

# **A true Demon**

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*Meet Markus, the newest of the Demon hunters*

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## 0 - Prologue

So here we are a rooftop in L.A, a city where Demons plague the streets and dreams of the Citizens. Or so they say, today was quiet until..... it happened

A dark figure is seen stood atop the roof top wearing a cloak or at least that's what the silhouette suggests a ring of light appears behind the figure and multiple dark shapes form and jump from within.

Meanwhile, in a dingy bar in downtown L.A

Markus: hey sweetness give me an ice cold one.

Barmaid: sure thing honey just bear with me a moment.

Markus A black haired young man of around 18, a renowned demon hunter to the Demon realm and one of the few who believes they exist. Also known as the dark Paladin to the vast Demon hordes, his piercing grey eyes have been said to stare so deep into a soul that even a Devil may cry. very similar to Dante and Nero in the fact that he is not entirely human, hence the grey eyes. other than the facial build, Markus is clothed in the simple jeans and trench-coat get-up associated with Devil hunters, but this time it's different. He acquired the nickname Dark Paladin due to his liking for Black clothing. And well the Barmaid isn't just a barmaid, her name is Lisa, she too is a demon hunter, working alongside Markus they have started their own branch of Devil may Cry on the orders of Dante himself.

Back on the roof top

Dark figure: go my minions, bring me the Hunter.

So ends the prologue the Demon Hunter has become the hunted, Big surprise there eh

# 1 - The light of Truth

Back at the bar.

Markus: hey, where's that beer, i'm gagging over here

Lisa: Sorry Markus, but unless you've forgotten i'm bringing in the wages and i'm the only one at work today.

Markus: Sorry babe \*leans in for a kiss\*

Lisa returns the kiss and returns to work sliding a pint glass down the bar towards Markus.

Outside the bar.

The shadows that ejaculated from the portal have gathered out side the establishment, clearly these beings are Demons. The demons then approach the bar wielding Scythes and sickles.

Back inside.

Markus: Lisa, somethings not right, not sure what but something isn't right round here tonight.

Lisa: i know i feel it too honey.

The Demons now charge through the door, Markus stands and turns Drawing his twin custom 9mm pistols Ruby and Saphire, loosing off three rounds, allowing lisa to grab her signiature weapons.

Using the combined efforts of Markus' Twin pistols and Lisa's .45 magnum auto rifle, the Demon hunters manage to evict thier foes fromt eh bar and onto the street, giving Markus the room he needs for the 'Blood edge' to become useful, drawing the sword from the leather scabbard on his back he cut down his enemies as Lisa ran back to the 'shop'.

## 2 - Bloody Conflict

Markus, continues to cut his way through the horde, but whilst he cuts through the demon's, he doesn't notice a handful of his foes re-enter the bar.

Back at Devil May Cry.

Lisa ran through the door, her Rifle across her back, sprinting across the room she vaults the table and opens the door leadin out back. a few moments later she descends the steps into the basement, viewing the weapons racks intently, grabbing a bag she filled it with weapons of all kinds, from throwing knives to longswords, from pistols to shotguns and automatic weapons. turning to leave the basement, a crash caused her to look up.

Back at the Bar.

Markus turned as screams emitted from the bar.

"Great, just bloody typical" He cursed.

Sprinting into the bar, cutting his way through, Markus roled as he put his sword away and drew his pistols, loosing off three shots from each dropping foes on all sides. But an explosion threw him back out of the door, Standing up, still firing to create himself a shield of flying hot-lead, Markus strode back towards the Bar, his hail of bullets interrupted by a flash of steel heading for his neck, Markus ducked and looked up to see a larger figure in black armor stained with Blood, a cloak encased the rest of the figure.

"MARKUSSSSSSSSSSSS" the figure hissed

The figure raised it's sword again, to deliver the coup de grace, then shook and stepped back slowly as Lisa appeared hovering off of the floor slightly, her demon side taking over, the .45 shouldered and spitting lead death in all directions, demons fell all around the pair and the Figure was backed into the bar slowly.

Markus stood and added to the firepower, dropping more and more demons.

"Markus, Activate, now" Lisa called from above.

Markus nodded and closed his eyes briefly, when he opened them again they shone a deep red colour, his trench-coat flared upwards as two black wings burst from his back

"MY TURN" Markus shouted.

Markus walked forwards again, his arms outstretched with his hands open, fire gushing from his hands, which then sputtered and started flaring out in rapid darts of flame simulating his gunfire.

(WILL MARKUS AND LISA DESTROY THIER ADVERSARIES, FIND OUT IN THE NEXT CHAPTER)

### 3 - A Force to be Reckoned With

As Markus and Lisa moved slowly towards the bar, their combine fire-power cutting swathes from the enemy ranks, inside the bar was in chaos, Demons filled the room, killing the man and raping the women, a general invasion of any kind.

Markus: Lisa, i'm running out of Trigger, cover me.

Lisa: i've got you babe, don't worry.

Markus instantly returned to his lormal form, his eyes now back to their steely grey, his sword in one hand, a pistol in the other, this was going to be fun.

The armour Demon rose from a mass of crushed and smashed wood, it's sword hanging lazily at it's side

???: Hmmmph, this is pointless, they were ready for us, Markus, i will be back!!

The Demon dissapeared, leaving his minions behind, some of which had the smarts to teleport back to the Demon World, others were too busy enjoying themselves.

Markus: Heh, time to make some noise.

Lisa: Markus.... catch

Lisa threw the holdall down to Markus who caught it deftly with one hand, turning on the spot slamming the heavy bag into a nember of demons, bringing the sword round to finish them off, running towards the bar once he'd faced it.