

The Brooklyn Bridge was nearly deserted at 0400 hours on a Sunday morning. Only crazy people would be out on a cold, dark day. Koivu shrugged more deeply into his jacket and turned his face away from the odor of dried blood. The East River gleamed dully, barely reflecting the handful of lights visible in nearby buildings. A lone ghostly boat pushed a string of barges beneath him. He automatically calculated the distance from the sidewalk to the barge below. Once upon a time, in his demon form, he would've jumped for the fun of it.

Now? His fragile human body wouldn't survive without broken bones or worse. Thanks to Lucifer, his shoulder was perfect again. He was unbelievably healthy now. His physical body was practically glowing with stamina. True to his word, the mighty archangel gave them precisely five minutes, and performed more than a few miracles in that time. Sighing with gratitude, he pulled his thoughts back to the tat on his hand. Lucifer's touch had done something to it.

*Close your eyes. This is going to hurt like a bitch.*

Truer words had never been spoken. The devil's flame burned hotter than Hell itself. The hellfire now filled more than the magical ink shaped into a trinity knot. Had Lucifer done it on purpose? Had he known what his touch would do to his exiled demons? Or, was it just a happy side effect of breaking the tracking connection? Impetuous archangels! Did any of them think before they acted? He rubbed at the ink again and smiled grimly at the faint red glimmer that flashed with his sudden anger. The glimmer was a problem. So were his eyes. Damn it.