

It feels like flying

Von Alucard

Lucifer Morningstar was a strange man. She knew that much. But he was also fascinating and full of secrets. Biggest pain in the ass on certain days - mostly paperwork days - sweet and caring on others.

He knew her special coffee order after one day, while Dan needed many more tries. Even if he added Vodka one time.

And sometimes, on rare occasions, she could see a side of him that she didn't understand. Chloe couldn't get how somebody so young could look so old - ancient, so alien to her. It was rare, only moments when she was able to see behind his mask. The moments she got to know the self-proclaimed Devil like no one else did.

Days like today.

Lucifer did all sorts of different things while he was driving. Strange little behaviours she noticed bit by bit.

Flipping his cigarettes easily with his hand. Changing the radio stations till he found the perfect song for his mood. He refused to install a modern sound system for an mp3 player because it would mutilate his beautiful Corvette.

She loved how his fingers worked melodies on the steering wheel or the door of his Corvette while he was driving. Sometimes they worked the song playing on the radio, sometimes the tunes inside his head. And on rare occasions he also hummed a melody and when he did, it was none that she had ever heard.

They always sounded beautiful. She asked him where he heard those songs. Some he wrote himself. No wonder, he loved music, he breathed tunes and music was the one thing that could calm him down, besides her.

Once she got one of his 'Lucifer' answers.

"That? Oh, it was one of the songs we all sung back in the Silver City. Of course my voice was the best."

She still couldn't solve the riddle that was Lucifer Morningstar.

And the most beautiful habit he had was when she was the one driving. He would always open the window - after complaining about her "snail like" driving skills - hold one hand out and close his eyes. She tried to catch this sight as often as possible while driving because it was something beautiful.

He was completely relaxed and without his mask. But he was not vulnerable like the other times in this state. He looked happy and sad... no, melancholic at the same time. His fingers played with the airstream.

It looks like his fingers were dancing. He moved them in a certain way, his hand moved up, then down. Was he really playing? Or were his fingers, no, his complete hand

carried by the wind like they were part of a wing? The wings he had once cut off, supposedly.

She wished she could watch him more. She wanted to keep that beautiful view of him in her mind.

But she was the one in charge, driving through the LA evening to a crime scene.

She tried to talk to him several times.

"Lucifer, what are you doing?" No answer from him, not even a look. Did he even hear her?

It was not the first time she had seen that behaviour, not the first time she asked and not the first time he didn't answer.

But today, she noticed a small smile on his face, barely visible except to her. Whatever he was thinking of, it seemed to be a happy thing.

And he should have that. Since he had met God Johnson, he always seemed stressed, sometimes even a bit paranoid.

To see him relax that much was rare these days. And just to give him a few minutes more of this pleasure, she took another longer route to their destination.

She was still anxious about him. His behaviour even scared her sometimes. Whatever it was that was haunting him and stressing him out, she would not abandon him. Never.

She already caught a glimpse of the broken man he really was. Calling himself the Devil and even evil, once.

She would not be responsible for breaking him even more. Her heart still ached at his hurt face when she accused him of that idiot priest's murder. Or when he tried to get himself shot.

No. Never again. He made mistakes, still made them but he tried so desperately to do the right thing.

And given the few facts she had about his abusive family, it was no surprise. He never learned basic human behaviour, was confused about his own feelings. And as long as he tried, she would forgive him nearly everything.

Another short look at him. His eyes were still closed, today he was humming again even if it was hardly audible. With his fingers still dancing in the wind and the way the city lights shone on his face, he really looked angelic.

It got quite cold in the car, the sun was going down already. But she didn't have the heart to close the window.

They were near the crime scene anyway.

She heard the heavy sigh he let escape after parking and closing the window.

As soon as he got out of the car, his relaxed features became stressed again. He lit a cigarette, inhaling deep and blowing the smoke out through his nostrils with a look in the dawn sky.

He stared down at his hand next, again with that pained, melancholic look on his face. Chloe stepped next to him, placing her hand on his right forearm with him still staring at his hand.

"Seriously Lucifer. I'm worried. Why are you doing this?"

He looked her in the eyes and smiled sadly, his own eyes a little wet.

"It feels like flying."