back as far as she could. She was scared of him. She may be immune to his charms but not to the primal fear that came over her at this sight. As soon as the anger came over him, it was gone again. His insides crumbled together. He never wanted to scare her.

Never her. His human features came back. He sighed and stood still, looking down.

"You are free to go now. Don't worry, you'll never see me again, if this is your wish."

He couldn't look at her, he didn't want to see her leave, the image of fear forever burned into his imagination.

But she didn't leave, although she was still trembling. Chloe needed to remember that this was Lucifer, her Lucifer. Lucifer that stole Dan's pudding, raided the vending machine in the precinct - while complaining about the horrible taste of those sandwiches - the Lucifer that sat next to her on boring stake outs - complaining again of course - and that broken man she sometimes could see.

And at the moment the being in front of her wasn't an Archangel - yes she had done her homework, thank you very much - or the Lord of hell. Not even her pain in the ass partner. It was a lost little boy who was afraid of rejection again and acting out.

A boy who learned it was better to push away and hurt everyone, instead being pushed away and hurt by others.

"No I don't wish for that, Lucifer." She took a step closer to him. Chloe could feel the heat his body radiated, she could see the tremors that he was trying to hide. Another step - he didn't move but flinched.

"Show me again." She was still scared, but she wanted to get rid of that fear. She wanted to show him that she would not run.

"What?" Didn't she know what she was asking for?

"Show me again, Lucifer, please." She cupped his face, her thumb stroked over his stubble and she tried to make him look at her. He did. His eyes were still hellish red. Like his wings, he didn't seem to have full control over them when he was emotional. But Chloe didn't look scared right now. She was looking at his eyes in awe, for they were beautiful in their own way.

But apart from that nothing happened. He was scared, she could see it in his eyes. And why wouldn't he be? If she was asked what she thought about the Devil, not her Lucifer, the first words would have been "Evil, torture, hell, eternal damnation." How must he feel with everyone hating him? She didn't know anything about the fall. But

she was sure he didn't deserve that. She couldn't fear him. His sudden outburst? Yes that scared her, but not him. And the reaction to his other side? That was something she had no control over. But she would try now.

Should she be afraid? No. Lucifer had so many opportunities, but he always saved her. He still didn't talk. Maybe another approach would work to make him open up.

She grabbed his hand, took a few steps back till she was at the edge of the hot tub again, where she could sit down on the stone steps built into the pool. And she pulled him towards her. Lucifer didn't resist. She knew if he didn't want to move, he wouldn't. She could also try to push a skyscraper out of the way with her bare hands. But he didn't resist, just followed her, till she could pull him close enough for a hug. He stiffened under her touch, still trembling, his wings stressfully shaking and puffing. Chloe sighed. One hand caressed his neck. The other one slowly rose to the base of his wings, stroking the small feathers there.

He sobbed after just a few moments, trying to push back the tears and hold it together.

"Tell me about your brother."

She wouldn't rush him. He should take his time.

"Uriel is....was.. the youngest." He started after a few minutes. His voice sounded hoarse but it was easier for him when he didn't need to look at her.

"He came down to earth, trying my to collect my end of a deal I had with dear old Dad. When I didn't pay up, he threatened your life. I couldn't allow it. I had to save you. I tried to talk to him...we started to fight and suddenly...the dagger...his blood." His mother was not important to him right now, so he didn't mention her.

It was confusing for her to hear - he was exhausted, she could tell that. She had seen the dark circles under his eyes.

"You acted in self defense. You had no choice."

He started to tremble again. "There is always a choice, Detective...if I had searched hard enough, I would have found a solution. I know it."

"No, no, no Lucifer. Don't go there. Listen to me. I'm a cop. I killed. Yes, it's part of my job, I killed. Am I a murderer?"

He didn't say anything, just shook his head.

"See? Because if I had to kill someone, it is because I had no other chance. To save a hostage, to save myself, my partner. To save other people. Sometimes there is no choice. You are not a murderer. You are not a monster. You are Lucifer Morningstar, the man that breaks into my home, making me breakfast. The man who I lo...like very much, the one who lit the stars."

She could feel his light chuckle

"Yes, I did my homework on you, Lightbringer." She still stroked his wings and his neck and she could feel him relax against her.

Chloe didn't care that he was totally naked. Not in this moment, for it wasn't sexual in any way, yet intimate on an emotional level.

"Show me." Another attempt to show him that she wouldn't leave.

And he did, he looked up, freeing himself from her embrace, and changed. The handsome human face fell, and there it was. The burned creature that made crime bosses, serial killers and drug lords wet themselves just by being there.

Chloe smiled. She cupped his face again, stroke the delicate paperlike skin that felt so much warmer than his human appearance. The fear was slowly leaving her. Her fingers

trembled a little, her instincts alarmed, but it got better. She relaxed, as did he.

"Does it hurt?"

He nodded.

"Even when I touch you?" She pulled her hand back, Chloe didn't want to cause more pain.

"No, no...more like an ache over the whole body. Chronic pain, if you will...why?" He didn't need to ask the full question. Chloes hands were on him again.

"Why do I touch you?"

He nodded again.

"Because I want to show you that you are still you. Nothing's changed. I don't care for looks, Lucifer. You still have a lot to explain to me, I don't get everything, but not tonight. Tonight you are important. And tomorrow morning? I want you to make chocolate chip pancakes for Trixie and one of your famous coffees for me. Deal?"

He tilted his head, still in his true form.

"What do I get from this?"

His question was answered when Chloe pulled him down slowly, his lips so close to hers. She could feel his hitched breath. The Devil was nervous. That was something to remember.

And like back on the beach when she kissed him. The first one was nearly shy, testing out, but the second one was full of passion. She caressed his skull where his hair once was. She didn't care.

They could do this, they could work this out. She was sure of it.

And mercy for those who dared to lay a hand on her and her daughter. The thought made her smile.