

Lena The Huntress

by

Savyn Carden

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**A Crystal Codex from
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I woke up nauseous. A blurred ethereal shape floated above me. I felt soft sheets beneath me and could smell cedar. My body felt light, like I was suspended in midair.

"You are no longer the mortal, Patricia. You are now the Huntress, Lena." As the ghostly voice faded, I felt something cold and hard being pressed into my hand; a golden dagger. The metal seemed to hum beneath my skin. The floating woman, at least I assumed she was a woman because of the soft yet haunting voice, lifted a cup to my lips and a warm liquid snaked its way down my throat. A golden glow edged my vision before the dark captured my eyes. "Find me Lena, it is your destiny."

Silence ensued.

Anger poured through my veins. I tightened my fingers around his throat.

"Listen, you little bastard, you will talk, or I will shove my delicate size-eleven foot up your lying ass. Got it?"

For the past fifty years, I had scoured the earth in search of Jelene, a goddess of I-still-don't-know-what, to fulfill my destiny. I hadn't aged a bit since I was twenty-one when Jelene took me from the life I knew. It sounds cheesy even to my ears. Nevertheless, she made me what I am: a Dark Huntress for the Seventh Layer of Hell. My job for them is quite simple; hunt, kill,

get paid. Sometimes the man who ordered the hit - Satan himself - would throw in an extra toy for me. The most recent was the demon flame thrower; it contained a lethal combination of noxious gas, lovely green flames, and, every once in a while, a demon butterfly shot out to devour the soul of the person I needed to assassinate. Lately, I had been favoring that, but not tonight. For this kill I needed the familiarity of my forty-five.

I crammed the barrel of my polished black gun against his skull and rested my finger on the trigger. "You have thirty seconds."

"I swear I don't know why Sakkara left her Level." His eyes bulged, and he scratched at the hand pinning him to the wall.

Sakkara, the Lady of Hell. She and I had history, because her loving husband locked her up after she tried to take my soul for her own nefarious purposes. According to my informants, the angels - and yes, I see the irony - trying to help me in my quest to find the elusive Jelene, Sakkara stole or was about to steal an orb that could show me to Jelene. The only problem was the angels didn't have a location for her, but Fleenx, the demon jackass I had pinned to the wall, could trace her effortlessly.

"Twenty seconds," I threatened.

Fleenx's eyes widened. "Okay, okay. Sakkara visited Keenan's layer, the Fifth Layer in Hell. He told her that, according to the Master, she was to find Jelene and annihilate her."

This much the angels had also told me. "No shit. Where is she now?" I bellowed. This demon was pissing me off more and more. "Ten seconds," I added.

"Sh...she's headed toward the Seventh Layer to get instructions from the Master on the exact location of the orb! She's said to be accompanied by the Flock but I can't sense them. That's all I know, I swear."

So Sakkara didn't have the orb yet? How interesting. "Why does she want it and why is she accompanied by the Flock?" I loosened my grip around his neck just a little, at the same time my finger put four pounds on a five pound trigger.

"I don't know! Don't-."

"Times up," I whispered. I grinned devilishly and pulled the trigger. With the exception of the smell, the brain splatter on the wall was really kind of pretty.

I brushed the brain bits off my trench coat and sighed. I just got it out of the drycleaners. I slid my gun into my hip holster and pulled out the obsidian blade I got after killing a particularly nasty werewolf. I knelt down. The blade sliced its way through the leather-like demon skin effortlessly.

Fleenx was one of those men I didn't want brought back by necromancy or some other dark magic. Could he live without a brain? Sure. As far as I was concerned he had been doing that for the majority of his scummy life. But a heart? Well, even demons needed something to keep the circulation flowing.

I reached deep inside his chest cavity until I felt my hand close around his heart. With a small jerk, it ripped from the surrounding vessels. The black demon blood covered my hand and ran up my arm. It was surprisingly cold - icy almost. I reached in my back pocket and found a lighter. I held the organ to the flame and nearly giggled as it began to shrivel. The closeness of the flame forced the heart to evaporate in a plume of smoke. I brushed the ash off my hands and took a deep breath.

