Home

Von Alucard

Kapitel 3:

Chloe took a deep breath. Okay, first things first, her existential crisis could wait. She started cleaning the mess that was formerly known as her living room. She picked up the shards of the flower vase and all the pictures, books and decorative Items that were pushed over by his wings. Chloe examined the remains of her table.

A clean, impressive cut. She had never seen anything like that. She discarded the remains of her table next to the door. She would take care of that later. Her couch, on the other hand, would remain there till they got a new one. Angel wings were clearly not made for narrow rooms.

She sat down, looking at the pillow that he had clenched to his chest, and smiled again.

But Chloe couldn't rest; as soon as she did, her head started spinning and thinking about that what had happened an hour ago.

So she stood up and started preparing him a little meal. Lucifer loved her sandwiches and his sweet tooth was legendary at the precinct. In fact, Lucifer could eat insane amounts of food sometimes. He raided the vending machine and the precinct fridge on a daily basis, getting jealous looks from Dan who was on a low carb trip and pissed at the same time because Lucifer ate his pudding again.

Apparently Angels couldn't gain weight or, as Lucifer would say, "Thanks to supernatural metabolism." Lucky for this special one.

Armed with two sandwiches, the last chocolate cookie and a big bottle of water, she entered her bedroom again.

Lucifer was still sleeping and... snoring? Oooh, blackmail material. Chloe chuckled, setting the plate and bottle down before sitting on the edge of the bed, whipping out her phone and taking a few pictures and a small video. He was always so perfect, not a wrinkle in his clothes, not a hair out of place, so she wanted to have that view just for her. She couldn't show them around anyway - well maybe the only close up one without the wings. Her blackmail picture.

He still looked so exhausted with the dark circles around his eyes. Her eyes roamed over his body. Lucifer had clearly lost some weight since he went missing. His feathers were still damp but they had stopped dripping. Again Chloe needed to resist the urge to pet his wings.

"No that's where I cut my wings off. Well, I didn't, Maze did. I told her to."

She remembered that moment. The first time she had seen the man behind the mask. How could he get rid of them...? Maze, the demon forged in the fires of hell.

Well, great, she shared the apartment with a demon. A demon that Trixie had wrapped around her little finger, as well as the sleeping angel next to her.

The Devil and his demon - her daughter was the most protected human on earth and she felt relieved at that.

Suddenly it hit her - Malcolm!

"I thought he killed you!"
"Oh he did. Yes. I got better."

Lucifer died for her, for Trixie, but why…?
And when she nearly died from the poison:

"You didn't die after all, that makes one of us."

He died. TWICE for them, for her, but why? A celestial being gave his life for her, a human.

"I can hear you thinking, you know," a low voice next to her murmured. Lucifer opened his eyes, well, one eye, and looked at her sleepily.

When Chloe smiled at him, running her fingers through his hair, he stiffened again while his eyes went big. His reaction hurt her, well not exactly his reaction, more the reason behind it.

"I thought you may be hungry?"

"Oh I'm famished, Detective."

He still couldn't look her in the eyes. Lucifer slowly sat up, tucking his wings against his back and placing them comfortably around him. His muscles still screamed at him with every move and his feathers were all messed up.

"Oh my, my, Detective… why am I naked? Did you inspect my wedding tackle? I hope you enjoyed the view. You know if you wanted some naked cuddle time you should have just asked… ouch!" Chloe boxed him on his shoulder and chuckled.

"Not one more word, mister… eat!" But it was good that Lucifer was… Lucifer again, at least a little. She handed him the plate and he devoured the two sandwiches and the cookie in no time. And the water bottle was drained within minutes with Chloe just watching him.

His wings again rustled from time to time. Why did they do that? Was he nervous? Excited? Or was it just reflexes?

They sat in silence for a few minutes.

Neither of them dared to say anything; Lucifer was still tired but recovered enough not to fall asleep again at the moment.

"Soo Lu-"

"Detective!" He interrupted Chloe. His Chloe. Yes, despite everything that happened, and despite the fact that she was thrown in his path, she was still his Chloe. His Detective, his little miracle. He wanted to say something but he had already forgotten what. Now was clearly the moment he feared. Go and never come back… that's what she wanted to say, wasn't it?

Again he looked down, didn't want to see the disgust in her eyes.

Instead he felt her hand on his cheek.

"It's okay Lucifer, really." Slowly he raised his eyes. There was no disgust - she smiled at him and stroked his cheek.

"You don't need to be afraid, I'm not going to throw you out. And I'm not scared of you."

Lucifer tilted his head. "The Devil doesn't do afraid and besides, you know I hate liars, Detective."
"Well maybe a little, but not of you - I'm scared of the whole 'everything is real' bomb that dropped. Why should I be afraid of you? You look cute with your curly hair and those fluffy wings…" those fluffed in annoyance, "… and you snore. How on earth could that be scary?"

The fallen angel pouted, offended. "I don't snore and I'm NOT cute." His wings fluffed even more.
"See cute… and yes you do," was her response.
"Hmpf…" he glared at her and even that looked cute at the moment, but she kept silent.

How could his Detective say that to him? She hadn't seen his other side, monstrous, burned, and a thing from nightmares. Chloe on the other hand, was beautiful as always, with her messy bun and her well worn shirt and without makeup. Not that she used much, but even in this ensemble she was the most beautiful woman in all existence to him.

To keep his glamour up was pretty exhausting at the moment, but he liked her sane so he had to hold it. He wanted to enjoy her company a little longer before she would chase him away. So Lucifer tried to focus just on holding onto his human mask.
"Come let me help with those." She climbed onto the bed, seeing how tense he was and insecure and frightened, like a deer in the headlights.

