

# Home

Von Alucard

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## Kapitel 1: Home

### **-Home-**

That was dominant in his thoughts. Just *home*. After waking up in the middle of nowhere, burned, exhausted and with those stupid, useless, feathered appendages on his back, he had no idea why they were back or who knocked him out. But that wasn't important right now. He wanted to go home. The long forgotten and atrophied muscles screamed when he tried to move the wings more than just to open them or lay them against his back, and even that was painful.

### **-Home-**

He was thirsty, it was unbearably hot. Even for him as the former Lord of Hell. His head hurt, his feet burned with every second on the hot sand. His skin was peeling at several places. How long had he been there? It didn't matter to him.

### **-Home-**

Was everything that was now important to him. But which direction? He had no idea, so he had to wait.

Wait until the sun went down and his creations were visible. He missed them so much; they weren't visible in LA, but out here? They were beautiful. He smiled a little; he wanted to show them to the Detective. They were nearly as beautiful as her. He took a look at his stars and knew which direction to go. His mind shut down, the exhaustion finally getting to him.

### **-Home-**

Just one foot ahead of the other. Again and again, like a zombie. Just with this one thought in his mind.

He had lost all sense of time. It didn't matter to him. Again.

### **-Home-**

Was everything. How long had he been awake? How long had he walked? It certainly had been days. There had been sandstorms and he crouched down and shielded himself with his wings. It worked more or less but now he had grains of sand between his feathers. Itching with every move. And at night he was cold. Really cold and he used his wings to cover himself as much as possible. His feet were burned and raw but he couldn't rest, didn't want to. Step by step he approached LA. When he saw the familiar lights in the distance he tapped into his reserve energy. He wanted to go home. He reached the suburbs and stole a bed sheet from a washing line to cover his back.

He didn't have any energy left to shift his wings to another plane of existence. And he wasn't even sure if he still knew how it was done. He didn't need to do that in Hell.

There were a lot of homeless people in LA. He didn't attract any attention. He looks like one of them. Nobody would confuse him with the good looking, charismatic club owner at the moment.

It was early in the morning, the sun had just risen when he arrived home. Finally. The

well known parking lot, the familiar stairs and door. He was home. He opened the door without problems despite the fact that it was locked. His bed sheet fell to the floor the moment he entered his home. Exhaustion finally took its toll. His wings swept over a bookshelf, throwing the things on it to the floor, shattering a lamp. He didn't care. All he wanted to do now was sleep. He hauled himself up to the couch with everything he had left. Fell asleep before his head hit the pillows. Inhaled the familiar scent. He was home and that was all that mattered.

At first Chloe was furious. Had he run away again? Would he come back with another wife? Another excuse? But after they found his beloved car at the hospital parking lot, after Linda told them how he was serious about going to her and after the surveillance tape where she could see how he was knocked out, she was just worried. There was absolutely no trace of him. The whole squad was searching for him, even Dan. The weeks went by, but she didn't lose hope. She couldn't do that. Because if she did that, she would be admitting that she would never see him again. Yes, her cop instincts told her that he was probably dead, but her heart didn't want to believe that. He had to be alive and she had to find him.

Another exhausting day at the precinct. Dan had Trixie for the day. The little one was devastated as well, crying for him in her sleep. Chloe had to stay strong for her little monkey. Just a shower, maybe a short nap and after that she would search for him again. Maybe his family was behind all of this? The shady family she believed was the Mafia or something like that, not his actual family. Maybe they didn't like that he quit? Her thoughts were interrupted by the trail of sand at her doorstep.

Where did that come from? Her door wasn't locked. Immediately she drew her gun but stayed silent as she entered her home. She stumbled over a bed sheet. That hadn't been there earlier, either. And it wasn't hers. More sand, lots of sand. A broken lamp, thrown down photos. Burglars maybe? Were they still there?

She heard something rustling. A step further into her apartment and then she saw them. Big, feathered, white. Wings. Big giant wings. She dropped her weapon. She didn't need to look at the person between them. They rustled again, one wing covering her coffee table, having thrown the vase to the floor, and the other one draped a little uncomfortably over the back of the couch.

She gulped. "Lucifer..." It was just a whisper; he didn't move - was he still asleep or unconscious? Impossible to say. She just stared. He shifted a little, moaning as if he was in pain and one moment later the figure of nightmares lay on her couch.