So, Sakkara didn't have the orb yet, and she was traveling with the Flock. The Flock and I weren't exactly on the best of terms, either. The overgrown, refrigerator-sized porcupines with wings and sharpened teeth tried to take me out - another order from the ever pleasant Lady of Hell - but failed horribly. Three thousand of their comrades blood had been used to water the lawn outside of my Florida estate before they used a backwards

advance to get to safety. From what my informants tell me, their numbers have tripled in the last year, and it was safe to bet that Sakkara was using every one of them. The linebacker, metal spiked fluff balls, could pop up out of nowhere, not too bad if it's only one. But when 12 of them pop out at once and surround you - now there's a small problem. Unless you like battling the equivalent of a football team.

As I stood up, my skin began to prickle. Someone was watching me. I spun around while pulling out the golden dagger Jelene left with me. Inscribed in the hilt were the words: жизнь, красота, разрушение. It meant Life, Beauty, and Destruction in the Russian language. I was still confused about why the inscription was in a language I didn't read.

"Nice to see you again, Lena. It's good to know you haven't lost your touch yet."

I rolled my eyes and groaned. I was not in the mood to deal with Keenan tonight. "Look, asshole, if you're here to antagonize me, you're going to wind up nailed to the ground."

"Oh?" His voice mocked surprise. "You have a nail gun on you?"

He was really starting to tap-dance on my last good nerve. "You know as well as I do that I don't make promises I can't keep," I said as I reached into my coat pocket and produced the nail gun I had with me.

Keenan's eyebrows shot up, "Why the hell do you have that thing?" He took a nearly tentative step forward.

For all these people to be high-on-the-food-chain leaders in Hell, they sure were careful around little 'ol me.

I shot a nail through his shoulder. He hissed and slowly pulled the nail out of his skin. A small chuckle escaped my lips. "Take one more step and I'll put one between your eyes. Any more questions?"

"Yeah. One. Why are you such a bitch?" He growled, preparing to attack.

I made no move against his preparation. I knew how he fought-I had seen it too many times. "It gets the job done." I glared back.

Keenan sprang high in the air, once again, entirely too predictable. Claws erupted from his nail beds.

"Three...two...one." I raised the nail gun without looking and shot three nails into his right eye.

His body hit the ground with a satisfying thud. I left him laying next to Fleenx. The problem with Keenan was that he had a fairy mother and a demon father, and I didn't know how to eliminate that breed. I mentally shrugged; fire works with everything else, why not with him? As the bodies burned, I got the strangest urge for cheesecake.

I made my way home just as the sun began to peak on the horizon. The garage door opened when I mashed the little button on the remote in my car. I pulled up next to my boyfriend's red Mazda. You would think for a vampire he would like Aston Martin's cars, or maybe a Porsche, but no. Me? I had a black Ferrari, another gift from the Devil himself. My car went fast and over the past few months, it was relatively new after all, I had re-equipped the car with about twenty guns and a few of my favorite knives. A girl had to be prepared. Just as the garage door shut with a clang, the door to our two story, Victorian style home opened. I could just make out the outline of Alex, my incredibly sexy vampire man.

His nose scrunched a bit at the smell of the brains. "Didn't you just have that dry-cleaned?"

I made a face at him, then smiled lovingly. "Yes. But it isn't my fault this time! These aren't my brains."

Alex chortled, then pulled me into a hug and planted a kiss on my cheek. "Let me guess, two demons and a fairy?"

"Close," I replied, walking into the house. "One demon, one fairy-demon thing. Both gone." I threw my keys down on the table and looked in the mirror we had hanging in the hall. I reached up and picked a bit of brain out of my auburn colored hair. "I am in the shower," I told him.

"Lena," he whispered in my ear, running his hand down my sides and gently biting my neck.

I stopped to catch a breath. This man had a way of making me melt. "Yes?"

He grinned, "I'll be waiting for you when you get out."

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. He released me, and I nearly stumbled down the hall. Once I was clear of his presence, my mind cleared, and I could concentrate. I threw off all of my bloody, brain-coated clothing and welcomed the warm water as it fell across my body.

Once I was clean and smelling like me again, I threw on my night clothes and found Alex waiting at the table with a bowl full of ziti. Yes, he cooked, and he did so wonderfully.

The night passed monotonously - well, as monotonously as it could with a sexy vampire in the bedroom who was more than willing to hug and bite all my curves. Some days it just paid not to be a skinny person.

The sun set slowly that day. Alex and I woke up with our bodies entwined. He kissed my nose then leapt agilely out of the bed.

