

# You are my sunshine

Von Alucard

## Kapitel 2: The dangers of Sneezing

When Chloe came back from the school, she had just wanted to make a quick stop at home to grab her shopping list. She needed this day to buy presents for everyone. Lucifer wasn't in front of her apartment anymore. Good. What had he been doing there anyway? That had been weird even for him, and hopefully he had gone home again.

No...of course not, the Devil sat on her couch, munching on her cookies.

"You definitely bake way better than you cook, Detective."

She eyed him. His hair was tamed a little, she was sure he used her products; his suit jacket and shirt were ironed, of course with her iron that was still standing out to cool down. He looked nearly as perfect as ever, well his stubble was a little longer, but still very attractive.

But something was wrong, she couldn't place it exactly, but he just was so different. The anger mostly left her and was replaced with worry for her partner at this moment.

Chloe snatched another cookie he was going to shove into his mouth from his hand.

"Those are not for you - stop eating my cookies, Lucifer. Why are you here?"

The Devil sighed and suddenly his cufflinks were very interesting; he didn't know what he should say.

"The more important question is, Detective, what are you going to do today? And what is that abomination doing on your tree? Not that I would understand why humans need to get tree corpses every year, decorate them and watch them rot. But what is that thing?"

The fallen one looked at that thing with disgust written on his face. An angel, how cliché. And of course it had to be his brother Michael. He guessed it from the sword that thing was holding in his hands and the golden wings.

Chloe rolled her eyes, something she did so often since she had met him. It was such a typical Lucifer thing to do - change the subject, avoid answers. His disgusted face was totally worth it. Was he always like this on Christmas?

"This is a tree topper, Lucifer. My mother gifted it to me a few years ago and if I didn't put it up she would be offended. And to answer your other question, I'm going to the mall to buy presents."

Lucifer tilted his head in that adorable way he did when he tried to understand something. In moments like these she could imagine how he had grown up with a dozen siblings, totally isolated by a religious cult. Like he really didn't understand humans at all.

And before she could think about it, the question was already out of her mouth.

"Do you want to join me?"

Lucifer looked even more confused.

"To the mall? Why in my name would I go there? Running spawns, pushing, rude people, ugly smells and those creepy fat men in red suits and fake beards." He looked disgusted and Chloe felt a little disappointed. Just a little, for she was still angry at him.

"BUT!" he continued. "As your partner I need to protect you from all those horrors. So I will come with you."

If Chloe was honest, she was a little relieved. The mall two weeks before Christmas on a Friday? It was hell. Through pure luck they found a parking space, well maybe it had something to do with Lucifer's death glare - and flashing red eyes she couldn't see - at that old lady who tried to steal their spot.

Inside the shopping center, Lucifer nearly clung to her. "Why are the spawns not on leashes? Dogs must be, why not them?" He shuddered as another group of small humans ran past him. For Chloe it was hilarious. Her daughter really seemed to be the only child he didn't have any problems with.

"Because, Lucifer, children are not dogs."

The Devil just huffed as he followed her through the masses of loud humans.

"Why are you doing this anyway, Detective? I understand presents for birthdays, but Christmas? Why? What's the point?" Lucifer was always confused about those things. Of course he already had gotten something for Chloe and Beatrice, but only because he wanted them to have something nice. He would never give them something because it was Christmas. That would be ridiculous.

Chloe just looked disbelievingly at him. "Because we celebrate it with our friends and family. We enjoy spending time together, sharing gifts. We enjoy giving things to people we love. Don't tell me you've never had that. How do you spend Christmas normally?"

She saw a flash of pain, loneliness and more across his face for a second, before he looked at her.

"I...well...I don't need to celebrate that nonsense. I'm at home, enjoying my home, avoiding those days as much as possible. The Devil doesn't do celebrating that way, or gifts...except for your birthday present." Lucifer was suddenly very interested in a little fat dog that waddled past him.

Chloe didn't buy it, but why would he say something like that?

