**Stuck in Hell**

*Summary*

**STORY COMPLETE!** When Lucifer returns from Vegas, he thinks having found a great plan to keep Chloe’s love for him at bay. But they soon find themselves in a place neither of them ever dared to dream of. While their bond strengthen, a new foe threatens to send Lucifer back to Hell and to unleash an unknown menace of cataclysmic proportion. Or, the story of Lucifer’s journey to redemption.

**Notes**

This is my first novel and English is my second language (I’m French Canadien), so be comprehensive for my lack of vocabulary. I am not a writer, just a fan who can’t wait to see the next episode, so I decided to write it. I needed to write down all those ideas I had about what could happen after Lucifer left L.A. I never expected it to become such a long story though.

Starting from the title of the next episode in line at the time I began this story (post season 2 episode 13), «Candy Morningstar», and the rumor saying this Candy would be Lucifer’s wife, I tried to find a way around it so Chloe and Lucifer could come to be together in the end. So don’t be too much taken aback by that Candy and continue reading, things are gonna get better. The first 21000 words (15 first chapters) are more about Lucifer’s and...
Chloe’s relationship taking form and becoming stronger. Consider it as the first part of this long journey. But then, the real story begins, involving angels and demons along with celestial powers, mythology, and big surprises, while Lucifer’s and Chloe’s bond continue to grow. I hope you will enjoy the ride as much as I have enjoyed writing it.
Feels Like Hell

It’s been three months. Three months since he’d left her. It felt like a lifetime. He was a mess. He drank himself to death (well, he would have died if he wasn’t so immortal), consumed drugs he didn’t even know the names, and fucked as much as he could (even for him, it seemed an unbreakable record). All of that in the hope he could drown his pain and love for her, numb it to a point it could become bearable. But in vain. He was beginning to accept the fact that he would never stop loving her. He could not. Whatever he did, it would not go away. The Devil in love! How ridiculous! Assuming that fact, he’d started thinking of a way to live with it, along with the knowledge that he could never really be with her, at least in the way he’d dreamed of. No! He would not be a pawn in his father’s game, he would not be led wherever his father wanted him to go. And Chloe… she needed to keep her freewill. She deserved to be happy, to live a real life without any manipulation. She deserved to really fall in love, without illusion, with someone who deserved it. His heart ached at the thought of her being with someone else. But it was the best thing that could ever happen to her. She had to get over him, for her sake.

He hoped that three months apart would have helped her getting back her senses. He had helped her as much as he could by leaving without a word, abandoning her when her hopes were obviously so high. He had been a jerk, on purpose. That should have done the trick, broken all her illusions of a possible future with him.

Oh, Goodness! What have I done?

If he’d just given in, he could have had it all! Chloe… For the thousandth time, he remembered their kiss, all the love he had felt pouring from her lips, the passion, the hope, hers and his, the tremendous joy he had experienced. For a moment it filled him again, this happiness at being in her arms, followed too quickly by the too reel feelings of loneliness, angst, and terror. Terror at the thought of never seeing her again. He could definitely not give in his father’s game, but he had to see her again. An eternity without her was too unbearable a tough. At least, he could be near her during her lifetime, if not with her. That should ease at least a bit of the pain he was destined to feel for eternity. He didn’t know how tough it would be for him to be close to her without being able to have her, but the possibility of never seeing her again was certainly much worse.

He picked up his glass and looked at the way the alcohol turned and shimmered in the light. He became aware again of the music around him, the noise, the people, and the futility of it all. It all felt like a dream, a long dream in which he had been stuck for the last three months. In fact, it felt more like he was stuck in Hell, reliving again and again what he had lost and would never have again. It was torture! Plain and simple. Maybe that had been his father’s plan all along, to torture him here on earth because he had escaped hell.

Right in front of him, a striper was trying to catch his eyes. She was undulating her body languorously, trying to seduce him. He smiled absently at her just to be nice. He knew her, knew them all. He had been around for weeks now and had of course fucked each and every one of them, many times over. They were all crazy for him, of course. Who wouldn’t be? He took a sip of his drink, feeling the heat coming down his throat, warming his stomach. It felt good and comforting. He snorted! Alcohol, drugs, and sex were really the only things left to comfort him, and give him a little pleasure in life. How pathetic! But it was better than nothing. And soon, he hoped, he would have Chloe back in his life and he would feel better, if not whole again. Chloe… was she ready to see him yet? Was she ready to give him back his place at her side as her partner, as her friend? Goodness, please, make it so! As an answer to his prayer, he felt someone sit beside him. Bloody time! He had been waiting for hours!
"Hello Luci!"

"Brother! What took you so long?" Lucifer said, exasperated.

"Well! As you know, I don’t have wings anymore. The trip from L.A. is not a short one by terrestrial ways." Amenadiel was slumped onto the seat, seeming exhausted.

Lucifer was surprise to feel happiness at seeing his brother again. It had been too long. He was also surprised at seeing a smile on Amenadiel’s face and what, maybe some relief too? He had not expected that, but rather a reaction of anger at what he had done. He hadn’t given him, or anyone for that matter, any news of his whereabouts for the last months. Amenadiel was now quiet, waiting to hear whatever Lucifer needed to say.

"No sermon? No what the Hell have you done?" Lucifer asked dubious.

"No need. I understand just too well what you needed to do."

"You understand? Really?" Lucifer was stunned.

"Of course. As hard as it must have been, I think that walking away from Chloe was the best thing you could have done in the circumstances."

"I’m glad you approve. So, does it mean it worked? Did she get over me?" Lucifer’s voice was a mixture of hope and dread. He was afraid to hear the answer, afraid that she had not turned the page, and terrified that she had. Amenadiel did not respond right away. He was searching for an answer, seemingly worried.

"What? What is it? Tell me, is she all right? Has something happened?" He was getting nervous with his brother’s silence.

Amenadiel lifted his hands in the air, to calm Lucifer down. "No, no! She is fine! Or at least, she is working on it, doing her best to go on with her life."

Lucifer let go of a breath he didn’t know he was holding. She was fine. For a moment, he had thought that something bad happened to her.

"So, does it mean she could be ready to see me again?" Lucifer was now leaning towards Amenadiel and looking at him intensely.

"What? Are you kidding me? She has been a mess for the last few months. She is just starting to look human again and you want to see her? You are going to kill her!" Exasperation was tick in Amenadiel’s voice. Lucifer was so alien to human feelings it was draining sometimes.

"I… I don’t understand, you said she was fine." Lucifer answered, confused.

"I meant in the circumstances. Maze says that Chloe has thrown herself into her job and is passing the rest of her time with her kid, trying to forget you. She cries every night in bed, so Maze says. But I am confident that she will someday get over you. Humans always do get through break ups."

"Chloe… I did that, I broke her heart!" He felt terrible, desperate. "No, Dad did it! Son of a bitch! If I put my hands on him…" The anger and hatred he felt for his Father were more bearable to feel than the feeling of guilt at thinking that he was the one responsible for Chloe’s pain. "You really think that someday she will… but it’s too long. She has to get over me sooner!" Desperation was taking over now.
"Tell me you did better at forgetting her with all this." Amenadiel laughed, looking at him and showing his surroundings with his hands.

"Well! I’m working on it, very hard!" Lucifer confessed uneasily.

"And does it work?"

Lucifer opened his mouth to answer, but nothing came out.

"That’s what I thought. And you really think you are ready to see her again?" Amenadiel threw at him.

"I will never be ready for this. But I can’t wait any longer. Believe me." He was pensive for a time, and his brother left him with his own thoughts. "So, you think she is not ready… Haven’t I given her enough reasons to see me as unworthy, as a jerk?" It was a rhetorical question, and Amenadiel kept silent. "All right! All I have to do is find a way to show her how unworthy I am, how desperately immature and uncaring I can be, so she will never again see me as a potential lover again. She needs to get rid of this infatuation she thinks she has with me and go on with her life."

What could he do to make sure she would finally understand that it was all over for good? Could he make her believe that for him it never even begun? He had to.

The striper approached slowly from him, still trying to catch his attention. She was lovely, with her long blond hair and her little devilish smile. He knew that she was doing striptease to pay the rent and go back to school someday. She had had a hard life, and at 23 years old, she had been through more griefs than most humans in a lifetime. He liked her and even felt protective of her. She was funny, and sometimes helped him think about something else than his pain, even if it was only for a couple of minutes. It brought a smile on his lips and she smiled back at him. The light coming from the stage radiated around her as if she were an angel descending on earth. That’s when it hit him. That was it! His solution! All the pieces came together and he knew, he knew what he had to do.

He looked at her with his most seductive smile. "Hello Candy! What about a romantic dinner tonight, followed by a night of love and promises?"
Walking Through Smoke

It was Sunday morning, the sun was bathing her in its light through the dining room window. God! How she hated weekends now! There was too much time to think during weekends, in particular when Trixie was at her father’s like today. At least she had Maze to keep her mind occupied. Maze was always full of surprises. Their friendship had grew during the last three months, a side effect of the pain they were both in following Lucifer’s departure. They had supported each other through the process of accepting he was gone and out of their lives. Well, Maze still wanted to kill him though. But lately, she seemed to keep her mind occupied with other things, mainly her body hunting cases. They had been looking everywhere for Lucifer, using police information as well as Maze’s talent at finding people. But in vain. Lucifer didn’t want to be found. Even Amenadiel didn’t have a clue of his whereabouts. She took another sip of coffee, going through the newspaper, seated at the table. She didn’t really read it, she was just scanning it, slowly turning the pages, pursuing her reverie. Concentration was difficult lately.

For the thousandth time, she wondered what she had done to make him leave her. Or did she just imagine it all? No! She dismissed it automatically. It was impossible! It had been real. The bond they had forged in the last year, the love she saw in his eyes each time they were alone and having what he called «a moment». And that kiss… Never in her life had she felt so complete and loved than when he had kissed her back. After that, he had finally agreed, with a little work on her part, that what they had was real. Or did he? Maybe he just acknowledged that what she felt for him was real. That could have been what made him run, the understanding that she had fallen in love with him, when his feelings were different. She had opened up to him entirely at the end, giving him her heart, trusting him completely even with her life. He had broken her heart but he had literally saved her life. How he had done that was still a complete mystery. Dan couldn’t find any information to enlighten her about Lucifer’s source of information for the cure’s recipe. It seemed impossible. But that was Lucifer, right? Always doing the impossible.

She relived it all over and over again, trying to understand why he left, but never finding a real answer. He was just an idiotic, emotionally handicapped son of a bitch! An immature coward, unable to face his emotions. That was the best explanation she could find. Her heart ached, her insides contorted, and her breath came short. Again. Her eyes were filling with tears. She was again on the verge of crying. She thought she would go crazy.

Please, somebody, make it stop!

She took a couple of deep breaths and steadied herself. There, that was better. She thought she was really doing better though. Only a couple weeks ago, she would not have been able to stop the tears. She was definitely getting better at controlling her emotions. Maze said she even looked more alive too, whatever that meant. Did she feel more alive? Not really. It was like walking through a thick layer of smoke that never dissipated. Let’s just say that she got used to living with the pain. She didn’t think she could ever be her old self again. But she had to try, for Trixie’s sake, and hers.

There she was again, thinking about him, about them. There was no them, and never really had been. Right? She really had to think about something else, change her mind.

"What are we doing today?" she asked.

"Humm! Don’t know, maybe we could go at the shooting range." answered Maze.

She was eating her usual cereals with vodka, sitting on the sofa in front of the TV. How she could
eat that each morning eluded Chloe. But then, a lot of things about that woman eluded her. Maze had taken a taste for shooting with guns. Chloe had to admit that it was a perfect activity for both of them, since it allowed them to empty their minds of any thoughts. Very useful in their circumstances.

"Very good idea! I’m in a mood to kill someone." Answered Chloe.

She was still scanning the newspaper when she stopped short. Her breathing caught and she thought her heart was about to stop. He was right there for everyone to find! She was looking at Lucifer’s picture, bemused. She couldn’t think, her world was spinning. What…? Then she had a moment of panic. Maybe he had had an accident and that’s why he was in the newspaper. Terrified, she looked down at the article, and read: «Lucifer Morningstar, playboy millionaire from L.A., has tied the knot yesterday, in a little chapel of Las Vegas, with a young striper nearly half his age…»

A strange sound escaped her throat. Maze jumped off the sofa immediately at the sound, understanding quickly that something was amiss.

"Are you ok? What’s happened?" Maze was at a loss.

Chloe couldn’t talk. She couldn’t either turn her gaze from that picture. She’d just realised that Lucifer wasn’t alone on it. He was standing beside a young and beautiful woman, hand in hand, both with a wonderful smile on their faces. No! That couldn’t be! No! Her world was spinning faster and faster and then, she fainted…
The elevator’s doors opened to his old place. He had sent people to prepare the place, clean it up, and take off all the sheets covering the furniture. It looked exactly like before he left it, except for all the flowers he had had placed everywhere over the room. He felt comforted to be back after all that time and he wanted his new bride to like the place and feel at home too. She smiled up at him, happy.

"This place is wonderful my love! Flowers! You are so sweet!" Candy told him, radiant. She placed a kiss on his cheek, then almost ran inside to discover the place.

"I’m happy you like it sweet heart. It’s our place now." he answered, taking their hand bags and walking slowly into the room. Their other luggage would be delivered later that day.

Obviously, she was not used at having so much attention and consideration. He thought this marriage was a fair enough bargain after all, him gaining a weapon against Chloe’s love and infatuation, Candy winning someone who would respect her and care for her. It looked like a good plan. And he had to admit, he found more pleasure than he’d thought in making Candy happy. That task also helped him keep his mind off his pain and thoughts of Chloe. Sometimes. It really was a very good deal. Candy seemed also to think so. Of course she gained mind blowing sex anytime she wanted and the sexiest man in town on her arm, which was not negligible. But she also won in the process the means to buy or get almost anything she wanted in life. She already talked of going back to school to pursue her dream of becoming a nurse. He actually liked very much the idea of her in a nurse suit… He was also very proud of her. Other girls would have probably thought first of spending his fortune on shopping trips. Not her. She had very modest dreams. He himself had a mind of spoiling her, starting with lots of new cloths and jewels. This adventure was promising to be very entertaining.

He hadn’t wasted time in coming back to L.A. after the wedding. It had been less than 24 hours since Candy and he became husband and wife. Amenadiel had flew back home with them, after having reluctantly accepted to be his best man. Amenadiel understood his motivations. He did not approve this union, of course, but he did not object to it either. Lucifer had made sure that his wedding didn’t pass under the radar. He had invited the press and had declared high and loud that he was coming back to L.A. today with his new bride. He wanted to make sure that Chloe got the message, so she could start the process of losing her delusions. The sooner the better. He didn’t think he would hear about her soon. He would give her time to absorb the news and then he would go and see her. He was eager for things to go back the way they were between them, but he had to play his cards slowly and carefully.

He sat at his grand piano, caressing the keys. He had missed it. Thinking of Chloe, he began playing a love song without realizing it. It felt good to play again, and the melancholy of the song matched his own.

When the elevator’s doors finally opened, after what seemed an eternity to climb up there, Chloe saw him immediately. She only had eyes for him. He was at his piano, playing a beautiful piece, his back to her. As absorbed as he was with his play, he didn’t seemed to be aware of her arrival. She walked slowly inside, as quietly as possible. It gave her a moment to get her breathing under control and steady herself. Oh my God! Chloe thought. He is really there! What am I doing here, what am I going to say? When she had left her home earlier to come here and storm the place, her
first thought had been to scream at him how much she hated him for what he had done to her. She was so angry at him, hurt, heartbroken, and miserable. She was a little shaky right now and did not trust entirely her ability to speak. Taking a deep breath, she gathered all her courage and…

"Lucifer…" The word caught in her throat. It was more a whisper than a word really. But he heard it.

His hands stood still and he froze. It took him a moment to turn completely in her direction. His movements were so slow, it all felt like a dream.

When he at last locked eyes with her, she was lost. Lost in his soft brown eyes. Eyes that were saying so much, and so little. She could have sworn that she saw love and pain in that gaze. But yet, maybe it was more about shame. She couldn’t speak a word. She just stood there, paralysed, assailed by all kinds of feelings, mostly a mixture of pain, loneliness, and love. Love? How could she still love the man after all he had done to her? Best to stick with the hatred.

The situation was completely unreal. Lucifer hadn’t prepared himself to see her yet. She was so beautiful, he couldn’t take his eyes from her. He’d missed her so much. His love for her was so great it hurt. No! Stop that! She has to think that nothing is possible between us, for her sake. Stick to the plan! After a moment that seemed an eternity, he was trying to think of something to say, when she spoke again in a whisper.

"Is this true?" She was obviously as shaken at seeing him as he was at seeing her.

"I… I am…yes." His brain could not come up with a smart answer.

Then she looked down at his finger ring and her jaw dropped, mouth half open. "I can’t believe you did this to me…" Now the hatred was easily coming back as the dominant feeling. Thank God! This was so much easier for her to stand than pain.

"Chloe please!" He stood up and was approaching her a little too much for her taste. So she backed off, not ready to be touched by him. "Don’t do that, don’t hate me!" He sounded desperate. Good for him! "I need you Chloe. I need my partner and my friend back. Please!? You mean too much to me."

"Your partner? Your friend?" Was that all that she meant to him? Had she really so misread their relationship that she had missed that? Did it mean that she had imagined it all, fantasised about something that were not real? She couldn’t believe what she heard. Her world was turning upside down. She felt sick. She took a few more steps backward towards the elevator.

"Why did you stop playing baby? It was lovely." Shouted Candy from the end of the flat. "I loooove this bedroom! It’s so big! We should try the bed right now don’t you think, love?" She added with a teasing tone.

"Coming in a minute, sweet heart!" Answered Lucifer, with his most joyful voice. His eyes never left hers, seaming sad. Or was it pity for her?

Chloe froze, she was in shock. It was all too real. Lucifer was married and his new bride was about to make love to him, the man Chloe was in love with. For the first time, she registered all the flowers decorating the room. He had called her sweet heart! This couldn’t be, it had to be a nightmare! But she knew she was all too awake. All her illusions came crashing down. He didn’t love her. He loved this woman, enough to marry her. She lowered her gaze.

"I… I’m sorry, I made a big mistake! I’m so sorry!" Chloe said shamefully.
She backed off in the elevator, hit the button, and disappeared behind the closed doors.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you like how it starts. Some action is coming soon. Please review if you like it or for any constructive comments. I crave reviews!
Only Partners

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the kudos and the Bookmarks, it really feels good to know my story is appreciated. I hope you will love this new chapter. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She was on her way to the precinct. God she was tired! She’d only had a couple of hours of real sleep last night, after seeing Lucifer. At first in shock, she’d just wandered around Lucifer’s building, not trusting herself to drive home. She finally had to call Maze to come and pick her. Maze had been torn between going up to kill Lucifer and ignoring him forever to punish him for his stupidity. She choose the latter, for now. She’d been of no real help to her at understanding Lucifer’s behaviours and feelings. Maze just muttered continuously what an uncaring jerk he was. Chloe’s world and beliefs had turned upside down and she had passed the night trying to grasp the new reality she was in.

Obviously, Lucifer had been only playing with her right from the start. He had tried to seduce her, like he did every women, without considering her any differently than the rest of them. He’d probably only wanted meaningless sex with her like he was used to. He certainly never expected her to fall in love with him since she was supposed to be immune to his charms. Immune my eye! After their friendship had grew, he must have been reluctant to take advantage of the situation. And since he was so good at talking about his feelings, thanks to his dysfunctional family, he’d ran away instead of telling her the truth. It was the best explanation she could come up with now, and it made so much sense. How blind and stupid she had been! She was so ashamed of herself. Ashamed at not having seen through his game, and ashamed at what she told him the day before, pouring her heart out like that. She really had made a fool of herself and she was grieving, mourning the loss of a love that never even existed. She was exhausted and probably dehydrated by all the crying. How pathetic! Now she thought she could at last turn the page. Well, since she had absolutely no remaining hope whatsoever of Lucifer being in love with her, there was nothing left standing in her way of getting over him. Right?

She parked her car at the precinct, and looked at herself in the rear view mirror. She had to put more make up to mask the bags under her eyes and she composed herself before getting out of the car. Dan should arrive soon. He always came in after her when he had to drop Trixie at school. Shortly after Lucifer’s departure, Dan and she became fulltime partners. It went better then she had anticipated at first. Dan was strangely very comprehensive about her story with Lucifer, or lack of it as it was. They never really talked about it, but he obviously understood most of what had been going on. He had been very protective of her and was always pretending not to notice her mood swings, or her red eyes following a night of crying.

She was absorbed in her thoughts when she walked towards her desk. She became aware of a commotion. When she raised her eyes, she saw a group of colleagues all around her desk, talking excitedly. She approached, curious. She should have foreseen it. Of course he was there, seated on her chair! Making a scene of his comeback. Receiving congratulations from everyone for his marriage, with claps behind his shoulders and handshakes. She wanted to strangle him and at the same time she wished she could disappear, overwhelmed by shame. She started turning away when Lucifer saw her.
"Detective! Come, come! We were done here, right guys! Thanks again everyone!" Everyone dispersed and resumed their activities. Lucifer looked at Chloe, beaming. "Good morning Detective! It’s so good to be back!"

Chloe was stunned. "Are you kidding me? You quit for three months without giving any notice and you think you can come in and get back your place like nothing happened?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, yes! I took care of everything. I’m officially back as your civilian consultant, starting this morning."

She stood there for a moment, dumbfounded. "Lucifer… I’m really not sure this is a good idea. I don’t think I am ready to take you back as my partner. This is just too much to take in."

He stood up instantly. "Detective…, I… I understand that I have been a complete immature idiot. I should have talked to you sooner, made things clearer instead of running away like that. I am very sorry if I caused you any pain or distress. It was not my intention. Far from it. I’ll make amends."

He said, becoming very serious and lowering his voice. "We make such a good team. Don’t you miss our friendship? I sure do. Can’t things come back to the way they were? Please?"

Surprisingly, Chloe was hesitant. As much as she hated him for misleading her, she missed him desperately. Having him back at her side could either help get over her infatuation of him, either be her doom. He looked so desperate himself, if not for the same reason, that it comforted her somehow. She was about to try and formulate an answer when she heard a big bang and saw Lucifer hurled a couple feet away.

Lucifer was sitting on the floor, attempting to get back on his feet, stunned. Dan was standing over him, fists tightly clenched and breathing heavily, visibly trying very hard to keep himself from punching Lucifer again.

"You son of a bitch!" Spat Dan.

"As long as THAT is clear!" Chloe added with a mischievous smile, taking back her seat.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it. I'll post the next chapter in about 2-3 days. Please let me some comments to tell me what you think about this new chapter. Thanks for reading me!
Jealousy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

For the last three weeks, they had been working all together, the three of them. Of course, Dan and Lucifer were still covertly fighting, in not always so subtle ways, but things were slowly getting back to normal. At least on the surface. Chloe was more than glad to have Lucifer back at her side as her partner. She felt strangely more complete with him around. But with all that happened between them, their friendship had been badly put to the test. It was slow coming back and there were plenty of uneasy moments when they didn’t know how to look at each other or if it was okay to touch one another. Chloe even caught him sometimes staring absentmindedly at her, lost in thoughts.

And of course, there was Candy in the equation now. Not that Lucifer had brought her with him at job, or forced Chloe to meet with her. Thank God! He was at least sensible enough not to. But Chloe could not miss all their phone conversations and the smiles Candy brought to his face whenever they were talking together. He seemed so attentive to her needs, so dedicated, often thinking of a gift to give her or of a surprise to plan to make her happy. And Chloe who had always doubted he could ever be a good boyfriend. She could not have been more wrong. She was sick with jealousy!

When she had accepted Lucifer back as her partner, she’d really thought this could help stop her infatuation with him. Wrong again! Actually, it did completely the opposite. She fell in love with him all over again and even deeper than before. She was getting more desperate every day.

Three days ago, they went for a drink, just the two of them after job, for the first time since his return. They had a very good time, with a little help from alcohol to loosen them up. They laughed a lot and talked nonstop, like old times. Chloe felt so comfortable in his presence that she forgot herself and started letting her feelings for him show through her eyes and behaviour, unable, or unwilling, to conceal it anymore. She could even swear she saw love and desire in his eyes. Then he’d looked away, confused, and left quickly claiming to have to go home. He had not come back at work since, pretending not to be feeling well.

Chloe suspected his feeling not well meant he was too uncomfortable to face her. Of course he was! After all, he was a married man now. How stupid she had been! She felt so ashamed, again. This situation could definitely not continue like this longer. She had to end it, the sooner the better.

She rummaged in her case files, trying to get back to the work at hand. They were both seated at their respective desks, Dan and her, trying to find a new lead to make some progress on a case. They were at a dead end and she had to admit, they could use Lucifer’s help and insights on this one.

"Are you Chloe Decker?" said a feminine voice.

Chloe looked up to discover a beautiful young woman who seemed anxious and ill at ease. "How can I help you? Has someone directed you to me?" She retorted.

"My name is Candy Morningstar. I am Lucifer’s wife." She sounded a little bit shy.

Chloe’s brain jammed. She could effectively recognise Candy from the newspaper picture. She was at a loss as why Lucifer’s wife might be asking her to talk. Then she had a moment of anxiety,
fearing that Candy was there to warn her to stay the hell away from her husband.

"Glad to meet you at last!" Chloe said, unsure. She got up and extended her hand to Candy. "What can I do for you Mrs. Morningstar?" Candy shook her hand warmly and smiled softly. She really was lovely thought Chloe.

"I would like to talk to you about Lucifer. Can we go somewhere more private? A restaurant maybe?" Seeing Chloe’s hesitation, she added. "I really need your advice. After all, you are his best friend." Chloe had definitely not been expecting that turn of events.

"Yes, of course! I’m gathering my things and I’ll follow you. There is a nice coffee shop a couple blocks away. It will be more quiet and private." Intrigued, Chloe closed her files and got ready to go.

They walked slowly side by side, exchanging courtesies. Chloe asked her about her adaptation to L.A. Candy gladly explained how she liked Lucifer’s penthouse and the city, and how Lucifer was spoiling her with luxuries. She surprised Chloe by admitted having started to attend courses in order to finish high school. They finally arrived at the coffee shop and ordered something to eat with coffees. Chloe’s curiosity took the best of her and she probed Candy.

"Is everything all right with Lucifer?"

"I don’t think so…" She answered worriedly. "At first, I thought our marriage would help him get over whatever he came to bury in Las Vegas. But I’m not so sure anymore. He’s been drinking nonstop for almost three days now, coming back at the penthouse only early in the morning to crash on the sofa for a couple of hours before going away again. I don’t know what to do. He had been acting like that and worse during the weeks preceding our wedding, but I thought he had got through that. I don’t know what’s happening with him. I want to help him, but he doesn’t talk much you know."

"I know, he is infuriating sometimes." So that was what he had been doing during those three months away, drinking and worse? But why? She had thought he went on a party trip to pass the time while she got over him. Why had he been mopping about, and why was he still? She didn’t understand anything anymore.

"I’m not blind, I know that Lucifer is not in love with me. But he needed someone to get through whatever he was living and I thought our friendship could be enough to keep him afloat. I really care about him. All I want is to give him back all he has given me, by taking care of him too."

What? He wasn’t in love with her? What the hell was going on? Why did he marry her then? Lucifer was so fucked up! Chloe couldn’t start understanding him. Still processing all those news, she couldn’t answer anything to Candy, nor help her with any intelligent insight.

"My best guess is that he loved someone so much in his past that he cannot really love again anymore. That would also explain his self-destroying actions. Do you know if he were ever married or something?" Candy continued.

"A lost love? Married? I… I really don’t know. If so, he never talked about her." But thinking about it, it made sense. She was embarrassed not to have thought about it herself before. "I realise I don’t know him as much as I thought I did. I’m sorry for what you are going through." And she really was. Candy seemed to be a good person and as much as Chloe wanted to hate her, she found herself liking the girl instead and feeling sad for her. "Maybe I could try and talk to him?" Chloe offered.
"You would do that? Thank you so much! Maybe you can reach him where I can’t. He should be at LUX this evening. If not, I can direct you to a couple of other night clubs where he likes to go."

Candy gave her the night clubs’ names and they resumed their meals, talking about everything and nothing. She really was a nice girl thought Chloe.

Chapter End Notes

There's gonna be some action and important developments in the next chapters. So keep on reading. Please leave me some comments to let me know if you liked this new chapter. Thanks for reading me!
She started looking for him at LUX, early in the evening, but he was nowhere to be found. Nobody had seen him yet. He wasn’t at his penthouse either, as Candy confirmed on the phone. Chloe decided to go check at Lucifer’s favorite night clubs. Two hours later, she was thinking of abandoning the search when she arrived at the fourth location on her list. It was a big night club with a long line of eager clients. She had to flash her badge to get inside quickly.

She finally found him, seated at a table at the back of the room, absorbed in a conversation with a man she did not recognise. Lucifer didn’t seem particularly worn-out nor neglected. He actually looked quite handsome and distinguished, as always. She decided to wait for him to finish his talk before approaching. So she sat at the bar, at the periphery of his field of vision, waiting.

Lucifer was in a good mood. He was slowly feeling his old self coming back to life. Enough with the mopping about! He was the Lord of Hell for crying out loud! He’d decided to get back to what he was best at; making Devil’s deals and punishing people. Well, he had not yet punished anyone but he was very opened to it, given the chance. However, he had made some good deals in the last few days which lifted his spirit.

Yet, everything had seemed to unravel three nights before, when he had been foolish enough to go have a drink with Chloe. He understood then that she was still infatuated with him. The way she looked at him, with loving eyes and lust. It had brought back on the surface his own lust and passion for her from the depths of his being. He had thought he could do it, being close to her and burry his love for her deep enough to go on as before. But he had to admit, it couldn’t be done.

After he’d ran away from her, again, he went to his place and had passionate sex with his wife dreaming all along that he were making love to Chloe. Afterwards, he had felt so ashamed, like he had betrayed Candy, or was it Chloe he’d felt he betrayed? He didn’t know exactly, but everything had felt very wrong. He felt sick with himself. Which had prompted him to escape again, from his wife this time. Obviously, he wasn’t very good at dealing with his feelings.

Ever since, he’d avoided both women as much as possible. He needed time to figure out what to do about his situation with Chloe, and about Candy. His first reflex had been to get drunk as much as possible, which was of course very difficult to accomplish considering his high metabolism, but he had tried. He also thought about fucking every women available but he was reluctant to do this to Candy, being married and all. So he found himself in a position he’d never been before. He could not get any sex! He was the only one to blame for this situation really. How laughable!

He still didn’t know what to do about his two women, but at least, he had decided he was done feeling sorry for himself for not being with Chloe. It was time to bring back the old Lucifer. So here he was, with another client who was trying to convince him to help with his problem.

"So, what can I do for you M. Rogers?" He looked at the man intensely, trying to assess what kind
"I heard you could help me get rid of an accusation that brought me in court." The man seemed a little bit nervous, but who wasn’t in front of him?

"I could. Tell me about the accusation." Lucifer asked intrigued. It was always interesting to hear what kind of trouble humans could get themselves into.

"Hum… well, you see, I got wrongly accused of sexual assault on a minor. The damn kid and his family lied to get me into trouble. I’ve done nothing wrong. I’m ready to pay you a fair amount of money for your help of course." Rogers was fidgeting, often a sign of guilt, but not necessarily.

Lucifer growled internally. He didn’t like what he was hearing. "Is that right? What is it you really desire M. Rogers?’ He asked confidentially, leaning towards Rogers and trying very hard not to look as irritated as he really felt.

The man hesitated, unsure if he should talk freely but unable to resist the urge to do so. "I… I want them all. The little kids. They are so sweet!" He answered like a mad man.

Lucifer felt the Devil stir inside him. "Then I don’t think I can help you with this problem M. Rogers. In fact, you better get the hell away from me as fast as you can before I decide to punish you for your actions." He said menacingly, wondering if he could indeed get a hand on the man to actually punish him for his crimes. The urge to do so was overpowering.

The man’s eyes opened wide with outrage and hatred. He stood up slowly, visibly trying to contain himself. "How the hell did you do that?" He spat. "I’m going to kill you!" He shouted, knocking the table over and reaching to get to Lucifer.

In a second, Lucifer had Rogers pinned on the nearest wall, choking him with one hand.

"I’m so glad you did that!" Said Lucifer softly and dangerously, approaching his face two inches away from the man’s. "You deserve to burn in Hell! Too bad I’m not there anymore to make you suffer like you merit. Let’s see what I can do from here." He added, with a devilish smile.

And with that threat, Lucifer’s eyes turned red, glowing intensely. Rogers screamed at the top of his lungs, terrified.

Chloe had just signaled a waitress for a drink and was still waiting for it when she heard a blood curdling scream. She looked straight in its direction to discover Lucifer, his back to her, holding a man by the throat against the wall two feet above the floor with only one hand. How the hell could he do that? And how could he turn so easily an adult male into a terrorized little kid? She put aside her questionings for later and ran towards the scene. People around were moving away from the altercation.

When she reached Lucifer, the man he was holding was about to pee in his pants. He was still screaming, trying to escape Lucifer’s grip without success. From behind him, she put a hand over Lucifer’s shoulder and spoke his name loud enough for him to hear it over the music. It took him a moment to turn in her direction and look at her. His eyes were very dark and his stare menacingly intense. She almost backed off from him. Then the menace left his eyes and he seemed to come back to his senses.

"Lucifer, what the hell are you doing?"

He did not answer but he put the man down and released him of his hold. Immediately, the man rushed unsteadily towards the exit without a word.
"What are you doing here, Detective?" Lucifer asked calmly. Still keeping an eye on the retreating man.

"I was worried about you. You haven’t come to work in days and Candy was concerned about you too." Chloe didn’t know what to think of the situation. A minutes before Lucifer seemed ready to kill the man and now he was looking as calm as if they were only talking about the weather.

The surprise showed on his face when he heard Candy’s name and he stared at her, unsure. He started to say something when the bouncers finally arrived. They visibly knew Lucifer and were reluctant to intervene with him. Even so, they politely asked him to leave the place, at least for the evening. Lucifer complied without a word and he and Chloe walked slowly toward the entrance.

"So, my new wife and you are already making friends it would seem." he said, shaking his head in disbelief. "I didn’t see that one coming." He seemed to find it funny somehow.

"Candy is a nice girl, we met briefly. But that’s not the point. Are you okay, Lucifer? And what was that about with that man?"

"Let’s just say he needed some punishments well earned. And yes, I’m feeling quite well, thank you. I do have some marital perturbations, but it’s nothing I can’t handle."

"Ho! Sorry to hear that. I… I don’t want to intrude. It's just, I thought I could be of help, you know, being your friend. But maybe I shouldn’t have come." Suddenly, she could not remember what she hoped to accomplish by coming to him.

"Please, don’t be sorry, Detective. I’m always glad to see you." He quickly said, looking at her and searching for any sign that would confirm they were still okay. Chloe answered by smiling at him reassuringly.

They were interrupted by a feminine voice. "Lucifer! Love! Where have you been? It’s been weeks since we last saw you." Chloe turned her gaze to see a sexy woman slip between Lucifer and herself to take his arm. Another woman was already coming up against Lucifer on the other side.

"Hello ladies!" Lucifer came to a stop and answered with his sexiest voice.

"We have been looking for you everywhere!" The other woman continued seductively.

"I’m flattered to hear it really, but I’m afraid we won’t be able to continue where we left off last time. You see, I’m a married man now." With this, he showed them his left hand, with the proof of his now captive condition. "Sorry ladies."

Both women gasped with deception and turned to Chloe with killing glares. Chloe smiled mockingly at them. Let them think what they want! She thought. She released Lucifer’s nearest arm from one of the woman’s and pulled on it, steering him towards the exit.

"Sorry about that, Detective. I can’t turn it off you know." Complained Lucifer. Chloe rolled her eyes in answer.

They finally arrived in the parking lot. Everything was very quiet in comparison with the animation of the night club. Then followed a moment of awkward silence.

"I… I wanted to apologize about my behaviour last time we saw each other and went for a drink." Chloe admitted shamefully.

"You have nothing to apologize for, Detective. Really." He said, looking sad.
"Yes I do. I… I’m not sure anymore how to behave around you anymore and it interferes with our relationship as colleagues and as friends. I’m not sure it was such a good idea to resume working together.” Chloe couldn’t look at him in the eyes. She was too ashamed of herself and terrorized at the implications of her words.

Lucifer seemed ill at ease at her comment but didn’t object. "I know…” He answered, to her complete surprise.

They both looked at each other, hesitant and nervous. Neither knowing what to say. Then suddenly, Lucifer’s gaze moved to her left and his face contorted with fear. He pushed her roughly to the ground and moved quickly between her and whatever threat he had seen. Almost at the same time, she heard three thundering gun shots. Lucifer got propelled backward and fell to the ground. She had time to see the man with whom Lucifer had gotten into an altercation earlier. He was behind his car’s wheel, gun in hand, with a satisfied grin on his face. Then he drove away in a cloud of dust. Fear took a hold of Chloe. Lucifer… She turned her gaze to him and froze. He was on the ground, seeming to choke with each breath he took. She approached him on hands and knees and took his face in her trembling hands. There was so much blood!

Chapter End Notes

As you can see, things are going to get complicated and Lucifer's plans are gonna get out of hands. Please continue reading and tell me what you think about my story with some comments. I crave comments!!! Thanks for reading me!
"Lucifer! Lucifer! Talk to me!" She was on the verge of panic. There was blood all over his torso. Blood was coming out of his mouth too as he tried to speak.

"Damn it...! It hurts...! That’s… an interesting… feeling!" He blurted out, between laborious breaths. He forced a smile on his face but it didn’t reassure Chloe.

"Lucifer! You’re plastered with blood! Where are you hit?" Her training as a cop finally took over. She opened his jacket and unbuttoned his shirt to see his wounds.

"Don’t take advantage…, detective!" He teased.

"Lucifer, this is serious! I think your lung has been hit." As a confirmation, she saw bubbles of blood coming out of a wound on the right side of his torso. There was also two other gunshot wounds on his right shoulder and arm that were less worrisome.

"Don’t be afraid...! It’s okay!" He retorted calmly. Each breath seemed an agony to him.

"No! It’s not okay! You are bleeding to death! I’m calling an ambulance." She took her cell phone with shaking hands and was about to call 911 when Lucifer stopped her.

"No ambulance...! I can’t go to the hospital." He insisted.

"Are you nuts? This is not a simple scratch Lucifer. You are going to die if you don’t get into surgery and fast." She took off her jacket and put a pressure to his torso to stop the bleeding as well as to stop the air from coming out of his torso. It seemed to help his breathing somehow.

"Chloe! There are things you don’t know about me… I just need to get to Dr. Martin’s. Please, call her. My phone…, in my pocket." He was trying to reach it. Something in his voice told her he was deadly serious.

"She is not even a real doctor!" Yet, Chloe knew he wouldn’t change his mind.

"Please Chloe, trust me! We need to go before the cops get here." He was getting up and Chloe helped him. People were already arriving on the scene, alarmed by the sound of the gun shots. She told them that everything was under control and waved them away. Chloe took quickly Lucifer’s cell phone from his hand, found the doctor’s phone number and hit the button.

"I really don’t know why I’m listening to you." She complained.

"Because you trust me?" He answered knowingly.

She rolled her eyes, trying to lighten the mood. But she was terrified. It seemed obvious that he could not recover from that kind of wound without serious medical help. And yet, he looked so sure of himself. It wouldn’t be the first time he pulled something off that seemed impossible. Still, she might regret this decision for the rest of her life.

Dr. Martin answered the phone on the third ring.

Chloe spoke urgently. "Linda! It’s Chloe! I need your help!"
"Is everything all right?" Linda answered unsteadily.

"Lucifer has been shot! It’s bad. You have to convince him to go to a hospital. He doesn’t want to hear anything about it." Chloe’s voice was almost shaking.

Linda kept silent for a moment, then made her decision. "Bring him to my office. Now!" The seriousness of her statement was undeniable.

"What’s wrong with you people?" Surrendering, Chloe continued. "Okay! We’re coming. We’ll be there in 10."

"I’ll call Maze and Amenadiel."

Chloe sighed. "Okay! Be right there!"

Chloe helped Lucifer get into the passenger’s seat of his car. Then she took the first-aid kit from her car trunk and came back to him.

"Press those bandages on your torso and hold it there." He was slumped onto the bench, looking very weak. Chloe could see that his face was getting paler by the minute. "Please Lucifer! Hold on!" He just smiled at her, keeping his strength for later. By his silence, she understood that things were even worse then she thought.

Chloe drove like crazy. It was a miracle that they didn’t get arrested or into an accident. Luckily, Dr. Martin’s office was not very far. They got there in no time, thanks to the engine power of Lucifer’s Corvette. Linda was already waiting at the entrance of the building, keys in hand, in her pyjama.

"How is he?" Linda ran to the car to help him out.

"It’s not good. He is very weak, and has already lost a lot of blood." Chloe jumped out of the car and helped her support Lucifer.

"Hello doctor! Nice of you to grant me a late consultation." Lucifer’s voice sounded weak.

"Well! There was nothing on TV anyway." Linda tried to put on a light mood, but her anxiety was palpable. "I reached Mazikeen. She is going to get us some medical equipment. Amenadiel is coming over too."

They were entering the building when they saw an ambulance coming their way at full speed. It screeched to a halt right in front of them.

"You called an ambulance?" Chloe asked Linda, hopeful. But she saw the surprise on Linda’s face. Before Linda could answer, Chloe saw Maze coming out of the conductor’s seat.

"You stole it!" Chloe said, unbelieving.

"Don’t look at me that way! I just borrowed it. But if you want to arrest me later, I’m all yours." Maze winked at her playfully.

Chloe did not waste time arguing. "Bring all the material you can and park the ambulance behind the building, will you? And be fast!" she ordered.

Chloe steered Lucifer forward. He walked slowly, leaning heavily on her, his left arm around her shoulders. Linda supported him by his right arm while he tried to apply a pressure on his torso.
Chloe could hear the blood bubbling with each of his breaths. She felt her eyes watering. No! I am not going to crash down into tears! I need to stay clear-headed if I want to be of any help. They finally arrived in Linda’s office and laid Lucifer down on the sofa. Maze arrived at the same time.

"Give me the bandages! Quickly!" Said Linda to Maze. "We need to stop the bleeding before he bleeds to death."

"His right lung was hit." Chloe specified. Linda took off her bloodied jacket from the wound to evaluate the damages.

"It’s a pneumothorax! I need to patch it airtight." Linda searched through the medical stuff and retrieved what she needed.

Chloe followed her instructions to help stop the blood flow from each wounds and patch up his torso. Ten minutes later, they were satisfied with the results. Lucifer’s breathing was coming in more easily now. Yet, he’d lost so much blood that he was as pale as death. His eyes were closed and Chloe could not remember the last time she saw them open. A cold fear rose up in the pit of her stomach. She kneeled down beside him and shook him gently.

"Lucifer! Lucifer! Do you hear me? Wake up damn it!" To her great relief, his eyes fluttered and opened slowly.

"Hey, Lovely!" He answered weakly.

"Lucifer! Listen to me! You need to stay awake! You hear me?" He was making an effort to keep his eyes opened. "We stopped the blood flow, but I don’t know what else we can do." Chloe’s distress was evident.

"Thank you! But you must go now. Linda is going to take it from here."

"Go? I’m not going anywhere, Lucifer." She could not believe what she was hearing.

"He is right! You have to go Chloe." Added Maze. "If you want him to have a fighting chance, you must leave him and go home. Now!" Maze’s eyes were almost pleading.

"I don’t understand anything that’s going on here." Chloe looked from Maze to Lucifer, desperately trying to get a cue.

"Chloe! I might explain everything to you someday, but not now." Lucifer told her softly. "I don’t have a lot of time left. Just go and everything’s gonna be alright. Trust me, please!?!" He sounded so weak.

"Lucifer!" Chloe took his face in her hands and caressed his cheeks. "I just got you back. I can’t lose you again." Her voice caught in her throat and she held back a sob.

He smiled at her and whispered. "Then go!"

Chloe finally made up her mind. She leaned slowly towards him and kissed his lips briefly, but passionately. She felt him respond to her kiss. If it was the last time she ever saw him, she would at least keep that memory with her.

"Don’t die on me Lucifer! Or I’m gonna hate you for the rest of my life." Her eyes were full of love and desperation.

"I’ll do my best!" He answered with a faint smile.
She got up in a resolute manner. What the hell was she doing? But it was too late to change her mind. She was about to leave the room when the door opened and Amenadiel came in, followed by the last person Chloe expected to see here, Charlotte.

"What on earth is she still doing here?" Charlotte asked to no one in particular, exasperated and looking straight at Chloe. Without waiting for an answer, she continued. "Are you trying to kill him or what?" That one was clearly addressed to Chloe. Chloe opened her mouth to snap at Charlotte.

"Don’t you dare talk to her like that! You of all people!" Lucifer said with disgust in his voice, louder than Chloe thought him capable of. An understanding passed between their glares, then Charlotte went to sit in a corner, quiet.

"She was just leaving anyway. Right Chloe?" Interrupted Maze.

"Right!" Still unsure, Chloe looked one last time at Lucifer, praying she would see him again. He smiled at her encouragingly and she answered him with a smile of her own. Then she left the room.

Chloe walked through the corridor as in a dream. A little bit further, she had to steady herself by leaning against the wall for a moment. Her heart was beating so fast she thought it would burst out. Deep breaths Chloe! You can do this. Just walk out, take the car, and drive home. Easy!

Back in the room, Chloe could hear a deathly silence. Nobody had thought of closing the door. Why would they? There was no one else in the building. Then she heard something beyond comprehension.

"Son! You better not die again because of that woman. I swear to you, this time I’m not going back to Hell to save your sorry ass. I’m never going back there. Ever! You hear me?"

It was Charlotte. Son? What the hell? Chloe walked back furtively to the office door and stayed on the edge, listening.

"I’m not asking you anything, Mom." Lucifer answered with hatred in his voice. "In fact, Hell doesn’t sound that bad anymore. There’s nothing left for me here anyway. We won’t be able to work together anymore Chloe and I." A bitter laugh escaped his mouth, followed by a coughing fit. "My big plan didn’t work out as well as I thought it would after all." His voice was so faint, he was losing his last boost of strength. "At least I know people there… I could have another chat with Dr. Carlisle." He laughed at his own joke.

"Don’t be ridiculous! There’s nothing worse than Hell. And you’ll get over her anyway. You have eternity to do so." Dismissed Charlotte immediately.

"How comforting, Mom!" Lucifer answered, exasperated.

Chloe was thunder-struck. Get over her? She was the one who had been dumped! Not him! Or could he have real feelings for her? Marrying another one was really not the way to show it! And what was it again about going to Hell?

"I don’t want to break the mood, but has anyone thought of getting the bullets out before Chloe is far enough?" It was Amenadiel. For a moment, nobody answered.

"Oh shit!" Linda said at last. "I didn’t think about that. Maze! Give me the scalpel and a clamp." It didn’t take long before Chloe heard Lucifer scream with pain. "Try not to move Lucifer."

"Bloody Hell! Haaaaaaaggh!" Lucifer screamed so loudly it sounded as if he were getting tortured.
"Lucifer!" Linda suddenly chastised him. "Will you please put back on your old face? You know this one gives me the creeps. I can’t work in these conditions. So please, control yourself!" Linda sounded very irritated.

"I can’t! You are killing me!" He screamed.

What the hell was going on in there? Shaking with apprehension, Chloe could not resist the urge to look inside. So she took a discrete peek into the office, while everybody was certainly distracted. She was definitely not prepared for what she saw.

Instead of seeing Lucifer lying on the sofa, there was a thing of nightmares in his place. It looked exactly like the images of devil and demons she had seen in religious books, with red burned skin, only without the horns. Chloe refrained a scream by putting a hand over her mouth. She could not turn her gaze from it. Was it real? Was she even awake? Of course she was! Then it talked.

"Something… is wrong!" It was talking with Lucifer’s lovely voice. Then it got a terrible coughing fit and spat a large quantities of blood. Realization hit Chloe like a truck. Lucifer… That was him! He really was the Devil after all! Everything he’d ever told her was true. Her breath quickened and her head started spinning. No! That couldn’t be!

"He is drowning in his own blood! Linda, do something!" Charlotte was panicking.

"There is nothing I can do. His lungs are filling up with blood. It’s only a question of time before it’s full. He only has minutes now." Explained Linda. That brought Chloe back to Earth. Lucifer was dying. Devil or not, he was still Lucifer and she needed him alive.

"I don’t understand." Said Maze. "He is still bleeding when Chloe should be far enough for him to be immortal again. He should be regenerating, not dying!" She sounded terrified.

I’m the one who is killing him somehow! Thought Chloe. Lucifer, hold on! And with that thought, she ran!

Chapter End Notes

I told you there was gonna be some action! I really hope you liked that chapter. Please, write me some comments about it. It would encourage me a lot to feel that my story is appreciated. Thanks for reading me!
Facing The Devil

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She was driving as fast as she could. Her body was shaking all over. Tears were flowing down her face like torrents, so much so she could barely see where she was going. Just drive straight ahead Chloe! She thought. Calm down! Breathe!

Lucifer…

He is going to die because of me! What sick joke is this? Hold on Lucifer! You’re going to be alright! She repeated those last thoughts over and over in her head, as if she could make it so just by thinking it.

After a while, she was able to express more intelligent thoughts. Why is he not immortal around me? Immortal… Do I really believe this? Of course I do. I’ve seen his real face after all. Lucifer’s Devil face came popping up again in her mind, making her wince. He had talked of his immortality so many times and yet, she had never believed him. How could she have? That was just inconceivable. She really believed him when he said he never lied to her and yet, she could dismiss so many things he said as being simple figures of speech. He had said once that she made him vulnerable… another riddle that happened to mean exactly what he said. Was it a curse or something? Was she like Superman’s kryptonite to him? A nervous laugh escaped her lips. This was just crazy!

Her mind was spinning fast. That kind of thing can only happen to me! Falling in love with the Devil! No! Don’t take that path of thoughts! There is really nothing possible between us anymore, as he made it very clear lately. He may have strong feelings for me, maybe he even loves me as his conversation with his mother implies, but he choose otherwise. Damn it! He married another woman to make his point. Still, it isn’t clear why he pushed me away. Whatever his reasons, he knew nothing good could come out of this and he was right. The real question is, was he protecting me or himself by doing so? I might never know… What a mess he had made! If he survives this, I’m going to kill him for making me fall in love with him.

Am I far enough now? Did he make it? Please don’t die Lucifer. Don’t give up! She could remember him saying a few minutes ago that Hell didn’t sound so bad anymore, that there was nothing left for him here. Was he so desperate that Hell felt more appealing than staying here? Would he fight to stay alive or just give up and go back there? She would like to tell him that she would always be there for him, that what they had was precious, but the truth was, she was not so sure anymore that this was true. She was not sure of anything anymore.

She realised that by chance, she drove vaguely towards home. She corrected her course and headed for her place. Maze said to go home. It should be far enough then. When she finally made it there, she felt more in control of herself. She was still crying but not shaking anymore. He should be okay now. Right? If she’d been fast enough… If only she had not been listening in and went straight home, he would be alive for sure. Did she kill him? She felt sick with fear. Once inside the house, she quickly retrieved one of Maze’s bottle of vodka and filled a glass up. She swallowed half of it then filled it up again. As an afterthought, she took the bottle and brought it with her to the sofa where she crashed down.
Please, make him survive this! Who am I praying to? God? Of what Lucifer told her about his Dad, God had to be a real son of a bitch. Lucky she was never a believer or she would be very disappointed right now. And who knew God had a wife? That one was a real bitch! No wonder Lucifer was so screwed-up. She should have deducted before that Charlotte was his mother, otherwise he would have slept with her long ago. To her credit, there was that youthful look Charlotte got that was difficult to reconcile with the idea of her being Lucifer’s mom.

She took another sip of vodka, then another. She was slowly starting to feel the numbing effect of alcohol. Good! If I ever had a good reason to get drunk that should be it. She tried to picture Lucifer’s pretty face but his Devil’s face kept popping up in its place. She shivered, just thinking about it. Will I ever be able to see Lucifer the way I used to? Is the face I know only a falsehood or was it ever his real face? Linda had called it his old face. Maybe it was the way he looked before he was burned. Aouch! That must have hurt as hell (I really have to be more careful with my choice of words). He actually is the Devil for Christ sake! Why didn’t he trust me enough to tell me? Don’t I already know the answer to that question? He must have been afraid of my reaction and with good reasons. Look at me! Already thinking of throwing him out of my life. What a good friend I make. But how could I keep being friends with the Devil? Friend? I was not just friend with the Devil, I was head over heels in love with him! How could that be?

She closed her eyes and looked back at their first kiss on the beach. It felt so right at the time and the way he kissed her back… she could feel her love for him rising again from the depth of her being. Did she lost it forever? Did she lost him? She could feel her heart breaking all over again. She curled up into a ball and burst into tears.

She woke up in broad daylight. She couldn’t say how long she had slept. She watched the clock. It was 9 am. Damn it! She looked at her cell phone but there was still no message. She actually slept with it in her hand. Exasperated, she wondered why nobody called to update her. Because he is dead and you killed him, that’s why! Don’t start panicking again, she thought. Okay, I’m going to take a shower and after that, if I don’t have news, I’m going back there.

So she took a quick shower and changed into something clean. She must have fallen asleep from exhaustion and drunkenness. Her head was hurting, bad. The last thing she remembered was seeing the first rays of sunlight. Despite her never-ending night of anguish, she must have slept at least a few hours. She got through the night reviewing as much as possible every moments she had shared with Lucifer, especially the more intimate ones, to try and find out how and why she had fallen in love with him. She also tried to remember everything Lucifer ever said about himself or where he came from. A lot of what he had said made so much sense now.

For starters, there was one thing she was certain of, Trixie and she were living with a demon! Maze had said once that she’d crossed Hell’s gate with Lucifer. That made her a demon for sure. Her lack of emotion and social skills certainly pointed to that. You really are good for choosing your friends and lovers Chloe Decker! She thought. Yet, Maze had changed a lot in the last months she had known her. Maze was not a bad person nor dangerous to Trixie and herself. Of that Chloe was sure. She might be a defrocked demon bodyguard but she visibly loved Trixie and was a loyal friend to her.

Suddenly, Chloe heard the sound of keys downstairs. Any thoughts of demon and Devil left her and she ran at the door. Maze was standing there, waiting for her. She looked as exhausted as Chloe felt.

"Is he alive?” Chloe ask, desperate.
"Of course he is! Did you really think I’d leave him die?" Answered Maze matter-of-factly.

Chloe fell on her knees and began to weep in gasping, choking sobs of relief. Maze kneeled slowly down in front of Chloe and hugs her awkwardly.

"Don’t put yourself into that state for him. He doesn’t deserve it Chloe." Maze’s voice was full of alien emotions.

"Thank you so much for being there for him, and for me!" Cried Chloe between heart breaking sobs.

Chloe hugged Maze back fiercely and they stayed like that for a moment, Chloe sobbing and Maze trying to comfort her.

"Where is he? I need to see him." Chloe’s need was overpowering.

"I just left him at his penthouse, but he is going to need some rest now." 

"He can rest as much as he wants after I see him." Nothing nor anyone could keep her from seeing him.

"As you wish!" conceded Maze.

Was she ready to face him? No! Not at all! Doubts took a hold of her again but she could not turn the elevator around. Instead, she braced herself and took a deep breath. The elevator’s doors opened.

He was right there, sitting on his sofa with a glass of whisky. He turned his head and looked at her. They locked eyes and for a second, Chloe couldn’t move. He still looked like the old Lucifer she was used to, no evidence of devilish origin. Her heart was bursting with joy at seeing him alive and well. And he did look well. He was still a little pale but nothing in comparison with what he looked like when she last saw him. He was sitting straight, demonstrating no sign of weakness, except maybe for some shadows under the eyes. She took one last deep breath and walked inside with determination. Let’s make him sweat a bit! She thought, with a little vengeance in her heart.

"Good morning, Lucifer! You really look better this morning!" She blurted out with her most joyful tone. She saw him open his mouth and close it. The look on his face was priceless! "Is Candy there? I’d like to say hello."

"Hum… No, she is at school for the day I suppose." He looked at her, unsure, clearly not understanding what was going on with her.

"Do you want me to make you some soup or something? You must be starving after last night and you need to get your strength back." She spoke as if there was nothing out of ordinary.

"Haaa… maybe later? You okay Detective?" He was getting nervous now. Good!

"Me? Wonderful! I slept like a baby last night!" She smiled brightly at him.

"You did?" He asks incredulous.

"Of course! I knew you were in good hands. Look at you! All patched up and well. Linda really is a good doctor after all." She took off her coat and sat next to him on the sofa, half turned towards him.
"… That, she is." He looked like a little animal cornered by a predator.

"You know, that’s a very good thing you didn’t die because with your lifestyle, you sure would have ended up in Hell!" His eyes bulge with stupor. "I’m just joking Lucifer! You’re not that bad!" She added cheerfully.

"Haaa! ... Thank you?" Then he took a mouthful of whisky to lift his spirit.

"Is your mother coming over to visit?" At that, he choked on his whisky. She was really enjoying this way too much!

"What?" He asks with a strangled voice.

"You do have a mom right?"

"Of course." The words came out with difficulty.

"Well, my mother always comes to take care of me when I’m hurt, so I thought maybe I could finally meet yours." He was getting more and more nervous, fidgeting on his seat.

"Haaa! I’m not in very good terms with my mother actually and I can’t picture her taking care of me that way." He answered with a grimace.

"That’s too bad. At least you have Candy. And I can stay as long as you need me to." She gave him her most innocent smile.

"Thank you very much, Detective, but I don’t think that will be necessary." He eyed her doubtfully.

"Don’t be ridiculous! It would be my pleasure." She emphasises.

"Right…" He clearly wasn’t buying it.

"Maybe I could help and change your bandages?" She approached a little bit closer to him.

"I’m quite alright, Detective. It’s not even bleeding anymore I assure you." He discretely closed more tightly his robe and tried to smile at her.

"If you say so." She smiled at him charmingly.

He gave her a suspicious look then took another sip of whisky. Chloe jumped at the opening and yanked open his robe. She tried to keep a blank look but she was speechless for a few seconds. To know what she was about to see and to actually see it were two different things entirely. There was no bandage at all. His wounds were completely closed and looked as if they were weeks old. She heard Lucifer hold his breath. Slowly, she moved her hand closer and touched the wound on his torso. She left her hand on his chest to keep in touch with his skin. She could feel his heart beating, faster and faster. Now serious, she raised her gaze to him. She could see fear in his eyes.

"I didn’t know Linda could do miracles!" She said softly. She stroked gently his chest with her hand and moved to his right shoulder, never breaking eye contact. She could feel the bullet still inside his flesh. "Too bad Linda couldn’t take it out in time after all!"

His eyes widened and she could see understanding in them. He knew very well that she was not supposed to have heard about that detail. If she heard that, she may very well have heard everything. And most importantly, she might have seen HIM!
I hope you are enjoying this story. If you do, please let me some comments to tell me, it would be very encouraging. I crave comments!!! Be aware that the next chapter will be rated for adult since there's gonna be some long awaited major rapprochements... if you know what I mean...
They kept looking at each other without saying a word, Chloe still touching his skin with her left hand on his chest. She couldn’t take her hand off, for fear of breaking the link. She needed so much to feel him, to feel the life emanating from him. She brought up her right hand and caressed his cheek.

"I almost got you killed last night." she said tenderly. "I could have lost you forever!" Her voice broke and a sob escaped her lips.

At first, Lucifer’s lips moved, but he was unable to say a word. Then, he found his voice again.

"Chloe, please, don’t cry. I’m ok." He said it with such tenderness.

"Is this why you pushed me away? Because I make you vulnerable?" Her voice was almost breaking.

"Chloe… I… I don’t care about that. I would die a thousand times over for you." The adoration in his voice was unmistakable.

She knew the truth in those words, he’d already died at least once for her, to get the antidote. She understood that much from his talk with his mother. Chloe could feel him melting under her touch. Apparently, she made him vulnerable in every ways possible.

"If you have feelings for me Lucifer, then why? Please, I need to know." Her eyes were searching his pleadingly.

Lucifer was savoring each instant of this heavenly contact, conscious that this could very well be the last time she touched him this way. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and braced himself for what was to come. When he opened his eyes again, there was resolve in them.

"Chloe, those feelings you think you have for me, they’re not real." There was clearly pain in his voice.

"What? ... What are you talking about?" She asked, confused.

"About thirty five years ago, whereas your parents were not able to conceive a child, you were created with the blessing of an angel, under the orders of my Father. That angel was my brother, Amenadiel. He told me so himself less than four months ago." Lucifer took a pause to let her absorb the shock of the news.

Chloe tried her best to control her emotions, but her breathing sped up. She slowly sat back on the sofa, removing her hands from him and lowering her eyes. It all seemed so unconceivable and yet, she remembered her parents saying how long they had tried to have children, and that when they had lost all hope, she finally arrived into this world, like a gift from heaven... That’s how they had
called it. She didn’t feel heaven sent, as she could now remember Lucifer referring to her, back at the hospital four months ago, far from it. But she believed him. About Amenadiel being an angel, she’d already deduced that much, so that part at least wasn’t a surprise.

When she raised her eyes back to him again, Lucifer continued. "Apparently, my Father planned for you to cross my path one day. He made sure you were not affected by my charms and that I would be powerless before you to insure that I would take an interest in you. But it was all planned, don’t you see? He wanted us to fall for each other all along! His goal in doing so is still unclear, but it certainly has to do with him controlling my life or punishing me for whatever evil I may have done. I can’t play by his rules and I can certainly not continue to let him control your life. You deserve to keep your freewill Chloe. I can’t be a party to this manipulation." He tried to keep a controlled voice but it sounded shaky.

"All planned?" She was stunned. This couldn’t be real, God planning her life, her being what, a poisoned gift for Lucifer? Was she just part of a big scam, created only for one purpose? She couldn’t believe this and she certainly didn’t feel like someone, or something, was controlling her every decisions and her life. Maybe Lucifer’s interpretation of the events was biased because of his hatred for his father. She had to look at it rationally, as much as the situation permitted. She was a detective after all. She took a long moment to try and process it all, not saying a word, lost in her thoughts. Some things were just not right…

"That doesn’t make any sense Lucifer! Ok, let’s say, for the sake of argument that Go… your Father, put me on your path on purpose. You can’t deny that I haven’t always made the best of choices in my life and I’m not talking about us here. So that supports the idea that no higher power is involved in my everyday decisions. And, you agreed that your powers are not working on me, so… it must mean that I had a choice in this too. Lucifer, I don’t know what your Dad had in mind when he arranged all that, but if God is the reason I met you and fell in love with you, then I should be eternally grateful." Lucifer’s eyes widened slightly as he heard her admit her love for him. "The way I see this, I might very well be the only one who can love you for who you really are, without being blinded by your charms. This is more a gift then a curse I would say." She moved closer to him and looked lovingly into his eyes.

Lucifer wanted to believe it so badly. He felt his resolves falter. Could she be right? No! It was impossible! His father would never give him so great a gift. God had banished him and sent him to Hell for eternity. He felt anger build up inside him, anger at his Father for doing this to them and anger at himself for being who he was.

"How can you say you love me?" His voice was very deep, almost menacing. "Do you realize who I am? Don’t you know?" Now he was almost screaming at her dangerously.

Chloe withdrew her hand slowly. She lifted her chin defiantly and stood up to him. "They call you the Devil, or do you prefer Beelzebub? Or fallen angel?" She was trying to stay calm, but the emotion could be heard in each of her words. "I know very well who you are. You are Lucifer Morningstar, the man I love. And I know you are not a bad person, Lucifer."

"Not a bad person?" Now he was laughing unbelievingly. "I am so much worse than that, Chloe! But maybe you need to see me up close to understand." He smiled dangerously at her and his eyes started glowing, as red as blood. "You really think you can love the man I am?" And then he showed her his true face, approaching it slowly from her.

Chloe punched him hard on his right shoulder and he winced. "Stop that! Will you? Stop trying to scare me. YOU are the one who’s afraid here, not me." She was almost screaming now with anger.

Lucifer had certainly not expected that reaction and the surprise made him turn back to his human
"Quit hiding behind that mask to make me flee. I’m not going anywhere. You are not a monster, Lucifer. This face I see IS the real you. Why can’t you accept who you are, who you have become? I certainly can. As self centered and infuriating as you can be most of the time, I have fallen for you. Not because of a celestial endgame, but because you make me a better person, every day. You always force me to look differently at everything, you push me forward. Being with you just gives me wings Lucifer. You never refrain from taking risks for those you love and you are the most trustworthy and the most loyal man I have ever known. I have seen you change and open up to me through the time we have known each other. I have discovered a wonderful person, and I think you are not anymore the man you once were. Those last months away from you have been a nightmare for me. I can’t picture my life without you Lucifer." Her voice was getting softer with each word.

She looked at him lovingly and continued softly. "You smile at me and my heart swell, you touch me and I melt, you kiss me… and I’m in heaven." She was now on her knees, leaning slightly over him on the sofa. She tenderly took his face in her hands. "But, if you want me to go, I will. Just look at me in the eyes and tell me you don’t love me!"

Lucifer was speechless. His Chloe was so strong! How could she stand up to him like that? How could she still love him after everything he had said and done? After knowing who he really was? But here she was and she had poured her heart out for him. He loved her so much his whole being screamed to take her in his arms.

He smiled softly at her and spoke with tenderness. "Chloe Decker, you are the only soul I have ever loved in my entire existence. I think I fell in love with you the moment I first laid eyes on you, and I will love you for eternity!"

Chloe was bemused! His words barely registering in her dazed brain. Her emotions took the upper hand and she broke down into tears and embraced him forcefully, burying her face into the crook of his neck. All her tension, angst, and fear that had built up during the last months streamed out of her in a sea of tears. She could not control herself anymore and was shaking all over with gasping sobs. He loved her! How could she have ever doubted it? It felt as if she’d known it all along, but never allowed herself to believe it.

She could hear and feel him sobbing softly too. Lucifer was clinging to her as if she were a lifeline in the middle of a storm. After a time, she couldn’t say how long, she pulled slightly away from him and leaned her forehead to his. They looked at each other, smiling, eyes still shining with fresh tears.

Still unbelieving, she asked pleadingly. "Lucifer, my angel, will you let me love you?"

She didn’t see any hesitation in his face when he answered. "Yes."

Without any hesitation, Chloe kissed him deeply. He answered her with hastiness, deepening the kiss even more. They were craving for each other. Lucifer had his hands all over her body instantly, caressing every part of her with lust. Whatever his Dad had in mind for him, they would face it together. He didn’t want to fight this anymore, he could not. No more questioning nor hesitation. She was his and he was hers and now he was claiming her with all his being.

Chloe pushed off his robe from his shoulders and torso, caressing his skin, touching the firmness of his torso, of his back, burying her fingers in his hair, while never stopping her kisses, tasting his mouth hungrily as if she were starving. She felt tingling all over her body, overcome by lust and pleasure. She straddled him and rubbed herself against his groin, feeling him getting hard. The feeling made then both moan with pleasure. They looked at each other for a second, amazed at the
novelty of the sensation. Chloe kept rubbing herself against him slowly looking at his reaction with a mischievous smile on her face. His head was leaning against the back of the sofa, eyes looking at hers but unfocused. He was already lost in ecstasy. How she loved that man! It was almost too much to bear. She was terrified of the implications of loving him so much, but she had made a choice and she would follow him through Hell if need be.

He was lost in pleasures he didn’t even know existed. He was kissing her, stroking her skin under her clothing while feeling her through it with his body. The sensations were overwhelming. Panting, he broke the kiss and tried to regain his focus. She was beaming at him, cheeks flushed with desire. She was so beautiful! The urge to take off her clothing became unbearable and he started unbuttoning her shirt eagerly, watching her reaction just in case she would change her mind. But she helped him by pulling off the shirt over her head then he took her bra off. Holding her back with one hand, he tilted her backward slightly and buried his face between her breasts, kissing and licking her skin. He wanted to taste every inches of her body, to impregnate himself with her essence. He took a nipple in his mouth and sucked at it greedily, making her moan. He stroked her other breast with his free hand and caressed her skin down to her belly and back again to her breast before sucking at her other nipple.

His hands and mouth were not enough, he had to feel her body with his own, skin to skin. So he flipped her over promptly and laid her back on the sofa. He shed off his robe and in a swift movement stretched his whole length out onto her, grinding his nude body against hers. The feel of her breast on his skin was exhilarating and he could not stop himself from trusting against her through her pants, relishing in the sensation. The look she gave him was pure pleasure. She drew his head closer and kissed him anew, hard and passionate. He was losing control of his lower body now and driving them both crazy with lust. If he continued like that, he would have to take her right now and then. But this was not any woman, it was Chloe Decker, his soul mate and he wanted to do it right. So he slowed his pacing to regain control of himself then pulled away slightly. Chloe let escape a moan of disappointment at losing contact with his body, but he came back to her a second later with his mouth to her neck, tracing a path of wet kisses down her body, over her breasts to her belly. She was panting hard when he finally tasted her wetness and stroked her mound with his tongue. She cried out with delight at his expert ministrations. The taste of her made his head spin. He licked and explored her avidly, which made him get hard all over again. Each time he felt her getting near her climax he would slow down, then pace up again to make her crazy with desire. After a time, she could not take it anymore and stopped him by pulling his head back to hers. Shaking with need, she kissed him ardently then spoke, breathless.

"Lucifer! Take me now! I want you in me!"

He answered her with a moan of desire. He was more than ready to take her. He slipped his hand behind her right thigh and lifted her leg up to place himself between her legs. He slid his member in her wetness, making back and forth movements above her opening to build up her need even more. They were both holding their breaths, looking passionately at each other. Then he slid deep inside her with a swift movement and felt her walls close in around him. He was in heaven!

She held him there for a few seconds, with her arms and legs around him, savouring the feel of him inside her. There was so much love in his eyes, she could not stop staring at him. She craved that loving gaze as much as his body. Then she released him of her hold and he started moving his hips, to and fro. Still looking in each other’s eyes as much as their closeness allowed them, they started kissing languorously, following the rhythm of their bodies. At first slow, the rhythm of their movements sped up and soon became frenzied. They were both trying to slow down their bodies but neither of them were in control anymore. Chloe was losing herself in him, not knowing where
she ended and where he began. She had never experienced that strong a bond in her life. After a time, she felt her climax coming and let herself go entirely. She screamed and shook under the strength of her orgasm. The spasms of her pleasure made Lucifer convulse and he came loudly a few seconds later.

Once the waves of pleasure subsided, they kept holding each other, panting, with electric sparks still coursing through their veins. Lucifer rested his forehead against hers. They both smiled with delight.

"Wow! That really was amazing!" Lucifer whispered, still shaking slightly. "So, that’s what they call making love?" He asked innocently.

Chloe couldn’t stop the smile from spreading over her face. Too overwhelmed to answer anything, she nodded slightly to confirm his suspicion,

"That was a first for me," he admitted timidly.

Chloe brushed her fingertips over his cheek, her smile widening. "In a way, that was a first for me too." Making love to Lucifer really was like nothing she had ever experienced before. That made him laugh softly. Lucifer made a move as if he were about to withdraw from her. She held him tightly. "Don’t you dare getting out of there!"

"Don’t worry Love! I’m not nearly done with you." He harbored a mischievous smile.

And with that, he lifted her effortlessly, as if she were only a feather. Still inside her, he carried her to his bedroom, already kissing her passionately.

Chapter End Notes

I had that conversation in my head for a while now. I was so much looking forward to write it. I like the result. I just hope you liked it too. Please let me know of your appreciation with some comments. I would loooove it!
Chloe woke up slowly, feeling drowsy. Eyes still shut, she could see daylight behind her eyelids and wondered why her alarm clock didn’t wake her up. Then her memory came back at once and she opened her eyes to see if it had all been only a dream. Apparently not! Thanks Heaven! She found herself all entwined in Lucifer’s limbs, her head lying on his chest. His skin was soft and warm. She didn’t want to pull away, it felt so good to be in his arms. So she just tilted her head to look up at him. He was still asleep, air tousled. He could not look more beautiful. She smiled lovingly at the sight. Who could believe a man so sweat could be the Devil? Personally, she preferred to think of him as her fallen angel. She started caressing him gently, feeling his perfect chest, his neck and his cheek. At her touch, he mumbled softly her name in his sleep. The proximity of his body brought back an ardent desire into her center. She contemplated the idea of waking him up by straddling him or by taking him into her mouth. The idea brought back memories of their lovemaking. They had made love three times in a row this morning, before falling from exhaustion. She smiled at the thought. It had been an incredible experience throughout which they had relearned to know each other in a whole new way. It was difficult to believe how strongly they had bonded in so short a time. She could not wait to pick up where they had left off. There was certainly still time to make love to him again before she had to leave. But then she remembered about her daughter. She had to pick her up at school at the end of the day. She looked at the clock. It was 3h05pm. There was still time… But another memory crossed her mind and the realization hit hard. Candy would also be back from school soon! Shit!

What the hell was she thinking? Lucifer was married and she was supposed to help Candy, not sleep with her husband. She was so ashamed of herself. She felt terrible. Sitting up quickly, she covered herself with a blanket and started getting out of bed in a hurry when she felt Lucifer’s hand on her arm. His touch was gentle but insistent.

"Where are you going love?" He sounded still half asleep.

Chloe turned slowly to look at him, not knowing what to say. Seeing the unsettled look on her face, Lucifer woke up fully in a fraction of a second.

"What’s wrong? ...You changed your mind…” It was not a question but a statement. His expression was one of deep hurt and angst. He removed his hand slowly from her arm and turned his gaze away. He seemed so vulnerable.

"No! I have not!" Chloe assured him with renewed conviction. She sat back in bed and turned fully towards him. She cupped his face in her hand, turned his head to look into his eyes and continued. "I have never been so sure of anything in my life…”

"But?"

"I…I love you Lucifer! But you’re married… and your wife is about to get home, and I’m in your bed, and… and you’re not mine. This feels all wrong Lucifer! I… I can’t do this!" She was close to tears.

"Hey! Please don’t cry! I’m so sorry I put you in this position. This is all my fault.” He sat up and took her in his arms. "I made a mess of things but I’m going to fix this." He added soothingly.
"But how?" She sounded desperate.

"Don’t worry! I’m not going to let anything come between us, least of all a faked marriage." He sounded so sincere.

Chloe held him close and tried to control her emotions. She would not cry! Everything was going to be all right! Right?

"I’ll talk to Candy tonight. I promise!" He was stroking her back gently.

She looked up at him. "Are you serious about this Lucifer? About us?" She had to be sure.

"You are the best thing that ever happened to me Chloe. I am not going to miss this chance." His gaze was serious and intense. She wanted so much to believe him. "We still have at least an hour before us. Are you coming back to bed love?" He was almost pleading her.

As an answer, she kissed him with passion and he kissed her back almost savagely. After a few seconds, her yearning became unbearable and she pushed him back hard against the pillows to straddle him. Without waiting, she took him in her hand and eased herself down around him. She thrust her hips against his greedily, again and again with force, as to mark him as hers and hers only. Lucifer prompted himself up with one arm and held her around the waist with the other. He buried himself even deeper in her and met each of her thrust with equal force and need. Chloe kissed him ravenously, shaken by emotions she could not express otherwise. It wasn’t long before they both came noisily.

Lucifer lied back in the pillows and brought her down with him. Still panting, he placed soft kisses all over her face and neck while caressing her body tenderly. She was still recovering from her climax and shivered lightly under his touch.

"I swear I’m going to make it up to you baby!" He apologized sincerely.

She looked at him tenderly. "I know you mean it Lucifer. I’m not doubting you. It’s just the situation that sucks!"

"It does!" He chuckled softly. "I imagined at least a hundred scenarios for this day, but in none of them did you have to leave after only a few hours because of a wife."

"Why did you marry her by the way? You never explained it to me." She propped herself up on her arm to look into his eyes.

"Well… you might find it difficult to believe but… I did it for you!" Chloe lifter an eyebrow dubiously and he chuckled. "Life away from you was worst then Hell! I thought it would help you get over me, so I could come back and regain my place at your side, thinking that you deserved to be free of your infatuation with me."

"Looks like it didn’t go as planned after all! Did it?" She was smiling now.

"Fortunately not!" he blurted out.

Chuckling softly, she confessed. "I would say it did exactly the opposite. I was way too jealous to start getting over you. Anyway, if three months away from you thinking that you didn’t love me didn’t do it, I don’t see what could have."

"Jealous hum? ... I like that!" Smiling roguishly, he kissed her slowly and languorously. They continued kissing for a moment than when things were getting more serious again Chloe parted her
lips from his, panting.

