

The Phantom Thief

The story of a strange love

Von Lluvia

Chapter six

The moment I arrived, I knew something was wrong. One might think it was my intuition, but actually, I just guessed, because why the hell was Alans cell phone in a run-down factory building? It didn't look like a place you would go for... good things, you know? But why should a goody two shoes guy like Alan do something 'not good'? Deciding I needed to find out, I made my way around the building, looking for security cameras, windows and maybe some hidden entrances, but the only thing I found was a window which wasn't closed properly so I could easily open it. But first, I looked around, fearing that the room was already occupied. But it didn't look like it, it seemed more like a little storage room or something like that.

So I quietly climbed in and went to the door, which I opened a tad bit to peek into the next room. And I really had to control myself to not let out a gasp as I saw what was happening there.

Well... I found Alan, at least. But it certainly was a... surprising position. And not exactly a positive one for the policeman, because as far as I could see, he was tied to a chair. But I couldn't really come out and help him, because just as I saw him, two other guys came into the room, grinning meanly at the man, stopping in front of him.

"Ah, looks like our little policeman has awoken from his sleep, huh?", one of them said, grinning at Alan, who just glared at him - something he could do very well by the way, I got to see that glare often enough myself.

"What do you want? If you got enough information about me to kidnap me, you should know that I don't have money or anything like that."

I narrowed my eyes. So he really got kidnapped? Darn, these guys had nerves. Even I wasn't stupid enough to steal from a police officer and they kidnapped one?

Not that I had much time to think about it, as one of the other guys started to answer.

"Well, what do you think that we want? Of course we know that your finances are low, you're here for something else. Do you remember Mike Cornwall? That's one of the guys you arrested a while ago. And he's one of our buddies. So, the deal's simple: They have to trade you for Mike, then everything is alright.", the smaller of the two guys explained, while the taller just watched Alan for a while, before speaking up. He didn't talk to Alan though, but to his fellow.

"Hey... you know, while we have him... why don't we have some... fun? I mean, look at him, I'm sure it wouldn't hurt anyone." He looked at the policeman. "Well, nearly no one, but whatever."

The other guy thought about it. "Huh... nice idea. That should teach him a lesson,

shouldn't it?" With that, he started smiling, but it was a cruel and even slightly perverted smile. Creepy...

At least Alan seemed to still be able to fight somehow, because as one of the guys tried to touch his clothes he started kicking and even biting. Nice, but against two people at once it wasn't very helpful. And finally, it seemed to be too much for the guys so one of them took some cloth from somewhere, pressing it on the mouth and nose of the black haired man, until he stopped struggling.

Chloroform, I guessed. But as they undid the bonds and laid him on the ground, I decided it was enough. I wasn't sure if I could take both guys down, but I had to, because I sure as hell would not stay here any longer and watch these guys doing... certain things to Alan. I might've been a thief, but I actually had a conscience. And letting innocent people suffer definitely wasn't my style.

So before they could begin taking off any clothes - or doing anything inappropriate at all - I opened the door fully, drawing the gaze of both guys to me.

"Good evening you two. I can assume you know who I am? I'm sorry that I did not send a note beforehand, but I think you have something I want. And I *always* get what I want. So... is there any chance that you give up and let me take him" - I pointed at Alan - "with me?"

But of course, it wasn't that easy.

"Are you crazy? That guy is our friends ticket to freedom, we so aren't just letting him go. Why should we?"

I shrugged. "Why not? Better letting him go than getting arrested for kidnapping, right?" I pulled out a voice recorder and turned it on, trying to let it stay unnoticed. And it actually worked.

"Do you really think we let him go just because you want us to? We've kidnapped him and we're keeping him here until they let Mike go. We're professionals, idiot!"

I smiled, turning the thing off again. "Yes, very professional, letting confessions like that getting recorded." I showed the thing to the guys and their eyes went wide as they understood.

"Give that to us!" One of them held out his hand but the other one - seemingly the one who was more brawns than brains - simply walked to me, probably to get the thing straight from me.

"I don't think so." I walked backwards to avoid the guy reaching me while putting the recorder back into my pocket, but I knew I didn't have much time to think what I should do now, because I was backing off into a corner. Also, the guy took one of the loose iron rods lying on the floor. Not good... I probably wouldn't get close enough to take him down barehanded without receiving a blow first.

So I did the only other thing I could think about: Taking an iron rod too. Thankfully I had also some training in kendo, so I was able to fend him off for a while.

But already after the first few attacks I knew it wouldn't last long because I definitely was weaker than my opponent, at least physically. So with his next blow I ducked to dodge, before striking the guy in the chest. I might've been not as strong as he was, but it seemed to have been enough to make him lose balance, fortunately.

The thing that followed really was unexpected though. Because he didn't just lose his balance, somehow he managed to hit his head on one of the boxes which stood randomly around as he fell and didn't stand up again.

Uh-Oh... I really hoped that it wasn't what it looked like, but then I saw his chest moving up and down slightly, so he was just unconscious... phew. I was a thief, not a murderer, and I really didn't want to become one...

So I stepped away from the unconscious guy, back to the one who still was with Alan. The good thing was, that now, it was one vs. one, which was definitely easier than me against two people (though I had no idea why the still conscious guy didn't help his friend). The bad thing? This man had a gun. And no, he didn't point it at me, but at Alan. "Throw that rod away and give me that frickin voice recorder or this guy is dead!" Fuck...

Grudgingly, I dropped the iron rod, kicking it away with my foot and pulled out the recorder to throw it to him.

"Happy now?", I grumbled and he just grinned as he caught the thing, before taking his gun from Alan, instead pointing towards me. Finally! I could handle being threatened by guns, since I was fast, but Alan was still unconscious (how strong had that stuff been...?) so he probably would have died.

So I waited until the attention of the other guy was on the voice recorder, trying to get how to delete whatever was saved on there, before I stroke.

I ran to him and he looked up and pulled his gun, probably wanting to shoot me, and if I would've been any slower or tried to get a weapon, he'd have done it, but like that, I got to him first. A well placed hit at his neck and he collapsed, also unconscious.

I let out a relieved breath, before I took the recorder from him and dialed 911. Fortunately, no one at the police knew my voice (well, except for Alan and that guy I asked about him today, but Alan was here and the other one shouldn't answer the call, as he had nothing to do with that, right?) so there couldn't be a problem.

As I heard a voice, I explained the situation (meaning I told them I'd seen how two men kidnapped someone and brought him here) and they said they'd send someone and that I should stay where I was.

But I really didn't plan on waiting until they arrived. I knew that the police station wasn't very far away, so I just pulled the two kidnappers together and put the recorder on top of them. Like that, it should be enough evidence for the police.

I didn't want to risk the men waking up too early though, maybe even take Alan and flee, so instead I did exactly what I previously said I would do. I took what I wanted. Meaning I picked the policeman up bridal style and made my way out of the hall, already knowing where I had to go next.