Lucifer eyed her warily.
"Lie down," she ordered and he lay on his belly. Ooooh he liked it when she was determined.
"And not one word, Lucifer, or I will throw Trixie's birthday party at LUX. 20 sugar high children, running around and screaming, touching everything, yes even your piano, with their sugar coated hands. How does that sound?"
He gulped. Oh no the horror. One of his personal hells. Chloe sat down on him. The comforter was gone; she sat just above his very fine arse. And why did she do that? The devil pouted again. Why didn't she see his naked splendor and his divine assets?
She placed her hands on his back. Gently at first, caressing his skin. The burns had already begun to heal. He shuddered and stiffened again under her touch
"Relax, Lucifer, you'll like it." He could hear the smile in her voice as she started working on his cramped back muscles. Lucifer moaned into the pillow, his voice full of pleasure. It was nothing sexual, just pleasure. His wings relaxed at her massage, spreading a little more with each touch. Every time her hand was between his shoulder blades, his back pressed reflexively against her hand. The little feathers there tickled her hand.
"Can you pluck them? They are annoying and itch every time I fold my wings against my back," Lucifer murmured into his pillow with a pleased look over his shoulder.
Chloe frowned. Why? How could she do that?
"Please? I can't reach them myself and I won't ask Maze or Amenadiel, that feathered

prick."

No, he couldn't. While Maze would do it, she wasn't exactly known for her tenderness and he wouldn't ask Amenadiel. He just refused.

He flinched at the little sting between his shoulder blades. And another, and another.

"Plucking feathers feels a little like epilating an angel, you know?" She put the little glowing feathers aside and stroked the now smooth skin.

Lucifer shuddered at her touch and again pressed his back against her hand. "Thank you, Detective."

Her hands started to massage his muscles again, working around the wing joints on his back. "You can touch them if you would like to," he answered to Chloe's silent question.

And she did. Slowly, starting at the base, stroking the soft down feathers. Burying her hands down until she could feel the skin on this limb, hotter than the rest of his body, shivering.

He closed his eyes, relaxing more and more under her touch. "So your feathers can be really sharp? Why is that so?" she asked him after a few moments.

"Well we are warriors, Detective, and those are weapons. Precise and deadly. They are the sharpest things in all creation, except for the flaming sword - Azrael's blade."

That was a question for another time; she would now concentrate on him and his well being only. Lucifer was still quivering with pleasure. She could feel his body relaxing.

"Should I help you with those?" She stroked one of the messed up feathers. She was sure they should align.

He lifted his head, looking at her with disbelief. It was as she offered him everything he ever wanted. "Why would you do this, Detective?"

She sighed again. "Well, first because they look like a mess and second because we are friends, Lucifer, and I know how vain you are."

The fallen one pouted.

"Yes you are, and I'm pretty sure it's impossible to reach those feathers on the back of your wings so... let me help."

He nodded, reserved, and Chloe began to work on his left wing, starting at his shoulder, slowly working her way through the feathers. She even got a soft brush at one point, which helped her align the feathers and brush out more sand. He clearly needed a hose bath or a bath in his pool. But right here and now it was the best she could do.

Lucifer fell silent after a few minutes. His shivering intensified and his body tensed once again, only his wings spread wide, touching the walls of the room. But something wasn't right.

He had buried his face in her pillow to muffle his crying and his tears.

"Is everything alright? Did I hurt you? Please talk to me. I didn't mean to hurt you!"

She stopped immediately.

"NO, don't!" came muffled answer.

"Look at me Lucifer, what's wrong?" Chloe was worried.

He turned his head so they could look at each other, still trying to hide his tears. He couldn't allow feelings. Stupid human emotions.

"It's just... well... Angels groom each other's wings."

She didn't understand and he continued. "It's intimate, no not sexual... we are all related. Detective, that's something even I wouldn't do. However they keep their wings clean and fluffy so the feathers stay strong enough to support them. Weak feathers means no flying."

He averted his gaze. Remembering those times was really hard and it hurt.

"After I was cast out, Amenadiel visited from time to time, every few millennia... Or Azrael... sometimes Gabe or Raph just to check if I was a good Devil and stayed in my kingdom, but none of them offered me to help me clean my wings. All that bloody ash between my feathers, itching like hell... pun intended, thank you very much. Maze did as good as she could, but she isn't what I would call affectionate. And yes Angels molt. All the itching, bloody feathers everywhere. I rubbed myself against the stones of hell to get rid of old feathers and that itching. I humiliated myself during those times. Hiding myself in my castle. So why would you do this, Detective? You don't have to, we are not related, therefore we aren't family."

Chloe just hugged him as hard as she could.

"Shut up Lucifer, of course I would help you. We are friends. And even when you can be a pain in the ass. You are part of this family, whether you want it or not. End of discussion."

He had made a lot of mistakes, and Chloe couldn't understand everything he had done yet. Like when he left after she had been poisoned. But he was a lost soul, searching for approval, affection and a place where he belonged, even if he would never admit it. She smiled again and continued brushing the feathers, massaging the limb beneath them from time to time.

Lucifer sobbed into the pillow, for he couldn't believe that somebody would do that for him. It felt so good. Heavenly, to be precise. He started to relax after a few minutes, and the sobbing became a loud, deep purring.

A purring Chloe found more than cute; she wouldn't tell him that though. Lucifer closed his eyes, enjoying the touches of his Detective.

If he wasn't so exhausted, other body parts of him would react to those touches as well. He still didn't know if he should keep his wings or cut them off, but with Chloe grooming he could get used to them once again.

He turned his head again to look over his shoulder. "Thank you... Chloe."