"Damn morning people," I grumbled as I crawled out after him. I threw on my usual black-on-black ensemble and tied my shoulder length hair back into a ponytail. Once you're in the

game for as long as I had been, you know that it isn't worth the hassle of leaving your hair down. Either your enemy grabs it or it gets in your eyes. As I walked down the stairs, I caught Alex staring at me. "What?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and turned to the stove. "Nothing."

I grinned and tip-toed up behind him. As I slid my arms around his waist I bit into his neck. His hand clenched the spoon so hard that the metal virtually disintegrated beneath his fingers. I giggled and released him.

"Long day today?" he asked.

"Umm..." I hesitated on whether or not I should continue. Alex knew how...devious Sakkara could be. And on top of that, I would literally be making deals with the Devil. My prolonged moment of silence cost me.

"Lena," he growled, turning around and pointing at me with what was left of the spoon. "What are you going to do tonight?"

I took a deep breath. This man was going to get himself killed with the way he fretted over me. "Fine. I have to track down Sakkara. She's allegedly heading to Level Seven because she heard Keenan say that Satan wanted Jelene dead. If that weasel-face jezebel kills the only connection to my past, I'm taking out every Level I can get my hands on. Anyway, Sakkara wants to take the orb that can lead me to Jelene and that can't happen. So, I'm after her tonight."

He closed his eyes and took a breath. "Anything else?"

"Uh, she may or may not have about twenty-seven thousand Flock members with her."

"She may have WHAT?"

"Alex, honey, I'm grown. Don't bother me. I can do this."

"Not alone you won't," he growled, tossing the spoon into the trash. He sped out of the room and was back in under two seconds dressed like me, nothing but black, with two guns attached to his hips. I heard the *shink* of the blade as it slid back into its sheath. He had the katana.

I took a moment to lust after him then shook my head. "What are you doing? Going trick or treating as Neo from the Matrix?"

"Ha. No. I'm not letting you go after two raging psychopaths by yourself. You have two choices. You can either let me go willingly or I can tail you the whole way. You decide."

I closed my eyes and groaned. He could not be putting me through this right now. I took a second to mull it over. He would be a serious asset, if he were to come with me, but at the same time I wasn't willing to give Sakkara the chance to sink her nails into my man. And Alex with his daring green eyes, handsome jaw line, and perfect lips was just her type. I knew what he said was true, though - Alex wasn't going to let me go alone. "Go, get in the car," I sighed.

He held my face in his hands and kissed me gently. "We will be fine," he whispered as if he could sense my thoughts. Although, when one has been around as long as he has, near six hundred years, I suppose there isn't much one can't do. He darted out the door, and I heard my car door close seconds later.

I mentally checked off everything I needed: dagger and guns were in the car, I had all the things I needed to incinerate someone in my pockets, and just for safe measure, I grabbed the cross I had hanging on the wall and threw it around my neck. Alex said it never bothered him, so I felt free to wear it. I picked up the keys laying on the table and dashed out to the car. I found Alex waiting patiently, hands folded in his lap, listening to a scream-o band.

"Feeling apprehensive?" I asked, cracking a smile.

He gave a swift nod of his head and grabbed my hand. I made a face and started the car. I didn't like the way he was acting; it wasn't his usual happy-go-lucky self. The car backed slowly out of the drive way. As soon as my tires hit the pavement, I floored it and headed towards the Skeletons Bar. It was the closest place that had a portal to Hell. And with any luck, I would find Satan before Sakkara did. As we drove down the black highway, I felt Alex's nervousness intensify.

"When was the last time you were out like this?" I asked him.

"Years ago," he whispered. "When they killed my brother and his daughter. I quit after that."

"Ah. Ok, now I understand. Alex? I need you to listen to me. Tonight, we will be dealing with demons and one evil woman. She will attempt seduction in every manner possible, and when she doesn't get what she wants, she will go after your soul. You will probably see a side of me you didn't even know existed. I need you to be strong because not only am I going to have to be on top of my game, you're going to have to be on top of yours, if we plan on surviving. There's only one way life can exist after this, but it's all hinging on me getting that orb. You know as well as I do that this destiny thing has to be taken care of - I do not want Satan as my boss for the rest of my life. Are you going to be able to deal with everything tonight?"

He swallowed hard and clenched his fists. "For you, I will be."

"And if I die?"

We both grew silent because we both knew it was a possibility. The neon lights of the club shone brightly ahead. I slowed down to seventy and drove past once, scanning for Sakkara's red hair. I didn't see any, but I did notice a lot of men milling about the entrance. They all donned black leather jackets with spikes jutting out behind them. I cursed - she had the Flock waiting for me.

