

Free the Devil from pain

Von Alucard

"We found him!" Dan shouted across the forgotten warehouse.

Never before were those words so relieving and frightening at the same time. The place was in a bedraggled state. Big holes in the roof, rats, graffiti everywhere and much worse things that they couldn't see in the dark. The trio - consisting of Dan, Ella and Chloe - only found this location because one of their informants was out for a deal and revealed this secret place to them.

Chloe immediately ran in Dan's direction. She had to see Lucifer.

"Please be alive, please be alive, please be alive." Like a prayer she repeated the words over and over in her head.

Lucifer Morningstar, self proclaimed Devil killed by some low life criminals? No, she was sure that wasn't a possibility. As she ran around the corner, she hoped to hear his happy, British voice, asking where she was, but none of that came.

Instead she heard gasps, Dan's voice standing out, especially his "Holy shit!" Oh no, something had happened.

"Dan! Ella! Where is he?" Chloe wanted to finally see him again. After all that happened between them, they had decided to give it a try and it wouldn't be easy, the Detective knew that much. Lucifer was absolutely clueless when it came to feelings and relationships, but he was willing to try. And he tried so hard, till he had just vanished. First she thought he had run again, however he promised to never do that again. And Lucifer was a man of his word.

"No! Chlo, don't look." Dan tried to stop her, but it was already too late.

She saw the pool of blood on the floor. The flashlights of the trio were the only things to illuminate the dark, giving that sight an extra creepy feeling.

She raised her eyes and her hands, which she pressed over her mouth - without noticing it - were keeping her from screaming in horror.

Lucifer was literally nailed to the Wall like Jesus - his half brother - as he had told her more than once. Big, rusty railway spikes were nailed through his feet and his forearms. The wounds looked like they were still oozing blood but they were also partly scabbed over. His whole body was covered in cuts, bruises, wounds that looked like they were done by a bull whip, his face so swollen she couldn't recognize him. In fact she only did because of his size, his build and his characteristic black onyx ring, still on his finger. Even his normally pale skin was so dirty it was Hardly visible underneath.

Whoever did this had a sick sense of humor. Behind him were two giant, formerly white wings, now covered in crusty blood and filth. They were also nailed to the wall

with the same spikes that held Lucifer in place and one of the wings had an awkward angle. Somehow they were glowing from inside, just weakly, but they did. How was that possible? Why did the bastards who did this to him spend that much money on fake wings? Just to make their victim more angelic like his name suggested?

A lot of feathers were missing or broken, but those things still looked so realistic. Who did this? And why?

Her brain tried to tell her that he wasn't alive anymore. Lucifer certainly looked dead.

Dan wanted Chloe to leave - she shouldn't see that horror. But she was ripped out of her shocked state when she heard a pained moan. Barely audible, but she would recognize that voice anywhere.

All three heads turned to the body and while Chloe was fight back her tears, Dan and Ella tried to free him from the wall as fast as possible.

Carefully the young forensic expert began to remove the big nails. She started with the ones in his feet, while Dan supported Lucifer's weight. Each time Ella pulled even the slightest bit on a spike, he moaned again in pain and tried to yank away, which caused the wounds to bleed more.

And did Chloe just imagine that the wings twitched a little? No...no, of course not. She stood beside Lucifer to help Dan and held his upper body as best as she could.

"Lucifer, hey I'm here. Can you hear me? Please, stay awake." She wouldn't allow him to die, he still owed her dinner.

"Hurts..." was the only thing he managed to say as his eyes opened a little, just for a second, before shutting again.

"Okay, let's get him down, shall we?" This time it was Ella who removed the last nail in his forearm, while Dan and Chloe held him so that he wouldn't face plant right away.

"Fine, you can lay him down now." She held the nail triumphantly in the air, while the other two moved him. Or rather, they tried. As soon as they moved him away from the wall, he cried out in pain, louder than it should have been possible in his condition.

Dan nearly dropped him out of surprise.

Ella tried to get a look at his back, but he was too close and she couldn't see very well with the little light she had.

