

Home

Von Alucard

Kapitel 5: sleepless

A pleasant night was something else. Chloe couldn't sleep well and the reason was normally handsome, 6 foot 3 inches tall and snoring. Yes he was still snoring - not loud, just a quiet little sound. But that was not the reason she woke up for the fifth time now this night.

The first time was when he curled himself into her side. The Devil a hugger? That was cute but she was instantly awake, thinking he needed something at first, but no, he was only seeking affection even in his sleep.

Her heart ached again at the thought of him alone in hell, shunned from his family. Well he had Maze but his demon wasn't the caring type.

She couldn't even imagine doing this to Trixie. No matter what her daughter did she would always love her. Lucifer was still in his scarred and red form; she scratched the back of his head gently till she drifted off again.

The second time she woke up because it was burning hot. Lucifer had crawled under her blanket, still red, and his body temperature was inhumanly hot and as if that wasn't enough, he was covering her with one wing. A beautiful feeling. She felt safe but it was just too much. She got up, walked around the bed and lay down on the other side now empty. Now Chloe could look at his back and while she was admiring all his back muscles, yes she liked that view very much, she drifted off again after a few minutes.

The third time was Lucifer hogging her blanket, his own now thrown out of the bed. He managed to grab Chloe's blanket and it was lost to her. He pulled it to his chest and wrapped his arms and legs around it. She sighed, unnerved, got up again, picked the blanket from the floor and went back to bed.

Waking up number four. Lucifer turned, and hit her with his wings. She glared at him. He was still hogging her blanket. She was annoyed; how could somebody stay with him all night? On the other hand they did a lot in his bed... she doubted sleep was one of those things.

And NO, of course she wasn't jealous. She calmed down in an instant when she looked at him. His wings were glowing slightly, lighting up the room just enough to watch him sleep.

He was back to his human appearance; she blushed when she looked at his naked body - the fallen angel was just beautiful. And he looked so much more relaxed.

The angry burns on Lucifer's skin were looking much better and nearly healed. And he

looked so young, all his walls were down. He was vulnerable.

He made big mistakes and she needed answers for them but at the moment she would protect him from the world. She looked at the time. 3AM - she could sleep a few hours more. When Chloe pushed his wing aside that was in her way, it twitched again at her touch and the feathers fluffed a little. She closed her eyes.

6AM she woke up again, this time from all the grains of sand in her bed. She knew his wings weren't perfectly clean but sleeping on a sandy bed was not comfortable. An angry look at the time again before she yawned and got out of bed again. It was useless to go to sleep again. Lucifer was lying on his back this time, his wings kind of uncomfortably draped around and under him, and still snoring softly.

Coffee... coffee sounded good. She went to the kitchen, grabbing her phone while turning on the coffee machine. She called the precinct, taking a day off - Lucifer needed her. She had no idea if her Devil - she smiled at that thought - was fit enough to stay awake for a few hours today.

Chloe sat in silence, holding her steaming mug and lost in her thoughts. Everything was different yet still the same - the literal Devil was asleep in her bed.

The Devil, fallen angel, friend, partner, maybe more? She also glanced angrily at the ceiling.

"You did this to him. Disfigured him. Made him the epitome of evil to us humans. I have no idea why but he deserved better. You are a horrible father." Maybe she would end up in hell for that. But if she did, at least she knew the boss. With that thought she lay a hand on the cut on her leg. It didn't hurt anymore, felt like a big paper cut. The sharpness of those feathers was really impressive and dangerous. And still all she could think of in that situation had been his panic attack.

Chloe was about to take a shower when she heard a thunk, followed by a very familiar, sleepy and British "Bloody Hell." Sounded like someone fell out of bed. A few moments later Curly Head Lucifer, his new nickname Chloe decided, came out of the bedroom. His wings were hanging limp and dragging on the floor behind him. That looked really weird. "Everything alright?" She raised an eyebrow at him.

Lucifer shrugged. "They have gone numb. Wouldn't have happened if I could let them vanish but nooo, of course it wouldn't work properly. Bollocks." He sat down, grabbing her coffee mug and taking a sip.

It was something they did since the beginning of their partnership and neither of them minded it. They shared their drinks. Chloe took sips from his drinks all the time when she visited LUX and his penthouse or when he had a drink watching a movie with her on her couch.

In return, he drank from her coffee and her water at work. Well, the latter only because she wouldn't let him drink alcohol in the precinct. It was something very intimate. Both felt uncomfortable doing this with other people but not with each other and they never addressed this behaviour. There was a pleasant silence between them for a few moments.

"Are you feeling better?" Lucifer looked up, saw her smile and nodded.

