

Sinnerman

Von Alucard

Kapitel 2: Guardian Devil

"Look who we have here..." Lucifer's eyes burned bright. His presence alone made Chloe's hair stand up and she wanted to run with her daughter. Just that familiar voice - kind of familiar, it sounded otherworldly - calmed her down a little.

Lucifer entered the room, his wings kind of relaxed against his back, but those things were big enough to be impressive even then. The long pinions dragging over the floor, normally pristine white feathers stained with blood, his clothes shot to shreds, yet the rest of him surprisingly clean.

The man stumbled backwards.

"First you tried to kill me." Lucifer took a step forward.

"Then you tried to ruin me." Another step.

"You threatened the only humans in my life that I care for." His voice was not loud, but it vibrated in every cell of the human's body. In all of the humans.

The Sinnerman fired, emptying his clip into Lucifer, who didn't even flinch. He spread his wings out, cutting the rope on Chloe's wrists so she could free herself and the spawn and run for their lives.

"And now you kidnapped the Detective and the spawn? Oh, you have no idea what I'm going to do to you, my friend."

Then his glamour melted away, revealing the burned figure beneath for the first time since his Devilnapping.

"You have no idea who you messed with, do you?"

The crime boss stumbled backwards. The Devil and he were totally oblivious to Chloe who freed her daughter, told her to hide behind a desk she guided her to, and left her blindfold on. The Detective was fighting against a freak out moment.

Trixie didn't need to see that.

Lucifer sauntered towards the Sinnerman, who was now throwing the weapon at him.

"What? You pissed off the Devil! You stole my jam! And now you are scared? Next time you should check first. I'm the monster that scares off other monsters just by existing. But there will be no next time. I know where you are going and you should be happy that I'm not there to punish you myself!"

The last threat was snarled. He held the man into the air with one hand like he weighed nothing to him. He was ready to kill him, to torture him in any possible way before allowing him to die.

The human clawed in primal fear at the Devil's forearm, trying to escape. Without success.

Lucifer stretched one of his wings forward, the feather blade pressing on the man's chest, drawing blood at the first contact.

"LUCIFER! STOP!"

And he did. Just her voice was enough to stop probably the most powerful being in existence, second only to his parents. She wanted to run, she wanted to scream and never look back. But she couldn't, not now.

He stood there, breathing heavily with rage, trembling, the insane Sinnerman still in the air. Chloe appeared in front of him. His eyes, fixed on the miscreant in front of him till now, looked at her.

"You are not a monster, Lucifer. I know you are angry, I know you want to punish him, but this is not who you are." She put her hand on his cheek, gently stroking the scarred and burned flesh. "Please, put him down."

"But..." Lucifer was fighting against himself and his desire to rip that piece of shit apart.

"I know, please, we want to go home. I don't want you in trouble. I want you by my side. Lucifer, please. And you don't want to scare Trixie, do you?"

In trouble? Him? He just disarmed, wounded and dismembered at least 20 humans but they wouldn't know what to say, because who would believe them about an angel attacking them?

Still, her words and her gentle touch, the pleading in her eyes were enough. Lucifer sighed, his human appearance returning.

"Very well..." He opened his hand. The terrorized human fled from him as far as possible, pressing against the wall and wetting himself.

Chloe could see his dark brown eyes again, only the bloody wings reminding her of his inhuman nature.

But she could see anxiety in his eyes. Was he afraid? Of what? Of course, he was the Devil - the adrenaline was the reason she could think straight at the moment.

She had seen the best in him and now got a glimpse of the worst. Would she run? Should she? What about Trixie? Could she accept the Devil in her life and in the life of her daughter?

The silence between them was getting uncomfortable and she could see the fear in Lucifer rising, his short, fast breaths. She knew the signs of an approaching panic attack.

"Hey, hey, hey, look at me Lucifer, everything is fine, okay?" How could she be afraid of him? Maybe she should be, but he just saved Trixie and her.

"Don't worry, come let's get outside and call for backup, yes? Do you trust me, Lucifer?"

He nodded. "Of course, without a doubt."

"Then trust me when I say I won't run. I know you won't hurt us, so please don't run away this time, okay? Promise me."

He let out the breath he was holding and nodded again.

"I promise, Chloe."

"Trixie? Babe? Come here." The scared girl left her hideout, and was about to pull off the blindfold.

"Detective, trust me, when I say that the spawn shouldn't see the things out there. Definitely NC-17 rated... Don't look at me like that. I don't kill...huma" "I knew you would come Lucifer. Did you hear me?"

"Yes spawn, I did hear you. You saved yourself and your mother."

"Are you our guardian angel?"

"More like a guardian Devil, wouldn't you say?" He looked at Chloe.

"Yeah, now come on." She glanced back at the gibbering, drooling mess that once was

a crime boss.

"Don't worry Detective, he won't go anywhere. Because if he moves a muscle before a police officer is here to arrest him, I'll know it. And I will be there."

Lucifer's grin made Chloe's hair on her arm stand up again, before the Devil turned and left the office, followed by the Detective.

On their way out she got a good look at Lucifer's work.

She had to suppress the retching especially at the door, where there were several men, all unconscious, all wounded.

And the heavy steel door. She could see where Lucifer must have hit it because of the fist sized dent in it.

It was Lucifer, and he did what he had to do to rescue her. And now? She threw a look at the Devil himself standing there. His fingers playing with a cigarette that was not lit up, because she told him once not to smoke near her daughter whom he still held with one arm.

It wasn't good for her health. And he listened. The actual Devil listened, he respected her, he made her laugh.

He held up a phone for her; it belonged to one of the criminals, since his own didn't survive the bullets. How could she explain everything that that happened in there? Lucifer standing here? His suit was surprisingly clean, not perfectly but not with big blood splatters. But it was shredded with bullet holes.

"Lucifer, you don't lie." He looked confused at her, tilting his head in the fashion she found so adorably cute.

"If I call back up now, how would you explain all of this?" She looked up and down at him

"Well, I would tell the truth, of course."

"Which either gets you most likely in trouble or in an asylum. Maybe it's best if you leave?"

She could see the pain in his eyes, his shoulders dropped.

"I guess...that's it?" His voice was quiet, she barely heard him.

"What?" She had to think a moment. "Our partnership? NO! Don't be ridiculous, Lucifer."

He handed Beatrice over to her, the little one sounded asleep from all the adrenaline leaving her body and the exhaustion of the last days.

Chloe took her and put her hand on Lucifer's.

"I promise Lucifer, no...I swear that I will come over to LUX after everything is wrapped up here, okay? But there is one condition."

Lucifer raised an eyebrow.

"I'll bring Trixie with me, so maybe...prepare your guest room?"

He nodded and smiled hopefully.

"I will." With a roll of his shoulders the wings appeared again. He pulled out the keys of his Corvette from his pocket. "You need a ride and I won't sit in my car with filth and blood all over me. I would never get this out of the leather. See you later then...I have some serious wing grooming to attend. Bloody blood. It's a pain to get it out of feathers."

And with a few strong flaps of those wings he was up in the air and heading to LUX. An Angel, the Devil, her friend and partner, maybe more?

No, all of those things. Yes, maybe he was some kind of monster. Even though she didn't want to think about him like that, at least he was her monster.

Lucifer didn't kill any of these people. He could have, but he didn't. Even the

Sinnerman was alive. He wanted to kill him, to send him to hell but he just left - wasn't that a good thing? Good for her that she didn't see the smirk on his face. He might not kill humans, but Mazikeen was not bound by Dad's rules or the Devil's morals. And he knew his demon wouldn't be that merciful to the kidnappers for hurting her friends.