I parked on the far end of the lot, away from street lights. While we sat in the dark I loaded my body up with guns and ammunition. I took a deep breath then looked to Alex. "Do you see all the men dressed alike?"

He nodded once.

"They're members of the Flock. They want my blood. Can you drive them away?"

Alex closed his eyes and centered himself. He had a gift where he could cause an area a certain amount of discomfort then implant thoughts into individuals minds. If their will was weak enough, they would comply with the suggestions. I held my breath as the moments ticked by. After five agonizing minutes, the crowd dissipated. The men mounted their motorcycles and left. I turned my attention back to the entrance until I heard a screech and the sound of metal on metal. I turned to see twenty motor cycles piled on top of one another. My wide eyed gaze turned to Alex.

"Did you?" I asked, pointing to the heap of burning metal.

"Your blood is mine," he growled. Chills rocked through my spine.

He and I walked coolly through the entrance and made our way to the back corner. I gave Gromp - Hell's burly, one eyed gatekeeper - a hard stare. He let us through the back door and into the room with the portal.

"Follow me," I instructed before leaping into the red tinged, shimmering vortex that sucked me into the deepest layer of Hell.

I landed with a small "oof" on the other side and waited a moment for Alex. He sprang out, easily landing in a crouched position like a cat. Alex stood slowly and surveyed the depths of Hell.

“So this is the Seventh Layer?” he whispered, his voice traveling across the walls, making an unearthly sound.

I glanced around at the room I had been in too many times to count. Numerous doors lining the walls, a large black oval table in the center, books lining shelves leaning against the glimmering rock walls, dim light emanating from the crystal chandelier hanging directly above the table. Yes, this was Hell.

“I always thought there would be more, you know, fire and burning and death.”

“Surprise.” I scowled, eyes scanning for any signs of Sakkara.

In the far corner of the room I heard a small creak. I pushed Alex back into the shadows and motioned for him to stay there. I walked to the center of the room, sliding my hand under my jacket and clasp my fingers around the hilt of the dagger I carried.

“Lena, take your hand off the blade. I’m fairly positive we’re here about the same problem.” My body relaxed slightly as Satan’s voice reached my ears. “And bring your charming man out into light, I don’t like things with teeth hiding in the dark, unless it’s me.” He chuckled at his own joke.

Alex stepped by my side, and I saw his reaction towards the Devil’s appearance. Rather than the squat little red man with horns and a tail as everyone imagined him to be, Satan was actually rather handsome. He had incarnadine skin that looked as if he had been in the sun for maybe five minutes with thick brown hair and a gleaming smile. His pupils were black slits that cut through stunning grey irises. He dressed in a white suit with a red tie.

Satan nodded briefly at Alex and motioned for us to sit at the table. I pulled back a chair and sat down, but Alex stood behind me, covering my back. Satan smirked at him and sat across from me.

“He is smart to distrust me,” Satan commented.

I nodded, too tense to suffer through trivial formalities.

“Right. You’re dead set on getting Sakkara, aren’t you?”

“She and I aren’t on the best of terms. She’s trying to get the orb, you know, the orb I’m supposed to be searching for to get to Jelene? Rumor has it you were the one who ordered the hit. You want Jelene dead.” Fury raced through my eyes.

“It’s true,” he acknowledged. “I want Jelene out of the picture. I want you as my worker for all eternity. I want your soul. And as for using Sakkara? Well, she’s just a pawn in my plan. Completely expendable.”

I growled and rolled my eyes. “Look jerk, call Sakkara and her demon Flock off me and maybe we can make a deal. Maybe I won’t kill you once I find that orb, and maybe I’ll leave the entirety of Hell in one piece after I’m done.”

“Is this a challenge, Lena? You know how much I love a good deal. Why don’t we make one right now?”

I sensed Alex tensing up behind me, but I smiled. The Devil didn’t know what girl he was dealing with. “And what deal would that be?”

He placed his hands under his chin and thought for a moment. “I want Jelene dead, you want the orb, and Sakkara, who has the orb in her possession as of right now, wants your soul. If you can trace down Sakkara and get the orb tonight, I’ll let Jelene live. If not, well, I have always dreamt of world domination.” Satan extended his hand toward me. “Do we have a deal?”

