

Sinnerman

Von Alucard

Kapitel 3: Deal with the Devil

It had only been hours, but to the Devil it felt like years, maybe even eons. Would she come? She gave her word, but maybe she was too scared? Maybe she was already running?

At least he could occupy his mind with cleaning his wings as well as possible. His hot tub was the only thing big enough for that task. Now he sat there in the hot water, scrubbing furiously at the dried blood in his feathers that made him itchy. Maybe more furiously than needed.

He had found the Sinnerman so maybe he should now get back to cutting them off again? He would think about that, but not today. That process was painful, exhausting and he would pass out from the blood loss. He couldn't risk that, because he still believed in Chloe staying true to her word.

And she did. Lucifer didn't hear the soft "Ping" of the elevator.

Chloe stepped in the penthouse - no white sheets? Good. She had worried for a moment. But the living space was silent, was he not at home after all?

First, she took care of Trixie who was asleep again, after waking up in the car and talking about Lucifer and how awesome he was.

Chloe tucked her into bed in Lucifer's guest room. She smiled, because he had placed a stuffed dog on the bed for her.

Lucifer in a toy store buying that thing? Nope, she was sure he ordered it on Amazon. Since he got his phone, he was in a symbiotic relationship with that device. She could already imagine him whine because now he had to get a new one.

Chloe heard cursing in a language she never heard before and that didn't sound human at all. Okay, so he was at home. She grabbed two glasses and his favorite bottle of Whiskey. Yes, in his bar were at least a dozen different bottles of that stuff but she knew which one he preferred.

Lucifer still didn't notice her as she sat down on one of his sunloungers. The tumblers and the bottle set down on the table, she took a minute to enjoy the view.

His back was to her, strong muscles working the wings. He looked amazing, beautiful and like a big, giant bathing bird.

But she couldn't get rid of what was beneath this mask. The thought alone of that thing made her want to run and never look back.

Lucifer cursed again in that weird language, trying to get the blood off the feathers he couldn't reach by rubbing against the hot tub wall and using the jets.

Big, bad, Lord of hell. Satan himself cursing over dirty feathers, like they were the

most offending things ever.

"Need help?" Chloe's question startled the almighty being into slipping in his tub as he tried to turn around. Lucifer hit his head, followed by a "bloody hell!"

Not that it would hurt him anymore, it was more or less a reflex, but his face lit up like the sun when he saw her. "Detective!"

It hit her - he literally made the stars, the sun, yet how was it possible that she, a boring and plain old human, could make him look like that?

But the lightbringer smiled at her like she was the brightest thing in existence, his face was happy, but only for a moment before he frowned.

"What are you doing here?"

Now it was Chloe's turn to be confused.

"Maybe because you saved our lives?"

"Oh...of course. Do you wish for something else? Don't worry, I don't collect souls, and I won't damn you to hell. You are going to the most boring place in existence, together with your small, sticky human. How is she, by the way?" Lucifer couldn't even look at her and tried to look busy by furiously cleaning one of his big pinions.

He didn't notice how Chloe sat down next to him, only her feet dangling in the warm and pinkish water after she pulled up her trousers. It was a little disgusting to her, but she wanted to be near him.

"No, I don't mean it that way, Lucifer. I mean, you saved our lives and I wanted to know if you are hurt. If you are alright." Her hand reached out to his shoulder, but she wasn't sure if she was allowed to touch him. He flinched all the time since his kidnapping when she tried to touch him, like if he was in pain or if something was wrong with him.

"I will not lie, Lucifer, you scared the shit out of me earlier. You nearly killed him!"

"But, he deserv-"

"I'm not finished yet." Okay she dared to shush an archangel and she got away with it, with just a curious and pouty look from him. And his feathers puffed out in annoyance. With the wings totally soaked, it looked hilarious. But she had to concentrate.

"How many times did you tell me the Devil isn't evil, he..no, you only punish? You are not a murderer, Lucifer... How exactly did you find us?"

Maybe changing the subject would distract him a little.

Lucifer felt guilt - of course he was a murderer, she just didn't know about it. He was a monster, the biggest of them all. He sighed heavily.

