Wake Up Call

by EleanorKate

Summary

Chloe, Lucifer, a Saturday and what a way to wake up.

The alarm went off and in some state of incredibly deep slumber, Chloe somewhere registered the horrid, piercing screech as it heralded six am.

She flexed her neck, disorientated, head heavy from the wine she had been drinking last night. Alcohol? Work night? No, no, no. Alcohol on a Friday, Trix at her Dad’s, Lucifer’s hands frankly everywhere he could reach as they sat on the couch watching...something or other but she couldn’t remember exactly what it was. If that was Friday, it made today Saturday and opening her eyes, she reached for her screaming cell phone and killed the alarm. She cursed herself for forgetting to turn the alarm off last night and her rude awakening.

She didn’t want to get up but she did feel oddly bereft the moment she turned over and found the otherside of the bed empty. Laying on her back she sighed as she settled back down, pulling the duvet closer to her chin. Finally having registered it was the weekend; Chloe began to relax as much as life seemed able to let her these days and closed her eyes. She could hear the shower running and satisfied she knew where he was now, she breathed easier. She was still slightly nervous of his whereabouts even though it had been yet another year.

Chloe had just dozed off, in fact was almost asleep again when she vaguely felt the duvet being pulled away from her body, all the way from her shoulders to her feet. She mumbled a half complaint as the cool morning air hit her skin and she was about to object loudly at the interruption when she felt the bed dip and stubble scratch the inside of her knee. Chloe smiled to herself. She did not need to ask.
Lucifer pressed his lips against her skin, his open mouth tracked up the inside of her thigh to the edge of the blue sleep shorts she was wearing. He hesitated though. They had talked about this; a fantasy of hers – to be woken up by his mouth - but he still had to be sure. Carefully his lips wandered about her thigh, tracing the line of the material around her legs and again around her waist. She might wake up and retract the free consent she had given long ago when, with red cheeks, she had told him what she wanted him to do.

Watching her carefully, he shifted up the bed a little, knees between hers, gently pushing a thigh down so he had better access. He nuzzled for a second at her clothed centre and almost felt the catch in her breath. Lucifer smiled to himself, snaking a hand between her legs and pushing the cotton material to one side. A long leisurely open mouthed kiss to the skin he had exposed caused her to move her leg even more and an unconscious tilt of her hips followed still somewhere in the depths of sleep.

She felt him purr slightly against her, the briefest vibration exciting her even more before he kissed her again, tongue sliding in a repeated whisper against her developing arousal. Chloe resisted opening her eyes even though she was hazily creeping closer to wakefulness. She wanted to stay like this, abandoned between sleep and his proximity between her legs. As his tongue and lips moved again for minute after minute, interspersed with flicks of her clit, Chloe pressed her eyes closed, not wanting to be so obviously awake so quickly and ruin the enthusiasm he had had of her confessions. She had told him an age ago and, in all honesty, Chloe thought he had forgotten. Instead it seemed he was biding his time.

Chloe breathed in heavily, Lucifer feeling her chest rise and fall underneath the hand that had crept up her body resting just on her ribcage. For a second he stopped, thinking he had woken her up already. In truth he had, but this was a much feeding him as her. Chloe pressed her tongue to the roof of her mouth to stop herself crying out as she felt a finger travel through her wetness; not penetrating her but just gently moving around her skin, pressing slightly to feel a slight pulse in response.

He eased off. Lucifer knew his way around her body now and what would set her off but he wanted her to enjoy this, not seek a quick release. It was the weekend, the penthouse was quiet and they had all day after all.

Chloe felt his lips paint over her thighs, swopping from side to side as he travelled towards her knees, fingertips tickling her skin as she felt him release the material, covering her over again. She fastened her eyes closed, a gently breeze following the trail of his lips and it made her shiver against her damp skin. The kisses were random and far too slow for her. There was taking your time and taking your time and he was in the latter category it seemed. Waking a little more she let a very quiet moan escape her to encourage him, hearing him chuckle; his cheek pressing against the inside of her knee again. “Hello Detective”, he breathed against her skin, scratching her with the stubble on his chin leaving a red mark. He travelled north again, watching her hand flex against the sheet underneath her. Nuzzling her through the material of her shorts, wondering how awake she actually was, Lucifer hooked his thumbs into the elastic and tugged slightly, watching her for signs of movement.