I closed my eyes and thought for a moment. So the Devil wanted rule of the world, and in order to do that he had to kill off Jelene. That meant that she alone could stop him. Sakkara also had the orb, which meant that she could be

halfway there by now. But as long as I had a demon on my side, and Satan did owe me a favor for getting him out of a fight with the angels, I could track Sakkara and get to her with no problem. With a cunning smile, I opened my eyes.

“You have a deal,” I replied, extending my hand. A green fog swirled across our skin, marking the contract. Before the green air dissipated and before Satan could release my hand, I began talking. “I remember a time many years ago when a certain group of people were after you. Do you remember the occasion of which I speak?”

Confusion clouded Satan’s face. “No. There are always many people after me. Why should I remember one group?”

He attempted to remove his hand from mine, but I kept the connection. “There were a certain group of winged fellows out for your head. You know, the messengers from the C.E.O,” I pointed upwards - the common direction to look if you’re intentions are to discuss God. Satan’s cheeks blanched. “I remember they, the angels of course, were after you and were actually in your lair. And I remember a deal you made. It’s time to cash in.”

With a sudden woosh of wings and halo’s, nearly a thousand angels descended into Hell, surrounding Satan with fiery swords and seething glares. His face blanched and fire seared through his eyes. A small hiss escaped his lips.

“If my memory serves, and trust me, it does, your condition was anything I wanted. I know what I desire. Two things actually.”

Satan bared his teeth. “The deal was only for one.”

Simultaneously the angels stepped forward. “You’re not really in a position to make conditions are you? See, you said my boyfriend was smart to distrust you, but where do you think he got the notion from? Now, what I want. Two things. One, for you to talk wit Sakkara and ensure that she has the orb, and two, tell me where the skank is at right now.”

Satan gritted his teeth. “And if I refuse to comply?”

“Then let’s hope you don’t value your life too much,” I smirked. I motioned to one of the angels positioned behind the Devil. The angel stepped forward and placed the tip of his sword on Satan’s face and made a single cut. Black blood dripped on to his white suit and spread like a spider-web. Satan lunged for the sword, but my draw was quicker. Before he could blink I placed a shot with a 9mm through his shoulder. The force of the bullet drove him spinning into his chair. He stared at me with shock and admiration scrawled over his face. I held the gun steady, centered between his eyes. “Do we have a deal?”

“So Sakkara is at Vikan’s mansion, and she definitely has the orb?” Alex asked as we raced at about one hundred forty miles per hour down the dark street.

I glanced at the clock on the dashboard, 12:01. That meant only a few more hours until sunlight, I was going to have to work quicker.

“Yes. And if we want you in bed by sun up, we’re going to have to make this takedown quick and clean. So here’s my plan. If it moves, kill it. Got it?”

Alex nodded.

“Good.”

We screeched to a halt about a block from Vikan’s estate. I pulled two SIG forties, one for each hand, and stomped my way toward the front gate. In any other case, I would try to sneak around the back way and take the enemy by surprise, but me and this foe were already well acquainted, so why bother with the trivial antics? Vikan’s body was hanging by a rope from the top of the gate. I took a moment to stare, admiring the work Sakkara did on him. If I hadn’t met Vikan earlier to hunt a group of trolls, I wouldn’t recognize him.

I shot off the lock on the gate and kicked my way through it. A horde of glowing zombies monopolized the stairs leading up to the grand double doors.

“Alex,” I yelled, turning toward him. “Do your thing.”

Alex stepped out in front of me and slowly removed the katana. The blade reflected in the moonlight as an eerie glow worked its way through the metal. I could feel Alex’s glee as he jumped into the middle of the zombies and started hacking his way through them. Occasionally, a zombie would make its way toward me, then I would have to blow its head off, but Alex annihilated the majority of them.

With zombie parts strewn around him, he sheathed the blade. I walked past him with a nod and proceeded to kick the door open. With both guns aimed forward and Alex covering my back, I entered the foyer and performed a three sixty sweep. The air was still enough to suffocate me. I leapt up the stairs and made my way toward the library.

I glanced back at Alex before shooting the lock on the door and barging in. Sakkara was sitting lightly on the edge of a red, comfortable looking chair placed by a high window. I centered both guns on her face and took a deep breath.

“Where’s the orb?” My voice sliced through the quiet room.

Sakkara raised herself from the seat and waltzed towards Alex. I kept my guns trained on her as she circled him like a vulture does its prey. She ran a red fingernail across his lips and smiled sweetly.