"As tempting as it is to just give in and make love to you again right now. I really have to get showered and be on my way. It’s not just about Candy, I have to pick up Trixie at school around 4 pm anyway." Why did she always had to be the voice of reason?

"Okay then. But only if I can join you in the shower." He answered with a teasing smile.

And with her most sensual tone she answered. "I wouldn’t have it otherwise..."

She was now on her way for school. She already missed him dearly. It felt as if there was a hole in her soul, she could not describe it otherwise. It was going to be a very long night. She thought back about their last moments together. She couldn’t refrain a blissful smile. Their shower hadn’t been a short one after all. After having washed her himself slowly and devoured her body with his gaze and hands, Lucifer had slipped behind her and undertook to give her another orgasm with his fingers, slowly and languorously, while kissing her neck and shoulders. It had been a moment of tenderness such as she had never experienced before. She felt herself getting all worked up again and her breathing sped up. She swallowed audibly and took a deep breath, trying to calm down body and mind. She was arriving in sight of the school when she saw him. Shit! She stopped in front of the school and got out of the car.

"Hello sweetie! How was school?" She tried to keep her gaze from turning in his direction.

"Great! You’re late! Look, Daddy came to say hello!" Trixie answered happily.

Reluctantly Chloe turned to him. "I can see that... Hello Dan! Thanks again for taking Trixie yesterday, I owe you one."

"You know it’s never a problem for me to have her with me." He was harboring a questioning look on his face.

"Mommy, why is your air wet." Trixie sounded really intrigued.

"Yes Chloe, why is that?" Dan’s gaze turned from questioning to suspicious.

"Well, I just got out of the shower is why. I just didn’t have time to dry it before I came here." There was embarrassment all over her voice. "And why are you here Dan by the way?" She tried to change the topic.

"I was worried about you in fact. You called in sick, or more precisely, you apparently said you were taking a personal leave for the day. I tried to reach you to know if you were okay but you didn’t return my calls or my messages. So I decided to drop by your place and see if everything was all right. Of course Maze wouldn’t tell me where you were. So I could only guess. Looks like I guessed right, seeing you freshly showed and with that stupid grin on your face. You REALLY fell into Lucifer’s bed? I can’t believe it!" The more he talked, the more he got out of control with anger.

"You had a sleepover at Lucifer’s mommy?"

"Something like that sweetie." She could feel heat getting to her cheek. Not only with embarrassment but also with anger. She looked daggers at Dan. "My personal life is none of your business Dan. And I can... sleepover, with who I want." She tried to keep herself from shouting at him but it came out harsh nonetheless.
"Don’t you see he is playing with you? You really think he is the kind of man who can make you happy? He is even married for God’s sake!" He was exasperated.

"Not for long I can assure you." She tried to sound confident.

"Ho! Is that what he told you? You are so naive Chloe! He is probably jumping his wife right as we speak." He knew it would hurt her but he could not resist the urge to tell her what he really thought of the man.

That comment got to her more then she wanted to admit to herself. She turned from him and grasped Trixie’s hand. "Goodbye Dan. See you Monday." She left him there with his mouth hanging open in disbelief.

Back in the car, Chloe was fulminating against Dan. He had to be there of course and catch her right after the fact. What did he know about how to make her happy anyway? She was angry at him for destroying this most perfect day, but in a way she was also glad that he had found out. She felt like she wanted to scream to the world that she loved Lucifer and that they were together now. Well, they would be together when Lucifer got divorced or something of the sort. That sounded awfully long… and in the meantime Lucifer would still be living with Candy… and would probably still have sex with her, being who he was and knowing his tendencies to jump anything with legs. «Damn you Dan for putting that idea into my mind!» She didn't doubt Lucifer’s feelings for her, not after everything they had shared today, but she could very well picture him having meaningless sex with someone else. He had not told her anything about exclusivity after all. So now her heavenly mood was turning into one of desperation.

"Does it mean that Lucifer is your new boyfriend now?" Trixie asked happily.

Chloe came out of her reverie. "What? Ho… I guess you can say that honey. Would that be okay with you?"

"More than okay! I really like him mom!" She really did adore him. "And I think dad is wrong about Lucifer."

"What do you mean?" Chloe looked in the rear-view-mirror to watch her daughter attentively.

"I think Lucifer does make you happy." Trixie had a beaming smile on her face.

Chloe smiled dreamily. "You are right about that monkey. He makes me very happy."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the kudos! How did you like this chapter? Please leave me some comments! It would be very encouraging. Thanks for reading me!
When they got home, they found Maze sitting on the kitchen island, with a glass of vodka in a hand and an inquiring look on her face. Oh no! Not another one, thought Chloe.

"Maze! You don’t know what? Mom has a new boyfriend! You’ll never believe who it is!” Trixie was just too excited to hold on the information.

"Gash! This is just too hard to guess! Don’t make me wait!” Maze answered, with her most unsurprised tone.

"It’s Lucifer!” Said Trixie joyfully.

"No! You’re kidding! Who could have foreseen it?” Maze continued with the same attitude.

"Trixie, you should go into your room and catch up with your homework. I’m sure you didn’t do any yesterday with your dad." Trixie started to answer something but thought better of it and went straight to her room.

When Trixie was out of earshot, Maze continued. "Well well! Looks like you had a Hell of a talk with Lucifer."

"You couldn’t say it better!” Chloe said evasively.

Maze looked like she didn’t know what to do with that comment. "At least you finally got laid! Good for you!"

"I followed your advice and just threw caution to the wind." Chloe was smiling mysteriously, not wanting to make it easy on Maze to discover what happened exactly.

"Soooo, beside sex talk, what exactly did you two talked about?” Maze looked anxious somehow.

"Why? Are you nervous about some gruesome secrets Lucifer could have told me about you on the pillow?” The face Maze made at that comment told Chloe she’d just hit the nail on the head!

"Don’t play with me Decker!” Maze got down of the kitchen island and walked slowly towards Chloe with an evil light in her eye.

"Or what? You’ll eat me alive? Or torture this information out of me?” It came out a little bit harsher than Chloe wanted.

That stopped Maze short and she seemed to hesitate. "No! Of course not! I would do no such things to you."

"Should I be afraid of you Maze?” Chloe was walking slowly toward Maze now, with her head high and a dagger’s glance. “Should I be worried about my daughter living with a demon?”

"I… I would never hurt you or Trixie! You know that right?” Maze looked almost afraid.

"So stop acting all demoniac on my okay!”
"Okay! Sorry! I couldn’t know what you knew so it got me a little bit nervous there." Maze started walking nervously around the room, obviously upset. "I can go if you want. Hell! I would understand completely if you wanted me gone from your house now and for good.

"I don’t want you to go Maze." Answered Chloe softly with a sight. "You are my best friend and I trust you. I just wished you had trusted me enough to tell me yourself before."

Maze was thunderstruck. It took her a moment to get her voice back. "I trust you too Chloe. I…I just couldn’t say anything."

"I know. It’s not fair to condemn you about it since you had to protect Lucifer’s secret. I understand." Chloe looked at the other woman apologetically.

"Good! It went well after all! Better than I anticipated. Now let’s drink to that!" Maze took a second glass and started to pour some vodka for Chloe but was interrupted.

"Please no!" Chloe said quickly with a grimace. "I couldn’t take another glass of that stuff! I think I could get sick just by the smell of it."

"Haaa! That’s where the rest of the bottle went. I thought I’d just lost track." She sounded almost proud of Chloe.

"I’ll buy you another one, I promise!" Chloe added as an afterthought.

"Nah! Forget that! I just ate all the ice cream anyway." Maze dismissed with a hand gesture.

"Again?" Chloe said accusingly.

"Yeah… I guess I was just stress-eating." Answered Maze sheepishly.

"Since when do you get emotional, at all?" That woman was not about to stop surprising her.

"You humans must have a bad influence on me." Maze winked at her.

Chloe chuckled softly. "I guess we will have our own big talk about all that later, when Trixie isn’t there. You won’t get away with it so easily. I have a bunch of questions for you, mind you."

Maze rolled her eyes. "Yeah! I can imagine…"

After that, they both kept quiet for a while. Chloe started preparing supper while Maze just sat at the table sipping her vodka.

"I’m glad you didn’t freak out too much about Lucifer. He isn’t the same since you’re around. You are good for him. And, he isn’t as bad as he looks like you know." Maze sounded thoughtful.

"You kidding! That man is an angel!" Chloe gave her a wink.

Maze laughed. "Still, I can see you are worried about something. So, get it all out Decker. I’m all ears!"

Chloe fidgeted for a few seconds, unsure how to put it. "I’m not freaking out about who he is, well to be honest, I did freak out all night about it after spying on you in Linda’s office…"

Maze teased her. "Haaa! Now I see. Who is the little demon here?"

Without answering to that, Chloe continued. "But, I got over it. The thing is… I’m not questioning
Lucifer’s feelings nor mines, it’s just that, he is supposed to be talking with Candy about getting a divorce tonight and I’m worrying about how he is going to handle that."

"I’m not sure I’m following you. What exactly do you mean by handling?" Maze frowned questioningly.

Surrendering, Chloe admitted. "Okay! I’m freaking out because I’m afraid he is going to have break up sex with her. That would be just like him! Unable to resist a pleading beautiful woman who needs comfort." Chloe put a hand over her mouth in the hope of holding back a sob that she felt was going to surface.

"Wow! Already jealous? That’s worse than I thought. But if it can comfort you, even if he did have sex with her, which is very possible knowing him and all, it would be completely meaningless. I know he loves you." Maze said as matter of fact.

Chloe put her head in her hands. "You are really not helping here."

"Sorry! I thought you wanted me to be honest!" Maze was at a loss about why Chloe was getting upset.

Chloe closed her eyes in defeat. "Forget about it!"

After supper, they watched a movie with Maze. Chloe tried not to think about how Lucifer was «handling» things and tried to focus on the good moments they had together earlier that day. But it was difficult to put aside her fears, so she kept looking at her phone for messages from Lucifer. There were none and no phone call from him either. He should have given her news long ago. It was not before 10 o’clock, after she got Trixie into bed that she started worrying about something else. The more she thought about it, the more it seemed plausible. Until it became too unbearable a thought to keep to herself.

"Maze! Do you think? …Could he have? …Please God no!" Chloe had difficulty voicing it out loud.

"You know, God is not the best person you should ask for help when it comes to Lucifer." Warned Maze.

"I know that! But seriously Maze! This takes way too long for a simple break up. Do you think he could have panicked and left again? You know how bad he is at dealing with his feelings. What if he got overwhelmed by the situation? What if he left L.A. for good this time?" Chloe was bouncing up and down on the sofa, too nervous to stay put.

"I think you are over reacting about that whole thing Chloe. Why don’t you call Lucifer and get a clear answer out of him?" She tried to sound confident, but Maze could too well imagine Lucifer doing exactly that.

"You’re right, maybe I should..." So Chloe got up, retreated farther back in the kitchen and opened her cell phone that she had kept in her hand all evening. With unsteady hands, she hit the button for Lucifer’s number and waited. His recorded message answered her. She closed her eyes in desperation and put off her cell. Then she texted him a message saying simply: «Please, call me back, I’m dying here!»

Around midnight, she still hadn’t received any sign of life from him. It seemed clear she would not get any either.
Maze’s blood was boiling. "I’m so sorry Chloe. If I get my hands on him, I’m gonna tear him apart."

Chloe turned slowly towards her and put on a half-smile. "Thanks Maze! But I know that despite everything he can put you or I through, you could never harm him."

"Well, we’ll see about that! I could make an exception," Maze said without much conviction, before getting up and walking towards her bedroom. "Try to get some sleep anyway. I’ll see you tomorrow."

"I’ll do my best! Thank you for being there Maze." She said truthfully.

"No problem! That’s what friends are supposed to be for, right?" Maze was unexpectedly sweat.

Chloe answered her with a weak smile that did not reach her eyes. After Maze’s departure, Chloe just took the blanket on top of the sofa, curled up in it and rested her head down on a cushion. «I can’t believe this could be over! Not like that! Not after everything we shared today. I could never recover from that!» The idea was so unbearable that she started shaking. «This cannot be! There must be an explanation. Just think Decker. Have a little faith in him. You know he loves you, so just be patient and give him the time he needs to deal with whatever needs to be dealt with.» With that thought, she finally succeeded to calm herself down a little. I am acting like a teenager in love for the first time. What a shame! She laughed at herself and relaxed some more.

Around 12h30 am, she heard a light knock on the door. She jumped out of the sofa and all but ran to the door. She took a second to compose herself, her heart was hammering madly in her chest, then she opened the door. Lucifer was standing there, beaming, with flowers in one hand and a bottle of Champagne in the other.

"I’m a free Devil now Love!" He looked and sounded especially proud of himself.

Her emotions were so high she couldn’t think of a word and just leaped into his arms. He held her tightly and put gentle kisses on her head.

"Looks like you really missed me! Maybe I should make a habit of being late to make a grand entrance." He teased.

"Don’t you dare doing this to me again or I’ll unleash Maze on you!" She spoke the words accusingly.

"Ho! I see you’ve got the spirit of it." She could hear the smile in his voice.

Chloe raised her head to look directly at him. "I really was worried Lucifer, I thought… maybe you’d left me again…"

Lucifer looked at her intensely, searching her eyes. "Love, I’ve already made my decision about us and there’s no way I can change my mind about this. So you are stuck with me for as long as you’ll have me."

"Then it’s going to be a very long time…" She hugged him even more tightly.

"Good! I have all eternity before me." That made them both grin happily.

Chloe put a tender kiss on his lips and pulled him inside the house. Once in the kitchen, Lucifer put the flowers and the bottle of Champagne on the table, then turned back to her and took her in his arms again.
"I know I’m late, sorry about that but I had one Hell of a night!" He cupped her face with one hand and caressed her lovingly.

"Then why didn’t you call me or answer my message?" She wanted to be understanding but it was very difficult to put aside the devastating feelings she had all evening.

Lucifer could feel she was irritated and didn’t quite know how to deal with it. "Well, at first I thought I would just surprise you, but then I got side tracked by a case of my own."

"And… does that case implies a beautiful woman in need of comforting?" She could not refrain some harshness in her voice.

"What? Are you referring to Candy?" He was at a loss.

She hesitated for a few seconds before deciding that honesty was the best course of action. "I love you as you are Lucifer and I promised myself I would never try to change you but… there is something that I could not live with… Just the thought of you sleeping with another one and I feel as if I’m dying inside. I know it would be only meaningless sex for you and that you never swore fealty to me, but I can’t help it, I could not take it Lucifer!" She put determination behind her words to make her point clear.

"Good thing I did not have sex with her then!" He smiled roguishly.

"Really? You didn’t?" Chloe felt as if she’d just lost a hundred pounds down her shoulders.

"What could make you think such a thing Love? I could never do this to you Chloe. Just imagining you with someone else makes me sick. I just implied you could feel the same if it were me doing it. And why would I do that anyway when I have you?" He sounded so sincere.

"You won’t cease to amaze me, will you?" She shook her head slightly with a growing smile on her face.

"Not a chance!" He promised.

Lucifer was looking at her hungrily now. He kissed her passionately and their kisses deepened with each passing seconds. They couldn’t take their hands from each other, caressing and exploring, trying to reach to the skin. Lucifer pulled her up with one harm around the waist and she held him tightly with her legs around his waist. He sat her down slowly on the table and rub his length against her. A contented sound escaped his lips.

"Chloe… you make me crazy!" He growled lustily.

At that stage, Chloe was way too far gone to answer anything. She just pulled frantically on his shirt’s buttons while kissing his lips, to expose his chest so she could kiss and touch every inches of his skin. But through her dazed brain, something strange registered. There were holes in Lucifer’s jacket and shirt. She pulled away from him for a second and took his clothes into view.

"Lucifer! Are those bullet holes?" Her voice was one octave higher than usual.

"I know, that’s a shame, those clothes cost me thousands." He was not teasing in the slightest.

"For God… goodness’ sake Lucifer! You have been shot at! Again! Are you okay?" She searched for any sign of blood loss but found none on his cloths.

"Of course I am, you were not around! That’s one of the reasons I didn’t call you earlier. I knew it
could be dangerous and I was afraid you would insist on tagging along.” He thought it made sense. She should see that too.

Chloe was inspecting his skin with her hands behind the bullet holes to make sure he were really okay and found his smashed cell phone in his pocket with a bullet still stuck in it. "This is just amazing…” She said in awe. "But I would have preferred you told me about it before you went. We are going to need to improve our communication system Lucifer. And you need to trust me a little bit more with everything now.” She put on an accusing frown.

"You are right! I should have told you." He conceded. "That won’t happen again. You know, I’m still knew at this boyfriend thing. I’ll need a certain time to adjust but I can still make some mistakes though. Can you find in your heart some indulgence for me? I really want this relationship to work out." He smiled hopefully down at her.

"I do want us to work out too, and I promise I’ll try to be comprehensive with you." She said reassuringly. "But you’ll have to tell me everything that happened to you tonight for starter."

"Deal! But I’ll need a drink first." He gave her a soft peck on her lips.

So they installed themselves on the couch, each one with a glass of Champagne. Lucifer embraced Chloe with one arm across her shoulders and she leaned into him, sliding an arm behind his back. She was so glad to feel his warmth and presence.

"So… You could start at the beginning. How did it go with Candy?” Asked Chloe shyly.

"She took it amazingly well, actually! Considering how incredibly dashing and irresistible I am.” Chloe gave him a little stab in his side with a finger. "Well, that’s a fact! That aside, I think she saw it coming before I did. She is an intelligent young woman. So it didn’t fall as a complete surprise for her. We had a long chat to determinate how we were to handle things from here and we came to an agreement. I will continue to provide for her until she finishes her studies and find a good job. In the meantime, she will move to a new apartment I found for her."

"You already found her an apartment?” She never thought of that possibility.

"A guy owed me, so I just had to make a few calls." He said dismissively.

"Of course…” She covertly smiled.

"Then, I had to play with my relations to get to someone who could cancel our marriage contract. We’ve got an appointment first thing Monday morning. So you see, no worry there my Love!” He kissed her tenderly on her temple.

"You really are amazing Lucifer! So when did Candy shot you in that story?” She didn’t really believe it but she found the idea funny.

"She did nothing of the sort! It was the same guy who almost killed me yesterday.” Lucifer sounded irritated by the reminder of the whole event.

"What? You went looking for him?” Chloe sat up a little straighter to look at him in the eyes.

"I couldn’t just let him roam the city with his sinful obsessions, could I? I had to put a stop to that once and for all.” Couldn’t she see that?

"Did you… Did you kill him…?” She was afraid to hear the answer but she needed to know.
"No! Of course not! I’m not a killer! I just punish sinners and I’m very good at it I must say. This one really was in need of some punishments I can tell you. It took me a while to make him see the light, but I really think he is now very repentant. And who knows, after he makes amends for those sins he could even find redemption and not end up in Hell. Those things have happened you know." But he didn’t think that would be the case for that man.

"You really are a good guy after all!" She was smiling proudly, as if she had known it all along.

"Did you ever doubt it Love?" He feigned indignation.

"I’d be lying if I said no, but let’s just say I suspected it and really hoped for it. But still, I can deal with a little darkness in you. So please, don’t be afraid to be yourself with me okay! I’m tougher than I look like and my love for you is certainly strong enough to go through some crisis." She smiled lovingly at him.

"That’s very good to know…" He kissed her lightly on her lips, lingering there. "But I would prefer it without the crisis." Smiling, he continued to kiss her softly and tenderly.

"Do you have to go back to your place tonight?" Chloe asked hopeful between kisses.

"Actually, I brought some of my things with me to go to the hotel for the weekend. I already have a reservation." She could feel his smile against her lips.

Chloe looked up at him with surprise. "Seriously? Can you cancel it?" She had a teasing smile on her face.

"Is that an invitation Detective?" Beaming, his intention was more than clear.

As an answer, Chloe got up and took his hand in hers. She led him slowly upstairs to her room, all the way walking seductively and giving him glimpses of lust and desire. Once she got her bedroom door locked from the inside, she turned to him with fire in her eyes and body. Lucifer didn’t lose a second and ravished her right on the spot, her back hard pressed against the door. His mouth was all over her and Chloe was overwhelmed by sensations. Without realising how he’d do it, she found herself naked and Lucifer was kissing her southward hungrily. She felt her knees give up when he stroked her center with his tongue. He had to straighten her with one arm to steady her and she held back a cry of pleasure. She brought his head up to kiss him eagerly and pushed him backward towards the bed where he landed on his back. Never leaving his eyes, she crawled lasciviously on top of him and took off his belt slowly, then she shed down his pants and took off his socks and shoes. She proceeded to taste every part of him starting with his foot and going up and up in so slow a pace that he was already squirming by the time she arrived at his thighs. She sped up her pace a bit, not wanting to torture him unnecessarily and then she took him in her hand and stroked him slowly while licking at his base. He was panting hard and she felt him shaking with need, but he stayed patient. The power she had over him was intoxicating and she wanted only to give him such pleasure that he would never need another one than herself. She licked his member from base to top in small circles and finally took him whole in her mouth, all the while stroking him gently with her hand. He held back a cry of pleasure by biting into a pillow. She tried to do it slowly, but her own needs took the upper hand and she got carried away, tasting and sucking at him greedily. She thought she was having as much pleasure as him just by doing this to him. He stopped her just as he was ready to explode.

"I want you now!" His voice was hoarse with need.

Chloe crawled all the way on top of his body and took him deep inside her. The feel of him was becoming familiar and most welcome. She wondered how she had been living without it for so
long. She started rocking her hips slowly watching his loving eyes and his reactions. He was looking at her as if she were an angel come down from heaven. She lowered her body to feel his chest against hers and be able to kiss him as much as she needed. Their pace increased and she felt an urge to feel him even deeper inside her. So she rocked her hips harder and harder. Lucifer was meeting her trust for trust.

"You are mine!" She threw at him, still trusting against him and breathing hard.

"Yes!" His voice was shaking.

"Say it!" She asked needy.

Panting with pleasure, he answered reverently. "I am yours and yours only!"

Chapter End Notes

I know, I'm a romantic at heart. Tell me if you like the turns it's taking. Thanks so much for following my story!
This time, when Chloe woke up, she remembered instantly all that happened last night. She opened her eyes eagerly and found herself looking directly into his soft brown eyes.

"Morning Beautiful!" Lucifer said softly, beaming at her with gleaming eyes.

"Hi!" Without any hesitation, she immediately moved closer and snuggled up against him. She could not stop smiling.

Lucifer tenderly kissed her forehead, then trailed down a path of soft kisses along her temple and face until he reached her mouth. His lips pressed softly on hers with gentleness. Chloe kissed him back lovingly, still smiling. She didn’t feel any awkwardness between them, it already seamed natural to caress and kiss each other.

She caressed his neck and entwined her fingers in his hair at the back of his head. "How long have you been awake?"

"I don’t know, I think I lost track." He looked at her adoringly. "You are so lovely when you sleep Love!"

That widened her smile even more. "I could get used to waking up with you in my bed."

"You better, because I intend to be there as much as I can." He assured her.

"Sounds perfect!" She purred and started kissing him anew, while stroking gently his shoulders and back. She softened her touch when she reached his wing’s scars, conscious of their extreme sensibility.

They had talked about it last night after a couple of hours of lovemaking. Well, it had been only a few hours ago actually. They had discussed late into the night about past events that were still disturbing her. She’d asked him many questions of course and he had answered each one of them patiently. He’d explained how and why he had burned his wings, how he had made a deal with his father to come back to life only to save her from Malcolm, how he was supposed to bring back his mom to Hell to fulfill that deal only to break his word to his dad, and how he had died a second time to get to Hell and interrogate Dr. Carlisle about the antidote to save her life. She was amazed at all he’d done for her, all he had risked for the love of her. It made her love him all the more, if the thing was possible.

They kept their kisses and caresses light, contented only with the feel and presence of each other. Chloe thought she could kiss him like that all day long.

"What are you doing to me Chloe Decker?" He said in wonder. "You are changing me."
"As long as you are okay with the changes." She said truthfully.

He chuckled. "I have never felt this much in peace in my whole life. So yes, I’m quite okay with it."

They heard Trixie waking up and going into the leaving room, probably to watch cartoons. Chloe thought it must be about 7 o’clock. She watched her table clock and saw that they had been lucky. It was almost 8 am. Trixie had slept in. Good thing she had let her watch TV late last night. She looked back at Lucifer.

"Are you ready to pass a weekend with a kid?" She asked, unsure.

"Actually, I’m looking forward to it, if it means you’ll be by my side." He answered easily.

"You really are changing." Chloe said in wonder.

Then suddenly, they heard Trixie running in the house and coming up the stairs. She ended up crashing into the bedroom with a huge smile on her face.

"Lucifer! I knew it must be you! I saw your jacket." Then she jumped into the bed and squeezed up between them. "This is cool!"

The look on Lucifer’s face was one of utter disbelief. Chloe chuckled at his reaction. He may have thought he was ready for Trixie, but theory and practice were two very different things.

"Good morning monkey! You would make a good detective." Chloe took her in her arms and embraced her.

"Easy! I saw the flowers and then the jacket. There’s only Lucifer who can wear a fancy jacket like that, and since he his your new boyfriend, I knew he would be in here with you." Trixie smiled toothily, very pleased with herself.

"Sooo… knowing I was in here, you decided to come in and interrupt whatever we were doing?" Asked Lucifer, incredulous.

"Exactly!" Answered Trixie proudly.

"It sounds almost logical…” Lucifer was slowly getting his composure back.

Chloe raised her eyebrows at him with a teasing smile as if to say I told you so. Lucifer had thought Chloe was overreacting when she had insisted they get fully clothed last night before going to sleep. Good thing he had brought a suitcase full of cloths when leaving his flat. He had only accepted to put his pyjama pants though. Apparently, she had been right to insist. Still uneasy with so much closeness to a kid, Lucifer quickly got out of bed.

"Who’s hungry?" He asked with enthusiasm. Trixie raised her hand joyfully. "Omelette or pancakes?"

"Pancakes!" Answered Trixie excitedly. "With lots of fruits and maple syrup."

"Fruits? But you’ll kill all the fun!" Lucifer sounded horrified.

Trixie only giggled as an answer.

Chloe sat at the kitchen table with a coffee and the newspaper. She had difficulty realising that
Lucifer really was in her kitchen preparing pancakes. She admired his bare chest with a half-smile, wondering at the chance she had at having this amazing man in her life. Lucifer was wearing a big smile on his face and looked at her oftentimes with hungry eyes. After ten minutes of eying him greedily, she tried to focus on the newspaper. On the second page, she saw the photograph of a man who seemed familiar. Curious, she read the article and her eyes widened.

"Lucifer! You really are good!" She could not believe it.

"You are just realising that Love?" Lucifer countered, full of himself.

"I’m serious! That man who tried to kill you, he just walked into a police station, admitted all his crimes against young kids and asked to be put in jail. Those things never happen!" She was incredulous.

"Well, I do have my ways..." He said proudly.

Chloe stood up, walked to him and hugged him from behind tenderly. "You do be a good man Lucifer!" She kissed his shoulder softly.

"I told you I could not let that man running about." He took one of her hand and kissed it.

Chloe held him close with her head leaning against his shoulder. She started caressing his chest lightly and could not resist the urge of running her hands further down to feel his body. Lucifer purred with contentment and leaned into her. He was trying to focus on cutting some fruits but seemed to have a hard time doing so. Chloe watched discretely in the living room’s direction to make sure Trixie was not looking at them. She was watching cartoons with her back to the kitchen. Good! Chloe slowly slid a hand down between his legs and stroked him gently. Lucifer moaned softly. She kissed him lightly between his shoulder blades and then on his wings scars. He was still cutting fruits when she heard the knife hit something hard and felt him withdraw his hand quickly.

"Did you cut yourself? I’m so sorry!" Chloe said sheepishly.

Lucifer was clutching his finger with his other hand. "I’m sure it’s nothing, I barely feel it."

"Let me see!" Reluctant to do so, Lucifer showed her his finger nonetheless, but there was no apparent wound. "You didn’t cut very deep apparently." Chloe was relieved.

Lucifer seemed dubious. "Strange, I thought I’d put enough strength behind the knife to get to the bone." He looked at Chloe with a strange look on his face. Then, without any hesitation, he took the knife and cut his forearm.

"Don’t do that!" Screamed Chloe, too late.

Lucifer had clearly cut strongly enough to get through the skin but had drawn no blood. "Bloody Hell!" He cried out, unbelieving.

"Lucifer… how…?" Chloe couldn’t grasp completely what she had seen.

"I don’t know…" His voice was barely audible.

"What is it mommy? Are you okay?" Trixie was looking at them anxiously.

"Yes sweetie! Everything is alright! Don’t worry!" Trixie turned back to watch TV, somewhat reassured.
Maze arrived almost running from her room, alerted by Chloe’s scream. "What the Hell is going on here?" She looked at their shocked expressions and understood that something important was happening. She walked slowly to them, wondering what the problem was.

"He didn’t bleed…” Said Chloe softly in awe.

Maze took in the scene, with Lucifer still clutching the knife and eying incredulously his forearm. She relaxed and displayed a huge smile. "Decker! You cured him!"

"What?” Chloe looked at her with complete incomprehension.

"Of course! It was your fault in the first place that he lost his immortality around you. He was so distraught by his feelings for you that it made him vulnerable. His giving in to you must have restored his powers. That’s only logical!” Chloe and Lucifer both raised up their eyebrows in amazement at Maze’s explanation.

"I think you could be right!” Answered Lucifer, a smile spreading on his face. He turned to Chloe, grabbed her around the waste abruptly and lifted her up into a deep kiss. They kept at it for a long moment.

Maze didn’t wait for them to stop and turned away rolling her eyes. "What do you think about it kiddo, your mom committing with the Devil?"

Trixie turned around and stared wide-eyed at Chloe and Lucifer who were still kissing intensely. She quickly hid her eyes partly with her hands and giggled. "You two are soooo cute!"

Lucifer broke suddenly the kiss and put Chloe down, still embracing her lovingly. "Cute?” He said, horrified. "The Devil is never cute!” Trixie giggled all the more.

"The spawn is right. You two are sickeningly cute. So much so I can barely stand it." Added Maze with a grimace.

Lucifer looked shocked and pensive for a few seconds. "Well… if it’s the price I have to pay to feel this good, I guess I can accept a certain amount of dignity loss."

They had an amazing weekend together. Chloe felt she could at last understand Lucifer fully for who he was for the first time since they had met. All his strange reactions to human behaviour or jokes about it, or his numerous references to Heaven and Hell were now clearly understood for what they meant. Instead of rolling her eyes at him constantly it brought a smile on her face each time in wonder.

Trixie wanted to go out so they had visited the zoo on Saturday afternoon. Lucifer had never went to one in his life and his reaction to the experience had been memorable. Trixie was ecstatic the whole time, showing him this and that and taking his hand to show him around. He’d looked like a little kid overwhelmed by information and seemed to have enjoyed it greatly. Chloe had been above all enjoying their closeness during their day out and their whole weekend. Lucifer was very demonstrative of his feelings for her, always touching her at the first opportunity, be it with his hand on the small of her back, on the back of her neck or stroking her air or her cheek. He was oftentimes kissing her lips lovingly or only lightly on her head, neck and face, as if to remind her of his love. She had been surprised to realise that she was doing exactly the same with him. It was amazing how quickly they had settled in a comfortable relationship and how easily she had opened herself up to him.
Saturday night, they had put Trixie to bed early. They were too eager to get back to their intimacy. They had made love all night. Each time she was drifting off to sleep, Lucifer would wake her up to make love to her again. He really had a lot of stamina! So the next day they had stayed in. Chloe was too exhausted to do anything more then watch TV all snuggled up in his arms on the couch.

Now it was Monday morning and Chloe woke up slowly with a warm feeling between her legs. She looked down and chuckled softly at what Lucifer was doing to her. He was kissing and licking her center slowly and tenderly. She moaned softly. She had slept a little bit more last night but they had again made love for hours. She felt she never had enough of that man.

"You know I have to go to work this morning?" she said without much conviction.

"Shush! Don’t you see I’m busy here?" And he intensified his ministrations.

"Hummm!" She groaned, not able to talk anymore. Lucifer took his time in giving her pleasure with his tongue and fingers. He kept her on the brink of release for several minutes, relishing in the soft restrained noises that escaped her lips and the sound of her panting. She finally came shakily for what seemed an eternity.

Chloe was glad that Lucifer had insisted on keeping the door locked this time. It had allowed them to sleep in each other’s arms completely nude and had permitted her to get a very interesting awakening. Lucifer continued to kiss her body lovingly on his way up to her while she recovered from her orgasm. He stretched out onto her and she felt his arousal against her now very sensitive centre. He kissed her languorously and she could taste herself on his tongue.

"Good morning My Love!" She said softly.

"Morning Baby!" Lucifer kissed her again and started rubbing himself slowly against her.

"How am I going to get through this day without touching or kissing you?" Chloe complained in between small kisses. "I really have no idea."

"Well, about that… I’ve been giving it some thoughts actually." He sounded almost shy. Chloe looked at him questioningly. "Maybe we could just tell about us to everyone. That would be easier than trying to hide it. Don’t you think?"

There she was, facing the one conversation she had tried to avoid all weekend. "Lucifer… I’m not sure…" She didn’t know how to put it.

"Are you ashamed to be seen with me?" He looked hurt.

"Are you kidding? All I want is to scream it to the world. But I don’t want to have to explain myself to my colleagues about sleeping with a married man." She was really not sure Lucifer could understand her position.

His features relaxed visibly and his smile came back. "I told you I am taking care of that this morning Love."

Chloe grabbed his face in her hands lovingly and looked at him intensely. "I know that, but they don’t. Once it is done, we’ll wait a few weeks then we won’t need to keep it a secret anymore."

"A few weeks! That’s an eternity!" He seemed really distressed. "You know what? I’ll give you two weeks, so the word about my being single again can spread up and to let you test the merchandise. I swear I will behave and keep a low profile in the meantime. But then, I’ll go myself to talk to the Lieutenant and make it official. What do you say?"
Chloe smiled. "You serious?"

"Absolutely!" There was no hesitation in his voice.

"Deal!" She was beaming now. Too happy to have settled the matter so easily.

"Aren’t you afraid to make a deal with the Devil?" He gave her his most devilish smile.

"You know you don’t scare me!" Her grin widened even more.

"I guess I’m gonna have to work on that." He increased his rubbing against her and kissed her insistently.

She let escape a moan. "You know we have to get ready to go soon…" She was already breathing faster.

He spoke slowly and hoarsely at her ear while nibbling at her earlobe. "If I’m not allowed to touch or kiss you today, I need to make some more recent memories of you squirming under me to get through the day without becoming crazy."

Chloe was melting. "That’s a very good idea…"

Chapter End Notes

Please I crave comments! Just tell me if you like my story. Thanks for following it!
Lucifer had offered her to take Trixie to school this morning, since their intimate moment had taken longer than they had both expected and she was running late. Trixie had been jubilant at the idea of getting a ride in Lucifer’s Corvette, of course. So thanks to Lucifer, she had arrived just in time at work, with a swollen heart and a stupid grin on her face.

Dan was already at his desk when she came into the precinct. He looked nervously at the entrance as if waiting for her arrival. As soon as he saw her, he stood up and went to meet her.

She didn’t even have time to sit down that he started with his pleading. "Chloe look… I’m sorry for the way I talked to you last Friday. I’m only trying to protect you. You know that?"

She sighed audibly. "I know Dan. But I don’t need protection from you, I’m a big girl you know."

"Yeah! I know! But Lucifer can be so charming and I don’t want you to do the biggest mistake of your life and get your heart broken by that bastard." He was visibly trying to control himself and failing miserably.

Chloe looked at him for a few seconds, wondering why she was not getting angry at his comments. Instead, she smiled genuinely at him and answered softly. "Thank you Dan, for taking care of me. I really appreciate that. But I know exactly what I’m getting into with Lucifer. I trust him completely and I trust his feelings for me. It is done Dan, I am with him and there is nothing you could say or do that could change that. If you care about me as much as you say, you should be happy I found him. You don’t have to like him, but I’m asking you to respect my choice. My relationship with you is very important to me Dan, and beyond that, we need to get along for Trixie. So please, make an effort here."

"You can’t be serious…” The disbelief was palpable in his words. "He is married for God’s sake!" He said that last comment without any conviction, as if in a last resort, even if he knew that he had already lost his cause.

"Actually, Lucifer is getting his marriage cancelled right as we speak. This is real Dan and I need you to accept that, please."

He opened his mouth and closed it. He was at a loss for words. Then he just turned around and left the room.

Chloe closed her eyes for a moment and wished above all that they would work this out somehow. She didn’t want to shake down her relationship with Dan, but she was ready to accept this possibility if Dan could not deal with her involvement with Lucifer.

She finally sat down at her desk and went through her case files. They were getting nowhere with their last murder case. She had read again and again all the information they got about it, as Dan had, but they had found no lead whatsoever. She tried to examine the files with a new eye this time, hoping that the distance she had taken with the case during the weekend would help her see it differently. After a while, she observed that Dan was back at his desk, going through his files too.

Later in the morning, Chloe was all absorbed in her reading when someone put a big envelope on her desk. She raised her head slowly and displayed one of her most charming smile when seeing
who it was. Lucifer leaned towards her ear and whispered.

"I really am a free man now Love." He lingered there only for a few seconds, with his lips barely touching her ear. He inhaled her intoxicating smell, eyes closed, and then forced himself to move back from her. He stopped halfway up to look into her eyes. By the way she looked back at him, it was clear that she was overwhelmed by emotions.

She reached for him with her hand and brushed lightly his cheek with her fingertips. Then she whispered almost inaudibly. "I love you!"

Her gaze was so intense with love, Lucifer had to swallow to maintain his composure. "And I you!" The words almost chocked in his throat with emotion. He cleared his throat by coughing lightly then sat in the chair opposite to Chloe. They looked at each other silently for a long minute, recovering slowly from the emotionally charged moment they had shared.

"Hum… Are you staying for the day?" Chloe asked finally with her most composed voice.

"Yes. And I’m planning on being here a lot more actually. If you agree with that of course." He really was decided to spend as much time as possible with her.

She smiled genuinely. "I’d be delighted! You know I like to work with you very much."

"Detective Douche may not have the same thought about that though." That didn’t seem to bother him, quite the contrary.

"Well… Let me deal with Dan okay?" Chloe was not looking forward to it.

He could not refrain a smile. "As you wish!"

Chloe changed the topic. "Do you want to catch up with our last case? We really could benefit of your insights. We don’t have any serious lead right now and I’m starting to think that we will lose this one."

"It would be my pleasure! I have time to go through most of it before lunch. Then, we could go eat in a restaurant and talk about it." He lifted his eyebrows, hopeful.

"Sure! I’d like that!" She smiled enthusiastically. Her partner was definitely back and she was confident that their working together could settle as easily as their intimate relationship had. She could not be happier right now.

Dan was trying to concentrate on reading about their last murder case. Damn case! He was sure they were missing something here. But his mind was somewhere else. He had went outside earlier to vent a bit after speaking with Chloe. He couldn’t believe she had fallen for that condescending son of a bitch. He was fuming. Lucifer certainly didn’t deserved her. Dan chuckled inwardly. «And you think you are the one who deserves her? You got your chance pal and you blew it!» The sour taste of defeat came back in his mouth. But Lucifer? Seriously? That was more than he could take. At least, knowing Lucifer’s tendency to fall for any beautiful women, or men, he knew their relationship was doomed to end quickly. Chloe would certainly see him for what he really was in not so long a time. But Dan could not bear the thought of Chloe getting hurt in the process. That’s what the worse to accept was. She had taken her decision about it and he had known her long enough to be sure that trying to change her mind would only reinforce it. He tried once more to put aside his dark thoughts and to concentrate on the job at hand. He took one last glance towards Chloe before getting back to his readings, when he saw him.
Lucifer was just arriving at Chloe’s desk. Dan started to stand up to get to him but was taken aback when he saw the look on Chloe’s face. She was looking at Lucifer with such an adoring smile, his heart almost stopped. He saw then Lucifer leaning over to speak at Chloe’s ear. When Lucifer pulled back, Dan’s heart broke into a million pieces. In the years they had been together, Chloe had never looked at him with such love and devotion. This was not a simple infatuation. Chloe was in love with that man, more than she had ever been with him. That certainty took his breath away and he felt dizzy for a moment. He turned his gaze away, unable to look at them one more second. This was a nightmare!

Later that morning, Chloe stood up from her place and Lucifer’s eyes followed her questioningly.

“I just need to get something into motion.” She gave Lucifer a half-smile and a wink, then left him to his readings.

She went to find Ella in her lab. Chloe was welcomed by a warm smile from the woman.

“What can I do for you Detective? Do you have any new evidence on that case of yours?” Ella was always eager to get her hand on new proofs.

“No… but I guess it depends on what case you are referring to.” Ella seemed confused but waited for Chloe to reveal more about whatever she was talking about. “Actually, I’m here for a personal matter.” Chloe wondered again if it was such a good idea to implicate her.

“Really? I’d be glad to be of help!” She seemed genuinely flattered by the attention.

This was Ella after all and Chloe thought she could trusted her. ”Well… do you think you could spread an information around the precinct and make sure that everybody knows about it by the end of the day?”

Ella smiled widely. ”You knocked at the right door Detective. I can start a rumour in no time and I can even make sure it will look like an accident.” She seemed very sure of her skills. ”What’s the rumour about?”

Chloe was hesitant for a second, but there was no turning back now, she had already said too much. ”It’s about Lucifer… He got his marriage cancelled, so he is now single again.” Chloe was now fidgeting nervously and biting her lower lip.

”Ah! I’m sure a lot of people, both feminine and masculine are going to be very interested about that. But why is it so important to you?” Taking in Chloe’s apparent agitation, her face brightened in understanding. She was a smart woman after all. ”Oh! Really? That’s wonderful! You acted on it after all. I really don’t know how the two of you have been able to handle so much sexual tension for so long. It was a torture just to look at you both!”

”Agrr…” Chloe was only able to voice a strange sound in disbelief.

”But be assured of my absolute discretion about your situation.” Ella promised.

”Ah… Thank you Ella! I’m very grateful. We’ll need your discretion only for a couple of weeks really. By then, if the rumor is well diffused, it won’t make such a fuss when we come out with the news.” Chloe felt embarrassed but remembered that Ella was one of a kind.

”That’s a very clever plan! I’m in!” Ella was beaming. ”I’ll make sure everyone in this place is well aware of Lucifer’s situation before the sun sets.
Not long before noon, Dan saw Chloe quit her desk and leave the room. That was his chance. He hurriedly walked to her desk and stood facing Lucifer. He clenched his jaw for a second, trying to control himself.

"Good morning Detective! What do I owe the pleasure?" Lucifer had an irritating smile on his face, as always.

"You son of a bitch!" To Hell with self-control thought Dan.

"Well, I do tend to agree with you about that…" Lucifer thought his joke was quite funny actually.

"If you hurt her in any way… I swear… I’m going to make you beg for mercy!" Dan tried to sound threatening.

"Wow! I didn’t know you had it in you Detective!" Lucifer answered joyfully with a smile that never reached his eyes. "But let me tell you something…” He stood up unhurriedly, never taking his eyes off Dan and coming up to face him. Their faces were mere inches apart. Lucifer explained very slowly and with contained intensity. "I Love Chloe, and I’m planning on making her the happiest soul on earth. I see you care for her and that is all to your credit. That, added to the fact that I know how important a place you still stand in her life, are the only reasons I’m talking to you right now. I would NEVER hurt Chloe in anyway and I can assure you that I will destroy whoever intends to do her harm or to come between us." That last bit came out as a clear warning.

Dan looked at Lucifer for a few seconds, as if measuring up the man in front of him. "You never earned my trust, but somehow I will give you the benefit of the doubt. However, for Chloe’s sake and yours, don’t make me say I told you so."

Lucifer looked at him quizzically. For standing up to him for Chloe, and for that reason alone, he respected the man. "I only have to prove myself to Chloe, not to you. But I’m certain you can’t even begin to fathom what is going on between Chloe and me. Don’t worry, I’ll take good care of her."

Dan looked at Lucifer in the eyes for a few more seconds, still unsure if he should kill the guy or let him be. He finally gave Lucifer the slightest of nod and then left.

At lunch time, Lucifer brought Chloe at one of his favorite restaurants. He’d reserved first to make sure the service would be quick and the privacy absolute. Chloe was glad to get away from Dan’s scrutiny. She had felt his gaze on them the whole morning and it was becoming quite heavy. They were led to a private room in the back of the restaurant. The waiter helped them to their places and left them alone to explore the menu.

"This room is very intimate. Did you have any nasty idea in the back of your mind…?" Asked Chloe with a teasing smile.

Lucifer took her hand in his gently. "None other than to have a nice moment alone with you without any unwelcomed eyes." Then his gaze intensified and he continued with a deeper voice. "I crave to take you right then and there… but I can endure not to if I can at least touch your skin and look into your eyes without any interruption."

Chloe swallowed audibly and took a deep breath to try and control her increasing heartbeat. She also squeezed tenderly Lucifer’s hand in hers. "Lucifer… this is not easy for me either… but we need to keep as much professional distance between us as possible during work hours if we want this to function. We need to keep our heads clear and our senses sharp. It could mean the difference
between life and death in this line of work."

"I know, I’m sorry. I’m doing my best here." He fidgeted in his chair.

"I appreciate that, and I think we both are doing great in the circumstances." She smiled lovingly at him and brought his hand to her lips to kiss it. "And I don’t think this restaurant room is a bad idea. I actually like the intimacy and I too am grateful for the chance to touch and feel you." She stroked tenderly his hand with both of hers. "We will even be able to discuss the case without any unwanted ears. You were right to make me bring the files." Lucifer smiled back at her and squeezed her hand.

They passed lunch hour talking about simple things, even holding hands at times, relishing in each other’s presence and touch. Touching only felt natural and comforting, and it wasn’t as distracting as she had feared at first. Of course there were moments she just gasped at the feel of him and felt she could get carried away, but she was getting better at holding her desires in. She was determined to get the best of the situation and to find a way to make them work both as a couple as well as partners. But the line was tin between the two and she was afraid to walk beyond that line anytime. She guessed it would get easier with time.

After lunch, Chloe took the case files out and forced herself back into detective mode. "So… As you could see, we’ve got this university student, Billy Harrison, who was shut at during a robbery in a gas station. He looked to have been there by accident. The killer only took about 500$ before escaping the scene. The cashier could not give us a clear description since the guy was hooded. The video recording didn’t help to identify the killer either. The cashier said that the guy seemed very nervous. Before shooting Billy, he supposedly screamed at him to stop staring in his direction. The cashier supposed that Billy didn’t comply, because a couple seconds later, he heard two gun shots. The killer took the money afterwards and ran out. We think he left on foot. We cross referenced this incident with other robberies with or without victims in the area, but found no match. So we have no lead yet on the killer. We found nothing incriminating either on the cashier, and no reason whatsoever to think that Billy could have been targeted. As you see, we have nothing. I’m hoping you could have seen something we missed or overlooked in those files." Chloe looked at him, hopeful.

"I don’t know… It seems like you looked for every possible ramifications here. I’m better at reading desires in a situation, as you well know." He looked at her teasingly, and got back a big smile as an answer. "There’s only one detail that nagged at me when I went through the files. That Billy, both his parents, during their depositions, took great pride in telling how they had tried to keep him out of trouble by teaching him the importance of hard work and the meaning of money. They said they tried not to spoil him even if they were wealthy. It seems to me that Billy must have felt frustrated by his parents refusing him what he could have thought to be his due.

"By the look of his apartment’s furniture and electronic materials, as well as the car he was driving, I can assure you Billy had no reason to be frustrated." Discarded Chloe rapidly.

Lucifer frowned. "That’s strange… And are you sure it all came from his parents paying for it?"

"Well… I guess we just assumed it did, with him being a student and having only a part time job. But I can check on it. You are right, there may be something there. You know what? I’m going to call his father right now and inquire about it." She then took out her cell phone and joined Billy’s father. Her smile widened with each answer she got from him, until she put off the phone and turned her eyes on Lucifer. "You are so good!"

"Glad to see you don’t love me only for my body." He seemed very proud of himself.
Chloe ignored his comment. "They never paid for his car nor for all his luxurious furniture and electronics. They deposited money each month on his account, but it would not have been enough to live only off of it. They had made sure Billy needed to work part time for a living. Billy worked in a video club 15 hours a week, not enough to buy all that stuff by himself. He must have had another income, and a big one."

"Well well! It seems the boy had some secrets after all. And who better to tell us about it if not his best friend?" Lucifer could remember seeing a file about a best friend but he hadn’t read it yet.

"Dominic Lattimore! Another university student. We already questioned him, but he swore Billy had no enemy or bad relation. He seemed really perturbed by his friend’s death actually. I guess we could bring him in again for questioning… No! Better than that! We are going to pay him a visit. You in?" It sure was best to give the guy a little surprise visit to destabilize him if they wanted to get some information out of him.

Lucifer smiled widely. "Absolutely! Some action at last! You are a pretty thing to look at dear, but I was getting bored with all that reading!"

Chloe only smiled at him indulgently. "Let’s go then!"

Chloe gathered her files and put them back into her suitcase. She stood up and joined Lucifer to leave the room. He took advantage of her closeness to gently put his hand on the small of her back and let her pass in front of him. Chloe yielded to the impulse of stopping for a second to lean into his hand and feel his warmth. Unable to resist, Lucifer put his hands on her hips from behind and moved her closer to him. He lowered his head and brushed his lips on her neck. Chloe felt a shiver run through her body.

"Do you think I could have five minutes alone with my girlfriend before we are going back to work?" His voice was deep and full of restrained desires.

Chloe leaned back her head against his shoulder and gave in. "I'll give you three minutes." She just had time to let the suitcase fall down.

Lucifer kissed her neck hungrily and embraced her with his arms, gathering her left breast in the process. Chloe turned around to take his face in her hands and kiss his lips. They kissed fiercely while Lucifer pushed her back against the nearest wall. He lowered himself to grind his member against her core. Chloe gasped at the incredible feeling. Not only did she not try to stop him but she also encouraged him by sinking her fingers in his buttocks to pull him even more strongly against her. They drove themselves crazy with lust for a moment until Lucifer reached for her pants and unbuttoned it. Chloe was way too far gone to protest. She was willing to let him do whatever he wanted as long as he didn’t stop. Lucifer unzipped her pants and slid a hand down. He slid two fingers inside her and rubbed her bundle of nerves with his thumb. As much as she tried to control herself, she could not hold back her moans of pleasure.

He voiced throatily. "You are so wet!"

"Go figure!" She barely managed the words out.

Lucifer put his lips back on her mouth and rubbed himself on her hip while bringing her up to heaven. She bit his neck when she came, trying to contain her moaning. Lucifer held her up when he felt her knees give in. They stayed up against the wall like that for another minute afterwards, panting and shaking. Lucifer brought his wet fingers up to his mouth and licked them greedily. Chloe kissed him deeply again and then put her head against his.
"Wow! Thank you for that! It was amazing!" She said softly.

"Thanks to you for letting me do this. I needed so much to feel you." He was still stroking the back of her neck gently.

"Don’t you feel worst with unsatisfied desires?" She thought she would be in his place.

"Not at all!" He assured her. "I’m feeling invincible right now." Chloe beamed at him, her eyes glassy from her orgasm. "But I might need a few minutes in the bathroom to release some tension though." They both chuckled contentedly.

Chapter End Notes

There's gonna be some good action in next chapter. Keep reading please! And comment! Thanks for reading me!
Police Intervention

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chloe was waiting for Lucifer in the backroom of the restaurant, slumped into a chair, still recuperating from their sexual encounter. If THAT was not crossing the line, she didn’t know what was! She felt a little bit ashamed at having given in so easily, in a restaurant besides, but at the same time she could not stop smiling at having done so. It had been lunch time after all! They were not technically working right now. Right? She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She could still feel his hands on her, in her… It felt as if he were a part of her now, and each time he touched or kissed her all she wanted was to take him in and make one with him. There was no other words to explain how she felt.

Lucifer walked into the room, smiling roguishly. "You ready to go Detective?"

She stood up and walked slowly to him with that loving smile that he craved so much. "Not just yet!" She embraced him around the waist and kissed his lips lightly. "I’m still in girlfriend mode right now."

"That’s fine with me…” He kissed her more deeply.

She returned his kiss with the same energy, then looked up at him seriously. "Do you really think we can do this?"

"What do you mean…?" He looked uncertain.

"Work together and be lovers?” Seeing panic rise in his features, she quickly clarified her thought. "I’m not calling into question our new relationship, on the contrary. But seeing how hard it is to be around each other without wanting more, I’m questioning the feasibility of working together effectively."

"Well I’m not!” He countered quickly. "I know we can do this. It’s a work in progress you know and as you said it yourself earlier, we are doing great! We just need to find balance. I think that, if we can have some private moments when we are not officially working, and if it’s safe to do so, then we should seize the opportunity so we can focus on the job when it’s time."

"Maybe you’re right.” Her smile was back now.

With assurance he continued. "I know I am! Now, when we walk out of here, we are partners again. Life and death, remember?"

She chuckled lightly. "Alright! Let’s try that theory of yours!” She kissed him one last time languorously. "I’m going to freshen up in the bathroom and when I come back, we’ll be on full partner’s mode. Okay?"

He nodded. "I’ll be ready!"

Even if they came at the restaurant in Lucifer’s Corvette, Chloe decided not to go exchange it for her patrol car for the trip at Lattimore’s place.

On the ride there, she took out her file about him and filled Lucifer in about what they knew. "Dominic Lattimore, 21 years old, best friend of the victim. Of modest origin, he got a student
grant to go to college, thanks to his academic achievement. He is studying at the same college Billy was attending, except he is studying chemistry while Billy’s field of study was administration. He also works part time at the same video club as Billy was. He has no police record and his alibi checked out. He was at a party where Billy was on his way to at the time of the murder. So he is not a suspect, but could know something about Billy’s incomes."

"Is it unusual for a grant student to live outside the campus?" Lucifer didn’t know a lot about student’s life except for what he had seen in movies, but the place they were driving to was definitely not on campus like he had expected.

"Well, I suppose it can be explained. We’ll have to ask him that, won’t we?" There were a few thinks Dan and her had overlooks after all.

They arrived at Lattimore’s address 15 minutes later. The house was situated in a nice and quiet neighborhood. Two cars were parked in the driveway, one of them Lattimore’s. They knocked at the door but no one answered. Chloe looked through the window and thought she saw some movements inside behind the curtains. She made a sign to Lucifer to let him know there was someone and put a hand on her gun.

She knocked again more vigorously and announced herself. "LAPD! Dominic Lattimore, we have some questions for you. Open the door please."

Half a minute later, the door opened on Lattimore. He wore a sheepish smile. "Sorry! I was long to open but I was busy."

"Do you remember me from the station?" Chloe asked him. Lattimore nodded in agreement. "Can we come in? We would like to ask you some more questions about your friend, Billy Harrison."

"Of course! I would be happy to be of any help. Come in." He opened the door wider and let them in.

They entered and came into the leaving room. Lattimore was clearly nervous about their presence here. He kept biting his lower lip and playing with his fingers.

Chloe introduced Lucifer while looking around the room. Then she started with the questioning. "We just have a few questions really. Actually, we were wondering how Billy could have bought a fancy car and a bunch of electronic material among other things."

"Well… I’m not sure… I guess his parents helped him with that, and he had his job too." He definitely didn’t look comfortable with that question.

Chloe cut the chase short. "We already know both his incomes from his parents and his job were insufficient for that. We are looking for another source of income, and since you were his best friend… Do you have any idea what that source could have been?"

"I really don’t! I’m sorry you came all the way here for nothing." He answered too quickly to Chloe’s taste.

Lucifer had been wandering around the room while Chloe was doing the talking. He choose this moment to interrupt them. "That stereo system is amazing! And those speakers! Wow! Where did you get them?" He blurted out enthusiastically.

"They are second handed. I got them almost for nothing. I got lucky I guess." He was getting more nervous by the second.
Lucifer pushed him again. "And that house! Is it yours or do you rent it? This is a dream house for college students. I guess you get a lot of parties here." Lucifer sent him a suggestive smile.

"Well… I… Yes, this is my house, but I often have housemates who help me with the rent. That’s how I can afford it." He stammered uneasily.

"Is the car outside your housemate?" Added Chloe.

"Haaa! No! It’s probably one of my neighbors’. They sometimes use it when they get visitors." Lattimore swallowed uncomfortably.

Lucifer approached him with an intense gaze, making him retreat slightly backward towards the back of the room. Chloe followed them slowly, alert, with a hand on her gun. Lucifer continued with a soothing voice. "What a nice neighbour you make!"

At that moment, Lucifer’s eye was caught by a movement over Lattimore’s shoulder. Without any hesitation, he jumped over to Chloe and tackled her on the ground while she was still in the motion of getting her gun out. They crossed the threshold of the closest room on hands and knees when they heard a thunder of gun shots and felt the bullets fly around them. Lucifer got up and closed quickly the door behind them. They could hear men screaming behind it. There was at least three different voices. He turned to Chloe to see if she were okay. She was sitting down diagonally to the door with her gun in her hands, her back to the wall. She was slightly shaking.

Seeing the concern in Lucifer’s eyes, she reassured him. "I’m okay! Get away from the door!"

Lucifer’s eyes widening in pure panic. "You are not okay! You’ve been shot!"

"What?" Chloe looked over herself and found the wound. A blood stain was slowly soaking her brown coat on the side of her right arm. "I barely feel it Lucifer, it’s only a scratch."

Lucifer felt the panic decrease slowly and be replaced by cold fury. "I’m going to kill those bastards!" His voice was like nothing Chloe had ever heard. It was deep and cavernous with an air of danger that chilled her blood. She felt her hair rising on the back of her neck. A flame started dancing in his eyes and spread over them, obliterating all other colors.

"Lucifer! You have to calm down! You need to control yourself! You are my partner and I need you clear headed! Please!" She was almost screaming at him. She felt her own panic rising at the thought of what could happen if Lucifer lost it. Somehow, she seemed to have gotten to him. She saw the flames leaving his eyes slowly then disappear completely. He was breathing hard and looked as if he were slowly getting back control over himself. Behind the door, they could hear the men arguing about their best course of action.

"You are right! I’m sorry!" His voice was now almost calm and very much like himself. He straightened up his jacket as he had done a thousand times in his stylish manner, and turned back to the door. "Get under cover please."

Chloe stood up and moved quickly over to the opposite wall to get cover beside the door. She was now facing Lucifer. "What are you doing Lucifer?"

He was not looking at her but at the door. "Just watch me!" He said calmly. His eyes were now dark and dangerous.

For the first time, Chloe thought she saw just how dangerous he could be. But he seemed to be very much in control. "Okay! Just remember we need to interrogate them. So don’t break them into babbling lunatics please." He answered her with a small nod. "I’ll have your back!" She added.
The joke made him smile again and he chuckled softly. She could almost see his gentle features coming back. He straightened up his jacket one last time. When he put his hand on the handle, the door burst outward. Lucifer walked imperturbably outside the room with a celestial presence about him. Fearsome and beautiful, he was almost glowing with power. She heard and saw gun shots thundering around him and inside the room. Holding her gun tightly, she could feel her heart hammering in her chest. By the sound of the gun shots and the screams of dismay, she was sure Lucifer was not close to the door anymore. She chanced a look into the leaving room and froze. Lucifer was almost dancing across the room, throwing the men against the walls or hitting them at an incredible speed. Soon, three of them were sprawled against the walls, unconscious. Lucifer was now pinning the last one in the air against a wall with one hand around his throat.

Lucifer had kept that last man for dessert. It was the one who had dared to shoot at Chloe. Lucifer was breathing hard, trying to control his instinct that was telling him to strangle the man. He knew Chloe would not approve, but the pull to extinguish the life out of him was too strong to resist. He started to crush slowly the man’s neck, savoring the feeling. The young man was looking at him with bulging eyes, unable to speak. Old habits made Lucifer look deeper into the man’s eyes, right into his soul. The feeling made the man scream, as if he were being stripped naked and sorely abused. Lucifer searched the soul to confirm its decadence and darkness. He was shocked to find out there was almost none of it! He released partly his grip on the man’s neck and looked deeper. The young man was in fact quite young, maybe 18 years old. Lucifer could see a lot of griefs and losses in this soul and a drive to live and survive. Lucifer was taken aback. It was a soul that could be redeemed easily, a young boy who could do better with his life, if he only had the opportunity to do so. Suddenly, Lucifer left him fall to the floor. «Why am I letting him go? He could have killed Chloe! Ended her life! Why should I care about his soul?» But he did. «When did I started caring about human souls? Me who used to revel in their suffering.» He had no idea. Maybe Chloe’s kindness had rubbed into him more than he had thought. He tried to convince himself that he was letting the poor man go only because they had to question him. But he knew he was lying to himself. He felt a hand on his shoulder and turned slowly, as if in a trance. The young man was now cowering at his feet, crying like a baby.

"Are you alright Lucifer?" It took a while for Lucifer to register Chloe’s words.

"What? ... Yes! I’m fine! Are you?" He could see Chloe’s concerned gaze relax.

"Yeah! I’m fine! But the place is not secured yet. Watch them and I’m going to check the place out." She turned to go.

"No! You stay here and I will secure the place." His decisive tone left her no chance to argue.

"All right!" She conceded. "I’ll call reinforcements and ambulances in the meantime."

He nodded and left the leaving room to check each and every rooms in the house, and to make sure there was no one else in the basement, from where the three other men seemed to have come.

When Lucifer came back to Chloe, she was hanging up her cell phone, still pointing her gun at the crying man.

"Help is on its way! They’ll be here in about 10 minutes." She explained.

Lucifer reassured her. "The house is all clear. And I think I found Billy’s income after all. There’s a lab down there with enough Crystal Meth to buy a small Club. It looks to be good drugs actually!"

"Lucifer! Don’t even think about it!" She frowned at him.
"What? I’m just saying!" He said sheepishly.

"You should go to your car and get changed before everybody gets here. It would be embarrassing if someone saw you like that." She moved her hand up and down in front of him, showing his clothing.

Lucifer looked down at himself. "Ho! No! Not again! This job is going to cost me more than it pays. Good thing I still have my bag of clothing from the weekend." He smiled his first real smile since the beginning of this ordeal, remembering their time together. "I’ll be quick! Will you be okay?"

"Sure!" She smiled back at him reassuringly, then turned to the only suspect still conscious in the room. "Okay kid! Now turn around! I’m going to handcuff you."

"Lucky guy…” Said Lucifer dreamily on his way out.

Less than ten minutes later, the place was swarming with cops. It didn’t take long for them to embark the four suspects and Chloe was rapidly directed to an ambulance where her wound was tended to.

Her injury was more important than she had first thought but luckily, only the muscle had been touched. The bullet had made a deep gash on the side of her arm only just missing the bone. Still, the blood loss had been extensive and she was starting to feel a little dizzy. Not far away, Lucifer was smoking a cigarette, leaning against a car, never leaving his worried eyes from her.

Chloe was still awe-struck by what she had seen in there. She had thought she knew who Lucifer was when she had seen his Devil’s face but clearly, she had not quite grasped yet the whole concept of supernatural being before now. And it was probably only the tip of the iceberg. She had certainly signed in for an amazing ride with him. She was not spooked nor afraid, only in open admiration at this amazing being greater than nature. And he was hers! How astonishing! Her love for him was only increasing each day. Her heart felt like bursting with joy just at looking at him. She wished she could embrace him right now and comfort him. Everybody be damned! But she could not, not yet. Instead, she tried to reassure him for the hundredth time by sending him a comforting smile, but to no avail. He looked tense and sombre.

Dan arrived in a rush, looking nervously all over the place for her. He finally spotted her and all but ran to the ambulance.

"Are you badly hurt? What the hell happened here? "He looked her over to make sure she was not seriously injured.

"I’m ok Dan! It’s just a scratch." One man worrying for her was plenty enough.

"I didn’t even know you guys were on a lead." He sounded a bit indignant.

"Sorry! We just acted on a hunch. There was no way to think it could turn out like that." But he was right, she should have told him they were going on a lead and she knew it.

Dan’s patience had been pushed a little too far today and he snapped. "For Christ sake Chloe! It’s too dangerous for you to go around investigating without a real partner. Lucifer isn’t even armed. You could have both gotten killed today."

"What? You clearly were not here to see how Lucifer handled himself. He is the only reason I’m still alive right now and I would trust him with my life anytime. If you really are only concerned with my wellbeing well don’t be, because I’ve never been safer than with him. But if what you are
"I didn’t come here to fight!" He lifted his hands in the air as a sign of peace. "I’m just glad you’re alright." They kept silent for a moment, which allowed Chloe to take a few calming breaths. Then he continued more calmly. "Would you like me to pick up Trixie at school? You’ll be crawling under a bunch of paperwork after that."

"Actually, that’d be nice, I’ll probably pass the evening writing my report. So thanks for offering." She was genuinely pleased by the offer.

"No problem. I can keep her for a couple days so you can rest better." He felt bad for snapping at her, so he thought it would help his case.

"Ok! But don’t tell her I’ve been shot. I’ll tell her myself when I see her. I wouldn’t want her to worry about me unnecessarily." Trixie had had her share of unwanted stress related to her health lately.

"Sure! Take care!" He started to go.

"I’ll join you in a few minutes to fill you up with the events so you can take the lead from here." She just wanted to leave the place and get rid of the reports as soon as possible.

He smiled at her. "Perfect! I’ll be inside."

Once her wound had been cleaned up and bandaged, Chloe joined Lucifer. He seemed to be avoiding her gaze now. She took his hand and squeezed it lightly.

"You okay?" She spoke softly, as if afraid to rush him.

He turned slowly his gaze to her. "I’m sorry I put you into arms way."

"What are you talking about?" She really had no idea what he was referring to.

"I pushed Lattimore too much and provoked the situation. If it hadn’t been for me, the men down there would not have been alarmed and you would not have been shot. I could have got you killed! And then I almost lost it when I saw you…” He looked so remorseful and ashamed.

Chloe griped his hand more tightly. "Listen to me Lucifer. The way I see it, you made an amazing job today. If it hadn’t been for you, they would have walked out of there free. And by the time we got a warrant to search the house, and I don’t even think we could have gotten one so easily, they would have moved the lab and we would have ended up with nothing. You didn’t put me in danger Lucifer, this is a dangerous job, and you had my back. Seriously, you were amazing in there! So please! Stop torturing yourself!

"You are right! I was pretty amazing! Wasn’t I?" To her delight, he gave her his sweetest smile.

She laughed happily. "Stop boasting! You had quite an advantage. But seriously, I think we make a terrific team. Between the two of us, we are going to redefine the term police intervention." Her smile was contagious and Lucifer started laughing merrily with her.
I was so looking forward to write something about Lucifer's demonstration of his powers in presence of Chloe. It is something I really would like to see on the show. I hope you enjoyed it. Please send me some comments!
Chapter Notes

Improving Communication

Reluctantly, Lucifer had left Chloe back at the station to fill up the paperwork by herself. She looked tired but had assured him she could do it and swore she would call him at once if she felt unstable. That had reassured him somewhat. She had also agreed to come to his place for the night after work so he could take care of her. He smiled at the thought of having her soon back in his arms, sound and safe.

But first, he had a lot to do. He started with buying another cell phone to replace his old one that had been inadvertently «killed» a few days ago. He tested it by sending a text message to Chloe: «If you feel like texting the Devil, feel free! I miss you! ». He smiled happily. She wanted him to improve their communication system after all. Not long after, he received an answer from her: «Miss you too! Looking forward to playing doctor with you tonight!» Wow! He wasn’t aware that communicating more could be so exciting. Chloe didn’t know what she was getting herself into. She was in for a surprise!

His next stop had been at Candy’s new apartment, to make sure everything was in order and that she wasn’t missing anything. She looked to like the place a lot and was very excited at the idea of living alone without any roommate for the first time in her life. She wore a sad smile nonetheless, mournful that their relationship had not worked out. Before leaving, Lucifer felt the pull to clarify something with her.

He was sitting beside Candy on the brand new sofa and turned slightly towards her. "I’m sorry for everything Candy! I didn’t marry you for the good reasons and now you are the one who is paying for that. I’m terribly sorry! I didn’t wish for you to get hurt. I guess I have just been my old selfish self once more in all that." He really felt bad about the whole thing and most of all for using her like he did.

Candy smiled warmly at him and took his hand. "Don’t be sorry! You have given me more than you took and you still are. And for that I will always be grateful to you. I just hope we will be able to stay good friends, because I still see you that way you know."

Lucifer smiled sincerely. "Me too!"

Lucifer didn’t stay longer than needed and headed for LUX right away after their conversation. He sent another text message to Chloe: «Just finished checking on Candy. She’ll be ok. On my way to LUX, have a lot of catching up to do there. Don’t be too long, I’m starting to fell withdrawals symptoms when you’re away. » Less than a minute later, her answer came in: «Would not want you to get a psychotic break… Be there as soon as I can, then you’ll be allowed to eat or lick as much of me as you want… » Goodness! An electric wave coursed through his body from his groin to the tip of his air. He swallowed hard and read again the message with excitement. He drove all the way to LUX with a smile of anticipation.

He looked at LUX’s revenues of the weekend and caught up with some bureaucratic paperwork for the Club that had to be signed. He took time to send Chloe some more text messages that would put her into the mood for tonight. He ordered something to eat in the meantime and checked on the staff before going up for his 7 o’clock appointment. They were already seated on his couch, with a glass of alcohol in their hands. Lucifer took a deep breath and stilled himself.
"Good evening Mother! Brother!" He gave them a curt nod and walked to the bar to pour himself a glass of whisky.

Charlotte was beaming. "It’s good to see you again Son! I was afraid you had me erased from your life once and for all this time."

Lucifer sighed "Maybe I should have… But I find myself estranged to this place with only you two as family, so I can’t be picky! Can I? I’m not saying I forgive you for trying to use me through Chloe for your own game Mother, because I won’t, ever. But I know you love me in your own twisted way, so that’s why I called you tonight to warn you. And you too Brother."

Amenadiel looked almost nervous. "Warn us about what? As something happened Luci?"

Lucifer was now standing in front of them with a serious frown. "You can say that!" He took a swallow of whisky and savored it slowly before pursuing. "Chloe and I are now together for good, and I won’t let anyone coming between us. You hear me?" The warning in his tone could not be mistaken. Nonetheless, it didn’t prevent Charlotte and Amenadiel from smiling happily.

"This is good news Brother! I’m very happy for you! She is the perfect match for you." Amenadiel stood up to shake hands with Lucifer and squeeze warmly his shoulder.

"Whatever you may think Son, all I want is your happiness and this Chloe may be the best thing that ever happened to you." She sounded almost sincere.

"Allow me to doubt your real motives Mother." Said Lucifer disdainfully.

She quickly countered. "I was wrong to want to use you against your father. Alright? I can’t change what I did but I can learn from that mistake. What concerns me right now is more the way your Father is going to react to your new relationship with this human."

"The poor bastard should have thought about it twice before he made her for me. Now that she is mine, I won’t let him take her away from me. I’ll tear down the Silver City before I let that day happen. Mark my words!" His tone and gaze were dangerous.

Charlotte didn’t doubt an instant the veracity of Lucifer’s threat. "I know… That’s why I’m so concerned about it. Whatever my original schemes might have been, I never intended to cause an open war between Heaven and Hell."

"Aren’t you exaggerating a little bit Mother?" Amenadiel tried to loosen up the mood.

"Probably! Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that!" With a cheerful smile, she lifter her glass up. "Let’s drink to your new relationship Son!" And they did.

"Don’t take me wrong here, I approve this union a hundred percent Brother, there is just a little technicality I’m hoping you will consider and take into account." Amenadiel didn’t want to anger his brother, but Lucifer needed to be reminded.

Lucifer warned him with a dark frown to be cautious of his words. "Go ahead!"

"Well… I know you’ve never given any consideration to any of Father’s interdictions and rules in the past but… have you thought about what would happen if Chloe got pregnant? I know you never really cared about all those women with whom you fornicated, but this is Chloe we are talking about…"

Lucifer’s eyes bulged and his heart started hammering in his chest like crazy. How could he have
forgotten that? He had to talk to her about it tonight. Hell! It might already be too late! How unconscious he had been. He had been careless for years with other human women to the point of forgetting what it could mean for Chloe. He cleared his constricted throat. "You were right to remind me of this brother. Thank you! I’ll make sure nothing bad comes out of it."

"What a judicious choice of words!" Charlotte was smiling happily at her joke. Lucifer and Amenadiel looked at her with killing glares. "What? Have you two lost your sense of humour?"

"Mother please?" Lucifer swallowed the rest of his whisky and went to fill up his glass again. He felt ashamed at his unlimited selfishness. Now, how was he supposed to brush the subject with Chloe? He would think about it later. He felt a growl escape his throat at the thought of what could happen if Chloe got pregnant with his child. For sure there was no need to worry so much. Chloe had certainly taken some precautions. Right? He felt like a jerk for not thinking about it earlier.

Amenadiel and Charlotte left him to his dark thoughts for a moment before changing the subject.

"Luci, you know Charlotte and I have been investigating about that piece or peace that Uriel talked about?"

"Yes. But I already told you I’m not really interested about pursuing it. I still think this could have just been a sick way of his to insure we would not forget easily about him. For my part, I just found my own piece of peace right here with Chloe, and I don’t care much about that riddle anymore."

"Even if it could threaten your fragile peace with Chloe?" As much as Lucifer wanted to hate Amenadiel for that comment, he knew his brother could be right.

So they talked about it for a long moment, debating about its meaning and all the possibilities. Obviously, Amenadiel and Charlotte were exactly at the same point on the subject than four months ago. Their inquiries had raised no lead, only more questions. It almost felt nice to have his brother and mother here with him, talking like old times. At the least, it kept him from thinking about the conversation he was dreading to have with Chloe later.

Chloe finished up the paperwork in a record time in spite of an increasing pain in her right arm. She was also hurting almost everywhere it seemed, probably a result of Lucifer tackling her on the ground. She should have gone to the hospital to get narcotics as the paramedic had suggested, and maybe she would go, tomorrow. She had been in a hurry to complete her work so that she could see Lucifer as soon as possible. How was it that she felt just like a teenager eager to go meet her boyfriend? She knew exactly why! She was in love and it felt awesome! She tried to remember the last time she felt this way. As strange as it seemed, she could not remember feeling this good in her life. Aouch! What did it say about her marriage with Dan? No, it wasn’t fair! She had loved Dan! There was no doubt about it, and he had given her the greatest joy in her life, Trixie. And yet, what she was experiencing with Lucifer was like a whole new level of love, as if she had graduated in another league. She wondered what was so different about it. Apart from the whole supernatural celestial being/Devil thing? No that was not the reason. Of course, that aspect of him made it all the more exciting, but that was not it. She trusted him more than she had ever trusted anyone before! She trusted Lucifer with her life, with her heart, with her soul… With him, she could open up completely without any inhibition, be entirely herself like never before, and as importantly, she had the certainty that Lucifer felt exactly the same way about her. That’s what was so different about that love! She smiled dreamily. She could not wait to be with him again.

She was almost there, on her way up to his penthouse, waiting for the elevator to climb all the way up to him. She had grabbed some clothes at home and her toilet bag before getting back into her car. A shower was out of the question with her bandaged arm and a bath would have taken way too
long for her taste. She could take it with Lucifer instead and not miss that precious time away from him. The thought of taking a bath with him made her smile. They had never done that yet. She looked at her phone for the hundredth time this day. She laughed at all the messages Lucifer had sent her. Obviously, he had taken at heart her suggestion of upgrading their communication system. He may even be taking it a little bit too far, but she was certainly not going to complain about that! Strangely, in the last hour and a half, he had not written any message on his own. He had only answered her last one with a short «ok», when she had announced she was leaving her house. She hoped he was at his place. She didn’t feel like going down at the Club to find him if he were busy over there.

She thought back about today, how Lucifer had seemed so helpless at seeing her hurt. The memory of Lucifer lying in his blood only a few days ago came back to her mind and she shivered. She knew exactly how it felt to be powerless when the one you loved was in danger. The fact was, as much as she had tried to avoid thinking about it tonight, she knew very well that she could have died out there. It only just started sinking in. She also realised that she had been this close to losing everything. Her insides contorted and her breath came short at the thought. All she wanted right now was to be in his arms and be reminded that everything was okay, and she knew he needed it too. She missed him so much! She felt like there was a hole in her soul that only he could fill up.

When the elevator’s doors finally opened, she saw him immediately at the bar. She was grinning from ear to ear but couldn’t help it. He obviously tried to contain his feelings but his eyes spoke loud. They were full of love and relief. He came to her at a fast pace and took her in his arms gently but firmly. Letting go of her bag, she embraced him around his back and leaned her head against his shoulder, inhaling his unique scent. She felt him kiss her hair then rest his chin on her head. Neither of them could say a word for a while, they just basked in each other’s presence. His grip on her tightened as if he were afraid she’d disappear.

