

An excerpt from

Demon's Day

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Chapter 1

Anna woke up. She opened her eyes and looked around. Lucifer was standing above her with a worried look on his face. She swallowed. Her mouth was dry and her throat was even worse. She slowly started to sit up. Lucifer backed away. Anna finally managed to sit without pain and reached for the water carafe on the nightstand. She poured a glass of water and slowly drank it while watching Lucifer. He seemed nervous. After she finished the glass of water, she got up out of the bed and started walking around the room. The last time she had seen this room was eighty some lifetimes ago. She had been in it since then, but she had not been awake to see it change. Lucifer had updated the decor from the sparse colorless drapes that used to hang to black curtains with silver rods. The walls were ivory. And they were real walls. Her room was chic and modern. Anna was impressed. She finally turned back to Lucifer and looked at him. He seemed to be expecting her to explode at him or something. She smirked as she sat down and continued to look at him, amusement on her face.

Finally, Lucifer spoke. "Alright, are you going to speak to me?" he asked, a look of bewilderment on his face.

Anna smirked again. "What would you have me say?" She got up and walked towards him. "Would you have me rage at you for your act of cruelty? Or would you rather I fall at your feet and beg forgiveness for my transgressions?" She stopped in front of him, studying Lucifer with her eyes. She watched him squirm under her gaze and knew that he regretted the actions he had taken all those years ago. She smiled. He backed up a step.

She turned and went back to sit down. She watched him again. She wanted to go to him, to touch him, feel him, feel his power. Just seeing him caused her heart to flutter a little. She wanted to fall to her knees and worship him. But she would not. Not now. She was a bit angry after all. He had put her to sleep all those years ago. It was his fault that her body ached from years of non use. And so she continued to watch him, a slight smirk on her face.

Lucifer watched her. He started getting angry as he realized she was playing with him. He could sense her emotions. He knew she was angry. He could tell she was intentionally trying to make him uncomfortable. He was her creator. How dare she play with him? He stalked across the room towards her, grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her out of the chair. She raised an eyebrow. "You know I like it when you're rough," she said laughing. Lucifer let her go and took a step back. He started at her for a moment, not wanting this to dissolve into an argument. Finally he stormed out of the room.

Anna walked into the bathroom and started the shower up. Lucifer really had made things modern. She looked at herself in the mirror. She had forgotten what she looked like. After spending eighty some lifetimes in different bodies it felt good to be back in her own. Her hair was still fairly long, and her skin was still pale. It was good to know that much had not changed over all the years. Anna stepped into the shower. The hot water went to work immediately

relaxing her muscles. She stretched and moved, feeling the healing power of the water. It felt so good. She started washing her hair, which thankfully, had not grown over the last 2000 years. She tried to put all the jumbled memories in her head in order. She remembered her childhood. Lucifer had always been a there. He had created her after all. Her parents had been so proud to be the ones chosen to bring her into the world. She remembered Mephisto, and Ramiel. They were always around when she was young. Of course, most of her time in hell had been spent learning to control her powers. Mephisto had always been there for her, even when Lucifer pushed her too far and she wanted to quit, wanted a normal life. He had always been there to bring her back to sanity. Ramiel was another story though. He liked to give her orders. She did not have to obey him though, which made him extremely angry. He had made her life a living hell. Then Lucifer had asked her to gather the faithful to crush the new faith that had risen in the desert. She had said no. She did not see the problem with this faith in Jesus. She had met him. He was a good person. He pranked a group of men and suddenly had a huge following. People thought he was the Christ foretold in Moses' tale. She did not see a problem with any of it. Of course, now she could look back and see the big problems. People took Moses' excellent work of fiction way to seriously. While Jesus had a good time pretending to be the Christ, eventually he fled to South Africa where no one would recognize him. Everyone said he had ascended. If only they knew.

For her refusal to do her job, Lucifer had put her to sleep. Her body had been asleep all these last two thousand years. Her soul however had been very active. Lucifer had forced her into a cycle of reincarnation until the time that she would produce a child. A child the modern world would call the antichrist but who in fact would save the world from complete destruction. She had not had her powers or her memories for all those years. Now that she could remember, she

realized Lucifer's great joke. Ramiel was the father of her child. They had spent two thousand years sleeping together unbeknownst to both of them. Enemies in the beginning, it was the greatest of jokes. Anna wondered if Ramiel knew the truth yet. If he did not he certainly would soon.