"Looks like those sick bastards sewed the prosthetics onto his back."

Sick indeed. Chloe wanted to vomit at that thought, the bile already rising in her throat.

"Give me a few more minutes, I'll free the wings too. I can't cut them loose in this position."

And with that the young forensic expert was back at work.

His wings were too weak to do anything and they just slumped down as soon as the last nail was pulled. The other two Detectives had trouble holding him, damn it, those things were heavy and he was dead weight. Even Dan struggled and he really worked out.

Now they could finally move Lucifer, who moaned again, to the ground onto an improvised blanket made out of their jackets.

Yeah, maybe the paramedics should do that, but three of them couldn't wait till they arrived. Even if they called them right now, LA traffic was horrible at this time and they would have to wait at least 30 minutes.

"Let's free him from those things." Ella put on a fresh pair of gloves, got her tools, knelt beside him and brushed those dirty feathers out of the way.

She blinked one time, two times, and again. She brushed more feathers aside and blinked once more, the scalpel she held in her hand falling to the floor.

"Oh...my..."

"Ella? What's wrong?" Chloe's voice was distressed. She was afraid for her partner, the man she loved. But she didn't see the reason for Ella's reaction in the dim light.

"There are no seams..." She gulped hard and out of reflex she clutched the cross around her neck.

"What does that mean?" Dan was a great guy, but never really brilliant. Or was it just all the stress he had to go through in the last few hours?

To answer his question, Lucifer moaned again, giving his wings a weak flap that knocked Chloe and Dan backwards with one wing, while the other one just lay limp on the floor, twitching and bleeding.

Lucifer was barely conscious, not noticing his surroundings. He was just so tired. Why wasn't he allowed to sleep? Stupid, feathered prick Michael, it was all his fault.

Chloe yelped in surprise, while Dan got back on his feet but looked helplessly at the body before him. Lucifer opened his eyes again, just a small slit, and just for a moment, but Chloe could see the hellfires in them. It was all true... every single time he told her... every time he wanted to show her.

And every time he had been too afraid to -really- show her. And now? He was the freaking Devil, who could hurt him that way? And was that really her only thought right now? Not the big ass wings? The hellish eyes? The fact, that he was ...THE DEVIL?

"Looks like his wing is broken and dislocated." Ella was the one who brought her back to the scene.

Her medical training had kicked in.

"Oh shit...his wing is broken and dislocated!" Ella trembled as her hands felt the limb under the feathers.

"Dan! Don't stand there like that. We need to get him out of here!" Ella didn't need to say more. There was no way they could call back up or paramedics.

Detective Douche stumbled backwards, nodding weakly. He would think of a way to transport Lucifer, while Ella looked at Chloe.

"Hey, we need to help him." She spoke softly and touched the Detective's arm, for Chloe had zoned out again.

"I...I can't!" She jumped to her feet. No, she couldn't do this. He was the Devil, he shouldn't exist, especially not as a normally handsome guy with a British accent. No...NO! This wasn't real.

"Ch...Chloe..." His voice was so hoarse it brought tears to her eyes. And even as weak as he was, he tried to reach for her. Lucifer raised his hand a mere inch above the ground. He wanted to touch her - he didn't notice much of his surroundings, but he noticed the second Chloe left his side. And now she was standing there, just half a meter out of his reach. And that was enough to make him cry. He tried to drag himself to her, without success, the effort alone exhausting to him.

"Don't...go..."

The despair in his voice, the hurt, the loneliness. All of it shattered her heart. She knelt again next to him, took his dirty hand and kissed it. His normally pristine and manicured fingernails were a mess, his hair full of crusted blood and things she didn't even want to know. Her poor and vain angel needed her right now.

"I won't... promise." Chloe put his hand on her face. Lucifer loved to touch her cheek and hopefully this would make him feel better.

Ella cleared her throat.

"We still have work to do, Chloe. I need to set his wing and that will hurt."

The latter nodded. "Okay, how can I help?" She let go of Lucifer who freaked out over that and flapped his wings again, hurting himself even more with that action.