Chloe pulled slightly away from him, just enough to be able to cup his face with her left hand and look into his beautiful eyes.

"Hi!" She said softly.

"Hey Baby!" His eyes were shining and his smile was soft.

He kissed her gently as if she were fragile. She answered him with a series of small and tender kisses on his lips to let him know everything was okay. Their kisses deepened and it didn’t take long before they were engaged into a passionate exchange. She soon forgot about her hurting arm and everything else really. The only thing she cared about and felt right now was him. She poured all her love into her kisses and lost herself completely. She started pulling at his clothes to get rid of them, intent on the idea of taking him right there in the hallway. Strangely, she felt him pull away and take her hands into his.

"What? ..." She opened her eyes and looked at him, confused.

"Put that thought on hold Love. I actually like to do it in public but I doubt you would enjoy the experience." Seeing her puzzlement, he continued. "As you can see we have guests. But they were just leaving." He made a sign with his head towards the couch.

Chloe looked to her left to find Amenadiel and Charlotte watching them. Well, Charlotte was openly watching them with a delightful grin on her face, while Amenadiel was doing his best to look in the other direction. Chloe buried her face in Lucifer’s chest, letting escape a painful groan of dismay. "This isn’t happening!"

Lucifer grimaced. "Sorry! Maybe I should have warned you first."
"You mean you thought that writing me the color of your underwear was more important than telling me that your mother and brother would be here?" How could she be surprised, really?

"You forget about what I said I would do with YOUR panties once I had my hands on them!" Lucifer spoke with his most enticing voice. The killing glare she gave him made him rethink his position. Then more seriously he continued. "But I see your point. I might have difficulties with priorities."

"No kidding!" She chuckled softly and smiled in spite of herself. There was no way she could get angry at him right now. She gave him one last kiss then turned toward his family. "Amenadiel, Charlotte, good evening!" She tried her best to maintain a minimum of dignity.

"Good to see you Chloe!" Amenadiel stood up. He embraced her warmly and kissed her on both cheeks. "Welcome in the family!"

Chloe lifted an eyebrow in surprise. "Well thank you! It’s nice to see you too." It just hit her that she was indeed getting herself into a celestial family. It also reminded her of the nature of the two beings before her, one a real angel, even if he was more a fallen one right now, and the other… what? The actual mother of all creations? That part was too much for her mind to fathom, especially knowing the kind of woman Charlotte was.

"Good evening Chloe!" Charlotte took her time to stand up and walked to her with a majestic way about her. She put a single kiss on Chloe’s cheek. "I really am happy for you two. Rest assured of my eternal support in favor of your relationship, whatever his Dad might think about it."

"Mother!" Lucifer’s gaze darkened.

"What’s that supposed to mean?" Chloe didn’t like the implication in those words.

"Well, we never really know with his Dad. Do we?" Said Charlotte innocently.

"Maybe he should have thought longer about it 35 years ago then!" Chloe tried not to let her insecurity show up on her face.

"Well said Chloe!" Approved Charlotte. "I probably just worry too much about my boy, that’s all. As Lucifer said, we were just on our way out. We will leave you two to pick up where you left off." Chloe felt her cheeks blush.

"Right! We should go now." Amenadiel gave Chloe an encouraging smile as if to say she would get used to Charlotte in time. Well, Chloe very much doubted it!

After they left the penthouse, Lucifer sighed and took her back in his arms.

"I’m sorry about Mother! This is just the way she is." He smiled faintly.

Chloe was just getting back her composure. "That woman is insufferable!"

He scowled. "Believe me I know. I’ve endured her for millennia."

The notion of immortality was too hard for Chloe to grasp but she could certainly empathise. "That must have been torture!"

He chuckled. "Indeed! But let’s forget about her. Come sit, you look exhausted."

"Actually I am!" She left him lead her to the couch where he sat her down comfortably with a
cushion under her right arm before taking place close beside her with his arms around her.

He looked at her with a frown. "Does it hurt much?"

"Like Hell!" When she saw the look of concern on his face she corrected quickly. "But I took some mild analgesics back home and it should kick in soon. Tomorrow I’ll go get something stronger don’t worry."

"I just don’t like to know you in pain." He said somberly.

"I know… but look at the bright side, I won a leave of absence of a week-long with that wound. That’s worth the pain believe me!" She was smiling happily and that reassured him.

"That’s very good!" He nuzzled up against her and kissed her softly under her earlobe. "I’ll take good care of you."

Chloe took his face in her hands and smiled at him lovingly. "I know!" She kissed him softly and tried to deepen the kiss. But Lucifer pulled away and looked at her sheepishly.

"As much as I’d like to make love to you right now, there’s something we need to discuss before we can pursue this line of thought."

"What is it Lucifer? Should I be concerned?"

"Probably not. But we need to make sure it will not come to that." He fidgeted for a few seconds before continuing. "Let me ask you something first. Since we first made love, did you get any precautions?"

Chloe was surprised by the question. "Well… I take pills and I figured out that since you are so immortal you could probably not give me any kind of disease. Or can you?" Fear started creeping up her spine at the idea of contracting some filthy sexual disease.

He rectified quickly. "No! No! Nothing of the sort. You don’t need to worry about that. I was referring to the conception part."

"Oh! Why? Is there any truth to the whole «Rosemary’s baby» movie then?" Chloe was starting to get afraid.

"What? No! Not at all! Well I don’t think so." He’d never conceive a child, that he knew of, so he could not be absolutely sure of the outcome.

"It’s very comforting Lucifer!" She really started to be concerned.

"Look…" He was definitely not doing it right. He should have planned this conversation better. "Chloe, what I’m trying to say is that, if you were ever to get pregnant with my child, it could never end well for the baby." Chloe was surprised at seeing pain in his eyes. She understood that it was hard for him to tell her about it so she kept silent and waited for him to continue. "My Father would never allow a celestial child to survive long in this world. The child would die at an early age, of a disease or an accident, but he would not live for long.

"Why? It’s horrible!" What kind of God would kill a child so easily for no apparent reason? Chloe started to understand better Lucifer’s hatred for his father.

"Actually, there’s a good reason for that. Ages ago, a group of angels decided to take human women as wives. There were about two hundred of them. They conceived children that grew up to
become fantastic beings. They looked human in all but two points. First, they were visibly taller than most humans and second, their strength was exceptional, as is an angel’s. Their people attracted the attention of every tribes around and it didn’t take long for wars to break out. Thousands of people died in those wars before my father took actions. He drowned them all under a huge flood. I believe humans call it the Deluge.

Chloe was speechless for a moment. "The Flood?" How is it I never heard of the story behind it?

"Oh! There are still some writings about it. The oldest is the Book of Enoch, a Jewish religious work. Most religions decided not to take it into account since the story in that book depicted the celestial children as giants who nothing less than devoured humans and perverted all human ways. Which is preposterous. Humans don’t need celestial beings to pervert themselves. But the broad outlines of the book were right. The angels at fault were punished accordingly and sent down to me in Hell, to suffer for hundreds of years before becoming my personal guard demons.

"Is… Is Maze one of them?" She was not sure she wanted to know.

He dismissed it rapidly. "No! That one I created for myself."

"Oh! ..." Maybe she should not investigating further into that story…

"So since that time, angels are absolutely forbidden of procreating with human women." Chloe lifted her eyebrows incredulously. "Don’t look at me that way! You know how I’ve always defied my father in every possible ways. The thing is, I’ve never really cared about it before now because I didn’t love any of those women I slept with, and I certainly never thought twice about the faith of a child before today. But I find myself in an unexpected position. "I have come to understand the depth of your love for your daughter and I can imagine how terrible it would be for you to lose a child. Truth is, if I ever gave you a child…" The rest of his sentence was only a whisper. "… I don’t think I could bear to see him die either."

The angst she saw in his eyes made her heart cry. She caressed his face and kissed softly his forehead, then his temple and his cheek, all the way down until she kissed his lips tenderly. "I understand. I’ll be very careful. Okay?"

"Okay! So you can accept the fact of never having another child if you stay with me?"

Chloe was not used to seeing him so insecured. "I don’t care about that Lucifer! I already have Trixie. The only other thing I need is you."

When he smiled at her this time, the angst and sorrow were gone, replaced by a look of relief. He kissed her gently while stroking her hair and the back of her neck.

"Are you too tired?" He asked, hopeful.

Chloe smiled tiredly. "I could sleep for a week, but I won’t be able to before I make love to you."

With a wonderful smile, he lifted her up in his arms gently and brought her to his bed. She kissed him slowly and passionately all the way to the bedroom. Lucifer laid her down on her back and applied himself at taking her clothes off cautiously as to not hurt her arm. He left a trail of wet kisses all over her body. Chloe moaned softly at the feel of his mouth and hands on her. She ran her fingers in his hair and stroke him gently. When there was only her panties left, he kissed and licked her lips through it. The feeling made Chloe gasp. Her whole center was on fire and her hips thrusted forward involuntarily a couple of times. She left him take his time and savoured the
moment. He took her panties off painstakingly slowly. She was moaning uncontrollably under his mouth by now. The moment he finally put his tongue on her throbbing skin between her lips, she was ready to explode. She thrusted her hips against his mouth and tongue and pushed his head against her to encourage him to bring her to her climax. He got the cue and intensified his licking and sucking. A few seconds later, she cried out his name and convulsed noisily for a long moment while Lucifer continued his treatment on her core. She was still breathing hard and shaking when he kissed her mouth tenderly. He smiled proudly at his success.

"I told you I would make you scream when I took off those panties of yours."

Chapter End Notes

In next chapter things are going to get interesting with some new action along with a new threat. Please tell me it you liked it with a comment. Comments are my inspiration to continue writing! Thanks for reading me!
The Whole Package Deal

Chapter Notes

It starts slow but action is coming at the end of this chapter. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chloe tried for the hundredth time to find a comfortable position with her injured arm. Sleep had been difficult all night and she got only a few hours of real rest. She was lying in bed on her left side while Lucifer was spooned up against her back with his right arm loosely resting on her belly. She was afraid to wake him up with her tossing and turning around, but had to move again to soothe the throbbing in her right arm. So she turned slowly on her back, looking over at Lucifer to make sure he was still sleeping. Morning light was slowly coming in the room through the curtains, bathing Lucifer’s sleeping face lightly. She smiled at the sight and yielded to the urge of kissing him. She barely touched his lips with hers, inhaling his breath and scent. His lips moved reflexively to kiss her back as he moaned softly some incoherent words without waking up. She had thought the bond they had built and shared while working together had been strong, but it was nothing to compare with what they were experiencing since they had given in each other, and it was growing with each passing day. Their physical bond was like nothing she had ever even thought possible. Each time they touched, she could feel an electric wave running through them both and when he was inside her, their bond went beyond physical and it felt as if they were sharing souls, especially last night.

During their first nights together, they had felt a deep sense of craving for each other that could hardly be filled, and their lovemaking had been needy and passionate, even rough at times. But last night had been different. Lucifer had made love to her ever so slowly, almost reverently. Last night had not been about fulfilling desires but about sharing everything they were. She could feel her insides melting at the memory. She knew nothing would ever be simple with Lucifer, but she swore to herself to never leave him go and to fight with all of her being to keep him, whatever happened in the future. What they had was unique and beautiful and worth fighting for.

It was only 5 o’clock, but she had to bow to the evidence that she could not get anymore sleep at the moment. She looked at Lucifer a few more seconds with fondness before getting out of bed carefully, as not to wake him up. She tipped toed outside the room and grabbed Lucifer’s shirt on the floor in passing to cover herself in it. It was still smelling of him and the feel of the fabric on her skin comforted her. It was a good enough substitute of him for the time being. She made some coffee and took again a dose of mild analgesic to try and ease the pain in her arm, even if she knew it wouldn’t do much. The throbbing was intolerable. She would ask Lucifer to drive her to the hospital as soon as he was ready to go this morning. In the meantime she needed to take her mind off it. So she drank her coffee while looking at the rising city below her. The view was breath taking from here. Then she went to the bathroom to run a bath. Careful not to get her bandage wet, she slid into very hot water, hoping it would loosen her tensed muscles. It did help somehow. She found herself relaxing and almost drifting into sleep.

She opened her eyes to a soft sound nearby only to find Lucifer looking at her adoringly from the doorway.

"What a sight you make!" He marveled.
Chloe smiled back at him teasingly, taking in his almost nude body and seeing he was only wearing his underwear. "You are quite a sight yourself".

He approached the bath and kneeled beside her. He ran a hand in her hair and tilted her head up to kiss her lips lightly. She returned the kiss and closed her eyes tiredly. His gaze turned into one of concern. "Are you hurting that much Love?"

She growled softly and bit her lower lip. "Yeah! It does hurt. I didn’t sleep well. I just need to get something stronger at the hospital. I should not have postponed it."

"We’ll go whenever you are ready." He assured her.

"No need to get into a hurry. I’ll be okay!" She smiled reassuringly.

He looked into her eyes to make sure she were being honest with it. "Okay then!" He answered softly.

Lucifer stood up and took off his underwear. Smiling, Chloe watched him expectantly. He pushed her forward gently and entered the water behind her to wrap himself around her. She leaned against him and rested her head on his shoulder. The warmth and feel of his body against hers brought a moan of contentment to her lips. He kissed her hair and rested his head against hers. They didn’t speak for a long moment, Lucifer holding her lovingly and she resting body and mind in his embrace.

Now half asleep, Chloe wondered aloud. "How is it you always seem to know exactly what I need?" And she meant it in every sense of the word.

He chuckled lightly. "I deal in desires. Remember? But with you, I think it’s more than that. Even if I don’t understand half of what’s going on in your head most of the time, I feel… attuned to you somehow." And then his voice became only a whisper. "Or maybe, I love you so much all I care about is what you need."

Bursting with emotions, Chloe squeezed his arms with hers then turned around half way to look into his eyes. She saw in them emotions that reflected her own. "Lucifer, do you have any idea how much I love you?" He opened his mouth to answer but nothing came out. Chloe cupped his cheek and kissed him passionately for a long moment, trying to pour into that kiss all the love she felt for him. He kissed her back with the same energy and held her tightly.

After that, they washed each other slowly, oftentimes kissing tenderly without trying to get to the next step. Chloe couldn’t stop smiling, even though her arm was still hurting bad. She had envisioned her first bath with Lucifer very differently, imagining herself straddling his body and making passionate love to him, splashing water everywhere. But they both felt very content with the moment they were sharing as it was. As careful as they tried to be, her bandage got wet anyway. It would need to be changed quickly, possibly at the hospital if she could see a nurse.

They went to the hospital early, after a quick breakfast and coffees, the second for Chloe. She felt she would need a lot of caffeine to get through this day. Although the hour was early, the wait to see a doctor would be close to two hours, if what the nurse at the reception told them when they arrived was right. Chloe sighed. She leaned onto the front desk a little bit more, suddenly feeling very tired. Lucifer stepped in with his most charming smile and undertook of convincing the nurse of the urgency of the situation.

"Hello dear!" Immediately, the body language of the woman changed and she was all smiles and charm. "You see this young lady here is a detective and my partner. She has been shot at in the line
of duty and only needs to see a doctor to get some strong medicine and have her bandage changed. Surely you can arrange something for her to be seen quickly, considering the sharp pain she is in.” He flashed her his most irresistible smile and waited for the effect.

Chloe felt a pang of jealousy go through her. She looked away, unable to watch Lucifer smile that way to someone else. She tried to reason herself. Lucifer was doing this for her, not for his benefit.

"Well! Since she is your partner… and she is hurting that much… maybe I could… make an exception and go talk to the doctors to see if one is available right now.” The woman was now leaning half way over the counter to get closer to Lucifer, seeming rapt by his gaze.

"That would be lovely my dear. What a nice and caring person you are!” Lucifer was still playing the seduction act and the woman reacted with a shy giggle.

As soon as the woman left to get a doctor, Lucifer turned to Chloe with a very proud smile on his face. "See that Detective? You won’t have to wait that long after all.”

Still not looking at him, Chloe answered without thinking and more sharply than she intended to. "How could I not see that?” She took a calming breath and turned to him, trying to hide the jealousy she still felt, however hard she tried to convince herself she had no right to feel that way.

Lucifer was at a loss. He had though she would be delighted of his accomplishment and instead, she looked all stiff and angry. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No! Of course not. I… I’m sorry, I guess I’m just tired. Thank you for convincing her. I appreciate.” She felt bad for snapping at him that way, he didn’t deserve that.

Unsure of what just happened, Lucifer wanted to pursue his inquiry of what had gotten into her, but was interrupted by the return of the nurse.

"A doctor is going to see her right away. Mister?” She asked hopeful.

"Morningstar. I’m Lucifer Morningstar, dear. Thank you very much for helping us with this little problem.” He sent her another seductive smile to thank her.

She obviously melted under his gaze. "Anytime! I’m Belinda by the way.” She purred and slipped a note to him. Her phone number without a doubt.

Chloe raged inside. Would it always be like that with him? She reminded herself that she swore never to try to change him. And after all, millennia of old habits could not be changed in a few days anyway. She massaged her left temple, where a headache was starting to settle in.

Lucifer watched Chloe from the corner of his eye. There it was again, the stiffness and clenched jaw. What did he do again? He had just talked with the nurse. Was there a link? He would have to think about it later. He really didn’t like the way Chloe was acting towards him right now, especially after the wonderful moments they had shared lately. He just wanted her to look at him again with that loving smile she reserved for him alone. He put his hand on the small of her back and steered her forward. "You okay?"

"Sure!” She answered quickly. But didn’t looked at him directly. There was definitely something wrong going on with her he thought.

Luckily, the doctor wasn’t a woman, which gave Chloe a break with these unwelcome feelings that crept inside her earlier. She got her prescription in no time and then another nurse gave her some morphine right away while changing her bandage and cleaning her wound. The bullet had taken a
chunk of skin and muscle, leaving the wound impossible to sew. There was no apparent sign of infection but her arm was all swollen and very sensible. She knew it would take a while for it to heal and wondered if one week of time off could even be enough for her to use that arm to write reports again. Since this morning, it was even difficult to use her right hand without sensing a surge of pain going through her entire arm.

The new nurse was a little bit too much interested in Lucifer for her liking. She was flirting with him openly by now. Lucifer was his usual charming and seductive self, seeming very pleased by the attention the nurse was giving him. He was laughing at some of the nurse’s jokes and very clear unprofessional allusions. Lost as she was in her reflections, she had not realised before that Lucifer was closely watching her while talking with the nurse. She smiled at him and turned her gaze rapidly, hoping he would not sense her frustration. He hadn’t done anything wrong after all, just being his usual self. At least, the nurse gave her some spare bandages to bring home for the next changes and had fixed her arm in a sling, which had decreased the throbbing in her arm considerably.

After the hospital, they made a quick stop to the station for Lucifer to sign the reports she had written last night. She wanted to get it over with and not think about job for the rest of the week. On their way there, she filled Lucifer in about how she had explained the course of events at the crime scene. Without lying plainly, she had had to bend the truth a little to make sure they would not attract too much attention on themselves. Once there, Lucifer had only started signing the reports when a female detective came to give him her sympathies for his failed marriage. She was soon followed by other colleagues, mostly women. They seemed everything but sad for him actually. Chloe rolled her eyes and scolded herself, remembering it had been her idea to use Ella to spread the word about it.

Lucifer accepted the sympathies but assured them that he was in no distress about it, quite the contrary in fact. That made the women bat their eyelashes at him seductively. Chloe thought she should be used with that kind of behaviour from most women around Lucifer by now. The thing was, she realised it had gotten to her more and more lately when they were not even together yet. But now that they were intimate, the feeling it awaken within her was even more disturbing. She really had to get a grip on her feelings and soon, before it interfered in their new relationship. She knew Lucifer loved her and he didn’t even show that much interest in those women while talking with them, being just his usual charming self. She hoped her tiredness could be accountable for part of her bad reaction to it all today. At least the throbbing in her arm had decreased even more by now, thanks to the morphine, and she felt less grumpy. She took some deep breaths and slapped herself mentally. Shaking her head lightly, she finally smiled to herself thinking that she had gotten the whole package deal with Lucifer and that she would make the best of it.

Chloe stood up and excused herself to Lucifer and her colleagues with a genuine smile on her face, saying she would be back in a few minutes. She went to look for Ella and found her in her lab, as usual.

"Chloe! I heard about your injury. How are you doing?" She seemed very concerned.

"Quite good actually, considering I was just shot at. But it should heal easily without leaving any long lasting disability." Chloe marveled once more at her luck.

"Shot at? I saw the crime scene Chloe and there was not a foot square of that room without a bullet hole in it. That’s a miracle that you two are still alive at all." Ella’s voice was high pitch in disbelief.

"Right! I must admit it was quite a mess. But Lucifer was there and he saved my life. He was
fantastic really!" Chloe smiled at the memory. She could never tell anyone about what really happened back there, but at least she would give Lucifer the credit he deserved.

"It must have been a Hell of a save!" Ella shook her head in wonder, smiling.

Chloe laughed at Ella’s choice of word. "You can say that." She laughed some more happily with her friend before remembering why she came to see her in the first place. "But more seriously, I wanted to thank you about the rumour you started. It was very effective. Everybody seem to know about Lucifer’s marriage being over."

Ella looked at her uncertainly. "Why? As much as I would like to take all the credit, I must admit that the newspaper’s article about it must have done most of the job." The look of utter puzzlement on Chloe’s face made Ella rethink her view of the situation. "You didn’t know about it? Of course you didn’t, or you would not have asked me to do it. It’s on page three. There, take it, I already read it all anyway." Ella gave her the newspaper of the day.

Chloe was speechless. She took the newspaper and left the lab with a faint "Thank you!" Once in the corridor, she read the article. Lucifer’s marriage, followed by its cancellation only three weeks later, was presented as an obviously big mistake that should have been easily foreseen, considering Lucifer’s incapacity to keep a relationship alive for more than a couple of nights. Chloe smiled. They were at their fifth day together now, a record for Lucifer if what she read was to be considered, well, if you didn’t count his meaningless marriage that is.

She returned at her desk to find Lucifer busy reading and signing the reports and paperwork. She put the newspaper in front of him with his photograph in plain sight. He looked up at her with an amused smile on his face.

"You wouldn’t know anything about how the news got to that journalist? Would you?" Chloe asked with a half-smile and grinning eyes.

His face split into a big smile. He bent towards her and spoke lowly so no one could hear his comment. "Why? I already told you I wouldn’t wait more than two weeks before parading around with you at my arm."

Chloe leant across the desk towards him and whispered in his ear. "You do be a very resourceful man Lucifer Morningstar."

Still discrete he added promisingly. "You have no idea Love. And I am a very determinate one at that."

"If you finish that paperwork quickly, maybe you could show me some of those resourceful skills once we are back at your place." Her eyes were full of dirty promises.

He cleared his throat, seaming most agreeably surprised and turned on by the comment. "Why Detective! This is very unprofessional of you. But I’ll see what I can do to answer all your needs."

Chloe tried to contain her growing smile and failed to the attempt. "I’ll leave you to those reports and go see where Dan is with the questioning of our drug dealers. Let me know when you’re done here so we can go."

"I’ll do it in record time Detective!" He told her retreating back with a bemused smile.

On their way back to the penthouse, Chloe fed Lucifer with the information Dan got about their last case. The three armed men that shot at them the previous day had not yet said anything useful, but Dominic Lattimore had sang like a bird. Lattimore explained how he was the one to produce the
drug and that Billy and he were selling it at their video club. Their problems had started when the criminal gang of their district had taken notice at them and forced them to give 50% of their benefit. Billy had resisted and hid a great amount of their incomes. When the gang discovered it, they had Billy killed to make their point and compel Lattimore to comply, which he finally did. The three other suspects were members of the gang and one of them was probably Billy’s killer. Dan still had to confront them with that information.

At long last, the morphine’s effect and exhaustion got to Chloe and she fell asleep in the car. It took her all of her last energy to get out of the car and climb to the penthouse on her legs. Once at Lucifer’s, he insisted she get into bed and have a nap for a few hours. She had not argue and went to bed only with her shirt and panties. She fell asleep in a matter of seconds after hitting the pillow. Lucifer had warned her he might be out when she woke up, since he had his weekly appointment with Linda at 1 pm, but that she could help herself with whatever she wanted in his kitchen if she was hungry once awake. Lucifer had first planned on cancelling his session today, not wanting to leave Chloe’s side. Now that they were really together, he was reluctant to part with her. He had been restless the day before when she was away from him for only a few hours and he was not looking forward to feel that way again. But on the other hand, she would certainly be sleeping for a while anyway and as good as he felt since their new relationship had begun, there were a few strange and inexplicable feelings that were bugging him and that needed some investigation. So he had decided to keep his appointment.

When Lucifer entered Linda’s office, she greeted him with a warm embrace and a look of utter relief. “You look amazingly well Lucifer, considering the state you were in the last time I saw you.”

“And that’s all thanks to you Doctor!” He kissed her lightly on the cheek.

“I don’t think my small part as changed anything on the outcome really.” She said dismissingly.

Lucifer sat on the couch crossing one leg over the other and putting his hands folded on one knee. “On the contrary Doctor. As it turned out, Chloe was hanging around after we thought she had left and listened to us until she found out she were the cause of my dying and ran away. Had you not prolonged my time with your good care, I would be in Hell by now.”

“She found out! Oh my!” She was speechless, part glad that Chloe finally new but equally afraid of the possible implications.

Lucifer smiled and laughed happily at her expression. “Don’t panic Doctor, Chloe is a very strong woman and she took it amazingly well actually. Chloe and I are together now. Intimately I mean.”

Linda brought a hand to her mouth in surprise. “This is wonderful Lucifer!” She took a few seconds to compose herself before resuming her role. “And how do you feel about that?”

“I feel awesome actually!” He laughed some more in pure happiness. “I think I’ve never felt so light and at peace since my early days in the Silver City. This is hard to explain Doctor, but I feel like I have found my place in this world and that place is with her.

“But what changed? Only last week, you were still intent on convincing Chloe that her love for you was not real and that she were better off without you.” She was genuinely bemused by this 180 degrees turn of events.

“Well! Chloe convinced me of course. She can be quite bullheaded when she wants something.”

He smiled lovingly at the memory. “She had some very good arguments and I guess I just wanted
it so much to be real myself that I gave in. The most amazing thing is that I haven’t second guessed that decision even once since taking it. It feels so right when we are together that I can’t hold any doubt about the truth of our connection. I don’t care anymore what my father had in mind by creating her and putting her on my path. All I want is to enjoy every moment I have with her."

"It all sounds incredibly perfect." Linda kept smiling at the good news.

"It does come very close to perfection indeed." He said dreamily. "Everything seems so simple now, when we are alone that is…" The last part was said with a small grimace.

Linda had pick on it, of course. "And when you are not…?"

"Well! I’m not sure… She reacted strangely today. First when we went at the hospital this morning to check on her gunshot wound and get some medicine and then again at the…"

She interrupted him. "Wait! Chloe has been shot?"

"Yes, but she’ll be fine. Focus Doctor! We are talking about me here!" He said impatiently.

"Yes of course!" Linda took a mental note to call Chloe later today to check on her. "So, what happened exactly this morning and how did Chloe react that confuses you so much."

"That’s the thing! I’m not sure!" He sounded exasperated. "I think it had something to do with my talking with the nurses and then with some female colleagues at work. But I can’t put my finger on the exact reason."

"Oh! I see!" She smiled knowingly.

His eyes widened with obvious hope. "You do? Well enlighten me Doctor, please!"

She lifted her hands up in defense. "Wait a minute! I’m not sure yet. First, you’ll have to give me more details as to how your encounters with the nurses and your colleagues went and how Chloe and you reacted to them before I try to explain anything." So Lucifer told her everything he could remember and answered patiently all of Linda’s questioning when she needed precisions on something.

"So, what do you think Doctor?" He twisted his hands together nervously.

"If I sum up what you said, first you flirted with that nurse to get Chloe to be seen quickly by a doctor, then you chatted up with that other nurse while Chloe was patched up and finally, a group of women came to console you about your failed marriage. All the while, you agree that you just acted like your old charming and flirtatious self, just like you have always done in the past." Linda summarized incredulous.

"Exactly! Isn’t that a complete mystery?" His patience was obviously at an end.

Linda took a calming breath and tried to remember how far Lucifer had come to understand human behaviour and all the way he still had to go to get there. She closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose, thinking. "How can I put it so you could understand? … Imagine for a minute, you are at LUX with Chloe, you’re having a nice evening together and a man comes between you to flirt with Chloe. How would you react?"

"Well! First, no man in his right mind would do that of course, but if it did happen, I would certainly make sure that man never laid eyes on her again, you can be sure of that." He was finding the idea funny.
"Okay! And if Chloe reacted positively to the man’s advances and gave him reasons to think he had a shot with her. How would you react?"

Lucifer reacted defensively. "That is just impossible! She would never do that to me! I’m the one she is in love with."

"But if she did, how would you feel?" She probed.

"I…I don’t know… All my insides are contorting just at the thought of it. This is really not a good feeling." Lucifer fidgeted in the couch uneasily. Then a thought crossed his mind. "Wait! Are you saying Chloe might have felt the same way seeing me talking with those women?"

"What do you think Lucifer? Could it be possible?"

"But… She knows I love her! I’ve told her more than once. Those women don’t mean anything to me and it’s not like I have slept with them." He felt so confused.

"But you did react positively to them, acting all flattered by their attention and encouraging them to flirt with you." She emphasized.

"I supposed I did." And then it hit him. "How could I have been so selfish?" He sank his head in his hands.

"Don’t flagellate yourself too much Lucifer. In spite of her reaction this morning, Chloe loves you and she does know you. But it doesn’t mean you don’t have to reevaluate how you are going to behave with other women around her."

He raised his head up and looked at her guiltily. "I guess I better think about it seriously then. I know this relationship is doomed to end someday but I would really want to make the best of it while it lasts."

Linda had a bad feeling about that last comment. "What do you mean exactly when you say it is doomed to end someday?"

"I am not a complete idiot Doctor! Whatever my dad’s plan is with Chloe, it can’t end well for me, and that’s a certainty. Even if by any miracle my dad doesn’t interfere in this relationship, there is no way Chloe will keep loving me once she really understands who I am. She might know I’m the Devil, and I do believe her sentiments for me are genuine for the time being, but she doesn’t have the slightest idea of what I did and what I am capable of. Once she knows, once she gets a glimpse at the darkness of my soul, she will run away and never come back." His throat tightened with emotions and he averted his gaze to not look directly at Linda, too ashamed of who he was.

Linda was speechless for a moment. She was surprised to see yet so much suffering and guilt in him, when she had thought his spirit had lifted up and that he was on the path of redemption. "Lucifer… What makes you think your soul is so dark? Why do you believe you don’t deserve to be loved?"

"Because I’m a monster Doctor! There is a good reason I was sent to Hell and since then I have done so much worst. Chloe only sees the good in me…" He smiled fondly at the thought of her. "She and always will be much more of an angle that I ever was. I am the Devil Doctor, and I have earned my name, that’s why I don’t deserve to be loved."

"But you have changed so much in the last years. You are certainly not the same man you were when you fell. Don’t tell me you can’t feel that. What makes you think Chloe doesn’t see you for who you really are?" Linda was forgetting herself here, too determinate to prove him wrong.
"I haven’t changed that much Doctor. Otherwise my brother Uriel would still be alive. Wouldn’t he?" He sounded defeated.

"Lucifer… you did it to save Chloe and your mother!"

"Tell that to Uriel! He is not just dead, I wiped him out of existence entirely and there is nothing you or I could say to reduce the guilt. But let’s not talk about that anymore. I was feeling great when I came in here and I would like to regain that state of mind before I leave. I took a decision about Chloe and I and I intend to keep it. In spite of who I am and of any guilt I might have, I plan on making the best of this relationship and to fight tooth and nail to keep it as long as I can."

Linda wanted to address the darker subjects some more but she knew it was not the time and that pushing Lucifer too much would only make him close himself even more or worst, make him leave. So she changed the topic and they talked of lighter and happier things for the rest of the session.

Chloe woke slowly up to the sound of her buzzing phone resting on the bedside table beside her. She grabbed at it clumsily and answered with a sleepy voice. "Decker!" But she had been too long in answering it and the line was already dead. She growled at the phone and sank back into the pillow, feeling groggy. She opened an eye to look at the ID’s caller in case it could be urgent but no, it was only Linda who had certainly just learned from Lucifer about her little accident and wanted to make sure she were okay. She smiled fondly at the thought of the doctor. Linda was becoming a good friend. She would call her back after her nap. Then she heard movements farther into the penthouse. Lucifer must already be back. She was still tired but the idea of being in Lucifer’s arms was more appealing than getting more rest so she got up and opened the door, calling to him. "Lucifer?"

Her breath caught in her throat at the sight of what was standing before her in the living room. There, leaning over Lucifer’s desk and now half turned towards her, was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen in her life. The being was tall with broad shoulders, long blond hair and a chiseled face. Its face was alluring but what was even more beautiful was the pair of huge white wings half folded on its back. The feeling of awe should have overwhelmed her if it hadn’t been for that killing gaze directed right at her. She took a step back in fear. Her first thought was that it must all be only a dream. It was too extraordinary to be real, but then she was dating the Devil after all, nothing could ever be considered too extraordinary from now on. Were angels not supposed to be good? This one certainly did not look to be and thinking of it, Lucifer never talked very fondly of his siblings, quite the contrary in fact. What was he doing here? She noticed only now that the apartment was a mess, as if the angel had been searching for something everywhere and still was.

The angel smiled dangerously and walked slowly towards her. She stood her ground, conscious that trying to run would do no good with such a being. Her breathing increased and she could hear the sound of her own heart beating in her ears. His advance was purposefully slow and he took great care of showing off his wings to impress her. Terror took a hold of her, but she forced herself to look into his eyes nonetheless with her chin raised high. He stopped only a foot away, hovering over her.

"Who are you?" She tried to sound confident but her voice shook.

The angel did not acknowledge her question. "You must be Lucifer’s pet! What an interesting surprise!" He said with disdain. "So as such, you might know where it is." His accent was not like Lucifer’s nor Amenadiel’s, but instead sounded like nothing she had ever heard before. All of a sudden, his hand snap up and caught her throat to squeeze it. She fought that arm with all her
might, be to no avail. Consciousness was leaving her slowly, when suddenly the hand decreased its hold on her. The angel looked deep into her eyes and asked. "Tell me little pet, where did Lucifer hid the piece?"

"I have no idea what you’re talking about and even if I did, I would never tell you anything that could hurt Lucifer, you son of a bitch!" She didn’t know where that courage came from, or maybe it was more about an urge to protect Lucifer from whatever that being wanted against him.

The angel looked chocked. "What did you say?" His words were spoken slowly in a guttural and dangerous voice. "How can you not answer my question? How did you do that?" Now he sounded real pissed.

She had not anticipated that turn of events nor his reaction to it, but thought she should exploit more the strangeness of her resistance to his power than pissing him off. "I might be only human but you could be surprised at what I can do."

"Whatever you are I will find out one way or another. And as for Lucifer, there is nothing you can do that will protect him from me. I will send him back to Hell where he belongs to get the punishment he deserves."

Forgetting all sense of self preservation, Chloe snapped at him. "You might think yourself all righteous and divine, but you are not half the man Lucifer is."

That pissed him off good. "Lucifer does not deserve freedom, he is an evil thing and deserves to be treated as such!" His hand tightened again around her throat. "Now let’s see what I can find out about you. You might not enjoy this." His face split into an evil smile and Chloe shivered.

The angel lowered his head to look directly into her eyes. Chloe could not look away, enthralled by that deep blue gaze. She was losing herself in it and felt as if the angel was forcing his way inside her brain, inside her soul. It felt as a violation of her whole being and she started to resist, trying to deny him entry. Her skull felt like splitting in two and she screamed in pain as darkness engulfed her.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you like the turn of events. From this point on, there's gonna be lots of action. Please let me know if you liked it with a comment.
Hello guys! Sorry for the long delay for this chapter’s release. I had a crazy month at work and had no time nor energy to write. But now things are back to normal and I will have more time for it.

I was glad to remark in the last episode that I was right in my assumption with the fact that Lucifer was using Candy as a shield against Chloe’s love. I’m also very glad to see that they got rid of Candy faster than in my story. I just hope I’m also right about Lucifer and Chloe getting together… one can dream I guess. So here it is, enjoy!

Lucifer smelled the single red rose he held in his hand and smiled. Maybe the flower would help him make amends for his selfish and uncaring behaviour of this morning. He had stopped on his way back home to buy it for Chloe after a shortened session with Linda. In spite of Linda’s attempts to change the subject of their conversation and ease his dark thoughts, Lucifer had felt like putting an end to the session earlier than usual. He didn’t want to feel depressed about his relationship with Chloe, which was exactly where this session was leading him. There was nothing in this world, or any others for that matter, that could make him run from what he had found with Chloe, not even his worst fears. Whatever the future had in store for them, be it filled with angst and sorrow, he was willing to face it gladly if it meant he could have a piece of heaven with Chloe, even if it was only for a short time.

So here he was, on his way up to his place, with his flower and a new found happy smile on his face, thinking of his Detective and the week off they would enjoy together. He was almost hoping she would still be in bed so he could wake her up slowly with a sinful demonstration of his love and devotion.

He was getting restless with the slowness of the lift to get up there when he heard a bloodcurdling scream. His heart stopped and his breath caught in his throat. Chloe… Although he could not muster any coherent thought at the moment, all his senses sharpened with the rush of adrenaline that coursed through his body and sent him shaking with rage and fear. The Devil was not used to feel fear, but in this moment, he was terrified. Terrified of Chloe being armed, terrified of losing her. He prepared himself to pounce on whoever it was that threatened his love. He became aware of a strange feel in the air as an eerie tingling crept up his arms. That kind of sensation could only be associated with a divine presence. Rage consumed him and he morphed into his Devil’s form, ready to kill.

When the elevator’s doors opened, it could not have been more than a few seconds since he heard Chloe’s scream. He ran into the room to discover a feathered form crouched over Chloe’s corps. He only had time to get a glimpse of the half turned being before he saw it fly out through the open balcony. With inhuman speed, Lucifer gathered his powers in a swirling movement of his arms and lashed out at the angel with open palms. A ball of red and devouring flames burst from Lucifer’s hands and hit the angel right through the middle of a his left wing. The angel faltered in his flight but succeeded to extinguish the fire, thanks to his flapping wings.

Lucifer was out of himself with rage and screamed to the retreating angel. "Come back here you
bastard so I can rip you apart!" But he knew the coward would not want to face him. Not yet. As soon as the angel was out of sight, Lucifer’s thoughts went back to Chloe who was lying on the ground a few meters away. His features changed instantly to his old form.

He turned to Chloe and his world fell apart. Her face was as pale as death and her lips were blue. He could not see any sign of life in her. He ran and fell on hands and knees beside her, imploring. "No! No! No! No!" There was no blood, but bruises marks could be seen on her neck. His hands were shaking and he was afraid to touch her, afraid to confirm his worst nightmare, that she was indeed gone forever. Too shocked by the sight, Lucifer’s brain could not process everything properly. He could only look at her lifeless face in panic. It took him a moment to find back his wits and the courage to check for any life sign. With trembling hands, he cupped her face. "Chloe…, please wake up!" He could barely speak, emotion caught up in his throat. Tears were streaming down his face freely. "Please baby, don’t go!" Still, she was not moving and he could not tell if she was breathing or not, for his sight was almost blinded by tears. He cradled her body in his arms and tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. Was he just imagining it or were her face and lips getting more colored? Quickly, he checked for a pulse at her throat. It was there! Faint but steady. He let escape a shocking moan of relief. She was still alive!

Everything was dark around her and Chloe felt as if she were drowning, unable to take a proper breath. Was she even conscious? She couldn’t say. She knew she had denied the angel a look at her soul and for that he would not let her live. She was sure of that. She could still feel his hand around her throat, squeezing the life out of her. She didn’t want to die and for that she had to fight. She tried to open her eyes and caught a glimpse of his hand around her neck. Panic took a hold of her and she kicked and punched blindly her attacker. He released her throat but grabbed her around her waist and torso. She screamed in terror. He was talking now but it made no sense. He was soothing her with sweet words that she could not comprehend at first. But then, her dazed brain picked up the sense of the words and she froze.

"You’re safe Chloe! It’s me, Lucifer! Please Baby, calm down! You’re okay! You’re okay!" The words were repeated over and over until she opened her eyes completely. Her brain must be playing tricks on her. She could not be seeing what she was seeing. Maybe she really was dead. Tentatively, she tried to speak. "Lucifer?" But it came out in a raspy whisper.

"Yes! Yes! It’s me! You’re okay! You’re okay Baby!" He said those words as much for calming her as for convincing himself that she really was still alive. He could barely believe it. She was alive! She was alive! Kissing her forehead and temples, he cradled her in his arms and rocked her back and forth.

Was this real? Chloe was not sure at first. But the feel of his body against hers and of his lips on her face were real enough. She could even feel the wetness of his tears falling down on her cheeks. He was real! Lucifer was there and she was safe! Realisation hit her and she held tight onto him, grasping at the back of his shirt and intending to never let him go. Relief washed over her and she started crying and shaking, burying her head in the crook of his neck. Lucifer continued to rock her slowly while they both cried their fright away.

After a long moment, Lucifer pulled slightly from her. "I’m going to bring you to the couch. Okay?" She gave him her assent with a nod of her head without letting him go. So he lifted her cautiously in his arms and brought her to the couch. He made sure she were comfortably lying with a cushion under her head then lowered himself on his knees beside her, still holding her tightly.

He stroked her cheek gently with his hand and looked over her anxiously. "The bastard tried to strangle you." He tried to contain the rage in his voice, without much success. It was more a
statement than a question but Chloe nodded without speaking and bit her lower lip at the memory. "Did he... did he hurt you somewhere else?" Lucifer could not see any other mark, but it didn’t mean she was not hurt.

"No. But I think he tried to look at my soul and it still feels like my head is splitting in two." Chloe closed her eyes at the pain.

Lucifer looked stunned. "He did what?" His voice was dark and dangerous.

Chloe had felt and heard his anger and pain at what the angel did to her, but somehow this new revelation had sent him over the edge.

"How could he violate you so?" He was shaking with rage. "Brother or not I’m going to torture that son of a bitch to death!" He was out of himself.

Chloe grabbed his hands in both of hers to try and bring his attention to her. "Lucifer, please calm down! I stopped him. I didn’t let him. I pushed him out. I think that’s why he was so mad at me and tried to strangle me."

That snapped him out of it. "You what? But how? That’s not possible!"

She smiled proudly. "Well! Apparently, you are not the only celestial being I can resist. That power of mine is coming handy in more ways than we thought."

Lucifer let escape a sob of relief and embraced her shakily. He knew too well the kind of violation that a soul searching could do to a person. He had done it countless times to humans after all. To think that Chloe had suffered that had cut right through his heart. He was still shaking at the thought. Chloe stroked his back and hair gently to reassure him that she were fine.

After a few minutes, Lucifer pulled back. "I should bring you to a hospital to have you checked over to make sure you’re alright." His voice was still unsteady but he seemed more in control now.

"No! ... No hospital... If I go there, there will be an investigation and we don’t need that." It broke Lucifer’s heart to see how difficult it was for her to speak and it also increased his concern about her wellbeing. He was about to object when Chloe cut him. "Call Linda. She can check on me."

That was a good enough compromise for him. "Alright, I’ll call her right now." He started to stand up.

Chloe caught his hand quickly and squeezed it tightly. "Tell her to meet us at my place. I don’t want to stay here. Please!"

He could see fear in her eyes, mixt with a bit of what… shame? He quickly got back on his knees and took her in his arms. "Hey! Of course! I understand. It’s going to be a more secure place anyway with Maze there. I’ll even ask Amenadiel to come too, until we know exactly what we are up against." Feeling her nod against his torso, Lucifer finally stood up and retrieved his cell phone. Seeing Chloe still shaking, he brought her a blanket and covered her while calling Linda. By chance, Linda answered right away.

"Already missing me Lucifer? I can’t speak for long I have an …" Linda could not finish her sentence, being cut short by Lucifer.

"Linda! Chloe was attacked by an angel and he tried to strangle her!" Lucifer was doing his best to contain the panic in his voice but telling it outloud made the event even more real to him and his emotions came back with strength.
Shocked by the news and Lucifer’s reaction to it, Linda had a hard time controlling her voice and thinking straight. "Okay Lucifer! Calm down! Is she conscious? How is she?"

"Yes! She is conscious, but she has bruises all over her neck and her voice is hoarse. She is also shaking all over. We hardly can go to a hospital with this. I don’t know what to do Linda. Please help her!" Desperation was palpable in his words and it shook Linda to the core.

Linda tried to remember her medical training to assess the situation and make a plan. "Okay! First, you keep her warm and calm, no added stress, no questioning her about what happened just yet. You have to calm her down or she could get into shock. I’ll bring some medicine to help decrease the swelling of her neck and keep her calm. You said she was shot yesterday, does she has any strong analgesic with her?"

"Yes, she has morphine pills. She took one this morning. Could it help her?" Lucifer was getting hopeful that he could at last give Chloe some sort of help.

"I think so. Give her a dose. It will help her calm down and keep her heart from racing too much." Linda felt she was going blind here. Morphine would help if Chloe was only in nervous shock, but it could harm her if she had been too much deprived in oxygen. She could only hope that it was not the case, otherwise they would have to bring her into a hospital urgently. But she was not about to say it to Lucifer without being sure first, and for that she had to get there fast.

"I’ll give her a pill right away. Meet us at Chloe’s, we won’t be staying at my place for long." He assured her.

"Okay! I’ll cancel my afternoon appointments and get the medicine. I won’t be long. In the meantime, call me back if she is getting worst."

"I will, thank you Linda! I don’t know what I would do without you." Lucifer was somewhat relieved, if not completely reassured, to know that Linda was on her way.

Lucifer retrieved quickly Chloe’s pills and gave her a dose with a sip of water. It hurt Chloe to swallow and she made a grimace doing it, which didn’t go unnoticed by Lucifer. He helped her lie down back against the cushion. "There, it will help you calm down and ease the pain."

Her heart was beating like crazy and she could not stop her hands and body from shaking. She hated not having control over herself, but she knew she had been through a hell of an ordeal and that her reaction was not that unexpected, everything considered. Yet, she hoped it was just the adrenaline withdrawal effect. For having seen too many victims in a state of shock, she knew it could get bad. So she closed her eyes and focussed on slowing her breathing and her heart beat.

Her silence made Lucifer even more nervous. "I will gather your things and some of mine and we will be out of here in no time." He stood up and prepared their things in a hurry.

Chloe heard Lucifer speak on the phone with Maze, but she was unable to focus on the conversation. As much as she tried to calm down, she could not stop herself from reliving her encounter with the angel. She could still see him looking at her with his evil smile and his words echoed in her head over and over. She shivered even more at the memory. Lucifer was in danger! And she was here, focusing on herself and her unfortunate incident.

As soon as she heard Lucifer finish talking with Maze, she called him insistently. "Lucifer!"

He came back to her in a rush. "Are you fine? What can I do?"

She didn’t like seeing him so vulnerable. She would have to get a hold on herself, for his sake. "I’m
fine Lucifer. Don’t worry about me please! There’s something important you need to hear. That angel, he said he would send you back to Hell. You’re in danger!” She could not lose him, not now, not ever.

Lucifer lowered himself to her and chuckled lightly. "He wouldn’t be the first to try. But rest assure that I will not make it easy on him. You shouldn’t worry about that. I am still powerful enough to face him and that hole I made in his wing will make him think twice before facing me again."

A hole in his wing? She would have to ask him about it later. "But he was looking for something here. Something I felt could help him hurt you."

Lucifer became serious all of a sudden. "Was he looking for the blade? Azrael’s blade?"

Chloe didn’t know what Lucifer was talking about. "I’m not sure. He just said he was looking for a piece of something and thought I should know about it. I didn’t understand what he meant."

His eyes widened. "He was looking for «The Piece»? And he thought I had it?"

She nodded. "Yes! That’s what he said, «The piece»."

"What the Hell? Why would he think I have it?" He was at a loss. It made no sense. He shook his head in disbelief. "But no need to think about that right now. We’ll get over it all later with Maze and Amenadiel, I promise. But for now, please, stop worrying. Linda said it’s important you calm down. You need to get better. Please, do this for me."

She knew he was right and at least she had warned him against the threat. "Okay! We’ll talk about it at my place."

Relieved, Lucifer left her to finish packing their things. He suddenly felt a wave of tiredness wash over him. He definitely was not as powerful as he once was, especially since he had cut his wings. His wielding so much power with the fireball had weakened him greatly. In that moment, he knew he could never use that kind of power in a real fight for fear of putting himself at risk. But his enemies did not know that and he intended to keep it that way.

When he came back to her, Chloe had her eyes closed and seemed calmer, her shaking having subsided visibly. He spoke softly. "You ready to go?" She opened her eyes and nodded. "Do you think you can walk?"

"I don’t know. I’ll try." Lucifer helped her sit on the couch.

As an afterthought, Lucifer stopped her with a raised hand. "Wait a minute! I need to get something important before we leave." He then walked towards a wall and to Chloe’s surprise, smashed through it with a punch. He put his arm through the hole and retrieved something wrapped up in a piece of cloth.

By the look in Lucifer’s eyes, Chloe understood that whatever was in that piece of clothing was very important and meaningful to him. "What is it?" Lucifer unwrapped it and showed it to her. She recognised it instantly. "That’s the dagger that was used in the murders at the Yoga center!"

"This is Azrael’s blade, my sister. It’s a very powerful weapon that can not only bring out the worst in humans but can also kill angelic beings. If this brother of mine comes back here, I don’t want him to find it. It might even be what he was looking for, but somehow I doubt it. Anyway, it can come handy in protecting us against him."

Chloe wanted to question him further about it but now was not the time. So instead she put on her
pants and shoes then stood up with Lucifer’s help. She felt shaky but was able to walk with Lucifer’s arm around her waist.

Once in the elevator, Lucifer tried to lighten the mood. "You will never imagine with whom Maze was hanging at your place."

"Let me guess. Amenadiel?" There was no surprise in her voice.

"How did you know?" It certainly did surprise him when he had learned it. He had thought it to be a thing of the past.

Chloe smiled knowingly. "Well! They have been at it on and off for the last few months. Those two sure are very disconcerted and probably in denial about their feelings for each other. But come to think of it, now I better understand why. An angel and a demon having an affair, that certainly must be uncommon."

"That certainly is. That must even be a first." He chuckled lightly.

Chloe noticed something on the floor and asked, puzzled. "What is that doing here?"

Lucifer followed her gaze and smiled. He put their bags down and bent over to take the rose that was miraculously still whole and presented it to her with a sheepish smile. "I bought it for you, to ask forgiveness for my uncaring behaviour of this morning. I know I’m a selfish bastard and that I don’t deserve you, but I swear I will do my best to be worth your love. You’ll be discovering a new Devil from now on."

Chloe was speechless for a few seconds. "Lucifer… I love you as you are and I know the depth of your love for me. I accept who you are and can live with your bachelor’s behaviour, as infuriating as that can be at times." She smiled for emphasis. "I’m not asking you to change anything."

He took her in his arms and leaned his forehead against hers. "I know! But that’s what I want. There is no way I’m going to continue acting in a way that can hurt you even a little. But old habits die slowly, so you’ll have to be patient with me, but I’ll get there, be certain of it. Okay?"

"Okay! If that’s what you want, I’ll certainly not complain about it." She smiled happily and kissed him tenderly. "I love you Lucifer Morningstar!"

His face split into a big grin. "Not as much as I love you!"

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! Lots of action is coming in the next chapters. Please give me some reviews! They make my days and nights! Thanks for reading me!
Before I start with the big action, there are some important subjects to broach first and big questions to start exploring. Then I think we need some love to compensate for all the angst they are going through. So here it is, enjoy!

As soon as they got to Chloe’s flat, Maze was all over her, pushing Lucifer aside and asking if she were okay while helping her sit on the sofa, concern written all over her face.

"I’m fine Maze." Chloe sounded exhausted, even to her own ears and talking was becoming more difficult with every word. Her neck was throbbing madly and every breath she took was burning her throat as if she were inhaling pure fire.

Maze shook her head. "You look like shit Decker!"

"It’s nice to have a friend who always tells you the truth." Chloe managed a small smile for her friend. But she did feel like shit. She was hurting almost everywhere it seemed. Her whole body felt so heavy and in addition to her injured throat, her head still felt as if split in two, even if the Morphine had lessened the pain a bit to a bearable level. Also, there was still her almost forgotten wounded arm that she was now very much aware of. Looking at her damaged arm, she saw that blood had soaked through the bandage and considerably stained her shirt. Maybe she had hit the wound while falling down or battling against the angel.

Amenadiel smiled encouragingly at Chloe then placed a hand on Lucifer’s shoulder supportively. "You okay brother? You look almost as exhausted as Chloe."

Lucifer didn’t want to talk about his wielding too much power just yet. "Must be the deception of not having succeeded in killing the feathered bastard right away. Still, not for a lack of trying." It might not have been the main reason for his exhaustion, but his disappointment was not a lie. Lucifer wondered what felt worst, feeling guilty for not killing that anonymous brother of his when he had the chance, or for having indeed killed one of his brothers when he had very good reasons to do so. He wasn’t sure. Right now, all he knew was that he hated himself for letting the angel go, knowing that the son of a bitch would be back soon and could still do so much harm to Lucifer’s loved ones.

Amenadiel was too disturbed and curious to wait any longer. "What happened Luci?"

Remembering Linda’s warning about Chloe’s condition, Lucifer dismissed the question. "We’ll talk about it later brother. For now, what’s most important is to take care of Chloe. Linda is on her way. Once she can confirm that Chloe is out of danger we will answer whatever questions you might have."

It was not every day Amenadiel was put in his place by Lucifer about a lack of consideration and he felt embarrassed with himself for it. "Sorry! You’re right! What can we do?"

Lucifer thought about Linda’s advices. "She needs some blankets and maybe something hot to
drink. We have to keep her warm."

Maze had lied Chloe down on the sofa and was making sure she were comfortable. "I’ll get her a blanket. Amenadiel, you bring her a hot tea."

Chloe interrupted them. "No! Please! No hot beverage. My throat is on fire. I would prefer something cold. I promise I will only take a few sips." Amenadiel nodded and went to the kitchen to prepare her something, while Maze retrieved a blanket and placed it around Chloe.

Lucifer was getting more worried. Chloe’s voice sounded raspier and he could hear her wheezing with each breath. He kneeled down beside her and cupped her face in his hands. He stroked her cheek gently with his thumb and kissed her forehead. Chloe leaned into his touch. "How do you feel?" He was at least glad to see she didn’t shake that much anymore.

Chloe chuckled softly. "I feel like I was hit by a train!" Seeing his concerned eyes, she clarified. "But I think I’m doing better, the Morphine dulled the pain a little and I feel calmer. The worst is my throat, every breath I take is a struggle."

"I know Love. I can hear that. But Linda will be here soon and she will take care of you. Don’t worry." He brushed her nose with his own then rested his cheek against hers, inhaling her scent and basking in her presence, marveling at the fact that she was still alive. Lucifer brought his arms around her body and Chloe embraced him.

They stayed like that for a long moment, neither wanting the part. Chloe could feel herself relax some more with his body pressed against hers. She could stay like that forever.

They finally had to come apart when Amenadiel brought ice tea to Chloe. She took a few sips but grimaced at the pain. "I’m not sure it’s such a good idea. It does sooth the burning but it hurts like hell to swallow." Chloe put down the glass and looked at it worriedly. That certainly was not a good sign. And what with the wheezing? What if it got even worst and she could not breathe anymore? She felt fear crawling inside her and grabbed Lucifer’s hand who was still kneeling beside her. He smiled at her reassuringly but did not let go of her hand.

Linda finally arrived with medical equipment and medicine. She started by taking Chloe’s vital signs and questioned her about her injuries and symptoms.

"Where does all that equipment come from? You didn’t have it before." Remarked Mazikeen suspiciously.

Linda seemed a little taken aback by the question. "Humm! Well! I might have borrowed it from the ambulance you «borrowed» last week. I figured, with the kind of friends I hang with, it could become useful to keep it. Don’t look at me that way! It was for a good cause!"

Maze lifter her hands up in a sign of peace. "I’m not judging here! In fact I’m quite impressed, and I totally agree with your reasoning."

"Why does that not comfort me?" Linda shook her head at Maze’s smile. She finished controlling Chloe’s vital signs and reassured everyone. "The good news is, all her vitals are good. Her blood pressure and heartbeat are a little high but nothing to worry about. It is consistent with the pain and stress she’s still in. I don’t see any sign of a state of shock, which is absolutely amazing considering everything, and her oxygen level is perfect." Then, Linda palpated gently Chloe’s neck who winced immediately. "Everything seems to be in its right place, but it doesn’t mean the cartilage was not cracked and all the outside tissues were crushed. Internal tissues probably suffered as much. The only thing I can do about that is give you some strong anti-inflammatory
pills to stop the swelling and help you breath more easily. You will also have to start taking Morphine pills on a constant basis for a couple of days. I will stay here tonight and monitor your breathing and the swelling until I’m sure it’s stable.

Lucifer had held Chloe’s hand nervously during all of Linda’s checkup and now her conclusions finally allowed him to take a breath of relief. Chloe would be alright! Lucifer embraced Linda with his free arm. "Thank you so much Linda. I owe you one!"

Linda smiled proudly. "You’re welcome! But I don’t see it as a favour Lucifer. Chloe is my friend and I would do anything for her, you must know that."

Chloe smiled tiredly at her friend and tried to convey all her gratitude into it. "Thank you all the same Linda! You are a true friend." Linda answered her with a squeeze of her hand and a comforting smile.

Linda gave Chloe some strong pills for the swelling and now she could only wait and hope it would be enough to reverse the inflammatory process and ease her breathing, and most importantly avoid the worst case scenario that she didn’t want to voice, which would be a suffocation by too much swelling of her airways. Linda was still nervous about the outcome but knew she had done everything she could in the circumstances. Only time would tell now. So they waited. Meanwhile, Linda cleaned Chloe’s arm injury and changed her bandage.

After that, Chloe tried to sleep, she was so tired, but it was so hard to breathe. She could still feel Lucifer’s hand in hers and held it tightly, as if he were her anchor. She heard the others take a seat nearby in silence and Lucifer sat himself on a chair beside her, never letting go of her hand. After a time, breathing seemed a little bit easier and she felt herself drift in and out of consciousness. At some point, she became aware of Lucifer talking softly and explaining to the others what had happened with the angel.

When Chloe seemed asleep and her breathing sounded easier, Amenadiel finally chanced a question. "Did you see who did this?"

Lucifer felt drained. His head and shoulders were hanging down and all he wanted right now was to lie down beside Chloe and hold her. But that conversation was long overdue. "Not well enough to name him. He was big, with long blond hair and white wings. But I only saw him for a couple of seconds. He was half turned away from me and his hair hid his face. Anyway, I haven’t seen any of them in millennia, so it’s hard to tell." Lucifer felt his anger come back in force at the memory and it gave him back a little bit of strength.

Amenadiel let escape a sigh. "With that description, I can think of at least two dozens of our siblings, maybe more since anyone with blond hair could have let it grow since the last time I saw them."

Linda was surprised. "How many siblings do you have?"

Lucifer thought about it for a few seconds. "I’m not sure. At first there were hundreds of us, but then… let’s just say that a bunch fell with me and later others were sent to hell for other misbehaviours. There are only 7 archangels like Amenadiel and me of course, even if we both are fallen ones right now, but angels, I guess there are still two or three hundreds at most."

"It’s more around 230, most of them males." Confirmed Amenadiel.

"But I will find him! The feathered prick is as good as dead!" Lucifer’s voice was low and dangerous. "The message will be loud and clear. No one touches her without losing his life." He
was now shaking with rage and his eyes started burning with the fire of Hell.

Everybody fell silent for a moment, unsure of what to say to calm him down without unleashing his wrath. Amenadiel tried to diffuse the tension. "Let’s concentrate first on discovering who this was and what he wanted. What did Chloe tell you about her encounter?"

It took a time for Lucifer to focus on the question and think back on what Chloe had told him. At last, his eyes took back their hazel color. "He was looking for «The piece».

"What? But why did he think you might have it? What linked it to you?" Amenadiel never expected that.

Lucifer shook his head. "I don’t know… We only learned about its existence through Uriel. Maybe he is the connexion, or someone heard that we were looking for it and thought we might have found it after all."

Amenadiel was pensive. "No one should know we are looking for it. Mom and I tried to contact some of our brothers and sisters to ask about it, but no one dared to answer our call. So we never discussed it with anyone. The link must be Uriel."

"Then, maybe that angel thought Uriel told me where to find it or even that he gave it to me." Lucifer thought it made sense.

Amenadiel hesitated to voice his thought, but there was another possibility. "Or… he might think you killed Uriel to steal it."

Lucifer seemed shocked. "I would never kill someone over an object, as powerful as it might be!"

Amenadiel was quick to counter. "I know that brother. But the others don’t know you as well as I do. But whatever the reason, if Uriel is the link, what I’m wondering is who would know about your encounter with him? No one should even know about his death, unless someone was spying on you or Uriel, or Uriel was working with that angel or another one of our brothers."

Lucifer had not thought about it. "You are right, and the more I think about it, the more sense it makes that Uriel must have hidden it. Either they were both working together and that angel lost track of «The piece» and thinks I found it, or he found out about my killing Uriel and thinks I stole it knowingly and he wants to stop and punish me. Chloe said he wanted to send me back to Hell where I belong, just like Uriel wanted. Both explanations are possible. But then, another question comes to mind. We first thought possible that Uriel told me about «The piece» to warn me about it. If it was instead in his possession all along, why is it then that he told me of its existence if not for me to find it. The bastard must have been trying to manipulate me, just like our father is doing. I’m sick of all this manipulation!" Lucifer was losing his temper again. What a sick family he had!

"But what choice do we have? If we don’t find it that angel will, and who knows what would happen then?" Amenadiel was really afraid of the possible consequences.

"I’m sorry to interrupt, but what exactly is that «piece» and what does it do?" Everyone turned to Linda who had been forgotten in the discussion.

Lucifer tried to answer her. "We don’t know. Which doesn’t help us understand the magnitude of the situation. It could be a weapon or a powerful artefact, or a piece of something bigger or even more powerful. I am quite certain that it does not come from Hell, or I would have heard about it, so it must come from Heaven. But either ways, it is definitely dangerous for humans to come in contact with and could even threaten life on earth."
"Oh! Nothing to worry about then!" Linda looked at each of them in turns. "Seriously! You are going to find it right? And send it back to Heaven!" She looked terrified.

Lucifer fidgeted in his seat. He hated being manipulated, but Linda and Amenadiel were right, he had no choice in the matter. He had to find it before the angel did. Who knew what the son of a bitch could do if he found it first. "Yes! We will find it." He sounded defeated. "Amenadiel. Mom and you have been looking into it for the past few months. You told me you didn’t find anything useful in Uriel’s personal belongings. Is it possible you could have missed or overlooked something?"

Amenadiel thought for a moment. "It is possible, but we didn’t find many things on him as you know. We found a magnetic card from a hotel room, but there was nothing left there to help us except for some cloths and he didn’t leave anything in a safe over there. Otherwise, there was his credit card. We tracked down his comings and goings around town since its activation a few weeks before his death. Apparently, he had been following you during that period of time as we suspected, but we found nothing useful otherwise, no strange pattern in his movements or unusual purchase. We could go over it all again with fresh pairs of eyes though."

"I will help you!" It was the first time Maze had said anything since the beginning of the conversation. "Maybe I could see something you missed. And when Chloe gets better, she would be the best to investigate into it. Where did you hid those pieces of information?"

"Hid? It’s not really hidden. It’s at my place." Amenadiel realised his mistake in the instant and his eyes grew wide. "Shit! He could be there right now stealing it. Of course he would think I was involved in it with you!"

Maze rolled her eyes at his stupidity. "Or, he could already have it in his possession by now. Don’t forget you haven’t been at your flat since yesterday evening." Maze looked at Lucifer with her eyebrows raised, as if challenging him to make a comment about it. Lucifer thought better of it and kept his mouth shut.

Something else crossed Amenadiel’s mind. "We should warn Mom! It is more than plausible that our brother will think Mom is involved too." With that, he took his cell phone and called Charlotte to warn her.

Chloe tried to follow their conversation but wasn’t sure if what she heard was part of a dream or reality. She felt so heavy and groggy. Suddenly, he was there, facing her and smiling his evil grin. He took his time to walk to her, proud of showing off his angel wings. Those wings were beautiful, but not as much as Lucifer’s, well, the faked ones she had seen once and that looked like Lucifer’s. The angel’s wings were white but at close range, she could see a little grey going through each feathers.

The angel’s hand shot out and grabbed at her throat to squeeze it. She should be afraid, but she was not. She could feel Lucifer’s presence nearby somehow, and it gave her strength. As long as Lucifer was there, she knew she feared nothing.

"There is nothing you can do that will protect Lucifer from me." A chill went through her at the thought of Lucifer being in danger. "I will send him back to Hell where he belongs, to get the punishment he deserves." There was so much hate in his voice. She wondered why he loathed Lucifer, his own brother, so much. "Lucifer does not deserve freedom, he is an evil thing and deserves to be treated as such!"

The fear of losing Lucifer overtook her and she woke up suddenly, sitting upright in the sofa and screaming Lucifer’s name.
Lucifer was in her arms in a heartbeat, holding her tightly and she buried her head in the crook of his neck, hugging him fiercely.

"You’re okay Chloe! He can’t harm you anymore." Lucifer felt her shake her head.

"He was after you, not me! I can’t lose you Lucifer! I’m so scared!" She was shaking.

"Hush! I’ll be okay! I told you, I can defend myself against him." He stroked her back reassuringly.

"But he hates you so much! Why does he hate you so?" It eluded her.

"Well, I made some mistakes in my existence, but I’m not sure. We don’t even know who this is. We don’t have enough information to identify him yet." After a moment, he felt her relax in his arms and pulled away to look at her. "You okay?"

She smiled sheepishly at him. "I’m sorry! I’m not helping here."

He kissed her forehead tenderly. "Don’t ever be sorry for caring about me. But you should not worry so much. I am more powerful than you give me credit for."

Chloe smiled genuinely. "Probably!" She kissed his lips softly then lied back. Lucifer helped her sit a little straighter.

Amenadiel waited until she was comfortably sitting. "Chloe, what can you tell us that could help identify him?"

"Let me think… His eyes were blues and he had a very strange accent. It sounded like nothing I have ever heard before." She continued to probe her memory in search of any useful information.

Lucifer and Amenadiel looked at each other, eliminating silently some of the possible perpetrators. Amenadiel encouraged her. "That’s very good Chloe, what else?"

Her eyes lightened up. "Oh yes! His wings where white but with bits of grey going through it. Does it help?"

Lucifer was impressed with her sense of observation. "Absolutely! It lowers the list even more. Go on." He should have known his detective would be able to keep a clear head even in the face of such danger.

Chloe put the back of her hand against her eyes a little bit disheartened. "I don’t know. He didn’t say much, apart from questioning me about «The piece» and then getting mad when he saw his powers didn’t work on me."

Amenadiel’s eyes widened. "Wait a minute! You say he had a power for questioning?"

Lucifer hit his head with the palm of his head. "Of course!" He had been so concerned with Chloe’s wellbeing that he had missed it. "That’s it! He has the power of questioning and can also look down into a soul." When he saw Amenadiel’s concerned look he rectified. "Don’t worry! Chloe shut him out. She was stronger than him." He wore a proud smile and winked at her. "But those bits of information lessen the possibilities even more. How many of them have both powers? Certainly not much." Then his face became serious, and his gaze dangerous. "Michael!" He breathed. He stood up and started walking back and forth in the room, lost in thoughts.

Amenadiel tried to stop Lucifer’s train of thoughts. "Don’t jump to the conclusions just yet Lucifer! I don’t think Michael could do something like that, and contrarily to what you think, he
doesn’t hate you.”

"Oh! Please! He has always hated me! Since before he kicked me out of Heaven. He must be out of his mind knowing I left Hell. He could even be on a mission for Dad to bring me back there for all we know. I’m sure it’s him! I’m going to kill that bastard this time!" Lucifer was already imagining his revenge.

"Or, it could be Vasariah! He fits the profile." That one definitely could hurt a human thought Amenadiel.

Lucifer stopped short. He lifted his head up suddenly and stared intensely at Amenadiel, not saying a word. He stayed quiet for a while, thinking. "It’s possible." He said simply, at last.

"Who is Vasariah?" Asked Linda. She had read quite a bit about Heaven and Hell since meeting with Lucifer, first to try and understand what she thought had been a delusion on his part, and then to better understand what he had been through, but she was not familiar with all the angel’s names and functions.

It was Amenadiel who answered her. "Vasariah is the angel of justice. He is not an archangel but he is very strong nonetheless. He is considered to be the Voice of Justice in Heaven and is also responsible for insuring justice here on Earth. He has been known to be quite harsh at times with humans he considered guilty of crimes, short of killing them." He pondered it for a moment and then talked to no one in particular. "Whichever it was, be it Michael or Vasariah, I don’t think he intended to kill Chloe. Killing directly a human is forbidden and would draw Dad’s attention automatically. He must have left her alive on purpose."

Lucifer was pensive for a long time before talking again. "It could make sense that Vasariah would want me back in Hell, be it a personal wish to insure justice upon me or a mission from Dad. But, what I’m wondering is why would he hate me so much, as Chloe was under the impression? We have no personal history together. Something doesn’t add up. I still think Michael has more reasons for doing this. Anyway, we’ll know for certain when we see one of those two around here." He made a pause and smiled dangerously. "Considering I marked him already, he won’t be able to deny it once I put my hands on him."

Amenadiel looked at him curiously. "What do you mean you marked him?"

"Simple! I burned a hole in his wings!" Lucifer wore a mischievous smile.

"What? How did you do that? I thought you barely had enough power to light a match!" Well, he might be exaggerating a little bit here, but Amenadiel really had thought Lucifer almost powerless except for his strength.

Lucifer rolled his eyes. "Don’t insult me brother! Of course I can still conjure fire. Still, it was a surprise even to me when I succeeded at throwing it through the room into that prick’s wing. I guess my anger increased my power momentarily."

Chloe was thunderstruck. "You can conjure fire and wield it?" Her mouth was hanging open.

"Of course I can conjure fire, among other things! I’m the Lord of Hell for crying out loud!" He felt a little bit irritated or maybe ill at ease to reveal himself so to Chloe. After all, it was all knew to her and it could frighten her, even drive her away from him. He felt his stomach clench at the idea of Chloe being afraid of him. He looked at her warily, to assert her reaction, but she only looked at him in awe, then sent him a genuine smile to let him know it was okay. He let escape a sigh of relief.
"Now I understand that drained look you wear since getting here." Maze exclaimed. "It wore you down, wielding that kind of power. I didn't get it at first."

Lucifer looked back at her uncomfortably and changed the subject. "The important thing here being, I not only marked him but I probably also injured him. Which means he might need time to heal and stay quiet for a time, allowing us some needed time to find him before he attacks us again and time to look for this «piece».

"Well, I guess I should go back to my flat as soon as possible to retrieve Uriel’s belongings before the worthless prick steals it. If he didn't already barged in there that is." Amenadiel looked at Maze with embarrassment for his lack of insights. "You coming with me Maze? If he happens to be there right now we could have some fun! You're almost as strong as I am after all." He smiled at her playfully.

"Damn right I am!" Maze said challengingly. But then she remembered Lucifer’s momentary vulnerability and looked at him questioningly.

Lucifer reassured her. "You can go Maze. I promise I’m still strong enough to face an injured angel."

Maze nodded slightly. She had her doubts, but she wasn’t about to voice it in front of the others. She knew better. But what she was certain of, was that Lucifer would need to get some sleep soon to regain his strength. "We’ll be back in the hour." They both left quickly and Maze brought her knifes with her, just in case.

"Maybe you should go get some sleep Chloe." Suggested Linda. "I will go check on you every hour or so to monitor your breathing until your next dose of medicine in about three hours. After that, you should be out of the woods and it should be safe for me to leave."

"Actually, sleeping sounds like a very good idea. I’m dead tired. Thank you so much for staying," Chloe smiled tiredly. "Make yourself at home. You can eat anything you want in the fridge. I myself am not hungry at all for the moment. The idea of a nap is much more appealing."

Lucifer came back to Chloe and lowered himself to her level. "I’ll bring you up to your bed Love."

Chloe tried to sound annoyed. "Lucifer, you know I can walk right?"

He smiled lovingly. "I'm sure you can. But you could indulge me and pretend I can be of use somehow."

She smiled in spite of herself. "Alright! I guess I could just enjoy the ride."

His smile widened. "Perfect! Hold on then." He took her in his arms, bridal style, and brought her up to her room.

Chloe put her arms around his neck and leaned her head on his shoulder. Closing her eyes, she felt very content with the proximity of his body. Once in her bedroom, he sat her on the bed where she proceeded to take off her clothes. She winced at the use of her injured arm so Lucifer had to help her undress and put on her pyjama. A warm bath would have been welcome, but Chloe didn’t think she had the strength for that. Instead, she got into bed and Lucifer tucked her in. She looked up at him questioningly. "Won’t you join me?"

He hesitated only for a second, then with a mischievous smile stripped down to his underwear. Once he got into bed, they snuggled up facing each other in silence. Chloe looked into his sweet eyes. How she loved him! She could not imagine her life without him now. She gripped his hair at
the back of his neck and pulled his head against hers closing her eyes. His presence was soothing her nerves, but she still felt an uncontrollable fear of losing him. She gripped at him more fiercely. Whatever Lucifer said about his powers and ability to protect himself, the possibility of his being sent back to Hell, one way or another, was terrifying her. Now that she had tasted life with him by her side, she knew she could never feel complete again without him. She felt Lucifer caressing her back and hair tenderly. Come to think of it, he was particularly quiet, not even teasing her or making any smart comment, which was unusual for him to say the least.

She opened her eyes to look at him and was surprised to see angst all over his features. She pulled her head away slightly. "Lucifer! What is it? Please tell me!"

Lucifer didn’t stop staring at her face. He looked like battling with conflicting emotions. He brought his hand up and caressed her lips with his thumb. Wasn’t his hand shaking? And wasn’t it unshed tears she saw in his eyes?

He started to speak hesitantly. "Your lips… they were blues… and your face so pale, there was no way you could still be alive…" His voice became only a whisper, as if he were afraid to voice it. "I thought you were dead!"

He looked like he was reliving it all, and it gave her a pale idea of what it had been like for him at that moment. She tried to imagine how she would feel if she lost him, but only the beginning of that thought was unbearable and sent her nauseous.

She took his face in her hands and kissed him deeply. He clung to her and kissed her back desperately. She broke the kiss after a few seconds. "I’m right here Lucifer and I’m safe. We’re together and it’s going to stay that way." She kissed him again for emphasis. She felt her own desperation take over and conveyed it into her kiss.

After a moment, it’s Lucifer who broke the kiss. "Chloe … this is serious… you almost died. I… You should think about this. I would understand if you thought it too dangerous to be with me."

Panic rose inside her. "What? What are you talking about?" She knew all too well where he was going with this and her guts tightened into a knot. "There is no way I’m going to walk away from you Lucifer Morningstar! And don’t you dare leave me for my sake! It would kill me!" Tears were gathering inside her eyes and she heard a sob escape her lips. She had no strength left for holding her emotions back and no will to do so, the strength of her love for him having stripped her off of any emotional wall left. "Please! Don’t ever talk like that again!"

A wave of relief washed over him and he kissed her all over her face in a hurry. "I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I don’t know what I was thinking. I… I’m just so afraid for you."

She held his head tightly between her hands and looked deep into his eyes. "I know! I’m afraid for you too Lucifer, but we are stronger together. Of that I’m sure."

He nodded slightly and answered shakily. "I believe you’re right."

She kissed him again, this time with a mixture of passion and desperation. She kissed him like she had never before and she felt his emotions match her owns in the way he kissed her back. Her heart was almost bursting with emotions. Her throat was burning but she didn’t care. She roam her hands over his nude body hungrily and pulled him closer. All she wanted in this moment was to lose herself in him, to feel their magical connexion again and bask in it. She was past the point of coherent thoughts, forgetting all about her injuries and pain when she felt him break the kiss again. "Chloe…" He gasped. He sounded almost in pain. Seeing her dazzled expression, he continued. "You’re hurt, you need to rest and get better Love."
When the words finally got through to her, Chloe took his lower lip between hers and sucked and nibbled at it. "The only thing I need right now is you. I need to feel you, to feel us. Please! Make love to me Lucifer!"

