

# You are my sunshine

Von Alucard

## Kapitel 1: Naughty steps

Lucifer hated Christmas. Every year the same, stupid thing, for 2,000 years now. Why did people feel the need to celebrate his stupid half-brother's birthday? It wasn't even the right date.

No, he wasn't jealous, of course not. The Devil didn't get jealous. Even the notion! Lucifer emptied his drink. Every Christmas he felt the same. Nearly everyone got ready to celebrate with their friends and families, happy decorations, lights, delicious food everywhere and people buying presents for their loved ones.

Not him though, he had neither. Well, he had the Detective, but why would she want him ruining her stupid festivities, anyway?

Lucifer preferred being alone in his penthouse. LUX also closed during the holidays. Not even all the lonely people would want to come here, so he was on his own.

With a sigh, he flicked what was left from his cigarette over the rail and put his wings away. Lucifer enjoyed the cool evening breeze on his feathers from time to time, but he had enough of that today.

Oh, how he longed for his Detective - sure, they had argued once more today about the stunt he had pulled with the Sinnerman. She wouldn't hear him out. Chloe had been so angry with him that she wouldn't even take him back to the station in her car, he had to get an Uber.

And later the revelations with Pierce? Cain? Whoever, Lucifer didn't care. Not when she wouldn't even read his texts. He tried to call her one more time. And again she ignored him.

Lucifer tried to ease his mind with a few songs on his beloved piano, but as soon as he sat down, he was flooded with memories of how they both had spent hours next to each other, talking, laughing and just enjoying each other's company.

So that wasn't an option, either.

The Devil paced in his penthouse; not even his favorite Scotch could calm him down. Maybe he could see her? Just a short glimpse through the window?

Normally he would have refused to use his stupid feathered appendages, but Chloe knew the sound of his car, so he didn't have another choice right now. Since his wings were back he had only used them one time, so he was pretty nervous when he dived right over the rail of his balcony.

For a few moments he fell and a long forgotten panic rose inside of him...memories he tried to forget so desperately were fogging his mind, but after a few seconds his muscles remembered what to do. The wings flared out, caught an air stream and stopped his fall.

Lucifer would never admit it, but he missed that feeling so much. The wind in his hair

and in his feathers, to feel how the airstreams changed, the thrill when he missed a building by just inches.

6 long years he had been grounded and he still knew how to fly by heart. It just took a few minutes to arrive at Chloe's place. He knew Maze was on a bounty hunting mission, so he wouldn't get spotted by her.

The apartment door was decorated with ridiculous looking reindeer and chains of lights were placed in the windows which created a warm and cozy shine. Chloe was baking, he could see her moving in her kitchen from his position through the windows. Lucifer hoped she could bake better than she cooked.

And now? He just stood there, eager to knock, but he couldn't.

"I had your back on this, Lucifer, and for whatever reason, you still felt the need to go behind mine."

He just felt so betrayed by those words, like back when the stupid preacher had been shot in his bar. Or when she had thought he was the one who had tipped off Charlotte in court.

Lucifer just leaned against the wall, lit up a cigarette, closed his eyes and listened. At least he could pretend to be inside with them.

"Mommy, can we give Lucifer some of the cookies too? I'm pretty sure he will like them. Maybe when he is visiting us the next time?"

Chloe loved her little girl, especially when she smiled brightly like this. Trixie really loved Lucifer. He was like that weird, but fun, uncle to her.

"I don't know, monkey. Lucifer is very busy at the moment. You know everyone is busy around Christmas." She took another baking tray out of the oven so Trixie could decorate the cookies.

"I'm pretty sure he has to prepare his home for a big party with his friends and family." Chloe was convinced Lucifer was already looking for some slutty Santa and elf outfits for his Britneys.

She was still angry with him what had he done with the Sinnerman. What was happening with her partner?

He had reverted so much since his kidnapping, behaving like the man she had met some time ago at his piano at LUX.

Lucifer was also getting deeper and deeper into his delusions. She couldn't deal with him like this anymore. Sometimes she wondered why Linda couldn't help him, but the detective would not tolerate his bullshit any longer.

At the same time, she felt sorry for him. What had happened that he couldn't let go of his Luciferness? Who was the man behind the mask?

Trixie huffed while she decorated the little Christmas cookie trees with sprinkles. She missed the tall man dearly, but was sure he would come to visit. He did that so often it had become normal for her.

Lucifer got lost in his thoughts a while ago. He was smoking another cigarette, still listening to the sounds inside. He could hear Chloe cleaning the dishes, sending Trixie to bed and calling Dan to invite him to Christmas dinner. Well, the Douche was better than Pierce, but why did he care anyway?

The fallen angel sank to the ground, leaning against the wall. Just a few more minutes. He could imagine himself sitting on the couch, playing on his phone till Chloe

would join him and they would watch one of those ridiculous romantic comedy movies she liked so much. In the end she really did watch a movie. Lucifer knew he should have left, but he didn't want to. He told himself that just a few more minutes wouldn't harm anyone. Or would it?

"LUCIFER!"

He startled awake, blinking at the human in front of him. His brain was still rebooting, but why was Beatrice here? Shouldn't she be in bed? He blinked again; it was daylight. He had fallen asleep in front of Chloe's apartment. The same Chloe who had been on her way out to bring Trixie to school, but was now standing in front of him, puzzled and angry.

"Lucifer, what the hell are you doing... Did you sleep here?" Why should he? She looked at the club owner and even Trixie eyed him skeptically. His hair was a curly mess, his suit was wrinkled, and he had the texture of the floor imprinted on his face. "You know what? I don't have time for this - it's my day off, I need to bring Trixie to school...come on monkey."

The latter hugged Lucifer who was still not fully awake.

"Don't worry, you don't have to stay on the naughty step forever." She grinned at the Devil before running after her mother.