Skinless, burned, all tendons and muscles. She wanted to scream but no sound came out of her throat.

She staggered back a few steps before she went down on her knees. Wanted to scream again but pressed her hands to her mouth to prevent any sound.

That thing was still asleep. She had to go, had to flee with Trixie and Dan as far and fast as possible. He really *was* the Devil, the fallen angel.

A monster. He shifted back to his human appearance. Still asleep. She got back on her feet. Wanted to pack some important things while he or it was sleeping. She panicked; all of her instincts screamed at her to run for her life. But just when she started to pass him he shifted again. Was he clutching a pillow to his chest? She was curious; yes

he was. And he whined her name in his sleep. Not Detective, not Love or Darling. Her actual name. And when she heard that she stopped and looked at him. What the hell had happened to him? She gulped again and considered punching herself in the face of her panic. Could he be evil? A monster?

He was a pain in the ass, he was arrogant, he was addicted to sex, drugs and alcohol, but he was also a kind soul who searched for more, who couldn't understand how anybody could love him. He flinched at every intimacy without sex. No, Lucifer was not a monster, he was a broken soul. He had cried when she invited him to her Christmas dinner, despite hating Christmas.

***"Detective why in Dad's name should I celebrate my half brother's birthday?"***

He couldn't believe it when somebody wanted to spend time with him. How he had looked at her present for him with awe, like it was the first time ever somebody gifted him something.

And now as she saw the truth in front of her, it probably was.

He looked terrible. She didn't want to touch the wings without his consent, but she kneeled beside him and stroked through his hair with more sand coming out. It was all curly, something she liked even though he hated it.

Lucifer stiffened under her touch and it broke her heart. Affection, he didn't know affection even in his sleep. But at the same time he needed it, longed for it even if he would never admit it. And even if his body was stiff, his wings relaxed and fluffed a little which made her smile.

Where had he been? Where did all that sand come from? And his burned skin. He was a celestial being - was it even possible to hurt him? On the other hand she had shot him, Malcolm too. So yeah, it seemed he wasn't invincible.

She looked at his back. The scars were gone. All that remained with a small scarred lines where the wings emerged from his back. The small feathers between his shoulder blades looked somehow cute. Was his back always that muscular? Probably she just hadn't looked closely.

She had been too busy to get him back into his clothes every time he randomly stripped in public.

She stood up to get some water for him when he woke up. He looked famished, clearly had lost some weight, and he surely was thirsty.

Lucifer didn't even stir when she moved away, but when she placed the glass at the little coffee table, he jerked awake. His eyes black with the fires of hell, disoriented.

He didn't seem to recognize Chloe at first or where he was. When his wings flapped once the wing blades cut through the little table and the fabric of the couch without any problems.

Chloe let out a surprised scream. He fell off the couch.

## Kapitel 2: Caring

"Oh Bloody Hell." He looked up, rubbed the back of his head where he hit the floor. "Lucifer are you alright?" At her question he tensed and looked up, his eyes back to the familiar brown. He looked frightened. Immediately his wings folded against his back, no, he pressed them forcefully and as much as possible at his back to make them look smaller. But those feathered things were ridiculously huge - he couldn't hide them.

He even tried to will them away; well it worked for 2 seconds before they came back. Would she shoot him again? Throw things at him? Throw him out of her apartment, her life? Certainly, now that she had seen his wings she would know what kind of monster he was. He couldn't look into her eyes anymore; his eyes stayed glued to the floor, waiting for her shouts or the gunshot.

But nothing came. Instead she kneeled in front of him, touching his cheek and stroking his overgrown 5 o'clock shadow, and smiled. "Hey it's okay, Lucifer, I had my little freakout moment. And you slept through it."

He gulped, didn't dare look into her eyes. "Hey, come on, Luce." Her voice was gentle, as if talking to a scared child. At the moment he was exactly that. A scared child in an adult body.

Scared to be rejected, hated, feared and abandoned again like he had been for eons by his family.

***"I think I broke my therapist."***

Those words said months ago made sense to her now. He opened up to Linda and was rejected again. Well, she came around but no wonder he feared to show her.

"Come let's get you a shower and you need to rest." She took his hand, pulling him to his feet. He just followed her, still couldn't look her in the eyes. As he took the first step, he inhaled painfully. She looked at his feet, raw, burned and full of blisters. "We'll take care of that too, Mister." She smiled. At least he looked at her now, finally speaking - "I'll pay for the couch... and the table" - like that was her concern right now.