The desperate need in her voice was unmistakable and it confirmed to Lucifer that she was going through the same ordeal as he was. They both needed to reassure themselves of the other’s presence in their lives. Knowing it was not enough, they needed to feel it from the depth of their being. Lucifer claimed her lips, letting go of any reserve left. He pushed her gently on her back and stretched out his almost naked body over hers. He released some building tension by rubbing himself against her center. Lucifer was gratified by a moan of pleasure escaping Chloe’s lips.

He was overwhelmed by his need, his angst and the desire to show her what she meant to him. Chloe grabbed his boxers and push them down quickly to take his member in her hand. She stroke him up and down insistently a couple of times which led him on the verge of exploding in seconds. They didn’t need foreplays, they needed all-consuming lovemaking and she was making sure he were at the exact same point as she was. He moaned noisily and left her lips only long enough to get rid of his boxers. He came back to her with a devouring kiss on her lips then retreated for a few more seconds to push down her pants and panties. This time, when he covered her body again with his own, he placed himself quickly between her already opened legs and shed himself deeply inside her in a swift movement. They both gasped at the incredible connexion. At last he was inside her and she felt whole again.

Lucifer started thrusting inside her with supressed urgency, all the while caressing her body up and down with his right hand greedily, grabbing at her breast and buttock alternately. He was supporting his upper body with his left elbow and cupping her face with his left hand, stroking it slowly. His face was only inches from hers and the intensity of his gaze left Chloe speechless. She cupped his face with her hands and lost herself in his eyes. She could read everything in those eyes, his walls were as much down as hers in this moment. He was laying his soul bare for her to see and she could see there everything she hoped and dreamed of. She pulled his head down to her and kissed him lovingly and hungrily. They didn’t need words anymore. They both knew exactly everything they meant for each other. They moved their hips together in a slow and languorous dance that increased the fire in her core tenfold. She needed more, needed to feel him even deeper inside her. Still kissing him, Chloe grabbed at his head and buttock insistently to urge him on. She felt him push deeper and deeper with each thrust with increasing intensity. They were now both panting, sharing each other’s breath, lips barely touching.

Lucifer was well aware that neither of them would last for long. Knowing Chloe well enough by now, Lucifer twisted his hips to change the angle of his thrust to touch that particular spot that would push her over the edge. Chloe moaned shakily when she felt her release start in her lower belly and extend through her entire body to finally explode in a mind blowing light behind her closed eyelids. Lucifer was by now completely out of control, moving above and inside her frenetically until he reached his own release a few seconds later.

Lucifer buried his head in her hair and kissed the side of her neck softly before settling there. It took them a moment to catch their breaths again. Chloe realised that she started wheezing again but to Hell with it, she knew she would be okay. That wasn’t such a high price to pay for the amazing experience they just shared. She reassured Lucifer before he worried about it. "I’m fine! It sounds worst then it is. I just need to calm down again." She kissed the side of his head and hugged him tightly.

Lucifer lifted his head to look at her with a teasing smile. "I’m very comforted to see how much energy you still have in you Love. I knew I could conjure lust and passion in almost any living creatures but you drew the bar above anything I have experienced before. I am absolutely
irresistible!"

Chloe hit him lightly on the shoulder and smiled joyfully. "Look who’s talking! The man who completely lost control of his body and mind in me!"

Lucifer nodded and his face split into a beaming smile. "You always make me lose control Chloe Decker." He kissed her once more with passion to prove his point then looked at her more seriously. "But sincerely, you okay? I’d hate to know I made your condition worst."

"Seriously! I don’t feel worst, on the contrary…” She was just realising it but she did feel better. "In fact, I think that mind blowing orgasm just cured my headache!" She chuckled, incredulous.

He gave her a look of utter smugness. "Irresistible, and therapeutic! How about that?"

Chapter End Notes

I do like smut, as you may know by now, but this time I wanted it to be more emotional than sexual. I hope you liked it. Give me some comments or Kudos please! I crave it!
The Fall

Chapter Notes

Hello everybody! I took a little longer to write that chapter but I hope it will be worth the wait. Here is, among other things, my take on Lucifer’s Fall. So there will be some big talk before the action comes. After that, I will pretty much have exhausted all the big talk material and I will focus more on the action and the plot. Here it is, enjoy!

After their lovemaking, Chloe soon fell asleep in Lucifer’s arms. Too much aware of the possible danger they were in, especially with Maze and Amenadiel gone, Lucifer stayed awake and alert, half propped up against the bedhead with the help of some pillows. He felt exhausted like rarely before in his life and all he wanted was to hit the pillow and go into oblivion. But Chloe’s safety was too important. Rest would have to wait. Around 5 o’clock, he heard Maze and Amenadiel returning. Not long after, Linda knocked softly on the door to announce her arrival. She opened the door and smiled shyly at Lucifer who confirmed her with a nod that it was okay for her to come in.

She kneeled beside Chloe and woke her up gently with her hand. "Hey! Chloe! Time for a little checkup." She let Chloe regain full consciousness before continuing. Chloe looked a little bit disoriented at first but quickly focused on Linda. "Your breathing sounds better. How do you feel?"

Chloe had to cough a couple of times before finding her voice again. She spoke only in a whisper. "My throat is so dry, but the burning has lessen a bit. I guess breathing is not as difficult as it was earlier. That must be a good thing." She half smiled.

Linda smiled encouragingly at her. "Yes, a very good thing. Let me take your vitals and check your neck again. Then I’ll let you get back to sleep."

Chloe nodded and tried to sit up. She just realised then that she was half lying down on Lucifer. She looked up at him with an adoring smile. "Hey! You!"

He looked back at her with shining eyes. "Hey! Gorgeous!"

She chuckled lightly. "I feel far from gorgeous right now believe me."

He helped her sit straighter against the pillows. "Nonetheless, I always found some charms in a half strangled lady."

Chloe grimaced and hit him lightly on his torso. She tried not to think of the possible truth in his joke. "Gross!" That made him laugh happily.

Once Chloe was installed, Linda took her vitals and had a look at her neck. "Everything is still in order. I am very satisfied with how well you are responding to the anti-inflammatory. The swelling seems to have lessen a bit. At least it has not increased. I could probably already leave safely but we ordered some pizza with Maze and Amenadiel, so I guess I’ll still be around for another checkup in an hour. In the meantime, you can go back to sleep or you could come down and have some ice cream or any other frozen desserts Maze bought for you. She just filled up the freezer with it." Linda shook her head lightly. "And she still tries to act as if she isn’t worried about you…"
Chloe smiled back at her knowingly. "Do you think there’s some frozen yogurt?"

Linda chuckled. "Probably! Looks like she bought the whole frozen desserts section. I know a kid who will be delighted when she gets back home."

Chloe rolled her eyes. "Something else to worry about. But I think I’ll have some."

Lucifer seemed delighted. "Great! Maybe I could get some chocolate ice cream after pizza."

So Linda left them to go downstairs. Lucifer put back his clothes on and Chloe recovered her pyjama pants before they headed down to the kitchen.

Beside his interest for food, Lucifer was also looking forward to learn about Amenadiel’s and Maze’s trip to retrieve Uriel’s belongings. He found himself anxious at the outcome since he didn’t know how they could find the piece without some clues. As soon as he got into the kitchen, his question was answered. It was written all over Maze’s and Amenadiel’s long and dejected faces.

Lucifer stopped himself beside the table where they were all seated around two boxes of pizza. He didn’t have to ask, he knew. So he simply stated. "So it’s gone!"

Amenadiel fidgeted in his seat, obviously ashamed. "I’m sorry Brother!" He couldn’t cross Lucifer’s gaze.

Lucifer sighed and closed his eyes. "I guess we’ll just have to be creative then."

After a few seconds of uncomfortable silence, Maze spoke around a mouthful of pizza. "I think we didn’t miss him by much. Amenadiel’s flat was almost destroyed. The guy was visibly angry when he got there, which makes me think it was after you burned him Lucifer."

"I’m sorry about your flat Amenadiel." Everybody turned towards Chloe who had spoken and who were already eating frozen yogurt directly from the container.

Amenadiel gave her a warm smile. "Thanks Chloe! But I don’t really care about the place. It never felt like home you know. I appreciate the sentiment though." Chloe returned the smile and joined them at the table. Lucifer sat beside her and took a piece of pizza.

"And how are you doing Chloe?" Asked Maze, with still a little concern in her voice.

"Much better, thanks to Linda and your frozen yogurt! That was a great idea Maze, really!" Chloe took another spoonful and let it melt in her mouth before swallowing it carefully. The burn in her throat eased instantly, which brought a relieved sound out of her mouth. "You have no idea how good this feels!"

Maze smiled proudly. "I’m just that awesome!"

Chloe nodded happily. "Yes you are!"

They all ate silently afterwards and no one deigned to talk about «The Piece» or the angel for now, even if everyone was probably thinking about it. Lucifer even got his chocolate ice cream for dessert, to his great pleasure. Once the table was cleaned up, they all sat back around it, ready to discuss.

Lucifer put a hand on Chloe’s thigh and caressed it slowly. He could do that now, touch her whenever he wanted. That brought a smile to his face. In spite of everything bad that was happening, he felt happy. He looked up at her with a half-smile of contentment. She smiled back at
him as if she knew exactly what he was thinking. She put her own hand on his to squeeze it then
leaned towards him and kissed his lips tenderly. Humm! They could kiss too, whenever they
wanted. What a wonder! He thought. Lucifer wanted nothing more than to go back to bed to lie
with her in his arm and sleep for a week, among other things, but he knew it would have to wait.
They needed to start planning, now. So he forced himself to turn his gaze from her and look around
the table. "So what’s the plan?"

Maze jumped in with assurance. "I’ve been thinking. Amenadiel, you told me your mother and you
draw a map of Uriel’s movements around town with the information you got from his credit card.
Could you try to draw it again from memory, or could you ask whatever contact gave you the
credit card’s information to give it to you again? The angel will have a head start since he stole
your map and all the information, but Charlotte and you already went through it and didn’t find
anything. So if there is a way to find «The Piece» with those information, it must not be obvious,
so I’m guessing the angel is not close to finding it. We should still be in the race."

Amenadiel nodded slowly. "I think I can try to draw it again. And I’ll call Mom so she can ask her
contact again for the credit card’s information. Then you could all get a look at it and try to see
something mom and me missed. We could also go back to the hotel where Uriel was staying and
have another look around with fresh eyes."

They talked some more about who would do what and when, then it was already time for Chloe’s
checkup with Linda. Her vitals had improved, but Chloe’s neck muscles were becoming very stiff
and she had difficulty turning her head by now. Linda sent Maze to find anti-inflammatory cream
in the bathroom and applied some on Chloe’s neck.

Satisfied with Chloe’s condition, Linda was now certain that she was out of the woods. "I’ll go
back home now. You’re gonna be okay Chloe. I promise I’ll come back to check on you
tomorrow." Then she gave Chloe her medication and explained when and how to take it. "Now,
you should go back to bed and rest. And you Lucifer look like you could benefit from a little sleep
yourself. You look even worst then Chloe. I’m sure Maze and Amenadiel can protect you for the
night."

"Sure we can! We’ll stay up or take turns to sleep if we need to. But I’m sure we’ll find something
to entertain us. Right Amenadiel?" Maze turned with a playful smiled to a very embarrassed
Amenadiel who coughed anxiously a couple of times.

Lucifer didn’t feel very comforted. "Right! Just make sure you’re not too much distracted and that
you really are looking out for us. I intent to be dead to the world tonight and I don’t want to wake
up really dead and in Hell. Got it?"

Amenadiel quickly countered. "Don’t worry Lucifer! We’ll have your back. I promise!"

After that Chloe called Trixie at Dan’s to ask how her day was. She also asked Dan to keep Trixie
again tomorrow for one last night, explaining she was not feeling well. Hearing Chloe’s hoarse
voice, both Dan and Trixie assumed she had caught a cold. She didn’t contradict them.

Even if it was barely past 6 pm, Chloe only dreamed of sleeping right now. After all, she hadn’t get
a lot of sleep the night before because of her injured arm and her day had been more then stressful
and draining. So she took Lucifer’s hand and pulled him out of his seat. He followed willingly to
her room where they got to bed and fell asleep in no time, all cuddled up against each other.

Chloe woke up a few times with a start during the night because of nightmares, but she quickly fell
back to sleep, thanks to the comforting presence and warmth of Lucifer by her side. She fully woke
up early the next morning after more than half a day of sleep. All was quiet in the house. Lucifer
was still sleeping soundly, so she disentangled herself carefully from him and went to get her pills before sinking her sore body into a hot bath. When she came out of the bathroom, all freshened up, she saw that Lucifer was awake, all sprawled up in bed with only a thin sheet over his lower body and a big smile on his face.

He looked her up and down and passed his tongue across his lips. "I think I’ll never get used to it, seeing you half naked first thing in the morning, wearing only a towel around you like that… Wow! I must be in heaven!"

She smiled teasingly and walked at an alluring pace towards him. "I, on the contrary, could very well get used to finding you naked in my bed." She let her towel fall on the floor and joined him in bed. They cuddled up and she pulled up the sheet around them. They just laid there for a moment, looking at each other and enjoying their new found closeness.

Lucifer could not resist the pull any longer and kissed her lightly on the lips, then on her jaw and neck. He brought his hand to her neck and caressed it softly. "I know it hurts Love, I can see it in the way you move."

Chloe grimaced. "Yeah! I can barely turn my head, it’s so stiff."

Lucifer felt helpless. "Do you want me to put some of the cream Linda used yesterday?"

"That’s a good idea. Can you get it? I brought it up here, it’s in the bathroom." Chloe stayed in bed while Lucifer retrieved the cream. When he came back, he massaged her neck tenderly with the cream to relax her sore muscles. As soon as the cream penetrated her skin, Chloe started to feel its warming effect. It felt good.

Afterwards, Lucifer settled himself back in her arms under the cover. Chloe had so much questions on her mind, she didn’t know where to start, and most importantly, she wasn’t sure how far she could push her questioning without forcing Lucifer to say something he didn’t want her to know. She decided to start slowly, by letting him tell her what he felt comfortable with. "You know yesterday, while I was resting on the sofa, you talked with the others about your siblings and about «The piece» and its possible connexion to one of your brother, Uriel. I’m not sure I heard everything, or understood everything that was said, since I was drowsy and even fell asleep at one time. Can you go over it again for me, to make sure I understand everything?" As she suspected, he did seem uneasy at the mention of Uriel’s name.

He hesitated a few seconds, collecting his thoughts, trying to remember what they had talked about back then, before he started explaining again about his big dysfunctional family of a few hundred or so brothers and sisters and about what they thought «The Piece» could be. Then, he explained hesitantly how they had come to know about «The Piece» through Uriel, and how his now deceased brother had probably been manipulating him in finding it for his own sick agenda. The story helped Chloe put together some information that were still mixt up in her head or incomplete, but most importantly, she noticed how Lucifer carefully missed to mention how this brother of his had come to die. The more she watched Lucifer talk about Uriel, the more her suspicion turned into a near certainty. She had missed too much of the conversation yesterday to be sure, but she had the feeling that Lucifer was involved in Uriel’s death.

When he was done with his telling, she softly asked. "What happened to Uriel?" The look of panic in his eyes confirmed it all. She took his face in her hands and looked at him tenderly. "You can tell me anything Lucifer. I won’t think less of you."

Here he was, about to tell her one of the things he was most ashamed of having done in his life. He didn’t want to justify himself, he had killed his brother and he would live with the shame for the
rest of his existence. But Chloe deserved to know the whole truth. He just hoped that she would not see him as a monster once she knew what he had done. "I… I killed him."

Chloe nodded slowly. She didn’t seem surprised and the lovely way she looked at him never changed. "Tell me what happened."

In that instant, he realised that she already knew that or at least suspected it. She probably gathered as much from yesterday’s talk. She had just wanted confirmation. Which means she had made love to him afterwards, knowing or suspecting that he had killed his own brother, without even understanding why he had done that. Maybe it didn't matter to her why he had killed him. Maybe she trusted him that much. That possibility gave him the confidence to continue. "Remember a few months ago, when you had a car accident?" She seemed confused at the question, but nodded. "It was Uriel’s doing. He could see patterns in everything around him and could manipulate it. He provoked that accident and was threatening to kill you if I didn’t go back to Hell. He wanted to send Mother back there too. I had no choice, I’m sure he would have killed you, and I also had to protect Mother." His voice broke and he held back a sob. "So I killed him with Azrael’s blade, sending him into oblivion. I had no choice." He looked away from her, ashamed. Of course he had a choice, he should have gone back to Hell instead of killing his brother. He knew it. And Chloe would see it too.

Chloe was astounded at yet another sacrifice he had made for her. She was speechless for a few seconds. "You put yourself through that for me?" Tears gathered in her eyes. "I’m so sorry Lucifer!" She pulled his head to her shoulder and held him tightly. So much of what happened back then made sense now, like the destructive way he behaved at the time and his suicidal behaviour with the sniper.

He pulled away a few seconds later. "Don’t you understand I was just selfish? I should have gone back to Hell instead of killing him. But I couldn’t leave you and live eternity without seeing you again. I had a choice in it. The worst is, I don’t regret it in the slightest, I would do the same thing all over again if need be. That doesn’t mean I’m proud of it though."

"Lucifer! You could never have been sure he would not have killed me and sent your Mother to Hell anyway. There was no certainty. I think you made the only possible choice in that circumstance. Had I been the one in front of him, I would have killed him myself." She meant every words of it.

Lucifer let go a breath of relief and leaned his forehead against hers. "Thank you Chloe, it means a lot to me. I wasn’t sure you would understand."

She kissed his head and lingered there a moment. "I can’t promise I will always agree with the things you did in your past or will do in the future, but I promise I will always try to understand you."

He chuckled suddenly. "I can think of a few things I did that you would have a hard time understanding."

Chloe grimaced at a few disconcerting ideas crossing her mind. "Please don’t tell unless it’s really important. Okay?" She was glad to hear him joke again to lighten the mood.

His devilish smile had return. "I’ll keep that in mind when I confess to you Love. Talking of confession… I have a few impure thoughts on my mind I should probably tell you about. To cleanse my soul mind you."

She smiled in spite of herself. "I’m sure you always have a lot of them on your mind, but put that
on hold for a few more moments. There’s still something I’d like to ask you. But you can always refuse to talk about it if you wish." Her tone at first playful had turn very serious.

Lucifer looked at her suspiciously. "That doesn’t sound good. Maybe I should change the subject right now."

Chloe ignored his comment. She took a deep breath and went on. "That’s something I have been wondering about since I know who you really are, and hearing you talking about your brother Michael kicking you out of Heaven made me wonder about it even more. Maybe I don’t need to know it, but I would like to, so I could better understand you and your relationship with Michael and the rest of your family."

She didn’t have the chance to finish and formulate her real question. Lucifer interrupted her by sitting up abruptly. He knew exactly what she wanted to ask him. He just wasn’t sure to be ready to talk about it just yet. He got out of bed, retrieved his boxers and put them on, unable to look at her.

Chloe had expected a reaction but not as strong as that. She sat up and gathered the sheet around her. "I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have ask. It’s none of my business really. You don’t have to talk. Sorry! I’m so sorry!" She was babbling now.

He finally looked up at her. "No! Don’t be sorry Love! You’re right, you should know. I… I was just surprised. I didn’t expect you to talk about it. It’s just… I have never talked about my Fall with anyone, not even with Maze. She knows about it of course, but only from what she heard from others." He passed a hand through his hair, visibly disturbed. He felt restless, so he started pacing across the room. Chloe kept silent, conscious of his need for calm to gather his thoughts and calm down. He came back to the bed after a few minutes and sat in front of her, eyes downcast.

He smiled sheepishly, still unable to look her in the eye. "You really have a gift for asking me about my most shameful moments."

Chloe smiled anxiously and took one of his hand in both of hers to let him know she was there for him, whatever he would say.

He started talking softly with a distant look. "At the beginning, we were only the seven of us, with Mom and Dad. Everything was so simple back then. We were all alone in the Universe. Amenadiel, the first born, was already the perfect son of course, always doing the right thing. We were never really close. He was so infuriating." A small smile appeared on Lucifer’s face at the memory. "Then there was Michael." Lucifer’s smile disappeared instantly, replaced by a grimace of disgust. "The good little soldier, never missing a chance to tell me how wrong and unworthy I was. The third son to come was Raphaël, always the peaceful one who was constantly interfering into fights I usually started myself with my big brothers. I liked him."

And then there was me, the fourth one, the black sheep of the family." He chuckled softly. "Maybe the expression comes from there. Well, I’ve always been the rebellious one really. I couldn’t understand even then how my brothers and sister could give up their freewill to obey Father’s every wishes and orders. From as far as I can remember, I have always stood up to Him and pushed every boundaries He made. I wanted to decide for myself and that pissed him off."

"After me came Gabriel, my favorite brother. We were always together. His happiness was contagious and his gift with words helped us get away with plenty of mischiefs we so often made. It was the best of times really." Chloe could see in Lucifer’s smile the little happy kid he once was. "The next one was Uriel, my youngest brother. We were never really close. He was so weird, always speaking in riddles, never giving you a straight answer. He acted like he knew everything, but never wanted to share it. Well, he probably did know everything, which was even more
frustrating. And finally, there was Azrael, my baby sister." Lucifer’s smile turned all soft. "She was a wonder, so compassionate and caring. I felt very protective of her, especially against our big brothers who were always picking on her. We were very close at the time. Unfortunately for her, my Father later made her the Angel of Death. Apparently, He thought her kindness and compassion would ensure a nice transition for the deceased human’s souls. He was right of course, but that job changed her, turning her into a much harder soul. She still has the kindest soul mind you, but she can also but ruthless at times now, unlike before. But I’m jumping ahead. So to sum it up, we were a nice little family, quite the average really, and I think I was happy back then, everything considered."

"A few thousands of years later, time is quite irrelevant up there, Mom and Dad decided to build the Silver City and to fill it up with hundreds of angels, none of them as strong as Archangels, but powerful nonetheless. It was strange to have new siblings after so long a time alone with my small family. Some of them were nice, but I never really bonded with any of them. And strangely, I still were the only one thinking that giving up our freewill to obey Father was not right. It’s only after humans came into the equation that some of them finally started to understand what I had been saying all along. But humans only came into existence a few million years later, so I have been quite alone in my team for a long while."

"Before humans came along, I took great interest in Earth. It was becoming more viable every day and life started to emerge down there. I found myself enjoying going there and discovering the strange landscapes and new beings. I came to feel more at home on Earth than in the Silver City, for some strange reasons. Hence one day, I asked Father the permission to reside there permanently. He refused, of course. That would have mean openly giving me freewill and he could never resign himself to do that. That added greatly to my resentment against him."

"My resentment got even worse when He created humans. Not only did he give them freewill, but he also gave them Earth, what I came to consider as my Home. He gave them freely everything He had ever denied me. How I hated them for that, and Him!" Lucifer finally looked up into Chloe’s eyes with love and caressed her hands softly. "I have hated and despised humans my whole existence until YOU! How ironic that I be in love with one of them now. You made me see the good in humans and I now understand that my sentiments toward humanity were only fueled by jealousy. But back then, my hate for them and my Father consumed me."

"Many angels started listening to me about the injustice made against us by our Father. Hundreds followed me into rebellion. We asked for the same right at freewill than humanity had. Again, Father refused to listen, so we forged the first weapons ever to be made, thinking foolishly that it would force Him to leave us alone. How wrong we were!" Lucifer chuckled bitterly. "Father had Michael form an army to march against us, with weapons of their own. We were young and foolish, so proud and full of ourselves. We stood up and didn’t yield. Then Michael gave the order… and they attacked us." Lucifer took a deep breath. Images of the battle flashed into his mind along with the feelings of horror and helplessness. He swallowed audibly. He tried but failed to hold back the tears that fell over his cheeks. "You have to understand that at the time, the concept of war didn’t exist. None of us really knew where this rebellion was leading us. When we finally understood, it was too late. Hundreds of angels died that day, never to be seen again in Heaven."

"I don’t know what held my hand that day, be it only chance or an inner voice, I’ll never really know, but my sword didn’t kill any of my siblings, but I wounded tens of them. At the end of the battle, only a handful of us were still alive and cornered by my brother’s army. Michael was in rage, yelling how it was all my fault, how I had broken everything and was responsible for this massacre. Thing is, he was right! I had their blood on my hands, I was the one who had killed them all. At that moment I didn’t care what would happen of me, I just wanted the pain I was feeling at seeing all the dead around me to end. I was almost happy when I saw Michael swing his sword at
me and pierce my body." Lucifer felt his left side with his hand, as if he could still feel the wound there. "I thought it was the end for me. But no, it was only the beginning of my torments. Michael pushed me out of Heaven and I fell. I was too weak and in pain to fly, and didn’t really care anyway. The Fall seemed to last forever... When I finally touched the bottom, it was to sink into the fires of Hell. And me who thought I was already in pain! I guess it’s all a question of perspective."

"After I don’t know how long, I regained consciousness, burned and in pain. I learned then that from now on, I was banished from Heaven for all eternity and had to rule over Hell. My Father made me the torturer of the damned. I also learned that my surviving followers had ended up in Hell as prisoners and that I had to torture them for eternity. Some say I got it easy because I was the favorite son." He snorted at that. "Easy? Because they think torturing souls is funny? There were times I would have preferred to be in one of those cells instead of darkening my soul a little more every day. I am far from His favorite son! He hates me and has proved it to me countless times. The only reason I didn’t end up in one of those cells is because I didn’t kill any of my brothers that horrible day. That’s all."

"As for the rest of my family, I haven’t seen them in thousands of years. Not since my fall. Except for Amenadiel and for Azrael of course. Her being the Angel of Death, she stopped by a few times to have a chat, while traveling to Hell to bring some human souls. I haven’t seen her in decades though." Chloe thought he looked sad saying it. "Azrael’s blade is one of the few remaining celestial weapons to exist. Father banished them after the war. Michael still has his sword though, of course."

"Strangely, my wings had miraculously survived the fires. I suspect my father to have let them intact so I would have an everyday reminder of who and what I was and never would be again. That’s why I cut them off when I came to Earth not long ago. I had enough of that reminder, enough of that everyday torture He put me through. Truth is, I also didn’t feel worthy of those wings anymore, not since the day I fell. By coming to Earth and cutting my wings, I gave myself the right to start over, neither as an angel, nor the Devil, but as something else, new. I didn’t know who I wanted to be until I met you. I still don’t know exactly what I am becoming. All I know is that I want to be worthy of you." Lucifer was still holding her hands tightly. His eyes were sad and he looked at her as if waiting, hoping, for understanding and acceptance.

Chloe realised she was crying softly. Her cheeks were damp with tears as were Lucifer’s. She brushed his face with her hand and leaned in to kiss his forehead. Lucifer fell into her arms and buried his head in the crook of her neck. There was nothing she could say that would appease his pain and guilt. So she didn’t say anything, but just held him against her until he stopped crying.

When he pulled away from her slightly to look into her eyes and still saw love in them, he smiled genuinely and let escape a sigh of relief and amazement. "How do you do that? Making me feel so vulnerable, but so strong at the same time."

She laughed through her tears. "I don’t know. That must be that power of mine."

He nodded happily. "Well, you certainly have a power over me that’s for sure!"

When Lucifer went downstairs after a shower, he found Chloe, Amenadiel and Maze seated at the table with coffees in their hands. They were already talking about Uriel’s whereabouts around a map of the city sprawled on the table. Lucifer gave Chloe a peck on the lips before pouring himself a cup of coffee. She followed him with her gaze and a lovely smile. That woman was amazing! He had told her about the two greatest mistakes of his existence and it hadn’t change in the slightest the way she looked at him. How odd! And him who thought she would run away from him as soon
as she learned what he had done. Looks like she could still surprise him. He felt so light in that instant, like he had no care in the world. His thoughts were interrupted by the grumbling of his empty stomach.

"What do we have for breakfast?" He asked, hopeful that they had prepared something.

Maze answered confidently. "Why? We were waiting for you to cook something of course, since you are the best cook around. Or do you prefer me to take the lead?" She raised her eyebrows questioningly.

Lucifer sighed. "Right! That could be fun, but no thanks. I’ll do it!" He saw in Maze’s smile that she never doubted the outcome of the exchange.

For the rest of the day, Amenadiel tried to remember information about Uriel’s movements and drew it on the map. To their great relief, Charlotte appeared at the end of the day with Uriel’s credit card information that her contact provided again, which helped them drawing the map with more accuracy.

Chloe wasn’t of great help to them that day. She looked at the map a few times while Amenadiel was filling it, but the locations were not telling her anything and besides, she had difficulty concentrating on anything. She felt beaten up and still very tired, so she made a few naps during the day and tried to keep her neck still. Lucifer never left her side, except for a short trip to his penthouse to retrieve some old books. He passed his day reading them, in the hope of getting some clues about what «The Piece» could be. He even red in bed with her during her naps. Linda had drop by around noon to check on Chloe and change her bandage. Her voice was not better than it was but at least Chloe was glad to see that her arm wound was not bleeding anymore. At night, Chloe called Trixie to kiss her good night. She missed her daughter dearly, but Trixie seemed to have a good time with her Dad and she would be back home soon. Chloe was still afraid to bring back Trixie home, but Amenadiel had agreed to stay again for a couple of days and of course, Lucifer was not about to let her and Trixie alone for a single minute. So she felt confident enough with Trixie’s safety to have her back the next day.

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Trixie hung up her cell phone after talking to her mother. Something was wrong. She didn’t know what it was, but something was amiss. For one thing, she knew her mother had not a cold for the simple raisons that first, she was not coughing and second, when she had asked her the day before if she had caught a cold, Chloe had answered «something like that», which meant it wasn’t that. Trixie knew her mother well enough to know that she didn’t like to lie to her, but she could be sneaky at times.

It all started two nights ago, when her father had picked her up at school instead of her mother. He said then that her mom would be working late on a big case and that Trixie would sleep at his place for a couple of nights. Nothing to worry about really, if it wasn’t for the strong vibe of anxiety around her dad. He was not as shy as her mother at lying to her but he wasn’t very good at it. Or maybe it was Trixie who was good at reading people. Anyway, talking with her mother that first night had reassured her a little, but the way she sounded was way too cheerful to her liking, which confirmed her that something was not right.

And then yesterday night, her mom had misled her father and she with that false cold, asking her to stay at her dad’s one more night. Again, tonight, her mother sounded anxious. She tried to hide it of course, but Trixie had felt it nonetheless. If it wasn’t a cold, what could it be? A worse sickness, an injury? Whatever it was it couldn’t be good. But at least Lucifer was there with her mom, which means she was as safe as could be. Lucifer would do anything for her mom, of that she was sure.
That thought lessen a little bit her anxiety. ‘Be strong Beatrice! Don’t let them see your fear.’ Mom and dad had an important but dangerous work, and they helped people in need. Beatrice knew she had to help too by being strong. She should not distress her parents with her fears.

Her dad came back into the living room when he heard her hang up the phone. "You okay sweetheart?" He wore a look of concern.

Trixie blamed herself for letting her guard down. She quickly put her false smile back into place. "Great! I’ll be seeing mom tomorrow evening." She tried to sound cheerful.

Her dad looked relieved. "So she is doing better?"

"I think so…” She didn’t know what to answer to that. Her mom had not say anything about her health, probably on purpose, and her voice sounded as bad as yesterday. But Trixie didn’t want her dad to worry, so she smiled happily at him and changed the subject. It always worked. "Want to play a game?" She didn’t feel like playing, but there was no chance her dad would say yes anyway.

Dan looked trapped. "You know… it’s late. It’s almost bed time. Maybe you should start getting ready for sleep."

How predictable! But she was glad for it tonight. "Sure! I’ll go wash my teeth." She turned around and walked slowly to the bathroom, still absorbed in her dark thoughts, when she heard her dad gasp.

She then heard him talk in fear. "Who the hell are you and what are you doing in my home?"

Trixie came back to the living room in a rush to a fearful picture. A big man was standing in the middle of the room. He should have been considered beautiful with his blond hair and his perfect face, but he had a dangerous look about him and was smiling maliciously to her father. She could see her dad was afraid in the way he was backing up towards her and reaching instinctively to his side where his holster should have been. Trixie felt the fear overpower her, but she forced herself to think and analyse the situation as her mother would have done. Everything was wrong about the man and yet, there was something very familiar about him. She just couldn’t put her finger on it, too afraid to be able to think straight.

The man ignored her but looked at her father and shook his head. "Little pathetic human!" He then walked slowly towards her father menacingly.

That was it! She understood now what was so familiar about the guy. Of course she could always see it around people, but she rarely really noticed unless she consciously took the time to look. But still, that guy was confusing, and she wasn’t exactly sure of her conclusion. Either ways, it didn’t seem good.

The man was now very close to her dad and she saw her father hit him square in the face without any effect. The man didn’t even budge, which confirmed her suspicions. Then in a fraction of a second, the guy had his hand around her dad’s neck and was lifting him up in the air.

Trixie thought quickly of a way to distract him from her father and the choice was obvious. She gathered all of her courage and spoke in a very faint but calm voice. "Are you an angel or a demon?"

That caught his attention for sure. He slowly turned his gaze in her direction and his smile grew wider. He instantly left her father fall on the floor and started walking towards her. "Well, well! What have we got here? I should have known you would be an interesting little thing considering
who your mother is. Maybe I’ve been focusing on the wrong human. Let’s see what I can find out about you. I don’t think you could put as much of a fight as your mom did. This should get fun!"

Trixie was terrified. She looked for a way to escape but they were on the third floor of the building, so the windows were not an option, and the rear door was locked with a key she didn’t have. Her only way out was the front door situated right behind that inhuman being. She was screwed!

Suddenly, she saw her father jump on the back of the man while screaming at her. "Get out Trixie! Run!"

Her legs started moving before she even thought about it and she ran past them right to the door. She saw her dad fly across the room and crash into the wall on her right, making the big lamp fall in the process. She hesitated with her hand on the lock, looking for a sign of life from her father. She could see a fire starting where the lamp had crashed against the sofa.

She finally crossed her father’s gaze who was urging her to leave. "Run Trixie! Don’t stop!"

With a sob, she turned the lock with one last look at her dad, opened the door and ran away.

Dan just hoped the man would leave her alone and focus on him instead. He couldn’t live with himself if his little girl got hurt. "What do you want with us?" He stood up with difficulty, his left leg menacing to give away. He had to distance himself from the fire that was almost licking his feet by now.

The man still seemed hesitating whether or not to follow Trixie outside, but soon turned back to Dan. "Let’s not get distracted from the real reason of my visit, don’t you think?"

Dan swallowed at the way the man said it. It didn’t sound good for him.

"Don’t be afraid human! I’m not here to harm you. Well, not much! I just need you to come with me for a little trip that will open your horizons, to say the least. Then, we’ll have a little chat."

To Dan’s greatest amazement, two immense wings spread out from the man’s back. This couldn’t be! He must have hit his head while falling down. It all seemed surreal. Dan was paralysed by the sigh. The man, angel? Was now already on him, lifting him up from the ground. His surroundings became blurry all of a sudden then everything disappeared before he felt himself fly in the air at an incredible speed.

Chapter End Notes

Pleaaase! Write me some comments on how you like the turn of events and how you find my take on Lucifer’s Fall. I would so much love to get a pulse of how it is received. Thanks for reading!
Trixie ran as fast as her little legs could go. She failed to contain her sobs as tears fell down her cheeks like torrents. Her dad was in danger and she was running away instead of helping him. But what could she do? She was only nine! And that angel, or demon, she would bet on the former, looked to be stronger than anyone she had ever seen in her life. She had to find another way to help. She thought of calling her mom, her cell phone was still in her pocket, but she was afraid to stop to do it. At the end of the corridor, she passed in front of Mrs. Pearson’s apartment, her babysitter. For a second, she thought of taking refuge there, but didn’t want to endanger the nice old lady. After all, He could be right behind, trying to catch her. She chanced a glance over her shoulder to make sure He was not in pursuit. Fortunately, the corridor was empty. Her fear lessened a little but she didn’t slow down even so. Her father had said to run and not stop, and that’s what she would do.

She pushed open the door leading to the staircase. Suddenly, she remembered about the fire. Maybe the angel would leave faster because of it. Or maybe the firefighters would scare Him and save her dad. The firefighters… She quickly looked around to find a fire alarm and saw one at the beginning of the stairs. Once in front of it, she stopped a second to trigger it before dashing down the stairs.

When she reached the first floor, she saw that people were already getting out of their homes, alerted by the piercing sound of the alarm, to see what was happening. Good, at least no one else would be in danger. They would certainly get outside soon, and there was security in numbers, right? But they didn’t seem in a hurry to get away. Maybe they thought it was a false alarm. When a big strong looking guy came out of his apartment, she ran to him.

"There’s a fire on the third floor!" She screamed. "Please! My father is in danger! Help him!"

The man froze for a second before running upstairs with a neighbor. Now understanding the danger of the situation, the rest of the neighbors started exiting the building. A nice woman with her two kids took her hand and led her outside where people began to gather together, while waiting for the firefighters.

"After kissing good night to Trixie over the phone, Chloe walked to Lucifer who were still reading one of his old books, seated at the kitchen table with a glass of scotch in his hand. She leaned over him from behind and embraced him around his neck to rest her hands on his torso and her chin on his shoulder. The book looked very old, with pages cracked in places. Lucifer had bought many old religious books over his years on Earth but he hadn’t read them all. Some were even in languages he admitted were beyond his knowledge. Amenadiel would give a look at those later. This one was in Latin, a language Lucifer was fluent in.

Chloe turned her head slightly, trying not to hurt her neck, and kissed his cheek slowly. She nuzzled his cheek and nose and inhaled his wonderful scent. That brought a smile on his face, and
"Fond anything interesting lover boy?" She breathed, with a voice as sexy as she could muster.

He turned half way in her arms. "Not yet. Are you trying to distract me Love? Because it works." He lowered his glass on the table and grabbed her around the waist to sit her on his lap.

She giggled like a teenager at his unexpected move. She looked down at him seductively. "Maybe. You’ve been reading for more than an hour now without even kissing me. I guess I just missed you."

The lusty way he looked at her made her breathing speed up. "How uncaring of me! I'll have to make it up to you then." He brought his hand to the nap of her neck and lowered her lips to his. They kissed softly at first, but soon their kiss deepened and their tongues started moving against one another with increasing intensity, building their needs even more with each passing seconds. Chloe grabbed his air with both hands, dishevelling him in the process. She felt Lucifer’s other hand sneak up under her shirt to caress her back in a lascivious way. She moaned softly at the feel. The sound made Lucifer growl deeply with desire. He lifted her easily to sit her in a straddling position over his hips. Chloe was more than glad for the change of position, which allowed her to press her body fully into his. She could feel his arousal pushing against her upper tight and the wetness pool in her core. She increased her rubbing against him until they were both panting and moaning noisily.

With a self-control he didn’t think he could muster, Lucifer broke the kiss and talked in a plaintive voice. "Chloee…if you don’t stop now I’m gonna take you right there on the table, Maze and Amenadiel be damned!"

Chloe hesitated, contemplating the possibility. She wanted him so bad! Maze and Amenadiel were not in the room but they were around, probably in Maze’s bedroom doing exactly what she wanted to do with Lucifer. The probability of them catching Lucifer and herself in the middle of the act was slight but still big enough for her to take into account. Her better judgment finally took over and she stopped rubbing herself against him. "Bedroom! Now!"

Lucifer stood up immediately, still holding her around his hips. She crossed her ankles behind his back as they started moving towards the stairs, giggling and kissing. They were interrupted by the ringing of Chloe’s cell phone.

They both groaned in disbelief. "I can’t believe this." Lucifer complained, knowing very well that Chloe would want to answer it.

"I really have to take this call Lucifer. It could be Trixie." It was bad enough that she had left her daughter at Dan’s for half a week, she wanted at least to be available to her as much as possible. "She must have forgotten to tell me about something. I’ll be back to you in a second."

He sighed. "Alright! I give you one minute and after that I start ravaging you on the spot." He warned her.

"You are amazing!" She said thankful. With that, Chloe kissed him deeply one last time in a hurry before letting herself down.

"I’ll remind you of that when you unfairly accuse me of selfishness." He muttered.

Chloe only smiled at hearing Lucifer complain to himself. She took her cell phone on the kitchen island and looked at the caller’s ID. It was indeed her daughter.
"Hey! Sweetheart!" She tried to steady her breathing to sound as normal as possible and not seem out of breath.

"MOMMYYYYY!" Trixie was whining and hiccupping between sobs, unable to add another word.

Chloe tensed immediately. She had never heard Trixie in such a state and it scared her like hell. "Baby! What happened? Calm down Trixie baby! Talk to me!" She could hear a loud and strident noise over the phone and had difficulty hearing her daughter distinctly.

It took a moment for Trixie to get back control over herself enough to articulate a few words in between sobs. "It’s daddy… he got attacked… there was a fire… he didn’t come out! Mommy I’m scaaaaared!" And then she started crying even louder, letting it all out.

Lucifer had get the urgency of the situation immediately by seeing Chloe’s change of attitude. He was now close to her, trying to hear what was being said over the phone.

"Baby, try to calm down please! Take deep breaths! Tell me where you are." Chloe was shaking, barely able to hold the phone to her ear.

Trixie did her best to breathe deeply and calm her sobbing. "I… I’m… outside… with Mrs. Pearson."

"Lucifer and I are coming to get you right now sweetie. Stay with Mrs. Pearson and do not hang up! I’ll stay on the line."

Chloe alerted quickly Maze and Amenadiel and explained to them and Lucifer what had happened. Maze lent her a scarf to cover her neck with and they all dashed outside to Chloe’s car. For once, Chloe was glad to let Lucifer drive as fast as he could.

During the ride to Dan’s apartment, Chloe had Trixie talk of the events. She were able to gather enough information through the disorganised bits and pieces Trixie gave her to have a good idea of what happened. A man had appeared in the living room and attacked Dan. A fire started when Dan fought Him to protect Trixie and make her escape. Dan had not showed up yet though. As much as Chloe tried to assure her daughter that there was nothing more she could have done, Trixie was inconsolable. She felt guilty for abandoning her father. Chloe prayed for Dan to be alive, for his sake and her daughter’s.

They got there in less than 12 minutes. They saw the smoke and heard the sirens before they could catch a glance at the building. It was a three story building and almost half of the last floor was on fire. Two fire trucks were already there with ambulances. When the car stopped moving, Chloe ran outside to find her daughter. With Trixie’s indications over the phone, she was able to locate her easily under a tree on the other side of the street.

Trixie ran to her and all but jumped in her arms. Chloe held her fiercely while kissing her hair and cheeks countless times. "I’m here baby! You’re okay! You’re okay!" Trixie buried her head in the crook of her mother’s neck and cried her eyes out. Chloe lifted her up in her arms and started crying with relief.

A moment later, Lucifer came to a halt beside them. He couldn’t believe how comforted he felt at seeing Beatrice safe and sound. He gently put his hand on Beatrice’s back to reassure her with his presence. She lifted her head to look at him and to Lucifer’s amazement, she released her mother of her hold and reach out to him with pleading eyes. Without even thinking twice about it, Lucifer took her in his arms and held her tightly. He had not noticed until now how much he had become attached to this tiny human. "You are safe now little one! I won’t let anything happen to you."
Beatrice continued crying more softly for a moment before looking up at him. "Daddy is in danger! I think it was one of your brothers." Lucifer was stunned for a second, confused as to how she got to that conclusion. Before he could think of a proper question, Beatrice continued. "A neighbour tried to get to dad but he said the fire was too strong. Please! Help him! I know you can."

Lucifer crossed Chloe’s gaze as to inform her of his decision then nodded to Beatrice. "But I can’t promise you anything. You understand that?" Trixie nodded enthusiastically. Amenadiel and Maze were beside them by now and had heard Trixie’s comment.

Amenadiel put his hand on Lucifer’s shoulder. "Brother, be careful, He could still be there."

"I will, but chances are he is long gone by now." Lucifer passed Beatrice back to Chloe who gave him Dan’s door number with some indications as to how to get there. Before he left he gave her a peck on the lips then ran inside.

On the first floor, Lucifer passed by firefighters who shouted at him to get back outside, but he didn’t even lose time answering them. He ran up the stairs two by two until he reached the last floor. The smoke was so tick it was difficult seeing a foot in front of him but he could see flames licking the walls of the corridors some meters in front of him. Thanks to his immortal condition, the smoke didn’t affect him. He reached a group of firefighters with their faces covered with oxygen masks who were spraying water on the walls of the corridor, trying to make an advance to reach the doors further down.

One of them saw him and tried to stop him. "Sir! Come back! There’s nobody down there we already checked! It’s too dangerous! You have to leave!"

"I believe I can’t do that." Lucifer said sternly. He dashed passed them and went through the smoked corridor and the flames. At first, only the wall on his left was on fire, but he could see that the end of the corridor was all lit with flames. He had now reached what he thought to be about the middle of the corridor and here the flames were reaching the ceiling. Dan’s apartment should be a little further. Even with the glow of the fire, it was difficult seeing through the dense smoke.

He was by now all drenched by the water sprays, which gave his cloths a small protection against the fire, at least one good news in all that mess. Finally, he had almost reached the last part of the corridor where the fire was the worst when he bumped into something. He looked down and saw a body. It was Dan! What were the chances? And yet, maybe chance had nothing to do with this. His brother had probably dumped Dan there to make sure he would survive, if only to insure He would not be responsible for his death and attract Dad’s attention. But the smoke here was so tick, Lucifer was not sure Dan could survive this for long, considering he was even still alive.

Lucifer lifted Dan up and proceeded to bring him back to where the air was more breathable. He thought the look of utter surprise on the firemen was almost funny when he came back to them with the body. Lucifer didn’t even bother to stop but instead hurried downstairs as fast as possible.

Paramedics almost ran to Lucifer when they spotted him getting out of the building with a victim. They rapidly took Dan from him to lie him down on a stretcher. Chloe and Beatrice also arrived at that moment.

Chloe took Dan’s hand in hers, calling his name. Seeing he was not reacting, she looked up at Lucifer. "Is he alive?" Her voice was breaking with apprehension. Beside her, Beatrice was looking at her father with terrified eyes without daring to touch him. On the other side of the stretcher, a paramedic was checking Dan over.

"I don’t know." Lucifer was afraid he had been too late. He put his hand reassuringly on Beatrice’s
shoulder to support her.

"I’ve got a pulse and he’s breathing faintly!" Said the paramedic. "Let’s get him to the ambulance fast. He needs oxygen."

With a moan of relief, Trixie threw herself at Dan. "Daddy! Daddy!"

Chloe quickly took her daughter in her arms so the paramedics could take Dan in charge. "Come baby, they’re going to take care of him now." Trixie buried her head in Chloe’s arm pit and started crying again, with tears of relief this time. Chloe looked up at Lucifer and smiled for the first time since the beginning of this ordeal. She mouthed softly. "Thank you!"

Lucifer felt indescribably relieved at the news of Dan being alive. He walked to Chloe and embraced her and Beatrice in a comforting hold. He rested his chin on Chloe’s head and kissed her hair. He was conscious that he had been terribly lucky. Beatrice and Dan could have died and it would have been his fault. He knew he had brought that on them only by being in their lives.

But the true responsible was Michael, he reminded himself. Lucifer’s guilt faded slowly to make place to hate and fury. He already wanted to kill the feather prick for hurting Chloe, but to endanger the child, to traumatis his beloved little human, it was more than he could take. As for Dan, well, Lucifer had to admit he had gotten fond of the bastard. Dan was a part of his life now and no one had the right to touch the man to get to him. Lucifer made a silent promise to take his time once he put his hands on his bastard brother. He suddenly realised that Chloe was looking at him with a concerned frown.

Chloe didn’t like that look in his eyes. He looked tormented and it was as if she could see the Devil stirring and rising slowly inside him. "Are you okay Lucifer? You look like you’re going to do something incredibly stupid."

Without thinking, Lucifer answered the first thing on his mind. "Torturing someone to death isn’t something stupid. It requires time and patience, and a lot of practice."

The way he said it made Chloe’s hair stand on the back of her neck. "Lucifer, please!" She looked silently at Trixie to make him understand it wasn’t an acceptable topic for a child to hear.

"Oh! Sorry!" Lucifer was himself surprise at what he had said. He would have to be cautious of his words in the near future because he was certain his dark thoughts were not going to dissipate until he got the job done. He spotted Amenadiel and Maze who were hovering behind them. "Why don’t you follow Daniel to the ambulance with Beatrice? I’ll join you in a minute Love."

"Okay! Come sweetie! We’ll see daddy before they bring him to the hospital." Unsure about his state of mind, Chloe looked at Lucifer a few more seconds. His dangerous gaze had lifted, but she felt a dormant fire still lying inside him. She didn’t like it at all. Who knew what he could do if he felt guilty about all that happened? With that thought, she took his hand and squeezed it. "You know you’re not responsible for that? Right?" Lucifer only smiled tightly without answering. "You can’t feel responsible for your brother’s actions. He is the only one responsible here. You hear me?"

"Thank you Chloe for saying that." He kissed her lightly on her lips.

He looked calmer but it didn’t mean anything. Chloe sighed before turning toward the ambulance and pulling Beatrice with her to go check on Dan.

Lucifer watched them walk to the ambulance, marveling at the fact that Chloe didn’t hate him for
endangering her daughter. That woman was a wonder! Maybe she didn’t, but he certainly did hate himself for it. He shook his head at the thought and turned to Amenadiel, ready to answer his silent questions. "I didn’t see him if that’s what you want to know, neither did I sense him. I think he dumped Daniel in the corridor so he wouldn’t be responsible for his death. But I don’t know how long Dan stayed unconscious in that smoky hallway. I hope it wasn’t too long and that the damages to his lungs are not too extensive. You can pray if you want, it can’t harm."

"Maybe I will." Amenadiel stayed silent for a few seconds. "As for Beatrice, I think she will be alright. She is a strong kid you know, she’ll pull through." Amenadiel just hoped she really was strong enough.

Lucifer wanted so much to believe it. "But she’s been through so much in the last year. How much can a kid take before breaking down?"

Amenadiel had no answer to that, but Maze interrupted his thoughts. "I’ll make sure she doesn’t break down. I promise you that Lucifer. I’m always there for her. She’ll get through."

Lucifer smiled softly at Maze. "I know you have her back. She is lucky to have you."

The paramedics didn’t waste time before leaving the scene with Daniel. They all followed the ambulance in Chloe’s car to the hospital to make sure Dan would survive. It took a few hours of stressful waiting before they got the insurance from the doctor that he would indeed make it. They still had to wait a little more before they could go to his bedside. Trixie didn’t want to leave before seeing her dad and Chloe had to admit that she herself didn’t want it either.

Maze and Amenadiel were talking softly a little farther. Numerous colleagues from the precinct were also present, waiting for fresh news of Dan’s condition. Lucifer’s arm was around Chloe and she were leaning against his shoulder, both seated on the uncomfortable plastic chairs of the waiting room. Trixie had settled herself in Lucifer’s lap, holding him tightly, her eyes now closed. Her daughter seemed to find more comfort in Lucifer’s arms, maybe she felt safer with him. Chloe could understand that, she herself always felt safer in his arms. The strangest thing was that Lucifer didn’t even seem uncomfortable with the proximity. If she didn’t know better, she would almost have thought that he seemed to appreciate the closeness. Chloe smiled fondly at the picture, Lucifer, the Devil, holding his two human girls lovingly. What a sight!

She realised she wasn’t the only one looking at the sight. Her colleagues were glancing discretely at them from time to time, probably wondering what was going on between Lucifer and herself. Let them know, she thought. She didn’t care anymore if everybody knew about their relationship. It was none of their business. As if Lucifer could read her thoughts, he choose this moment to kiss her head. She looked up at him lovingly and reached to him with her lips. He got the cue and lowered his head to kiss her lightly. It was a chaste kiss but filled with love and caring. She lingered there against his lips for a few seconds, as if to make a statement to her colleagues and to Lucifer too. Understanding crossed Lucifer’s gaze and he smiled fondly.

"I got the approbation in less than a week! I was willing to wait for two, but I’m not complaining. Does this mean you won’t change your mind?" He teased.

Chloe chuckled. "You already know you’re stuck with me for as long as I live. If you hadn’t catch on that yet you are a slow learner."

Lucifer beamed at her. "I got that impression a couple of times by now indeed." He kissed her one last time briefly before leaning his head back against hers. They enjoyed each other’s presence in silence for a long moment.
Chloe watched her little girl fondly. She was so smart and strong! She thought back about what Trixie had said to her in the car on the ride to the hospital. Trixie had looked at her sadly and touched her bruised neck through the scarf. With knowing eyes, Trixie had shocked her with her question. "Did He hurt you much mommy?" Chloe had been speechless for a moment. How could she know about it? How did she deduced that much? Not wanting to insult her intelligence with a lie, Chloe had answered her honestly. "Not that much baby. It looks worse than it is. I'll be okay. Don’t worry about it please." Trixie had looked relieved at her answer. But Chloe was afraid as to how all the stress and horrific events had and would still affect her little girl. Her being too smart for her age didn’t help either.

An hour or so ago, a police officer that Chloe knew came to interrogate Trixie about what happened. Chloe categorically refused to let him question her daughter, claiming that she was still in shock. Truth is, of course she was afraid this could add to Trixie’s stress but she also didn’t want to take the chance of her talking about an angel attacking her dad. Anyway, it wasn’t as if the cops could catch the guy. They would have to wait until Dan woke up to get a statement.

Chloe’s thoughts turned back to Dan. "By the way, thanks again for saving Dan’s life. I know you haven’t always look eye to eye with each other."

Lucifer sounded surprised by her words. "You don’t have to thank me Chloe. Even if it wasn’t consciously, I realise I’ve been thinking of him as a friend for some times now. And if it wasn’t enough, I know how important he is to you and little Beatrice. I wouldn’t want you both to go through that kind of loss." Chloe hugged him lovingly as answer.

Not long after, they were allowed to go see Dan who were still out of it. Amenadiel insisted on staying himself beside Dan until he woke up. "It’s my brother who did this after all." He sounded sad and ashamed.

Lucifer thanked him warmly, being glad to be able to bring his girls home himself and be with them tonight. "Just call us when he wakes up. We’ll come back early this morning anyway, whether he does or not." He added.

Once at Chloe’s, Lucifer went into the shower while Chloe put an exhausted Trixie to bed. Trixie had been fearful to go to bed alone, but at least she wasn’t crying anymore. Chloe’s heart had broken at seeing her daughter so fearful. Time can heal a lot of things she reminded herself. And if not, she could always have her daughter consult with Linda. That thought comforted her. That was a very good idea, she would have to think about it seriously, later. For now, she needed sleep. It was almost 3 o’clock in the morning and her night was going to be short.

When Lucifer came out of the shower, Chloe was already in bed in her pyjama although she was still awake. Understanding it was one of those nights for cloths on and unlocked door, he put his pants on before joining her. She settled herself against him with her head on his shoulder. It was becoming a habit of hers to use him as a pillow, not that he minded.

After a moment of silence, Chloe asked him an unexpected question. "If Dan had died tonight, where do you think he would have gone?"

Lucifer hesitated. Should he tell her? Not wanting to hide anything from her anymore, he told her the truth. "My best bet is he would have ended up in Hell. I’m sorry. He killed a man in cold blood when he could have done differently."

Chloe sat up abruptly, as if angry at him. "But it was to save me!"

"I know that love. But I think the outcome could have been different, should have been different.
But what I think is not important. The most important is that Daniel believes he made a mistake. He knows that killing that man and hiding it was wrong." Chloe looked stunned, but somewhat resigned. What could she do about it anyway? "But the good news is, Daniel still has time now to redeem himself. He has his whole life in front of him to do better, and as I know him, I’m pretty sure he is going to win his ticket for Heaven before his time comes.

"You really think so?" Chloe sounded relieved.

"Yes I do!" He really did believe it.

Chloe stayed seated and lowered her eyes. "And what about me? I’ve killed many people in my life. Will I end up in Hell too?"

Lucifer propped himself up with his arms to get closer to her. "You belong in Heaven Chloe! Never doubt that! You have too pure a soul to end up anywhere else. Believe me, I know what I’m talking about."

She raised her eyes back to him. "How is it in Heaven?"

"Oh! You’ll like it! It’s boringly peaceful and serene." That made her chuckle. "And you’ll see your father again, and your loved ones will join you someday. You could even meet my favorite brothers, Gabriel and Raphaël. Try to avoid Michael though. And of course there’s Azrael who will bring you there in the first place. I’m sure you’ll like her. And who knows, I could even find a way to send you postcards for Christmas."

Her eyes turned sad. "But I won’t see you again, will I?"

Lucifer’s mouth hanged open for a few second before he found his voice back. "No! I was banished, for eternity." He smiled apologetically. "We only have this one lifetime, better make the best of it."

"But… I don’t want to be in Heaven for eternity if you’re not there!" Chloe was getting all worked up, as if it was about to happen.

"It might not be for eternity you know. You could always decide to reincarnate into an all knew body and have your memory wiped out. Then you wouldn’t remember me and could go on living."

"Reincarnate? Is that really possible?" Yet another thing she never believed in that ended up to be true.

He chuckled softly at her incredulity. "Of course it is, otherwise Heaven would be way too crowded don’t you think?"

"But… But, I don’t want to forget about you. And you, where will you go then, back in Hell?" She felt desperate.

He shook his head slowly, pensive. "Maybe, I don’t know yet. Or I could hang out around here for a couple of centuries. I’ll decide then."

Chloe’s eyes lightened up. "If you’re still here and I comeback, could you find me?"

Lucifer was stunned for a moment. He had never thought about that. "I believe I could… I still have some contacts up there after all. I could find out where you ended up! There’s a great idea!"

Chloe felt deeply relieved and smiled broadly. "Then you could seduce me again, explain
everything to me, and we could be together again."

His roguish grin finally appeared. "Just make sure you don’t end up in a man’s body. I do like men mind you, but it wouldn’t be the same."

"Yish!!! I’ll keep that in mind. And you, make sure I’m at least 21 years old when you come to me. I wouldn’t want my parents to freak out."

"Oh! I’m sure they will freak out anyway when a man apparently twice your age sinfully deprave you in all possible manners." He was in full seduction mode now.

Chloe dismissed his comment. "But seriously Lucifer, even if I don’t remember our past, tell me you’ll come back to me. There’s no way I could forget about the way I feel about you." She was dead serious about it.

Lucifer looked at her as seriously as she had been. "Chloe… I promise that whatever happens in the future, if… when we get separated, I’ll do everything in my power to find my way back to you. Even if it takes a century, I’ll find you." As an afterthought he added. "But I hope it won’t take that long, I’m not used to practicing abstinence."

Of course he had to add a joke to it she thought. That was one of the things she liked about him after all. She embraced him fiercely when a thought crossed her mind. "That was nice of you to add the abstinence part in your promise, I would never have dared to ask."

He pushed her gently away. "Wait a minute! Did I just willingly promised you years of abstinence when you didn’t even asked for it?"

Chloe smiled proudly. "Afraid so!"

He dropped back against the pillows. "I can’t believe this!

Chloe lowered herself above him with a teasing smile. "And you know, you can already start practicing, because tonight, I need my sleep Love."

"You will be the death of me woman!" He pouted.

At that moment they were interrupted by a soft knock on the door. Trixie came in shyly with tears in her eyes.

"Mommy I can’t sleep!" Her lower lip was trembling.

Chloe stood up abruptly. "Come on baby I’ll go to bed with you."

"Why don’t you join us for the night Beatrice? There’s enough place for three." Lucifer said nonchalantly.

Chloe’s mouth dropped open. She could not believe her ears. Before she could say anything, Trixie was already running to the bed, all smiles. Chloe finally gained back her senses. "You sure about this?"

"No! But if I have to start PRACTICING…" And he emphasized the word. "I better put a buffer between us to help me."

He really was amazing Chloe thought. "I love you!"

"You better! With what I just promised you!" He tried and failed to look miserable.
Trixie had already settled herself in the middle of the bed and Lucifer didn’t seem to mind, so Chloe spooned up behind Trixie, facing Lucifer. Beatrice was beaming at him, all tears forgotten. Lucifer switched the bedside lamp off before finding a comfortable position, his arm around his girls with his hand resting against Chloe’s back. They all fell asleep quickly with half-smiles of contentment.

Chapter End Notes

As always, this chapter was longer than expected, so Trixie’s little secrets will come out in the next. I hope you liked it. PLEASE! Write me some COMMENTS! I crave it!
The first thing he became aware of was the deep burning sensation in his chest that increased each time he tried to breathe. It was as if his lungs were on fire. His mind was too dazed to understand what was happening. Consciousness slowly reached his brain and other senses started working again. First, his sight told him it was day time, for he could see light even through his closed eyelids. Second, there were people talking farther away, as if in another room, and there were unusual sounds around him he could not quite place. Then he felt something over his face with a fresh sensation of a breeze blowing into his mouth and nose. He reached for it and tried to take it off when he felt a hand close over his to stop his action.

A deep and calm voice spoke. "It’s important you keep it on. Your lungs have been damaged so you will need humidified oxygen for a time."

Daniel opened his eyes suddenly to look at the man above him. Memories of the previous night all came back to him in a rush and he flinched away reflexively in fear. "Stay away from me!" He snapped.

Amenadiel looked pained at hearing Dan’s words but complied and sat down back in his seat beside the bed.

Then Dan sat abruptly in bed as if in panic. "Trixie! Is she alright?"

Amenadiel quickly reassured him. "She is fine. She wasn’t harmed and is now with her mother, safe." It seemed to calm Daniel down a little as he lowered himself back on the pillow. They looked at each other for a time, neither wanting to speak first. Dan was eyeing him suspiciously, as if gauging him. By the way Daniel reacted to him, Amenadiel was quite certain he knew about his being an angel or being related to the attacker at the least, and so he took a leap and spoke. "I’m sorry for what my brother did to you. I can assure you we are not all like that in the family."

"So you are not going to try to strangle or threaten me?" Daniel seemed dubious.

"Of course not. I’m a friend of yours and Chloe. I’m here to protect you Daniel." Seeing that Dan was not going to answer to that, Amenadiel continued, but stayed cautious with his words. "How did you find out about me?"

Dan’s eyebrows lifted up incredulously. "He had fucking wings man! Two enormous fucking wings!" He didn’t add anything more, as if it explained everything. Well, it actually did.

Amenadiel sighed. "I believe you have a lot of questions now."

"I am not talking to you." Dan spat. "But there are a few words I have to say to Lucifer though."

The angry look in Dan’s eyes told Amenadiel he should not insist for now. "I’ll call him. He planned to come here with Chloe and Beatrice early this morning anyway." At the mention of
Chloe and his daughter being with Lucifer, hatred flashed in Dan’s eyes for a moment. Amenadiel shook his head sadly at the sight then stood slowly and left the room to make his call and tell the nurses that Daniel was awake.

Lucifer opened his eyes to a dreadful sight. Two dark eyes were looking directly at him a few centimeters away from his face, as if about to attack. Old reflexes made him cringe away from it in self-preservation. Two rows of teeth were slowly revealed from its mouth as the thing smiled maliciously at him. He was about to be eaten alive!

"Good morning Lucifer!" Said a beaming Beatrice.

Lucifer tried to come down from his shock with dignity by taking a few deep breaths. It was only the spawn! Nothing to worry about, right? It had never bite him, yet. He relaxed a little but stayed alert for any sign of an imminent attack. "Were you watching me sleeping?" He inquired.

Beatrice nodded enthusiastically. "Hum! Hum!"

He grimaced. "That’s creepy!"

She giggled happily. "You’re so funny Lucifer!"

Lucifer saw Chloe turn around towards them and grab Trixie around the waist from behind to draw her away from him a little. "Monkey don’t bother Lucifer. He just woke up. He may not be ready to face something as dangerous as you yet."

"Ha! Ha! Very funny!" He replied sarcastically. Too late for his dignity he thought.

Chloe reached up with her hand to caress his cheek. "Morning Love!"

Her sweet smile made him forget all about his creepy awakening. He relaxed some more under her touch and automatically smiling back at her.

He put his hand over hers and turned it enough to kiss her palm tenderly. "Morning Baby!"

"Are you making pancakes again?" Asked Trixie expectantly.

"I knew you looked hungry!" He recoiled a little. "I’ll give you anything you want but don’t bite me please!" He said very seriously.

Trixie wriggled her eyebrows, thinking she had just found a new leverage with him. "Only if you make me pancakes then."

After breakfast, with pancakes, Lucifer cleaned up the kitchen while Chloe went to take a bath. Maze had not woken up yet and knowing her, he didn’t expect her to do so before the afternoon. Over the table, Beatrice was occupying herself with drawing with coloured pencils. Lucifer heard her walk towards him quietly after a moment. Still a little bit on edge with the way she woke him up this morning, Lucifer turned to her uneasily. "Yes child, what is it?"

She smiled shyly at him. "I made you a gift. To thank you for saving my dad’s life." And she handed him a drawing.

Lucifer sighed. He reminded himself that he should act as if thankful of the gift. After all, the child was doing her best. It was not her fault if she was so not artistically talented. So he took the drawing and looked at it. A smile slowly appeared on his face. Indeed the quality was poor, but the picture was actually quite funny. One of the protagonist, definitely himself, for he was wearing a
black suit with short black hair, was apparently punching someone in the face, a blond guy with big huge wings.

"Nicely done spawn! I might actually put it on my fridge." Lucifer said, sounding pleased.

Trixie beamed proudly. "I’m glad you like it!"

Lucifer looked at the drawing some more, a nagging feeling telling him something about it was strange. Then he realised what it was. "Did you actually see the wings or did you deduced he was an angel?" He asked, trying to sound calm. But the possibility he envisioned here was making him very excited.

Beatrice fidgeted, clearly uncomfortable with the topic. "No, I haven’t really seen it…"

"Would it have to do with those colours you drew around us?" He inquired.

"Maybe…" She turned her gaze away, as if uneasy to speak about it.

Trixie had drawn a bunch of colours around both characters, as if it was radiating from them. The angel’s colours were mostly black and dark red with a bit of gold. Lucifer’s character had a mixture of several colours, mainly gold, white and bright red, with some orange and different shades of yellows. "Is that really how I look? He asked in awe.

Seeing that Lucifer seemed more interested than disturbed, Trixie started explaining shyly. "Yes! But your colours have changed a lot since the day I met you, which is strange, since people usually don’t change that fast and that much. At first, you were surrounded by a mixture of clouded and bright colours, mostly black and red with some orange through it and the gold was also there of course, but not as bright as now. You were clearly tormented but full of life and passion." The shyness was all gone in her tone and she was now speaking excitedly as if too happy to be able to share her knowledge with someone. "It was the first time I met someone with gold around him, except for my mom of course. And now there’s also Amenadiel and Maze… and that new nasty angel." She grimaced at the thought. "But I don’t know what gold means. Do you?" She asked expectantly.

He smiled at her warmly. "Yes I do. It means that this person is protected by divine forces. Is this why you trusted Maze and I from the start?" A lot was starting to make sense to him about her sensitivity and perception.

"Yes! At the time, I figured, since mom had gold and was so good a person, then it should mean that Maze and you were also good. But now I’m not so sure it was a good assumption, seeing how bad that angel was." The look on her face told Lucifer that Beatrice’s thoughts were drifting towards bad memories.

Lucifer brought her back to the current topic. "But how did you know He was an angel and not a demon like Maze or even only human?"

Beatrice seemed to gather her thoughts before answering. "Because Maze’s colours are somehow… I’m not sure how to put it, fainter? As if they are not as strong as other people. But the bad angel was not like that. His colours were very strong, but also very dark and clouded. He looked even more tormented then you were when I first met you. And he is definitely a very bad person. But the gold around him made me think he could be an angel like you and Amenadiel, since it’s so rare in humans. And there was also that creepy way he looked and talked that didn’t seem quite human."
Lucifer was amazed. "You are a very intelligent little girl, and a very gifted one." She smiled proudly at the compliment. "Just so you know, Maze’s colours look fainter, as do all demons, because she has no souls."

Beatrice drew a breath of surprise. "You mean that what I see is the colours of the souls?"

"Humm! Yes, and no. What you see, which we call aura, is more about the energy emanating off people. The presence of a soul provides more colourful energy since of course the soul affects the colours, but the state of mind affects it too as does the emotions of the being, if somehow in a fainter way." It was difficult for him to explain it simply.

Beatrice brighten. "That must be why I can sometimes read people’s emotions when their feelings are very strong."

"You can do that too? A very useful talent without a doubt." He looked at the drawing again and at something that disturbed him even more than anything else he had heard in the last minutes. "But are you certain you see white and yellow around me now? For it definitely wasn’t there before."

Beatrice nodded with vehemence. "Oh yes! Lots of it now. White is very rare you know, I saw it only around very good persons, like my mommy. And the yellow around you is new too, different shades of yellows I usually only see in very serene persons, like religious people or those who look very at peace with themselves." Then she added as an afterthought. "I think it fits with your new calmness and general sense of peace."

To say that Lucifer was surprised was an understatement. "Me, at peace?"

She nodded again with a happy smile. "You certainly look that way and colours never lie you know. But can’t you see it yourself since you’re an angel and all?"

"No I can’t! What I can do is look directly into a soul, but the experience is not a very good one for those who suffer it. Your talent is way cooler little one." Beatrice giggled at that. "Your gift is very rare among humans and only a few angels have it. Among those is my baby sister, Azrael. You two are very alike, come to think of it. She too is very sensitive and has a kind heart like you."

Another thought crossed his mind. "Your mother doesn’t know about this, does she?" Beatrice shook her head shyly. "Why haven’t you ever told her?"

"I didn’t want her to worry." Trixie looked down in embarrassment. "When I was little, I thought everyone saw it. But then, a few years ago, I talked about it with a friend at school and she laughed at me, saying if I told grown-ups about it, I would end up in a mental institute."

Lucifer lifted her chin up with his fingers and spoke reassuringly. "Beatrice, look at me." And she did, with unsure eyes. "There is nothing wrong with you child. You are unique and your mother knows that. There is no way she couldn’t accept this about you."

"You really think so?" She looked hopeful, clearly battling with emotions.

He smiled softly. "Absolutely certain. You want me to tell her about it myself?"

She nodded without speaking, visibly too emotional to do so, and threw herself at him, embracing him around the waist. He gave a start at the sudden move but regained his senses quickly. He patted her head awkwardly at first, but after a few seconds found himself holding her gently against him. "There there child! It’s gonna be okay. Maybe you should go and get ready to go see your father. I myself still have to take a shower."

Trixie released him. She smiled timidly with unshed tears in her eyes. "Okay! Thank you Lucifer."
He watched her dash up the stairs, thinking what a marvel she was. But he shouldn’t be so surprised, he thought, Beatrice was her mother’s daughter after all. Some divine attributes should be expected of her. The thought made him smile.

He quickly finished cleaning up the kitchen then went back to Chloe’s bedroom to wait for her. She was still in the bathroom but should be almost done by now. He sat comfortably in the armchair in the corner of the room and took a moment to digest what Beatrice had said. He knew he had changed over his years on Earth, especially since meeting Chloe, but he had never thought it could have been that much. Linda had noticed it and told him, Chloe too, but he’d always dismissed it, thinking it meant too little. But now he wondered. Could he have changed enough for his soul to start to be cleansed? The idea was trilling and terrifying at the same time. Who was he becoming?

Chloe came out of the bathroom with a towel around her to discover a musing Lucifer. He seemed too engrossed in his own thoughts to have noticed her yet. She started drying her hair with a second towel. "You should have come in and not wait for me to finish to take your shower." He looked up at her as if coming back from far away. "You okay Love?" She asked, a little bit concerned.

"Me? Yes, of course. Just thinking." And he smiled to reassure her.

"Right!..." As if he would tell her anyway if something bothered him. He was so secretive. She automatically felt bad for thinking that, since he had opened up to her so much in the last week. A guy had a right to some secrecy after all. There was no obligation for him to share everything with her just because they were intimate. She certainly kept some thoughts to herself. Why couldn’t he? That’s when she saw that Lucifer was holding something in his hands. She narrowed her eyes at it. "What is this?"

"Oh! That! Just a little gift from your daughter. Wanna see?" He smiled at her enigmatically.

Intrigued, Chloe walked to him. "Sure!" She took the drawing and looked at it for a few seconds before exploding into laughter. "I’m looking forward to see that happening in real life." She handed it back to him but he didn’t take it.

He chuckled at her reaction but quickly became serious again. "What else do you see in this drawing?"

Where was he going with this? But instead of saying that, she humoured him and took another look at the drawing and saw it. "Oh! She started again colouring people as she did when she was little. I hope she is not reversing as a reaction to the great amount of stress she went through." Chloe started worrying again for her little girl.

He reassured her quickly "No she is not! Don’t worry about that, she is doing great! What I wanted to point to you is the fact that your daughter can see auras."

"What?" After the first shock of his statement, Chloe smiled with a shake of her head. "Lucifer, this is only the way she used to draw when she was a little kid, it has nothing to do with auras. Trixie is just a normal kid."

"Beatrice is a very special child, because she is your daughter!" Chloe smiled at the compliment. "But also because she really can see auras. She told me so herself and there is no way she could have made up everything she told me about it and the meaning of the different colours."

Chloe was astounded. "She told you that?" She spoke only in a whisper.
"Yes! And she had a lot to say about it. She agreed for me to tell you, but she is still worried of the way you are going to take it." He warned her.

"Why? Why couldn’t she tell me herself? Why was she afraid to tell me? I’m her mother!" It was almost too much to process for Chloe.

He reached out to take her hand in both of his. "That’s exactly why. She didn’t want you to worry about her. And there was also the prospect of ending up in an asylum that kept her from talking about it."

Chloe’s eyes widened. "I would never do that to her!"

He patted her hand understandingly. "Of course not! But adults are not renowned for their open mind as you know and she was told something of the sort by another kid the only time she opened up about it."

Chloe sighed. "I guess, I’m not the most open minded about the esoteric either. So I can’t really blame her for not confiding in me."

He smiled teasingly at her. "After having accepted who I really am, accepting that your daughter can see auras should seem like a walk in a park. Don’t you think?"

She chuckled. "Yeah! You’re right! And it won’t change how special she has always been to me."

"Thank you, for being there for her, and for me."

He stood up abruptly and helped her up on her feet. He pulled her by her hand towards the adjacent bathroom. She followed him, too dazed by the rush of hormones to make any protest. Once in the bathroom, Lucifer locked the door and started the shower to make a background noise.

His mouth found her eager one again and they kissed hungrily while Lucifer sat her up beside the sink. He took her breath away with a devastating kiss. "There is nothing that will stop me from taking you now!" His eyes were hooded with lust.

He stood up abruptly and helped her up on her feet. He pulled her by her hand towards the adjacent bathroom. She followed him, too dazed by the rush of hormones to make any protest. Once in the bathroom, Lucifer locked the door and started the shower to make a background noise.

His mouth found her eager one again and they kissed hungrily while Lucifer sat her up beside the sink. Already panting, Chloe reached down to push down his pants. The last time she had him in her was more than 24 hours ago. Way too long. She needed this as much as he did. She broke the kiss for a second. "Don’t go easy on me. I’m feeling better." And she really did. Her neck was less stiff and the pain had lessen enough to be more comfortable. She took his member in her hand and placed it at her opening. They didn’t have time to play around. They probably only had a few minutes before Trixie asked for her. Lucifer knew it too and dived in her as soon as he had the chance.

The feel of him inside her was always amazing but to see, to feel, the amount of lust she could conjure in him at that moment was intoxicating. He buried a hand in her hair at the back of her
neck to keep her mouth against his and steadied her hips with his other hand on her lower back. She crossed her ankles behind his back to stay in place and rocked her hips to his rhythm. Lucifer had listen to her and was trusting in her forcefully. They kept their mouths locked together to prevent their moans from escaping. She came quickly in a couple of minutes but it took a little longer for Lucifer to get there. As much as he was excited and on the verge of ecstasy, Lucifer wanted to drag it a little longer to bath in the feel of her. So he resisted the pull to explode as long as possible. About a minute after she had run her orgasm off, he finally lost control over himself and finished with a few rough strokes and a deep moan. The rush of adrenaline sent him shaking on unsteady legs. He had to steady himself against Chloe to not fall off for a moment while they caught their breaths.

Still sheathed deep inside her, Lucifer kissed her languorously below the ear. "See what a night of abstinence away from your body does to me Love? Longer than that and you might not survive this." He admonished her.

"Consider me warned. But it felt just perfect." She turned his head to look at him. "That actually felt heavenly. How can this feel so good?" She purred before kissing him deeply.

He kissed her back passionately before answering. "Because I’m even better at this than God himself." He seemed very confident about it.

She chuckled. "Always the humble type I see. But you’re probably right. I’ll just take your word for it."