"Well, Beatrice prayed to me."

Chloe threw him a confused look. Was that really the case? Was this possible at all? She thought it was just Trixie's imagination.

He smiled a little, or he was forcing himself to smile.

"I have my wings back, which means I can hear prayers again. I was quite confused, there are not many people praying to the Devil. Except a few satanists. And since the most of them don't really believe in me I can't hear them anyway. It means I could hear your spawn loud and clear. She was scared and told me as much as she could without talking to me, since I can't answer prayers directly. So Maze and I searched for you. And we found you, saved you, end of the story, really."

The Devil continued to scrub his feathers furiously, stupid blood and filth in general. Everything was itching. If he would not ask for help, she would not offer it.

Chloe knew how proud and stubborn he could be. So she just got rid of her trousers and her shirt and joined him in the tub, just in her underwear. Still cautious, she

grabbed the soap from his hands and touched the unfamiliar appendage.

It shivered and she could see the goosebumps over Lucifer's whole body. Yes his whole body, of course he wouldn't wear anything in his pool. But his exhibitionist side was nothing new to her, she could deal with it, for now and as long as Trixie was asleep.

Chloe was still amazed by the shivering and his ragged breathing.

"Does it hurt?"

Lucifer just shook his head.

He seemed to enjoyed it, since his own feather grooming stopped. Fine, she could do that. She never needed to deal with wings, let alone giant wings, but 'just use common sense' was her thought. And it worked. She grabbed one of the big pinions, applied soap and massaged carefully till the blood came out of the feather. She shot a glance towards Lucifer, he looked like a happy puddle of goo. Like he had melted. He even made some noises that sound like a mix of purring and chirping.

"So, no horns then?"

" 'm afraid not." He mumbled pleasantly.

"But what did I see, Lucifer? That...well..." How could she address this? But she didn't need to, because he did.

"That monster? That was me, what I really look like. I have no idea why my crispy side is back. But if you crashed through three planes of existence you get a little crunchy."

"You are not a monster, Lucifer-"

"Am I not?!" Suddenly he was furious, all the relaxation gone, his wings flared out, the pinions sharp like a blade nearly cutting into the walls of the tub, his eyes red and the burned skin showing again. "I killed my brother for you, I AM a monster, that monster that I look like, that needs to be punished, Detective!"

Chloe moved back as far as she could. She was scared of him. She may be immune to his charms but not to the primal fear that came over her at this sight. As soon as the anger came over him, it was gone again. His insides crumbled together. He never wanted to scare her.

Never her. His human features came back. He sighed and stood still, looking down.

"You are free to go now. Don't worry, you'll never see me again, if this is your wish."

He couldn't look at her, he didn't want to see her leave, the image of fear forever burned into his imagination.

But she didn't leave, although she was still trembling. Chloe needed to remember that this was Lucifer, her Lucifer. Lucifer that stole Dan's pudding, raided the vending machine in the precinct - while complaining about the horrible taste of those sandwiches - the Lucifer that sat next to her on boring stake outs - complaining again of course - and that broken man she sometimes could see.

And at the moment the being in front of her wasn't an Archangel - yes she had done her homework, thank you very much - or the Lord of hell. Not even her pain in the ass partner. It was a lost little boy who was afraid of rejection again and acting out.

A boy who learned it was better to push away and hurt everyone, instead being pushed away and hurt by others.

"No I don't wish for that, Lucifer." She took a step closer to him. Chloe could feel the heat his body radiated, she could see the tremors that he was trying to hide. Another step - he didn't move but flinched.

"Show me again." She was still scared, but she wanted to get rid of that fear. She wanted to show him that she would not run.

"What?" Didn't she know what she was asking for?

"Show me again, Lucifer, please." She cupped his face, her thumb stroked over his stubble and she tried to make him look at her. He did. His eyes were still hellish red. Like his wings, he didn't seem to have full control over them when he was emotional. But Chloe didn't look scared right now. She was looking at his eyes in awe, for they were beautiful in their own way.