She finished washing and reluctantly got out of the shower. The hot water felt entirely too good. She toweled off and walked back into the bedroom to try to find something to wear. Lucifer was waiting for her when she walked in. He was in one of the chairs in her sitting area. Anna had to stop herself from immediately going to him.

Lucifer opened his mouth to speak but Anna cut him off, "I've missed you," she said as she walked by towards the closet. And she did. As much as she might be angry with him, seeing him now, she truly missed him.

Lucifer closed his mouth and he stared at her. "What?"

Anna grabbed one of her shirts out of the closet and put it on before turning back to Lucifer. "I've missed you. I have two thousand years worth of memories and you are absent from most of them. That's a bit disconcerting." Anna looked at him, not smiling this time, her face blank.

Lucifer looked away as he tried to figure out how to respond to her apparent change of emotion.

He was so sure she was going to lash out at him, but she had not, or had she in a more subtle way? He honestly would have preferred her anger over the simple statement she had made.

Anna walked over to where he sat and curled up next to him, throwing her legs over his. She rested her head against the side of the chair and looked at him. "No response? I am surprised. I figured you would have something to say to that." Her voice was sarcastic. Lucifer looked at her, searching her eyes to see if she was serious.

"So you are not mad at me?" he asked.

"Oh I am furious. However, I am also older and wiser now, "she laughed bitterly, "and I can see some logic in what you did. Though I have to ask, does Ramiel know?" she grinned as she said it and Lucifer relaxed a little bit. Maybe she did not want to kill him after all.

"No. Ramiel does not know." Lucifer put an arm around her, "but you are going to tell him aren't you?" he said lightly.

Anna laughed, "oh yes I am going to tell him. I can not wait to see his reaction." Anna curled up into Lucifer and continued to laugh. Lucifer held her close and laughed with her. It felt good to have Anna back.

Anna was exploring the halls of hell, remembering passageways and hideouts that she had not seen in years. She walked down the corridor to Mephisto's room. She was not sure if he would be there, but she wanted to see the room anyways. Anna did not bother knocking.

Mephisto was sitting at his desk reading the paper. He looked up, angry at the sound of someone entering his room without permission but when he saw Anna, his face lit up. "Anna? My gods girl, you are awake." Mephisto put the paper down, got up, and walked over to her.

Anna smiled, "Yes, I am awake." She wrapped her arms around Mephisto and held on tight. It had been so long since she had seen her best friend. She did not want to let go.

Eventually Mephisto pulled away and dragged her to the couch. They sat her head on his chest, in silence, getting reacquainted. Finally Mephisto spoke, "so, did Lucifer give you your memories back?"

"Yes" Anna mumbled, having started to doze.

"And how do you feel about everything?"

Anna looked up at him. "Well, I am still hurt and angry over the whole thing, but I understand why Lucifer did what he did. And the situation with Ramiel is hilarious."

Mephisto looked down at her, "what situation with Ramiel?"

Anna sat up, wide eyed. "You do not know?" she asked. Mephisto raised a brow and shook his head slightly. "Shit. Ramiel is the one I have been sleeping with all these years. Really it makes sense given that I am still a demon even without my powers and we all know how well sex with a demon works for human being. He had to have wondered how he was able to have sex with me, well with the bodies I inhabited, without killing me. I wonder if he guessed what Lucifer had done." Anna looked at Mephisto.

He looked shocked. "I do not think he has," he said slowly. Then he sighed. "I only knew you were alive because I saw you once, asleep in the bed, and I asked Lucifer. He told me what had actually happened. Everyone else thinks you are dead Anna, including Ramiel. Lucifer would have preferred we all thought you dead, but he had to tell me or risk everyone knowing. It was honestly for your own protection, so that no one would try to hunt you when you were without your powers."

Anna looked around, thinking. It was true; there were a few demons who felt threatened by her. She was the only female demon in existence to her knowledge, and boy demons were no different from boy humans. Powerful women threatened them. "So Ramiel does not know he has been sleeping with me, and he does not know I am alive. Well, is that not special." Anna got up and started pacing the room.

Mephisto had to leave for his rounds so Anna headed out for the main hall. Most of his worshipers thought Lucifer controlled everything but in reality, while he was the creator and had

final say, he had created Mephisto to watch over humans and demons that were on the mortal realm, and Ramiel to watch over the demons in hell. Ramiel was Lucifer's second in command and the most power demon, second only to Lucifer. Technically, he should have been able to control Anna, but he had never been able to.