Chloe had to wash again after that so she went with Lucifer in the shower with a promise from him to change her bandage himself afterwards. They didn’t linger in there too long though and quickly prepared to leave for the hospital. It was almost 10 o’clock and they were nearly ready to go when Lucifer got a phone call from Amenadiel. Chloe had no idea what was said over the phone since Lucifer was only occasionally answering with a simple «okay» or «good». So she waited expectantly for their conversation to end. When Lucifer hanged off his cell phone, he sighed deeply.

"What is it? Is Dan okay?" She was afraid he had bad news to deliver.

"Oh! Yes! Daniel seems to be doing fine. He just woke up actually." He passed a hand in his hair unsteadily.

"Then what is it? Please tell me!" She was getting nervous.

"He knows about me!" He stated simply.

"Oh!" What else could she say?

"And he wants to talk to me. He looks apparently very angry and refuses to speak with Amenadiel. That doesn’t sound very good." He shook his head sadly.

"I’m sure he’ll come around. He knows you’re a good man." She squeezed his hand supportively. But she knew that Lucifer would not be the only one to have a difficult talk with Dan and she was not looking forward to it either.

When ready to leave, Chloe went upstairs to look for her daughter who had been very quiet during the last hour. She pushed Trixie’s door open and peered inside. Beatrice looked up to her from where she was sitting on her bed with a book in her hands. She seemed almost shy and tried to avoid her gaze as much as possible.
Chloe walked to the bed and sat beside her. "You okay sweetie?"

Trixie looked down at her book. "Yeah! Sure!"

Not wanting to make her daughter wonder any longer about her reaction, Chloe went straight to the point. "Lucifer told me, and I think it’s pretty cool. It’s like having a super power or something."

Trixie finally looked directly at her. "You really think so?" The insecurity in her voice broke Chloe’s heart.

Chloe took both of her daughter’s hands in hers. "Yeah I do Monkey! You are my daughter and I will always accept who you are. Never be afraid to tell me anything. Okay?"

A smile finally appeared on Trixie’s face. "Okay!"

That smile warmed Chloe’s heart. "Can I ask you a favor though?"

Trixie was intrigued. "Of course!"

Chloe shoved her daughter’s shoulder playfully. "Could you make a drawing of my aura someday? I’m very curious to see what I look like."

Trixie could not hold back a smile of pride. "Sure! You’ll see, yours really is the prettiest."

Chloe took her daughter in her arms for a big hug. "I love you Monkey!"

"Love you too mommy!"

Chapter End Notes

I had this idea about auras almost from the beginning of this story. I was looking forward to write it. The interpretation of the colours are just, following what I read on the net about it. I just hope it came out well enough to be interesting and believable in this story. Please write me a Comment to tell me what you think about that chapter. Thanks for reading me!
The ride to the hospital was made in silence. Lucifer and Chloe were both lost in their thoughts, wondering how their talk with Dan would go. Beatrice had been ecstatic to learn that her father was awake, but even she was now very quiet, probably feeling, or rather seeing, thought Chloe, still amazed of her new found daughter’s talent, that the adults were anxious about something.

Once they arrived in view of Dan’s room, they spotted Amenadiel pacing in the corridor and went to him.

Chloe took Amenadiel by surprise by hugging him and depositing a light kiss on his cheek. "Thank you for watching over him last night. You’re an angel!"

Amenadiel chuckled softly. "Not according to everyone lately but you’re welcome."

"So, how is he? Is it bad?" She was obviously talking about more than just the physical side.

Amenadiel seemed to catch on her meaning because he answered both concerns. "Well, he is bruised all over his body from his fight with my brother, but nothing is broken. He also has second degree burns on his face and arms probably because of the intensity of the fire and his lungs have suffered a bit from the smoke, but the doctor say he should not keep any permanent damage."

Chloe released a breath of relief at the good news. "The worst is his state of mind. I don’t know what’s going on in there but he looks ready to bite off someone’s head."

"I believe that head is mine!" Interrupted Lucifer, somber.

Chloe put a hand lightly on Lucifer’s torso. "Maybe I should go talk to him first before you go in there, to calm him down a little."

Lucifer grimaced. "If you think it’s best. But I don’t like the idea of you taking all the blames first."

A little smile played on her lips. For a selfish bastard, Lucifer was very good at thinking about her first lately. "I’m thankful for your concerns, but yes, I really think it would be best. And besides,
Dan should see Beatrice first before we get into the hard part and I’m quite ready to answer to him about any of my decisions. So don’t concern yourself too much about me okay."

He displayed a forced smile and kissed her softly on her lips. "Okay then! I’ll be here when you think he is ready to see me or if you need rescuing." He finished with a grimace.

"Can we go now?" Asked a very impatient looking Trixie.

"Yeah Monkey! Come on!" Chloe took her daughter’s hand and stirred her toward Dan’s room, bracing herself for the storm she was about to face.

When they entered the room, Dan was looking out the window with a musing look about him. His face appeared to be bright red with some blisters over it, at least on the side she was facing right now. Maybe the noise his oxygen mask was doing prevented him from hearing them arriving because he didn’t turn right away.

"DADDY!" Beatrice ran to her father and jumped into his bed to hug him.

Dan took off his oxygen mask and hugged her back fiercely. "Monkey! You’re really okay!" He said, with deep relief. His voice was a little bit hoarse, from the fire smoke probably.

"Of course I am! You saved me! You’re my hero!" She was smiling from ear to ear.

"I don’t know about the hero part but there was no way I was going to let Him touch you."

"Sweetie! Be careful with your dad, he is hurt." Warned Chloe.

"It’s okay! I’m not hurting that much really, at least not on the outside." He kept looking lovingly at Beatrice, avoiding Chloe’s gaze she thought.

Beatrice settled herself in her dad’s arms and they both talked some more about everything and nothing while Dan was caressing her hair tenderly. Chloe sat on the chair beside the bed and kept silent the whole time to let them some needed time alone.

After a silence that stretched on, Dan finally turned his gaze to Chloe. She expected to see only anger in his eyes but was surprised to mostly see what? Uncertainty?

Dan took a deep breath before speaking. "Trixie baby, why don’t you go join Amenadiel outside? I believe he is still there. I have to talk to your mother about something important."

"Lucifer is also there. I’ll go wait with him." She said innocently.

Her father’s reaction to her statement startled her. On the surface he was trying to look impassive but he demonstrated an enormous burst of negative energy all around him.

Trixie watched him carefully. Usually, he was surrounded mainly by bright colors such as yellows and greens, a reflection of his artistic talents and his great communication skills. There was also other colors like some orange and red since he was somewhat a passionate and confident man. Also lately, since just before her parents’ divorce, other colors had appeared indicating jealousy and a fear of loss, such as cloudy green and lemon yellow. Come to think of it, those colors were always stronger when Lucifer was around. He had also started showing some black and clouded red negative energy, even some grey which she associated with difficulty to trust.

But what she was seeing right now concerned her greatly. Her father seemed to radiate negative energy as never before. He was very much distressed and angry. Earlier in the corridor, she had
heard Amenadiel, Lucifer and her mother talk about Dan being angry at Lucifer but she had dismissed it since there was no way her father could be angry at him since he had saved his life. Hadn’t Amenadiel told him so? She was not so sure now. But why would her dad be angry at Lucifer? Unless… Oh! She thought. He knows.

Trixie used her most scolding tone. "Daddy! You can’t be angry at Lucifer! He saved your life last night! He faced the fire and took you out. If it wasn’t for him you’d be dead. And besides, he is not dangerous. He loves us and would never harm us."

Dan’s jaw dropped. He wore a look of utter disbelief. He tried to answer something but nothing intelligible came out. A little smile of pride appeared at the corner of Chloe’s lips.

Glad of her effect, Trixie continued. "I’ll leave you two to talk, but don’t be silly Daddy!" With that, she left the room and closed the door behind her.

It took Dan a full minute after Trixie’s departure to recover from his shock and be able to talk again. "We have a very special little girl!" He said in awe.

"You have no idea," Answered Chloe enigmatically. Now was not the time to drop the news of their daughter’s special capabilities but she would have to tell him someday, soon.

Dan didn’t catch on her innuendo and went on with his disturbing thoughts. "Listen Chloe… there’s something I have to tell you. You’ll probably think I’m crazy and I couldn’t blame you but I’ll take the risk, it’s too important that you know about it, for your own safety and our daughter’s." He fidgeted in his bed, unsure how to say it.

Chloe thought she should take him out of his misery. "I know Dan!" She said softly.

He looked at her with a look of disbelief. "I very much doubt it Chloe."

"I am very well aware that Lucifer is the Devil. I have known it since before I got involved with him." She said it with a calm and assured voice.

Dan’s jaw dropped anew. At this rate, he was about to dislocate it thought Chloe. "Are you insane? You got intimate with the Devil himself knowingly? Endangering yourself and our daughter willingly?" He could not believe this.

Chloe tried to stay calm. "Lucifer is far from dangerous to us. He is a good person and he loves Trixie and me with all his heart."

He laughed hysterically. "A good person? Listen to yourself Chloe! He is the fucking Devil! He is nothing but evil!"

Chloe shook her head. "You’re wrong Dan. Most of what you’ve learned at church about him is complete bullshit. He made some mistakes in his existence, yes, but he is not evil. Quite the opposite in fact. He is kind and caring and always tries to do the right thing. You have no idea how much he cares about us, you included. He even saved your life last night. Doesn’t that count for something?"

Dan snorted. "I wouldn’t have needed any rescuing if it wasn’t for him in the first place. He is endangering us all by being in our lives. Shouldn’t he be in Hell or something?" He was getting angrier by the second.

That idea stung Chloe to the heart and she talked more fervently. "His place is here with us, not in Hell! You know him Dan, more than most. You know he is good. You just don’t want to believe it
because of all the crap you have been fed by the church. Look into yourself and you’ll know. I need you to believe in him.”

Dan shook his head stubbornly. "That being I met last night was wicked to the core, and he was an angel! Lucifer is the devil for Christ’s sake! There’s no way he could be good. He is manipulating you Chloe! He is lying to us all!"

Chloe was about to lose her temper. "Lucifer never lies! He is the most trustworthy and the most reliable person I have ever met." It hadn’t been her intention, but Chloe saw that her words were hurting Dan personally. "I trust him completely! With my life and Trixie’s, even with my soul…” Chloe saw him hesitating. "Now I need you to trust me Dan. To trust in my judgement. And I need you to not listen to your fears but to trust your instincts for once. Deep down you know Lucifer is good."

He kept silent for a moment. "I don’t know Chloe. This is too much. I keep thinking of Beatrice. If she knew about him she would freak out."

"She already knows!" Chloe said softly. Dan’s eyes grew wide. "She as known it for a long while I think. Our daughter is way more perceptive and open minded than we are."

"She knows?" He whispered. "And she is not afraid?"

"She loves and trusts him. And with good reasons. Lucifer adores her and would do anything for her. He can’t even refuse her the smallest thing. She really has him wrapped around her little finger." She chuckled softly at the thought.

"This is all crazy!" Dan closed his eyes and ran a hand through his hair.

Chloe took his other hand in hers. "I know! I’ve been through it. Give yourself some time to digest it all. It will help." Dan nodded lightly, eyes still closed. After a long moment of silence, Chloe asked him. "Are you ready to talk to him?" When he finally opened his eyes, he seemed unsure but agreed silently with a nod of his head. Chloe squeezed his hand and smiled encouragingly before leaving the room.

Dan’s thoughts were in turmoil. He didn’t know what to think anymore. Chloe was in love with the Devil. The freaking Devil! And there was nothing he could do about it. All he wanted was to protect Chloe and his daughter, but things were not as simple as he had thought they were. What was he going to do? And here he was, about to face the Devil himself. Who knew what the Devil was about to do to him, now that Dan knew his identity. He expected Lucifer to come in wearing his usual smug face, so full of himself, ready to threaten him. He couldn’t have been farther from the truth.

Dan’s head snapped up the moment Lucifer entered the room. He was half turned away, taking great care of closing the door shut behind him. Dan’s heart was beating at an incredibly fast beat. Lucifer turned around slowly, eyes downcast. It took a moment for Dan to realise that Lucifer was… could he really be… nervous? Hands now in his pocket, Lucifer walked slowly to the foot of the bed and raised his eyes to Dan. He looked… ashamed!

They both looked at each other silently for a long moment, neither wanting to start the conversation first.

Lucifer finally took the initiative. "I’m so sorry for what happened Daniel! I never thought my brother would lash out at the little one and you. I had no idea he could get so low. I… I feel… horrible!"
"Good for you!" Dan said in anger, not knowing what else to say. Lucifer’s reaction was one of complete guilt. To say that Dan was shocked by Lucifer’s attitude was an understatement. He had never seen the man like that. The bastard was always so confident and pompous. "What do you want with us? Are you after Chloe’s and Trixie’s souls?" That was Dan’s greatest fear.

To Dan’s complete dismay, Lucifer laughed out loud. After taking back control over himself, Lucifer answered him. "I don’t deal in souls Daniel. I deal in desires! And there’s no deal going on between Chloe and me, or the child for that matter, even if there is a great deal of desire going on between Chloe and me. You might not believe this, and I’ll admit that I barely believe it myself, but I genuinely love Chloe and the little one. All I want is to be with them, and protect them. It’s as simple as that."

Lucifer looked so vulnerable in that instant with all his masks down. Dan could never doubt his words even if he tried to. "If you love them, then leave. Go back to Hell! It’s the only way for them to be safe."

Lucifer shook his head vehemently. "It’s not as simple as that Daniel. The angel who attacked you doesn’t only want me to go back to Hell, but he also wants something very powerful that could harm a lot of people. He could very well try again to use Chloe or Beatrice, or even you, to force me to give it to him if we find it at last."

"Are you talking about «The piece»?" Seeing the shock on Lucifer’s face Dan continued. "He asked me about it. He wanted to know if you had found it. That’s why he was after me. Seeing I had no idea what he was talking about, he got pissed. He also very much wants you back in Hell I can tell you that."

Lucifer got a distant look. "I should have thought about that possibility. I’m sorry. I should have protected you and young Beatrice. It won’t happen again. I will keep you safe."

"I don’t need your protection Lucifer!" Dan spat. "But you better protect Chloe and Beatrice from that damn angel! And once you find that «Piece», you should think seriously about going back to Hell and leave us be."

Lucifer had a bittersweet smile. "Believe me Daniel. I seriously thought of doing just that. But as incredible as that can sound, I came to believe that Chloe and Beatrice need me as much as I need them. I will do everything in my power to keep them safe, and if the time comes that I really think going back to Hell is the solution, I won’t hesitate a single second. That, I swear to you!"

Dan pondered that for a moment. He believed the man, but he needed more insurance. "But, can you promise me that you will keep them out of harm’s way?" It was a desperate hope Dan did not really believed in.

Lucifer hesitated. "Angels are not allowed to kill humans, that’s why you’re probably still alive. If my brother killed one, my Father… God, would know about it and punish him accordingly. But Michael can harm humans or one of you could get in the crossfire and get killed nonetheless. So the answer is no, I can’t promise you anything except that I would give up my life in a heartbeat before I let something bad happen to Chloe or Beatrice."

"That’s what I thought…" Dan said softly, without any anger left. In that instant, Dan promised himself that should Lucifer fail to protect them, he would, whatever the cost. Then he came aware of something Lucifer had just said. "Did you just say Michael? As in, the Archangel Michael?"

Dread took a hold of him.

"I’m afraid so. We are not a hundred percent sure but He would be my best bet."
Daniel laughed hysterically. "The Archangel Michael! The one who is renowned for having defeated you in Heaven. Oh! My God!"

Lucifer winced at the name. "Invoking my Father’s name won’t help you in the least. He won’t intervene, he never does. And don’t fret over that son of a bitch of Michael, his reputation far exceeds the reality. His victory over me was only circumstantial. I’ve always been stronger than him really." But Lucifer missed to mention that the truth in that last statement no longer applied since the day he had his wings cut off.

"God! Angels! Hell! It’s all true then!" It was not really a question but Lucifer nodded. "I must be going crazy!" Daniel’s eyes darted left and right, as if caught in a trap. He laughed some more, if somewhat sounding a little bit less insane than before. "I’m sure I will regret this, but I want to help find that thing and stop your brother. Then, will you be able to send «The piece» someplace safe?"

"Yes! I will make sure of it." Lucifer assured him. Things had gone way smoother with Daniel than Lucifer had feared. He wanted nothing more now than to end that conversation, but something still nagged at him. "So that’s all my brother wanted with you? To ask about «The piece»?" It was strange, since Lucifer and Daniel were in no way close and that there was absolutely no way he would have tell Daniel about it. But after all, Michael probably didn’t know about their real relationship and had just taken a chance there.

Daniel seemed taken aback by the question. "Yeah! That’s all! What else could he have wanted?"

"You’re right! There could be no other reason really." Strange, that small impression that Daniel was hiding something from him. Lucifer dismissed it quickly. After all, if there was something else important, Daniel would certainly tell him, right? Lucifer started to go but turned back to Daniel. "Thank you, Daniel, for trusting me."

"I wouldn’t go that far. Let’s just say I don’t have a lot of choices in this situation. Do I?" But there was no real animosity in Dan’s words.

Lucifer half-smiled. "Right! I guess I’ll take whatever you’re ready to give me. Take care Daniel." He left the room without a second glance.

It turned out that Dan refused Amenadiel’s protection or anyone else’s. He was certain to not be in danger anymore and refused to see reason. So they all went back to Chloe’s house.

They woke Maze for lunch then she and Amenadiel started their day of searching around the city for «The Piece», following Uriel’s whereabouts with their map.

Their assumption was that «The Piece» should probably be hidden in a place of strong negative or demonic energy to conceal it since positive and negative energy canceled each other. But even if they found the place, it would be difficult to localise the celestial object. Proof was, Michael had not sensed Azrael’s blade in Lucifer’s penthouse when he had searched around. The Devil’s lair really was the best place to hide celestial objects, considering the enormous amount of demonic energy emanating from the place even when Lucifer was not around. Thing was, Amenadiel and Charlotte had already searched around town for strong areas of energy in the last months. They had found some but no sign of celestial artefact. Their last chance was to look for small amounts of energy which was the most difficult thing to do. If the object was hidden in a place of almost the same amount of opposite energy, it would be very difficult, possibly even impossible to feel the area in the first place without tumbling directly into it, since the residual energy could be very small. And of course, «The Piece» could very well be hidden by wards. If it was the case, it would be absolutely impossible to find, but Uriel was not versed into that art which made them think it
So they were after any small amounts of energy, it being positive or negative or demonic. But it was a long and tedious job. When Amenadiel and Maze encountered an area of energy, it took a long moment to go around the perimeter and make sure there was nothing celestial hidden.

Meanwhile, Lucifer and Chloe stayed at home with Trixie. There was no way Chloe would send her daughter to school after what the child had been through the night before. Besides, Chloe was not ready for action yet. Her right arm still throbbed painfully and her neck also hurt even if it was getting better. Her voice sounded more and more normal however.

Lucifer and Chloe went through Uriel’s credit card statement to try and find some clues that could have been missed by Amenadiel and Charlotte, but with no result whatsoever. Chloe then had a good idea. She started going through the web to look for gruesome stories of killings or other horrible events taking place around town in the area they were searching. They then pinpointed the new found places on a copy of the map of Uriel’s movements and compared them to the areas Amenadiel and Charlotte had marked as having already been searched. Chloe was glad to see that most of the sites she found on the net had already been searched. The exercise gave her an idea of the kind of events that created the strongest negative energy. When she found new interesting areas she called Maze to give her the coordinates for a check over. Lucifer assisted her at times while continuing reading his oldest religious books for any hints about «The Piece».

Maze and Amenadiel stayed on the road all day until late into the evening. When the sun was about to set and sunlight was fading, they decided to finish their day with one last look at the hotel Uriel had stayed in. Amenadiel had already been there with his mom but not Maze, so there was still a chance she could find a lead there. They were both exhausted from concentrating so much all day and they were also getting a little bit on edge because of a strange feeling they had all day. Neither of them was quite sure what it was but they both had felt on many occasions as if they were watched. The feeling was always almost out of reach even when they backtracked to look for it. At times, Maze even had the impression to sense demonic vibes following her, which was illogical in the circumstances. Amenadiel was fairly certain it was not one of his brother but Maze was not so sure.

When they got into the hotel’s lobby, the strange feeling increased tenfold. On full alert mode, Maze immediately clasped her Hell’s daggers without getting them out from under her cloths. It was definitely a demonic vibe thought Maze. Amenadiel also sensed the evil vibe and both of them stopped in the middle of the lobby to scan warily their surroundings.

The place was full of people on this Thursday evening and it was difficult to get a good look at everyone. There were young and old couples, families with kids running around and little babies in their strollers. The idea of demons roaming around those humans gave Amenadiel nausea. Who knew what could happen to them if a fight was to be started here? They would have to deal with this situation very carefully.

After less than a minute of scanning the area, Maze spotted a beautiful woman who seemed to be walking directly towards them coming from the front desk. Her beauty was alluring and she had the demeanor of a queen. The closer she got to them, the stronger the demonic vibe increased. Maze had the feeling she knew that demon but the glamour around her was changing greatly the way she used to look like in Hell. The demon, because it could be nothing else for sure, had a white skin as pale as snow with long red curly hair. She was all clad in black leather and really looked out of place here around mere humans. It’s when she looked into those yellow-green eyes that Maze recognised her.
"Lilim!" She breathed and received a venomous smile from the demon as a confirmation.

The name had Amenadiel turn around to look in the same direction as Maze. "Shit!" He knew the name by reputation but had never met the being.

It became rapidly clear that the demon was not alone. Two male demons were flanking her with their hands on what appeared to be demonic daggers partly dissimulated behind their coats, and Amenadiel drew Maze’s gaze to two other female demons close to the entry behind them. They were greatly outnumbered and they knew it but they would still have a fighting chance considering their combat skills if it came to that.

Amenadiel whispered a warning to Maze. "Please! Try not to engage a fight in this place."

Maze startled at his words. "Do you really think I would endanger those kids?"

Amenadiel could not refrain a half-smile at her answer. Only a few months ago, his part time lover would never have even think twice about the fate of humans. There was not only Lucifer who was changing apparently. But he was not about to point it to her of course, unless he wanted to have his head torned off.

Lilim walked slowly to the duo and stopped in front of Maze, ignoring Amenadiel. "Well, well! What a nice surprise! I was hoping to tumble upon you Mazikeen. Your human appearance suits you my dear. You are ravishing!" Lilim licked her lips sensually while giving Maze’s body a once-over. Then she lowered her voice in a husky way and got a little bit closer to Maze. "I’ve missed our steamy encounters a lot!" That got Amenadiel’s attention alright. A wave of jealousy hit him. He didn’t like one bit the way the conversation was starting.

Maze’s first shock at seeing her old lover on Earth wore off and she came back to her senses. "Well, I have not! It was a long time ago Lilim, things have changed since then. What the Hell are you doing here and how did you get out of Hell?"

Lilim smiled wickedly. "Wouldn’t you like to know?"

Lilim walked slowly to the duo and stopped in front of Maze, ignoring Amenadiel. "Well, well! What a nice surprise! I was hoping to tumble upon you Mazikeen. Your human appearance suits you my dear. You are ravishing!" Lilim licked her lips sensually while giving Maze’s body a once-over. Then she lowered her voice in a husky way and got a little bit closer to Maze. "I’ve missed our steamy encounters a lot!" That got Amenadiel’s attention alright. A wave of jealousy hit him. He didn’t like one bit the way the conversation was starting.

Maze was at a loss. The great General of Hell’s army had sent demons on Earth, among which her own offspring? What the Hell was going on? One thing was clear, considering where they were at the moment, those demons were also after «The Piece». "Why do you want «The Piece»?"

Lilim started laughing with a crystal clear sound. "You really don’t know what that thing is do you? No, of course not! If you knew you would not have asked that. How funny it all gets! But don’t get your hopes too high! I’m not going to be the one who tells you about it." Sensing a little disappointment in Maze’s attitude she sensually closed the gap between them and approached her face an inch from Maze’s. "But I can make you an offer Love. Join us now before the party starts and I will make sure you get a place of choice in the new order of things. Lucifer is not worth it anymore, he got soft. Leave him and join us. We’ll have so much fun with those pitiful humans!"

With that Lilim licked languorously Maze’s cheek and let escape a purring sound.

Maze backed off instantly in disgust. "Are you crazy? This is mutiny! Lucifer will never allow you to succeed."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" The demon laughed harder. "Lucifer is too weak to stop us and besides, we
have celestial support in our quest. Nothing will stop us now!"

Lilim’s certitude in their future success rattled Maze’s confidence. A celestial support? Did it mean that Michael was working with the demons? That couldn’t be! "You’re following Michael’s orders?" She asked in disbelief.

The demon could not dissimulate he look of surprise at Maze’s words. "Who said it was Michael?" Then she smiled enigmatically before turning her gaze to Amenadiel. "I see you don’t have either a problem with working with angels. That one is not bad looking. Care to share?" She said, eyeing Amenadiel hungrily while licking her lips invitingly.

Amenadiel backed away in outrage and Mazikeen walked between the demon and her lover protectively. "Don’t even think about it Lilim! He is mine!" Maze spat menacingly. She was surprised at her own strong reaction regarding Amenadiel, but now was not the time to analyse it.

Lilim seemed delighted at her reaction. "I am enjoying this so much! You make my day Mazikeen! But unfortunately, as much as I would like to continue our little chat, I have to go now. So much places to go and search! Good luck to you! May the best man win! Or demon in that case." With a nod of her head, she gave her farewells. "Mazikeen! Angel! And with a sexy smile she walked past them and exited the hotel, followed by her demon bodyguards.

When the demons were well away from them and even the feel of demonic presence had dissipated, Amenadiel turned to Maze in a panic. "What the Hell was that! Heaven and Hell working together to bring mayhem to Earth! I can’t believe this!"

Maze was pensive for a moment. "It would seem so! Things seem be worse than we thought. But it might not be Michael after all…"

"What makes you think that?" Amenadiel had been feeling, or maybe just hoping, from the start that it could not be Michael but wishful thinking alone could not make it so.

She shook her head pensively. "I don’t know… Lilim seemed genuinely surprised when I mentioned Michael’s name. But I’m not sure. It might just be a false impression."

"Whatever it all means, we should go back at your place to tell Lucifer about it. We can come back here tomorrow to complete our search." Amenadiel was too restless from the encounter to continue searching tonight.

Maze acknowledged. "You’re right! We are done for the night. Let’s go back home!"

They were walking side by side and had almost reached Maze’s car when Amenadiel remembered something Maze had just said earlier. "So... Apparently I’m yours?" He asked with a smile, looking at her from the corner of his eye. The idea should have insulted him but he instead found himself liking the notion very much.

Maze rolled her eyes in an exasperated way but failed to hold back the red embarrassment that crept up in her cheeks. "Oh! Shut up! Will you!"

Chapter End Notes

I hope you had fun reading it. Please! Please! Comment this chapter to let me know if
liked it. Your feedbacks mean so much to me!
The tension in the car was palpable. Neither of them said a word for most of the ride back home. At first, Maze was gritting her teeth and hissing, looking ready to kill someone. Amenadiel was also lost in his dark thoughts, wondering about the signification of demons and angels working together.

After a time, he noticed that Maze had become dangerously silent so he turned to look at her. He was shocked to see a great amount of different emotions on her face. It was hard to read them though, considering that Maze rarely, if not ever, showed any emotion beside anger and lust. But right now, she looked… fragile and lost. The sight brought a feeling of panic inside him. He knew how to face the strong and fierce Maze but he had no idea how to deal with this unknown side of her. He tried to understand what might have prompted that complete change in her emotions considering she was looking so angry just a few minutes ago. Thinking back at their encounter with Lilim and what he had heard them say, a bad impression started growing inside him. Maybe Maze missed all that after all, her fellow demons, Lilim, Hell, and being an uncaring and vicious demon who took pleasure in torturing and killing. Amenadiel swallowed with difficulty.

"You are not seriously considering Lilim’s offer, are you?" He was holding his breath, afraid to hear her answer.

"What? No! Of course not!" She fidgeted in her seat and avoided looking at him.

His bad feeling increased. "Then why do you look so guilty?"

"I… I don’t… Grrrrrr!" She hissed. "Don’t you see that’s exactly the problem?" Now she looked angry. Good! Thought Amenadiel. He preferred her like that. "I don’t even feel tempted by Lilim’s offer! But I should!" Amenadiel kept silent, too surprised by her admission to find something suitable to answer. "I should be thrilled by the idea of bringing destruction and death among humans, of turning back to my most basic instincts and reveal in them. But I don’t and that scares me…" Her voice lowered to only a whisper. "I don’t recognise myself…"

Amenadiel took a few seconds to collect his thoughts. "Maze, don’t let your origin define who you are. You have the right to be whatever you want to be, and nobody, not Lilim, not Lucifer, nor even me, have a say in it. You too have freewill now." He knew exactly what he was talking about, him being still in the same process of redefining himself according to what he wanted and not what his Father wanted him to be.

Maze turned to look at him. He was right! She was free to choose her own path now that Lucifer had released her from her obligations towards him. But she had tagged along with Lucifer nonetheless since then, she wasn’t sure why. Was it out of habit, or friendship, or by fear of being alone? Hard to say. Introspection was not her strength to say the least.
"I don’t know what I want!" She said softly.

"What do your guts tell you?"

She hesitated only for a second. "That I want to stop them from whatever they are planning to do." She said with conviction.

He finally relaxed. "Good! That’s a good start!"

Maze knew that she had changed a lot since coming on Earth and she didn’t mind some of those changes, such as befriending Chloe and her child, Linda, even Ella. She was comfortable with feelings of wanting to care and protect someone. It felt strangely fulfilling, as it had felt when she was protecting Lucifer during all those millennia. Friendship was only a little bit different for it was not an obligation like it had been with Lucifer but from her own accord. Friendship was nice. She felt… good, with her friends. Her human friends. But how was it that her caring for a few humans had extended to her wanting to protect all of them. She didn’t know. Maybe it wasn’t that important to understand why. Amenadiel was right, she had to follow her guts. And her guts told her that humans deserved to be free and she was ready to insure that it stayed that way.

Come to think of it, she had already started taking her own new path, by making new friends but also with this bounty hunting job she was so good at. Yes, she was different than before in a way but she was quite comfortable with most of it actually. What she was less comfortable with was the way she felt with everything regarding her relationship with Amenadiel. To have hard and tough sex, she was very comfortable with, and very good at, she had to admit, but at times, sex with him was… different, deeper. She had no word to explain it. Amenadiel could make her feel… feelings. Different kind of feelings that tended to come back unannounced even when they were not having sex. And it was quite disturbing. When in his arms, sometimes, she could feel all soft and smooth, as if he could calm down the volcano lying in wait inside her. Other times, he could trigger an eruption of feelings just by looking at her with this intense gaze of his or by only touching her. He could make her feel…out of control, and she hated not being in control. He could even invade her thoughts at any time and make her feel all unsteady, wondering all kind of stupid things. Who would want to put themselves through that kind of ordeal willingly? It was torture! How weak she must have looked to Lilim by defending him and claiming him like that! He made her… vulnerable!

With a growl, she hit the brakes and pulled over to stop the car on the side of the highway. She turned to Amenadiel in rage and poked a finger forcefully in the middle of his torso repeatedly to emphasise each one of her words. "This is all your fault!" She was out of herself.

Amenadiel’s mouth dropped open in disbelief. "What? How the Hell did you get to that conclusion?"

"What a fool I must have looked to Lilim, acting like that! You are making me soft!" She was screaming at him now.

Amenadiel pondered that for a moment, not sure how to approach the beast in her fury. But God! How alluringly beautiful she looked in that moment. A rush of arousal hit him like a wave. He had to answer her now while he still could before losing it all together. "Soft? If you want my opinion I’d rather say you looked fierce and dangerous back there. That made quite an impression on me."

He saw the fire in her eyes die out slowly. "Fierce?" She asked, unsure.

"Oh! Yeah!" He nodded vigorously for emphasis.
"I can deal with «fierce»!" She answered with a musing look.

"I can deal with it too!" He assured.

Maze looked at him with a new fire in her eyes that made him swallow with anticipation. She all but jumped on him like the beast she was and devoured his lips in an all-consuming kiss. Straddling him, she bit and licked his lips thoroughly as he did hers in response. She really could summon his most basic instincts and he delighted in it. Surprising her by taking the lead, he started unzipping her pants and pushing it down. With a feral smile, she took her pants and panties off with a contortion that only she could achieve in so small a place while Amenadiel pushed his own pants down enough to liberate his hard and throbbing member. The coupling that followed was fast and rough and left them breathless and drenched in sweat.

"I really don’t mind being yours you know." He said softly, after she had been holding him for a time in stillness, her cheek against his head, still catching her breathe.

She pulled away slightly to look at him. "Careful what you wish for! I can be merciless!" She warned dangerously.

"Oooooh! I certainly hope so!" He answered, with a lascivious grin.

Lucifer was fuming, walking to and fro in the dining room, unable to contain his rage. Maze, Amenadiel, and Chloe were seated at the table silently, exchanging worried glances. Maze had just explained in details what happened back at the hotel and now Lucifer seemed ready to snap. "What the Hell is going on down there? If I put my hands on Michael or Lilith and her spawn, I’m gonna rip them apart and torture them myself for eternity!"

Maze tried to calm him down. "If it can appease you a little, I don’t think it is Michael who is leading them. It could very well be Vasariah after all."

"Are you talking about that look of surprise Lilim showed when you mentioned Michael’s name? Come on! You know how deceptive this little bitch can be! She was just trying to mix things up. Who else could it be? Really! You don’t know Michael as well as I do Maze. He is a selfish asshole!" Lucifer refused to be fooled so easily.

Maze looked at Amenadiel and shrugged, as if to say that she had at least tried.

Lucifer didn’t even noticed their silent conversation, so wrapped up was he in his dark thoughts. He continued his musing aloud. "She really talked about «a new order of things» coming…?"

"Her exact words!" Confirmed Maze.

Lucifer pursued. "… and of having their way with humans?"

"Yep!" She added.

He continued pacing restlessly. "Bloody Hell! What are they up to? Did they find a way to bring war to Heaven? To kill Dad? To bring Hell to Earth? Or humans to Hell? Or are they about to start the Apocalypse? And what would Michael get out of it? Power? Revenge? Against who and for what? We already know he wants me back to Hell, but what’s my place in all of this?"

Unable to see him like this anymore, Chloe stood up and stopped him by grasping his arms tightly. "Hey! Lucifer, look at me!" She said softly but firmly. His eyes were wild, as if he was ready to burst. But he forced himself to look into her eyes and seemed to calm down a little. Now that she seemed to have his attention she continued. "Listen to me. Whatever they are planning, we are
going to stop them by finding that «Piece» first. We have a head start in the search. We are going to win that race Lucifer and protect everyone."

Lucifer took a few deep breathes and closed his eyes before looking back at her. "You are right Love! And we are going to kick their sorry asses. They’ll never know what hit them!"

"That’s better!" Chloe smiled softly at him encouragingly.

Lucifer embraced her tenderly and buried his head in her hair. "Thank you!" He whispered.

Chloe held him back tightly. "We should go to bed. It’s late. We’ll talk about it tomorrow after a good night of sleep."

Hearing Chloe’s words, Maze emphasized. "Yeah! It’s late! Amenadiel was just about to go back to his place. Weren’t you?" She turned to Amenadiel with a lifted brow inquiringly.

Amenadiel looked back at her with as much nonchalance as he could muster. "Not really! Actually I’m quite good here! I’m not planning on going anywhere." He challenged her with a lifted brow of his own.

Maze narrowed her eyes at him. "Hummm! In that case, you better be ready to join me in the shower in three minutes, before I change my mind." She didn’t wait for his answer and went directly to her room.

Lucifer gazed at his brother with interest. "What was that about?"

Amenadiel shrugged with a sigh. "Please, just don’t ask." He dodged. Lucifer had the decency not to pursue his line of questioning. Amenadiel stood up slowly and bowed his head in farewell. "Good night to you two." And he left them there standing in the middle of the dining room, mouth agape, wondering what the Hell was going on between those two.

"And me who thought you had difficulty dealing with your feelings." Said Chloe in wonder once Lucifer’s brother had left.

"Excuse me! I am the emotionally balanced one in the family." He corrected.

She chuckled. "Right! In that case I wouldn’t want to see how the rest of your family is faring."

"You hurt me Detective!" He pouted.

Chloe looked at him seductively. "Why don’t you come to bed and show me just how emotionally balanced you are?"

He gave her her most devilish smile. "You bet I’ll show you!"

__________________________________________________________________________

They were lying in each other’s arms, all limbs entwined, both feeling completely sated and relax after their long and fulfilling love making. They had been silent for a long moment now, just gazing into each other’s eyes lovingly and caressing every part of the other’s body.

Unless most of the times they had made love, this time had not been driven by lust or angst or desperation, but only by love and affection, full of tenderness. Lucifer was clearly not used to that kind of relation and had looked as if in awe all along, thought Chloe. She had even felt him hesitant at times, as if unsure how to let go and just follow his feelings, and how to accept such tenderness in return. But let go he had, and Chloe had felt all the extent of his love for her and had sensed him accept everything she had to give. It had been amazing and they were both still bathing in the after
wave of the experience. Lucifer was almost glowing, with his eyes shining and a reverent smile on his lips.

She was actively caressing gently his face and neck, the soft skin of his arm and torso, trying to memorise every parcel of him. How beautiful he was! How perfect he was in her eyes. That thought reminded her that this appearance was the way he looked before his Fall, not his current one. She wanted to know and cherish every part of him. On the spur of the moment, she broke the silence and asked softly. "Show me your true form, please!?"

His smile faded and he looked chocked by her demand. "Why on Earth would you want to see that? I just look disgusting and creepy. You’ll have nightmares for days if I do."

"I want to see it because it’s a part of who you are. And you are not disgusting, you are just scarred and I’m ready to accept and love everything you are." Lucifer tried to say something but nothing came out. He looked very disturbed. "Do you trust me Lucifer?"

He seemed to ponder the question for a few seconds then a look of certainty took place in his features. "Yes! With everything I am!" The intensity of his gaze was moving.

Chloe took his face in her hands and looked deeply into his eyes, waiting for him to open up to her the darkest parts of his soul. The change came slowly. At first, she only saw a small glitter of red light appear in his eyes, then the glitter transformed slowly into a wild fire. She felt his skin harden under her fingers and saw it becoming all red and scarred, with muscles and tendons showing. It was still soft though, in a strange way. Deeply shaken by the trust he demonstrated by allowing her to see him like this, Chloe moved her hands slowly to caress his skin as she had done earlier with his other form. She first stroked his face and head. She could recognise his traits in spite of the lack of skin. She could almost see him through that form. Seeing that it didn’t seemed to hurt him, she explored his body tenderly with her eyes and hands, putting to memory every part of this other side of him. His breath hitched under her touch. She didn’t feel terrified nor any impulse to pull away, only sadness at the thought of all the pain he must have endured at the time of his Fall, both physically and emotionally, for he certainly was as much scarred inside as he was outside. Leaning into him, she brushed her lips lightly on his lips tentatively at first. She heard him hold his breath. His lips felt soft and very much like him. She kissed him again, this time with more conviction. It took Lucifer a moment to answer the kiss shakily.

He broke the kiss after a few seconds and changed his appearance back to his old self. "Chloeeee..." He looked shaken. "How can you bear to kiss or even touch me like this? How can you accept that part of me?" He was bemused.

She felt her eyes burn with tears forming. "Because I love you! I love everything you are!"

She saw tears building in his eyes too and heard his voice braking. "You are the most amazing thing that ever happened to me in all my existence! I don’t deserve you!"

She felt an overwhelming happiness at hearing his words but also a sense of apprehension. What was it with him thinking he was not worthy of her. She remembered him saying something similar a few day ago, when he had told her about his Fall and how he had wanted to reinvent himself by coming to Earth and that all he cared now was to be worthy of her. She had not answer him with words at the time, thinking that showing him her acceptance and love would be answer enough. But maybe she had been wrong. Maybe he needed to hear it out loud. "Lucifer, you are the worthiest man I could ever dream of having in my life. You also are everything an angel should be and more, and if your Father doesn’t see that, that’s His loss." She saw a small smile forming at the corner of his mouth. "Trust me, you deserve me a hundred times over. If anything, I’m the one who doesn’t deserve all the happiness you bring into my life."
He chuckled incredulously. "You? You deserve only the best in this world!"

She brushed her lips lightly over his. "I already have it!"

They woke up early the next morning so that Amenadiel and Maze could make the most of their day of search around the city. Chloe expected to feel good enough to start going on the search herself the next day, her arm feeling almost good enough to hold a weapon. In the meantime, she and Lucifer stayed home and continued the work they started the day before of searching on the web for Chloe and of reading old books for Lucifer.

Chloe yet again kept Beatrice at home on this last day of the week. She would send her back to school next Monday she thought, unable to resign herself to let her baby girl out of her sight yet, still shaken by the attack her baby had suffered less than two days before. Trixie seemed particularly resilient though, considering what she had been through. Her daughter had had a few nightmares of course, but she showed great strength and looked quite fine during the day if somewhat a little bit quiet. Chloe was worried nonetheless, so she tried to make her talk of the events and of her emotions about it, but Trixie only said she was okay and not to worry about her, which worried Chloe all the more.

To Chloe’s great pleasure, it didn’t take a lot of persuasion to have Lucifer accept to talk to Beatrice about the attack. Chloe was hoping her daughter would open up a bit more to him since she should be less inclined to try and protect him from her feelings.

It was with a lot of apprehension though that Lucifer went to join Beatrice in her room while she was coloring in her book. He really didn’t know how to start a conversation to have her talk about her feelings. He entered her room with a forced smile on his face.

"What are you up to little spawn?" He said cheerfully.

Beatrice looked at him suspiciously. "Coloring! What are YOU up to?"

Oh! Busted already! "Why? Nothing so special! What do you mean?" He said innocently.

She didn’t lose her suspicious look. "You never come into my room by yourself, only when Mommy asks you to do something. So what did she ask of you? To make me talk about my feelings?"

"Oh! Crap! You are too smart for your own good little hellion! But your mother asked me to come here and talk to you so I can’t possibly go back to her and say I failed. What would I look like? So help me here and pretend we are talking about something meaningful." He sat on her bed and patted the place beside him. Beatrice sighing deeply but complied nonetheless.

Once the spawn was well seated she asked, resigned. "Sooo, what are we going to talk about?"

"I have no idea! I’m not the one who is supposed to talk." What would Linda said in such a situation? How would she do to have her open up? He really had no clue. "You must at least have questions about what happened, maybe I can shed some light on the whole event for you." Not a bad start he thought.

The child looked up at him with interest and reflected on it a moment. "As a matter of fact I do!" Lucifer arched an eyebrow and waited patiently for her to continue. "Why did your brother hurt my daddy? Was it my fault?" She asked, almost pleadingly.

Oh! Poor child he thought. He tried to keep his composure and make sure she would not hold back
any thought to protect him. "Not in the least! My brother is a selfish asshole!" Beatrice’s eyes widened at his choice of words. "Please don’t tell your mother I said that in front of you or I’ll never heard the end of it." He added quickly. She giggled at that, not swearing anything though. The little minx! He pursued. "You see, that brother of mine is looking for a very powerful object that he should not be getting his hands on and he is very determinate to find it. That’s why he attacked your father, to learn if we had found that thing. He had absolutely no interest in you. You were just at the wrong place at the wrong moment."

"But!… He did look interested in me very much after I asked Him if he was an angel or a demon. That’s when Daddy had to protect me against Him and was thrown across the room. I should have stayed and help my dad instead of running away. I bet your brother was not very happy to see me escape." She looked so guilty.

Lucifer was surprised by the revelation and very sad to learn that she felt responsible for what happened. "Well, I guess he found you quite intriguing, I give you that. But, did he try to follow you when you escaped?"

Her certitude in her guild faltered. "Nooo! I guess not."

"There you go! It was not about you child. And your father only got a few bruises from his encounter with Him. Your dad is not hospitalised because of those wounds but because of the smoke he inhaled during the fire. And rest assured that if you had stayed you would have endangered your father more than by leaving. I’m sure your dad would have tried to protect you and there’s no way it could have end well. You were very brave and did what you had to, to protect both of you. I’m very proud of you child."

"Really?" A little smile appeared at the corner of her lips. "But Daddy could have died and that angel can come back and kill us!" Her smile faltered and her lips started trembling.

Oh! No! Please, don’t start crying! He begged silently. "I’m here to protect you and your family child, as is Maze and Amenadiel. I won’t let anything bad happen to you. And besides, angels are not allowed to kill humans. If he did, Dad would punish him so bad I bet his buttocks would still hurt in a few millennia."

That made her giggle in spite of everything. "You’re talking about God?" She said in awe. He answered her with a nod. "So he wouldn’t let your brother kill us then?"

"No he wouldn’t. He loves you all too much for that, you humans."

She seemed very comforted by his words. But soon, lines of worry were back on her face. "But, will you stop him, and make sure he does not come back?"

He held her shoulders with both his hands and looked at her very seriously. "I will not rest until I have sent that bastard in Hell to get punished as he deserves. I swear to you!"

That earned him the biggest smile ever, followed by a huge hug that lasted a long moment. He hugged her back tightly to make her feel secure. Unexpectedly, the gesture also made him feel better. Beatrice finally hop away with a genuine smile on her face. Lucifer felt relief at seeing her smile like that and very proud of his intervention and of its outcome. But it was the look of utter gratitude and relief from Chloe when he told her about their conversation that had been his greatest reward. There was nothing he liked more than making her happy.
After dinner that evening, Lucifer went back to his reading on the sofa while Chloe went for a bath and Beatrice to her room to play with her dolls. He had found an old book with an entire section about celestial objects that had been translated long ago in Latin from Sumerian, the oldest language known to humans.

In spite of the great interest he found in the reading, he was a little bit distracted from it. His mind kept going back to Chloe and Beatrice and the feeling of serenity he was feeling when with them. He realised that he had been with Chloe almost 24/7 for a whole week now and almost as long with her child. He knew for a certainty that be it possible, he would love nothing more than living every single minute of his existence with Chloe. But what about her daughter, could he accept her in his life on a constant basis? Thinking back about the last week, he had to admit that he had enjoyed greatly each moment he had passed with the child. But the most amazing thing was that he had not thought once of going back to his place to get a break from her and he was feeling more and more relax around the little spawn. How strange! He had missed the luxe of his penthouse of course, but not the loneliness. He found himself entertaining the idea of living with them all the time. Could the Devil do that? Take care of a family? Would that make him feel as good as he had felt for the past week? He thought it might. There was the strangest thought! He would have to think on it seriously.

An image in the book drew back his attention to what he was doing. There was something very familiar about the weapon pictured on this page. He frowned and looked more closely at the drawing. He recognised the hilt of the weapon but the blade was different from how it should have looked like with the wrong length and yet, something about the blade nagged at him as if he had seen it a long time ago. He scanned quickly the text beside it to confirm his suspicion. Yes, it was Azrael’s blade, but the information he was reading about it made no sense. So he read it again, and again, to try and make sense out of it.

The translation of the original text from Sumerian to Latin could have changed the meaning of it of course, with the wrong choice of a word over another here and there, making understanding it even more difficult for him. But from what he could understand, Azrael’s blade was not really Azrael’s. The text claimed that the blade had been entrusted to her in the early days of humanity following the great battle of Heaven and the banishment of all celestial weapons. It said that one day the blade would be returned to his true bearer when the said wielder would show himself worthy again. He looked again attentively at the blade. The drawing pictured it as a sword instead of a dagger, with a long and fine blade. With a start, Lucifer remembered where he had seen it, millennia ago. But it couldn’t be! Could it? His gaze drifted to the light drawn around the blade that he had first thought to be only a fancy of the artist. Images of his Fall assailed him suddenly. He could almost hear the screams and smell the blood and deaths around him.

His breathing and heartbeat increased exponentially and he felt his blood pound against his temples with each beating. He became light headed and even thought he would faint if the thing was possible for him. He swallowed hard and tried to regain control over himself. He was fairly certain now. Azrael’s blade had to be the Flaming sword! The hilt had been changed but the blade was the same. It was his sword! The one he had wielded during his battle against his Father’s army. Against Michael. How could this be? He had held Azrael’s blade in his hands many times without sensing anything out of the ordinary. Certainly he should have felt something special when touching it if it was his sword. Shouldn’t he? There was only one way to be sure, he had to test it.

Lucifer climbed the stairs two by two and rushed into Chloe’s bedroom to retrieve the blade he had hidden under the mattress of the bed. Okay, the hiding place was not very original but it wasn’t like he could have hidden it in a wall or something. He took the blade and held it in both hands in front of him. Closing his eyes, he tried to calm down and focus on a single emotion. He tried anger first, since it had always been the easiest emotion to come to him when he had wielded his blade,
but he found it difficult to summon that feeling at the moment somehow. He shook his head impatiently and tried to think of another emotion easier to invoke. With a smile, he realised the easiest feeling for him to draw on those days was love. So he let himself feel it and bask in his love for Chloe. When he opened his eyes, it was to be greeted by a beautiful celestial light surrounding the sword. Lucifer could not refrain a sigh of wonder and amazement at the revelation. It was his sword alright! And he had it back.

Lucifer was now divided between happiness at having his sword back and anger at Azrael for hiding and keeping it from him for so long. To her credit, maybe she didn’t even know that it had been his sword she was keeping. It would be exactly the kind of deception his Father could come up with. His mind was swirling with incertitude. On impulse, he put away the blade inside his jacket and found himself praying to his sister with his hands joined.

Eyes still closed, a gust of wind informed him that his prayer had been answered. Smiling slightly, he opened his eyes to look upon his baby sister. His smile widened without his consent. He had missed her more than he had realised.

Chloe was finishing drying her hair with a towel when she heard a feminine voice speaking on the other side of the door back in her bedroom. It wasn’t loud enough for her to discern the words being spoken neither could she recognise who it was. But she clearly heard Lucifer’s voice answering something calmly. Were Maze and Amenadiel already back from their search? They were not due for another hour at the least. And somehow, the voice sounded clearer and higher than Maze’s. Intrigued, she put her robe on and came out of the bathroom into her bedroom.

The sight that greeted her left her speechless. Lucifer was being embraced by an amazingly beautiful woman with long jet black hair. But it was the wings that were the most breathtaking. The first time she had seen angel’s wings had been in a dramatic situation and she had felt immediately that the angel had been dangerous at the time. So she had not a very fond memory of the event. This time was different. The benevolence in the angel’s face was obvious and an air of divinity emanated from her. She didn’t feel threatened by her presence and the way Lucifer was holding her back with his head buried in her hair told her that he didn’t either, quite the contrary. Chloe could see and feel a shining light coming off the wings. Serenity washed over her and she bathed in it in awe.

The angel’s gaze fell on her and a kind smile appeared on her lips. "You must be Chloe!" She said in a harmonious voice. Lucifer disentangled himself from the angel and turned to her with a smile.

"You’ve heard of me?" Asked Chloe, bemused.

"Of course! All of Heaven have. You got the whole Silver City gossiping about you. Some even say that the Devil’s paramour can only be evil." Chloe’s eyes grew wide in consternation. The angel continued. "But I see it isn’t so, far from it, it would seem." Somehow, the angel’s eyes were not looking directly at her, Chloe remarked, but just beside her, or more precisely around her.

"I bet they are! None of them is able to think by himself. Only sheep, the whole lot of them!" The Devil growled. "But I’m forgetting my good manners." Lucifer walked slowly to Chloe and put an arm around her shoulders lovingly. "Chloe, it is my greatest pleasure to present you my baby sister, Azrael."

Chloe gave an internal start. 'Oh! The angel of death is in my bedroom!' She thought in wonder. She took a deep breath and extended her hand to her. "Glad to meet you! I also heard a lot about you from Lucifer, but only in good terms, though." To Chloe’s greatest surprise, Azrael didn’t shake her hand but instead took her in her arms warmly and kissed her cheek. 'Oh! God! I am being kissed by death!' She marveled.
The angel released her from her embrace. "I am honored to meet you Chloe Decker. I am also very glad to know that you are in my brother’s life. He can only benefit from your presence by his side."

"Thank you!" Chloe answered shyly.

Azrael turned her eyes back to Lucifer with a cheerful look. "It is so nice to see you again Lucifer! How long as it been since our last talk? A couple hundred years? Time flows so fast it’s hard to keep track."

"I would say it’s been more around five hundred years! Way too long if you ask me. I should probably call you more often. I will correct that in the future." He wondered why he had waited so long to try to see her again. The sight of her really brought joy in his heart. "But as nice as it is to see you again, I have called you for a very important reason."

"You intrigue me brother. I am all ears."

He became all serious and removed his arms from around Chloe. "Did you by any means, lost something of yours?"

Her cheerful mood evaporated in an instant. "As a matter of fact I did. My blade was stolen a few months ago. You heard of it?"

"I found it!" He said simply and took the blade out to reveal it.

The angel of death froze in surprise. "Where did you get it? We’ve been looking for it everywhere! You can’t be the one who stole it. You just can’t!"

"No I haven’t! I took it from Uriel before I killed him with it." He admitted sadly. The memory of that night brought tears to his eyes.

"What? You killed our brother?" She looked horrified and baffled.

"He wanted to kill Chloe and Mom. Believe me when I say I had no choice. I did what I had to." His eyes were pleading her to understand.

Trying to subdue her emotions in turmoil, Azrael looked at him attentively for a long moment, gauging him. "I believe you." She whispered. "He was always jealous of you, of our Father’s love for you. Even after your Fall, and even more recently when he learned of your coming on Earth without Father intervening. He could not support to see you living a happy life here in apparent freedom. He had become bitter lately, but I would never have suspected… You’ll have to tell me all about it someday."

Lucifer nodded. "I promise Rae."

After regaining her composure, she continued. "It was him after all who stole my blade. It’s what we suspected, but he was nowhere to be found. Now I understand why."

"Did you know?" He asked softly. "That it was my sword?" He saw Chloe startle beside him.

His sister sighed sadly. "Of course I knew. I’ve kept it for you all that time, waiting for the day you’d be ready to have it back."

"And when would that be?" Anger was showing in his tone. "When did Father think I would be worthy again of wielding it? Tell me!"
She shook her head. "Father has no say it this. He entrusted me long ago with taking that decision when the time came. He thought that my special talents would ensure a fair and impartial decision. I have been keeping tracks of you from afar over the years Lucifer. I’ve seen you change for the better and you are still changing I notice. But have you changed enough though? I am still not sure if you are ready."

In spite of the tension in the room, Chloe wanted her suspicions answered so she chanced a question. "Can you see our auras?" That would explain some of her words about the changes in Lucifer.

Azrael kept her eyes fixed on Lucifer’s who was stunned into silence, transfixed by the words she had just spoken. "That and more my dear. I can see the soul. I can see Lucifer’s soul right now and so I know what he was and what he has become."

Lucifer looked at his sister intently. He could not believe what he’d just heard. Azrael was the one to judge him? Not his Father? And if she agreed that he deserved his sword back, would that mean he would be forgiven for everything he did in his past? Would his father forgive him? He chuckled loudly at the thought. He was tired of waiting on his Father’s forgiveness, tired of others deciding for him. He had freewill and didn’t need for them to decide in his stead. Only Chloe’s opinion really mattered to him anymore. "I believe myself worthy! I chose to wield that blade again and with it I will ensure peace, not chaos! I deserve this blade! I don’t need anyone to acknowledge me, but it would mean a lot to me if you did, little sister." He spoke without any anger nor resentment, only with conviction.

Azrael looked at him and beyond, pondering everything he was and could still become. "So be it! Brother. Keep your blade and prove them all of your worth!"

Lucifer let escape a deep breath of relief he didn’t know he was holding. "I will! Thank you Rae!"

They stayed quiet for a long moment before Azrael broke the silence. "I will tell Michael to stop looking for the blade then, and explain what happened here today."

Lucifer’s eyes widened at the name. "Michael? The son of a bitch! I knew it was him who attacked Chloe, her ex-husband and their child. That’s what he was after? I thought it was «The Piece» he wanted."

Rae looked puzzled. "What are you talking about? Michael would never hurt humans. And how do you know about «The Pieces» being missing?"

"Uriel first told me «The Piece» was here a few months ago without explaining what that meant, but we haven’t find it yet and still don’t know what it is we are searching. Michael attacked Chloe three days ago, then Daniel and their daughter two nights ago while searching for it."

"That doesn’t make any sense. Yes, Michael was asked by Father to find back my blade along with two powerful artefacts that have been stolen around the same time in Heaven about seven months ago. But Michael never suspected you to be involved in it until yesterday. It can’t be him who attacked your friends." She was pretty sure of herself.

Lucifer’s mind was swirling with questions. He didn’t know where to start. "You say there are two pieces missing? But Uriel only talked about a single piece here on Earth. Where is the other one and what are they exactly?"

Rae shrugged. "I don’t know where could be the other piece, it’s Michael who is looking into it, and I have no idea what they are. Michael never discussed it with me and the nature of those
artefacts has been kept secret to everyone else in Heaven. I think Dad fears that panic will spread in Heaven if their true nature is discovered."

Lucifer pursued his questioning. "What happened with Michael yesterday and what makes you think he can’t be responsible for the attack on my friends?"

Azrael had to gather her thoughts to answer properly. "At first, Michael investigated the two thefts where they had occurred in Heaven. He found no clue there and there was no witness, but it was a good bet to think that the two events were linked somehow since they had occurred almost at the same time. Then he started checking if everyone was accounted for. It took him a long time but he found out that Uriel was the only angel missing since that time. That’s why Michael first thought Uriel was our thief, and what you just said also points to it obviously. Uriel could have had an accomplice though, Michael was not sure. He tracked Uriel on Earth to this city only recently but lost his track."

"Michael came to talk to me yesterday to know if I had seen Uriel here in Los Angeles and if I knew where he could have gone. But I had seen Uriel around here only once a few months ago without having spoken to him. Michael also told me of a new theory he wanted my opinion on. He was wondering if you could have helped Uriel to steal the artefacts. It made sense that Uriel could have come to this town to see you. It was just a new theory of his and I don’t think he had acted on it already. He wanted my opinion and I gave him. I said I didn’t think you capable of doing that and even told him of Uriel dislike of you to make him see it made no sense. But he still thinks you so evil. He doesn’t believe me when I say otherwise. He doesn’t respect my talents as much as you do brother and he has yet a lot of bad feelings towards you I’m afraid. But still, I don’t think he could hurt humans. It is not like him."

Lucifer exploded with anger. "Of course he would think I’m evil and not believe a word you say to defend me! He always thinks he knows better than anyone. He only wanted you to confirm his suspicion. He wasn’t ready to hear anything else you had to say. How can you defend him now? Everyone thinks him so good and noble, but he is really only a selfish little prick. He is even working with demons from Hell to track «The Piece» here on Earth. Maze saw them and they admitted working with an angel. Who knows what Michael is planning to do once he puts his hands on those artefacts?"

Azrael was stunned by the news. "Demons are here? Damn it! Vasariah really is making a poor job of keeping order in Hell!"

Lucifer’s anger stilled. "What did you say? Vasariah is ruling in Hell?"

"You didn’t know?" Right, Lucifer had been cut off from news of Heaven for a while now, Rae reminded herself. "Father sent him there after Amenadiel lost his powers and could no longer watch over Hell. Vasariah would tell you he was entrusted to rule there as a reward but we all know he must have been sent there as punishment." Seeing puzzlement in Lucifer’s eyes she clarified. "Vasariah has changed greatly in the past few hundred years and not for the better. He’s become harsh and mean. He resents humans for their lack of belief in God and says to who wants to hear it that humanity has lost its way, that it is doomed. I think Dad saw that he wasn’t fit anymore to pursue his job as angel of justice down here. So he sent him in Hell instead, to make him think on his sins if you ask me, but it’s just my theory. Thing is, I’ve seen him change brother, and what I saw concerned me greatly. I think Dad was right to send him to Hell."

Chloe could not hold her tongue anymore. "Then, it could have been Vasariah who attacked us. Lucifer, you said the angel I described to you could as much be him as it could have been Michael. What your sister says gives him a motive. He must resent you for having been sent to Hell in your
stead. And it gives him the means to recruit demons and send them here to look for «The Piece».

Lucifer chuckled incredulously. "That must only be a coincidence. How convenient for Michael. I know for sure it is him who is behind all of this. Didn’t you hear what Azrael said earlier, Michael thinks I am evil, he hates me! He wants me back in Hell!" He felt his anger for his brother grow stronger with each word.

Chloe couldn’t believe her ears. Lucifer was clearly not thinking coherently. "Lucifer, listen to you! You are blinded by your hatred for Michael. That can’t all be only a coincidence, Vasariah fits the profile perfectly, more than Michael does."

Yes, he was blinded by his anger at Michael. Lucifer had stirred his resentment and anger at his brother too much in the last days to let go of them so easily. He could feel the anger and hatred consume him.

Azrael saw his dark emotions arise and tried to make him see reason. "Look brother! I know Michael would accept to talk to you if you called him. Let’s clear this up peacefully. I’m sure you could both be convinced of the other’s innocence if you only talked to each other calmly. What do you say?"

Certainty enveloped him and he looked at Azrael with cold eyes. "This is a wonderful idea! Azrael, please, watch over Chloe and Beatrice while I won’t be long. I am going to call Michael and make sure he doesn’t hurt anyone anymore. I will do what I should have done ions ago."

The coldness in Lucifer’s voice terrified Chloe. "No! Lucifer! Please!" She pleaded. He didn’t seem to hear her. She reached to grab his arm but couldn’t get it in time. Helpless, she screamed his name in vain.

Lucifer left the room almost running, with the Flaming sword glowing with anger in his hand.

Chapter End Notes

I am so excited! I was so looking forward to get to that place in the story. Next chapter is gonna be explosive! I promise! Please, tell me how you like it with a comment. Thank you so much for reading me!
The Power Of Anger

Chapter Notes

I hope you will enjoy this new chapter. Lots of things are going to happen, and yet I hope you won’t stay too much on your appetite. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chloe ran down the stairs behind Lucifer to try and stop him, pleading him to stay. But the Devil never even glanced back or acknowledged her in his haste to bring what he thought to be a justice long overdue. Helpless, she could only watch him get into his car and leave at full speed. A devastating feeling of doom invaded her. No! This couldn’t be happening! She was going to lose him! He was going to get himself killed! Too blinded was he by his overwhelming dark emotions. She felt herself starting to shake uncontrollably. She fell on her knees on the doorstep, caught up in an overpowering feeling of horror and loss. She felt numb and empty. She couldn’t think clearly, even less formulate any plan of action. Her vision blurred and it took her a moment to realise she was crying uncontrollably. Get a grip Decker! She thought. You are not going to help him by breaking down like this! She tried to collect herself with a few deep breaths and even succeeded in getting back up on shaky legs by gripping the door handle tightly with a sweaty hand. The tears continued inexorably to fall though.

She needed to calm down and think. How could she track him? His phone! Of course! Did he have it with him? She quickly looked around on the table and the kitchen island. It wasn’t there. She thought of dialing his number to make sure the phone was not in the house but didn’t want to give Lucifer a reminder that he could be tracked with it. He could always turn it off. She would ask the operator at the precinct to localise it. She would need help too. She took her cell phone and called Maze first.

"What is it Decker?" The demon answered grumpily, frustrated by yet another day of fruitless searching.

"It’s Lucifer!" Chloe blurted out with a sob. So much for getting herself together. "He’s gone after Michael alone! I think he wants to kill him!" Her hands started shaking again.

"What? He is going to get himself killed!" The reason behind Lucifer’s rash behaviour was not so important at the moment. That line of questioning could wait for now. Impulsivity for the Devil came with the job description after all, thought Maze. "He left you and the spawn alone?" That, however was a more pressing matter.

Chloe tried to dismiss Maze’s comment echoing her own fear of Lucifer going directly to his death and focused on the demon’s question. "Not really, he asked Azrael to watch over us while he is gone. But I’m not staying. I’m going after him and I will need help to prevent any unwanted death."

Azrael? What the fu…? Another question for later. "Decker! You are staying right where you are. You hear me? It’s too dangerous for you to get out unprotected and you know it. The demons could take you or worse. We are coming. We’ll be there in less than ten minutes.

Chloe hesitated. Less than ten minutes… it was about the time it would take her to get dressed and ready to go and to find out where Lucifer was heading. "Ok! But in ten minutes I’m leaving, alone
Beatrice heard her mother scream Lucifer’s name repeatedly while running down the stairs. The anxiety, no the fear, in her mother’s voice petrified her for a moment. Lucifer was in danger! Her little heart skipped a beat and fear started creeping up inside her. She opened her bedroom door and rushed after her mother. A hand grabbed her shoulder from behind, gently but firmly forcing her to turn around. Trixie stared wide-eyed at the angel in front of her. Her first reflex was to try to escape the threat by wriggling out of the angel’s grasp, but the latter’s grip was too strong. Strangely, the angel wore a kind smile, nothing like the wicked smile of the first celestial being that attacked her. The smile was soothing and Trixie found herself relaxing enough to be able to really look at the angel. What she saw made her gasp in awe. That angel was beautiful! It was not so much her face, which was somehow one of the most alluring she had ever seen, nor even her gorgeous wings. What amazed her the most was her aura. Trixie had never encountered a being with such a beautiful and wonderful aura. There was only benevolence, love and compassion radiating from that being, with a purity like no other and a sense of divinity that inspired awe and devotion. Any trace of fear left the child in an instant.

"You should leave your mother alone for a moment and stay with me little one. Don’t be afraid! I don’t want you any harm." The melodious voice said.

"I know!" Answered Trixie softly with a beatific smile. She could not get her eyes off the swirling colors surrounding the angel, a mixture mainly composed of gold, silver and white.

Azrael narrowed her eyes at the child’s strange behaviour. Normally, children who saw her could not get their eyes off her wings or her eyes. But not that child. She was looking… all around her. Interesting. She released her grip on the little girl. "I understand you must be Beatrice."

The child’s smile widened. "$\text{Yes! And you can only be Azrael.}\$"

Azrael was not often taken by surprise, but surprised she was indeed in that moment. "$\text{And how do you know that child?}\$"

Trixie tried to look at the angel in the eyes but was still distracted by her amazing aura. "$\text{Lucifer told me about you and that you are a good angel. He loves you very much and trusts you.}\$"

The angel smiled. "$\text{I believe you recognised me also for another reason. Isn’t it?}\$" By that time she had a pretty good idea of the reason in question.

Trixie was a little shy of speaking directly of her talent. "$\text{Hum! Hum! Lucifer says we have something in common.}\$"

"$\text{I can see that!}$" Her suspicion confirmed, Rae took a moment to observe the child more thoroughly. The little girl’s soul was one of the purest she had ever seen in her long existence. The kid was even touched by Heaven, like her mother. What were the chances of finding two pure souls in the same family, yet again… maybe not so surprising. "$\text{You are a very special little girl. Aren’t you?}\$" The child giggled shyly. Yes, she would stay and protect those two special souls while her stupid brother was getting himself into trouble again. She just hoped he would find back his wit in time before someone got killed. She didn’t want to be kept responsible for the possible mess ahead, but she had made a choice in letting Lucifer keep The flaming sword and there was no turning back from it. She would have to trust him now, for better or for worst.

Maze rushed inside the house followed closely by Amenadiel who looked as tensed as her. The detective looked ready to leave. She was fastening her holster on her hip and checking that her gun was fully loaded. Maze got strait to the point. "$\text{Decker! What the Hell happened?}\$"
Chloe wanted to make her explanations short and sweet to be on her way as soon as possible. "Azrael’s blade is in fact The flaming sword. Lucifer took it and went to punish Michael for everything he did and could still do. I’m sure it’s not him but Vasariah who attacked us but Lucifer is blinded by rage and Michael seems to think Lucifer is behind the stealing of «The piece», or pieces. Two of them to be more accurate, thanks to Azrael who gave us some information on the artefacts. We need to stop them before they try to kill each other." She felt pretty much in control of herself now and said it all matter-of-factly, as if it was only another normal day at work.

"Of course it wasn’t Michael!" Exclaimed Amenadiel. As if he hadn’t tell them so all along. "But The flaming sword… Are you sure?"

"Pretty much! Unless you know of another blade that brightens and gets bigger under Lucifer’s touch. But you can ask your sister. I’m sure she can enlighten you better than I can." Chloe tilted her head toward the stairs.

Amenadiel and Maze followed her gaze in the stair’s direction where they saw Azrael coming down with Beatrice following close behind with still a look of amazement on her face. Azrael had her wings tucked away but Maze recognised her instantly. "Azrael! Nice to see you again!" The demon’s words sounded almost friendly and definitively respectful.

"It is an honor to cross path with you again Mazikeen! Lucifer is lucky to still hold your loyalty." Maze nodded briefly in acknowledgement of her words. The angel was now down the stairs and her gaze fell on her big brother. A genuine smile appeared on her face. "Amenadiel! You still look as handsome as ever! I’ve missed you!" Without any awkwardness, the angel closed the gap with her brother and embraced him warmly.

"And you look as lovely as I remember little sister." Amenadiel embraced her back lovingly for a moment before taking a step back. His smile turned rapidly into a serious frown. "So what Chloe said about The flaming sword is true?"

Azrael looked worried. "Yes! Lucifer now has a lot of power. But I don’t know if it will be enough to save him from Michael’s wrath, considering his lack of wings and celestial power that goes with it. And if it does save him, I don’t want to lose another brother in the process. I can’t interfere in this matter anymore, but maybe you can make a difference in helping them see reason. I know you can at least reach through to Michael. You are his big brother after all."

"I’ll do my best." He promised.

Azrael continued. "Now that you both are here to protect Chloe and her child, I have to leave and return to my work. I have postponed it long enough and can’t delay any longer. Goodbye to you all! Maybe we will meet again." The angel said that last comment with a gaze of farewell directed at Chloe, then at Beatrice, before opening her huge wings. After a few seconds of concentration with her eyes closed, Azrael disappeared in a puff of wind.

They all stayed silent for a couple of seconds after her departure, as if frozen in place, some in awe, others in deep thoughts.

"Who will watch over me if you all go after Lucifer?" Asked a very unsure Trixie.

The three adults looked at each other wondering about it themselves. Maze crossed Chloe’s gaze and didn’t like what she saw there. "No way! I’m not babysitting your offspring Decker!"

Chloe sighed, irritated by the demon’s attitude and by the precious time they were losing with all the talking. "Listen Maze! We need more negotiation skills than fighting ones right now. You
heard Azrael, Amenadiel could make a difference with convincing Michael and I need you to protect Trixie. You are the best fighter of the group. Please do this for me. We will bring Lucifer back in one piece." Chloe tried to sound sure of herself but didn’t know if she had been convincing enough for Maze. She sure wasn’t convinced herself that they had the smallest chance of helping Lucifer.

But Maze knew she could not make a big difference in interfering between the two angelic brothers so intent on killing each other. Yes, maybe Amenadiel could help. "Okay! I’ll stay." Said Maze resigned. "But you better bring him back alive or I will skin you both alive." Her threat was taken very seriously by Chloe and Amenadiel who nodded silently.

By the time Amenadiel and Chloe got out of the house, the detective’s cell phone rang. The police operator had succeeded in tracking Lucifer’s cell phone and gave her his current position and direction. The chase was on.

Beatrice stayed by the open door to watch them go. "Will Lucifer be alright?"

Maze walked to the child and placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "I hope so spawn! I hope so!"

After a long moment of silence, once the car was no longer in sight, Trixie turned around with a sad look. "Can I have frozen desserts?"

Maze looked at her sad puppy eyes. The kid had already eaten almost half of the stock she had bought a couple days ago. "As much as you want kiddo! As long as you leave the ice cream to me. I think I’ll have some too." Now was as good a time to eat her emotions as ever.

Meanwhile, Chloe was driving as fast as she could, with the police lights on. She had no hope of catching up with Lucifer, knowing how he drove, but maybe she could keep up with him and not lose more ground.

Amenadiel was looking at a map of L.A. that Chloe always kept in her car, trying to guess Lucifer’s destination from his current direction. The Devil was heading north-west. "Damn it! He could be going anywhere!"

Chloe’s detective mode kicked in. "If you had to fight with another angel and make sure to not be seen by humans while doing so, where would you go?"

The black angel tried to put aside his feeling of helplessness and focused intently on the question for a long moment. "Right! I could go to an industrial area, or the docks… but there’s always a chance that a wandering human could see something. Or, far at sea, but Lucifer doesn’t have his wings, so scratch that. That leaves us the possibility of a great expense of wilderness, like a forest or a desert or an area with big meadows." He redirected his attention back on the map, trying to find such a place in the general direction taken by Lucifer. "There are many parks in that direction at the periphery of the city. He could be heading to any of them. But I think that could be his plan."

As it turned out, updates given by the police operator indicated that their guess was probably right. Lucifer was heading outside town, towards the mountains. Contrarily to what she had hope however, Lucifer had widen his advance and had now at least 15 minutes on them. Chloe cursed inwardly. A lot could happen in 15 minutes… She hoped he would stop soon or the distance between them could get even bigger.

After 40 minutes of driving, the operator called her back to tell them the signal had stopped on the border of a big forest at the base of the mountains. He gave them the coordinates and promised to
call back if the signal started moving again. It was a perfect place for a fight, far from human
habitations, with enough trees to stay hidden and small meadows to get some space to brawl. Chloe
shivered. Lucifer really was intending to fight his brother. She just hoped the long drive would
have cooled him down a little so he would be less inclined to try to kill him.

They were nearing the coordinates given by the operator when they saw smoke swirling up from
the forest ahead. The sun was setting behind the mountains, painting the sky in a beautiful array of
yellow, orange and red. Tendrils of smoke were smearing the landscape here and there over a small
part of the forest, as if many fires had been started. None of them seemed very big, yet, and no
actual fire could be seen from where they were.

"Oh! No! Luci!" Exclaimed Amenadiel desperately.

Chloe felt the same desperation overtake her. They were too late. The fight had begun.

Not far ahead, they saw Lucifer’s car roughly parked on the side of the road, door still opened.
They stopped right beside it and ran through the trees in the direction of the smoke. After a few
minutes of running, they started hearing noises of steal hitting against steal and of people grunting
in exertion. The tendrils of smoke had evolved into columns and now could be seen fires through
the trees in different places around a meadow. Still running, Chloe advanced towards it breathlessly
with a gut full of fear, Amenadiel right on her heels. They both stopped short at the end of the trees,
transfixed by the sight displaying before them. Chloe had passed the last hour or so preparing
herself for what was possibly about to happen. But nothing could have prepared her for what she
was seeing right now. It was literally a vision of HELL!

He had been turning it over and over in his head continuously during the drive there. Two scenarios
were possible. First, it was Michael who attacked Chloe, Dan and Trixie while searching for «The
piece», apparently under his Father’s orders. But would he really go rogue and seek out the help of
demons to achieve a secret dark purpose of his own? Lucifer would love to believe it. The great
Michael, Dad’s perfect little soldier going rogue! How delectable! But a little voice he didn’t want
to listen to in the back of his mind kept telling him that it was only wishful thinking. The second
possibility, even if he did his best to push it out of his mind, seemed more plausible as Chloe had
tried to convince him. It could have been Vasariah, actual new ruler of Hell, who had plotted with
Uriel to steel Azrael’s dagger along with «The pieces», and had commended demons to help find at
least one of the now missing pieces. If that was the case, then Michael was not looking in the right
place, too intent on proving that Lucifer was the root of all evil, the only one able to foment a dark
plan against humanity and rebel against their Father. That was so like him! Always thinking that he
was the one responsible for all evil. He loathed his brother so much he could feel the hatred
coming off from every cells of his being. Whatever Michael’s real implication, either ways, he was
going down!

The certainty in his decision gave him a certain sense of calm, of serenity he didn’t expect to feel in
such a situation. Everything he had gone through for the past millennia from the moment of his
Fall, maybe even before, had led him to this decisive moment. He could also feel the trepidation,
the anticipation of the fight, of this glorious moment of vengeance he had dreamed of during those
long millennia in Hell and that he was about to taste and savour. He was almost shaking with
excitement.

He knew exactly what kind of place he was looking for to meet his despicable brother. So when he
saw the expense of forest rising in front of him far enough of any village or human habitation, he
knew he had found it. He stopped his car by the road, not really conscious of any of his actual
actions, almost dazed, as if in a dream, with only one goal in mind, find a suitable place to fight
then call Michael.
He ran across the forest, looking for any kind of open area big enough to fight. He found a middle sized meadow with wild flowers all over. The place was beautiful and peaceful. Lucifer stood in the middle of it for a moment, catching his breath and bathing in the serenity of the place and the decreasing sunlight. It felt like the calm before the storm.

Making sure his blade was still in place hidden under his jacket, he closed his eyes and joined his hands in a sign of prayer.

