

The Phantom Thief

The story of a strange love

Von Lluvia

Chapter five

The next few times when I stole something as the Sapphire Phantom, about the same thing happened over and over again. Well, minus the kissing. But really, that guy somehow managed to always know where I would strike, but thankfully, he didn't seem to tell anyone, at least he was alone when we met.

And it started to get funny, because he made it really complicated to get past him. Which was good, because I nearly started to bore myself before the guy had appeared. And now it got interesting again! Also, I found myself thinking about him increasingly often.

So you could say that I looked forward to my next theft, wondering if he would see through me again and find where I'd break in.

But as the time finally came and Lucy had another mission for me, I was alone. Well, not exactly alone, since I had sent my notes as usual the normal policemen stood guard at the entrances (by now, they also guarded windows and so on, seeing that I still seemed to be able to get in without anyone - except one - noticing) but my favorite guy wasn't there.

Did he really didn't get where I would come in today?

I had no idea, but it looked like it. So I took the treasure - this time it was just some strange, golden statue Lucy would melt into something better and more beautiful - and was just on my way out as I heard a noise from the toilets of the house. I wondered if the police was allowed to use it and if the guy just drank too much, maybe he was here?

But as I watched from behind the corner, a different policeman left the toilet. Aw, I had hoped I had company today... though that lonely guy there could help me anyway, he didn't look like the strictest man, more like... young and not that experienced.

So I waited until he went further away from the toilet, probably heading back outside, but just as he passed through an empty room I caught him from behind, turned him around and placed a hand over his mouth (Just as a precaution, you know? I don't want him screaming or something and alarming more policemen).

"Hey there, just a question. That pretty new policeman, short, black hair, reddish eyes, glasses ... where is he today?"

The guy looked unsure at me. Oh right, I still had my hand over his mouth. Dammit. I slowly took it away, but looked at him warningly. He shouldn't dare crying for help now. I just wanted some answers...

And I seemed to actually get them, as the confused policeman didn't just start

screaming for help but instead actually talked.

"Um... you mean Alan? He didn't show up to work today... I guess he's ill...?"

Did I say talked? It sounded more like mumbling... was I *that* scary? Creepy... Or maybe he just didn't know how to act in front of the guy he should arrest even if he seemingly was weaker than me. But I got my answer at least... though it wasn't a satisfying one. But I knew what to do now.

"Thanks for the answer. Hope you won't get in trouble for talking with me... just pretend you haven't seen me or something like that. Goodbye!"

With that I went past him, breaking into a run before he could answer or think about doing something else. Today it was surprisingly easy to sneak past the guards, I even got out of the mansion of my victim without getting noticed. Nice one. But it still bugged me somehow that Alan - hey, at least I had his name now! - didn't show up. How boring. So naturally, instead of simply returning home for the day, I called up Lucy.

"Yes? What's wrong?"

"Uh... hey sis, nothing's wrong actually, I finished my job without problems, but-"

"Then why are you calling? You know that this is risky, don't you?"

"Hey, I'm using your 'special phone'" - which meant a phone, that send interfering signals to prevent being located, for example - "and I'm completely alone, okay? Anyway, I have to ask you for a favor... could you please check the database of the police station for a guy named Alan? He has transferred here recently, has black hair, reddish eyes and glasses. And he's in the team which has to capture me. I need to know where he lives...!"

I could nearly see Lucys raised eyebrows...

"For what? Is he troubling you?" "Uh... not exactly, but anyway, could you? *Please?*" I heard her sighing. "Fine. But I really hope you have a good reason for that." Yeah, I kinda hoped that too... "Wait a sec.", she told me and I could hear her moving into another room. Probably into her study. Then I heard the sound of furious typing before, just a few minutes later, my sister let out a quiet "Got it!". A few more clicks and she started talking to me again.

"Okay, thankfully I found him even though your information wasn't really helpful. His name was, though. Because there is just one 'Alan' in the data bases of the police office in this town." She told me his address and I smiled.

"Great, thanks for going through all that trouble for me Lu, love you!"

I hang up and began walking to Alans home. I guess I'd see for myself if he really was ill.

Just a few minutes later I stood in front of his door. He actually lived pretty near to myself. Interesting coincidence. But anyway, I was still the Sapphire Phantom, so I needed to be a little bit careful around other people, you know? So... I rang the doorbell. Don't ask me why I did that, but it seemed to be the easiest option to get him to the door.

Well, at least I thought it was, but no one answered. So instead, I chose option number two. Since the corridor was deserted I pulled out one of Lucys toys and started to open the door my way. Lock picking wasn't that hard with that little tool and a few moments later a soft click was heard and the door quietly swung open. Smiling, I entered the small apartment and looked around curiously.

I wondered if Alan was home and how he lived in general, so I took a peak into every room. Not that there were many, just a bathroom, a kitchen, a bedroom and a living

room, but it seemed enough for one person. (And I assumed he lived alone as there was just a single bed in the bedroom)

But the thing that worried me a bit was that he wasn't home. Because really, he didn't seem like someone who would fake being ill if he hadn't a very good reason. Especially as today was a day where I'd steal something. After the first time we met each other - as thief and policeman - he somehow... started to get real serious about catching me. He probably didn't like that kiss back then as much as I did. I mean, I'm not actually the kind of person who ran around kissing random guys, but in that situation back then it was really helpful. And as I already told him, I really thought he tasted good. Though I guessed he would not appreciate if I did it again. At least not now.

But I had other problems anyway, so I called Lucy again.

"What is it now?"

She didn't really sound annoyed, but she also definitely wasn't that pleased that I called her two times in a row for something personal. But I knew that she was the only one I could ask, so whatever.

"Lu, listen, could you *please* do me another favor? I know I'm asking a lot of things right now, but I'll get you some new things if you want or help you otherwise later, okay?"

Again, a sigh.

"Fine... what do you want?"

"I just want to know something... was there any contact information as you looked into Alans profile?"

"Yes, a telephone number. Or in his case, I guess it was his cell phone number. Why?"

"Could you try to locate his cell? He's not home and I have the feeling that he's not just out buying some stuff in the middle of the night. His apartment looks like he wasn't even there today."

"Okay... I just won't ask why you need it... but be careful, okay? Alec isn't there to save your ass if something goes wrong..."

I nodded, though she couldn't see me. "Alright." I said, meaning it. Because I really had to be careful, as Alec just helped me with the police while I stole, not afterwards. But still, I waited patiently as she worked to locate Alans cell. And while I was pacing through his kitchen I saw how most of the flowers on the table looked as good as dead... the poor things.

I knew it wasn't my place to do something about it - hell, it wasn't even my apartment for god's sake! - but I didn't really care, I needed an occupation. So I threw the brown ones away - actually... every single flower was brown, what the hell did he do with these poor things? (And yes, I like gardening. Who do you think grows the blue flowers I always leave when I steal something?) - and replaced them with blue roses. I always had some of them with me, so it wasn't a problem. Also, I changed the water and put a bit of sugar into it, so that the flowers would stay like that a little longer.

And finally, I heard Lucys voice on the other end of the line again (yes, I still had the phone in my hand) as she told me the location where Alans cell had to be. I thanked her again, promised not to take any unnecessary risks and hang up once more.

After that, I put my cell phone back into my pocket and left the Apartment, heading to the address Lucy told me. Oh yes, I'd definitely find that guy and if there wasn't a good reason he had suddenly vanished I'd think about something to... get even.