“Alex, right? You have no idea how long I’ve been waiting to meet you. Ever since I smelled you on Lena, well, I do like masculinity,” her voice was sickly sweet, like a siren, as she tried to tempt my boyfriend with her body.

I shot a hole through her kneecap. That got her attention.

“What the hell was that for?” she hissed.

“Look, you cheap hooker, I came here for an orb. All I want to do is find Jelene. We can do this the easy way, or I can leave your body out to rot in the sun. Now, get your greasy hands off my man and tell me where the freaking orb is!” My voice grew louder with each passing word.

“Oh, all you want is Jelene? Well I can show you her. Look,” Sakkara pointed towards a wall with a television on it. The screen sprang to life with the press of a button. An image of a woman dressed in a leather outfit that looked like she just came off of a motorcycle came through. Her face was bloody, but even through that I could tell that she was beautiful. Long golden locks tied in a ponytail fell to her waist and tattoo’s covered her arms.

“Where is she?”

Sakkara giggled. “Silly Lena, why would I tell you that?”

I shot at her bicep. “Because I’ll keep punching holes in you, if you don’t.”

“Try a shot one more time, Lena,” Sakkara threatened, getting angry. I smirked and lowered my gun towards her thigh then pulled the trigger. Sakkara’s nails began to elongate and her teeth sharpened into points. I grinned, knowing what was coming next.

Sakkara rushed towards me. As she got closer, I jumped into the air and placed a kick to her face. She landed on the ground, but sprang right back up. I lunged forward, punching fiercely, throwing all my weight into it. Sakkara scraped her nails into my cheek. I wiped at the blood and cracked my neck. She and I circled each other.

“Alex go find Jelene,” I commanded.

“But...” he began to object.

I pointed the gun toward him. "Don't question me. Go. Now."

Alex hissed and ran out of the room.

"Why don't we have a fair fight?" Sakkara offered. "I'll put away my teeth, you put down your guns. They can't kill me anyways, just wound me. And you know how quickly I heal."

I threw down the guns and eyed her shrewdly. So far, everything was going according to plan. Sakkara's teeth retracted as she lunged toward me again. I caught her tiny frame and threw her into the wall. From behind my back I produce a flaming sword borrowed from an angel. I rushed Sakkara, plunging the blade into her throat, blood gurgled in her mouth and foamed. I picked up my guns and put six bullets into her brain. There was no way I was going to chance her getting up and walking toward me.

Jelene and I sat across from each other at a small coffee shop that was ten minutes up the road. Both of us were covered in various bodily fluids. We smelled of the dead, but we could both care less. I sent Alex home so he could avoid the sun making him sick.

"So why did I need to find you?" I asked, cutting straight to the point. "And why did I need an orb to do so?"

"Well, the orb was actually my device to spy on you. I wanted to make sure you journeyed safely, but that didn't go as planned," she grimaced. I scoffed at the understatement. "You needed to find me because I had to know how strong you really were. See, you have the blood of angels and devils. That is why you can transcend the Earthly barrier to go to Hell. All of your life, we have been battling for your alliance; for your soul. Your destiny was not set when you were first transformed into what you are now. You made it that way. You abided by the rules and tasks set out for you and you succeeded in choosing a path. You chose the light, for lack of a better word. The angels

blood sings more sweetly in your veins than the demons, and for that we are grateful. Where before you were working for the head demon himself, you will now work for me." I stared blankly at the woman sitting in front of me. "You mean to tell me that you sent me through Hell and back just so you could make sure that I would choose my own destiny and now I'm supposed to work my tail off for you?"

"Yes."

I groaned loudly and walked out of the coffee shop. I couldn't believe that. Now I was really pissed and needed someone to take it out on.

I traveled down to Satan, who was still bombarded by angels.

"Okay guys, you're free to go. Thanks a lot." The angels disappeared with another woosh. Satan stared at me for a moment then opened his mouth to speak, but I cut him off. "Were you in on this whole damn destiny for my soul thing?" I asked. He nodded. "Okay. Well let me tell you what happened. I killed Sakkara, and I found Jelene, and I won the bet. But guess what?" I aimed a gun at his face. "I don't like people working on my soul behind my back!" I yelled.

As I pulled the trigger, I let my old life go.

I was no longer a Huntress. I was no longer in the middle of a war. I was done.

I snuggled up behind Alex and let sleep consume my mind. My purpose was accomplished, I assumed. Maybe now I could be a normal hit-woman and live like a normal person.

Yeah, right.