But apart from that nothing happened. He was scared, she could see it in his eyes. And why wouldn't he be? If she was asked what she thought about the Devil, not her Lucifer, the first words would have been "Evil, torture, hell, eternal damnation." How must he feel with everyone hating him? She didn't know anything about the fall. But she was sure he didn't deserve that. She couldn't fear him. His sudden outburst? Yes that scared her, but not him. And the reaction to his other side? That was something she had no control over. But she would try now.

Should she be afraid? No. Lucifer had so many opportunities, but he always saved her. He still didn't talk. Maybe another approach would work to make him open up.

She grabbed his hand, took a few steps back till she was at the edge of the hot tub again, where she could sit down on the stone steps built into the pool. And she pulled him towards her. Lucifer didn't resist. She knew if he didn't want to move, he wouldn't. She could also try to push a skyscraper out of the way with her bare hands. But he didn't resist, just followed her, till she could pull him close enough for a hug. He stiffened under her touch, still trembling, his wings stressfully shaking and puffing. Chloe sighed. One hand caressed his neck. The other one slowly rose to the base of his wings, stroking the small feathers there.

He sobbed after just a few moments, trying to push back the tears and hold it together.

"Tell me about your brother."

She wouldn't rush him. He should take his time.

"Uriel is....was.. the youngest." He started after a few minutes. His voice sounded hoarse but it was easier for him when he didn't need to look at her.

"He came down to earth, trying my to collect my end of a deal I had with dear old Dad. When I didn't pay up, he threatened your life. I couldn't allow it. I had to save you. I tried to talk to him...we started to fight and suddenly...the dagger...his blood." His mother was not important to him right now, so he didn't mention her.

It was confusing for her to hear - he was exhausted, she could tell that. She had seen the dark circles under his eyes.

"You acted in self defense. You had no choice."

He started to tremble again. "There is always a choice, Detective...if I had searched hard enough, I would have found a solution. I know it."

"No, no, no Lucifer. Don't go there. Listen to me. I'm a cop. I killed. Yes, it's part of my job, I killed. Am I a murderer?"

He didn't say anything, just shook his head.

"See? Because if I had to kill someone, it is because I had no other chance. To save a hostage, to save myself, my partner. To save other people. Sometimes there is no choice. You are not a murderer. You are not a monster. You are Lucifer Morningstar, the man that breaks into my home, making me breakfast. The man who I lo...like very much, the one who lit the stars."

She could feel his light chuckle

"Yes, I did my homework on you, Lightbringer." She still stroked his wings and his neck

and she could feel him relax against her.

Chloe didn't care that he was totally naked. Not in this moment, for it wasn't sexual in any way, yet intimate on an emotional level.

"Show me." Another attempt to show him that she wouldn't leave.

And he did, he looked up, freeing himself from her embrace, and changed. The handsome human face fell, and there it was. The burned creature that made crime bosses, serial killers and drug lords wet themselves just by being there.

Chloe smiled. She cupped his face again, stroke the delicate paperlike skin that felt so much warmer than his human appearance. The fear was slowly leaving her. Her fingers trembled a little, her instincts alarmed, but it got better. She relaxed, as did he.

"Does it hurt?"

He nodded.

"Even when I touch you?" She pulled her hand back, Chloe didn't want to cause more pain.

"No, no...more like an ache over the whole body. Chronic pain, if you will...why?" He didn't need to ask the full question. Chloes hands were on him again.

"Why do I touch you?"

He nodded again.

"Because I want to show you that you are still you. Nothing's changed. I don't care for looks, Lucifer. You still have a lot to explain to me, I don't get everything, but not tonight. Tonight you are important. And tomorrow morning? I want you to make chocolate chip pancakes for Trixie and one of your famous coffees for me. Deal?"

He tilted his head, still in his true form.

"What do I get from this?"

His question was answered when Chloe pulled him down slowly, his lips so close to hers. She could feel his hitched breath. The Devil was nervous. That was something to remember.

And like back on the beach when she kissed him. The first one was nearly shy, testing out, but the second one was full of passion. She caressed his skull where his hair once was. She didn't care.

They could do this, they could work this out. She was sure of it.

And mercy for those who dared to lay a hand on her and her daughter. The thought made her smile.