"Don't worry about that. First we'll get you clean." Even if her bathroom wasn't made for giant wings. He had to arrange them several times, throwing shampoo bottles from the shelves. "Sit" she ordered and he did on the toilet seat.

"I don't need your pity."

"That's not pity, Lucifer, that's compassion." She grabbed a washcloth and began to clean his feet carefully.

"The Devil doesn't do compassion." He huffed and looked into her eyes, again with a red glow in his own. He was exhausted, hadn't full control over them or his glamour at the moment.

"But he certainly needs it," was her answer. After his feet were clean, she bandaged them. "Ah don't look at me like that, I'm not scared of you, Lucifer."

"How can you say that? I'm a monster!"

"No you're not - a 5 year old in an adult body, yes. Pain in the ass? Sometimes. Drug and alcoholic addicted? Yes, definitely, even if I disapprove of that. But not a monster, Lucifer."

The angel pouted; how could she say that?

"But we won't discuss that now. We'll get you cleaned up and then you will rest. Now bend over the bathtub - I need to wash your hair."

He did and pushed something over again, this time the cups with the toothbrushes. He muttered something she couldn't understand. She placed herself against his back so she could reach over him and wash his hair. Did he purr?

Oh yes, the Devil was purring like a giant cat at her touches and his wings were rustling. How could his body be so stiff when he clearly enjoyed that?

Hadn't he ever had somebody who was gentle towards him, just affection without sex? She needed to find out, but not yet. She was busy with his curly hair, he muttered again. His hair were easy. The wings, on the other hand, were a challenge.

Lucifer had to sit on the floor sideways to the bathtub first. She could see how tired he was. But she wouldn't let him in her bed when there was sand everywhere.

To get his wings cleaned she got rid of her clothes and climbed into the bathtub. When she didn't get a single word because of her nudity, she knew he needed rest desperately.

Grabbing the shower head once again, she spread the feathers carefully as well as she could, avoiding the sharp edges. The big flight feathers were pretty rough but the down feathers were as soft as clouds. Chloe wanted to touch his wings later and of course if he would let her. The same was repeated with the other wing when he turned to the other side.

It wasn't a perfect cleaning job. That was not possible in her small bathtub. But it would do for now.

Lucifer stayed nearly still the whole time, just watching her. He had trouble staying awake and Chloe could see it.

All her towels and the abandoned bed sheet were needed to dry his wings enough so that he wouldn't drench her bed. "Come on, big guy." She pulled him again onto his feet after she wrapped herself in a bathrobe.

Chloe supported him on the way to her bed. He was heavy before, all lean muscle, but now with his wings he was nearly too much for her. But they made it anyway to her room. Again, not a single inappropriate word came from him. She looked at him, his eyes nearly closed, and could feel how he fought to stay awake.

Lucifer sat down on her bed.

"Just one more thing, yes?" Chloe reached for the water bottle she always had beside her bed and handed it to him.

He drained that thing in a few gulps and before he lay down he was already asleep, lying on his side, the wings draped over the bed, still hanging over the edge and brushing the floor.

She sighed and began to free him of his trousers and shorts. Both were filthy and needed to be washed.

Oh, she already could hear his mocking later when he was naked in her bed. But now? He was sleeping peacefully. She ran her fingers through his cute, curly hair. Yes it was

cute, not that he would admit it, she thought before she put the comforter over his lower body. Quite average, pretty funny. His wedding tackle was anything but average.

## 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."

## Kapitel 4: Panic

He drifted into sleep again, not a deep one though. Just enough to recover but still able to notice his surroundings.

Chloe watched him carefully, for she wanted to know the spots where his wings were the most sensitive. They ruffled with every soft touch and every brushstroke. It was relaxing and she wondered how angels did that with each other. But at this thought rage filled her. How dare they ignore Lucifer? To throw him out of his home, all on his own, alone, no family, no friends, no one who would take care of him. And those things were really high maintenance.

No wonder the fallen angel didn't have any idea how to act regarding the most basic things. He craved compassion without knowing it. She remembered all those men and women in the precinct a few months ago, his hurt face when he didn't mean anything to them - just a good shag.

