

# Home

Von Alucard

## 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.