Anna entered the main hall and found Lucifer reading by the fire and Ramiel lecturing one of the demons. Lucifer glanced up as she entered and grinned in anticipation over what was about to happen. Ramiel glanced over quickly and then stopped talking as he slowly glanced back at her. She smirked and waved as she walked over to the bar. Ramiel stood there slack jawed, watching her as she poured herself a drink. She turned, raised a brow in his direction, and downed her drink. "So, Ramiel, how have you been all these years?" she asked with a bite to her tone. She enjoyed the look of shock on his face.

Ramiel tried to gather his thoughts. "I have been fine. You are alive." He closed his eyes as he realized he had stated the obvious. He looked over at Lucifer and saw the slight grin on his face. So Lucifer had lied to everyone had he?

Anna slowly walked over to Ramiel as the demon he had been reprimanding quickly sneaked away. Once Anna reached him, she studied his face for a moment. Over all these years, she had grown many times to love that face. The face of someone she hated. She reached up and touched his cheek. Ramiel flinched but did not pull away. Anna looked him in the eyes. "You have no idea do you?" she asked.

Ramiel looked puzzled. "About what?" he asked, trying to keep his voice calm. He hated her and yet her touch felt so familiar.

Anna laughed a cruel and bitter laugh. "How is our son doing love?" she asked in a sarcastic tone.

Ramiel did jerk back then. "Our son? What do you mean our son?" He looked towards Lucifer who was trying not to laugh. Then it hit him. "You have been alive. Just not in your own body. That is why none of the women I have slept with over the years died. Because they have all been you." Ramiel was furious. He stumbled away from her, and stalked over to Lucifer, sitting on the couch laughing. Lucifer glanced up just in time to see Ramiel's fist coming towards his. Ramiel hit him hard. Lucifer shook his head and stood up. Putting all of his power into his voice, he forced Ramiel to kneel before him. "Do not ever hit me again," Lucifer said as Ramiel looked up at him. Lucifer had never forced Ramiel to bow before. He did not like having to do it, but Ramiel had crossed a line. "Now get up and go. Out of this room!" Lucifer yelled. Ramiel glared at Lucifer as he got up, and then glanced once at Anna with a pure look of hatred before stalking out of the room.

Anna looked at Lucifer. "I did not expect that reaction. I do not know what I expected, but it was not that." Anna was shaken. Lucifer walked over to her and put an arm around her as he guided her to the couch. She could feel the rage radiating off him, and he could feel the shock and fear radiating off her. Neither would be much help calming the other. Anna looked up at Lucifer "I am sorry. I did not mean for that to happen," she said in a small voice. Lucifer's anger slowly dissipated. He put his other arm around her and pulled her close to him on the couch. He stroked her hair as he closed his eyes and tried to use just the slightest power to calm her nerves. She shook slightly against him, still reeling from the level of emotion. Anna had never done well with strong emotions. And this much emotion after being asleep for so long shocked her.

Chapter 2

Ramiel stalked down the hall to his rooms. He was shaking with rage. He stormed into his room and slammed the door. He began pacing. He thought back to every woman he had slept with in the last two thousand years. Each one had caught his attention. Each one had been in the right place at the right time. Each one had been different. But they had not been. Lucifer had carefully orchestrated the entire thing. Lucifer had made sure that he had never slept with any woman other than Anna. He had never thought about it until now, but now he could see Lucifer's hand throughout the entire thing. Anna could not have known though. She hated him as much as he hated her. She never would have agreed. So why then had she joked about it? He thought back to the conversation in the main hall. She had sounded bitter and a bit angry. If she found out when she came back to life, or awoke, or whatever, she should have been angrier. Then he remembered the look in her eyes when she had touched him. It had only been there for a split second but he had seen it. Love. Longing. In Anna's eyes. Directed towards him.

Ramiel sat down in his study. He put his head in his hands and tried to clear his mind. He could not get her eyes out of his mind though. Love, longing, and just a hint of regret had flashed through her eyes. Ramiel wondered if the regret was over what she was about to do, or what had already been done. He started going through his memories again. Ramiel had loved many of the women he had slept with over the years. He could see now how Lucifer had worked so hard to make sure that relationships developed between Ramiel and each woman. It was never casual sex. These were mortal women, none of whom knew that Ramiel was a demon. And they had loved him, many times. Anna had loved him. And he had loved her.