He tried to hide it but it slipped through his mask the whole day. Chloe didn't understand why he had left. Was it fear? Was being in a relationship too much for him on an emotional level, and he got scared?

All the possibilities - she needed answers for everything and where he had been, but not now. He needed to recover first.

When Chloe brushed over a particular spot just above his... well what was it? His wing elbow joint? The wings started twitching. Ooooh more blackmail material! The Devil was ticklish, who would have thought?

She chuckled when Lucifer looked at her drowsily. "You know..." She started brushing through his curls once more. "For someone who claims to be the big, badass devil, you are really tame."

Lucifer frowned like a small child. "I'm not," he huffed.

"I really like your eyes." That was something the Devil didn't expect but he didn't notice that they were in their hellish form. Chloe mentioned it and she meant it. Yes, they were terrifying at first, but full of emotions like his brown ones as well.

Lucifer was like a drained battery, too exhausted to maintain such unimportant things like a glamour - at least unimportant for his body.

Damn it, Chloe had seen them, had a look into the abyss that was his true self.

He tensed again, his wings folding and pressing against his back, ignoring the detective who was still sitting there and now engulfed in feathers, pretty sharp feathers, it seemed.

She could feel it. His breathing pitched up, short, distressed, his muscles shaking. "Lucifer... Lucifer breathe... please relax." One of his wingblades cut into her leg, not deep but enough to draw blood.

She didn't make a sound, couldn't risk firing up his panic even more. But she didn't need to, because his glamour dropped completely and beneath her lay the tortured, burned and skinless creature once more.

"No no No NO!" He pressed into his breaths. Now she would throw him out, she would hate him, would ban him once more, maybe even shoot him. He couldn't breathe, why couldn't he? On the other hand he would suffocate right here and now, he didn't need to see her leave. Didn't need to see her fear, her panic, her disgust. Wanted to remember her beautiful eyes and her smile... her smell - he needed to remember it.

He didn't even hear what the Detective was saying to him, he didn't want to hear all the hurtful things. Again tears ran over his scarred face without him noticing it. He still had trouble breathing and he couldn't even move a muscle.

"LUCIFER!" Still no response. She needed him to relax, her leg hurt - those blades were indeed painfully sharp and this one was cutting deeper.

A human with a panic attack was one thing. A devil with sharp wings was another. "Lucifer, relax please."

Her hands dug through the feathers as best as she could, without cutting herself. She couldn't move much in this position, but she found what she was looking for.

His skin. Inhumanly warm, she could feel the heat without touching him. "Lucifer please... I'm here, nothing will happen... please trust me."

She placed her hand on the skin between his shoulder blades. His body looked wet like the wounds were fresh, but his skin felt like paper, strangely smooth although she could feel every scar on him in this state.

Trust (could he trust her)? Dad's little miracle? Yes... of course he already did, and as soon as her hand touched him... this body... without any fear or disgust in her voice, only compassion, he relaxed a little. His wings spread a little, the blades retracting from her body.

She took a deep breath but he didn't change back. He couldn't - not at the moment. Not when he was so drained of energy. And he didn't move or say a thing.

"It's all right, Lucifer. I'm not gonna hurt you." Her hand caressed his skin, ignoring the pain in her leg. Her eyes roamed over his body. How many people had touched him like that? Not a single one, she assumed. And was he in pain? It looked painful. Chloe leaned forward and placed a kiss at the back of his head. No hair, no skin. A few muscles and tendons and his skull. It was a kiss like Trixie got when she was sick or frightened after a nightmare.

"See? I'm still here, Lucifer, and I'm not going to change my mind." Still no sound from him, but his breathing became regular again.

She lay down on his back. Knowing his inhuman strength, he wouldn't have problem with her weight. And she got the weight off her leg.

"I know we need to talk, but not now. Not today. You need to recover first and you can stay here if you want. I can call Maze if you wish to see her. I mean she is your dem-"

"No.. please don't." It was nearly too quiet to hear it but she did.

"Good. I won't, if you promise me to stay in bed. Deal?" He nodded and she smiled in return. After his promise, and he wouldn't break one, she slid from his back and the bed, trying to avoid exposing her bleeding leg to his view.

"Stay? Please don't go." His voice sound so hurt, afraid, again like a child who was left behind and betrayed.