He only had to call his name once before he appeared a few meters away in his shining armor, all glorious with his white wings wide open. Michael’s golden hair came shoulder’s length, shorter than Chloe had described he noticed. His wings were intact too. But it didn’t mean anything. Hair could be cut and wounds healed by one of their siblings. He was wearing his usual armor covering only his torso and abdomen to give him freedom to maneuver his big two handed sword that could be seen jutting out from behind his shoulders where it was strapped on his back.

A condescending smile widened on Michael’s face and Lucifer answered it with one of his most devilish one.

Michael looked him over, noticing his lack of weapon or any kind of armor. "Don’t tell me you want to surrender to me so easily. I was so hoping to knock that smile off your face before dragging you down back to Hell."

Lucifer’s smile widened. "Surrender? You have me confused! I was more planning on you, surrendering to me."

His brother looked startled. "Oh! Really? That sounds like fun! Please proceed!" He opened his arms in surrender, not even bothering himself to unstrap his sword, so pleased was he by the turn of events.

Not moving yet, Lucifer’s smile turned into a rictus of hatred. "You attacked my partner and her family. You hurt them and you’re going to pay for it." With that, Lucifer started prowling around his prey menacingly.

Confusion appeared on Michael’s face and he turned slowly on himself to keep the Devil facing him. "Who am I supposed to have hurt? Some humans? When you say your partner, are you talking about that woman they say is your consort? I don’t touch humans, I protect them, as I will protect them from you and your devilish plans. I will not let you succeed Satan. I will stop you!"

"You are lying!" Lucifer spat. "Admit it damn it! You hurt my friends, and for what? A few artefacts! Are you going against Dad now? Following in my footsteps, are you?"

Michael laughed out loud incredulously. "You know I would never rebel against Father. I am a loyal son, unlike you. And you know I have no use for lies. You on the contrary… I am not so sure. What with all the demonic frequentations you kept all those years. You’ve probably become so perfidious that you don’t even distinguish the good from the bad anymore. Either you are mistaking about me or you are trying to fool me. I think the latter is more likely in your case."

Lucifer was fulminating inside at hearing his brother admit his thoughts about him being deceitful. But the notorious prick was always so full of himself that had it been him who had attacked his love and friends, he would have gladly bragged about it by now. So it only let one option. "So it was Vasariah after all. He is the one who worked with Uriel to steal Azrael’s blade and «The pieces”. But now you think it’s me? Of course you would. You think me so evil!" Lucifer’s eyes glowed red and he let escape a growl.
Michel started walking dangerously around Lucifer too. They looked like two lions ready to bounce on each other. "You want me to think Vasariah is involved? Very convenient for you to put it on him. And how do you know it was Uriel if you were not working with him to begin with? Tell me!"

"He told me of a «Piece» being here on Earth, when I took Azrael’s blade from him to plunge it in his bowels." Seeing Michael’s horror at his words he continued. "Oh! Yes! I killed him with it, to prevent him from killing Chloe and sending Mom back to Hell. He left me no choice really."

The implications of Lucifer’s words were not lost on Michael. He knew the Devil would not hesitate to kill him too if the chance occurred. He widened the distance between them at hearing that Azrael’s blade was in the dark man’s possession. "You admit having killed our brother? Didn’t you get enough out of your deal that you had to kill him?"

Lucifer burst in rage. "I’m telling you! I was not working with him. I am not planning anything. I am looking for «The piece» to get it away from Vasariah, or whoever it is who is after it. I don’t even know what this is. All I know is that it is dangerous for humanity. Vasariah is even working with demons to get it."

"Demons!" He said disdainfully. "And you want me to think it is Vasariah and not you who is behind it?" He chuckled contemptuously.

Lucifer could barely contain himself with his need to hit him, to extinguish the life out of him. "You think yourself so wise and noble, and that I on the contrary can only be evil and unworthy. You are so full of yourself brother. You really are ready to believe anything as long as it implies me. Whatever I do, no matter how much I have changed over the course of the last millennia, I would never be able to redeem myself in your eyes. Am I right? But Azrael knows how much I have changed and that I am worthy. That is why she’s letting me keep this." Lucifer took out his blade from under his clothes and held it proudly in front of himself. Slowly, he left his hatred for his angelic brother course through his body and through his blade. The blade transformed gradually into a long and brilliant sword, angrily glowing with a fire-like energy. Lucifer felt himself bursting with power, a never ending power that tap into his hatred and anger. The look of utter surprise, then of fear on Michael’s face was the most satisfying thing Lucifer had seen in eons.

"No! That can’t be!" Whispered a now very immobile and tensed Michael. All sign of bravado had left him. He knew exactly what that sword was, he just didn’t understand how it could be so. Never breaking eye contact with the Devil, he unstrapped his sword in a swift movement and held it with both hands in front of him.

Now almost ready to let free rein to his power, Lucifer finished his eloquent speech. "You are not looking in the right place and probably don’t even care as long as you get to punish me. Am I right? Someone else is trying to find those «Pieces», whatever they are, and what they plan to do with it don’t look too good for humanity. If you are not willing to stop them I will have to do it myself. I am done trying to convince you Michael. YOU, are the one who is going to get punished now for persecuting me! I AM NOT EVIL!" The Devil screamed those last words while launching himself at the shining angel.

Their swords crashed into one another in a sparkling explosion of power. Both knew that this fight could only end in the death of one of them.

Chapter End Notes
There we are now! Next chapter will be all about their fight. Please leave me your impressions. Comments are the source of my inspiration and always drive me to write more. So please don't be shy! Thanks for reading me!
Their swords crashed against one another in a sparkling explosion of power. Both knew that this fight could only end in the death of one of them.

Michael fended his first attack easily and counter attacked quickly with a violent slash of his two handed sword, immediately followed by a sharp sweeping stroke of wing that grazed Lucifer’s chest.

Lucifer kept at it a few rounds, to gauge his opponent, attacking and trying to fend two attacks coming almost at the same time. He got cut almost every time by the tip of Michael’s wings and just narrowly avoided having his throat cut once. He was already bloodied after less than a minute of fight whereas Michael was still sparklingly intact.

He saw the condescending smile on his brother’s face creep back into place. "Not so confident anymore, are you Satan?" The angel didn’t wait for a reply and lashed into a series of attacks combining sword, wings and short flights to smash from above.

To add to the challenge of the presence of the wings, it became evident that Michael didn’t lack practice in fighting with a sword. To be honest, Michael was even better at it than he had been back in the time of Lucifer’s Fall. On the other hand, Lucifer had only rarely used a sword in his time in Hell and his last training went back centuries ago. He was still good enough at it to spar a bit though, mind you, but it became rapidly clear that Lucifer would never win a sword fight in these conditions. To confirm his suspicions, he was suddenly thrown back violently on the ground from a devastating slashing wing that left a big gash on his torso.

Lucifer tried to take in a deep breath but the pain was excruciating. He certainly had a couple ribs broken along with the gaping wound. Okay! It didn’t seem to be going well for him so far. Maybe he should have come better prepared in the first place. Time to think of a plan B now. He had a couple ideas in mind but a simple use of brut power would not do the trick here. Michael had a powerful weapon too that could absorb almost everything the Devil could throw at him and the angel had some powers of his own too. Lucifer would have to be smart and maybe even play dirty if he wanted to get out of there alive.

The angel took his time to prowl around his apparently weaken little brother, jubilating at watching him down and bloodied.

Lucifer took advantage of the offered time off to get back his bearings and his breath and think of his options. What were his assets here? First he had The Flaming sword, which meant he had a lot of fire power. He just had to determinate what to do with it. Second, as good as Michael was with his sword, he seemed to be just a little bit slower than Lucifer due to the fact he was wielding a two handed sword and that Lucifer’s was a long sword that could be handled with only one hand. Last
and not the least, Michael probably had no idea of his hellish powers, which would give him an important advantage. If he could only get rid of the wings, he would have a fighting chance.

It didn’t take long for Michael to get back at trying to kill him. In a swirl of feathers, the angel rose into the air at an incredible speed to bring down his sword on Lucifer who was still in the process of getting back up. Putting aside his pain, Lucifer rolled over away from the blow, barely escaping in one piece. In a surge of power, he surprised his feathered brother with a ball of fire coming from the palm of his hand that took the angel right in the middle of a deployed wing. He quickly had it followed by a column of fire coming from the ground that swallowed them both in a rush of devouring heat. Lucifer continued to roll over as far away as he could from another stroke while maintaining the fire in place to cover his movements.

Now back on his feet, covered in flames but unburned by it, Lucifer saw his brother coming out of the fire all gleaming with an eerie light around him that seemed to emanate from his sword. His wings were tucked behind his back, all blacken at the tip of the feathers but still apparently mostly whole. He couldn’t see if the fireball had made as much damage as he hoped, but it had certainly taken out some feathers for sure. With a few pats of his hands, Michael took out the fire that had started on his clothes just before the reflex of protecting himself with his sword’s power had kicked in.

Lucifer was glad to see a rictus of anger on the smartass’s face. "Who is losing confidence now? Brother! You’ll see that I’m not as easily killed as it seems." The Devil gloated. He slowly took off his jacket still in flames with his shirt along with it. Damn! It was his third suit to be ruined in only a week. He saved what was left of his pants by extinguishing the fire with some of his hellish power. He didn’t want to fight in his Adam suit after all.

When only a few days before a simple fireball had depleted almost all of Lucifer’s energy, he could now barely feel the impact of his having used so much power with this attack. Well! Well! The Flaming sword was as powerful as he remembered. No need for wings and celestial power after all!

His breathing was almost back to normal now even if the pain was still very much present. Not wanting to let his brother time enough to recover from his last attack, he launched himself at the angel with his sword raised and a scream of war. It was great time to light things up!

Lucifer changed tactic. Before each stroke of his sword, he would make fire burst from the ground around Michael to force him to keep his wings folded and to use his powers to protect himself, which distracted him efficiently from their sword fight and provided Lucifer openings to attack and hit his target. Michael backed away slowly with each attack until they were at the limit of the meadow. By now Michael was wearing a few cuts of his own on his arms and legs and more than a few burns, and his wings were fuming. His wounds were slowly starting to slow him down, but not as much as Lucifer’s were.

The feathered prick finally gave in and tucked away his smoking wings. Very good! He was probably too afraid of burning them for good. After all, without them fairly intact, he could not leave this plane to get his wounds tended by one of their brother, if he got out of the fight alive, that is. They were now both on more even ground.

Lucifer looked him over with evident satisfaction. "Those burns must hurt like bitches! How incommoding!" Angering his brother was very much fun, but it could also make him too eager to fight and hopefully sloppy.

The angel looked really pissed alright. "Look at you! Dirty little thing! You can’t even fight nobly!" He walked slowly around Lucifer to not have the trees at his back and returned back farther
Lucifer left him walk away, taking the opportunity to recover a bit. His fractured ribs hurt like Hell every time he took a swing and he was losing a lot of blood due to his gaping wound, which was making him weaker by the minute. "Well! You see, I find myself wanting very much to stay alive. So I’m willing to do as need be to stay as such." Lucifer wasn’t particularly proud of his way of fighting, but he preferred being sorry than dead.

"I can play dirty too little brother!" With that threat, the angel ran at him and attacked with all his might. The force of the blow reverberated painfully through Lucifer’s sword’s arm and ribs. Without the power of The Flaming sword, Lucifer could never have stopped it with only one arm, probably not even with two. He didn’t even have time to wince though that he felt a powerful knee kick connecting with his diaphragm that took his breath away and displaced his broken ribs, follow closely by an uppercut right under the chin. He was hurled backward some feet away where he fell on his back, stunned.

He tried to stand back up but the pain in his abdomen and chest was too much and he was unable to breathe. His vision was blurring, feeling consciousness leaving him slowly. No! He could not lose it now! He just needed time to recover. But he didn’t have time. He could see through his blurring vision the shape of his brother approaching him slowly, probably gloating in delight.

With only the strength of willpower, Lucifer fought to stay conscious and took one last swing of his sword only to have it hit the ground with full force. It started a thundering ripple of earth that went straight to the surprised angel. The ground erupted around him in a shower of earth, rocks and fire, propelling him into the air at least 20 feet away. He hit the ground forcefully on his back, losing his sword in the process. Lucifer could barely see him through tears of pain, but once he located him, the Devil closed his eyes slowly to tap into the power of his sword. He felt It come alive, growing in strength and hunger. He opened his eyes and saw It, hovering above Michael from behind. The latter seemed confused following the shock of the hit he just took and didn’t seem to be aware of It’s presence.

With as much power at his hands, Lucifer was certain he could have summoned a real demon up here, but the idea of unleashing it on Earth didn’t warm him. There were other things he could temporarily summon though, one of them being that beautiful creature. The thing was part fire, part darkness, with glowing red eyes. It was raising up five feet tall on four legs of fire and was wearing a bestial face with long dark fangs. A long tail of raging fire was whipping angrily behind It. The thing licked Its blazing lips ravenously with a long black tongue that seemed to be dripping fire.

In the blink of an eye, the beast sank Its fangs into the angel’s left shoulder and upper torso from behind. Now completely lost in the frenzy of tasting a celestial being, the thing growled and shook Michael from left to right as if to take him apart. If it hadn’t been for his armor plate protecting his torso and part of his shoulder, Michael would certainly have lost his arm and maybe more. As it was, the fangs had pierced through the plate and reached the skin in some places, drawing rivulets of blood down his torso. The force of the jaw grip even cracked his left clavicle. The angel let escape a cry of agony.

After a moment of shaking him around, the fire beast threw the angel away and proceeded to place itself in front of him to take a new bite. While Lucifer took advantage of the situation to get back his senses, Michael scrambled on all four to reach his sword before the next attack from the hellish beast. Unfortunately for the Devil, his brother had fallen close to his sword and was now raising it unsteadily to defend himself. The beast approached him cautiously, sending a heated growl of frustration that shook the earth. Chin up and on one knee, Michael stood fast and waited for the attack that was sure to come soon. Still in his frenzy of angelic blood, the beast finally attacked
head first at a lightning speed.

Michael’s sword connected with the beast’s neck but not strongly enough to decapitate it, due to his lack of strength in his left arm and to the speed of the attack. The beast growled in pain while tumbling over the angel. It tried to sink Its fangs and claws into the celestial being but Michael held him at arm’s length. But to hold back a beast of fire with bare hands did not come without its price. Even with the power of his sword coursing through him, Michael’s hands were burning at the touch of the hellish creature. Suddenly, a burst of celestial energy shot off from Michael and pushed the beast a few feet away, far enough for Michael to get up on shaky legs and raise his sword once more with burned hands. This time, Michael didn’t way for another attack and drove his sword down with as much force as he could muster. The sword cleaved the beast in two in the middle of Its torso, and It started to dissipate with a piercing howl, in a cloud of smoke and darkness.

Michael stood there motionless, breathing hard and moaning in pain. After a few seconds, he dropped his sword and clenched his shoulder with his right hand. He turned around to look at Lucifer who was now back on his feet a secure distance away. They were both panting noisily, visibly greatly weaken.

After a long moment of looking hatefully at each other and trying to get their breath back, Michael lowered himself and retrieved his sword. He proceeded to walk slowly around Lucifer to evaluate the Devil’s remaining strength, while dragging his sword heavily behind him.

"You are a monster!" The angel spat disdainfully.

Lucifer felt his hatred for his brother redouble. "And whose fault is that? Tell me?" He screamed. "You are the one who helped create me in the first place by sending me to Hell! What did you expect to accomplish by doing so? Make me more angelic?" He snorted contemptuously.

"You deserved that punishment a hundred times over! You killed them all!" Michael was losing it, unable to keep his old resentments buried any longer. "And I will send you back to Hell, even if I have to die doing it!" He was now screaming at the top of his lungs, overwhelmed by anger, hatred and pain at the reminder of the people he lost all those millennia ago.

Lucifer nodded slowly with determination. "So be it!"

They started fighting again, sword beating against sword, both with heavy and clumsy movements. Neither had much energy left in him. Lucifer still felt the power of the sword coursing through him, fueled by his burning hatred, but he was hesitant to use it again, afraid it would drain the few remaining strength he still had in him. Started here and there during their fight, the fires were gaining strength by the minute. It helped contain Michael, and Lucifer used it at his advantage. But he knew he would not be able to keep fighting much longer for he could feel his broken ribs moving and tear him apart from the inside each time he swung his sword. They both got a few successful hit at each other again though. Lucifer’s torso and abdomen wore now multiple bleeding gashes whereas Michael had a few new ones on his arms and thighs and even one on his left torso where The Flaming sword had gone through.

Nothing would have been more satisfying than to defeat his brother with a sword’s stroke, but after a few more minutes of painful fighting, Lucifer knew he had no choice but to rely once more on his sword’s power to stay alive. So he backed away a few feet from Michael to collect himself and tap into his power, hoping it wouldn’t drain him dry.

Michael didn’t follow him, probably glad for the moment of respite allowed to him. He looked as weak as Lucifer felt. Slowly, at first hardly noticeable because of the setting sun and the fires
shedding shadows around the meadow, patches of shadows started forming and move around Michael. Surprised when he noticed it, the angel tried to fend it with his sword but it only went through it as if he was trying to cut through smoke. Lucifer backed away a little further and smiled at his accomplishment. He felt weaker as expected, but could still keep upright. Michael looked around wildly, very much on edge in front of this unknown treat. More shadows rose around him that the angel was still not able to slay. At Lucifer’s silent commend, the shadows started to attack, grabbing Michael’s limbs with dark tentacles and pulling him down. Each time Michael succeeded at hitting a grabbing shadow it dissipated and released its hold on him, only to reform slowly somewhere else and attack again. Quickly overwhelmed by the darkness, Michael went down on his knees, exhausted. Those things were not fast nor strong and there was no way it could have made Michael bend the knee, even less overpower him like that, had the angel been any stronger. Never had the Devil thought that those simple shadows he normally used only to scare weak human souls, would one day save his life.

When his brother’s sword fell down on the ground, Lucifer painfully walked towards him slowly. He was victorious at last. His vengeance was now at hand. "Look at me brother!" He thundered. And Michael did. The angel didn’t try anymore to escape from the shadows. He knew he was defeated. "I am the last thing you’ll ever see." Lucifer added, raising his sword, ready to kill.

"You are an evil thing and deserve to burn in Hell! I pray that someone else will stop you!"
Michael yelled.

Lucifer’s face contorted in anger. "I AM NOT EVIL!" He screamed at the top of his lungs.

Michael started laughing madly. "Look at you! You are the embodiment of evil!!"

Lucifer lowered his sword slowly and passed it to his left hand. "I told you!" He said dangerously, raising his right fist. "I, AM, NOT, EVIL" He screamed, punctuating each word with a strong punch in Michael’s face that drew blood and broke bones.

Michael continued laughing during his beating. However, he didn’t seem to be able to stay upright on his knees by himself anymore, only the shadows kept him so.

At last Michael kept quiet, too busy spiting blood out of his mouth. Lucifer looked at him, panting in rage. It was his turn to be victorious! His time of glory! So why did he not feel happier at the view of his kneeling brother? An image sprang into his mind. An image of himself kneeling before Michael at the end of the battle in Heaven. An image not so different from what was displaying in front of him. He could once more see the deaths around him, hear the screams of his dying brothers and sisters, and feel again the devastation he had felt at knowing he was the one responsible for it. He didn’t need Michael to remind him that he was to blame for it even if he had killed none of them with his sword. The only person he had ever killed was Uriel, because he had no choice at the time and he would bear the pain and guilt of that action for eternity.

Did he have a choice now? Could he do otherwise? And what would Chloe think of him if he killed him only for revenge? What would he think of himself? Could he even be able to look at himself in a mirror if he killed another of his brother when he could have done otherwise? Suddenly he remembered what he had said to Azrael, that he would insure peace and not chaos with The Flaming sword. He looked around him, at the devastated meadow raging with fire and at his brother plastered with blood, barely conscious. He, had brought chaos around himself! No one else. Was he becoming exactly what he swore he would never be? Evil? A killer? No! He would never become what they wanted him to be. What they all thought him to be. He had free will, and he could chose to be whoever he wanted, and he was not a killer. He was not evil!

A deep feeling of guilt and shame washed over him and he moaned in misery. He looked at his
sword still in his left hand, wondering what to do with it. His mind finally made up, he used one last time the power of The Flaming sword to quench the fires around him then, he released Michael by conjuring the shadows away. That done, the fire-like light around The Flaming sword dissipated along with the hatred in Lucifer and he dropped the sword, drained.

At the same moment, thunder rumbled dangerously above them. Lucifer looked up at the darkening sky that was completely empty only moments ago, to discover that black angry clouds were now hovering over them, as if God himself was judging his actions.

Chloe looked at the devastation displaying before her. Fires were raging almost everywhere over the meadow by now and black smoke was rising towards the sky. As much as that picture was distressing, what was terrifying her even more was the sight of hellish creatures of shadows encircling who she thought to be Michael and bringing him down. She saw Lucifer walking slowly, shirt less, through a patch of fire towards his brother. Was that all his doing? The fires, the dark creatures? Of course it was! The look on Lucifer’s face was one of pure hatred. She saw him raise his sword, ready to strike at the angel who was now completely at his mercy. She felt her heart beat faster and louder in her chest. Had she already lost him completely even if he was the one still standing? She was afraid to watch and have her darkest fear confirmed but was unable to turn her gaze from the sight.

She felt Amenadiel unnecessarily hold her back by putting his hand on her arm, silently asking her to not intervene. She wanted nothing more than to scream at Lucifer, scream for him to stop now and not lose his soul completely by crossing a line he could never comeback from, but she was also too afraid of distracting him and have him get killed by her fault. He was still alive at least, wasn’t that the most important thing? But what would be left of the man she loved if he turned himself to the shadows?

She heard him scream at Michael that he was not evil and saw him hit his brother forcefully in the face. Tears fell down her cheeks at the sight. Amenadiel was still holding her arm tightly, as if frozen into place. After the pummeling, Lucifer stayed very still, hovering over Michael. There was a long moment of complete silence during which only the noise of the fires could be heard. It was as if nature itself was holding its breath in front of the drama that was taking place.

After what seemed an eternity to Chloe, all fires disappeared suddenly as if by magic, leaving only a light mist behind. The unearthly shadows retreated too, letting Michael fall on all four. She just had the time to release a breath of relief she must have been holding for a long time, when she heard thunder rolling angrily in the sky. She looked up reflexively at the threat. The dark clouds that were gathering there seemed unnatural, diffusing an eerie light. She saw lightning illuminating them here and there followed closely by other deep rumblings of thunders.

She could swear she just took her eyes off the two brothers for a couple of seconds before concentrating on them again, but what she saw and then heard when she gazed again upon them froze her blood into her veins. As if caught up in a bad dream, Chloe heard herself scream in horror. "Noooooo!

A sharp pain brought Lucifer’s gaze down on himself. He could not make sense of what he was seeing. There was a blade coming out of his left side. "What…?" He looked half way up at his brother who was still on his knees in front of him but with his sword in hands now deeply buried inside him. It felt like a replay of his Fall, except at the time it was him who had been on his knees. The blade had penetrated him in the exact same spot as it had pierced him that fatidic day.

Tears of anger and pain were streaming down Michael’s face. "You killed them! You killed them all! I can’t let you do it again with humanity!" He half screamed, half cried.
Lucifer saw in Michael’s eyes the echo of his own pain at having lost so many of his siblings. "I’m… I’m sorry!" He whispered. What else could he say?

Lucifer didn’t know if Michael even heard him, for the angel went on screaming his rage. "You will burn in Hell for eternity! I will make you Fall all over again!"

With that, the angel’s wings spread out and he launched himself in the air, carrying Lucifer who was still impaled on his sword.

Lucifer’s ears were buzzing with the rush of blood and the pain. However, over the noise, he thought he heard a scream of horror coming from farther away. His eyes snapped open. Could it be her? Was she truly here or was he hallucinating because of the pain he was in? The screams seemed to be continuing though. It really sounded like her! She must have followed him after all. That was so like her! The thought made him smile in spite of everything. It was saddening though, to think she was seeing him end like that, but on the other hand, he was glad for this last chance at seeing her. He tried to turn his head enough to get a look at his lover. Please! He pleaded silently. Just one last look at her before I go! But he was immobilised by the weight of his own body impaled on the sword and could not turn around enough to see her. He felt himself flying upward farther and farther away. At one point, he could no longer hear her voice and it broke his heart. She was gone from his life for good now. He would never see her again. He would burn in Hell again where his family would insure he’d stay for good this time.

Lucifer saw and heard the sky illuminating in lightning and thunder all around him. His Father had obviously come to admire the show and seemed eager to see the last scene play. Their speed decreased all of a sudden and they came to a halt where Michael started flying in place.

The angel withdrew his blade slowly while pushing on Lucifer’s body to release him. Through his anger, Michael almost seemed sad. "You leave me no choice brother!"

Michael gave one last push on his body then Lucifer felt himself Fall. Once more, he was Falling inexorably towards Hell!

Chapter End Notes

Did I succeed? Was this good? Please let me know! Your comments and kudos will be my reward and my fuel to keep on writing this story. Thanks for reading and following this story!
Hello everybody! I want to thank everyone who commented or kuddoed my last chapter. I never had so many good words and it was greatly motivating. I tried to write this new chapter quickly, knowing how much the last one could have frustrated some of you with that awful cliff-hanger (even if I’m not really sorry about it… : ]). I’m very excited to let you discover what I have in store for Lucifer now. So without waiting any longer, here we go! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lucifer was Falling! Falling helplessly through a thundering sky alight with lightning. He could feel the pull of the Hellmouth down below, drawing him closer and closer. That well-known feeling, added to the deep pain in his left side, also familiar, brought back images and emotions of his first Fall that mixed with reality, leaving him unsure of what was actually real and what was not. He even saw the stars and the dark void of the universe around him. But wasn’t he supposed to still be in Earth’s atmosphere? He didn’t know anymore. Old guilt at having killed his siblings resurfaced as if it just happened minutes ago, along with the acceptance of whatever fate he had to endure to atone for it.

He forced the feelings away and tried to focus back on reality. He had deserved it at the time, he knew it now, but not this time. He had changed, he had tried to amend for those sins and had even thought himself worthy of forgiveness. Chloe had changed him. Chloe! His mind went back to her. She was his reality now. His everything! He tried to keep the image of her loving face in his mind to stay sane. He did not accept that fate this time. It terrified him! Not of returning to Hell, not even at the prospect of burning into the fires of Hell. No! He’d been there done that and knew he could survive it again if need be. What terrified him was the idea of never seeing her again. He was not sure he could survive THAT! The idea of living eternity without her touch, without her love… it was more than he could take. He’d be willing to do anything to get back to her.

Back then, his Fall had felt endless. This one would be short but as painful, if not worse, considering the devastation he felt at losing the love of his life. The pain of that loss felt a thousand times worse than the excruciating physical pain he was in at the moment. Of course, his Father chose that moment to remind him that things could always get worse, for he felt a lightning hit him full force in the back and paralyse his body with electricity and agonising pain. All his muscles spasm painfully even old ones he forgot he ever had. He laughed silently at the futility of His action. Lucifer didn’t need any reminder that his Father did not approve of his behaviour. As if he ever did. What was another disappointment going to change between them in the long run anyway? Lucifer was finished with hoping for understanding and forgiveness from the old bastard. He had forgiven himself at long last and most importantly, Chloe believed in him. What else could he ask for really?

He could see lights of human habitations and activities now down on the surface of the Earth, along with the faint reddish glow of the Hellmouth slowly opening right beneath him. He was getting closer and closer with increasing speed. There was nothing he could do about it.

Desperation escalated tenfold. No! He could not lose her! He could not accept that fate. The first
time around, even with his wings still on his back, he had not try to fight back and stop his Fall. He had went down willingly, ready to accept anything, even hopefully death, so great was his guilt at what he’d done. But this time, the guilt and shame were not stronger than his need to live and be with Chloe. This time, he would not go without a fight. Old reflexes kicked in and he tried to stop his fall by stupidly flapping his arms and flexing his wings muscles helplessly. Wings that he knew were long gone. How pathetic he thought. The mountains and the trees were now very close, but most of all, he could see the Hellmouth wide opened, ready to engulf him. Still wriggling hopelessly, he braced himself for his entry into Hell.

Chloe screamed his name over and over again, unable to stop herself. Tears fell down her face freely. She heard Amenadiel call after Michael to try to stop him, in vain. At last, after seeing Lucifer disappear into the dark clouds above, her screams transformed into deep panting moans. All strength left her legs and she fell down on her knees, shaking all over. Her whole body rejected the thought of having lost him. This couldn’t be! It had to be a nightmare! Lucifer was gone! Possibly dead or if not, then on his way back to Hell for good. Her mind could not handle the thought. She hugged her middle painfully, feeling like she was about to throw up.

She felt Amenadiel put a hand on her shoulder supportively. Despair turned into anger all of a sudden. She turned around and lashed out at him. "Why didn’t you do something, anything?" Anger gave her back enough strength to rise up on her feet. "You just watched when you should have stopped Michael! You said you could." She screamed at him and hit the middle of his torso with her right index menacingly. "Maze would never have left him take Lucifer!" Amenadiel had the decency to look ashamed. She hit him harder with the palm of her hand, then closed both fists and hit him again and again on the chest, screaming and crying. "You left him to die! He’s gone! He’s gone!" She was out of herself, not really believing any of her words, but only needing someone, anyone to blame for everything. Amenadiel caught her arms and stopped her gently. She broke apart in his arms and he held her comfortingly while she cried her eyes out.

Holding her also gave him some comfort. He felt greatly disturbed. He didn’t need Chloe’s words to feel guilty of having failed Lucifer. But what could he have done? How could he have stopped Michael? Was there a moment where he could have done a difference? He replayed the scene over and over in his mind to try and find the failed opportunity that could have help him save Lucifer. The thing was, he had not expected Michael to be so cruel, had not seen it coming when he should have. He’d underestimated Michael’s hatred for Lucifer and that mistake had cost his little brother his life. He felt horrible! He should have done something, stopped his brothers from killing each other. Desperate, he looked up into the menacing sky. Just in case, but knowing very well that it would not do any good, he prayed his Father to help stop this madness. As if in answer, thunder rumbled angrily to confirm God’s displeasure.

After a long moment of comforting each other so, Amenadiel spotted something into the sky. "Look up Chloe!"

Still sobbing, she released him of her death grip and looked up into the thundering sky that had yet to release any rain. At first, she didn’t see anything where Amenadiel pointed with a finger but then, a lightning illuminated the sky and she saw it, a small shadow with human shape falling through the angry clouds. "Lucifer!" She whispered fearfully.

In a breath, Amenadiel confirmed her fear. "He is Falling straight to Hell. I’m so sorry Chloe!"

She had expected that outcome, but to see it happen was hurting her straight to her soul. Seeing Lucifer Fall was the most horrible thing she had ever witness, next to seeing him get ran through by a sword moments ago. Nonetheless, she could not turn her gaze from him. She had to watch, for the least she could do was being supportive of his torments even if it couldn’t do him any good.
She thought she could see him move. Or was it just that the body was moved around by the wind? She prayed to God that he was still alive and would survive the Fall. That way there was still a tiny chance he could come back to her someday. Not so long ago, he’d promised he would always find his way back to her after all. If he died instead, there was no certainty as to where he would end up. He could very well get wiped out of existence completely like his brother Uriel had been. She held her breath, begging to who would listen to spare his life.

At the exact same moment, a lightning seemed to strike Lucifer directly, illuminating him momentarily. The bastard really had no heart! He was even ready to strike down at his own son when he was at his weakest. What kind of a Father did something like that? She had never loved God nor even believed in him until just recently but now she hated him fiercely.

She kept her eyes on Lucifer, willing him to stray strong whatever happened, when she noticed a faint glow surrounding him. The glow rapidly increased in intensity to become a fierce light that reminded that of a shooting star. Lucifer was Falling at an incredible speed towards the Earth. He finally hit the ground forcefully in an awful din of falling trees and earth shaking that lasted a long moment some hundred meters away.

"Something is wrong!" Shouted Amenadiel over the commotion. "He shouldn’t have touched the ground."

Chloe didn’t wait for the noise to end but dashed away running as fast as she could towards the trees. Amenadiel started following her but as an afterthought turned away to go retrieve The Flaming sword before running in the same direction he had seen Chloe go.

Chloe’s heart was beating madly in her chest. Could he still be alive after such a Fall? She had no idea but held on to that glimmer of hope, as small as it was. Day light was fading rapidly with the sun now completely set behind the mountains. Nevertheless, she could still see enough to run through the sparse woods. She came rapidly to a part of the forest that looked devastated with uproot and broken trees, all fallen on the same side and forming a large corridor of at least 20 feet in width that seemed to end only a long way down. She angled her course to run alongside it. She couldn’t comprehend how Lucifer’s Fall could have formed such a long and large corridor. She stopped wondering about it when she saw the star-like light reappear ahead in a small opening. It had to be him! Suddenly, a gush of wind came from the path of fallen trees on her right. Turning her head towards the source, her heart skipped a beat at seeing Michael glide majestically over the devastation towards the small opening, and Lucifer.

Hope rapidly made place to new desperation. No doubt that Michael was there to finish the job he had started. She had to stop him but had no idea how to do so. The angel had landed a little farther ahead in what appear to be a meadow. With his back on her, Michael was holding himself straight and proud with his wings displayed menacingly. She ran around him, still going through the trees, to be able to get a look at Lucifer and at least confirm he was still alive. She stopped in her track at the periphery of the meadow, stunned. Of all the things she expected to see, THAT had never even crossed her mind.

Lucifer was on one knee, bending forward with his hands on the ground supporting himself. An eerie white light emanated from him, illuminating everything around the small meadow. That alone would have given him a celestial appearance, but the huge white wings that were half folded on his back made him look downright divine. He straightened his back slowly while rising to his feet and opening his wings to their full potential in a display of strength and power. Those were the biggest and the most gorgeous wings Chloe had seen to this day. They might only be the fourth pair of angel wings she had ever seen, but she was sure none could be more breathtaking as those. It was simply the most beautiful thing she had ever seen in her entire life. Thunderstruck, she held her
breath in awe, feeling small and insignificant in the face of the divine. She thought she knew Lucifer inside out but obviously there was a whole side of him that she just couldn’t grasp until now. He really was the lightbringer, strongest of all archangels!

Lucifer stood there in all his glory, staring dangerously at his big brother who had tried to kill him. Michael defied him silently some ten feet away, with a stunned looked on his face as if unsure of what it all meant. Lucifer himself wasn’t sure of what had just happened to him. One moment he was Falling directly into the Hellmouth and the next, he had felt the wind catch in his long lost wings and had stopped his Fall midair to start gliding away into the forest where he had ravaged countless trees before coming to an halt in this meadow, all sore and hurting, but still alive and kicking. Standing straight hurt like Hell, and the blood loss was draining him fast, but in that moment, the new energy his wings provided gave him the strength to hide his weakness for a little while longer. But he knew it was just a matter of minutes, even less maybe, before he fell from exhaustion.

Michael regained his composure quickly. "What is the meaning of this? Weren’t you supposed to have cut your wings off or was that just a hoax to fool me?"

"Oh! I had them cut off alright. You might not believe in me, but as unlikely as it can seem, looks like Dad finally does after all." The fallen angel furrowed his eyebrows in thought. "Or, and certainly more plausibly, He still needs me for some important task of his. The old bastard!" He chuckled, unbelieving. "Always playing us isn’t he? But it doesn’t matter, I believe I deserve them back, whatever any of you can say."

"You want me to believe Dad gave them back to you? He would never!" Michael just couldn’t accept this. It went against everything he believed in.

Lucifer was getting sick of his brother’s attitude. "Oh! Please Michael! How can one be so blind and naïve? Everything is not black or white. I am not the big bad wolf and you certainly are not the just and all good noble warrior. Look at you, ready to kill your own brother for pride!"

"I won’t let you deceive me!" The angel reached behind his shoulder to unstrap his sword but stopped in the middle of his action when a voice thundered on his left.

"ENOUGH!" Amenadiel walked eagerly out of the woods with his jaws clenched.

Chloe had not heard him arrive. She had been on the verge of jumping in between the two fighting brothers to stop them when Amenadiel had erupted not far away from her. His appearance had the desired effect of destabilising the two brothers who turned their gaze from each other to concentrate on the new comer. Chloe soon turned her eyes back on Lucifer who was now staring at her in wonder. The way he looked lovingly at her with that special smile he reserved only for her made her understand that whatever he might look like and be, be it the Lightbringer or the Devil himself, he was still Lucifer Morningstar, the man she loved and cherished and he would always be. Her bemused look turned slowly to one of pure love and relief at seeing him still alive.

Amenadiel was now almost between his two brothers, pointing accusingly at Michael. "You should be ashamed brother! You should both be ashamed for letting things get so much out of hands. Don’t you see you are both fighting for the same thing, that you are both on the same side?"

Michael was shaking his head vigorously. "You can’t be serious!"

Amenadiel glared at him disgustedly. "You are the one who is in the wrong here Michael. Lucifer is as noble as you are when not too busy being a pain in the ass. And you are an ass hole even when you’re trying to be noble. You are so busy trying to do the right thing that you forgot to ask
yourself if you’re actually doing it for the good reasons. Lucifer and I have been trying to stop Vasariah from getting «The Piece» for days now and I know for a fact that Lucifer is not to blame here."

Michael’s jaw dropped in disbelief. Impossible! Could he have been so badly mistaking? Did he let his old resentment take over his good judgement? And could Lucifer have changed that much? Nothing made sense anymore to him. But the thing was, he had always respected Amenadiel and could not doubt his words even if he wanted to.

Amenadiel came face to face with the angel and spoke almost in a whisper. "I saw what you did. You stabbed him while he spared your life. Who’s the most noble now?"

Michael felt sick with himself at the realisation of his mistake. He had almost killed his little brother only for old grudges!

At that moment, Lucifer fell on one knee under a wave of dizzying pain and grabbed his left side with both hands. Chloe ran to him immediately and caught him just in time before he toppled backward. She laid him in her lap with his wings sprawled out and caressed his hair.

After the ripples of pain and dizziness diminished, Lucifer reopened his eyes slowly and stared at her with an adoring smile. "There you are! I heard your voice but couldn’t find you."

"I’m right here my Love!" Chloe’s chin trembled and her tears started anew. She kissed his temple tenderly then laid her forehead against his. She tried no to but a moan of angst escaped her throat.

Lucifer could not bear to see her like that because of him. He cupped her cheek and caressed it lovingly. "Don’t worry Love! It’s just a scratch." That made her chuckle to his great pleasure. "Just a typical brawl between brothers really. I’ll be as good as new in no time." Well, time was relative after all and he had survived a similar wound in the past. Had he not?

In the meantime, Amenadiel had pushed a stunned Michael a few feet away from the couple on the ground. He noticed that the look of horror Michael had displayed when understanding his error was turning slowly to one of wonder at seeing Lucifer show gestures of affection and love to a human.

Amenadiel confirmed what Michael was just beginning to realise. "Lucifer has changed way more than you can ever imagine over the past years. He genuinely loves this human and humanity along with her now."

"I… I don’t know what to say…" Michael’s eyes were still fixed on the couple.

"I don’t expect you to say anything. Just go! And try to catch the right guy this time. For our part, we’ll certainly continue trying to do exactly that until Vasariah has been stopped. But before you go, there’s something I have to ask of you." Amenadiel brought him farther away yet to make sure not to be overheard for this part of the conversation.

Chloe tried to regain control of herself and checked him over quickly to assess his injuries. There was so much blood! She was already drenched in it. There was numerous cuts over his body some more serious than others like the one on his torso but the worst was by far the one on his abdomen. Apparently, the sword had come in in the middle of his left side then had cut through it on its way up to stop at the base of his rib cage. The wound was wide open with blood pouring out of it unrestrained. The sight of it made her head spin in panic. She took her jacket off and proceeded to try and stop the bleeding from both ends of the wound. "You’re gonna be okay Baby! You’re gonna be okay!" She said, trembling. Lucifer closed his eyes and just tried to take deep breaths in spite of the pain in his chest and abdomen.
After a moment of silence, Chloe became aware of Amenadiel crouching beside her. Looking up, she couldn’t find Michael anywhere. "You left the bastard go? You have to be kidding me!"

"I couldn’t very well kill him. Could I?" He answered, annoyed.

"Maybe… But you could at least have skinned him alive or something." Chloe wanted Michael to suffer for what he’d done.

Lucifer opened his eyes and smiled proudly. "That’s my girl!"

The dark angel ignored their comments. "Lucifer, can you fold your wings away so I can help you to the car?"

"You are not going to carry me like a baby!" He sounded categorical but closed his eyes nonetheless to concentrate and make his wings disappear.

Amenadiel was relieved to see that his brother had still a little fight in him. "Oh! You bloody idiot! You’re bleeding to death!"

"Why? Haven’t you seen Michael? I beat the crap out of him. I’m the one who won that fight you know. Well, before he cheated, that is." In spite of his bravado, Lucifer sounded weaker by the second and looked pale as death.

"Yeah! And now you’re the one who’s dying! Congratulation for your great victory brother!"

Lucifer pouted. 'I’m not dying! I’m just losing a little blood!"

Amenadiel gave up. "Whatever!"

"Will you two just stop bickering at each other? We have to get Lucifer home as fast as possible so he can get some medical attention. And besides, we need to be on our way quickly before the firefighters get here. Someone has to have seen that smoke earlier and call for them." Both brothers looked sheepish at her reprimand.

Lucifer tried to get up with Chloe’s and Amenadiel’s help but it became quickly obvious that he could not keep standing on his feet even when leaning against them. "Oh! Bloody Hell! Okay, you can carry me. But I better not hear about it in the future brother or I’m gonna make you suffer for it."

Amenadiel was enjoying this greatly. "You’ll only hear about it if you survive. Which is unlikely if you ask me."

"Ha! Ha! Very funny!" Yet, Lucifer let himself be taken up by Amenadiel and carried all the way back to the cars.

In spite of the fact that Lucifer wasn’t out of the woods yet, Amenadiel thought that the look of utter indignation on his brother’s face at being carried like a baby was priceless.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to make the scene where Chloe discovers his wings grandiose. I hope it was. I believe some of you who commented my last chapters should be happy with that
outcome. Let me know how you liked it with a comment please. I’m dying to read you! Thanks for following my story! You’re awesome!
They decided to leave Lucifer’s car there and retrieve it later, so that Chloe could continue making a pressure on the wounds while Amenadiel drove them back at full speed with the police lights on. Chloe applied on Lucifer’s abdomen and lower back every bandages that were left in her first-aid kit (she hadn’t have time to refill it following Lucifer’s shooting last week damn it!) to help stop the bleeding, but the blood just kept imbibing it. He was now lying in her lap on the back seat looking very pale and weak. Her heart almost stopped when he passed out half way to her house, but a quick look confirmed her that he was still breathing steadily if somewhat superficially.

Keeping her eyes on his torso to make sure each breath he took was not his last, she asked Amenadiel the one question she wasn’t sure she wanted an answer to. "Do you think he can make it?"

Amenadiel hesitated a long moment before answering very seriously. "I’m really not sure Chloe."

Chloe’s heart started beating faster. "I know angels can kill each other even more with a celestial weapon but, isn’t he supposed to have a greater metabolism and be able to heal quickly? Shouldn’t that be enough? It was enough the first time Michael stabbed him a long time ago." Her brain couldn’t accept any other possibility.

"It might, as long as he isn’t deteriorating faster than his healing process can work. Which I’m not sure in this case. Those wounds look worse than the one he took during his Fall and he is still losing a lot of blood." He had no certainty to offer her.

Chloe could not admit defeat though. "But, isn’t there someone in your family who could help fix him?"

"I’m afraid not. No one would dare answer my call, even less if it has to do with helping Lucifer. I’ll try anyway when we get at your place, but I already know the outcome."

She felt anger building inside her at the statement. "What a sick family you have!" After a few seconds of thinking, a thought came to her mind. "And what about Azrael? She loves Lucifer."

Amenadiel shook his head sadly. "She made it clear she would not interfere between those two, even if she cares greatly for Lucifer. We’ll have to wait for him to heal on his own and do what we can to help." He hesitated before adding. "There might be a last chance solution, but I’m a hundred percent sure Lucifer would refuse it."

Hope blossomed in her. "What is it? Please tell me!"

"I’ll talk about it with Lucifer if the need comes. But don’t get your hopes too high Chloe, I doubt it would do any good." His tone left no doubt that he would not tell her more about it.
Chloe accepted not to pursue her enquiry on the subject, for now. Just to have one last hope was more than she could ask for right now. But to make sure they would not have to resort to that last and apparently less than reliable solution, they had to find a way to help Lucifer. Chloe had already called Maze who had answered at the first ring. With an unsteady voice, Chloe had explain to her what happened and the state Lucifer was in. Maze was going to call Linda and make sure she was ready to take Lucifer in charge once they got home.

She really didn’t know what Linda could do for him though. Without being an expert, Chloe was still sure any human would already be dead by now from that kind of wound. There was no way Linda could give him a transfusion or any perfusion for that matter to make up for all his blood loss, what with that impenetrable skin of his. Well, when it came to human technics that is. So besides patching him up what else could be done? Chloe felt tears building up again in her eyes. She could not lose him! Not now, after everything they had been through. She kissed his hair and face tenderly while she cried softly, still keeping the pressure on his wounds. "I’ll make sure you get through this My Love. I swear I will!" She whispered to his ear.

By the time they got home, Lucifer was moaning in pain and drenched in perspiration, not really conscious of his surroundings. Amenadiel brought him inside and laid him directly on the table. Linda was already there, thank God! With all her equipment at the ready to take care of the Devil. And thanks to Maze, Beatrice was sound asleep so she would not see him like that.

Linda began by taking off all the bandages Chloe had put against the abdominal wound to get a look at it and winced at the sight. There was still blood coming out of it from both ends but at a slow rate now while the chest wound had stopped bleeding by itself. She could guess easily that the big intestine, the spleen and probably even a kidney, a part of the liver and the stomach had been damaged. A fatal wound for any humans for sure. But Lucifer was far from human. She braced herself and the doctor in her took over. She started by giving orders around for Chloe to wash the wounds and the skin around it as much as possible with Chlorhexidine, while Maze would apply a strong pressure on the still bleeding wounds and Amenadiel would undress Lucifer to his boxers.

During that time, Linda took Lucifer’s vital signs. His breathing was way too fast and shallow and he was using costal muscles to get air in, which told her he probably had pulmonary injuries from the fractured ribs she could easily feel moving under her hands. She had no idea what an angel’s normalities were, but was quite sure a blood pressure of 280/120 and a heartbeat of 260/min were abnormal even for him. Normally, his blood pressure should have decreased with all the blood loss, not increased and his heart beat was way too high. Shit! He had to be in too much pain. Can an angel have a heart failure? She had no idea. That had to be corrected and fast.

Linda retrieved a medication container in her bag. "We have to wake him up and make him take some Morphine. We need to lower the pain he might not make it. Lucifer! Can you hear me?" Linda shook him gently. Lucifer mumbled in an unintelligible language but didn’t seem to wake up.

Amenadiel stepped in. "Lucifer!" He said louder. "Wake up you bloody ass! It’s not the time to take a nap." He shook him harder and finally Lucifer opened his eyes slowly.

"What…?" His eyes were unfocussed and threatened to close again. He winced in pain and his breathing sped up instantly.

Already at his side, Chloe cupped his face in her hands and spoke as calmly as she could. "Lucifer! You have to take some pills, it will help with the pain." She wasn’t sure he had heard her though, for he didn’t answer but just kept wincing and moaning in agony.
Maze took the opportunity to scold him. "You’re such a bloody idiot Lucifer! Going there alone. You should have brought me. Between the two of us, we would have plucked that feathered prick and sent him to Hell!"

"Maze! Now is really not the time." Lectured Amenadiel.

Maze turned her wrath on him. "And you! How could you have left him get gutted like that? You were supposed to have his back!" Amenadiel’s face fell and he looked about to flee for his life.

Linda was not in a mood for childish behaviour. "Okay guys! That’s it! If you can’t keep quiet I’ll kick you out." Maze sent a dagger’s look at Amenadiel but stopped her ranting. Amenadiel turned his gaze shamefully and kept quiet too.

Not without difficulty, Linda succeeded at giving Lucifer a handful of pills with a little water. Not taking any chance, she had given him ten times the dose of Morphine she would normally have given any human. After they laid him down again, the doctor proceeded at dressing his wounds. Linda had to push his fractured ribs into place before applying an elastic bandage around his torso to keep them together. Too weak, Lucifer soon passed out again under the pain. Once all his wounds were dressed and there was nothing more she could do, Linda had Amenadiel carry him into Chloe’s bed and laid out propped up against some pillows to give his body a 45 degrees angle to help his breathing. His vital signs seemed to be slowly decreasing to a more viable degree but were still quite high.

"There is nothing else we can do now but wait and observe. Chloe, I’ll stay downstairs for the night and check on him frequently." Linda lowed her voice soothingly. "Maybe you should go take a shower before you get some rest."

Chloe countered quickly. "I’m not tired. And besides, there’s no way I’ll be able to sleep tonight." She looked herself over and seemed to notice only for the first time all the blood over her clothes and skin. "But I guess I could benefit from a good shower. Can you watch over him while I wash up?"

Linda squeezed Chloe’s arm comfortably. "Sure! Take your time."

So Chloe went for a shower while Linda kept watch over him. Maze and Amenadiel hovered around him for a moment before going downstairs, no doubt for an animated conversation. After that, Chloe stayed by his side all night holding his hand. She whipped the perspiration from his face and forehead and said sweet words to his ears to calm him down when he moaned in pain. She cried so much that night that she thought there could be nothing left in her.

True to her word, Linda had check on him at least each hour. The good news was, the abdominal wound had stopped bleeding at last and his vital signs had decreased along with the moaning when the Morphine kicked in. But on the bad side, his blood pressure was starting to get to an alarmingly low level due to the enormous amount of blood loss. They tried to make him drink but he could not keep anything in. He was getting weaker and weaker and his complexion looked almost gray. He even started mumbling in an unknown language as if delirious. In the early morning, Linda had no more encouraging words to give Chloe. They were losing him.

Chloe barged into Maze’s room to wake them up. "Amenadiel! Time to test that last chance idea of yours or he’s gonna die!" She tried to keep her composure but failed miserably.

Amenadiel and Maze were awake and dressed in no time, following her to her room. Once there, Amenadiel looked Lucifer over and flinched. The Devil really looked on the brink of death. "Okay! Let’s wake him up one last time so I can persuade him not to be a fool."
They had a very hard time bringing him back to consciousness but managed it after a long while. Even with his eyes opened, Lucifer looked delirious, speaking that odd language again, seeming to ask something to Amenadiel with a voice that sounded desperate.

Amenadiel tried to bring him back to reality. "No Lucifer! The war is over. We’re on Earth right now and you’re badly hurt. Do you remember?" Lucifer looked puzzled.

Chloe sat beside him and came into his field of vision. "Lucifer! I’m here."

Lucifer looked at her strangely as if not recognising her at first but then his face lit up. "Chloe?" Slowly, everything came back to him, his love for her, his fight with Michael and the wounds he took at his hands.

Chloe smiled through her tears. "Yes, it’s me! Listen to me Lucifer, we need to help you get better and the only way to do that is for you to hear out what your brother as to say." He answered with a simple nod.

Amenadiel took his most convincing voice. "You are not gonna make it on your own Lucifer. Michael could help you…"

He had no time to say more that Lucifer stopped him. "Never! I don’t want anything from him!" He spat disdainfully.

"Even if it saves your life?" The dark angel countered.

Lucifer was shaking his head vehemently. "He would never accept anyway."

Amenadiel looked his little brother in the eye. "He already has."

Chloe could not keep quiet any longer. "What did he accept to do?" She asked, with a renewed hope in her heart. Lucifer kept silent and looked dangerously at his brother.

Amenadiel retrieved something in his pants pocket and opened his hand to reveal it. There in the center of his palm was lying a beautiful white and grey feather, the same color as Michael’s wings.

"Can this heal his wounds?" Chloe was not sure she understood.

"Yes it can." Was all Amenadiel answered, not leaving Lucifer’s gaze.

"I said NO! You will not touch me with this brother." There was venom in Lucifer’s faint voice.

Chloe’s jaw dropped and she talked in outrage, pointing an angry finger at Amenadiel while standing up slowly. "Are you kidding me? I’m driving myself sick with worry at watching him die while you had it all along and didn’t use it?"

Lucifer opened his mouth as if to protest but Chloe shot him a dangerous look that made him rethink his position. Amenadiel had the decency to shot up his mouth too, afraid to anger her further.

"Now just give it to me and leave Amenadiel! I’m gonna deal with Lucifer!" Her tone left no place for arguments.

Without a word, Amenadiel gave her the feather and left the room, but not before sending a look at Lucifer that seemed to say ‘good luck with that!’

When Chloe turned back to Lucifer again, he pleaded his cause weakly. "Chloe, you don’t
understand! I can’t be indebted to him for eternity. You can’t ask it of me."

She sat back beside him and cupped his face with her hands. "Indebted? You can’t be serious! Michael is the one who owns you! It’s the least he can do after what he did to you. And besides, he would not have given it to Amenadiel if he wasn’t conscious of that fact. Now stop being stupid and let me do it." She would not accept any nonsense. He seemed to hesitate so she lowered her voice to a pleading whisper. "If you don’t do it for yourself, at least do it for me, for us. Please Lucifer, I can’t lose you!" She was now overtly crying.

Lucifer opened his mouth in hesitation but then he looked deep into her eyes and saw all the love and desperate hope she felt. How could he be so selfish and let her alone? And for what, pride? If he died of those wounds he would simply go into oblivion and never have another care in the world. No more pain or angst, no chance of heartbreak or fear of losing her, nothing to owe to anyone. Just, nothing! It was the easy way out really. But for her… It would be all the opposite. When he finally talked, it was with renewed determination. "Alright! Let’s do it Love!"

Chloe let escape a sob of relief and kissed his forehead shakily. But they had lost enough time as it was so she released him of her hold quickly and sat back beside him. "What do I have to do?"

Lucifer explained feebly with the last remaining energy he had left. "Undress my abdomen and put the feather directly on the wound."

Chloe rapidly unwrapped his wound and applied the feather on it. At first nothing happened, but then a light started shining to increase rapidly in intensity until she was blinded by its brightness. She had to close her eyes and turn her head to protect her sight from it. She heard Lucifer gasp suddenly. The light seemed to die out all of a sudden after a few seconds and she turned her gaze slowly back to him.

His eyes were closed and he seemed at peace with his face calm and immobile. For a fraction of a second she wondered if he was still alive, but yes, his breathing was even but sounded still as rough as before. She looked down at his abdomen and saw that the wound was almost closed but not completely. Did it work? She wasn’t sure exactly. Taking a peek under the bandage around his torso, she saw that the wound there was still looking fairly the same as before and all smaller wounds over his body were still there too.

She stood up abruptly. What the Hell? "Amenadiel! Something is wrong." She called in panic.

She heard people run up the steps. Amenadiel entered her room almost out of breath followed closely by Maze and Linda. "What’s happening?"

"Look! It’s not working!" Her eyes were wide with fear.

Amenadiel bent over Lucifer and checked him over. "It worked as well as could be." He said soothingly. "You see, when Michael gave me this feather, he was not so powerful anymore. But there was still enough power in it to almost heal the abdominal wound completely. It should be enough to save him. The rest of his wounds are not deathly. Now all he needs is time to heal by himself. Since those wounds were inflicted by a celestial weapon, it will take some days to heal, but it will still be at a faster rate than humans heal normally."

Chloe didn’t want to believe in false hopes. "Are you sure? He is gonna be alright?"

"Yes! He will live. I’m sure of it now." There was no doubt in his voice.

Chloe put her hands on her mouth to refrain a sob of deep relief. Maze was now beside her and
squeezed her shoulders in a southing manner. Chloe turned to her and buried her head in the crook of her neck and embraces her forcefully. She cried in relief, letting go of all the angst and fear that had built up inside her during the night. It took her a long moment before regaining her composure.

Linda was back at Lucifer’s side checking him over. "Why did he passed out? Shouldn’t he be doing better?"

Amenadiel clarified. "The healing also used what little remaining strength he had. He is going to sleep for a long time now. But don’t worry, he’ll be fine." With that he smiled, relieved by his brother’s condition and left the room.

Maze soon followed him and Linda finally left the house to return home. Chloe stayed by Lucifer’s side all day, still unable to sleep as long as she could not see him awake and better. The dark angel and the demon took care of Trixie most of the day. A few times, Maze replaced Chloe at Lucifer’s side to allow her to go see her daughter a bit or eat something. Chloe got Amenadiel and Maze up to speed about Vasariah being the new ruler of Hell and the one who attacked her, Dan and Beatrice, and also about what Azrael had said of the two artefacts having been stolen in Heaven. At least they knew who their enemy was, even if they didn’t know where and what were «The Pieces» and what Vasariah intended to do with them.

At the end of the afternoon, Chloe’s eyes were heavy and she felt almost sick with all the coffees she took during the day. She was curled up with a blanket in her armchair beside Lucifer, reading one of his religious books that was by chance translated in English. It was hard for her to concentrate though, with her brain all blurred by tiredness and anxiety. But she found herself all fascinated by her reading now that she knew some of it was actually true. She would have to ask Lucifer what little truth there was in it if… she corrected herself, WHEN he woke up.

"You look beautiful!" A hoarse but sweet voice said, startling her.

Chloe looked up abruptly, with her heartbeat hitting the roof. "Lucifer!" She whispered, eyes wide with disbelief. He really was awake! With the sweetest smile illuminating his tired face and eyes bright with life. She stood up in a hurry to sit beside him and take his beautiful face in her hands. The words caught in her throat. She felt so happy she thought she could actually burst with joy. Unable to speak from the emotion, she started covering his face with gentle kisses until she reached his mouth where she put the most loving kiss she could muster. She heard and felt him growl with pleasure while he returned her kiss heatedly. She pulled away at last to look at him. He was beaming, as she was. "I missed you so much!" She sobbed, still smiling foolishly.

Lucifer raised a hand to caress her face and wipe the tears from her eyes. "Don’t cry Baby! I’m okay now. WE’re okay!"

She nodded heatedly. "Yeah! We’re okay! We’re okay!" She needed to say it aloud to finally really believe it. She laid her forehead against his to bath in his presence and calm herself, but her sobbing just increased and she found herself with her face buried in the crook of his neck and falling to pieces once again. Lucifer caressed her back soothingly and murmured reassuring words to her ears. He held her tightly during the long minutes it took her to regain control over her emotions. After what felt like an eternity, she finally pulled away only to kiss his mouth again one last time before being able to talk. "You scared the Hell out of me!"

That made him chuckle sheepishly. "Well, for that I really am sorry Love!"

"Maybe, but I’m sure you would still do exactly the same if the situation presented itself again." She said a little accusingly.
He grimaced. "You’re probably right."

"Only promise me one thing. Next time you want to beat the crap out of someone, just, don’t go alone please, and at least let us the time to talk about it before you rush into it. Okay?” She pleaded.

He took a few seconds to pounder that promise. "Okay!"

Chloe exhaled in relief and nodded. "Okay!"

They kept looking at each other with stupid grins on their faces and hands caressing one another blissfully. She had to admit, he still looked exhausted.

But before she could say anything he talked. "You look exhausted Love!"

She chuckled. "And you look the part My Love!"

"I guess I do still feel tired. I could probably sleep for a week, as do you apparently." She grimaced in admission. "But before that I need to go to the bathroom before I soil myself. That would be embarrassing."

She laughed. "I’ll help you up. And while you’re there, we could take the opportunity to get you into a bath. I could help you wash."

His grin turned all mischievous. "What a wonderful idea! You naughty girl!"

"Don’t get yourself all excited." She countered. "It will only be a bath. You’re in no condition to support that kind of exercise."

He pouted. "Tease! Talk for you!" But he didn’t object more than that, probably because he knew she was right.

She was about to help him up when they heard Trixie laugh loudly downstairs and a male voice admonish her to keep quiet.

Lucifer’s eyes grew wide. "Wasn’t that the Douche I just heard?"

Chloe looked apologetic. "Yeah! The hospital released him a couple hours ago and I invited him to stay here for a while considering that first, he doesn’t have any place to go now that his apartment is gone in smoke and second, that he would be far more in security with all of us around." Seeing he was about to object, Chloe added quickly. "I don’t want to take the chance of losing anyone over that story Lucifer. Anyone!” She felt the tears threatening to come back in force. Almost losing Lucifer had made her way too much vulnerable for her liking. What was she thinking? She HAD lost him for a moment out there, thinking he was dead or on his way to Hell. The ghost of that awful feeling crept back in her and she swallowed hard, trying to contain it.

Lucifer seemed to understand at least partly the great ordeal she was going through for he complied more quickly than she anticipated. "Alright Love! I guess I can endure him around for you. As long as you don’t expect me to practice abstinence because of his presence under your roof. If so you’re badly mistaking." He raised his eyebrows expectantly.

She chuckled. "If that’s all that worries you then don’t be afraid." She lowered herself seductively to his level until she could look him in the eyes only inches away from his face. "As soon as you look remotely recovered, I’m gonna jump your bones." She was rewarded by a look of pure lust for her audacity. Fueled by the effect of her words she continued, lowering her voice even more and
talking enticingly to his ear. "And that’s a promise Love!" She heard him swallow hard. "You’ll just have to stay quiet while I have my way with you."

She looked so sexy when she talked dirty! It was a whole new side of her he had seen only a few times since they were really together and he died to see more of it. His body started to light up with desire. He nodded vehemently. "I can be very quiet if I want to Love," He promised. "And I know many positions that can help with it." He added with a dirty look of his own.

Chloe laughed with a clear voice then kissed him deeply. "I bet you do! But it will have to wait a little longer until we both regain some strength."

Lucifer didn’t seem to like the idea of waiting but he complied nonetheless. Once on his legs, he appeared shaky and needed her help to get all the way to the bathroom. She made them a bath and washed him delicately while washing herself too, all along taking great care of not getting his bandages wet. Once their bath over, she changed his bandages to notice with happiness that the abdominal wound was now completely closed whereas the chest injury still needed to be patched up but looked to be on its way to heal just fine and fast. As for the many cuts and bruises over his body, they were as good as gone already. Chloe tried to make him eat some soup but Lucifer could only take in some water. He got nauseous just at the smell of the soup to his complete distraught. The possibility of actually vomiting horrified him so much that he refused to try any other kind of food for the time being.

Before they went both to sleep at last in the early evening, Trixie insisted on coming to kiss them good night. Lucifer didn’t even flinched away when Trixie ran into the room calling his name and jumped into bed to give him a careful hug.

"There, there, little hellion!" He patted her awkwardly on her back but half-smiled with what appeared to be a look of contentment. "You didn't think I’d die, did you? It takes more than a little wound to kill me you know."

Trixie pulled away slightly to beam at him. "Not really! I kept telling them nothing could kill the Devil." She seemed very proud of having been right about it.

Lucifer didn’t want to correct her so he just smiled in answer. "Now go bother your father as much as you can to make him regret he ever came here." She smiled back at him and giggled before putting a light kiss on his cheek.

"I love you Lucifer!" She said simply then ran off to hug and kiss her mother who was coming out of the bathroom. Lucifer just stood there mouth agape in wonder.

Chloe smiled to herself at the sight of his chocked expression. But there was no way she was going to tease him about it. Let the Devil deal with that! Afterwards, she just snuggled up against him with a swollen heart and they both fell quickly into a deep and well deserved sleep.

Chloe woke up late the next morning around 10 am. Her stirring up in bed woke Lucifer up easily. They looked at each other with beaming smiles without talking and Chloe nestled immediately against him. He was still lying back on a few pillows to help with his breathing so she had to prop herself up on her left arm to come to his level. She nuzzled his nose and cheek tenderly then kissed him languorously. He returned the kiss lazily but then their kisses deepened and became heated and passionate after only a few seconds. She caressed his sweet body hungrily while Lucifer stroked all her sensitive spots, starting with her neck, then her breasts and her tummy to end with her inner tights where he pressed a hand between her legs exactly where she needed it. Already panting, Chloe broke the kiss after a few minutes before she got completely carried away. She tried to remember how to talk through her hormone filled brain. "How… you…" Still distracted by the
feel of his skin under her fingertips and by his hand between her legs, she tried again. “How are you feeling Baby?” She breathed all in a go in a lusty way.

“Goodness! Say that again!” He was barely able to speak so strong was his desire for that sexy goddess. He gripped the back of her neck and crashed his mouth on hers to try and consume her. She moaned noisily against his mouth. How he loved to hear that sound! He could listen to it all day long given the chance.

With another burst of will, Chloe continued to probe him in between kisses. "You sure you’re okay for that? You could barely stand up yesterday." She gave him the possibility to back off but prayed he wouldn’t. She needed him so much. She had been so scared of losing him. She needed to get that connection back again, to make sure it was still there and to feel him inside her. Her mind felt completely blurred by those thoughts.

"I’ll show you if I can keep standing up." To prove his point, he took her hand and lowered it to his hard and pulsing cock, while he attacked her neck with his mouth, half biting, half kissing it. "My little Devil is strong and kicking!"

Chloe moaned louder at the feel of him and started stroking him gently. "And me who thought only two nights ago that you were an archangel." She teased. "I must have been mistaking."

He used his most devilish tone. "You shouldn’t believe everything you see Love. I’m all devilish inside!"

"I certainly hope so!" She whispered in anticipation. Without turning her gaze from him, she undressed slowly under his rapt attention and drew down the sheet from over his already naked body to reveal it fully, then she straddled him languorously. She felt so sexy under his deep stare. It gave her the impulsivity to do things she would never have dared before. She put a hand on his torso to keep him still. "You stay right where you are and just let me do the work."

"Bossy! I like that!" He looked completely under her spell.

She tried to let go of all her inhibitions and to just feel him, feel them. She wanted to feel him everywhere. She started with a long and steamy kiss then had him kiss his way down her throat by straightening herself on her knees over him. She directed his mouth slowly to her left breast by gripping his hair tightly until he took her nipple in and sucked at it greedily. His hands were-roaming over her body, making her feel like the most desired woman ever. Nobody else had ever touch her like that. No one but him could make her feel so loved and desired only with the touch of his hands or the feel of his mouth.

After a few minutes of that wonderful treatment, her need for him grew so strong that she knew she needed more. She also knew he was right where she was for she heard him pant and groan in need against her skin. She took his right hand and placed it back between her legs where she needed it most and directed his mouth to her other nipple, while she took his stiff member in her hand to stroke it and release some tension. She felt his fingers spread her moisture around her center. That made her gasp and throw her head back at the pleasure. Lucifer entered two fingers deeply inside her and started pumping slowly up and down while massaging her bundle of nerves with his thumb. It almost felt like having him inside her. She opened her eyes and looked down at him. He was still licking and sucking at her breast like there was no tomorrow. She took his chin in her hand and lowered herself to his level. The adoration in his eyes took her breath away. Their lips met of their own accord and they kissed long and hard.

She was rocking her hips against his hand now demandingly. He was driving her crazy with need. She could not take it anymore. "Luciferrrrr! Need you!" She mumbled shakily. She placed his
member near her opening and pushed his hand away. She was now sucking and biting his lower lip, almost out of control. Lucifer was more than happy to oblige. He let her lower herself around him and they both gasped with the feeling of joining. He was in her at last! She could feel him again! She could feel them! He was alive! She felt tears building up in her eyes from all the mixed emotions she felt. Love, joy, pleasure and the remnant of angst and fear. She looked deep into his eyes and smiled adoringly. He must have been feeling something similar by the way he looked intensely back at her as if he wanted to reach her soul. She remembered not to hurt him so she started moving her hips very slowly. Lucifer met her every move with a small rocking of his hips. Was he shaking slightly? Or was it her? Probably both. They were breathing hard now, and not getting tired of gazing at each other lovingly. He was so beautiful! She was still amazed at the thought that he was his and that he loved her as much as she loved him. There was no word to describe how much she loved that man. She would have to show him. Her passion cranked up another notch and she grinded against his hips with more intensity to take him in even deeper while they started kissing passionately again. She kept a slow pace though and made sure the bed would not creak too much under her movements.

Looking at her having her way with him was the most beautiful thing in the world. Lucifer felt like the luckiest soul on Earth. He never thought being in love could feel so good. The way he felt while making love to Chloe made mere sex feel plain beside it. How he adored her! How he worshiped her! Without thinking he just blurted it out in awe. "I love you!"

She beamed at him. Her heart burst with her love for him and she felt the tears in her eyes fall softly on her cheeks. "I love you! I love you! I love you! I love you! I love you!" She chanted over and over in between sweet kisses following the rhythm of their bodies. Her rocking paced up a bit with the intensity of the moment. She was feeling her climax nearing when she saw Lucifer start glowing. His head was thrown back on the pillows with his eyes closed and he looked sinfully depraved. The glowing was all around him like the night he got his wings back. He didn’t seem to be aware of it though. She smiled at the wonderful sight and kissed her fallen angel lustily. As her climax was about to start, she felt him shake and lose his rhythm under his own release. He bit her neck to muffle his cries of pleasure. She joined him soon in ecstasy and became senseless under the strength of her orgasm. She dig her teeth in the skin of his shoulder and moaned deeply. Chloe finally fell on him, all drenched in perspiration. She noticed then that his glowing had ceased. After a moment of respite to both catch back their breaths, she resumed kissing his face and neck languorously. Lucifer looked thoroughly spent. A great accomplishment she congratulated herself. She smiled playfully against his skin. "Definitely archangel!"

It got him out of his torpor. "What?" He sounded really puzzled by her words.

She looked at him teasingly. "You really didn’t notice did you?" Seeing that he clearly didn’t understand where she was going with this she enlightened him. "You just glowed like a star Love!"

His eyebrows rose in surprise. "You can’t be serious!" He sounded almost horrified.

"Very! And I kind of liked it actually. It was very sexy." She bit her lower lip seductively.

"Oh! In that case…" He was still pondering what to think of it.

She resumed what she was saying earlier with a half-smile. "Which makes me think that you might be more of an archangel than you think Love."

"What a horrible thing to say!" He tried to sound outraged but failed.

In spite of his words, Chloe thought that Lucifer looked almost proud of his archangel side.
Almost.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for all the fluff and smut. I told you I got carried away. :) But I thought they needed it after everything they got through. Please leave me a comment or a kudo to let me know if I did well. Thanks for reading me!
Hello dear readers! I have a long chapter for you with lots of interactions between characters and some funny moments. There are even parts that were inspired by some of your comments, so a special thanks to Ghost Rider for suggesting a reunion with Azrael, that part is for you! I’ll talk about my other inspirations at the end of the chapter. I don’t want to give you too many scoops after all! Without waiting any longer, here it is! Enjoy!

They stayed in bed a little bit longer, still basking in the afterglow of their wonderful love making and not ready yet to break the magical moment. But after a few more tender kissing and caressing they agreed they should get up and take a bath before going down for lunch. The bath turned out to be a bit longer than expected. They had not count on the fact of having so much difficulties to keep their hands from each other. Chloe felt like she had not seen Lucifer in months. All she wanted was to touch and kiss him nonstop, as did he. It took Chloe all of her self-control not to make love to him again right there into the bath. He was still recovering after all. It could wait for tonight or maybe tomorrow at worst. She certainly could not wait any longer than that.

When they finally made it downstairs, everyone was there waiting for them at the kitchen table, Amenadiel, Maze, the Spawn, and the Douche. "Good morning everyone! Dou…” Lucifer caught himself at the last second. Right, he had promised Chloe he would accept him and be nice. So he tried again. "Daniel!" He nodded at the man and tried to smile. But it looked more like a grimace than anything. Daniel nodded in answer but didn’t speak, his smile tight and seemingly forced. He looked as trilled to see him as Lucifer was.

"Luciferrrrr!" Beatrice jumped down her chair and ran to embrace him in a bear hug.

"Child!" While Lucifer patted her on the head like you would pat a good dog, he noticed Daniel furrowing his brows in displeasure. What the Hell did I do? He thought. Daniel’s presence here was promising to be very challenging, if not downright unnerving. Not ready to play Daniel’s game, whatever the game was, Lucifer sent him one of his most charming smile. Daniel darkened even more at the sight. Just the way I want it, thought the Devil.

Chloe had not missed a second of that glare contest. She rolled her eyes in her head and tried to distract them and diffuse the tension. "Sweetie! Be careful with Lucifer, he is still badly hurt." Reluctantly, her daughter released him slowly and returned to her place to resume her meal.

Maze seemed not as warm towards him though. What a surprise! Lucifer thought sarcastically. The demon glared at him. "About time you came down! I thought you’d never finish taking care of Chloe."

Chloe turned a deep red but was at a loss of word to defend herself. And of course, Lucifer didn’t see anything wrong with Maze’s observation. He just grabbed Chloe by the waist and snuggled up against her. "Why? As it turns out, my lovely girl friend is a greedy little thing who needs a lot of attention and I was more than happy to give it to her."
"LUCIFER!" Chloe half screamed, half choked in outrage before hiding her eyes behind her hand shamefully. She couldn’t believe he just said that in front of everyone.

He turned to her all confused, genuinely not understanding what he’d done wrong. "What?"

Where should she start? She turned him around and walked him a few feet away from the others angrily. She tried to keep her voice low. "Lucifer! No sexual references whatsoever in front of Trixie and the same applies in front of Dan. It’s already hard enough for him to see us together without rubbing it in his face at the first opportunity. And besides, maybe you don’t mind about it yourself but talking about stuff like that in public isn’t acceptable and it makes me very ill at ease." Damn! He was infuriating! Yet another reminder of how clueless he was about human emotions and acceptable social behaviours. She tried to stay calm nonetheless. She didn’t want to ruin their most then perfect morning. Well, dating the Devil had to have some bad sides to it she reminded herself.

Lucifer’s eyes widened. "Really? I wasn’t aware of that Love. You have to believe me. I would never try to shame you on purpose." He sounded very sincere and apologetic.

Chloe’s smile returned slowly. "I know Lucifer. Just, be careful next time alright?"

Lucifer grabbed her hand and kissed her knuckles lovingly. "I am deeply sorry Love. It won’t happen again."

She answered him with a light kiss on his lips and a loving smile. Lucifer sighed in relief. He would have to keep himself in check. Dealing with a gild friend really had nothing to do with dealing with any futile conquest like he was used to. Old habits were really hard to lose.

They returned to the table hand in hand to find out what was on the menu for lunch. Trixie seemed completely oblivious to the little crisis that just took place whereas Maze looked like she was finding the situation quite funny. Amenadiel and Dan just avoided their gazes altogether. It turned out that Dan had made pancakes with eggs, sausages and toasts. Chloe couldn’t find any fruit or vegetable on the table. She sighed and reminded herself that at least she didn’t have to cook it herself. A quick look at Lucifer’s grimacing face told her that his stomach must not be ready yet for that kind of meal.

She squeezed his hand reassuringly. "I’ll find you something easy to eat." He returned her a thankful smile. So she walked towards the kitchen and foraged through the freezer to find something suitable for him. To her complete surprise, the freezer was as good as empty whereas Maze had just filled it up with all kinds of frozen desserts only a few days ago. "What the Hell happened in here?" She exclaimed in shock.

When she turned to the people around the table, they surprisingly all looked guilty, even Daniel and Amenadiel. "Daniel I can understand, with his sore throat from the fire but the rest of you! What are your excuses?" She asked to all of them.

Trixie looked around and noticed that no one would dare to confront her mother, and with good reasons. So she took a deep breath and her courage in both hands. "Mommy, don’t be too harsh on us, we went through a lot this week and I guess we must have eaten our emotions a little bit too much!" The seriousness with which she said it made Chloe want to laugh. But she succeeded at maintaining her composure nonetheless. Trixie did have a hard time lately after all. Chloe had absolutely no doubt about who had put those words into her daughter’s mouth though. As if suspecting what she was thinking, Maze turned her gaze away like nothing out of the ordinary was happening. "Alright! I guess we’ll just have to by some more in that case." Trixie beamed in victory and Chloe thought she saw a look of relief on the adults faces. Maze turned to Trixie and
high-fived her proudly. That demon really had a bad influence on her daughter.

Chloe finally found some apple sauce and yogurt for Lucifer who ate it very slowly as if afraid he would throw it up anytime. But it never happened. After lunch, she changed Lucifer’ bandage over his torso. The biggest wound was still deep even if it was clearly healing, while the other smaller ones were now almost closed. His ribs were still very sensitives though and moving slightly under Chloe’s fingertips. She thought he must have at least four broken ribs. On the bright side, his breathing had eased considerably. Lucifer winced under her touch when she felt his ribs. "Oh! Sorry Baby!" She apologised, without thinking twice about her choice of word of endearment. From the corner of her eye, she saw Daniel, who had been watching her patch Lucifer up, grimace at the word she used. When realising what she had said, her first reflex was to silently reprimand herself for her carelessness. But she quickly changed her mind, thinking that she was certainly not going to change her behaviour towards Lucifer simply because of her ex. It had taken Lucifer and herself long enough to get to this point in their relationship and she had no desire to go backward now. Dan would have to get used to it. That’s all.

