Random Encounter

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by tangential

Summary

In which something interesting appears at Lucifer's doorstep.
In other words: hey what if azazel and lucifer met before the events of helltaker wouldnt that be funney (Delirious)

She was just down the hall when she heard a loud *thud* at the gate door, reverberating through the floor. With a swallowed groan, she turned tail to check out what all the ruckus was. A mighty swing of the door revealed two sniveling grunts snickering to themselves before gasping at the opening and running off with haste. Usual, but what was not-

Was the angel reeling at her feet.

The angel was clearly shaken by the endeavour, likely slammed into the door and even more likely taken from somewhere, unsteady as they picked themself up. Lucifer waited with careful silence, allowing the oddity to look at their surroundings and get any sense of bearings.
The angel spotted her with slight lag before their eyes blew up, wide with fear and something dangerously close to awe, clearly too shell-shocked to speak. Lucifer smirked at the leverage, just before they bowed deep into the ground.
“M-Miss Morningstar!” They began, “I’m so sorry for wasting your time like this- I truthfully did not intend to end up at your doorstep.” The charade was far too genuine for what it was, a lack of dignity so absolute she half expected them to start kissing her boots.
“No need for that.” She stated, equal parts amused, annoyed, and something rawer she chooses not to dwell on by the display. “Why would you be in Hell?” *I would’ve heard of another fallen angel…*
*S*he takes the moment to assess the angel’s status— no visible weapons despite clear supplies, as evidenced by the bag strapped to their back. Bag contents unknown, needs to be checked. Not weak-toned, but definitely not the strongest soldier. Visibly dirty with soot, but clearly new and not stained, as otherwise well-groomed. Clearly an agent of Heaven, based on the uniform and angelhood, yet appears visibly meek. Visibly bandaged in numerous spots; steri-stripped nose, tight wrap on right forearm, and left wing wrapped together, visibly missing seemingly everything except maybe the coverts. Additionally, quite hard to tell the gender of.
Regardless, and as expected, the angel seemed nervous at minimum to even be in the same mile radius as Lucifer, let alone speaking to her. (Especially when she’s just staring them down.) “Oh, w-well, I’m writing a thesis on modern sin, ma’am.”
“So, you decided first-hand experience would be the best, knowing fully well what happens to angels in Hell?” She glances pointedly at the wing bandage, tone gaining a cold edge as she leans a bit closer, “And what angels often do to its inhabitants?”

The angel nodded, really *nodded*, and shrunk a little further onto the ground. “I- I can assure you, I have zero intention to harm or, or Heaven forbid *kill* anybody. Whether or not I am treated the same is their prerogative. I am… well aware of what my sisters have done to your people, your kind, and that is not what I wish upon your kingdom.” … It only sounded half rehearsed.
Lucifer eyed the angel, finding them just the most pecuilar and interesting thing to appear on her doorstep. “Get up.”
The angel scrambled to their feet immediately. It was actually rather impressive.
“This is hardly any place to talk, come in.”
Lucifer beckoned them inside of the castle. The angel seemed reluctant for about half a second, but followed nonetheless, door shutting behind them.

Two guards stood at the entrance, “We’ll need to check the bag.”
The angel stripped off and handed the bag over, offering with zero resistance.
The guard rummaged through briefly but thoroughly, Lucifer supervising. The bag consisted of mostly just rations, spare clothing, a basic toolset including stationery, basic medkit, and about seven notebooks. Nothing unusual, nothing obscenely dangerous but awfully prepared — the angel's drop into Hell was definitely planned. The guards hand back the bag to them, putting it back on with a small thanks.

Lucifer leads them to a secluded area, a conference room really, and gestured to sit at the table. The hesitancy lingered again, but the angel did follow.
She truly was curious, just who does this doe-eyed lamb think they are? “What do you really plan on doing with your thesis?”
“W-well… I hope, in an ideal scenario, to maybe ease the tensions between Heaven and Hell, if not just a little.” They were very clearly micromanaging every movement, “My current hypothesis is that the issue lies not in true differences, but in culture shock leading to extremes.”
It processed like a cold breeze amidst humidity. *That’s… new. That’s really new.*
“Would you share some of your notes?” She assumed there was notes, anyway, on the account of the number of notebooks.
They nodded smally, rummaging in their bag before pulling out a small notepad, handing it over to Lucifer.
She glanced at the paper, “Your name is Azazel?”
Azazel folded *her* hands. “Th-that would be correct, ma’am.”
She skims through the pages. Despite seemingly starting recently, if she had to wager a guess within the past week, her work was thorough; observations of the inner mechanics of demonic society, drawn sketches of architecture and non-sapient life, and seemingly: an interview with a demon. Low-ranking, but still.
“Azazel, I would be lying if I did not say this is quite impressive. Your notes do appear to be quite meticulous so far.” She glanced at her, looking straight in her eyes. She realizes with it, she doesn’t really see shades of blue like that very often any more, let alone how much its absence would be blatant when suddenly presented with it. She finds she missed it, despite everything. Regardless.
“I have no reason to believe you would lie, especially about something like this.” She leaned forward slightly, “I do wonder, however, just how did you get Heaven to let you down here? It’s not exactly an open committee, you know.”
Azazel twiddled her thumbs, the slightest hint of someone behind the script. “Ah… Through… quite a lot of persistence. Um, l-let’s just say my superiors weren’t exactly *eager* about my thesis subject? Haha…” That tickled Lucifer, more than she was expecting.
“Demonology is a passion of yours?”
“I would say so, yes! Most of my life has centered around it, anyway.” The conversation topic seemed to ease Azazel, not enough for her to lapse on who shes speaking to and where she is, but enough to loosen some barriers, anyway.
“I do have a library here with quite the collection of literature thats built up over the milennia. Some may prove useful to your studies, if you would like access.” She watches, and dutifully notes, how Azazel’s eyes lit up with something almost *delighted*, before dimming back cautiously.
“Oh, well ma’am I would quite appreciate that! However, I must ask… Is there any