Chloe flexed her back. She was nearly awake as the want of him was getting the better of playing out her fantasy. She bit down on her lip but as she felt the material move again and his mouth press down on her sensitive flesh again. Chloe let out a breathy rendition of his name and Lucifer smiled against her skin, not giving stuff now as he pressed a long finger inside her and felt her body twitch around him again. Her body needed more and she tried to angle her body to feel as much as she could. His tongue continued to circle and tease her as his finger hooked up inside her, feeling the
early flutters of her orgasm. Far too quickly for her senses, whatever he was doing to her insides as he built her up and brought her down again, caused her to gasp in breath hauling in as much oxygen as she could.

He knew she was awake properly when he felt her nails dig into his scalp. She felt more than heard the growl that came from deep inside him and a smile rose to her lips in satisfaction. He buried his fingertips in her hip, pressing possessively and he knew full well he was bruising her, but the moan that emanated from her told him that she wouldn’t care. The devil had learned to mark his woman in places only she could see.

Lucifer enjoyed playing her body like it was his piano, finding those places that made her sing along, even if it was a string of expletives; the only words her brain would allow her sometimes. She could not deny him the pleasure of her body responding and Chloe raised her hips to him, eyes flitting open and the mere movement of her body, shifted his finger to a spot inside her that caused her to bit back a gasp. Her muscles, from head to foot were tensing and as he added a second finger he thrust deeper into her, his mouth growing more and more insistent that she come and come right now and she was creeping closer and closer to the edge as each second went by.

Lying on his stomach, Lucifer was harder than ever as he watched her body undulate and push her hips closer to him but he was deliberately denying himself, taking all of her pleasure first. Chloe knew he’d be ready for her and with a pull on his hair again, vaguely feeling it was still damp from the shower, she yanked him off her. “In me”, she breathed, chest rising and falling in short bursts. A second later, in one smooth movement somehow able to hold the material of her shorts aside still, he pushed inside her, groaning as her muscles clamped on him and she came instantaneously with a surprised cry; her body welcoming the stretch he gave her.

“Fuck” he breathed, feeling her body continue to tighten and release around him; tensing himself as, despite flying high herself, she started to move her hips throwing her legs around his waist and nails into his buttocks. He didn’t have the wherewithal to kiss her and her to him neither, feeling hot breath on each other’s cheeks as he swore again.

Tightening her grip on his backside, Chloe shifted her hips as her own orgasm died down to a dull beat, angling herself so he could push closer to her. “Lucifer...” she sang in his ear. “Lucifer...Is Satan going to come inside me?”

Something inside him snapped and his body relaxed, head falling into her shoulder as he uttered a shaky laugh before he grabbed onto her hands and pinned them above her head. “Do you want me to?” he asked, putting on his most dangerous voice. Chloe nodded keenly. The corner of his mouth turned up in a sly smile as he slammed into her once, twice, three, four times until she lost count; her body arching into his as she moved her hips, rolling against him as another orgasm was about to overtake her quickly. “You’re coming...” he breathed, almost as though he didn’t understand the words that he was speaking. “I can feel you...Can feel you...” 

“Think so” Chloe breathed with a laugh in her voice but he wasn’t hearing her. “Know so...” She was barely able to get the words out as his movements became short, erratic and she felt him pulse inside her. A second later, she went with him, clawing at his backside, probably drawing blood. Not that he would complain. He showed off her nail marks like trophies.

After what felt like an eternity of thundering heart rate in her ears, Chloe felt his body move from atop hers and slide off her as he lay on his side. Her eyes tracked to his and she smiled dopily at him.

"Good Morning, my Queen," he told her with a smile.
"Careful", Chloe warned, smiling too. "I could seriously get used to you waking me up like that". She pulled him by the neck, leaning up to kiss him, pulling his lips as she devoured him and he reacted just as greedily.

“Well if I find you taking a nap today”, he started, breaking the kiss. “I might think about it.. I might just take you” Lucifer breathed. "Would you like that?"

Chloe bit her lip; a step up in her fantasy and she found herself very much on board. She smiled at him. "I think I can manage a nap this afternoon, if Lucifer likes?"

He smiled like the Devil he was, licking his lips. "Oh" he replied, brushing a kiss to the side of her mouth. "Lucifer likes; he very much likes!"

A certain Detective would too.

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