Dan looked ill at ease for a moment, but then he seemed to recover and surprisingly walked closer to them. "Damn! That must hurt! Do you at least take Morphine or something?" He asked Lucifer. Dan knew he was the Devil but still, it looked damn painful. Dan had tried to find a way to break the ice and talk to Lucifer about anything really. He just wanted to show him that he wasn’t scared or impressed of who he was. Because he wasn’t. Was he? After all Lucifer was still the same pain in the ass he had always been. And besides, they would have to find a way to work together to find that «Piece» and Lucifer was with Chloe now… That last thought sent shivers through him. Their deep bound was obvious and it broke his heart to see them together, but above everything he was afraid for her. Chloe was involved with the Devil himself. How could that ever end well?

Lucifer eyed him warily. "I had worst injuries really. You should have seen the one I got yesterday that went all the way through my bowels. THAT, was painful. This…” Lucifer pointed to his torso. "…is nothing a good whisky can’t sooth. What about your throat and burns? Fire and smoke can do nasty damages to human flesh, so I’ve heard." Lucifer had noticed how Daniel’s voice was hoarse and that he still had countless second degree burns over his arms and face.

"Ah! It’s okay, just a little sore I guess. And the cream they gave me sooth the burns over my skin enough for it to be bearable.” Dan tried to sound dismissing about it as Lucifer had been about his evidently worse injuries. The Devil didn’t buy it though. "Maybe you should try whisky too."

Daniel hesitated. "Ah! Not sure it would be so good for my throat. But thanks for the offer! Maybe another time."

Chloe smiled faintly at the semblance of civility between them. They were both trying very hard.

She put the elastic bandage back around Lucifer’s chest after having cleaned up every wounds there and covered them with cleaned gauzes. After that, it was Chloe’s turn to have her bandage changed on her right arm by Lucifer. He was getting very good at it. Her injury was on good way to close and the pain was just a dull ach now. She was supposed to go back to work in two days and would not be able to postpone it longer considering that her arm was doing so well. Too bad! Her neck though was still faintly colored with a range of yellows and light blacks all around that would be hopefully almost gone by the time she started working again. A little make up would be enough to hide the rest by then. Her voice was fully back to normal now at least, some small consolation. Looking at the three of them, Chloe thought it was a miracle they were all still alive, considering everything that happened lately.
Dan surprised her with his question. "What are those marks on your neck Chloe?" He looked as if he had just noticed them for the first time.

Chloe hesitated. "Humm! Probably the same thing that happened to you." She wriggled her brows at him, taking into view his neck where some marks could be made out. His choking by Vasariah had clearly been less extensive then hers but still, his neck wore blue and black marks that she knew to be fingerprints.

Dan seemed shocked by the news. "Not you too…" He whispered. Pain evident on his face.

Chloe grimaced lightly and shrugged. "I’m okay! I don’t think he wanted to kill me."

Dan pondered that for a moment. Vasariah might not be inclined to kill humans, according to what he’d been told by Lucifer, but who was to say he could not ask one of his demons to do it? Dan felt his resolve strengthen to do whatever was necessary to keep Chloe, Trixie and himself safe. Images of what Vasariah showed him the night of the attack assailed him once more. His pulse sped up and he felt fear start to overtake him. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath to get back control over himself. He could not break down in front of them. They could not discover what he knew and saw and what deal he had to make with the angel to insure his family’s safety. He would do what he had to. Dan reminded himself once more that it would be for the good of everyone. He forced a smile on his lips. "I’m glad you’re okay!"

"What did you tell the police about what happened to you and Beatrice by the way?" It was best for Chloe to know the official version.

"Humm! I said it was a robbery gone wrong and that the guy was masked. I gave them a vague description. It was no use sending them after Vasariah anyway."

Apparently, Maze and Amenadiel had put Dan to date about the events of the last days and the identity of his attacker. Chloe nodded. "You’re right. It was the best thing to say."

Without anything else to talk about, an awkward silence settled between them so Dan took his leave and went into the living room to wait silently while Lucifer was finishing Chloe’s bandage.

Once they were both patched up, everyone came back around the table while Trixie went to play in her room to let the grown-ups talk. Lucifer fixed himself a glass of whisky before sitting down.

Maze started immediately with what was bothering her. "So you got your wings back!" She sounded pissed.

Lucifer made a sour face. "It’s not like I asked for it!" He defended himself. "It would seem Father is in need of my help for something. I’m just not sure what for exactly."

Amenadiel interceded. "What makes you think He wants something from you?" His disagreement was evident.

Lucifer tried not to explode. "Oh! Come on Brother! When did Father ever do anything selflessly?"

The black angel shook his head disgustingly. "I can’t believe you! Don’t you see? You proved yourself to Him and He rewarded you. Why is that so difficult to believe?"

Maze snorted noisily at Amenadiel and gave him a killer gaze. "Don’t start that again! Your Father is a manipulative bastard and you know it."

Lucifer had the impression it was not the first time those two had that argument. "Well said Maze!"
She grinned back darkly at him and took out her daggers from their hidden place underneath her clothes. The demon swirled them around menacingly. "Want me to cut them off again?"

Lucifer pulled back instinctively in self-preservation even though the demon was on the other side of the table. The look on Maze’s face told him she was dead serious. "NO! Don’t touch me!" It came out a tad more defensive than he actually intended.

Maze spat viciously. "Don’t tell me you too are planning on becoming one of His good little soldiers again!" Amenadiel fidgeted nervously on his seat at her words.

Lucifer looked stunned. "What is it with you today? Of course not! I don’t give a shit what my Father wants from me. Whatever it is, I won’t do it. I’ll never do anything against my will. But I’m not cutting off my wings again! … I think I deserve them back." He almost looked shy at saying those last words. Somehow, he felt the need to defend his decision. "To have seen how poorly some of my feathered brothers are behaving, it would seem I deserve those wings even more than them."

Maze thought it over for a moment and grimaced. "You sure are worth more than the lot of them." She finally put her hellish daggers back to their hidden place.

Lucifer let out a long breath of relief. He felt Chloe put a hand on his thigh and squeeze lightly as a sign of support.

He smiled back at her tightly before taking a mouthful of whisky to lift his spirit. He savoured the wonderful liquid slowly before breaking the silence that had settled in the room. "What are our plans now? We could split up in two groups for the day search but someone needs to stay here for the spawn."

Chloe startled. "You are not going anywhere today Lucifer! You need to rest. You almost died!" Her emotions could be felt in each of her words even if she did her best to keep them at bay.

Lucifer looked outraged. "I’m perfectly capable…"

But Chloe cut him short decisively. "Get that out of your mind right now! You are staying here! As do I. I’m not leaving you out of my sight. Anyway, you said it yourself, someone needs to stay here to protect Trixie and we can continue to be of help from here with our search on the net and with your books."

"But! That would leave only Amenadiel, Maze and Daniel. We can’t split them and have someone search alone, it’s too dangerous with the demons out there." It might not be a strong argument, but Lucifer wasn’t used to give up without a little fight. The weakness in his body was telling him it wouldn’t be such a bad idea to listen to her though.

"I might have another idea." Amenadiel seemed hesitant to suggest it. "Mom is supposed to come here after lunch to see you Lucifer. She could search with Daniel."

"You told Mom about my fight with Michael?" The Devil looked almost scared of the implications.

"Well… It’s not like we could have hidden it from her eternally. It seemed best to tell her before she found out by herself. So I went to her place last night…" The dark angel fidgeted nervously on his seat at the memory. "She was pissed off! And for many reasons. Among them the fact that we didn’t tell her before that you were wounded. I barely prevented her from barging in here to see you then. It was hard work to make her agree to leave you rest first and come only today."
Lucifer closed his eyes and rested his head in his hand. He didn’t feel strong enough to face a pissed off Mom right now.

Taking the opportunity at the first break in the conversation, a very bemused Dan spoke up. "You two have a Mom?" Every eyes turned to him as one. Why did they all looked as if he was asking a stupid question? For a long moment, no one dared to answer him. He even had the impression that Chloe seemed uneasy to look him in the eyes.

Lucifer took another sip of whisky to give himself the time to find the right way to explain it. "Right! That part’s gonna be fun! See Daniel, we effectively have a mother, as everyone else does…” Then his tone turned accusing and he looked daggers at the detective. "… and it happens that you SLEPT with her!"

Dan’s mouth dropped open in disbelief. It took him a moment to find his voice back. "Are you crazy man?"

Seeing that Lucifer was about to let his long supressed feelings on the subject get lose, Amenadiel decided to continue the talking. "We know you were not aware of that fact at the time, but Charlotte Richards is our Mother."

Dan looked at them all in turn with an amused but tensed smile on his face. "This is a joke right? You’re all kidding me?" But they all looked dead serious. He turned to his ex imploringly. "Chloe, say something. Seriously!"

She knew Dan was fond of the woman even if their relationship didn’t seem to be stable in the least. But knowing him as she did, she was conscious that the news was going to hurt him deeply and she was far from glad to be the messenger. "This is very serious Dan. I don’t understand everything about it but the fact remains that their Mom has been borrowing Charlotte’s body for about the last seven months. So the Charlotte you know really is their mother."

Daniel looked like a trapped animal, gazing around wildly. He started laughing in a very deranged way. The more he laughed, the stronger it got. He really had lost it, thought Chloe. It took a long moment before he regained a semblance of sanity and was able to speak in between a few more bursts of laughter. "Seriously! I slept with an angel? No! A Goddess?" Amenadiel nodded in confirmation. Dan laughed some more hysterically. "No wonder it was so good!" He said in awe. Seeing Lucifer’s gaze darken he added quickly. "I mean no disrespect man!" He continued laughing sporadically, still unable to grasp the reality of it all.

Lucifer took a long breath to calm himself before he continued. "That said, I don’t like the idea of those two working together to find «The Piece». The way Daniel’s eyes grew wide at the mention of Charlotte and himself passing a day alone together seemed to say that he was not looking forward to it either. "Besides, even if she can feel demonic or celestial energy, she is not strong enough anymore to face alone the demons and protect Daniel if they come to stumble upon them."

"Humm! About that…” Amenadiel said mysteriously. "She might not be as defenseless as we thought she was." Lucifer raised an eyebrow questioningly to urge him on. "While she was pissed off last night, she lost her temper for a moment when I told her that Vasariah armed Daniel and she threw me across the room and into the wall with so much force you would think she has regained almost all of her strength."

Dan’s jaw dropped in disbelief. Things were getting so weird!

Lucifer narrowed his eyes in thought. "How is that even possible? She is in a human body."
"I have no idea brother. But the fact remains that she is regaining her powers. So she could be of help and she has been looking for that «Piece» for months with me before all of this. She can help."

The Devil thought about it for a moment. "I have no doubt that she can, but I don’t trust her. You know how much she wants to return to the Silver City and that she would be ready to do anything to get there. What if that «Piece» can help her achieve that goal? What if she decides to keep it for herself? Vasariah is bad enough but Mom could be even worse if she has a mind to."

Amenadiel sighed. "I know. But I could keep an eye on her. It’s just for the day anyway since tomorrow is Monday and she’ll have to go back to work. She asked me herself to be a part of the search. Mom is not happy to see her children fight and while it’s not clear yet if she disapproves or not about everything Vasariah is doing, I believe she really does want to find a way to settle things down between us."

Considering that she could really be of value, Lucifer conceded. "Fine! She can help for the day, but you’ll stay with her while Maze will pair up with Daniel. And no mention of The Flaming Sword to her. That, she could be tempted to use in her stupid plans to make it back to the Silver City."

Amenadiel agreed to his demands. Lucifer noted that Maze seemed suspiciously happy to be matched up with Daniel instead of Amenadiel. What the Hell was going on between the angel and the demon? He hoped their difficulties would settle and soon. It was a bad time to have dissensions between their ranks and it started to feel awkward around those two.

"Excuse me!" Dan rose his hand as if he were at school. He looked like he had somehow recovered part of his sanity. At least he was not laughing stupidly anymore. When he got all of their attentions he continued. "I do wanna help, but I can’t feel any kind of energy, be it celestial or demonic or whatever. So how can I be of use here?"

It’s Chloe who answered him. "You might not have the abilities of the others, but you are a trained detective Dan. So once a patch of energy is found, you just get into detective mode and try to look for things that are out of place, like tracks or any indication that points to a place where something could have been hidden. The way I see it, your skills could be invaluable."

Dan seemed to take confidence in her words. "You’re right, I can be very good at it." But then another thought crossed his mind. "And what about the demons? How can I defend myself? I don’t wanna be a liability and I certainly don’t wanna die."

Chloe found the question very pertinent and was more than curious to hear the answer to that.

"I believe Maze would be the best to enlighten you." Lucifer looked pointedly at Maze who didn’t seem very happy to have to talk about it.

The demon sighed and hoped that revealing those things would not turn on her someday and bite her on the ass. "Let’s see, there’s beheading that works just fine with any demons, and fire of course."

Dan sneered. "Anything more… practical?"

Maze hesitated before adding. "There’s also a well-placed bullet in the head of course but it’s not as much fun."

Dan looked irritated. "Couldn’t you have started with that?"

Maze shrugged. "It’s not as easy as it sounds. Demons are very fast and you would have to make a
lot of damage to the brain to make sure it does not raise up again. But still, it can be done."

Dan seemed reassured by the demon’s answer. At least he had a mean to defend himself if it came to blows. Their plan done, everyone rose up to prepare for the search.

Lucifer noticed that Maze sent a killer glare in Amenadiel’s direction before going back to her room to ready herself to leave for the day. The dark angel sighed in exasperation and went to sit in the living room to wait for Charlotte, brooding. That was enough! The Devil was sick of it! He would not support that one more moment. So he walked resolutely to the sofa and sat beside his brother. "What’s going on with Maze? Talk!" He left no place for argument.

His brother grumbled deeply. "It’s complicated." Seeing that Lucifer was waiting, not so patiently apparently, and visibly not going anywhere until he talked, the angel continued. "I… I refused to have sex with her last night."

Lucifer lifted his brows incredulously. "Do you have a death wish or something? Why did you do that? And what does it have to do with anything anyway?"

Amenadiel shook his head slowly, disheartened. "I don’t know. It’s all mixed up in my mind. To see you regain your wings after having proven yourself worthy, it made me believe again that I could get them back too if only I proved myself worthy again."

"Brother, don’t torture yourself like that for Him. It had nothing to do with Him thinking I was worthy and everything to do with using me for his benefit. He doesn’t give a shit what we do as long as we do what he tells us to."

"That’s where you’re wrong Lucifer." Amenadiel’s voice got soft. "You spared Michael’s life when you could have killed him. You looked beyond your hatred for him when you could have let yourself be consumed by it. You did the right thing in an impossible situation. Father saw that and He rewarded you. You might not see it but you went a long way since you first landed on Earth. And you’re right, you proved yourself worthier than most angels since then, and that’s what I need to do too. I need to start believing in myself and in Him, because now I know that Father never lost faith in us." Lucifer was speechless for once. So the angel continued. "I’ve lost myself lately brother. I don’t know who I am anymore and what I did exactly to get to that point. At first, I thought I lost my wings and power because people got killed by Malcolm because of me. But it might also have to do with my sleeping with a demon. I don’t know anymore. I don’t know what to do to redeem myself but I have to try something."

The Devil laughed. "By pushing Maze away? You make no sense brother!" Amenadiel was taken aback by his brother’s rebuff. "You just said that you should start believing in yourself again. And what do you do now? You doubt yourself and everything you believe in. What do your guts tell you? Does it feel wrong when you are with her?"

Amenadiel hesitated. "No it doesn’t. There’s the problem! My guts and my mind don’t tell me the same thing."

"Well! You need to figure it out and quickly brother or you’ll have to sleep on the floor tonight if you stay here, unless you steal the couch from Daniel that is."

Amenadiel gripped his head in both hands. "I know. I may have to go back to my place after all. At least it has been cleaned up. It should be habitable again. But the sleeping arrangement is the least of my concerns. I’m in trouble brother." He could not stop thinking of the deep hurt he’d seen in Maze’s eyes last night when he tried to explain to her why he wasn’t sure if their relationship could go on. So much for saying that he belonged to her! And what of his grand speech about freewill
and becoming whoever they wanted to be? He was disgusted with himself but was at a loss about what to do with it. Lucifer patted him supportively on the shoulder before leaving him to brood alone.

Not long after, Charlotte entered the house like a storm and threw herself at the fallen angel. "My sweet boy! Are you okay?" She stroked his face and hair lovingly and searched his eyes to make sure he was fine before giving him a once over. What she saw seemed to reassure her.

Visibly annoyed, Lucifer tried to disentangle himself from her. "Mom! Please! I’m not a kid anymore."

She looked at him indulgently. "You’ll always be my little boy! You can’t ask a mother to stop caring." But then her loving smile disappeared to be replaced by a hard and reproachful gaze. "But as much as I’m relieved to see you well, I can’t refrain from telling you how stupid you have been! Confronting Michael? What did you hope to accomplish? You could have gotten killed! Will the two of you stop fighting someday? You want me to stop treating you like a kid but you keep acting like one."

Lucifer rolled his eyes. He wanted to tell her how he had been the one to win that fight in fact, before Michael had cheated, but reminded himself it would be next to impossible to do so without talking about The Flaming sword, so he kept that to himself. But he couldn’t just say nothing. "It wasn’t that childish!" He pouted. As an answer, his Mom snorted at him dismissingly.

Lucifer became aware that Daniel was looking at them with a very amused smile on his face, probably gloating at the sight of the Devil being treated like a kid. Lucifer narrowed his eyes dangerously at him and was tempted for a second to make them glow with the fires of Hell. Maybe he should.

To Lucifer’s great delight, Daniel’s smile turned sour when Charlotte laid her eyes on him. She beamed at the detective and started walking seductively towards him. Dan’s complexion turned pale in a second and he backed off slowly as if a wild animal was prowling him.

Charlotte cornered her prey against a wall. Now with her face only inches away from his, she held his chin with her fingers and looked hungrily at him. "Daniel! Look at you! All bruised and burned. I’m so sorry for what one of my boys did to you. But I can make it up to you!" She offered suggestively.

Dan tried to get away from her awkwardly but she held him into place. Oh! God! She was strong! He tried to smile and control the panic that crept up inside him. "I… I’m okay really! You shouldn’t worry about me."

Charlotte’s smile dropped. "Are you afraid of me?"

Dan stammered. "I… no… of course not… it’s just…you’re Lucifer’s Mom and all…"

Her smile returned. "Oh! I’m sure my Son doesn’t care about my sexual life."

He flinched at the mention of sex with her. "I’m not so sure about that!" At last Charlotte released his chin and he started to breathe again. He tried to change the conversation to a more neutral subject. "Humm! How should I call you now? Do you have another name?

Charlotte looked amused. "Not really, unless you want to call me Goddess? After all, I do be the Goddess of all creation!"

Daniel turned even paler and his breath caught in his throat. He had not thought it all through. Of
course she was the one who had created everything, along with God certainly. "Charlotte it will be then!" Luckily for him, they got interrupted.

Maze was back from her room and ready to go. "Come on celestial pet, we have work to do!"

As much as Dan was insulted and disturbed by the nickname, he was also glad for the save. So he followed Maze in silence to the table where everyone joined them soon after.

Chloe dispatched between the two groups the areas of town that were still to be checked out and promised to call them later to add a few more if she found other events on the net that could have created enough negative energy to cover up a celestial artefact. She was not exactly sure how it turned up so, but Chloe seemed to have become the leader of the search. They were almost done checking the perimeter where Uriel had wandered in the weeks before his death. Only a few more days and they would have search it all. After that, if they had still found nothing, they would have to start searching outside the perimeter, and that, was not a perspective Chloe was looking forward to. If it was not in the perimeter, it could be anywhere. It could take months for them to find it, even longer. Optimism! She reminded herself. But their quest suddenly seemed unattainable.

After everyone left, Chloe turned to Lucifer and buried her face in his shirt, looking for comfort. Lucifer embraced her back tenderly. "Do you really think we can find it first?" She felt a little disheartened.

"Of course we will Love! We are way cleverer then those demons. It makes no doubt that we’ll get it first." He really sounded confident. "A little pessimist this morning are we?"

She shrugged. "I guess so! And I don’t think I’ll be able to continue living with so many people in my house for much longer. It won’t be long before we tear each other apart if you ask me. Look at Amenadiel and Maze, they’re almost at each other’s throats already."

"Well, I believe Amenadiel is already working on that problem. It could be solved easily if only he could get his wits back."

She looked at him questioningly. "You know what’s going on between them?"

He grimaced. "Amenadiel gave me a few hints. But I believe it’s not my place to discuss it. Maybe you should talk with Maze, see her side of the story."

"You’re right! I’ll talk with her. But I’m not sure she’ll say much. You know how bad she is at talking about her feelings. She is even worse than you at it." She teased.

He grinned widely. "I chose to take it as a compliment My Dear! As for the people in your house, I’m sorry but I don’t see any other way around it. No one should stay alone right now. I’m only confident about Charlotte being safe from Vasariah’s wrath. On the other hand… I might have an idea for us to get away from it for a moment at least." He looked at her roguishly. Chloe was agreeably intrigued. "Maybe I could take you on a date! Say, dinner in a nice restaurant, then a drink at Lux before a night of dirty pleasures where I’ll be allowed to make you scream at the top of your lungs in ecstasy."

The lusty way he said it made warmth pool between her legs and her head spin with desire. She gripped his front shirt at the collar and brought his face closer to hers. "That sounds wonderful!" She parted her lips invitingly and Lucifer dived in hungrily. They kissed eagerly for a full minute before Chloe pulled away reluctantly. "As much as I would like to have such a nice time alone with you, do you really think it’s a good timing, with everything that’s happening?"
Lucifer took her concerns very seriously. "All the more reasons to do it Love! If there is one thing that the last few days have thought me, it’s that anything can happen at any moment. We should make the most of the time we have together while we still can."

She nodded faintly with an almost shy smile. "Okay Love! Let’s do it! Say, Friday night?" She thought it would be a perfect time since they should both have perfectly recovered by then and they would have a day off afterwards to recover from their night of romance.

"Just what I had in mind!" Lucifer was about to kiss her again when they heard Beatrice coming down the stairs so they parted reluctantly.

After that they got to work. Lucifer brought his religious books in the living room where he started reading, comfortably installed on the sofa with some pillows behind his back to support his injured torso while Chloe worked on her computer in the kitchen. They found it safer to keep Trixie close to them on the first floor in case something happened.

A few hours later, Lucifer was sound asleep on the sofa and Chloe was beginning to think that she had exhausted every possibilities of finding new areas of negative energy inside the search perimeter. She looked over her computer to see what her daughter, seated in front of her, was doing. The little girl had brought down her coloured pencils and was drawing something on a blank sheet of paper. "What are you drawing Monkey?"

Trixie hid the drawing from her mother’s view quickly with her hands. "No! Don’t look yet! It’s a gift for you. I still have to finish the sky."

"Oh! That’s so sweet! But are you sure I can’t get a peek now?"

Trixie frowned in thoughts. "I guess you could look at it. The most important part is done anyway." Then she smiled mysteriously before she turned the sheet around to reveal her work of art.

Intrigued, Chloe closed her computer’s lid and pushed it away to pull the drawing in front of her. A smile formed on her lips and she looked at the drawing in awe. "Is that really how I look? That’s pretty!"

"I told you! Yours is the prettiest!" Trixie seemed very proud of her mother’s aura.

Chloe had to admit that it was very impressive. The dominant colors around the character that was obviously representing herself standing beside a police car and with a gun in hand, were white and gold. It was everywhere around her. But throughout it were visible a number of other colors that seemed to be floating around her more than emanating from her. Some bright and pale yellows, oranges and reds, and even a royal blue and a lot of pink scattered over it all. "What does it mean?"

She whispered in awe. She had difficulty to believe that her daughter could interpret it.

Trixie bounced out of her seat and came at her mother’s side to give her some explanations. She looked very thrilled to talk about it. "See the oranges and reds? Mainly, they say that you are full of life and vibrancy, that you are very powerful and confident and that you have a scientific mind and might tend to be a bit perfectionist." She said that last quality as if it was a bad thing. Chloe grimaced playfully. "The reds also show that you are a much grounded person and a very passionate one." Chloe had to admit that it described her very well. "That blue means that you are a very generous and giving spirit. The yellows are new though, you never had them before they started to appear only a few weeks ago. I think it means you are experiencing a spiritual awakening." Trixie winked at her knowingly and Chloe could not stop a chuckle from bursting from her lips. Trixie continued. "Whereas the pink have always been there, it’s taking more and more place every day though." She lowered her voice in a conspiratorial way. "I think it’s because
Chloe blushed. There was no need denying it really. But the drawing of Lucifer’s aura suddenly came back to her mind and she couldn’t remember seeing any pink around him. "Do you… see some pink around Lucifer too?" She was nervous to hear the answer.

Trixie leaned closer to her and whispered. "Oh! Yes! Full of it! But don’t tell him, you know how he is about sharing his feelings. And besides, men don’t like pink."

Chloe laughed happily but put a hand on her mouth to refrain the sound and not wake Lucifer up. "I won’t tell him, I promise!" Her eyes turned back on the drawing. Trixie had kept the dominant colors for the end apparently. "And what about the white and gold." To her, they looked the most intriguing.

Trixie smiled as if proud of what she was about to say. "Of what Lucifer told me and what I could find out on the internet in the last days, gold means that you have angels and divine entities protecting you. White on the other hand, indicates purity! We both always had those two colors, which are very rare among humans, if somewhat apparently common among angels."

Chloe was thunderstruck. Protected by divine entities? Sure Lucifer protected her, but apparently the gold had been there even before he came into her life. And purity? Had those to do with the fact that God had blessed her parents for her to be created? And her daughter had it too! What did it implied? Chloe felt overwhelmed. She embraced her daughter tightly and kissed her head. "Thank you Monkey for showing me this. Your drawing is beautiful!" How such a young little girl could know so much about that kind of things? It was amazing! She felt pride swell inside of her mother’s heart. "I’m very proud of you sweetie!"

It turned out that Lucifer slept almost all afternoon on the sofa. The girls kept the noise at a minimum to make sure he would get all the rest he needed. Chloe started to prepare dinner early since it looked like there would still be a lot of people around the table that night. She defrosted two frozen chickens and baked them slowly in the oven with vegetables and potatoes.

Lucifer woke up slowly to a wonderful smell and a grumbling stomach. His appetite seemed to be back to normal. He just hoped he would be able to keep the food down. Chloe must have heard him wake up because she suddenly appeared beside him. She leaned down and kissed his forehead. "Look who wanted to go chase around the city all day long!"

Lucifer smiled sheepishly. "Okay! I admit I might have needed a little more rest."

Chloe raised an eyebrow. "A little? It’s almost 5 pm!"

"Really!" He tried to raise suddenly but lied back down as quickly, clutching his chest and wincing in pain. "Agrr! Those ribs!"

He tried again to sit up but more slowly and Chloe gave him a hand too. "Go easy Lucifer! It’s not a little wound you got there!"

He stood up completely at last. "Yeah! Yeah! I know! I just forgot it was there. But there is something I must absolutely do before my Mom comes back. I need to call Azrael. Can I do it here?"

She had not expected that. "You mean here in the living room?" He nodded. "Of course! Do you want Trixie and me to go upstairs?"

"Not at all. It’s not like you don’t know her anyway. It won’t be long. I just have a few things to
Almost immediately, a gust of wind swirled around them and the angel appeared in all her glory, with her wings half folded on her back. Azrael glared at Lucifer intensely in silence for a long moment before speaking. "You know you’re an ass!" But then a smile crept up slowly on her lips even though she looked like she was trying very hard to prevent it from spreading.

"Thank you very much!" Lucifer smiled unashamedly.

The angel of death walked to the Devil and hugged him forcefully. "You really scared me this time big brother. I admit that I doubted you for a moment."

He chuckled. "It makes two of us then!" He pushed her away lightly to look at her with seriousness. "I really am sorry Rae! I put you in a very difficult situation. I almost lost it but I found my wits back at last. While I must admit that I used the sword to give Michael a good beating, rest assured that he is still alive. And I promise I’ll never use that sword for a wrong reason ever again. You won’t regret the trust you put in me."

His sister smiled fondly at him. "When did you learn to make apologies?" That made him chuckle. "But I know you’ll do good Lucifer. And I already saw Michael." Her smile turned mischievous. "Father forbid anyone to heal him unless he was about to die, just to give him a good lesson. I can assure you he is in quite a lot of pain right now."

The Devil laughed happily. "You make my day Sister!"

Then it was her turn to be serious. "I’m just coming back from Hell and Vasariah is nowhere to be found. They say he hasn’t been there for over a week. Apparently no one knows where he is but I had the impression they knew more than they wanted to share. He has to be here on Earth and I don’t like the vibe of it. Be careful okay!"

"I will! We will! Don’t worry!" He assured her.

Azrael looked around her for the first time to see Chloe and Beatrice nearby in the kitchen watching them. "Hello there!"

Beatrice beamed at the angel. "Hello Rae! Wanna stay for dinner?"

Azrael’s brows raised in surprise. "I’m not sure…"

But Chloe interrupted her. "Actually, that’s a great idea! I cooked enough food for an entire army. And Amenadiel is going to be there, Maze too and your Mom."

"Yeah! Please! Stay with us!" Trixie was literally bouncing up and down on her seat.

Rae’s jaw dropped. "Mom is coming here?"

Lucifer grimaced. "Yeah! Well! You know she has been on Earth for a while now. I think she has changed a lot since you last saw her, and not just physically. She is not as bad as you remember her.

"I… I’m not sure I’m ready to see her… And I have work to do." She sounded just like a little girl at that moment.

"Come on Rae, it’s been thousands of years since you last saw each other. I know she misses you. And about your work, what’s the worst that can happen? A few wandering souls here and there for
a little while won’t do any arm. And it would give us the opportunity to drink to Michael’s suffering!” He smiled devilishly.

"I’m not sure I should drink with you again. Last time didn’t go that well." In spite of her words she seemed to be considering the offer.

He smiled knowingly. "That’s not the way I remember it little sister." She shrugged at the memory. Lucifer passed an arm around her shoulders and steered her towards the kitchen. "Let’s fix you a drink while we wait for the others." Azrael followed him docilely.

Chloe looked at the two celestial beings in wonder. The evening was promising to be quite eventful!

Chapter End Notes

Thanks again Ghost Rider, you inspired me enough to keep surfing on that wave in the next chapter. Also, the mention of Michael’s punishment by God for his stupid behaviour is for Dampeo4ever81 and a Guest who asked for him to be punished some more. ;) Thank you so much for reading and commenting. Each comment you write gives me the drive to write more and often times inspires me. Thank you all. You’re awesome! Please! Please! Write me a comment if you liked it or if you have suggestions to offer!
Lucifer served them a good whisky to relax before dinner. Chloe even took one whereas she was more of a wine type. She had become slowly accustomed to that kind of liquors lately, thanks to Lucifer’s influence. They were all seated in the living room and Azrael’s wings were now tucked away, which made her look almost human. Almost. But there was something eerie about her that cried out «CELESTIAL BEING». Chloe couldn’t quite put her finger on it though. Was it because of the way she held herself, or of the way her green eyes seemed to shine as if they had an internal light of their own, or did it come from the feeling of calmness and serenity that emanated from her even though her wings were not even visible? Probably because of all of those things she reasoned. Lucifer had said everybody loved his sister and she understood why now. That being was amazing! Inside and out! Chloe instinctively trusted her already, which was amazing in itself.

The angel of death and the Devil had been catching up with their respective lives for the last 30 minutes or so. Azrael wanted to know everything about her brother and his new relationship with Chloe, about Lux and his job as a civilian consultant. Lucifer obliged her by giving extensive and very colourful explanations of his new life with sometimes a little bit too much details for Chloe’s taste about the way they both ended up together as lovers. Chloe had to correct him a few times in his interpretations of the events leading to her falling in love with him. They all laughed a great deal at some points in his story while Chloe blushed numerous times at the way he talked about her to his sister. It was more than interesting for Chloe to hear his side of the story.

It was also nice to see how strong the bound between the two siblings was even though they had not seen each other for a few hundred years. Lucifer’s relationship with his family was usually so difficult and complicated. But with Rae, he seemed more relax and at ease than usual and everything felt easy and natural between them. It was as if the angel could bring down all of her brother’s walls without even trying. Chloe had the impression that the Lucifer she was watching now talk with his sister was the real man buried under millennia of accumulated defenses that had helped him survive through it all. She had only rarely glimpsed at that side of him in the past and was seeing it more and more often lately since they were really intimate, but only when they were alone together. It was refreshing and heart swelling to be able to see the real him around other people too. Yes, Chloe liked Azrael very much.

Then the angel talked about her own work a little, saying how it was getting harder every day to attend to each and every deceased souls waiting to be brought to Heaven or to Hell. Earth’s population was growing by the second and there was no lack of wars, bomb attacks, diseases and famines to decimate the livings. Trixie was not missing a word of the conversation, sited beside Chloe with her eyes wide open and her mouth slightly agape in wonder. Chloe was a little worried of letting her daughter hear about that kind of things, but there was probably no way to preserve the little girl from all of it now that her mother was dating the Devil. She would have to be careful of what Trixie heard in the future though. Fortunately, for the moment her daughter seemed more in
At some point, Azrael seemed to take notice of the way Trixie looked at her because she suddenly changed the topic of the discussion towards the little girl, asking her about school and trying to learn as much as possible about the child. Trixie beamed at the attention from the angel and was more than happy for the chance to speak with her. It wasn’t long before they both started talking about the interpretation of auras and their subtleties. Chloe leant her head against Lucifer’s shoulder and wrapped her arm around his while listening in amazement to her little girl talking with the Angel of death. Life really was getting more and more extraordinary with Lucifer in her life. She guessed it would need some getting used to.

Without any warning, the outside door opened and what seemed to be a storm in the form of an all complaining Charlotte Richards entered the house. "What a complete waste of our time, if you ask me! I had forgotten how boring that search could be." Behind Charlotte, Amenadiel was following close by. He too wore a look of disappointment and boredom. Charlotte tuned towards him once he had closed the door. "Well, maybe it wasn’t such a complete waste of my precious time since I had to spend it with my little boy at least." She send Amenadiel a loving mother’s smile and tapped gently his torso with her open hand before putting a sweet kiss on his cheek. Amenadiel beamed at the gesture like a little kid.

The Goddess took notice of the silence in the house and looked around in search of anyone. Her eyes landed on Lucifer on the sofa. "There you are my boy! Are you feeling any better? I hope you do because I am not replacing you again for this search, you can be sure of it." At Lucifer’s silence, she narrowed her eyes questioning then followed his gaze as he turned his head slowly towards the left side of the living room. Charlotte’s mouth dropped open in shock at seeing her daughter seated comfortably in an armchair. "Rae…” She whispered, after a few second. She looked paralyzed by the sight.

Azrael seemed to be as much disturbed by the Goddess appearance. It took her a moment before she could find her voice back. "Hello! Charlotte I presume."

The tension in the room was palpable. Amenadiel smiled to his sister but kept silent, conscious of the importance of the event that was taking place. Charlotte took a tentative step toward her daughter, then another, until she was standing only a couple meters away from her. Neither of them was speaking but their locked gazes never wavered as if gauging each other. At last, Rae stood up and walked slowly to her mother, her face now serious and impassible, not betraying her internal turmoil. She stopped half a meter away from her. Charlotte raised slowly her hands towards her daughter, afraid to startle her little girl if she were to move too fast. Rae tensed but did not move away. The mother stroked tenderly her daughter’s arms that were resting limply by the angel’s side. "My baby girl!" She whispered in a strangled voice. Tears were gathering in her eyes and she wanted more than anything to hold her baby in her arms, but the way Azrael was standing tall and all tensed told her it was too soon for that kind of demonstration of affection.

Rae didn’t know what to do. Her mother was standing right in front of her, after millennia of separation and of gathered fear and angst at the idea of seeing her again someday. That day had finally come. There was no doubt, it was obviously her. Even if she didn’t physically look like the mother she remembered, her soul was obviously that of her mom if somewhat a little changed. The aura though… was quite different. The woman seemed way less destructive than before and a bit more at peace. Maybe Lucifer was right. Maybe her mother had changed at last. However, in spite of the long years that had come to pass, she could remember all too well everything the Goddess had done following Lucifer’s Fall. That event had seem to be the start of her mother’s dark behaviours and those had only grew worse in the following millennia. Her mom had never hid her dislike for humanity, but to see Lucifer Fall because of them had sent her over the edge. Her dislike
had turned into an all-consuming hatred for humans, bringing her to do unspeakable evil in the form of plagues and natural disasters that had decimated thousands of them. The Goddess came to blame their Father for everything that happened, so much that literal war broke out between them until God had to lock her up into a cell in Hell to stop her. Rae and her siblings had been horrified by her actions and came to fear her and resent her for having as good as killed the mother they all loved and cherished.

Rae’s disturbed emotions were almost too much to bear at the moment. They were a mixture of fear, resentment, hope and even the ghost of the love she felt for her mother so long ago. She was not ready to tap into those feelings just yet, she needed time to sort them all out and would need a clear head to do so. She decided to play it safe. "You look good!" Rae was proud of herself. Her voice had not shook and she kept the tears at bay somehow.

The deception at Rae’s reaction was plain on Charlotte’s face. She nodded slowly with obvious pain in her eyes. "It’s no wonder you don’t trust me. I wouldn’t either if I were you after everything I did back then. You must not have a very fond memory of me.” She snorted, but didn’t wait for an answer and continued quickly. "But it’s ok! I understand. I’ll have to prove myself to you as I did with your brothers. I… There’s nothing more important to me than my children. I'll find my way back to you sweetie. I won’t stop trying even if it takes me a thousand years to do so."

Azrael didn’t know what to answer to that. She had not expected such a warm behaviour coming from the woman. The latter’s words were obviously genuine as could confirm the swirling colours dancing around her. Her new mom was at the complete opposite of what she remembered about her. It was quite disconcerting. Rae lowered her eyes and took a step back, breaking contact with her mother. "Why don’t you take a drink Charlotte? We still need to wait for Maze and Detective Espinoza before starting dinner." The use of her human name was easier to handle for the angel than calling her Mother. She was definitely not ready for that yet.

After Amenadiel and Charlotte took a drink and joined them in the living room, the discussion drifted to safe topics such as the infructuous search of today and Amenadiel’s and Charlotte’s new lives here on Earth. Rae asked them both questions, but the ones she addressed to her mother seemed more forced and uninterested as if she felt obligated to ask them. The atmosphere had changed drastically from the earlier joyous one they had shared before the arrival of the two celestial beings to one much more formal and cold. Chloe was not surprised to observe that Lucifer reverted back to his usual behaviour with his walls now fully back into place. Chloe squeezed his hand tenderly and sent him a loving smile to reach to the Lucifer she loved. He gave her back the smile he reserved only for her and stroked her hand softly with his thumb. He was still there, she thought, the man she loved, even if she was the only one to see it. Her smile widened knowingly.

Maze and Daniel finally arrived after 6 o’clock and everybody soon helped prepare the table for dinner since most of them were famished from their day of search. It was surprising to see how much Maze and Azrael were respecting each other. Chloe could have almost said that the two of them seemed at ease together. But it was Maze, a demon and former protector of the Devil, who resented and hated instinctively every angel for what they were and what they did to Lucifer. So how could that be? Making sure they were out of hearing, Chloe discreetly shared her observation with Lucifer in the hope that he could enlighten her on their relationship.

Lucifer lowered his voice to make sure he would not be over heard by the two women and tried to explain. "The two of them came to a mutual respect through the years I guess. I think the fact that Rae never treated me as the rest of my family did proved to Maze that she was not a treat to me. Quite the contrary in fact. We always had a nice and easy bound between us. And who doesn’t love Rae after all? Even a demon without a heart can’t resist her charms." He laughed softly at the thought of his charming sister. "On the other side, Rae can see the good in anyone, even in a
demon I suppose, and Maze has a few good sides to her, everything considered. Even more so now that she has been away from Hell and around humans for some times." Chloe nodded thoughtfully. Yes, the demon did have a lot of good points. But she was not about to tell her that! Not if she wanted to keep her head on her shoulders.

Dinner was finally served and everybody took a seat around the table. Afraid to end up too close to her mother, Azrael choose one extremity of the table. Maze probably had the same idea concerning Amenadiel because she sat at the other end and sent him a dark gaze in warning. He apparently didn’t catch the meaning or didn’t mind because he sat close to her nonetheless, to the demon’s great displeasure. Of course, Charlotte didn’t mind either about her daughter’s disquiet and sat beside her on the same side of the table as Amenadiel, leaving the other side to Lucifer, Chloe and Trixie. With cold panic rising inside him, Dan quickly understood that he had now no other choice than to sit between Charlotte and Amenadiel. The predatory look the Goddess sent him when she came to that same conclusion didn’t help him relax in the least.

Lucifer opened a bottle of wine and served a glass to everybody in hope of loosening them up a little and diffuse the tension that was now palpable. Maybe that family dinner wasn’t such a great idea after all. But it was way too late to back out of it, so better make the best of the situation thought Lucifer. Drinking seemed a very good idea at the moment. Being seated between Azrael and Chloe, it gave him the opportunity to speak with his sister a little more to his greatest pleasure. He really did miss her! He was more than thankful for the opportunity to catch up with her and come to learn what she had become. His first impression from earlier today was that his baby sister had matured a great deal. She was calmer and more at peace than ever as if she had found her place in the world. But since their mother entered the house, all that serenity had left his sister and she looked restless and ill at ease. Lucifer even caught her looking at the clock a few times as if she was looking forward to leave. He would not have that!

"You are not planning to leave as soon as dinner is finished, are you?" He asked accusingly. "Because I am planning on taking advantage of your presence here as much as possible little sister." Everyone around the table heard Lucifer’s words and stopped talking between them to hear what the angel had to answer.

Azrael winced. "You know I have work to do Lucifer. I can’t be gone for too long." She hoped that excuse would suffice. She really did have pressing work to do, mind you, but her greatest concern at the moment, even if she wasn’t ready to voice it aloud, was the presence of her mother right beside her. The woman was constantly trying to engage a conversation with her and Rae had barely managed to avoid it for the time being with the aid of Lucifer’s constant chattering, thank to him. But it couldn’t last for long if what she remembered of the Goddess still applied. She was damn bull headed!

"Oh! Come on Rae! Live a little! You’re always all about work. When was the last time you enjoyed yourself with a little break? I guess you don’t even remember." He teased. He was well aware that his sister would not be incline to leave so quickly if it wasn’t for the presence of their mother, but he wanted to remind her that she deserved some vacations from time to time.

The angel rolled her eyes, annoyed. "You know when."

"Why should I?" He genuinely didn’t understand what she was referring to.

"Because you were there!" There was no look of recollection in Lucifer’s eyes, so she gave him another clue. "Paris, 1349." Now everyone in the room was paying very close attention to their conversation.

Lucifer’s face split into a big smile. "Really? THAT was the last time you took a time off?" He
laughed disbelievingly. "Will I have to get you drunk again to make you loosen up a little?"

Chloe was too intrigued not to ask about it. "What happened in 1349?"

Lucifer looked at Rae with a raised eyebrow as if to ask the permission to tell the tale. Rae shrugged as an answer. Whatever she thought about it, she doubted the Devil could resist telling about as juicy a story anyway. Lucifer’s smile brighten even more at her consent.

Clapping his hands together, Lucifer turned to Chloe, but was actually addressing everyone around the table in the process. The Devil really liked being the center of attention thought Rae, not without a little internal smile though. "Well! Well! That is quite the story really!" He took a dramatic pause before pursuing. "1349! It was the time of The Black Death in Europe, the one that killed about 60% of the entire population."

Charlotte interrupted him nervously. "I swear I had nothing to do with that plague. Even if I have to admit it was a masterpiece of a disease." She seemed almost sorry it wasn’t her work.

Lucifer and Rae looked at each other instinctively and rolled their eyes in the same exact way thought Chloe. Siblings! Without any doubt.

Lucifer continued, not without a little exasperation in his voice. "We know that Mother! You had been locked in Hell for eons at the time. There was no way you could have been responsible."

Daniel looked around the table to make sure there was no chance it was all a joke. Seeing everyone look as if everything that had been said seemed completely normal and of common knowledge, he ruled out the possibility that they could have been kidding. Maybe he had just misinterpreted their words. But somehow, he doubted it. Charlotte was way too straight forward for that. He swallowed hard and tried to pry away Charlotte’s hand from his thigh for the hundred time this evening. Could anyone tell he was sweating profusely? An apparently evil Goddess had an evident interest in him and he seemed to have no say in it. It could be just a nightmare he mused hopefully. Maybe he would just wake up and find out nothing of that was reel. Yeah! Right! Wishful thinking! Fidgeting on his seat uncomfortably, he thought he would be sick!

Lucifer seemed annoyed by Charlotte’s interruption. "So, like I was saying before I got interrupted, I found myself in Paris that day. There were bodies everywhere in the streets, it reminded me of Hell really. It would not have been disturbing if not for the smell of rotten bodies and their shit all over the place…"

"Please Lucifer! We are eating!" Said his girlfriend with a disgust grimace. "And you forget Trixie… I’m not sure it is such an appropriate topic for her to hear about."

"Don’t censure yourself for me Lucifer! I’m good!" Assured the little girl without an ounce of disgust in her eyes.

Lucifer beamed at the spawn proudly. "See! Your kid is way tougher than you are Detective! She doesn’t mind." So he dismissed Chloe’s concern instantly, to her greatest annoyance. Trixie straitened proudly in her seat.

"So, where was I? Oh! Yes! The Great Plague had been already raging for two years and almost half of the population of Europe was already dead at that time. Rae was herding souls like cattle. It was a horrible time! I can’t tell you the paperwork nightmare it was for us down in Hell. A very bad period indeed." He shuddered at the recollection of the amount of work it gave them back in those times. "So I knew Rae would be working double shifts, and that she would be mopping about. What with all those kids dying? Rae always had a soft spot for kids. So I decided to go and
"What? You told me back then that you’d come in Paris for sightseeing. That you had to see with your own eyes what everybody was already blaming you for. Did you lie to me?” Rae could barely believe her ears.

“Well, I went for that too. But I might have omitted to tell you about the part where I also wanted to cheer you up a little.” He said sheepishly.

"Omitted hum?” Rae shouldn’t be so surprised. After all, Lucifer really had become a master at dissimulating his real intents even if he never lied. He was so infuriating at times! But how could she be angry at him, knowing now that he went there for her in the first place?

Chloe probed him again with an amused smile. "So you decided to get her drunk to cheer her up?"

"Not really! It wasn’t that well premeditated. I just found us a deserted inn to get a few drinks, question of making her loosen up a bit and forget a little about all the mess outside. Turned out the inn-keeper and his wife just died that day and no one had yet come to collect the bodies, so the place was empty of people. Just what we needed to get a little time out away from humans and all the worries that came with them. Well, if you didn’t count those two poor souls who bothered us all night long because we were drinking all their beer. It’s not like they could have any use for it in the future anyway.” He laughed at his own joke.

Trixie’s eyes widened at hearing his tale, as did Chloe’s and Dan’s. "You can see dead souls?"

"Of course I can child, I’m the Devil!” It seemed an evidence to him.

Azrael didn’t appreciate Lucifer’s joke about the poor souls of the inn-keeper and his wife but could not refrain a smile at the memory of that funny night. "We really did drink everything there was in that inn. I think I peed non-stop for a full day after that." She laughed happily. "I was so drunk come morning! And so were you Lucifer."

He giggled. "It took a lot of work but I think I was. We even got out of there at sun rise in search of another inn to get more beer." Suddenly he remembered something and smiled like a fool. "Remember that priest?” He was barely containing his laughter.

Azrael didn’t have his control and burst out in laughter at the memory. "Of course I remember! How could I not?” She managed to say in between her giggling. She turned to the others to try and explain what happened. "He was preaching in the streets, telling the gathered people around him how the Devil and Death were responsible for that horrible plague.” Rae changed her voice to imitate the priest’s speech, trying to stay serious, but being unable to keep a huge smile off her face. "The Devil walks among us! Hand in hand with Death itself!” She exploded into laugher, not able to keep it in anymore. She was laughing so much tears were falling down her cheeks.

Lucifer joined her in a thunder of laughter and tears. He laughed so hard he had to hold his ribs to stop the pain. "As if we would hold hands!” Their laughter redoubled in intensity at his words, both having now completely lost control over themselves. Their state of hilarity was contagious and soon everybody started chuckling and giggling uncontrollably.

It took a long moment for everyone to regain some sense of composure. When she was able again to speak in between some giggles, Rae looked at Lucifer fondly. "You know it worked though!"

"What worked?” He wasn’t sure what she meant.
"You did lift my spirit that day Brother."

The Devil looked proud. "Then I’m glad I went to see you." At that he lifted his glass to his sister silently before continuing. "But it lifted my spirit too you know." Both siblings smiled conspiratorially at each other.

"Why does that not surprise me? You watching out for your sister, like you always did when you were young." A look of nostalgia crossed the Goddess’ eyes. "How many times have I seen you come at dinner with bruises all over after getting yourself into a fight to defend your sister against Michael or Amenadiel?"

Amenadiel flinched at his mother’s words and smiled apologetically at his baby sister. "Sorry about that Rae! I realise I was a jerk back them."

"You probably still are." Rae teased. "But everything is forgiven really, we were all young at the time."

The dark angel looked relieved by her words. That story was stirring his memory and things were getting back on the surface now. "And if I remember well, Father had the habit of punishing us for fighting among each other, by forbidding anyone to heal us. He thought that feeling some pain would make us meditate on our faults. I don’t think it ever worked out though." He last added roguishly.

Lucifer and Rae looked at each other with big grins. They knew very well what was on the other’s mind. Michael had just gotten a kid’s punishment for getting into a fight with Lucifer. Their little inside joke made the Devil purr in literal bliss!

Chloe noticed the look of complicity between them and smiled happily. Those two were really something. She hoped someday Lucifer and herself would get to that point where they would know what the other was thinking without even talking.

"Talking of Michael…" Azrael felt bad for breaking the mood but Lucifer needed to hear it and she had been looking for just that kind of opportunity to approach the subject. "I have a message from him. He says he is ready to assist you if you get a lead on «The Piece» or on where Vasariah is hiding. It is his mission after all and he is ready to get past your disagreements to fulfill it." Rae knew very well how slim chances were that Lucifer would agree to that but she had sworn nonetheless to Michael that she would try.

The Devil pursed his lips in disdain. "NEVER! You hear me? I’ll never trust that bastard. Ever! You can tell him that when you next see him."

Rae grimaced at his reaction. "Now I’m sorry I ever accepted to pass the word. I’m sorry Lucifer!"

In spite of his hatred for his brother, Lucifer regained quickly control over his anger and half grinned at Rae. "Nah! Don’t be. I know you just wanted to do the right thing. Let’s forget about it. We’re having a great time together. We shouldn’t spoil it by talking about him."

The two siblings rapidly regained their happy mood along with everyone else and from there dinner went quite nicely. Charlotte took the opportunity to tell many anecdotes about her children’s youth to the great embarrassment of the present protagonists.

Hearing all of those stories about Lucifer’s youth and his relation with Charlotte brought Trixie to wonder about something. She waited until there was a pause in the conversation to ask Charlotte what was on her mind. "Humm! If I understand well, you are Lucifer’s mother even though you
don’t look like an old woman.”

Charlotte lifted her eyebrows in surprise. "Humans never cease to amaze me with their cleverness." She said sarcastically. "Yes child! I certainly am his mother. And no, I don’t and never will look old. Thank Heaven!" The notion alone seemed to horrify her greatly.

Chloe narrowed her eyes in disdain at the woman. What a bitch! She thought. She wanted to snap at her for talking that way to her daughter but didn’t want to start a fight, so she kept silent.

Oblivious to the Goddess’ sarcasm, Trixie continued with her line of thinking. "Sooo, that means that if my mom were to marry Lucifer, you’d become my grandma then?"

Charlotte almost choked on the sip of wine she was taking. "What a horrible notion!" After her first shock, Charlotte continued reluctantly. "Well, I suppose technically it would be true. But I doubt Lucifer would be fool enough to marry a human for a second time. So there’s not much chance that it would ever happen." She thought her reasoning quite sound and somehow comforting. She found the notion of becoming a grandmother actually very disturbing. But what if Lucifer was dumb enough to do it? She turned to him warily. "Am I right son?"

She probably wasn’t even conscious that she was insulting Chloe and himself, mused Lucifer, but being called a fool for loving Chloe didn’t bode well with him so he snapped at her. "My personal life is none of your business Mother! And I will love or marry who the hell I want and I’ll certainly not consult with you about it." It was clear enough in his tone that he didn’t want to discuss it further. Charlotte was bright enough not to pursue the subject.

Chloe thought she should be glad of the way Lucifer rebuked his mother, but the altercation left her perplex. She had not missed the look of panic in Lucifer’s eyes at hearing the possibility of them getting married. She wondered what was so horrible about the idea and could not refrain to feel a pang of hurt. She stilled her face to make sure her pain would go unnoticed. She squeezed her daughter’s hand comfortingly and winked at her to convey that it had been okay to ask the question.

Trixie grimaced a bit. She never thought her question would make that effect. Angering Lucifer definitely wasn’t something she had planned or enjoyed. She preferred him happy. She wasn’t sure at all that she liked his mother. Lucifer didn’t even seem to love her in the first place, so maybe it was okay for her not to like the Goddess either.

After that, the conversations returned to safer topics but a certain tension remained in the air nonetheless until the end of the evening.

Throughout dinner, Daniel barely touched his meal. He was quite literally freaking out. He was dinning with celestial beings! It seemed to him that the realisation was just kicking in. He tried to reason with himself though. It was just a typical family dinner after all, with a Goddess, the Devil, another fallen angel, Death itself, a demon, his ex, and a little girl who looked as if all of that was perfectly normal. And on top of it, Charlotte relentlessly charged back at him as much with her hand as with allusions and half-veiled propositions. The evening couldn’t pass fast enough for him.

After dinner, Chloe and Maze cleaned the kitchen while the guests passed to the living room to have another drink and pursue their conversations. Daniel quickly got trapped by the Goddess who dragged him in an isolated corridor. Without knowing how she had done it, Dan found himself all entangled in the Goddess’ arms with her tongue in his mouth. He tried to dismiss the strong physical reaction that her proximity brought in him and to resist the urge of pulling her even closer. What was wrong with him? How could he be turned on by an evil Goddess? Even though his brain was all scrambled he found the will to push her away, enough to regain some of his wits at least. "What the hell are you playing at with me?"
Charlotte looked startled by the question. "I’m not playing with you. Why would you say that?"

Daniel pointed at her with his hand and moved it up and down her length in front of her to emphasize his words. "Because you are a Goddess damn it! And I’m human. Some things shouldn’t mix up." He left off the part about her being evil. Somehow he doubted she would take it nicely. "And I’m not a toy you can use to fulfill all your needs."

Now she looked hurt. "I… I’m not using you Daniel!"

"Then why? Why are you doing this?" He asked angrily. He wasn’t sure if he was getting angry at her or at himself for being so confused about his own feelings. Probably both.

Charlotte froze for a second with her mouth half-opened. It looked difficult for her to say what was on her mind, but it finally came out in a soft voice. "Because I like you!"

Dan startled. Of all the things she could have said, it was the last thing he expected. They both stood still in silence for a long moment, neither of them knowing what to say and avoiding to look the other strait in the eye. Somehow, Dan felt he had to answer something after her declaration, but he was absolutely incapable of understanding his own feelings at the moments. He cleared his throat a couple times before speaking with a softness he didn’t plan. "Maybe we should talk about it another time."

"You’re probably right." She sent him a tentative smile that he answered by one of his own.

Amazingly, after their conversation, Charlotte kept her hands in her lap for the rest of the evening even though they were sited side by side. If Dan didn’t know better, he would have thought she looked almost shy when she gazed at him from time to time. He wondered if there might not be some human sides to her after all.

Meanwhile, Chloe was thankful for the opportunity to speak alone with Maze in the kitchen. However, she wasn’t sure how to approach the subject that was on her mind. She observed the demon carefully for starter to assess her mood. Maze was packing the dishwasher silently with a look of worry on her face. Yes, there was definitely something wrong with her. Taking a deep breath, Chloe stopped cleaning the counter and asked with her most gentle voice. "What’s going on with Amenadiel?"

The demon raised her head to gaze at her without talking. The emotional storm she saw in it surprised Chloe. Maze looked sad and angry at the same time, even maybe desperate and what? Vulnerable? It destabilized Chloe a moment to see so many unusual emotions displaying on her roommate’s face. It was so far from the Maze she knew. Chloe gently put her hand on the demon’s that was resting on the countertop.

Maze’s lips tightened but she didn’t withdrew her hand. Somehow, the detective’s hand was comforting. "I’ve been a fool! I’ve dropped my guard around him and it bit me in the ass…” Seeing that Decker was only waiting for her to explain more, she continued. "The son of a bitch is not sure I’m so good for him anymore. I’ll show him how bad I can be!"

A dangerous light appeared in the demon’s eyes and Chloe reminded herself never to cross the woman. Anger was a good enough way to overcome a heartbreak, but somehow, Chloe doubted it was the best approach in this situation. "Or, you could show him how wrong he’s been. It’s clear he still has strong feelings for you Maze, whatever you may think about it. Those feelings might just be a little blurred by all that happened lately. Maybe you should not give up on him just yet. He could still surprise you."
Maze snorted contemptuously. "I’m a demon Decker! I won’t go around begging him to come back to me."

Chloe smiled in spite of herself. "I wouldn’t expect it of you either. But, even though you be a demon, that’s not all that you are anymore Maze."

Maze searched her eyes for clarification. "Then what am I?" She asked very seriously.

"I don’t know. You tell me!" Chloe saw that her words were getting to her friend.

"How should I know?" The demon looked lost. "And what should I do about him?"

"You are the only one who can answer those questions. Maybe you could start by giving him some slack until you find out." Chloe patted Maze’s hand a couple times then released her.

The demon seemed to gather herself for a moment before answering. "I’ll think about it Decker. Thanks for the advice."

The rest of the evening went smoothly and finally it was time for Charlotte and Azrael to leave. Azrael’s cold behaviour toward her mother kept the latter from hugging her before leaving. But Charlotte took the opportunity to make her feelings clear and risked a hand on Azrael’s arm. "You don’t know the joy it was for me to see you again my child. Never forget that I love you with all my heart."

Azrael stilled, unable to answer anything but not withdrawing from the woman’s touch. All she saw about her mom confirmed she was being honest, but it wasn’t sufficient for the angel yet. Not after everything she had been through when her mother had gone berserk all those millennia ago. She would need time. A lot of time. But when her mother asked if she could call her sometimes to get coffees, Azrael nodded her approval.

After Charlotte departure, Chloe didn’t hesitate a second to embrace Azrael in a warm hug. "I’m so glad you stayed! You come back whenever you want. You’ll always be welcome here."

"Maybe I will then." The angel looked surprised by her own answer.

As an afterthought, Chloe added. "Is there a way to call you if I need to?"

It made Rae smile. "Just concentrate and think of me. I’ll hear you."

It sounded a lot like praying to Chloe. But somehow, praying for the Angel of death to appear didn’t sound as crazy as it would have a few days ago. Rae disappeared after promising to Lucifer to come back for a visit from time to time.

A few minutes later, Chloe saw a hesitant Amenadiel follow Maze to her room. It looked like her roommate had considered her advice after all, for she didn’t send him away and let him come along without saying a word. It brought a little smile to the detective’s lips. There was still some hope for those two.

After making sure Dan had everything he needed for another night on the sofa, Chloe took Lucifer’s glass form his hands and stirred him toward the stairs. He looked definitely exhausted. It was unusual for him to look so tired and it made her worry about his wellbeing. Trixie had been in bed for more than an hour already so after a quick peek in her room to make sure she was asleep, Chloe joined Lucifer in her room.

He was in the process of taking his clothes off slowly as if careful not to make his ribs hurt. So
Chloe went to help him and made sure she was very gentle. Once his shirt was off, Chloe caressed his torso around his now soiled bandage and laid her head on his shoulder.

Lucifer embraced her and kissed her head tenderly. "Are you still upset Love?"

His question took her by surprise and she backed a little away from him. "What? I’m not upset!"

"But you were. Weren’t you?" He didn’t sound accusing, just intrigued.

Of course he had catch on her mood earlier. He was getting way too good at reading her lately. "I… I was just being silly really. Don’t worry about that Love."

"But I want to know. Was it about that marriage thing?" He had been pondering every possibilities since he noticed that look of hurt in her eyes and it was the only thing that made sense. She had tried to hide it, he knew, and had almost succeeded afterwards for the rest of the evening, but there was still that slight remaining of emotion on her face that was not usually there. So he knew she was still thinking about it.

She sighed deeply before answering reluctantly. " I… I just don’t understand why the idea of marrying me should be so horrifying to you."

He startled. "Horrifying? No! Not at all!"

She crossed her arms in front of herself defensively. "But I saw your reaction when Trixie talked about it and you clearly looked panicked." She tried not to sound accusing but it was getting very hard.

He avoided answering her remark and asked her a question instead. "Does it mean you want to marry?"

He definitely looked worried she thought. "No! I mean, I don’t know. I never even thought about that possibility before tonight and it is way too early in our relationship to consider it anyway. But that’s not the point. The point is, I just have a hard time understanding why marrying Candy should be more acceptable than the idea of taking those vows with me whereas you didn’t even loved her."

"That’s exactly the reason! Don’t you see?" Now it was his turn to start losing his temper. He started walking back and forth in front of her, seemingly upset. "Candy didn’t mean much to me. But you, you mean the world to me! How could I let my Father come between us any more than He already is? Because don’t get it wrong, any marriage, be it a catholic one, or of any other religion for that matter, or even a civilian one, and my Father would get involved into it. He takes those vows very seriously and considers it a divine matter every time." He suddenly stopped pacing and came to face her. He looked deeply sad. "Please, don’t ask me to give Him more power over us. I don’t need a ring to remember how much I love you, or that I belong to you."

Chloe was thunder struck. She had been a fool to doubt him. She should have suspected something like that. Tears gathered in her eyes at the emotions his words had brought up and she grabbed his face with her hands to lean her forehead against his. "I’m sorry! I understand." She kissed his face numerous times to take the sadness away. "I love you too, and you know I’ll never belong to anyone but you. We don’t need it, you’re right. What we have is way more than anyone could ever dream of. Forgive me! I should have known."

Lucifer smiled lovingly, his sadness almost all gone now. "There’s nothing to forgive Love. You couldn’t know. I’m the one who should be sorry for reacting so strongly."
Chloe shook her head vehemently. "Don’t you dare being sorry for that! We’re okay!" She smiled back at him through unshed tears and kissed him tenderly. They kissed like that slowly and deeply for a long moment to calm their pounding hearts and bask in their strong connection.

Now certain everything was back to normal between them, they prepared for the night. Chloe stayed longer in the bathroom to freshen up a bit before joining Lucifer in bed. Even though she had not stayed away longer than a few minutes, Lucifer was already sound asleep when she returned to him.

Sitting silently beside him on her side of the bed, careful not to wake him up, she reached to caress his hair softly with her hand. He didn’t even stir at her touch. He really was exhausted and needed his sleep but she couldn’t stop stroking his hair and face. She gazed at him lovingly, admiring the love of her life. He looked so peaceful like that. She was glad to notice that his breathing sounded good even if he was lying flat on his back. He should be as good as knew in a few days. The thought reassured her. She had been so worried for him in the last days. She had no idea how she got through it all with her sanity intact. How close she had come to losing him! She felt the fear creep back up inside her. She was not fooling herself, she knew that even if Vasariah didn’t succeed at bringing Lucifer back to Hell, someday, another of his’s siblings would certainly get the fancy of dragging the Devil back to its lair, or God himself would get impatient and take the matter into His own hands. It was probably only a question of time before they got separated. That idea terrified her senseless but she had to be prepared for the worst. And besides, that wonderful a being was not meant to live a quiet life with a simple human like herself. At that moment, Chloe swore to herself that she would try to make his life by her side as wonderful as he was making hers and to give him enough blissful memories to last him an eternity. Because someday she knew, she would lose him. She just hoped they would both survive it.

Chapter End Notes

Action should start again in the next chapter and from there it won’t really stop until the end. I hope you had a good time with that little family dinner. Please let me know what you thought of it with a comment. I crave comments! Thanks for reading me.
Surprise! Surprise!

Chapter Notes

Hello dear readers! First I want to thank all the new Kudos and comments I received. You have no idea how much it can fuel me to write more and how much I appreciate it! That chapter was a lot longer to write than I expected because I wanted to reach a certain point before closing it and because I was more inspired than I thought I would with the elaboration of the plot. As a result, it is twice as long as my average chapter with its 10 500 words! I more than hope you will appreciate it since I worked very hard on that one. So now enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"What do you think of that one?"

Chloe turned her gaze toward her roommate for only a split second before dismissing what the black woman was showing her. "I told you Maze, I don’t want something with leather." Chloe resumed searching through the array of lingerie before her. They had been at it for the last 20 minutes or so and would have to go back soon to search for «The Piece» since their lunch time was getting to its end. Chloe was ardently working on Blissful Memory number two and hoped to find something suitable in this shop to wear tonight.

A smile crossed her lips at the remembrance of BM number one that took place just this morning. She had woken Lucifer up with a hundred wet kisses all over his body and had made him come very, very slowly with her mouth around him. It had given him a bemused smile afterwards that lasted through all breakfast. He hadn’t left her in rest of course, for he made sure to give her back a couple memorable orgasms to help her go through the day. The moves he had made in bed told her that his health really was getting better.

A smile appeared on her lips at the thought. Chloe was suddenly brought back to Earth by a question from Maze. "What about that one then?" Maze sounded resigned.

Without any real hope that the demon could find something nice for her, Chloe turned again with a sigh. To her greatest amazement, the pieces of lingerie Maze was holding in her hands were actually pretty nice, even more than nice. I was a two pieces of lingerie of a deep burgundy. It was a perfect balance between classical and sexy with laces tastefully interlaced. Just what she was looking for. "I think that might actually be exactly what I need. Good finding Maze!"

"Don’t look so surprised! I do have taste you know. We just don’t have the same style, mine is way cooler." She winked at the detective playfully.

Chloe went to try on her new finding in the fitting room. Surprisingly, it was quite comfortable to wear with the top not too tight but still fitting enough to show all her best attributes. It was just long enough to still show a good part of her belly and the panties were showing just enough in a quite sexy way. It was just perfect! She tried to imagine the look on Lucifer’s face when she revealed it tonight. Oh! Yes! That should make a hit! She smiled with anticipation. She couldn’t wait to surprise him with this. He had no way of suspecting she was planning something special for him, especially on a Monday night.
At first, when Lucifer told her this morning that he had to go to Lux to check on things and to make a few errands, she felt almost distressed at the idea of parting from him. She didn’t like one bit the thought of his going about alone without backup. But like he had argued, he wasn’t really alone now with The Flaming Sword under his belt and his wings on his back. Actually, he could very well be considered like the most powerful being in the universe at the moment, coming after God of course.

But it wasn’t the only reason why she felt distressed by their separation. They had been together almost 24/7 since they got involved 10 days ago and it somehow felt wrong to be away from him. Was she becoming dependant? Absolutely! Without a doubt. She felt more complete with him and that fact scared her a little. For an independent woman like herself it was a hard realisation to accept. She understood then that she would have to be careful not to lose herself in this new relationship. There had to be a way to find a good balance between independence and that amazing binding that they shared. Yes, it was certainly possible.

So now, instead of feeling sorry for herself for being away from her lover, she was trying to enjoy this girl time alone with Maze. She had to admit though, that Lucifer and she had exchanged numerous textos all morning to stay close nonetheless. And did it count that she was buying lingerie for him during her alone time? Whatever!

Chloe opened the door of the fitting room for Maze to look at her outfit. "Is it sexy enough?" She asked shyly to the demon.

Maze appraised her with expert eyes. A mischievous smile appeared at the corner of her lips. "That’s not leather, but Lucifer is going to get wild when he sees it Decker. Believe me!"

Chloe let go a sigh of relief. That’s what she was hoping for, for him to lose it completely. She had herself gone wild with him on more than one occasion in bed. He had such a way of bringing out her most primitive instincts and behaviours. Now she wanted to do the same to him.

Coming out from her reveries, she noticed a distant look on Maze’s face. She had a good idea what the demon was thinking about. Her friend had worn that same forlorn look all morning. Maybe now was as good a time to talk about it as any. "Humm! How did it go with Amenadiel last night? Was there some… rapprochements?"

"Pfff! If you call spooning up a rapprochement!" She answered with resentment. "He is all cuddling and all, but don’t mention sex because he’s gonna run for his life!" She was rolling her eyes in disbelief and incomprehension. "I can’t believe I’m enduring this! Is it a new form of torture or something? Because I tell you, it does feel like it!"

"You’re doing great Maze. Just let him time enough to ponder everything and realise how wonderful you are." A devious idea crossed Chloe’s mind and she smiled roguishly. "But…, maybe you should buy lingerie too. There’s no rule that says you can’t tempt the devil in him."

The demon almost looked insulted. "Decker! I am temptation incarnate! If sleeping beside me wearing only my Eve’s suit did not arouse him, nothing will."

"Well, sometimes, imagining what’s hidden can be even more arousing for men than seeing the whole thing. You should try it. You have nothing to lose anyway." Chloe closed the door to go change and let the woman think about her words.

When she came out again, the demon was eying a very sexy piece of lingerie that was surprisingly completely deprived of any leather. Chloe’s eyebrows raised questioningly at her. She couldn’t believe Maze was actually considering buying something like that.
Maze’s lips tightened and she warned her dangerously. "Don’t say a word Decker!"

A few minutes later, they both walked out of the shop with their new lingerie and devious plans for tonight.

Now they were back in search mode for «The Piece». They had split up the remaining locations covering Uriel’s whereabouts with Dan and Amenadiel who were teaming up together for the day. Between the two teams, they should be able to cover everything before night. After that, they would be back to square one and all Los Angeles would become a possible hiding place. Fortunately, Maze had stopped bounty hunting for the time being to help them in their investigation, but not without having struck a very profitable deal with Lucifer for her fee.

It was actually Chloe’s first real day of search and she was already getting bored. It was a long and tedious work to do and the prospect of doing it still for potentially weeks disheartened her. Between this search, her work, and taking care of her daughter, it wouldn’t be long before she got exhausted.

The thought of Trixie brought her back to the fact that she had to part with her daughter for the first time since the attack on her and Dan. She was scared for her baby, it was undeniable. Vasariah and his demons were certainly still around and who knew what they were planning? But Lucifer was right, it was best to send her to school and be able to protect her at night than sending her to her grandmother.

Yes, Trixie would be alright. Especially since Lucifer was a thought away from Trixie at any moment now that he had his wings back. That fact still amazed her. Lucifer could hear their prayers! How crazy was that? Even Chloe could reach to him with her mind if she concentrated carefully. They had made a few tests this morning with Trixie and she and it really worked! On top of it, Trixie’s ability to see auras would give her a step ahead to detect any demon that could come around school and call Lucifer for help. It was quite reassuring but her maternal instinct would not let her be completely at ease with the idea of leaving her baby out of her sight. But what else could she do? Bring her daughter around town with them in their search? That was out of the question. So their present arrangement was for the best. For now at least.

On top of that, Chloe wanted to give Beatrice a sense of normalcy by sending her back to school as soon as possible. Her daughter was doing quite fine since her attack by Vasariah but she still had nightmares and even though she maintained firmly that she wasn’t perturbed by the event, Chloe noticed a look of deep thought and worry on her daughter’s face on many occasions in the last few days. Trixie needed normalcy now more than ever. And she needed to talk to someone about it all. Lucifer had done well by reaching out to her little girl and she even confided in him, but he was not equipped to deal with that kind of trauma. That’s why Chloe had made up her mind about sending her daughter to Linda once a week starting tomorrow. Lucifer offered kindly to leave his next hours of consultation to Beatrice since Linda’s schedule was full for the next two weeks. Knowing that her friend would help her daughter deal with all of it was giving her great comfort.

They were arriving at their next location now, a medium sized park in a very rough district. Since entering the area, heads had turned in their direction each time they passed people, most of them with brown skin, who shot them distrusting glances. Chloe was very glad to have Maze by her side in this unwelcomed neighborhood. They came out of their car and walked to the center of the park where was standing a once beautiful fountain that apparently had not been working for years. The granite benches around the place were full of graffiti and some were even broken at some places. Still, with all the trees around and the few paths going through them, it could have been a nice place if not for the sense of desolation and danger that emanated from it.
Chloe didn’t need celestial senses to feel it. That place reeked with danger. What had brought them here was a big fight that took place in this park a few years ago between two gangs of drug dealers. Lots of people died that dreadful night, either from gun shots or from savage beatings. Having seen the photos of the crime scene and the state of the bodies, Chloe had no difficulty believing that a lot of dark energy should still be floating around.

There was nobody in the central place where they were presently standing but a few children were playing on swings some 50 feet away and neighbours were watching Maze and herself suspiciously from their windows or balconies. They certainly were not welcomed here.

Maze was actively walking around the place, doing her thing to trace ripples of energy, which looked pretty much like sniffing to Chloe. "Let’s try to do it quickly this time will you? I don’t like this place Maze. We could get into trouble and fast if we linger here."

"So don’t keep standing there Decker and help me. I’m not a fan of the place either." Snapped the demon. The dreadful feeling of the place seemed to make her on edge too.

So Chloe tried to forget the chill that coursed through her bones and to focus on finding clues that could lead them to a hiding place. She started by checking the fountain and the benches, then she walked around the paths that winded through the trees in search of something that would trigger her detective instincts. Suddenly, behind her, a small noise of broken branches made her turn instinctively in full alert mode with her hand on her holster.

Right there in front of her, not two feet away, was standing a beautiful woman with long curly red hair that looked like fire. Her intent yellow-green gaze stroke the detective by its animalistic nature. It reminded her of the look Maze had when she was ready to kill someone. That’s what made her understand who was really standing before her. By the description she heard of the woman, it could only be her. Lilim!

The demon was standing dangerously still, sniffing at her like a beast would smell its food. Chloe quickly moved back to try and retrieve her gun while screaming Maze’s name in warning. But the red demon was way faster than she expected and Chloe found herself turned around and grabbed from behind with a knife resting against her neck in the blink of an eye. Only a strangled noise escaped her lips. But it was apparently enough to alert her friend for she saw Maze running towards her at full speed. But she was soon stopped in her track by two other female demons, because they couldn’t be anything else, right? What with all the leather and the feline way they moved as if ready to bounce. Mazikeen started fighting her way to her with her demon blades swirling dangerously.

Chloe’s heartbeat increased tenfold and she panted in fear. She really was at Lilim’s mercy. She could die at any moment now. The thought of calling Lucifer grew strong in her mind and she started reaching to him but got interrupted by the fiery demon’s words.

"Now! Now! Don’t be afraid human! I won’t hurt you." Lilim didn’t release her though, but sniffed once more at her, burying her nose into Chloe’s hair. "You reek of fear! I love that smell! But like I said, unfortunately I’m not here to kill you. Wouldn’t want to start an open war with you guys, not yet at least…" The woman chuckled playfully.

Chloe tried to control her fear and keep the shaking out of her voice. "What do you want then?"

"But to meet Lucifer’s pet of course! You really are lovely!" Chloe trembled slightly at the way the demon purred suggestively the words into her ear.

Chloe was so close to calling Lucifer. All her being screamed danger but her mind told her that she
was not in deadly danger after all. Not yet. Calling Lucifer here would definitely start a war and there would be too many eye witnesses around. The arrival of the Devil in rage with shining white angel wings would not go unnoticed even in this forsaken neighborhood. She could already see people coming out of their houses with distressed looks on their faces to call the kids back home at the view of strangers fighting in their park. Chances were slim that the police would be called in this area though, people were way too used to that kind of events and didn’t trust the police to protect them. Chloe told herself that she would summon Lucifer only if things got really ugly. And besides, the demons probably didn’t know that Lucifer got his wings back and it would certainly be best to keep it that way for now. Chloe tried again to relax and to stop thinking of Lucifer by fear of summoning him inadvertently. Suddenly, she felt her phone buzz into her pocket. Damn it, it had to be Lucifer who heard her or something and was now checking on her. In her position, she had to let it unanswered, obviously.

Once her fear was mostly under control, Chloe decided to use the opportunity to get some information for herself. "How is Vasariah doing? His burned wing must hurt like Hell! That’s too bad he can’t get to one of his siblings to be healed. That must make him mad!"