Now he knew the truth. Anna knew as well. They had both been pawns in Lucifer's game. Ramiel supposed that the ends justified the means. The world, mostly decimated, was slowly

getting back on track under the guidance of the child they had created together. It would have happened more quickly if the women he loved, if Anna had not died so soon in each life. Sometimes before they were with child, sometimes with child. For two thousand years, they had danced the dance of procreation, and Anna had never survived. Until this last time. Even then, she died soon after their son was born.

Ramiel wondered why it had been so many years between her last death and her reappearance. Maybe to make sure that their son grew up. He did not know, and he did not particularly feel like asking Lucifer. Eventually, but not now. Ramiel stretched out on the couch in his study and let his thoughts go. He had to figure out how to reconcile his deep hatred for Anna, and his deep love for the women she had been.

Mephisto walked into the main hall. Anna was curled up next to Lucifer on the couch asleep. Lucifer glanced up at Mephisto. "What is up?" he asked seeing the concerned look on Mephisto's face.

"There are reports of an uprising in the north." Mephisto responded. "It looks like one of our demons might have been captured by the religious."

Lucifer nodded. "Go. Take care of it. Report back to me as often as possible." Mephisto nodded and glanced down at Anna. "Ramiel reacted badly to finding out the truth," Lucifer noted. Mephisto nodded again, and left.

When Anna awoke, she was back in her own bed. She could not tell how long she had been asleep. Lucifer was nowhere around. She got up out of bed and went down to the kitchen for food. No one was around. She grabbed some bread and cheese, apparently the diet around here

had not changed with the times. But bread and cheese were good. She sat at the counter in the kitchen and ate. When she was done, she went looking to see where everyone was. Eventually she found them in the main hall. All of the demons were gathered and Ramiel was addressing them. She watched him, in awe of his presence. He had always had that effect on her. She would never let on though. His commands had an effect on her, one she could not ignore, but she did not have to obey them. It was a bit painful not to, but when she was younger she had enjoyed pissing him off. Eventually they had grown to hate each other in some strange way because of it. "I need eight volunteers to go to the mortal realm. Mephisto has confirmed that a group of the religious have captured Sauriel. We need to go get him back." Ramiel looked around the gathering. Slowly hands went up until he had enough volunteers. "Alright then, everyone else is free to go, those who have volunteered, stay. Mephisto will be here shortly to brief you." The gathered demons dispersed, talking amongst themselves about the capture. Mephisto materialized shortly thereafter and went to the remaining demons. Anna could not hear what was being discussed but she watched anyways. So far, no one had noticed her.

Eventually Mephisto and his volunteers disappeared, off to rescue Sauriel. Anna was alone with Ramiel. And by now, he had noticed her, though she had not noticed this. While she had been watching Mephisto coordinating the rescue, Ramiel had stepped back as his part was done. He had seen her standing by the bookcase watching. He studied her. She looked tired. He wondered what she thought about their exchange earlier. She probably hated him even more now. He had lashed out at Lucifer, but her also, and she did not deserve that. He remembered her fingertips on his cheek, how familiar they had felt. He knew why now. And he had to admit he missed her. Not just as the women he had slept with all these years, but as her. He had gotten used to having someone around who challenged him. He hated her for it, but he got used to it.

Maybe he did not hate her as much as he thought he did. Maybe hate was not the right word. But it was always the simplest whenever they had spoken of each other all those years ago. Anna looked at him after the others disappeared. She realized he had been watching her and blushed. She turned to leave. "Wait." Ramiel called out. Anna stopped as her stomach dropped. She waited for him to lash out at her with power. She flinched and jumped away as she felt him touch her shoulder. She turned to look at him, trying to keep her face blank. Ramiel lowered his hand and sighed. "I am sorry for the way I reacted earlier. You are no more at fault in this than I am. I should not have gotten angry with you. And I was not angry with you. But I yelled at you, and lashed out at you, and I'm sorry." There, he had said it. Ramiel was not one who apologized. However, he knew he had been wrong earlier.