"I won't, Lucifer. I'll fetch some more water for you, call Dan to keep Trixie for tonight and will get you more to eat. And besides, I need to get ready for the night too. You might not notice it thanks to your celestial reading lights here, but it's getting dark outside and I'm really tired. And no. You are my friend, Lucifer, and I don't care how you look. Yes, it freaked me out at first, but I saw you on the couch earlier. You can stay here till you are feeling better."

"I don't need your pity!"

"No, maybe you don't. You already said that but you clearly need a little affection."

He got a motherly kiss on his forehead this time and her fingers brushed over his cheek. Lucifer still couldn't believe that she could touch him, when he looked like this. Chloe made her way to the kitchen, pulling out the first aid kit. Her pants were ruined but the cut wasn't that deep. Good for her. She cleaned the wound and wrapped it before throwing two ready-to-eat meals into the microwave.

Lucifer always called it poorly flavored cardboard. And even if he was right, she didn't have the energy left to cook today. Chloe called Dan but didn't tell him that Lucifer was back. Not now, not when he looked like that and was vulnerable.

She grabbed the meals and another water bottle and went to her room where the angel was occupying her bed. He still wasn't able to restore his human appearance and looked insecure. Chloe smiled again, putting down the food.

"You will eat that... no don't even try to discuss it with me, mister... while I'm getting ready for bed."

She grabbed her sleeping shirt, heading to the bathroom, hoping Lucifer was too busy to notice that it was one of his own. Her favorite was actually the one he wore when they met. She didn't care it was a button down shirt and not really comfortable for sleeping. But it smelled like him and she had taken it when he was missing.

Of course Lucifer noticed and smiled before he looked disgusted at the steaming atrocity that was eaten right from the box. Maybe he could set it on fire with his stare alone? Nope, didn't work. With a sigh he sat up, taking a big gulp of water first before forcing himself to eat... whatever that was. Clearly not food. How Chloe managed to nourish herself and the little spawn was a mystery to him.

"I'll ground you if you don't eat it." She grinned at him, as she came from the bathroom and sat next to him, grabbing her meal.

"I know it's nothing compared to your cooking skills, but you have to eat." She nudged him and started eating while Lucifer was still busy poking the "food" with his fork. But he ate it at the end, not without complaining about it, of course.

There he was. A glint of HER Lucifer, she had missed him so deeply.

Sitting on Lucifer with wings was no problem. To arrange the two of them in her small bed together with those things was a big one. He restrained from touching her too much. Still afraid to disgust her. His mind still couldn't comprehend why she wasn't repelled. No, his Detective acted like nothing happened. Well in other circumstances, he would never be allowed in her bed so that was a win for him.

It took them a while to get comfortable. Lucifer lying on his side facing Chloe and his wings draped over the edge of the bed. Chloe had cleared the little bed stand beforehand, just to be sure.

"Good night Lucifer," she smiled before turning off the little lamp by her side.

It was dark outside but his eyes glowed intensely and his wings gleamed with a soft light. It wasn't bright or disturbing her, it was just a celestial night light. A beautiful one.

The man next to her sighed and smiled; she could see his outline in the dim light of his wings. "Good night Detective."

While he fell asleep after a few minutes, snoring again, she couldn't. Chloe faced him, watching his burned face in the light. She could still see him in it. His strong jawline,

his brows even if they weren't there. His prominent and beautiful nose. She stroked over his cheek without noticing without him at the beginning. And Lucifer, although he was asleep, leaned into her touch like it was the best thing he had ever felt. After a while she turned around and followed him into oblivion, accompanied by his wings that rustled and twitched from time to time like he was a dreaming cat.

## 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?”

## Kapitel 6: Cosplay

They ate in silence. Pleasant, not awkward like it would be for most people, especially in this situation. Lucifer had to sit with the back of the chair to his chest and whined again how uncomfortable that was. Stupid, feathery wings getting in his way. Chloe snorted; yes this was her Lucifer - big pain in the ass man-child. "Stop complaining like a baby and come with me." She refilled his glass, knowing that he would need at least one drink, before heading to the couch and patting the spot next to her.

Lucifer followed her with hunched shoulders and again tried to press his wings as much as possible against his back, hoping they would just disappear again or wouldn't be that big. But he had to drape them over the backrest and behind Chloe. Still uncomfortable, bloody things, but it would do for now. Lucifer grabbed the glass but didn't drink; he just needed to fidget with something, while waiting for his Detective to start telling him what a monster he was, that he should leave her alone. But none of that came. Chloe just watched him for a few moments.

