

Gangsters grow rich on our vices, and rivalries between criminal organizations result in bloody massacres in the streets. But unknown to the masses, demonic families control the rackets, using greed, gluttony, lust and other sins to fuel a lucrative trade: mortal souls.

When Pauly Bones, an old confidant of Eddie's, shows up at the Gehenna Room, Eddie smells trouble. And he's right on the money. Pauly has won an ancient relic—a key of some sort—that the demons want. Big Al is pressuring Eddie to hand Pauly—and his prize—over, and other forces have dispatched hired killers to take care of business.

Eddie – The owner of the Gehenna Room.

Deidra – Pauly's old flame, now horribly cursed.

Pauly Bones – An old friend of Eddie's. A gambler whose luck seems to have taken a turn.

The Aligheri Family – The most powerful demon family in the city.

The Roarke Family – The second strongest demon family, and none too happy about it.

The Verlochin – An exiled demon brood that adheres to the ancient infernal ways.

THE DAMNED™

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ILL-GOTTEN CHAPTER 3

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All right,
all right.

I had
that one
coming.



You
still got it,
Deidra.



How *long* has
it been?

How long
without a
word?



I figure you
were keeping
tabs on
me.

You
know *why*
I left.



I told you I wasn't
coming back unless I
could deliver on my
promises.



I never held
you to your
word.

That would
have been a
waste.



Well then, this time the joke's on *you*.



Because this time--*this time*--ol' Pauly Bones came through.



You...

How?

I don't feel any different--

I got the demons by the *horns*, doll.

It's just a matter of time.



What Pauly's saying is he's got a line on the prize.

But he hasn't fished it in just yet.

There are still bargains to be struck... and they might blow up in our faces before we're through.



Jeeze, Eddie.

Would it kill you to think *positive* just this once?



It sure as Hell won't keep me alive.



A bargain?

With the *demons*?

You said you'd made good on your promises... on all your sweet whispers...

...but you've got *nothing*.





What's with this guy?

After the beating we gave Eddie, I'd think he'd stay away from this place.

But he just keeps coming back.



Maybe he's *sweet* on the dame.



That ain't it. He's making a play.

Him and his pal, they've come into a spot of good fortune.

Got themselves a pretty little trinket.



There they are.

Let's just grab them right now and shake 'em down.

Then we can go get a *steak*.



Do yourself a favor and stop *thinking*.

It only gets in the way of your *real* talents.

They ain't gonna have it on them. They'll have hidden it by now.



We'll follow them.



Spotted the car as soon as I stepped onto the street.

Bruno Roarke's trouble boys.



Demons have gotten so accustomed to hiding in plain sight...

You see 'em, too?

...they barely put any effort into tailing someone.



What should we do?

Get in the car.

Go about our business.



They'll be right behind us...

...watching our every move.

Let 'em.



I've got a feeling they'll back off once they see where we're headed.