The fallen angel was in a really bad state. So Chloe pulled out her leather jacket from underneath him and put it against his chest - maybe her smell and the feel of something familiar would help him to calm down.

"Okay. I guess it's like setting an arm or so...just much bigger and heavier." Ella nodded to herself. She needed help to manhandle the fluffy mess.

None of them could have ever imagined the sound a hurt angel could make and they would never forget it. But with a nasty "plop," the joint of his wing was back in place. It started trembling violently together with the other one.

"Now, he also broke the bone. We need to improvise till we can get him out of here." Ella needed to prevent the bone from punching through the skin.

Oh, MacGyver would have been proud of her, building a splint out of the big nails and some bandages from her toolbox. Not pretty, not very hygienic, but it would do for now.

But they still had to get him out of here. His other wounds needed to wait till he was away from...well, everyone else.

"I don't think you can hide those, can you, Lucifer?" Chloe stroked his cheek as she asked him, but he only shook his head very slowly.

"Hey, don't fall asleep. Please, you need to stay awake."

It appears you make me vulnerable too.

Where was that thought coming from?

Oh shit, if this was true she had to get out of here.

"Please, I must go, you feel better..."

Again he only shook his head and clutched at her with all his strength that was left and that was not very much. Lucifer Morningstar, fallen angel, weak as a child.

It broke her heart, but she would stay if he wished.

Luckily Dan was back with the car they came in.

"We need to get him in the back and get out of here."

And it was a fight. Lucifer was dead weight and couldn't help at all. He was only lean muscle and had been heavy before, but with those feathered appendages all three of them needed all of their strength to get him off the ground and to the car. It was a difficult task; Ella folded the wings carefully against the groaning Devil's back, while the two others tried not to buckle under his weight and get him into the car.

They did it, sweating like they just had a 3 hour workout, but as soon as Lucifer lost contact with his beloved Detective he started moving again, his wings tried to flap, which was death for Dan's rear window and his seats, because the wingblades cut into the fabric and knocked against the window.

"Hey Lucifer, I'm here, I won't go, I promised, remember?"

She crammed in the backseat with him, his head in her lap while she stroked his dirty hair.

"Chlo? Where to go?" Dan turned to them, while Ella packed up their stuff and got into the passenger seat.

Good question, where to go with the Devil when he needed medical attention?

"Maze...call Maze." And Ella did. The Demon was furious, of course, she had also searched for Lucifer like crazy over the last week. Maze directed them to Linda, and that she "knew".

Okay, another call Ella made while Dan was driving with police lights, the pros of being a Detective.

Ella didn't waste any time - it was evening and after hours, but this was an emergency. "Linda? We need medical help. It's urgent-"

"How often do I have to tell people that I'm not that kind of Doctor?" Linda sighed. She was always in a bad mood when her phone rang after hours, especially when it was not one of her patients in an existential crisis.

"Maze said to call you, it's Lucifer..." Ella could hear a hitched breath on the other side.

"Well, he is in a bad condition, and Maze said you knew."

Linda nodded, which Ella couldn't see of course, just as she remembered that this was a phone call. "Yeah...so you too?"

"Hmmm...Chloe, Dan and me, we found him. And the wings on his back were a pretty obvious thing."

"Good, let's meet at his Penthouse, I'll pack some things and come over. Lucifer is tough, he will be fine in no time, you'll see. And if any of you need some...well, celestial talk, I'm up for it later. Have to go."

Ella let out a relieved sigh.

"We'll meet at LUX."

Dan nodded and maybe, just maybe God....fuck...his Dad...he had to wrap his head around that, had something to do with the fact that they weren't stuck in traffic.

Chloe was terribly silent, but a look in the mirror showed her lost in her thoughts but caressing the actual Devil, who looked tiredly at her. Lucifer really had to fight to stay awake but it seemed that Chloe's small smile was all he needed to fight exhaustion.

And as soon as Dan entered the underground garage where they saw Maze and Linda already waiting, everyone in the car knew that their devilish friend would soon be as good as new.