

# Home

Von Alucard

## 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 sighted 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 ran 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?"