"Much better." He still wasn't fully relaxed; she could read him. He was fidgeting with her coffee spoon, shoulders hunched.

The device meant back to normal, he needed it to relax.

"Well good. I'm taking a shower... No, I don't need your help... and when I'm back I want you to put some clothes on, Lucifer. I washed the remains of yours and they are not dry yet. Back in my closet you can find some of Dan's old sweatpants."

His face was hilarious and she snorted.

Lucifer looked really disgusted and adorable at the same time.

"Make yourself useful and prepare breakfast after your bottom half is dressed. I don't need to see you naked." Well, she had for the whole night and the last day but that was something else.

"But Detective, you should enjoy the view. Like I said last time, the berries are ripe and ready to be harvested. My naked splendor is legendary and truly divine."

As always, Chloe just rolled her eyes and went to the bathroom. Yes, sexual jokes - he was feeling better.

Lucifer put the sweatpants on, muttering, cursing. They were too small for his long legs, barely covering his calves. The Douche had absolutely no fashion sense. Turquoise? Really?

"Oh Dad, why do you hate me so much? Haven't I suffered enough?"

Of course there was no answer but he was sure dear old Dad was laughing his arse off at the moment.

But he had an important task to fulfill. His Detective was hungry and he needed to nourish her in the best way possible. He would not eat that cardboard food again.

Moving in that small kitchen with two useless wings was a challenge.

First things first. He grabbed the Scotch from the top shelf which was only there for him and poured himself a generous drink. He had earned it. The Devil ran on Sex, Drugs and Alcohol. The first two weren't available at the moment.

He downed that glass and refilled it in an instant. And he found something that lightened his mood again. A bag of cool ranch puffs in his favorite flavor. The Detective was buying them just for him. Neither Trixie nor she liked them, but there was always at least one bag. He happily opened it and started munching on them while he prepared the breakfast ingredients.

Of course still no truffle oil. He should buy that next time and store it here.

Bacon and pancakes - the fallen angel knew Chloe loved them. Slowly his wings came back to life; he could move them slightly again. But now he also noticed how sore his back felt, certainly from spreading and holding them open so long while Chloe had groomed his feathers.

Apparently Lucifer had forgotten how big those things were because he was knocking things over again every time he turned. Now he had flour in his feathers. Nooo, of course sand wasn't enough. He should cut those bloody things off here and now. He didn't even need Maze, since Chloe was near.

And Lucifer considered it, just snapped, for his new appendages were too much for his overstressed mind to bear. The knife was already in his hand. He needed to keep his dignity. But he also remembered the feeling yesterday. Her gentle touches. His shivering wings. He remembered the grooming sessions with his siblings. But those were dull in comparison with Chloe's touches and her brushing. He wanted to cut off his wings, needed to do it no matter how awesome it felt when Chloe touched. He couldn't even hide them properly.

“LUCIFER! What are you doing?”

She was out of the shower. Looking ravishing as always. She ran towards him, taking the knife out of his hand and hugging him. He was trembling.

“Hey... hey it’s okay, but please don’t, Luce...” She didn’t call him by his nickname often. And as far as Chloe knew, she was also the only person that was allowed to do that aside from his brother.

Lucifer sobbed again in her arms and she rocked him a few minutes, her hands buried in his hair and again scratching his head. Chloe knew that helped him relax.

“Come on big guy, finish the food and then we can eat, and talk after.” She needed to distract him. Keep him from another breakdown.

“Fine, fine but I know other things that are far more enjoyable to pass the time, Love.” His wall was back up, at least a little. Lucifer turned around to get the plates and forgot once more that he needed more space now, slamming Chloe right in the face with his wings, knocking her back while he placed the items on the kitchen counter.

In return she grabbed one of the wings by reflex to hold herself upright. Lucifer sank to his knee at her touch. “Detective... please let go, it’s pure torture. It’s all pins and needles in my wing.”

She shouldn’t have laughed but Chloe couldn’t restrain herself. All the tension in the room was suddenly gone. “Oh come on, you big baby, it’s the same every time. Only this time it’s not on a stakeout in my car and it’s not your legs.”

He pouted like Trixie when she threw a tantrum. “You know for the Lord of Hell, you are pretty adorkable.” She sat down and enjoyed her breakfast while Lucifer was still sitting on the floor, arms crossed over his chest, his now-awake wings ruffling.

“I’m what? And I quit so Ex-Lord of Hell, Love.”

“Adorkable, Lucifer. You are a big dork and adorable at the same time. I can’t believe I just used adorable to describe you, but maybe today you are not a pain in the ass. Now come eat something and then we’ll talk, okay?”