Anna stared at him in disbelief. She started to say something then stopped. She appeared to be gathering her thoughts. "OK" she said softly, and then she turned around and left the room. She did not slow down until she was in her room. She closed the door and slid down it as her breathe came quicker and she started to cry. Why the hell was she crying? What was wrong with her? She did not love Ramiel, she could not love him. Moreover, he certainly could not love her. And he never apologized for anything so why would he start now. As the tears ran down her cheeks, she stared blankly across the room, staring at nothing. She knew deep down that he meant what he said, but she could not accept it. Lucifer had made things so much more complicated then even he must have realized.

Later that night Lucifer came looking for her. He knocked on her door before entering. She was asleep in one of the chairs by the fire. He approached her to wake her up but her eyes opened as he approached. "Get out," she said as she stood up. Lucifer looked at her, puzzled. "I said get

out" Anna walked towards him. "Get out; I don't want to talk to you. I do not want to see you. Not right now. Just go."

Lucifer sighed, "Do you want to tell me what this is about?"

Anna glared at him. "You, your game, your big plan." She turned and walked away from him.

"Is this about you and Ramiel?" Lucifer asked with a slight laugh.

Anna whipped around "Don't you dare laugh you son of a bitch. You tricked him, hell you tricked me. You betrayed my trust. I didn't want to go along with your original plan so you screw me with a secondary plan." By this time, Anna was yelling. "You don't care who you hurt to get what you want, do you?" Anna was right in front of him now, fuming, her power flowing off her. Lucifer had not realized how much power she had. "Answer me damn it," she screamed, and then she slapped him, with all her power behind it. Lucifer was thrown to the ground, blood dripping from his lip. Anna stood in the same place, glaring down at him. Hating him in that moment.

Lucifer flung his power towards her as he got up from the ground, throwing her off balance. He stalked towards her and grabbed her by the throat before pushing her into the wall. "Do not ever hit me again," he said in a low, calm voice that seethed with rage.

Anna spit in his face. "Fuck you," she said, and then she averted her eyes. Lucifer was boiling mad, and he flooded her with power. He watched as she closed her eyes and flinched. He was not giving her a command; he was solely doing this to hurt her. And he knew it hurt. Anna clenched her jaw and refused to cry out, refused to give in any way.

Suddenly Lucifer let Anna go. He took a step back as she slumped against the wall and tried to breathe. She looked at him, and he glared back at her. "If things are so complicated," he said,

"then leave. Go back to the mortal realm and deal with the mortals. Get out of hell! Now!"

With that, he turned and stalked out of the room.

Anna stood against the wall watching the door Lucifer had just exited. She had not intended to get herself kicked out of hell. She shook her head. She could not believe she had just done that.

She had just attacked Lucifer with power. She was lucky to still exist. Well, if he wants me gone then fine, I will leave, she thought. She focused and disappeared from the room.

Chapter 3

Anna lived for quite a few years in relative peace on the mortal realm. Her power did not wane as it did with other demons since she had been born of mortal parents. She was unique in that respect. She truly could walk between the two worlds. Lucifer was the only other demon who could, only because he was the first, the all, and he had created the mortal realm. But he never left hell if he did not need to. And with Mephisto and Ramiel running things as smoothly as they did, there was never the need. Anna had heard tales when she was young about a time when Lucifer walked both realms but that was a time long before any of the current demons existed.

She worked odd jobs here or there when she first appeared, but had found steady employment at a used bookstore. While she was sure her fellow demons could find her if they wanted she did nothing to give away what she was. Time is different in hell. It really does not exist in any way that mortals can understand. Her years away, though measured in mortal time could seem much longer but be as short as the blink of an eye in hell. She was careful never to use her power except to occasionally peer into her customers minds to guide them to a book. And once, she had used her power to push a child out of the path of a car. But beyond that, she did nothing. She acted completely human.

She did keep track of her son though. Adriel was leading the world, or what was left of it. He was a good leader. He treated the mortals fairly, and did not abuse his power. Being the child of two demons did not make him any more powerful than any other demon, but like Anna, because he had been born to a mortal woman, or at least from a mortal woman's body, he had power in the mortal realm without the need of the occasional dose of hell. Most of the mortals left in the world were those who were faithful. However small groups of religious did continue to exist.

They had been the ones who had started the war. The war that Lucifer predicted would eventually happen if they were allowed to continue to exist.

Anna regretted now, not having just obeyed Lucifer in the beginning. Jesus had been what people called a vampire. Of course, vampires do not actually exist. Jesus was a half demon. Half demons could not travel to hell to reenergize their power so they fed on human emotion,