split ribcage

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by tangential

Summary

Azazel admits something to herself in the dark.

She wonders sometimes if her superiors were right.

If she really is an ignorant child with nothing but persistence going for her. If she really has gone too deep, or maybe has been in the deep end for quite some time, and is completely in over her head.

She also wonders what their reaction would be to knowing she's in the CEO of Hell’s bed.

Azazel really never could catch consistent shut-eye, even in the golden city, let alone so far away from anything she knew. But, it felt like… *home* in the Helltaker’s residence. So much so, she wonders if Heaven has ever been anything more than just a place to her. If everywhere else was just somewhere she resided because she had to. If she really truly was cared for elsewhere. It was a thought she tried not to dwell on, one she found upset her more than it was worth.

Yet, the woman fast asleep next to her makes her wonder if its time to.

Azazel's hands cradled her as if she was something dear, one supporting her lower back and the other near her shoulders. It was a position far more intimate than she'd ever thought she'd approve of, but Azazel found she'd rather liked it. Lucifer was a delightful level of warmth, radiating through her palms and where their skin met, like a particularly comfortable blanket. The quiet thrum of her heart and the rise and fall of her chest proved to be far more soothing than anticipated, finding herself lost in the rhythm for minutes at a time, just looking at her with something dangerously close to adoration. Love.

That's what it was, wasn't it? Love.
Patient, heartwood love for another; for another woman, for a demon, for the CEO of Hell, for the enemy so to speak…

Yet she found the barrier between the unapproachable, undesirable taboo and the kinship of being with another person something rapidly blurry, if not outright missing. A dull emptiness sat in the pit of her stomach at the thought of her kin; of her superiors, of Heaven, of angels who never dared spare a glance regardless of circumstance… And a pleasant space here with someone she should’ve never met, taut with gentleness she never could've ever expected in her right mind.

Heaven would certainly disapprove. They'd try to rip them apart, take Azazel back and wipe the sin off of her, if not just throw her away entirely. Lucifer has tried, in all honesty continues to try, to make her fall, but… In this dawning moment only lit by her halo, she realizes even Lucifer’s treated her better than her superiors ever have. Heaven wouldn't approve of that either.

Well, what do they know?

Maybe that means she succeeded. Maybe that means Azazel wouldn't exactly be opposed to demonhood, if it means staying right here. With her.
She held Lucifer a little tighter, face buried in her hair, soothing her when she makes a small, sleepy sound from the movement.

She'd protect that with all she has, she vows it now. She'll ensure her home remains intact, she'll ensure *this* stays intact, no matter what it takes.

No matter what it takes.

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