

# Home

Von Alucard

## 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.