stipulations you'd require?" *Is there a catch?* Lucifer hummed thoughtfully. *She's far too cautious, even when given a gold mine.*
"I do find your research honorable. I suppose, if we were to allow access, my sole request would be that you keep the disturbances minimal and the space tidy. Does that sound fair?"
"I can assure you ma'am, it will be like I wasn't even there." Azazel saluted her. Really saluted her.
… Just what is Heaven teaching these girls nowadays? There's no way they're all like this.
She checked her over once more, as is typical for new entrances and especially non-demon, ensuring no recording devices or hidden weapons (… and the angel wasn't exactly hard on the eyes, despite the holy energy), noting just how stained the wing bandage had become from all the action. "Say, Azazel, just when was the last time that bandage was changed?"
She gestured to the right one, albeit *all* of them weren't in the best of shape.
Azazel shifted, trying her hardest to keep her discomfort subtle but only making it more obvious in the process. "W-well, it hasn't been all too long…"
"In numbers, dear."
She did not miss how Azazel's cheeks burned when she was referred to as *dear*, filed away for later. Weak spot noted.
"A-uhm… Somewhere inbetween a week and two weeks? I don't know the exact number, s-sorry ma'am."
Lucifer huffed, getting up from her seat. "Well, that simply won't do. Can't have my little researcher dying of infection before she can even get out one draft of her thesis, now can we?"
Azazel flushed noticably at this, mumbling, "It's really no big deal ma'am…"
"I'll get some fresh ones. In the meantime, you just take some notes about this encounter, okay?"
Lucifer simply wouldn't take no for an answer. *Nothing will rip her from Heaven's light but me.*

She carried the gauze in hand, coming back to the now fervently writing angel, with a speed and amount so rampant she's surprised she hadn't torn the paper. She couldn't quite see all the writing from her angle, but she did recognize the occasional archaic shorthand and rune. From *before* her time archaic. It was also notably mostly in Hebrew, when the notes she had given Lucifer were in English. She… chose not to think about the implications of that. Or that Azazel was proving to be the geekiest angel they could've sent.
She set the gauze down the table, alerting Azazel. She yet again began her spiel of formalities like it was a sword and shield simutaneously, reaching for the roll. "Thank you greatly ma'am, I-"
Lucifer shook her head, beginning to unwrap it. "Allow me."
The angel tried to be humble. "Oh, it truly is no issue ma'am-"
Lucifer's voice gained an edge to it as sharp as titanium, "*Allow me.*"
Azazel put her hand down, "A-alright miss. Apologies." Lucifer smirked, walking behind her. She knows what happens to those who argue. Azazel certainly was proving to not be completely stupid, which is quite the feat.
Lucifer unwrapped Azazel's, to be frank, disgusting bandage with far more tenderness than she intended. She chose not to dwell on it.
It was exactly what she thought it was. The entirety of her primary feathers seem to have been sliced off, leaving just barely the coverts, and even then it seems to have intersected with the skin based on the spotting. Somebody had attacked her, and if Lucifer had to wager a

guess, within the past few days.
This simply won't do.
"If I may ask, how did this happen?"
If it was those sniffling vermin, I'll dissect them like frogs for you to study. Was a thought that trailed in her head, one she… chose not to dwell on. She chose not to dwell on quite a lot, she realizes. She instead focused on wrapping new gauze around her little stub of a wing, accounting for Azazel's shudder.
"Uhm…" Azazel seemed at a loss for words, utterly bombarded by the absurdity of having her wounds tended by the CEO of Hell, "Lets just say… I- I didn't exactly *convince* my superiors all too well…"
She tugged on the gauze harder than she intended in the moment as it dawned on her, *an angel did this*.
"That is hardly a holy way to treat their disciples." The potency of the malice on her tongue was surprising even Lucifer herself, but it persisted. Perhaps she saw something useful in the angel. Perhaps she saw something in herself. Or some awful mixture of the two. Maybe something about the angel or her potential warmed a piece of her cold, black heart. As if.
"I'm… I'm sure it was just a… misunderstanding…" It was never clearer Azazel didn't believe this, and was just trying to make herself feel better. "They'll understand the value of my research soon enough…"
They will not.
"They will simply have no other choice."
Lucifer tied off the bandage, wrapping it nicely. In the same movement, she grabs a rag, wets it with water before wringing it out thoroughly, and begins to wipe off some of the soot and grime off of Azazel. Can't allow for a visitor to be so visibly wretched, it simply just cannot do. She started at her back, making her way down her arms and then up to her front, ending at her face. The angel simply allowed her, noticably forcing herself to not be tense, in a way that almost made her smile.

Her heart is beating so fast, she has to be nervous… Good. She should be. She glanced up to the angels face, and how it was a color usually only seen in raw meats, breathing carefully controlled and the wall suddenly very interesting. … *Well, maybe that type of nervous as well. It's only natural.*

She dusted off her back before cutting through the dead air, "Now, I would like to lead you to the library." Azazel quickly stood, pushing her seat back in, and standing at attention with a quiet thanks for the care. Lucifer simply turned and started walking, looking over her shoulder on occasion to ensure Azazel was still following. It was doubtful she'd push her luck and wander, Azazel seemed to have no resistance to being put in her place, but… you never know.

She was proving to be quite the odd one, and those are always the dangerous ones.

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