But then, she didn't need to think much about it. He was lonely, he had nobody to be there for him and to spend the days with.

Amenadiel? She didn't know him well, but he seemed very self centered and not really caring. He was only around if he wanted something from Lucifer, who became upset after most of those meetings.

Maze? She was on bounty hunting missions most of the time, and even if not, her relationship with Lucifer was really strained recently.

Linda was still busy with her recovery, and she seemed more like a therapist than a friend to him. At least not that kind of friend you could invite to a Christmas dinner.

Ella and Dan? He liked them, but he wouldn't consider them close friends.

Chloe didn't even start thinking about his parents.

Which left just her, and they argued lately more than they talked normally. Lucifer had nobody. He was really alone and it hurt to imagine him sitting all alone in the dark and brooding in LUX, drinking himself into oblivion or worse. Because of course he would

do that, Chloe knew him well enough.

"Hmmm, so if you are in the mood to join us and IF you will stop your remarks about our decorations, why don't you join us for Christmas dinner?"

Even if they argued a lot recently, this man was still her best friend and she wouldn't allow him to be lonely on her favorite holiday. Even a smug idiot like him deserved some companionship.

"Detective? Why...why do you want me to come? I don't think I'm good company."

"Maybe you are right, but despite all our difficulties at the moment you are my partner, my friend, and you are part of our family, Lucifer. Please, you have to come. And Trixie would love it too."

Lucifer let out the breath he didn't know he was holding when Chloe took his hand.

What was this weird feeling in his chest? And why did his eyes started to sting? Blurry vision? Oh Dad, why did his body want to cry? Everything was fine, wasn't it?

And bloody hell, his wings also wanted to pop out, but he couldn't let that happen, not in front of her, and especially not in the mall. Good thing he had trained in the last few weeks - it was still hard sometimes, but they stayed in.

He smiled at his detective, shy like the young teenager he still was deep inside.

"Fine, it would be a pleasure. But only if you let me cook. I refuse to eat cardboard flavored food."

"Sounds good." Chloe let go of his hand to search for a present for Trixie.

Lucifer got bored pretty quickly - he loved tagging along with Chloe but a mall full of screaming people and especially a toy store full of spawns? Oh no, at some point he excused himself to get some coffee at Starbucks and after that he started pestering the Santas.

That ended in Lucifer being grounded on a bench, demoted to guard Chloe's shopping bags with the gifts she had already bought.

"Stop whining, if I hadn't flashed my badge, security would have thrown you out. And no, don't say it, I don't want to know how you would have talked them into sex or what you would have flashed."

His eyebrow waggle was enough information for her.

"And now, Lucifer stay, good Devil. I just need one more shop and we can go home, okay?"

Maybe they could talk then? She hated how things were left at the last crime scene and she could see that it still stood between them.

The last thing on her shopping list was simple, well a last minute item, to be exact. Since Lucifer would cook, she decided to get some of the fancy spices for him. She was tired of his whining, so some truffle oil, black garlic and some kind of special pepper went into another shopping bag. Lucifer eyed the items with pleasure when they were back into the car and on the road again. He would pay Chloe back for them though, for he knew how much she earned and she shouldn't pay for his expensive taste.

The Devil was impressed with her choice for the pepper. Actually it was one of his favorites to use and he was looking forward to using it to cook for the detective.

His thoughts were interrupted as Chloe had to brake hard when another car cut her off.

"IDIOT!" She yelled, even though the other driver couldn't hear it.

But she heard Lucifer sneeze when he crushed the little pepper plastic bag while she hit the brakes. He sneezed again and again and suddenly there was a rustling, a

blinding light, she heard how her car windows cracked and she was pressed against the window by a wall of white.

"What?!" What was that? Lucifer was still sneezing and Chloe could hear his efforts to stop that madness. She took a look at the fluffy, white wall. It was feathers. A wall of feathers...how...

"Oh bloody hell." Lucifer sounded distressed. "I'm sorry....I'm so sorry, just give me a moment."

