

Home

Von Alucard

Kapitel 1: Home

-Home-

That was dominant in his thoughts. Just *home*. After waking up in the middle of nowhere, burned, exhausted and with those stupid, useless, feathered appendages on his back, he had no idea why they were back or who knocked him out. But that wasn't important right now. He wanted to go home. The long forgotten and atrophied muscles screamed when he tried to move the wings more than just to open them or lay them against his back, and even that was painful.

-Home-

He was thirsty, it was unbearably hot. Even for him as the former Lord of Hell. His head hurt, his feet burned with every second on the hot sand. His skin was peeling at several places. How long had he been there? It didn't matter to him.

-Home-

Was everything that was now important to him. But which direction? He had no idea, so he had to wait.

Wait until the sun went down and his creations were visible. He missed them so much; they weren't visible in LA, but out here? They were beautiful. He smiled a little; he wanted to show them to the Detective. They were nearly as beautiful as her. He took a look at his stars and knew which direction to go. His mind shut down, the exhaustion finally getting to him.

-Home-

Just one foot ahead of the other. Again and again, like a zombie. Just with this one thought in his mind.

He had lost all sense of time. It didn't matter to him. Again.

-Home-

Was everything. How long had he been awake? How long had he walked? It certainly had been days. There had been sandstorms and he crouched down and shielded himself with his wings. It worked more or less but now he had grains of sand between his feathers. Itching with every move. And at night he was cold. Really cold and he used his wings to cover himself as much as possible. His feet were burned and raw but he couldn't rest, didn't want to. Step by step he approached LA. When he saw the familiar lights in the distance he tapped into his reserve energy. He wanted to go

home. He reached the suburbs and stole a bed sheet from a washing line to cover his back.

He didn't have any energy left to shift his wings to another plane of existence. And he wasn't even sure if he still knew how it was done. He didn't need to do that in Hell. There were a lot of homeless people in LA. He didn't attract any attention. He looks like one of them. Nobody would confuse him with the good looking, charismatic club owner at the moment.

It was early in the morning, the sun had just risen when he arrived home. Finally. The well known parking lot, the familiar stairs and door. He was home. He opened the door without problems despite the fact that it was locked. His bed sheet fell to the floor the moment he entered his home. Exhaustion finally took its toll. His wings swept over a bookshelf, throwing the things on it to the floor, shattering a lamp. He didn't care. All he wanted to do now was sleep. He hauled himself up to the couch with everything he had left. Fell asleep before his head hit the pillows. Inhaled the familiar scent. He was home and that was all that mattered.

At first Chloe was furious. Had he run away again? Would he come back with another wife? Another excuse? But after they found his beloved car at the hospital parking lot, after Linda told them how he was serious about going to her and after the surveillance tape where she could see how he was knocked out, she was just worried. There was absolutely no trace of him. The whole squad was searching for him, even Dan. The weeks went by, but she didn't lose hope. She couldn't do that. Because if she did that, she would be admitting that she would never see him again. Yes, her cop instincts told her that he was probably dead, but her heart didn't want to believe that. He had to be alive and she had to find him.

Another exhausting day at the precinct. Dan had Trixie for the day. The little one was devastated as well, crying for him in her sleep. Chloe had to stay strong for her little monkey. Just a shower, maybe a short nap and after that she would search for him again. Maybe his family was behind all of this? The shady family she believed was the Mafia or something like that, not his actual family. Maybe they didn't like that he quit? Her thoughts were interrupted by the trail of sand at her doorstep.

Where did that come from? Her door wasn't locked. Immediately she drew her gun but stayed silent as she entered her home. She stumbled over a bed sheet. That hadn't been there earlier, either. And it wasn't hers. More sand, lots of sand. A broken lamp, thrown down photos. Burglars maybe? Were they still there?

She heard something rustling. A step further into her apartment and then she saw them. Big, feathered, white. Wings. Big giant wings. She dropped her weapon. She didn't need to look at the person between them. They rustled again, one wing covering her coffee table, having thrown the vase to the floor, and the other one draped a little uncomfortably over the back of the couch.

She gulped. "Lucifer..." It was just a whisper; he didn't move - was he still asleep or unconscious? Impossible to say. She just stared. He shifted a little, moaning as if he was in pain and one moment later the figure of nightmares lay on her couch. Skinless, burned, all tendons and muscles. She wanted to scream but no sound came

out of her throat.

She staggered back a few steps before she went down on her knees. Wanted to scream again but pressed her hands to her mouth to prevent any sound.

That thing was still asleep. She had to go, had to flee with Trixie and Dan as far and fast as possible. He really *was* the Devil, the fallen angel.

A monster. He shifted back to his human appearance. Still asleep. She got back on her feet. Wanted to pack some important things while he or it was sleeping. She panicked; all of her instincts screamed at her to run for her life. But just when she started to pass him he shifted again. Was he clutching a pillow to his chest? She was curious; yes he was. And he whined her name in his sleep. Not Detective, not Love or Darling. Her actual name. And when she heard that she stopped and looked at him. What the hell had happened to him? She gulped again and considered punching herself in the face of her panic. Could he be evil? A monster?

He was a pain in the ass, he was arrogant, he was addicted to sex, drugs and alcohol, but he was also a kind soul who searched for more, who couldn't understand how anybody could love him. He flinched at every intimacy without sex. No, Lucifer was not a monster, he was a broken soul. He had cried when she invited him to her Christmas dinner, despite hating Christmas.

“Detective why in Dad’s name should I celebrate my half brother’s birthday?”

He couldn't believe it when somebody wanted to spend time with him. How he had looked at her present for him with awe, like it was the first time ever somebody gifted him something.

And now as she saw the truth in front of her, it probably was.

He looked terrible. She didn't want to touch the wings without his consent, but she kneeled beside him and stroked through his hair with more sand coming out. It was all curly, something she liked even though he hated it.

Lucifer stiffened under her touch and it broke her heart. Affection, he didn't know affection even in his sleep. But at the same time he needed it, longed for it even if he would never admit it. And even if his body was stiff, his wings relaxed and fluffed a little which made her smile.

Where had he been? Where did all that sand come from? And his burned skin. He was a celestial being - was it even possible to hurt him? On the other hand she had shot him, Malcolm too. So yeah, it seemed he wasn't invincible.

She looked at his back. The scars were gone. All that remained with a small scarred lines where the wings emerged from his back. The small feathers between his shoulder blades looked somehow cute. Was his back always that muscular? Probably she just hadn't looked closely.

She had been too busy to get him back into his clothes every time he randomly stripped in public.

She stood up to get some water for him when he woke up. He looked famished, clearly had lost some weight, and he surely was thirsty.

Lucifer didn't even stir when she moved away, but when she placed the glass at the little coffee table, he jerked awake. His eyes black with the fires of hell, disoriented. He didn't seem to recognize Chloe at first or where he was. When his wings flapped

once the wing blades cut through the little table and the fabric of the couch without any problems.

Chloe let out a surprised scream. He fell off the couch.