"How are your feet? They looked horrible yesterday."

That caught him off guard. "Uhm well... they don't hurt anymore." They were still wrapped up but he could walk almost pain free again. He sipped his drink and started fidgeting again, not daring to look at her.

"I thought I lost you Lucifer - what happened? Where were you?"

The fidgeting stopped when he heard the sorrow in her voice. "I... I don't know, someone knocked me out; it could only be a Demon or one of my siblings. I was dropped in the desert, with those bloody useless things on..."

As his feather ruffled, he downed the amber liquid in his glass completely. "... I needed to walk back to LA. I have no idea how I managed it - I just wanted to go home."

Home? Chloe's heart skipped a beat and she stared at him. He could have gone anywhere, even LUX was closer than her apartment but he had come here. "Why didn't you fly? I guess those are not just for decoration or am I wrong?" She had to touch them again, stroking gently over the feathers. He shivered at her touch and closed his eyes with pleasure. It was such an unusual sight: Lucifer completely relaxed. "No, Dad gave me back my wings, but didn't restore my atrophied muscles... Bastard. My whole back is sore just from moving them a little yesterday."

There it was again, the big elephant in the room that she needed to talk about but didn't dare ask.

She nodded; that made a lot of sense but her gears were turning again.

"Dad... Dad, Dad? As in God Dad?"

"Yes Detective, Dear old Dad, creator of all things, will never get the best Dad of the Year award though." He sighed and tensed, the glass cracking under his grip.

Chloe immediately took it from him. He didn't need to hurt himself even more.

"Ok... tell me what happened - please. I want to hear your story. I want to understand it."

Now he grabbed a part of his wing and started fidgeting with his feathers. Trying to groom and preen them. He just needed his hands busy. His coin was gone, he didn't

have a cigarette and there was no piano. He always needed something to occupy his hands. Chloe knew that and let him.

"Well it's a long story, Detective..."

So his walls were up again; Chloe noticed it instantly.

"... I asked a question, I wanted to be free like you humans were. Wanted to be my own man, gave the naked Lady an apple... well a pomegranate to be exact and Daddy dearest threw me out of the house. Disinherited me... you know the story."

She was furious but tried to stay calm for him. How could a father throw out his son? No matter what Trixie did, she would always love her.

"I know what's written, Lucifer, I don't know the story, just a fairy tale with some truth in it. How did you fall? I mean what I saw yesterday... what was that? Is it painful? Why don't you look that way always?"

He stared blankly at the floor.

"You don't need to tell me if you don't want to."

"You're right. I don't want to, but I have to. I promised you answers, if you remember. And my word is my bond." He still couldn't look at her, stared at the feather he was peeling apart. Chloe couldn't touch him right now, afraid that he would jump up and run away.

"I was not only thrown out. They debased me. After a little fight I was chained by Michael and Amenadiel. Gabriel reported to the whole Silver City that I was defeated with his stupid kazoo. You know they always tell you that he has a horn... no it's more like a kazoo, really."

Lucifer stared at the feather that was now completely destroyed and just grabbed the next one to peel it apart too.

"Uriel and Raphael were watching while I was dragged outside the gates. My mother was standing beside my brothers and did nothing. It wasn't enough to chain me - no they also dislocated and broke my wings to be sure I would arrive safe and sound in my new prison."

His voice cracked, stuttered. Searched for words. Chloe leaned against him to reassure him.

"And Detective, what you saw yesterday, that happens when you fall through three planes of existence. I don't know how long I lay there broken, unable to move and just screaming from pain. Some lost souls found me, tried to kill me. I wasn't the ruler of Hell from the beginning, I had to earn that title. There was one soul, no a shattered soul, a shadow of one if you will say so. This one extinguished the others and freed me from the chains. Later I gave that one a real body, the first one. My masterpiece. It was Maze. She was everything I had for eons. She protected me, she was company, my only company. I know, I know I'm weak. My brothers visited me sometimes, but as I told you, not long. Just to see if I was still there punishing souls, doing my boring job."

That was a lot to take in - Maze. Maze was what to him? A child? Sister? Companion? Lover? All of them? No wonder they were so close, even when they argued a lot lately.