Chloe could hear him take a deep breath and suddenly the feathers were gone again.

"Detective, I—" What could he say? She stared at him in shock, processing what just had happened.

"I'm sorry. My wings have a mind of their own sometimes." Lucifer became more nervous, playing with his cufflinks and avoiding looking at her.

"Wings..." Chloe was staring at him. "You have wings? Where are they now?"

Lucifer nodded. "It's complicated - they are here but not here, let's say they are tucked in, okay?"

"Hmm, so you are..."

The Devil

A Monster

Punisher

Destroyer

Epitome of all Evil

"I never lied to you, Detective. I tried to show you..."

Chloe didn't say anything, she just stared at him, processing everything. Or at least the things that came to her mind. But she couldn't give Lucifer a response. She just stared at him, wide eyed and yes, even scared.

The Devil panicked and before Chloe could say anything he jumped out of the still standing car, ignored the honking from another car and ran into an alley to unfurl his wings again and just fly away towards LUX.

It was over, everything was over, he had lost everything because of his stupid sneezing.

He couldn't hold back his tears anymore, he didn't have the strength for a graceful landing. No, he crashed right through his balcony doors and couldn't care less.

Lucifer just lay there, his wings around him like a cocoon, crying for Dad knew how long. He couldn't get the image of Chloe's eyes out of his head.

But what had he thought anyway? The Devil part of a family, accepting him like he was? Of course not. Nobody would do that. He was alone for all eternity and he was sure his Dad and his siblings were laughing their arses off.

Wings...he had wings...fluffy wings that pressed her against the door of her car. He was the Devil. He had never lied to her. Those were the only thoughts in Chloe's mind for a long time. She managed to pull over, but that was all. The passenger door her partner...the Devil opened was still open. She grabbed the steering wheel with such force that her knuckles were white and her fingers numb.

The Devil...the actual fire and damnation Devil. In her car. She had invited the Devil to her Christmas dinner. Was she nuts? What would he do to Trixie? To her?

The ringing of her phone brought her back. It was Trixie; Chloe was supposed to pick

her daughter up 10 minutes ago.

Chloe totally forgot how she made it home, or how she made dinner for Trixie; she wasn't hungry herself. Even the thought of food right now made her feel nauseous. She remembered at least how she tucked Trixie in and now she was sitting in front of the Christmas tree with that ridiculous angel on top.

She held Lucifer's present in her hands. Chloe had bought it at the mall; it wasn't something big or expensive, but she was sure he would like it....again...the Devil would like her present.

She started to laugh. The only being that wanted to be her partner, that made her a better detective, was a reckless, loose cannon Devil....angel...whatever.

That just sounded stupid. And then she remembered his hurt look, not only from today, but also from the crime scene where the Sinnerman had died, when she wouldn't listen to him. He had tried to talk to her so desperately and what had she done? She had pushed him away. Like all the other times over the last weeks. She was everything he had, the only friend, the only thing that came even close to a caring family.

How must he feel? Shunned and rejected for eons - surely he was eons old. How must he feel with all the hate he got from everyone, not directly at him, but just from his name was enough. And she? She had done the same. She had just pushed him away and now Chloe was sitting here like a coward, afraid of what Lucifer might do to her if he wanted to.

Would he harm her? He could be pretty violent, but only with suspects who deserved it, yet on the other hand he also could be gentle if needed. She had seen the Devil more than once taking care of rape victims or people who suffered domestic abuse. More than once he had helped LGBT teenagers who lost everything. Most recently Lucifer had hired a transgender woman for his bar when nobody else would give her a chance.

No, Lucifer wasn't evil. He was a good man.

But still, she couldn't get herself to call him. She still wasn't sure what all of it meant. And Chloe had to take care of Trixie, her safety was all that mattered at the moment. Maybe it was a lie to herself, but the moment she felt comfortable using Trixie as an excuse to avoid the big issue.

She put the little box with Lucifer's present under the tree and glanced one last time at the Angel topper before she went to bed.