Tears and a Bedtime Story

by CloudXMK

Summary

Dan and Chloe get into an argument again. Upset, Trixie runs away to seek out her one and only friend. Even if said friend is the Devil himself.

Notes

This is another one-shot with Lucifer and Trixie again. I could never get enough of these two. I hope you will enjoy this story and I hope I gave this story justice.

See the end of the work for more notes.

He had been standing on the balcony admiring the view of Los Angeles with the glass of rare whiskey he had in his hand when he heard the elevator to his penthouse open. Expecting the good Detective, he turned around with a grin on his face only for it to be wiped off when he saw the Detective’s daughter instead.

He had no idea why she was here all alone and he wasn’t really in the mood to be attacked by the human spawn’s crushing hugs. He quickly finished his drink and went inside, putting the empty glass on top of his beloved piano, then approached the little girl.

“Child, what are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be at home with your mother?”

“I-I don’t want to go back h-home.” She sniffled.

“Why is that?” He asked exasperatedly.

“Mommy and Daddy are fighting over me again. I g-got scared and went to see you.”
That’s when he noticed the tears streaming down the human child’s face. He felt his heart clench seeing the Detective’s daughter so downcast and crying silent tears. It wasn’t the child he knew since the day he first met her in her school.

She had always been a bright and cheerful girl and to see her miserable like this sent a stab of pain through his heart, something still completely unfamiliar to him. His entire being was screaming at him to comfort the sad child.

He swooped down and picked Trixie up, cradling her in his strong arms, and letting her cry against his shirt. He grimaced when he felt her hot tears and snot on his now ruined shirt but he ignored it and rubbed the girl’s back as he whispered soft soothing words to her.

“C-Can I stay here with you Lucifer?” She asked once she calmed down a bit.

“You can child. I’ll let your mother know first. She must be worried sick about you and for good reason.”

“I’m sorry.” She mumbled against his shirt.

“I’m not angry with you child. But you should know better than to wander here all by yourself at night. It’s dangerous out there especially once it’s dark.” He told her gently.

“Promise me you won’t do this again child.”

“I promise Lucifer.” She then gave a loud yawn and snuggled her face into his shoulder. He stiffened slightly from the affectionate contact but quickly reined in his uneasiness. He then took his phone out of his pocket and sped dialed the Detective’s phone number.

“Lucifer! Oh god I was just about to call you.”

“Please don’t bring my Father into this Detective. I have your daughter Detective. She’s here with me in my penthouse. She came here from her home clearly upset about you and Detective Douche fighting over her as she told me.”

“Oh thank goodness. Dan came by and he-we got into another fight but we didn’t know Trixie was listening and didn’t realize that she was gone until the last minute.”

He cursed mentally against Detective Douche for starting an argument when he knew the child was at home. She didn’t deserve to hear all that bullshit.

“Detective, it would seem that the child wishes to stay here for the night and I think it’s a good idea. Plus whatever discussion you still want to continue with your ex, I’d suggest you finish it up tonight while the child isn’t around.”

He heard a tired sigh over the phone and he could picture the Detective rubbing a hand down her face. “I think that’s a good idea too Lucifer. But you’ve never been comfortable around Trixie. Are you sure about this?”

“I’ll manage it Detective.”

“Thank you so much Lucifer. I’ll pick Trixie up tomorrow morning. Have a good night.”

“And you too Detective.” He hung up the phone and shoved it into his pocket once more.

“What did Mommy say Lucifer?”
“She says you can stay here for the night. How about you get some sleep hm?”

“But I don’t want to.”

“Child you need to sleep. It’s late and if you don’t sleep now, you won’t be able to wake up tomorrow morning when your mother comes to pick you up.”

“Okay. But can you read me a bedtime story Lucifer?”

He broke out into a cold sweat. This was completely out of his league but somehow he found himself agreeing to her wish.

“Okay.” He then crossed his penthouse to his room and gently placed her on the bed. Trixie quickly removed her shoes and buried herself under the soft covers. Lucifer then tossed off his shoes and sat down next to her, leaning against the headboard of his bed.

“So what bedtime story do you wish to hear child?”

“The Ugly Duckling!”

“…Aren’t you bored of hearing that story?” He had heard from the Detective how many times she had told that story to the spawn and it amazes him how she isn’t completely bored of it.

“Kinda but I don’t know any good bedtime stories.”

He rolls his eyes and breathes a heavy sigh. “Fine. I’ll tell you a story of my own creation.”

A cheerful smile grew on the little girl’s face and she immediately kept quiet as she waited to hear her bedtime story.

“There was once an angel who lived in Heaven and was loved by all of his siblings and his father. He too loved his father and his siblings and he would do anything for them. He would play with his siblings and help them when they were in trouble. He comforted them when they cried and kept them safe. But one day, his father told him that he had created beings, beings made in his image, and told the angel and his siblings to keep an eye out for them and obey them. But the angel only held love for his father and his siblings and could never accept these strange beings that were made out of soil when he and his siblings were made from their father himself. But he kept his mouth shut and did not complain. But his jealousy grew each day seeing his father and his sibling shower these beings with so much love instead of him. In the end, he refused to obey these beings anymore. And for that, he was cast down from Heaven. He was all alone. He never admitted out loud that he missed his home but he did and his heart filled with sorrow. Until one day he met a mortal woman and her child. They didn’t like each other at first and would always pick fights and annoy each other but over time they became closer. She…”

He stopped speaking, his mind in a whirlwind and a mixture of emotions flooding him as he started to think about the Detective and her child.

“Why did you stop Lucifer?”

He didn’t seem to hear her as he processed over what he was feeling. “The Detective is just
something I’m curious about. She’s just that. Isn’t she?” Memories of the previous weeks when she would come over and simply watch him play the piano or talk about other topics other than the cases came flooding back to him. He remembered the time when she had come to the club after he had returned from his fight with his brother over his now long gone wings and telling him that whatever his wings meant to him she wouldn’t know, but as a friend she knew enough to know that his wings mattered to him simple as that.

“Is she my… friend?” He felt a warmth that felt unfamiliar to him building up in his chest. He was snapped out of his thoughts when he felt Trixie snuggle against his side.

“Lucifer are you okay?”

“I’m fine child. Y-You should get some sleep.”

“Okay.” No longer upset, she closed her eyes with a smile on her face.

“Goodnight Lucifer. Love you.”

He felt his heart freeze in his chest when he heard those two words come out of the child’s mouth. Staring at the sleeping child with eyes filled with surprise, the warmth that he felt came back and filled his very being.

“This child loves me? She… I… She really has a heart of gold just like her mother.” A smile graced his features and he brought his arm over her and pulled her closer to him. With one last glance at the sleeping girl, he whispered affectionately, “I love you too. Beatrice.”

End Notes

Thanks for reading this story guys and your support too.

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