"And to answer your questions, that what you see now was me before all that happened. It's called glamour, I learned that trick in hell from the demons, for angels don't need glamour.. I can't walk around like that. I'm a monster and I look like one and yes, it still hurts. I'm used to it and don't even notice it most days. I didn't want to

show you that way... I was just so exhausted. I'm sorry, I know how hideous and disgusting I look. So please - if you want to throw me out, do it. You know what I am now so just please... don't torture me any longer. I can't sit here answering your questions, enjoying your company, just to be thrown out later. Just do it now. Or shoot me, I don't care."

Chloe just listened, trembling with rage. His whole family had abandoned him. His parents, his siblings, everyone. Shunned him, broke him mentally and physically. No wonder he had no idea about affection, families or even basic emotions. No wonder he was hurt after all his sex partners declared him a great shag and nothing more. He was yearning for something, he was lost, he was searching for comfort, for a family of his own without realizing it. And no wonder he stuck to her like glue despite her aversion against him at first. He always expected to be hurt, to be left alone and chased off, and searched for company despite it just to not be alone.

"Why would I shoot you, Lucifer?" She grabbed his shoulder and pulled him towards her, pushing his wing out of the way. He didn't even resist... just stared at her in awe. She needed to hug him. His reaction took some time; he patted her back awkwardly like he didn't know what to do, but that was fine for her.

"Come here, lay down." She pushed him down until his head was on her lap and she was combing his hair, and through his feathers with the other hand. "I don't understand everything yet, Lucifer. It will take me some time but I know that you are not evil. I know I can trust you. And I want to punch your Dad and every one of your relatives in the face for doing that to you. You don't deserve that-"

"But-"

"Don't BUT me Mister, I wasn't finished yet." She smiled at him. Even if it hurt to see him like this, she enjoyed the trust he had in her. One of the most powerful beings in all of existence and older than most of creation itself lay in her lap and trusted her completely. Her - a small human! It felt so unreal to her.

"You are not a monster, Lucifer. You are not evil, you punish evil. You said it yourself. It's not your fault that you were burned, and I'm not disgusted. I was just frightened the first time when you were sleeping on my couch. But the longer I looked at your other form the more I saw you in there. I watched you yesterday after you fell asleep." Lucifer looked at her, changing without warning, starting at his eyes before his skin was gone. She didn't flinch, just continued to stroke his skinless head. "Does this hurt you?"

"No... it's... pleasant, I think."

"Good, because I'm not going to stop. You need it."

"I told you I don't need your pity."

"That's not pity Lucifer, that's pampering and you need it. End of discussion."

And with that she kissed his forehead.

"I will never abandon you, Lucifer, I promise. We just need to figure out what you are going to do with your wings... they are huge. Wait, Amenadiel really is your brother? Why doesn't he have wings?"

Still stunned from the little kiss, he needed a few moments to really hear her questions and to change back to his human form.

"Aaah yes, we can hide the wings on another plane, invisible to mortal eyes. They are still there but not there. I just forgot how that works. I can do it but not long. Have to figure it out, it seems. And yes, Amenadiel is my brother. Feathered prick. And yes, he has wings... Mine are far better."

"You little show off." As he relaxed, more and more of the Lucifer she knew came back to the surface. And she was happy about it - she hoped that he was feeling better now.

"I want you to stay a few days till you figure out your little wing trick. You won't fit in a car anyway. We'll call Maze later to tell her you're back and to bring some of your clothes here, ok? Promise me not to ask Maze to cut them off again, please?"

He pouted. "Okay okay, fine, I promise."

"Good. I have just one last question for today."

He nodded again.

"Do angels really molt? You mentioned it yesterday." Chloe couldn't hide her big smile and Lucifer stared at her, agape.

"Actually we normally do twice a year. Horrible itching, feathers everywhere. Like exploded pillows. It's a mess."

Chloe couldn't hold her laughter in anymore and imagined him looking like a molting bird. "You stay out of my apartment when you are molting, clear?"

But before he could answer, probably with a whine, they heard the door open. It was not locked... of course not. Chloe had forgotten it yesterday with all that stress. Oh NO. She knew she had forgotten something important.

"Mommy, I'm home!" Trixie squealed, running to the couch, followed by Dan.

"Sorry Chlo, I know we are a little early but something at the precinct came up and..."

He lost his words for a moment, staring at the Devil lying in Chloe's lap and the big, white fluffy mess behind him.

"Soooo... you really are... into cosplay?"