Lilim’s hand tightened around the knife. "Who says Vasariah has anything to do with this?"

"Come on! Stop the crap, we know it’s him. And Michael knows it too. By now, everybody in The Silver City must know about it. There’s no point denying it anymore. And there’s no point pursuing this madness either. God has to know by now what you are up to. You will be stopped and soon, if not by us then someone else will."

Lilim kept silent for a moment, analysing her words, then to Chloe’s utter surprise the demon laughed happily. "And why haven’t we been stricken by lightning then, or attacked by an army of angels? Maybe Vasariah was right after all, maybe it is all in God’s best interest that we succeed. Who would have thought? You’re right, there’s no point denying that it is Vasariah. God won’t intervene anyway, it is plain evidence now."

Chloe was at a complete loss. In God’s best interest? Could it be possible? Then was He manipulating Lucifer in all this as the Devil already feared? Did God want Lucifer to succeed or to fail? Was this a way to make Lucifer Fall once more? But then why give him his wings back? To reward him or to force him to fight those demons for His hidden agenda? Chloe’s mind was reeling. It was all too much to process. Her phone vibrated again angrily. No, she didn’t need Lucifer’s help right now. His presence would only make things worse. She just hoped he was not too panicky from her silence.

She returned to the matter at hand. Instead of trying to understand God’s plan, she tried to focus on finding the demon’s motivations. "You would go along with what God wants? You would do his bidding? You, a demon!"

Lilim chuckled. "But it doesn’t matter to us demons if God gets his will in the process, as long as we can have our fun with humanity along the road. We’ll take what we can while it passes. Talking of fun, maybe I’ll start with you human."

Chloe shook in fright at the feel of the demon’s tongue licking and sucking her hear lobe in a languorous way. "Lucifer will kill you for that!" She threatened helplessly.

The red head busted into laughter. "Ha! Ha! Ha! You think he is strong enough for that? Without his wings the Devil isn’t more than a mouse under my paw."

Chloe was comforted to learn that they didn’t know about Lucifer’s new wings. It could confirm that Vasariaiah was working alone, now that Uriel was dead, without any other angel involved, or
otherwise he would have certainly heard about the news by now and so would his demons.

"Decker! You okay?" Maze was still fighting against the two female demons. She was now closer, at maybe 15 feet from Chloe but the bodyguards were not letting her pass. Strangely, they didn’t seem to be trying to kill Maze, but just to keep her back with blades of their own. Maze must have understood that too, otherwise Chloe was sure the threatening demons would already be long dead by now. Killing the demons would certainly put Chloe in more danger from Lilim and Maze was bright enough to see that.

"I’m fine Maze! We’re just having a little chat between friends." At her words, Maze lowered her dagger and took her distance from the demons. The bodyguards lowered their blades too but kept them at the ready.

Maze lifted her head in defiance at Lilim. "You hurt her and I’ll kill you!"

"Oooh! Possessive I see. I should have known that Lucifer would share his pet with you." She caressed the side of Chloe’s neck and upper torso hungrily. "We could share her together you and me if you agreed to join us at last. I’m sure we would have a lot of fun Mazikeen, like old times. Vasariah will certainly agree to give her to us in the end when he is done with her. But truly, I don’t see what’s so special about her, aside from her beauty that is."

Maze didn’t even acknowledged Lilim’s proposal. She really didn’t like the turn of the conversation. "And why should she be special exactly?" What did they know about Chloe? The possibilities were scary.

Lilim’s dangerous smile widened. "I don’t know, you tell me! But Vasariah is interested in her. So she has to be."

Chloe felt panic coming back full force. Vasariah was interested in her? Was he planning on taking her hostage at one point? Was it why Lilim was here now?

Maze tried to be dismissive. "She’s only human! How special can that be? Aside from the fact that she is very attractive and a detective, she is as boring as humans can be."

"Maybe…" The red head said enigmatically. "We’ll see soon enough." And with that the demon released Chloe with a push on her back that sent the detective stumbling forward.

Chloe grabbed a tree and barely succeeded at staying upright. When she turned around, the three demons were already retreating in the woods from where they had probably come from. Maze ran to her and checked her neck to assess any injury. "I’m fine Maze. She didn’t hurt me. I think they were not ready yet to start a war with us. No until they find «The Piece» at least. After that… well, I think it could get messy!"

"Then why were they here in the first place?" Maze was barely containing her rage. She wanted to go after them, kill them, or follow them to discover their den, but it was no use, they would be on their guards after this encounter.

"Lilim said she came to meet me. But I don’t buy it. The question is, were they around here by chance because of the search or were they following us? Was anything she told me true or just false information to confuse us? I really don’t know." Chloe was dead scared right now from her encounter with the demon and more than confused about everything she heard. Not to mention she was still shaking from the rush of adrenaline. She tried to hide her trembling hands by putting them into her pockets. But it was no good, her voice had been shaking slightly and her friend was observant enough to catch on it.
Maze started walking towards the car. "Let’s bring you back to Lux! Lucifer will want you close to him now and you need some rest anyway after that. And will you please call him back? He’s been buzzing me nonstop since Lilim got here. Did you reached to him or something?"

Chloe dismissed her question. "No Maze! We’ll finish our day of search before taking a break. I told you I’m good!" Chloe didn’t need to be treated like a poor frail human. She could still do her work damn it! But the constant trembling she felt through her entire body told her otherwise.

Maze turned to her and advanced dangerously with a killer’s gaze. "Listen to me Decker! There is no way I’m continuing this search with you today. Not after what happened here. And if I did nonetheless, Lucifer would kill me in a heartbeat once he learned what happened to you."

To say the truth, Chloe could very well picture Lucifer’s fury if Maze didn’t bring her back soon after that encounter. "Alright, we’ll go back, but not before we search this place first. We’re already here and are almost done anyway. It would be a waste to leave now."

The demon grimaced reluctantly. "Deal! But we are gone in 10 minutes. Not one minute more."

Chloe nodded at her friend and they finished searching the perimeter before leaving for Lux. Chloe finally called Lucifer back during the ride to his place to confirm that she was alright. The Devil was mad with fury!

It had been a very efficient morning for the Devil. Starting early, he first dumped his worn clothes of the week at the dry cleaner then second, met Patrick at Lux to make sure everything was still in order there. Third, he made a few calls to get in touch with someone who owe him and could help with a little renovation project of his. Lucifer was very excited about that new project. If he was right, that surprise could help bring Chloe to actually accept a crazy proposal he had in mind. He wanted to put every chances on his side. But goodness! How he hoped she would say yes! But the surprise had to be ready for Friday night, so there was no time to waste for putting everything into motion.

The little hellion bothered him all morning by testing her new way of reaching him. He was now and then receiving futile messages from Beatrice such as ‘Testing one two! Do you hear me Lucifer?’ or ‘Beatrice reporting, everything clear!’ Didn’t he tell her that he couldn’t answer her back? Well, maybe he hadn’t thought of saying it but wasn’t it obvious? After a while her messages got sparse then stopped. Either she finally understood he couldn’t answer her or she got bored. Either way he was glad for the silence that followed.

He arrived just in time for his 11 o’clock meeting. He hoped Chloe would not get wind of that particular appointment, otherwise he was in for a terrible argument with her for sure. But there was no avoiding this anymore, he had to do it. Things could get out of hands anytime now and he had to be ready for the worst. He hoped it would never get to that point, but he still had to plan for it just in case.

After having grabbed something to eat on the road once his meeting was over, he headed for the Beverly Boulevard to hunt for the most beautiful dress he could find for his lover. He was determined to make of their first date, coming this Friday, the best night of her life. He entered the most expensive shop he could find, just to make sure the dress would be perfect, and found himself surrounded in seconds by a group of women who were salivating at the sight of his handsome self. Staying agreeable to them but not too flirty, even the Devil could learn from his mistakes, he explained to them what he was looking for. It wasn’t long before they presented him a variety of beautiful dresses. When he saw IT, he knew instantly that it was the good one. Having taken note of Chloe’s clothing size by rummaging around her closet yesterday, not that he didn’t already have
a good idea about it before, he had no difficulty picking the good size for her now. The saleswomen also suggested a pair of high heels that matched perfectly with the dress. He bought everything without even asking what the price was.

He stayed evasive in his textos to Chloe all morning about his whereabouts, writing instead about what he planned to do to her once he got her naked in bed tonight. She seemed in the mood because she wrote him back some dirty things that almost made the Devil blush. He wondered dreamily if he was the one perverting her or if she had always been that wild on the inside but had just been hiding it very well before. Whatever! He liked very much that side of her and couldn't wait to see more of it.

He was walking back to his car, still thinking about her with a stupid grin on his face, when he thought he heard her call his name. He looked around, surprised to find her here but couldn’t see her anywhere. He looked again on both sides of the street to make sure she wasn’t there and shook his head in wonder. Was he having hallucinations about her now? Suddenly, he remembered his wings. Was Chloe really calling for him? His heart started beating faster and faster at the thought that she could be in danger. Maybe she was just thinking about him like he had been thinking of her a few minutes ago. But she knew how to call him clearly, she had tested it this morning. So why didn’t she say more if she really was in danger? He tried to remember if her voice had sounded distressed when she had called his name. He couldn’t be sure, but he thought she did. On the verge of panic he tried to focus on hearing her if she was indeed trying to reach him. He thought he could hear her faintly, she did sound distressed, but it was all too faint to locate her, as if she was thinking of him but not quite praying to reach him. Damn it Chloe! What was going on? If only he could reach her himself. But he could! He just had to phone her! So he took out his phone with shaky hands and hit the button to call her. There was no answer. Bloody Hell! He tried Maze’s cell phone, without any more success. What the Hell was going on?

Not knowing what to do, he ran back to his car and drove at full speed towards the area of search Chloe and Maze were supposed to go around today. Maybe by being closer he could locate her. He was well aware that chances were close to none of finding her this way, but he could not do nothing. He tried again to call both cell phones but to no avail. He was definitely panicking now! What would he become if something happened to her? Desperation started to crush his chest and breathing became hard. He was just arriving in the area of search, which was kilometers wide, when his phone rang up. He stopped on the side of the road with tires screaming and his heart beating wildly.

He looked at his phone’s screen. It was her! A wave of relief washed over him as he answered the phone shakily. "Chloe… are you okay?"

"I’m fine Lucifer! Don’t worry please!" She was trying to sound confident but there was that slight feeling of fear in her voice.

He was so glad to hear her voice that he almost missed it. So he had been right, something did happen. "WHAT HAPPENED CHLOE?" He almost screamed. She could be hurt or even bleeding to death for all he knew. His imagination got the better of him and he thought he would go mad.

"Please Lucifer calm down! I don’t have a scratch. I swear to you!" She could hear him panting over the phone. She lowered her voice and spoke softly. "I’m sorry I scared you. I shouldn’t have reached for you. Then I was in no position to answer your phone call. We just… we stumbled upon Lilim and some demons and I had an interesting conversation with her." She heard him take a deep breath over the phone but she quickly continued before he could say a word. "Lilim tried to scare us but we’re both fine Lucifer!" Chloe could hear him breathing hard, probably trying to calm down. But he wasn’t saying a word yet. The silence stretched on and he was still not speaking. She
really had no idea that he would be in such a state of panic, otherwise she would have called him back faster. Or was he mad at her? "Lucifer, please, say something!" She pleaded.

"I’m gonna kill that bitch!" His voice shook with rage.

She preferred him angry than panicky and at least he wasn’t angry at her. But the way he said it scared her a little. She had to see him to assess his state of mind. "Listen! We’re heading for Lux. Are you there?"

"I’ll be there in 10 minutes Love." His voice had regained a semblance of control and sounded amazingly sweet considering the anger he just demonstrated a few seconds ago.

"Okay! See you soon… I love you Lucifer!" She added softly. She thought he needed to hear it and she certainly needed to say the words after the fright she just experienced. She wished he were here with her right now so she could take comfort in his arms. But he would be with her soon she reminded herself.

"I love you Chloe!" He whispered. She thought she heard his voice break before he hung up the phone.

Lucifer was first to arrive at his place. He had been hoping Chloe would already be there, but the place was empty. Did they run into trouble again? He felt restless with concern and rage. He would have that bitch of Lilim killed, preferably by his own hands, but not before dismembering her and torturing her if he had his way. Was Chloe really okay? She said she was but he knew how she tended to minimise everything to not worry him, which worried him all the more. He really had to get a grip on his feelings though. He was the Devil for crying out loud!

So he started walking up and down his penthouse to master his feelings and find a sense of control. He thought his breathing was getting more normal when the elevator rang and the doors opened to let Maze and Chloe enter.

All he could see in that moment was how beautiful she was, with her sweet smile and her sparkling green eyes. She could have died! He could have lost her! As easily as that. How did humans deal with that constant possibility? How did they not become crazy with fear at the thought of losing the ones they loved? He had no answer to that and it drove him mad!

Chloe noticed the way Lucifer was stiff and immobile, looking at her with a strange distant gaze that seemed to say he didn’t quite believe she really was there. She approached him slowly and cupped his face tenderly. "Hey! You okay?"

His eyes seemed to come back into focus and he blinked. Instead of answering her question, he embraced her tightly and buried his face into her hair, inhaling her scent deeply. He held her so for a long moment without talking.

Chloe was craving that warm comfort but didn’t want him to think her fragile and vulnerable. So she finally moved out of his arms and looked at him with new resolve. "I am fine Lucifer! I’m not traumatised or anything." And it was the truth. Her shaking had disappeared with the last remaining of adrenaline in her blood and her mind was steady. It wasn’t as if she never encountered similar situations as a cop, demons aside of course.

Holding her at arm’s length, he looked her up and down to make sure she had no injury then nodded slowly. "You’re okay!" He kissed her forehead tenderly before he finally smiled sheepishly at her. "Sorry Love! You gave me quite a scare there."
Whatever he had been musing about, it seemed all over now. Lucifer looked his old self again, if somewhat still a little unsettled. It reassured Chloe a bit about his state of mind. She didn’t want him to lose it now. "I know Baby! I’m sorry. But you appearing in the middle of the place would have endangered us all."

"Humm!" He sounded doubtful. "You two better explain everything to me from the start without leaving anything out? But first, I need a drink!" He walked briskly to the bar and poured a large quantity of scotch in a tumbler for himself. "Anyone else wants some?"

"I certainly need one!" Said Chloe while settling herself heavily on the couch.

"Make it two!" Added the demon who joined Chloe and sat beside her. Maze knew from experience that the conversation they were about to have could turn badly for her. She had left Chloe get into danger and Lucifer would certainly not let that go unpunished.

Lucifer brought them their drinks and placed a chair in front of them where he sat with his legs crossed over the knee. His features were hard and there was a strange light in his eyes. He looked like he was barely containing himself. He turned a dangerous gaze directly at Mazikeen. "I’m listening!"

Why did she always have to be right about him? He was mad alright! Taking a deep breath, Mazikeen started to speak but Chloe was faster.

"They took us by surprise!" And from there Chloe explained the events with some help from Maze to precise a few things. With Lucifer questioning them further from time to time to get some more precisions. It felt strangely like being interrogated as witnesses by a tough agent. Except that the said agent was the Devil. A really pissed off Devil!

From the moment the possibility of God benefiting from Vasariah’s success got mentioned, Lucifer’s eyes started burning with an angry fire. When Chloe was done telling her story, it took Lucifer a moment to compose himself and be able to speak with a steady voice. "So I was right! Dad is playing me, and it’s even worse than I thought. The sick bastard!"

"We don’t know that for sure Lucifer! You can’t take the demon’s word for it. And even if Lilim believed what she said, she could be mistaking." Chloe wished so much that it was all a big misunderstanding. But who knew with God? The more she heard about him, the more He looked to be a very twisted entity.

Lucifer busted laughing derisively. "You don’t know my Father! This is exactly His style. Using every sides to get the best out of it, never caring who gets smashed up in the middle. I don’t doubt for a second that He is implicated. Either He started it all himself, or He is just using the situation to his benefit. And I am his pawn. Again! I’m just not sure if He expects me to stop it all or to fall trying. When you think of it I would make the perfect fall guy. No one would doubt that the Devil planned it all, whatever IT is." He was now walking to and fro in front of the two women, anger building and eyes burning. Suddenly he started laughing. "How convenient now that Michael be impaired by his wounds and that no one be allowed to heal him! He’ll still be stranded in the Silver City for another couple of days at the least before being able to pursue his quest. So it all falls upon me to stop it now." He was shaking his head in disbelief. "What a great plan Dad!"

Maze was somehow glad to see that Lucifer’s wrath was now directed at his father instead of herself, but he was only a second from losing it completely. She had to calm him down a little. "Whatever benefit your Dad gets out of it, we must stop Vasariah anyway before humans get hurt. At least now we have a few interesting information. For starter, it is really Vasariah who is behind it, and he doesn’t seem to be working with any other angel. Second, he is not aware that you got
your wings back, which plays to our advantage. And finally, they obviously didn’t find «The Piece» yet or Lilim would not have been so inclined to keep peace between us."

"Peace?" Lucifer snarled. "I don’t call peace putting a dagger under Chloe’s throat or threatening to torture her in the future. Obviously they plan to use her against me." His eyes burned brighter and his Devil’s face flashed for a moment. Once his features returned to his handsome self, Lucifer looked daggers at Maze. "Now tell me, how is it Lilim got to Chloe so easily without you feeling her?" His voice was soft but unarguably dangerous.

Well, Maze had known all along that it would come to that. "I think the dark vibes of the place hid the demon’s energy. I only felt them once it was too late." She was not searching for excuses, she just stated the facts as she saw it.

Lucifer thought about it for a few seconds, eyes still ablaze with anger. "Maybe, but you should never have left Chloe get so far from you."

Chloe came to her friend’s help. "Lucifer! It’s not Maze’s fault and you know it. She did what she could. I can’t be fully protected 24/7."

"We’ll see about that…” He whispered. To say the truth, Lucifer was angrier at himself for letting Chloe get into harm’s way than he was at Maze. He should have been with her. He should have protected her. After a moment of self-flagellation, he turned back to Maze. "But for now, Maze, you will track Lilim and her demons and bring her back to me! With her head on a spike if need be. Start from the place you encountered her today or else from the first place you saw her last week. There has to be a way to find her even if Vasariah is hiding them with magic. If anyone can find them it’s you."

The trust Lucifer had in her skills lifted her spirit and she nodded resolutely. "I’ll find them!" Maze assured. With those words the demon stood up and left the penthouse at a brisk pace, intent on the chase ahead.

Could Vasariah really use magic to hide their base of operation? That was a possibility that had never crossed Chloe’s mind before. She was just too knew to celestial and demonic matters to think about that kind of things. Would she get used to it someday? She didn’t know if anyone could.

Lucifer was now silent, apparently lost in thoughts. Chloe sipped at her drink, leaving him the time he needed to process everything. When he looked up again at her, his eyes were back to their natural brown color. She smiled softly at him and patted the place beside her. "Come here!" He smiled back tiredly but complied and came to sit beside her with his arm around her. Chloe leaned into him and exhaled deeply. There really was nothing better to comfort her than his warm embrace.

Lucifer’s voice was steady but his hold on her was strong and protective. "I want you to promise me something now Love. Next time you encounter Lilim or Vasariah, you don’t even take the time to think about it and you call me. Whatever the situation, whatever the cost, the only thing that matters to me is you."

Chloe hesitated for a second. Whatever the cost? How could she give him her word to do that? But she knew he needed this, needed this insurance for his peace of mind. So she gave it to him. "Alright! Whatever happens, I swear I’ll summon you next time. Happy?"

"Very!" Even if she didn’t see his face, she could hear the smile in his voice. They kept holding each other like that for a time, silent and at peace with each other.
Chloe broke the silence to appease a worry that was starting to arise in her mind. "Are you sure Maze is gonna be alright by herself? I thought no one should go around the city alone."

"Maze is perfectly capable of taking care of herself. She won’t be taken unaware again. After all, she is the one who is chasing them now. Don’t worry for her, she’ll be fine."

"Alright, I’ll try not to worry then." She buried her face a little more against him and caressed his chest lazily. "We could relax a bit more then go gather your things for the week before we leave. If you’re done with all your errands that is." She looked up at him questioningly.

"You’re right, you should relax Love." He kissed her head lovingly. "I’m almost done here. There’s just that thing I have to do. But we still have more than an hour before we have to go get Trixie at school."

"What do you have to do?"

Instead of answering her, Lucifer got up and started unbuttoning his shirt with a mischievous smile on his lips.

"Really? You wanna have sex now?" Chloe didn’t think she was in the mood for that, but seeing Lucifer unclothing languorously was starting to do its effect on her libido.

Her desire must have shown on her face for he chuckled playfully. "Don’t get all worked up Darling! I have something else in mind."

When his shirt was off, what he did took her breath away. She had already seen them once, in that field, where she feared Lucifer would die. They mystified her at the time even if her mind had been full of fear and angst. But now she was calmer, and the sight of Lucifer’s wings brought tears to her eyes. They were beautiful and luminous, radiating Heaven’s light and diffusing a sense of peace and well-being as she had never experienced before. It was usually so easy to forget that Lucifer was an angel, an archangel in fact. That reminder hit her full force and the awe overwhelmed her once more at the sight of divinity.

She stood up unsteadily and reached to touch them. She stopped herself at the last second to ask silent permission to Lucifer with hopeful eyes. Lucifer was intensely studying her reaction and seemed to pounder if he should let her or not. He searched her eyes for a moment, assessing if she still seemed in possession of her wits. She was reacting strongly, but not as much as most humans usually did. She had been able to stop herself from touching them and even waited for his approval. His detective was strong, very strong, and her immunity to his powers were probably protecting her yet again against his divinity. He smiled in delight. "Treat yourself Love!"

With a giggle, Chloe sank her hands into the feathers of his right wing and petted it. The feeling was amazing. If clouds could be touched it would probably feel like that. "It’s so soft! It feels otherworldly!"

"Because it is Love!" A shudder traveled his spine at the feel of her fingers caressing his wing. "Woah! Easy there! You don’t want to wake up the little Devil!"

"Who said it was little?" She teased. Making love to an angel with his angel’s wings out had never been a fantasy of hers but she could certainly adjust to the situation, she thought with a devilish smile.

Lucifer took her hands in his and chuckled once more. "As much as I would love nothing more than to take you right now Love, I need to bath those wings before we leave. They are filthy and
the itching is driving me crazy."

Chloe turned her gaze back to the wings once more and just noticed for the first time all the dirt covering the feathers and the small pieces of broken branches stuck here and there throughout the wings. That's when she remembered how he crashed on Earth with his new wings through the forest during his fall after the fight with Michael. "Oh! That must be very uncomfortable."

"Indeed! Your shower is not big enough for me to wash them there. So I will take the opportunity to do it in my hot bath while I’m here. Want to join me?" He wriggled his eyebrows invitingly.

That’s how Chloe saw herself revisiting her «Hot Tub High School» times by helping an angel wash his wings. It took longer than she expected to get rid of every traces of branches and dirt. Grooming wings was a tedious work, but she enjoyed every second of it under Lucifer’s numerous directives as to how to manipulate the feathers and place them back into place when askew. She was amazed at how much those wings were an integral part of his body. They were not only beautiful appendages but also two very mobile limbs and Lucifer was using them, apparently without conscious thoughts, as he would use an arm or a leg, sometimes leaning on it or using it to lift something or to embrace her. She felt like a little girl in a fairy tale. Life with Lucifer really was amazing!

But once the little girl stopped focusing on the gorgeous wings, she got at last reminded that she was actually a grown up woman, and a very naked one, with hormones that were kicking in at the sight of Lucifer’s also very naked and very attractive body. She made it quite clear to him that she wasn’t intending to leave this hot tub without taking full advantage of this heavenly winged body. Lucifer didn’t need more incentive to oblige.

Not without guilt, they realised after their little bath that they forgot to warn Daniel and Amenadiel about the new treat that Lilim and her demons could represent. They corrected their mistake rapidly by calling them before going to get Trixie at school. The two guys were almost done with their part of the search and offered willingly to finish checking Maze’s and Chloe’s list of locations during the evening. In return, Chloe would go over the Net tonight to get new locations for them for tomorrow. Daniel and Amenadiel were planning to search again together the next day since Dan only had to go back to work on Wednesday. His voice still sounded a bit hoarse and his burns were yet obvious over his face and arms but all in all, it didn’t bother him much and it certainly didn’t keep him from helping them.

On the other hand, Chloe was due back to work tomorrow morning and Lucifer made it very clear that he would tag along since it was out of the question for him to leave her out of his sight until Vasariah was dead or out of the picture for good. Chloe found his reaction a bit excessive. As she told him, the precinct was full of cops and she was expecting to be kept to desk duties for the rest of the week because of her still healing gunshot wound. But Lucifer would hear none of it. Paperwork or not, he was well determined to stay close to her nonetheless. Though he never said he would actually help her with the said paperwork, of course.

Once Beatrice had been put to bed and it was certain that she was deep asleep, Chloe’s devious plans for the night began to take shape. She was now done acquiring enough possible locations to occupy Dan and Amenadiel for the whole day of search tomorrow and as a bonus, the guys were not yet back from their search and should not be yet for another hour at the least while Maze would certainly still be gone for a while if not for the whole night. So there was nothing anymore that kept her from getting Blissful Memory number 2 under way.

Well, it had been dislodged to BM number 3 now, after their unexpected bath of this afternoon. She
knew they had had quite a good number of blissful memories already since the beginning of their love affair but she was adamant on beginning a new list starting today. She hoped someday she would lose count of those moments, which would mean there would be far more of them than she feared Lucifer and she were destined to have.

Her mind wandered back to their love making of this afternoon. It had been totally amazing! She still had a hard time realising what happened. She had made love with an angel! Well, with Lucifer actually but the fact that he kept his wings out the whole time made the experience seem… otherworldly! There was no other word for it. She wondered how she could still think of him only as Lucifer after that kind of event, but she did. Whatever he was, in the end, she would always see him as Lucifer Morningstar, her lover.

And she was in the process of giving her lover an otherworldly experience for himself. Lucifer was presently reading one of his old books in the living room, oblivious to her scheming. He wouldn’t know what hit him! She went discretely into her bathroom to freshen up and change into her new lingerie. She put a robe to cover it up then walked to the top of the stairs to call Lucifer. Fortunately, she knew that her daughter slept like the dead and that nothing short of a tsunami could wake her up.

"Would you come up for a minute Lucifer?" She let nothing show into her voice.

"Sure Love! Give me a minute."

Chloe heard him move around in the apartment then come up the stairs. She was febrile, already burning with anticipation. When he entered her bedroom, she was standing silently in the middle of the place with her robe half way opened to give him a glimpse of what was hidden underneath. She sent him a look of desire that left no room for interpretation. She saw him swallow hard and close the door, never lifting his gaze from her. He started walking towards her slowly. No! Prowling towards her, swaying like a panther! The look on his face was positively feral! Her heartbeat and breathing accelerated and she felt a pool of moisture build inside her panties. She opened her robe enticingly and let it fall on the floor around her feet to reveal his gift. Lucifer’s eyes seemed to darken at the sight of her body so lightly and sexily covered. He looked totally and utterly under her spell.

He stopped just a foot away to admire her, mouth slightly agape in wonder. "Chloeeee!" He purred in a lusty way that turned her inside out.

She had difficulty finding her voice. "This is all yours to do as you desire!"

A growl escaped his throat before he allowed himself to touch her. He started by caressing softly her neck and upper torso with one hand then grabbed her by the hip with the other to bring her body close against his. He was already panting with lust and she could feel against her lower abdomen the physical effect she had on him. "You have no idea what you’re awakening!" He whispered in a deep raspy voice. His gaze caught hers and she saw a raging fire start deep inside his eyes and build in intensity. She thought she should be afraid but she was not. Angel in the afternoon, Devil at night, she wouldn’t have it any different. This was only a side of Lucifer that she accepted already completely. But the sight of it brought her arousal to an all new level such as she had never experienced before.

He gripped her hair at the nap of her neck gently but firmly to tilt her head back a little. Chloe shivered at the feel of his lips brushing the side of her neck and of his hot breath warming her skin. She felt like he was going to eat her alive! His other hand was pursuing its exploration of her body hungrily, caressing the fabric of her lingerie on the side of her breast, her naked belly, then up and down her back under her top. When his hand reached her bottom and squeezed it he finally crashed
an open mouthed kiss at the base of her ear lobe as if he couldn’t stand any longer not to taste her. He kissed his way up her neck voraciously then over her chin before he dived his tongue in her eager open mouth. The all-consuming need Chloe felt in that kiss made her legs buckle. Lucifer’s already fragile restrain over himself seemed to falter and he pushed-half dragged her against the wall to mold his body against hers more firmly and attack her collarbone with his mouth, nibbling at it as if she was his meal. Chloe held onto him for dear life, one hand gripping his hair at the back of his head, the other his shoulder, not trusting her legs alone to hold her upright. He moved languorously against her, building up even more the fire that was consuming every fibre of her being. Her panting and moaning echoed in the room alongside his grunting of pleasure.

Lucifer lowered himself suddenly to take a breast in his mouth. He sucked and nibbled at it through her top while massaging avidly her other breast with his hand. He had to hold her upright with his other arm around her hips unless she fell under the power of the attack. The intensity of her arousal was making her head spin. Lucifer gave the same treatment to her other breast with his mouth but did not linger there. He started making his way down with open mouthed kisses along her belly until he was kneeling between her legs. If Chloe could have formulated any word at that stage she would have begged him to end the torture and release her of the painful throbbing at the apex of her legs. She hoped for her sake that he wouldn’t drag it too long. But she shouldn’t have worried about that, for Lucifer was too impatient to taste her essence. As soon as he was in position and holding her in place against the wall with both hands, he attacked her center through her panties. The feel of his hot mouth where she needed it most made her gasp loudly. It didn’t take long before he pushed her panties slightly aside and slithered his tongue under it to lick her moisture and circle her bulging nerves. Lucifer groaned loudly at the taste of her. He increased the pressure with his tongue and it took only a few seconds to make her come undone and shaking noisily under the strength of her release.

But Lucifer didn’t stop there. Chloe was still in the after wave of her orgasm when he stood up and turned her around to press his body against hers from behind. She tried to support herself with her arms on the wall but she was still shaking and her legs didn’t seem to respond properly. But thankfully, Lucifer was holding her tightly against his warm body. He started massaging her center under her panties with one hand and devouring her neck and collarbone with his mouth. Her now too sensitive core burned under his touch and her need escalated once more. Chloe tilted and turned her head to catch his mouth in a wild kiss.

There was no coherent thought possible anymore for her, only lust and need annihilating anything else. She reached behind with clumsy hands to grab and yank his pants open while he continued his ministrations on her centre. Apparently they were exactly on the same page because Lucifer pushed his pants and boxers down in a swift movement and pushed once more her panties aside, not bothering to take them off. Chloe arched her back to give him better access and he entered her with a powerful stroke. The swelling from her previous orgasm had left her tighter than usual, which made the feel of him inside her maddening. In spite of herself, she let escape a loud moan when he took her and she whimpered of pleasure with each stroke. With both his hand working on her front and his length pulsing inside her, Chloe once again sky rocketed into a powerful orgasm not long after he started taking her.

All strength left her limbs and they just felt like Jell-O afterwards. Chloe wasn’t even trying anymore to keep herself upright, only the hold of Lucifer’s arm around her body kept her so. Despite this, her arousal restarted as soon as her last orgasm ended. The Devil never broke his rhythm and continued to ravage her again and again during long minutes. He was panting and grunting loudly, his need and desires obscuring completely his conscious mind. She felt it when he was about to come and the feel of his swollen and pulsing length pushed her over the edge for a third time. He came long and hard inside her with disorganised movements and inarticulate noises escaping his lips.
She would have collapsed if it wasn’t for him lifting her into his arms and bringing her to bed. He laid her down gently on the sheets where she rested limply, still trying to get a hold on her breathing and on the wild hammering of her heart in her chest. Eyes half closed, she felt more than saw Lucifer lay beside her and tuck her hair behind her ears to kiss her neck and face lovingly. He finally kissed her lips with a gentleness that was at the complete opposite of the way he had taken her just a few seconds ago. She answered his kiss passionately with her tongue dancing with his languorously. Her arms felt heavy but she successfully lifted them to grab his head at the nap of his neck. The passion she felt for him seemed to be endless. She couldn’t believe how he made her feel in his arms. Never had she been taken and possessed like that by anyone before.

"I’m not sure anymore whose gift it was supposed to be for after all." She managed to say in a whisper. She felt she was slowly drifting into sleep, too drained by this amazing sexual encounter.

He chuckled in amusement. "Definitely mine! No doubt about it you little minx!" He snuggle up against her and started once more to caress her body but more gently than before, and to nibble softly at her ear lobe.

"Hummm! Good!" She breathed in satisfaction. "But I have to apologise, because this time I won’t be able to keep up with you Baby." She was already halfway to dreamland.

"Then go to sleep Love. You can praise yourself for having sent the Devil strait to Heaven tonight." He laid a gentle kiss on her forehead and lingered there for a few seconds.

With a satisfied smile on her lips, Chloe soon drifted into a deep sleep full of lusty dreams.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I’m a perv! :) But I thought it was due time that Lucifer acted like the Devil with her. Once more, even if this chapter is very long, I had to delay the all Hells brake lose that I promised you not long ago. I have too many ideas and way too much inspiration when I start writing. But it is coming very soon! Please! Pretty please! Write me a comment if you liked it or if you have suggestions. I always try to take them into account and it always makes my day when I receive one. Thank you so much for reading me!
Hello dear readers! I am very sorry for the extremely long waiting I put you through before releasing this chapter. I had a horrible period at work lately along with mortality in my family so it was hard for me to find time or even energy to write. But things are going to be better for the next few months at least and I’m looking forward to a whole month of time off during Christmas times, so next chapter shouldn’t take that long to come out. This chapter as a lot of fluff, with some more fluff, but it is also quite funny at times. So I hope you will have as much fun reading it as I had writing it. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Was it her or did her colleagues looked at them differently? Chloe had just walked inside the precinct with Lucifer by her side when she noticed right away the strange way everyone looked at them. Usually, no one really acknowledged her arrival at work, except for Dan and Ella. But Dan was actually on the chase for «The Piece» with Amenadiel, and Ella was nowhere in sight. Of course Lucifer always drew attention when he came into a room but it wasn’t that, it was different this time. People seemed to look at them as if analysing something… Then it hit her. Of course! She had completely forgotten that she kissed Lucifer in front of some of her colleagues at the hospital some six days ago after Dan had been attacked by Vasariah and almost died in the fire that followed. No wonder they were looking at them inquiringly. Now that she knew what the deal was, she could also spot a few women and even men who looked daggers at her in jealousy. Lucifer was all smiles as always, probably oblivious to the situation, so used was he to such attention. But then she felt him put a hand on the small of her back possessively. Maybe he wasn’t so oblivious after all. Chloe smiled at him softly and leaned into his touch to get some comfort and strength. He returned her a supportive smile. His sweet smile transformed quickly into a roguish one. Yes, he knew very well what was going on and looked to be enjoying himself greatly. Chloe repressed a laugh and tried to keep her face neutral but without much success.

They were half way to Chloe’s desk when they heard the Lieutenant call at them. "Decker, Morningstar, in my office, now!" Everyone around turned their gazes elsewhere and tried to look busy to not draw the Lieutenant’s attention to themselves.

Stopping short, Chloe closed her eyes and swallowed audibly before turning toward her boss. Apparently, absolutely everyone knew about them. She heard Lucifer talk softly to her. "Don’t worry Love! I’ll take care of it."

Lucifer steered Chloe toward the Lieutenant and addressed the latter joyfully. "Lieutenant, so nice to see you this morning! I’d be happy to go chat with you while the Detective goes to her appointment with the doctor. She is already late as it is."

The Lieutenant seemed taken aback for a moment then smiled toothily at him. "Alright! I suppose we can deal with the problem at hand together you and me." Then she turned her gaze to Chloe. "Decker! You better hurry and not make the doctor wait any longer. He probably came in just for you this morning."
Chloe was relieved by the turn of events. She hadn’t been looking forward to that discussion with her superior and if Lucifer could really deal with it alone, all the better. "Yes ma’am!"

Without waiting any longer, Chloe rushed away to find the doctor who should be in the examination room where he usually worked when called in, which was not very often. She had been careful this morning in dissimulating with makeup the few remnants of ecchymosis she got from her strangling by Vasariah that still shown around her neck. Better avoid unwanted questions about it.

Her gunshot wound was not completely closed yet and her arm was still a bit sore even if she could use it almost normally. So as expected, the doctor kept her on desk duty for the rest of the week. The fact that it was her dominant arm probably weighted into the decision too. Chloe didn’t mind that much doing paperwork for a few days. Actually, it would probably keep her from watching over her shoulder all the time, worrying about the possibility of being attacked by a demon at every turn. So maybe it was for the best, for the time being. What worried her was the way Lucifer would cope with four days in a row of boring tasks. But she had a few ideas to keep him entertained…

When she came back to her desk, Lucifer was still talking with the Lieutenant in her office. The door was closed but Chloe could see him through the window walking back and forth and talking animatedly to her superior. It didn’t seem to be going that well. With a sigh, Chloe decided to go get some distractions with Ella in the meantime. She couldn’t very well stay here and watch them talk without becoming crazy with worry.

Ella spotted her right away when she came into the lab. "Hey! Chloe! How are you doing? You look quite good for someone who almost died!"

Chloe chuckled. "Don’t exaggerate Ella. It was just a little wound."

Ella fell suspiciously silent, smiling from ear to ear. Chloe narrowed her eyes at her, suspecting she knew very well what was going on with her friend. "Okay! I see you must have heard the rumour too."

"I’m just so glad it’s out in the open! Now I don’t have to pretend anymore that I don’t know about you two. It’s so exciting! Did you know that’s all people have been talking about around here since last Thursday?" Ella was literally bouncing up and down in front of Chloe like a little girl.

"No wonder they were looking at us strangely." Chloe tried to remind herself that it was exactly what she had been expecting and also a bit planning, by kissing Lucifer in front of witnesses, which was to spread the word of them being a couple. She just didn’t feel ready to deal with the consequences right now, with everything that was happening.

"They were probably analysing your closeness and any sign proving you were still together and that you didn’t already break up." When Ella saw a look of outrage on Chloe’s face she quickly added with a grimace. "There’s a bet going on you know. 20:1 that your relationship won’t last the week."

"What?" Chloe was appalled.

"Well, they know Lucifer. That would be his usual MO for sure. At least that’s what anyone who do not know the two of you as well as I do would think." Ella leaned towards Chloe conspiratorially and lowered her voice. "But fortunately for me, I know otherwise and I’m confident my bet on your relationship is going to gain me a lot of money."
Chloe chuckled with relief. "At least there’s someone who believes in us. Not that I’m worried myself. You’ll see, we are going to last forever!" Chloe couldn’t refrain an ear to ear smile of happiness at saying that.

Ella joined her in the smile contest. "That’s plain evidence! You two are so into each other. I’m so glad for you!"

Chloe got suddenly crushed into a bear hug. It felt surprisingly good to share her happiness with her friend. She didn’t think she needed anyone’s support with her involvement with Lucifer but it did feel good to have someone on her side other than the people who knew Lucifer’s real identity. 
"Thank you Ella! It means a lot to me that you think so."

They talked some more, mostly about work related matters but also about Dan, since Ella was worried about his condition, before Chloe returned to check on Lucifer. He was still in the Lieutenant’s office but was now seated comfortably in front of her, both of them apparently laughing. Okay… maybe things turned out better then she feared after all. Not long after, Lucifer finally came out with a satisfied grin on his face. Too curious to wait a second more to find out how it went, Chloe walked towards him with a decisive pace. Noticing her, Lucifer’s face split into the smuggest smile ever.

He met her mid-way and to her complete surprise, cupped her face tenderly and pulled her into a languorous kiss right into the middle of the precinct. At first stunned, Chloe quickly recovered from her shock and surprised herself, and Lucifer in the process, by parting her lips to let him in and by wrapping her arms around his strong shoulders. Apparently, another Blissful Memory was underway. At least, she would herself remember it as such for sure. She let herself enjoy the moment and Lucifer’s proximity for a few more seconds before breaking the kiss. Everyone around had get suspiciously very silent all of a sudden. She chanced a discrete look around to discover a very stunned audience with jaws still partly dropped. Take that as a statement you lot! She thought bitterly.

Lucifer’s eyes were shining in delight. "Detective! How inappropriate of you!"

"I’ve been perverted by the Devil haven’t you heard?" She teased, keeping her arms loosely wrapped around him.

He narrowed his eyes suspiciously and spoke more discreetly close to her hear. "It would seem so… But I suspect you also heard about that bet going on about us too, if your reaction is any indication."

Chloe also kept her voice down not to be overheard. "Well, I did kiss you back because I enjoy it way too much, don’t doubt it for a second, but I have to admit I also had an ulterior tactical motive." Chloe felt sheepish for thinking so. "It was a good opportunity to put a claim on you before anyone thought of doing so, while also asserting that it wasn’t a passing thing between us."

Lucifer didn’t look insulted in the least, quite the opposite in fact. "My! My! It’s good to know I wasn’t the only one with that tactical plan in mind, besides the obvious pleasure of taking full advantage of my new privilege of kissing those delectable lips of yours whenever I want, of course."

Feeling now less guilty after his admission, Chloe started walking him toward her desk with a hand wrap around his arm. She was looking forward to slip away out of sight as much as the situation permitted. She had had enough unwelcomed eyes on herself to last a full year. "And what would be that new privilege you’re talking about exactly?"
"Thanks to our very understanding Lieutenant, from now on, short of taking you right there on your desk I can do pretty much everything I want with you Love." He said proudly.

"Oh! Is that so? It’s settled then. So, if I understand well, it means I don’t really have a say into this." She said sarcastically. She settled into her chair once they reached her desk and crossed her arms defensively.

But Lucifer didn’t seem to catch on her sarcasm. "No, not really, I told you it is all settled Love. I can kiss you whenever I want now."

Chloe shook her head warningly. "I don’t think so!"

He looked startled then complained. "But Chloe… The Lieutenant…"

She didn’t let him time to pursue that line of thought and interrupted him. "I don’t care what the Lieutenant said Lucifer, maybe she thinks making out during service is professional but I don’t. The no kissing rule at work still stands. I need… no, WE need, to stay focus and professional. And for you it’s DETECTIVE, when we are on the job! But… still…” And her tone softened and a glint of malice crossed her eyes. "It’s good to know that if I can’t control myself around you I’ll be allowed to knocked you down and have my way with you on the floor."

Lucifer’s eyes grew wide with hope and arousal. "Really?"

"No Lucifer! Not really! I was just kidding." His inability to understand decent human behaviour disconcerted her sometimes.

"Oooh! How cruel!" He pouted in utter disbelief at the way she played him.

She chuckled at seeing his shocked expression and he soon joined her in her merry mood, unable to stay mad at her for more than a few seconds.

After a moment, her giggling subsided. "How did you pull that off anyway, with the Lieutenant I mean?"

Lucifer leant leisurely in his chair. "Well, at first she wouldn’t have it, but I made her understand that there had to be some advantages at coming out into the open with our new relationship, so she finally bended to my will. Besides, as she admitted, there’s no real rule forbidding a detective and a consultant from being into a relationship, and displays of affection are not well covered in your deontology code apparently."

"Maybe not, but we still have to keep a professional appearance. So no kissing or fondling on the job. Can I count on you Lucifer?" She used her most stern look, the one she reserved Trixie when she wanted to make an important point.

"Alright! Alright! I’ll be a good Devil." He rolled his eyes and sighed heavily. "What good was it for us to announce it if we can’t even enjoy each other anyway?" He added under his breath.

Chloe reached for his hand with both of hers and stroked his knuckles tenderly. Her eyes sparkled with love and her smile illuminatated the room. "At least we don’t have to pretend anymore or watch out how we touch or look at each other."

He had to admit it wasn’t a small thing. "You’re right! The way you’re looking at me right now is worth gold."

They both chuckled happily and kept touching for a few more seconds before turning their
attention to the task at hand. Lucifer noticed a pile of files on the corner of the desk, which made him grimace. "Looks like someone was expecting you to be on desk duty apparently. How exciting!" He sounded everything but excited.

Chloe studied Lucifer’s bored reaction at the prospect of handling paperwork. She smiled internally at the program she had planned for him.

"Actually, I have a surprise for you…" She said enticingly.

Lucifer’s brows arched up in interest and he leant towards her avidly. Looking down her partly opened shirt, he licked his lips in anticipation. "Are you still wearing that outrageous piece of lingerie Detective?" And he emphasized every syllable of her title as to prove he was respecting her rules to the letter.

Chloe reflexively clasped a hand over her torso and looked around her to make sure nobody was watching. But apparently they were still the center of attention right now for she suspected a couple of her colleagues of wearing half smiles at the corner of their mouths even though they looked suspiciously too much focused on some files. She turned back to Lucifer with reproachful eyes, still hiding her bosom from his view. "No I’m not! You almost destroyed it last night and I won’t be able to wear it again before at least a double wash considering what it went through. Trice! No! Make it five times, counting this morning."

Lucifer’s grin grew wide. "Are you expecting me to apologise for that, Detective?"

In spite of the smile he was wearing, Chloe could feel a certain apprehension in his question. Did he worry that he could have gone too far with her last night? Chloe’s stern face cracked, both at the idea that he could feel guilty for that and at the memory of those amazing moments. "I certainly hope not!" Her tone was decisive but sweet. "You can ruin as many of my cloths as you feel like!"

She hoped he understood she wasn’t only talking about the cloths. She always suspected that he held himself back with her when they were intimate, that he didn’t fully let go by fear of scaring her or of pushing her too far. Last night just confirmed that he indeed had been. She had to admit that she was, a little bit intimidated, by his very, very long and extensive sexual experience, but she wasn’t scared and she trusted him to always respect her. So she was willing to be pushed beyond her habitual imaginary line of what she was ready to do or not do in bed, or outside it as it turned out. With Lucifer, such barriers just disappeared altogether when she was in his arms. Nothing mattered but them in those moments and the way they felt with each other.

Lucifer’s reaction to her words told her he might have understood her innuendo, because his eyes soften and he seemed to almost glow with relief and love. "In that case maybe I should buy you a few more underwear just to be prepared."

Chloe giggled joyfully. "That might be insightful, and nice too. But make sure not to spoil me too much okay? I’m not used to that."

"In that case maybe you should start getting used to it, Detective, because you happen to be involved with a very rich Devil who likes to spend his money on beautiful and sinful things." He glared at her with a teasing smile, as if daring her to argue about that.

Chloe glared back at him with tight lips, trying to show that she was not going to yield on that point. But soon her hard gaze turned playful. "Okay! I’ll try. But don’t be too extravagant with me just yet. I might need time for the getting used to." She was ready to bend a lot of her rules to make that man happy. And she suspected that spoiling her would make him as happy as her, probably even more.
Lucifer looked triumphant. They held each other’s gaze for a few seconds until the hunger for one another overwhelmed them and they had to break eye contact before they could lose it and do something she might be ashamed of afterward. Lucifer racked his throat in an attempt to regain some composure. "Well, if not some sinful diversion to entertain the Devil, then I don’t see what you could have planned for me Detective."

Chloe took a deep breath to clear her head from some very inappropriate thoughts plaguing her mind. "Humm...? What? Oh! Yes! Your surprise!" She took the pile of files on the corner of her desk and pushed them in front of Lucifer proudly. His face dropped instantly in deception. This was clearly not anything close to what he considered a surprise. Chloe rapidly clarified the situation. "I had a few scum bags brought in this morning for you to torment and question."

His face finally lit up in excitement. He looked almost as much aroused as last night when she appeared in front of him clad only in her sexy lingerie. Should she be worried? Naaah! This was her Devil! "You do know your Devil’s heart, Detective!" He was licking his lips like the cat who ate the canary.

Exactly the reaction she was hoping for. "And there’s more. Those guys are the ones who shot at us last week. Dan could not make them give up the name of their boss and we still don’t know which one of the three shooters actually killed Billy Harrison or even if it is one of them. Billy’s friend, Dominic Lattimore, clearly said everything he knew to avoid going to jail for drug production, but it’s not enough to inculpate anyone for murder. I’m hoping you could make them talk. What do you say?"

He was already getting up in anticipation. "A wonderful program Detective! I’ll start with the young one who shot at you. I believe he will remember me!"

His smile turned devilish and Chloe thought she saw a glimmer of fire in his eyes for only a brief moment. A doubt crossed her mind at last about the wisdom of her idea and she stood up quickly to follow him. "You’ll go easy on them right? I mean, you won’t be sending them to the loonies at least?"

Lucifer started walking towards the interrogation rooms. "I’ll try not to Detective. But I’ll do my best to make them talk. That, I can promise you."

She guessed it was the best she could ask for in the circumstances. So she just followed and directed him to the right room to start with the questioning.

Less than fifteen minutes later, the young shooter spilled out everything he knew about Billy Harrison’s murder. Chloe was stunned to see how Lucifer maneuvered the young man in telling what he knew by using both the latter’s desires and hopes of freedom and survival along with his evident fear of him, the man who looked into his soul and made him weep like a baby on the floor only a few days ago.

So the killer was Steve Langton, one of the two other shooters currently waiting in other interrogation rooms. And they now also knew the name of the drug dealer who gave the order for the kill.

Less than an hour later, thanks to Chloe’s experience in interrogation and Lucifer’s very special abilities, the other shooter confirmed the information and the killer confessed his crime. A BOLO was put on the drug dealer who orchestrated everything and only paperwork was left for them to handle until he could be brought in.
"A very efficient morning wouldn’t you say Lo… Detective!” Lucifer catch himself at the last second.

Chloe sat back in her chair and smiled tenderly at his efforts to stay professional. It was hard to believe that less than two weeks ago he had difficulty calling her by her given name and that now he had to make an effort not to call her Love. "We do make a very good team, don’t we?"

Lucifer nodded slowly. "That we do!" His eyes were saying he meant it in more than the professional sense.

Chloe held his gaze and let herself be pulled into it for a moment. Suddenly, she was very much aware of the soreness she had been feeling in all the right places this morning, following their tough lovemaking. That constant reminder of him inside her had made her morning beside him next to impossible to handle. The warm throbbing between her legs started again, which made her squirm uncomfortably in her chair. As if reading her mind, Lucifer sent her a dirty look that made her burn with desire. Why was she imposing herself and Lucifer that stupid no kissing rule again? Right in that moment, it was very hard for her to remember the logic in it. Even the Lieutenant considered it alright for them to kiss after all, given they kept a certain amount of self-respect she guessed.

She looked around them discreetly to make sure there were no civilian around before bending slowly over the desk toward Lucifer. "Come here…” She breathed softly.

Lucifer understood right away where she was going with this. His first thought after his brain exploded into a firework of victory was to tease her about her rules and her not so strong resolves to follow them. But to tease her would be to risk making her change her mind about it and he was not ready to lose his chance of kissing her. He had been dreaming of it all morning.

She kissed him once, very softly, then a second time, a little bit more firmly, then a third time with her lips partly opened to taste him more properly. She moved her tongue along his bottom lip before pulling away reluctantly. She could see it in his smile, the uncontrolled need to tease her. "Go ahead! Say it! I see it’s burning your lips!"

He didn’t need more prompting. "It was to be expected. I am so devilishly irresistible!"

Chloe back handed him lightly on the arm playfully. "You are such a bastard!"

"But a bastard you can’t resist!” He was so loving this.

"Well, you’re right about that!” Chloe had to concede the point, to Lucifer’s most infuriating pleasure.

"So, what should I understand now? That I can kiss you whenever my heart desires?” He was in full seduction mode now.

"Humm! Not quite. But maybe… we could settle for a few not too outrageously passionate kisses, as long as we do it discreetly, always away from civilians, and never on the field. I don’t want to lose credibility or endanger us by being distracted.” Chloe grimaced at her weakness, but how wrong could this be?

Lucifer sat back with a faked pensive frown. "I don’t know Detective… Seems to me like it would be quite unprofessional. I’m not sure I feel comfortable with that.”

She narrowed her eyes at him in annoyance. "Yeah! Right! As if anything could make you uncomfortable!”
He smiled playfully. "You got me there Detective! I actually do find your terms quite wise and
judicious and agree with them of course. I’ll try not to abuse of this new arrangement."

"As if I believe you!" His half-smile told Chloe he would probably do the exact opposite.

Chloe finally looked down at the report she was supposed to start about the declarations they got
this morning, but the idea of writing it now with her hormones in the roof was not very appalling.
She was certain it would be next to impossible for her to concentrate. Which left her with only one
option.

She gazed back up at Lucifer with a glimmer of malice. "What do you say we go to your place for
lunch?"

His eyes widened in arousal. "What a wonderful idea Detective!" But then his face changed as
something crossed his mind. "Oh! I almost forgot! I believe my place is out of the question
unfortunately. I have some renovations that are underway at Lux at the moment."

"Oh! Really!" She wanted to ask him about that renovation project but her mind was too intently
set on finding a way to be alone with him as soon as possible to think much of it at the moment.
She would see it soon enough anyway when she went to Lux in a few days. "Then we can go to my
place. It’s a little bit farther but it will bring us closer to Trixie’s school where we have to go this
afternoon anyway to get her for her appointment with Linda."

"Excellent thinking Detective! Let’s go!" He was already up and ready to leave in a heartbeat.

Chloe felt a little bit ashamed of leaving her hormones dictate her behaviours, but she had to answer
her needs and Lucifer’s if she wanted a chance to stay focus on her work after all. They would have
plenty of time this afternoon to fill those reports and they could even stay a bit longer at work at
the end of the day if their lunch hour extended beyond proper delays. She swore to herself that she
would make sure their work would not suffer from their carnal needs, but she would answer them,
unless her life would become a living Hell.

So they went to her place and by the time they got there, neither of them could control their needs
anymore and they ended up having sex on the kitchen table, half clothed and both laughing at their
incredible urges. It didn’t last that long but it was damn fulfilling.

After a quick lunch, they picked up Trixie and left her at Linda’s for her 1 o’clock appointment.
Chloe still worried about her little girl’s state of mind. The nightmares had not receded and Trixie
had yet again woken up in the middle of the night drenched in sweat and crying. A few sessions
with Linda could only do her good, providing that Trixie opened up, which was not so certain. But
Linda had a unique way of gaining trust so Chloe was quite optimist that the therapist could reach
to Beatrice.

On the way back to the precinct, Chloe called Dan to remind him to go get Trixie after her session
and bring her back to school afterwards. Before Dan hanged up, Chloe got surprised by Amenadiel
who insisted on having a word with her.

"Humm! Chloe… Did you, you know, by chance, had any word from Maze?" He sounded very
nervous and ill at ease of asking about it. "I mean, not that I’m worried, but she hasn’t answer my
calls or any of my textos, so I was wondering if you had any news."

Chloe smiled knowingly. 'I’m sure Maze will be fine! You shouldn’t concern yourself about that.
You know her, she can take care of herself."
"Yeah! Sure!" He tried to sound confident but failed miserably. "Just make sure you tell me if you hear about her."

"Bye Amenadiel! Try not to worry okay!" By now Chloe was wearing a triumphant smile.

"Okay! Thanks Chloe!" Then he ended the call.

Lucifer looked at her questioningly. "Weren’t you texting with Maze just half an hour ago?"

"Yes I was, and she is doing just fine!" Chloe sounded quite satisfied with herself.

"Then why didn’t you tell Amenadiel she was okay?" He looked puzzled.

"Because I think it can only be good for him to worry a little about her. If Amenadiel can’t even acknowledge his own feelings for Maze, maybe he needs a little help to get there."

"Oh! I see! You’re quite the clever one Love! And I can’t fail to notice that you didn’t even lie to him when you answered his questions."

She lifted her chin proudly. "I’m glad you noticed. I’m learning from the best how to wound my way around lies."

"I can only be proud!" The Devil answered.

When Mazikeen came back home that night, it was almost midnight and she was pissed and frustrated by her failure to catch Lilim or even to locate the enemy’s lair. At first, she successfully followed their tracks to an area south of L.A., only to lose it suddenly. The use of magical wards by Vasariah to hide their base of operation was certainly to blame for that failure.

Not letting that discourage her, she then searched the city tirelessly and finally found Lilim’s two male bodyguards who were actively searching for «The Piece» on their own. Taking advantage of the negative energy on a site of search to not be sensed by them, she was able to spy and listen to their conversation. She then learned something that could be of eventual importance. If she understood well what they were saying, Vasariah just found a place, THE PLACE, as they said, which sounded like an old church, where he planned to use «The Piece». She also heard about Lilith who was supposed to have the other «Piece» in her possession back in Hell. They were planning on using both «Pieces» at the same time once Vasariah found the second one. But they didn’t say when Lilith would be coming on Earth or if she actually had to come here for it to work out. The demons unfortunately didn’t talk about what «The Pieces» would actually do. Maze tried to follow them back to their lair at the end of their day of search but once again lost their tracks around the same area south of L.A. It was so frustrating!

Maybe she should have kidnapped them and torture some information out of them instead of just following. She would certainly do just that next time if she got another chance, but Lucifer just called her off tonight, arguing that it was more important right now to find the missing «Piece» than to get revenge over Lilim and Vasariah. Like he said, they would have plenty of time for that once they stopped them from doing whatever it was they were planning. Lucifer wanted her to get back on the search with Amenadiel first thing tomorrow, since Daniel had to go back to work at last. Since when was Lucifer the voice of reason?

Maze was still brooding when she entered her bedroom. To her surprise, Amenadiel was awake in bed, reading an old book probably written in some very ancient language. His face lit up when he saw her and he stood up rapidly. He walked quickly to her and made a move as if to embrace her, but Maze recoiled instinctively from him. She was not in the mood to cajole and reassure him. She
was fed up with his sweet gestures that led nowhere. She had been thinking about it a lot today. What else could she have thought about really, with nothing else than two boring demons to entertain her all day? So after having looked at it from every angles, she came to the conclusion that nothing good could come out of that relationship. She was a demon and he was an angel. Fire and water didn’t mix!

Amenadiel seemed to sense her mood because he stopped himself from touching her at the last second. Instead, he looked her over to assess her condition. "Are you okay? I was afraid something might have happened to you." He said nervously. But she did look fine.

Maze snorted contemptuously. "As if you cared!"

He seemed taken aback by her roughness. "Of course I do! I care a lot about you Maze."

"Well you have a strange way of showing it." She avoided his gaze and walked past him to put down her bag in the corner of the room.

"I… I know I hurt you Maze." He said softly with hesitation.

Maze didn’t want to look at him, so she busied herself with emptying her bag of weapons and clothing, keeping her back to him and not saying a single word. Let’s make him wrestle with vain excuses! She thought.

"I’ve been a fool okay! I know it now!" Seeing that she wasn’t reacting to his words he could only continue his apology. "Listen! I needed to figure some things out for myself. And I think I did. I’m done wondering what my Dad’s plans and motivations really are with Lucifer and myself or what he expects me to do or not do. I do believe He has a greater plan, but I also believe that the best way for me to help in it is to start thinking for myself and do what I think is right. I think my first mistake was to not listen to myself when I manipulated Malcolm as a way to get to Lucifer. I felt back then that it was the wrong thing to do, but I thought it was worth the sacrifice if it led me to achieve God’s goal. But I now realise that Dad’s goal might not have been what I thought it was. So before I get completely crazy trying to decipher God’s plans, I might as well stop trying and instead trust what I feel is right. And it always felt right to be with you…” His voice soften even more with those words. "I was just afraid Father would not approve. But how could something that feels so good and right be a bad thing?"

Maze was now very still, unable to say a word or even to look at him, assailed by a whirlwind of conflicting emotions.

Emotion now making his voice shake, Amenadiel finished his plea. "I don’t care if you are a demon Maze, because you are worthier than most of my siblings and I am lucky to have you."

Maze felt a lump form in her throat but at the same time anger buried deep down was floating back to the surface. She turned to him suddenly with fury in her eyes. "And you’re realising that just now?" She spat. Advancing towards him menacingly she attacked with hard words. "Your siblings and you are a bunch of self-righteous pricks! Lucifer is the best of you lot!"

Amenadiel opened and closed his mouth a couple of times before answering. "I believe you’re right…"

"Good!" Maze held his gaze dangerously for a few seconds then turned around to start taking off her clothes.

Perplex, Amenadiel didn’t know what to think of her reaction. Did it mean she forgave him? She
couldn’t be less clear. But what did he expect? For her to cry in relief and throw herself at him? For her to declare her love for him so they could live happily ever after? He sighed in disgust at his own delusion. He really was a fool!

Lifting his eyes back on Maze, he realised she had not unclothed completely and still wore her underwear whereas she always slept naked. "You coming to bed?" He ventured.

"I need a shower first!" She answered harshly.

Okay… Maybe she had not forgiven him after all. Maybe she needed time. He would give her as much time as she needed to come to terms with his behaviour. After all he deserved the cold shoulder. But a deeper fear started to build inside him. What if she never forgave him? What if she had already turned the page about their story? He saw her grab a plastic bag beside the desk and watched her get out of the bedroom like a storm.

Feeling completely powerless in front of the events, Amenadiel returned in bed where he sat and stared vacantly at the wall. What was he going to do?

At the same moment, Mazikeen was fuming in the bathroom. How did he dare playing with her like that? Pushing her away for days, then saying those nice words to her. What a bastard! She was not going to fall for it! To give in would be to put herself at risk of being hurt once again. Could she trust him with her heart? She chuckled contemptuously at herself. A heart? She didn’t have a heart! She didn’t even have a soul!

She stepped into the shower and started rubbing angrily at her skin as if she felt dirty for feeling all those disturbing emotions. But wasn’t it what she wanted, what she had been hoping for, for him to come back to her? Maybe. Still, she was not about to fall back into his arms like a vain and pathetic idiot.

She took a long and hot shower, dragging it long enough to calm down a bit and clear her mind. When she step out of the water, her eyes fell on the shopping bag she grabbed when she left her bedroom. She wondered why she had taken it with her in the first place. Was she planning to use it? Certainly not! But an inner voice told her she was just lying to herself.

She closed her eyes, trying to resist the pull of making a fool of herself. As angry as she was with Amenadiel for making her feel less than nothing during the last days, she could not deny the strong feelings that his words created inside her by saying she was worthy. She tried to identify those feelings with her small experience of such things. Maybe she felt a bit of pride, mixed with some resentment, along with a lot of anger for sure, and maybe what, a bit of gratitude towards him for saying it? Or was it something more, like affection for the big fool? Or something stronger…? What good was there to put words to what she felt anyway? Did she want him? She reluctantly had to admit that she indeed did want him very much in spite of everything, maybe even more so.

It took her a few more minutes to set her mind, but once it was done, she took out her purchase from the bag with new resolve and put it on. When she walked back inside the bedroom, it was to discover a very dumbfounded Amenadiel. She swore to herself, if the damn fool laughed at her about her lingerie she would kill him! But he did not. He was too damn stunned to be able to say a word. Good! She didn’t like pillow talk. She walked languorously towards him with the clear intent to take what she wanted.

Apparently, introspection had made wonders on Amenadiel for she could hardly recognise him that night. She indeed got what she wanted, thank you very much, but she also got a whole lot more than she ever expected.
Chapter End Notes

Please write me a comment if you enjoyed it, you have no idea how good it feels to get one! Next chapter will be about Chloe’s and Lucifer’s date, finally. Thank you so much for reading me!
I did it! I finished this chapter at long last! I have to tell you, that one was very hard to write for me because as you’ll see I will expose you a new theory of mine that took me a long while developing. So writing it down was far from easy. Even though, you’ll see that this chapter is almost exclusively related to their first date and therefore is outrageously full of fluff! Consider yourself warned! Have fun!

In spite of their expectations of having only boring tasks to do at the precinct, the rest of their week turned out to be quite eventful and agreeable for Lucifer and Chloe. First, the drug dealer they just put a BOLO on was brought in, and even if he never confessed his crime they had enough proofs to convict him. Also, they got over different unsolved cases of some of their colleagues and found new promising leads, one of them having even already led to an arrest. Chloe even found the time, outside official working hours of course, to search the police database to find new possible locations to send to Maze and Amenadiel who were actively searching for «The Piece». It turned out to be way faster this way than searching on the net and more effective too. And last but not least, Lucifer and she enjoyed nice and very outrageous lunch hours at her place all week. They never actually made it to her bedroom though, not that they didn’t try.

That precious time alone in the middle of the day, added to their quality time at night helped them to stay focus on their job during the day, while strengthening their bond even more in the process, if the thing was possible. They also found a nice middle ground at work to answer their new overpowering need for proximity, half way between the no touching/no kissing rule and downright making out into the middle of the precinct. In spite of their predicament with Vasariah and the demons threatening to unleash a cataclysmic event at any moment, Chloe was grateful for the chance of being with Lucifer 24/7 as a result. She was conscious that it wouldn’t always be like that once the Vasariah problem would have been taken care of. Lucifer would assuredly return to live in his penthouse and they would see each other more sparsely for sure. The prospect of not waking up beside him each morning unsettled her greatly. She tried not to think of it though, and focused on making the most of the situation, as temporary as that could be.

At lunchtime Friday, after some particularly lusty lovemaking on the couch, Chloe was slouched on top of Lucifer, still recuperating from their sexual activities, and kissing his neck lovingly. "This is almost embarrassing, the way we are behaving, like two rabbits in the middle of mating season."

He laughed happily. "No reason to be embarrassed just yet love, wait until tonight, then I’ll show you what exactly lusty rabbits are like."

She couldn’t repress a chuckle. "That’s quite a program you have there for me apparently. But I seem to remember that you promised me dinner and some dancing before you ravage me."

He nibbled at her ear lobe promisingly while caressing her back under her half opened shirt with tenderness. "Oh! You’ll have all that and more before I am finished with you Love. I promised you the night of your life and that’s exactly what I will deliver."

Chloe looked up at him with sparkling eyes. "Every night with you is the night of my life! Didn’t
you know?" And she wasn’t even exaggerating.

He smiled deviously. "If you really believe that Love, it means your experience in such things is thoroughly lacking. I am going to raise your expectations to a whole new level such as you never even knew existed."

The promise in his words sent a wave of warmth down between her legs once again. She started moving her lower body against him stimulating his already stiff member, thanks to his astounding supernatural constitution, still comfortingly sheathed inside her. "Humm!" She moaned at the wonderful feeling. "That sounds promising, and quite exciting!"

His voice started to get hoarse with the pleasure that once again began to fill his whole body. "The excitement will be all mine when I finally look at you in your lovely dress tonight."

Chloe stilled her movements all of a sudden, sobering up. "Oh! Shit! My dress! With everything that happened this week I completely forgot to go shopping. The dress I have are nice but I have nothing suitable for as big a date like you are planning." She started panicking at the thought. How could she have forgotten about that? She wasn’t even prepared for their date! She felt awful.

Seeing how tense she had suddenly gotten, Lucifer massaged her lower back and neck with his hands in an attempt to soothe her. "Hey! Love! Relax! I told you I was taking care of everything. There is a nice and beautiful dress waiting just for you."

Chloe startled. "There is?" She asked in wonder.

"Of course there is! What kind of a lover do you think I am?" He feigned being insulted.

Chloe’s stress melted into his arms. "Apparently, you are the kind that every woman would dream of!"

"Damn right I am! I’m the Devil Love!" He seemed very proud of himself.

"You are a marvel!" She shook her head in amazement. Then she wondered with anxiety what price he might have paid for that dress. With an inner slap, she reminded herself that spoiling her would assuredly make him very happy, so she refrained from investigating into it and tried to just enjoy her chance at having such a wonderful lover. Her gaze turned into a mischievous one. "Can I see it?"

"Not a chance! Not before tonight My Love!" He saw her face fall so he quickly added. "And no amount of pouting will make me change my mind. This is supposed to be a surprise after all, and I already spoiled half of it as it is."

Chloe pouted a bit before conceding. "Alright! I guess I can wait till tonight to see it." Then her face lit up when she looked into his eyes. "But I can thank you properly for it right now though."

Without waiting for an answer, she lashed herself at him and proceeded to show him just how much grateful she was for his surprise. Too bad for lusty rabbits!

Lucifer was waiting anxiously for his date to be ready to leave for the evening, glass of scotch in hand, and walking restlessly to and fro in the living room. Amenadiel was cooking dinner in the kitchen all by himself while Maze and Beatrice were playing some game upstairs. It was taking Chloe an eternity to get prepared up there in the bathroom, way longer than it had taken him, which was saying a lot. His palms were beginning to feel sweaty. The Devil did not do sweaty palms! He thought with indignation. What the hell was happening to him? Well, he knew very well what was happening. He was nervous! Very nervous! It had started slowly, unnoticeable at first,
but with each day that passed and brought him closer to this night, the more his anxiety grew.

First of all, it was his first date. Ever! He knew what a date was supposed to be about, he was no fool mind you! It was about seducing the lady, which was easy enough in this instance since the said lady was already conquered, so he would just have to be his charming self, mostly. He knew without a doubt that Chloe loved him. She said so more than once and her love for him burned so bright it was almost blinding. He couldn’t deny it, even if he tried to. Certainly such a deep love could only last forever? Right? Chloe said she was his and would always be, but on the other hand humans were not notorious for their capacity to love their mate for life after all. And if someone was able to destroy such a wonderful relationship it was the Devil for sure. She could get bored of him, or frustrated by his behaviour someday, or resent him for his failures to be a good companion in her everyday life. It could happen in a year, or ten, but it could happen. And that possibility terrified him. He couldn’t lose her without losing his soul. He knew he would have to work hard to keep that love burning and not blow up this amazing bound that they shared. Tonight, he wanted to make a terrific impression, show her how great a lover he could be, and not just in the sexual sense.

And of course a date was also about learning to know each other. Problem was, the way he saw it, they already knew each other. So, what were they supposed to be talking about aside from the things they always talked about every day? He could not very well kiss her all night long to pass the time or talk about his life in Hell. That would for sure break the mood he wanted to create. What he most wanted was to show her he was perfect boyfriend material. He told her it was going to be the night of her life, and it would be, at least in the bedroom, but what about before that part? He had a few ideas to entertain her, but didn’t know the first thing about what would make Chloe Decker weak in the knees on the romantic side. Chloe was special, unlike any woman he ever met and certainly nothing like the ones he usually kept company with. But the thing that worried him above all, was the possibility that she would say no to his special proposal. He played distractedly with the little box inside his vest pocket for at least the hundredth times in the last 30 minutes. Taking a deep swallow from his glass, he tried to slow down his increasing heartbeat.

"Nervous?"

Caught by surprise, Lucifer turned toward the owner of the voice. "Daniel!" He said irritated. "Why would I be?" He answered dismissively. Chloe’s ex really was the last person he wanted to talk to about his state of mind right now.

Dan passed him by to go sit on the sofa. "I don’t know? Maybe you’re afraid Chloe will finally open up her eyes as to how absurd it is to commit herself to the Devil. She is a smart woman after all. She should regain her senses anytime now." He said nonchalantly.

"To say that I ever thought I might like you! Michael must have hit me harder than I thought." Lucifer didn’t want to take the bait and debate about Chloe’s love for him. His trust in the reality of it was unshakable. It was certainly not a lower being like Daniel who could shake down that certainty. But still, Dan’s comment hit a little bit too close to home not to be irritating. Lucifer turned fully toward the object of his disdain with the clear intention of scaring him with his blazing eyes, when he noticed something that distracted his mind off track. Daniel was wearing a suit!

"Where the hell are you going tonight? Do you have a date too?"

Dan seemed to be doing his best not to look embarrassed. "Humm! I… It’s not really a date. Let’s call it a night out with a friend."

Lucifer narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "And would this friend of yours happened to be my mother by any chance?"

Dan lifter his chin slightly in defiance, intending not to let himself be intimidated by the Devil. "As
a matter of fact yes! We are going out tonight. Not that it is any of your concern."

Lucifer chuckled disdainfully and looked daggers at him. "You dare come to me and say I’m no good for Chloe, and YOU, of all people, are intending to court MY MOTHER? Talk of unworthiness!"

Daniel was smart enough to know he was walking on thin ice here. "I… I’m not courting her man! We are just friends! Really! We are just going out to watch a movie, have a beer and maybe…"

"And maybe…?" Lucifer could not resist the temptation to use his mind power to probe the bastard. "Tell me Daniel…" He was now close enough to lean over the man a bit to look up close into his eyes. ". . .what is it you really desire with my mother?"

Dan’s eyes started to glaze up even though he was visibly trying to resist the pull to answer. "I… I’m not sure… She said she likes me. I… maybe it’s just desire that I feel for her, or maybe it’s more… I don’t know! I’m way too scared of her right now to think straight! She wants to show me her new apartment tonight. I’m not sure I should go…” Then he shook his head as if to clear it. When he looked up again at Lucifer, his eyes looked clear once more. "You did your mind trick on me! You had no right!" He said dismayed.

Lucifer dismissed that last comment entirely. The answers he just got from the Douche left him perplex. His mother liked HIM? This situation was entirely different then what he first thought. Charlotte was supposed to be using him for her entertainment and pleasure only, she wasn’t supposed to really care for the man. Then he remembered Amenadiel saying how their mother got mad at hearing that Vasariah hurt Daniel last week. Maybe she really liked him after all.

Feeling suddenly very protective of his mother, Lucifer loomed over Daniel dangerously. "The question here is what your intentions with my mother are exactly, Douche?"

"This is none of your business man!" Daniel sounded offended. He tried to move away from the Devil but couldn’t get out of the sofa without pushing Lucifer over.

"This has everything to do with my business! You better make your mind and fast about her, because if you hurt her in anyway, I swear you will hope you are dead before I am finished with you!" He threatened darkly. And with that Lucifer moved away from Daniel, breathing hard and trying to control his rising anger.

Daniel was visibly shaken by his brush with the Devil, but he gathered his courage to answer him nonetheless. "I would never hurt her I swear! I don’t intent to play her if that’s what you’re afraid of. She’s… nice… when she wants to be."

Lucifer shook his head dismissively. He had enough on his mind lately without having to watch over his mom. Clearly, he shouldn’t have gotten that mad over a simple date between her and the Douche. No! Not even a real date. Just a night out the man said, to the cinema moreover. He turned his gaze back to Daniel with a half-smile. "You really are taking a Goddess to watch a movie?"

Dan looked suddenly unsure. "What? She said she wanted to try it!"

Lucifer shook his head in disbelief. "So young and yet so boring!"

Daniel snorted. "So old and yet so childish!" He said flippantly.

They looked daggers at each other for a few seconds before Amenadiel put a hand on Lucifer’s shoulder from behind to break the tension. "Peace Brother! Dan is a good man."
"That's debatable!" Countered the Devil. But he turned away from Daniel nonetheless to go refill his glass of scotch in the kitchen with Amenadiel following close behind.

"You know Daniel wouldn’t take advantage of Mom. He is not that kind of man Lucifer." Amenadiel was keeping his voice down not to be overheard.

Lucifer took the time to put an ice in his glass before he answered him with a slight change of subject. "And… are you that kind of man Brother?" He asked with a hint of accusation. Amenadiel’s eyes bulged in indignation but Lucifer didn’t let him time to answer. "I can’t fail to notice that Maze and you got once again very close over the last days. Should I be worried that you hurt my demon with your constant change of mind about your feelings for her?"

The brothers held each other’s gaze steadily. Amenadiel answered without hesitation though, seeming to take Lucifer’s concern very seriously. "I’m not about to change my mind anymore Lucifer. I was lost for a moment there, but I found my wits back and I know what I want now and most importantly, who I am."

Lucifer pondered his brother’s apparent resolves for a moment before making a small nod of the head to acknowledge his words.

Then Amenadiel chuckled merrily. "And beside, I’m the one who’s more in danger of getting his heart broken in this story don’t you think?"

Lucifer finally regained his smile. "You are right about that Brother!" He lifted his glass as if to wish him good luck. And yet, the way Maze changed in the last months told him his demon might be more vulnerable than she appeared.

Daniel watched Lucifer’s retreating back and took a deep breath to steady himself. What the hell had gotten into him to taunt the Devil so? He knew he had to accept Chloe’s relationship with the fallen angel. After all, she said she knew what she was doing and in a way he trusted her judgement. But still, the Devil! There was that nagging feeling twisting his insides that told him it wasn’t right. Or was it just jealousy somehow? Hard to say. There was so many conflicting emotions going on inside him lately that he wasn’t sure of anything anymore. And besides, if he was to betray the Devil to deliver on his deal with Vasariah, maybe it was best not to make friends too much with the man in the first place. That way, it would be easier for him to do what he had to when the time came. But still, he shouldn’t antagonise the Devil and risk being put aside from the search for «The Piece». That wouldn’t do at all.

After a moment of companionable silence with his brother while Amenadiel resumed his cooking, Lucifer finally heard Chloe come down the stairs with her high heels clicking with each step. When his gaze fell upon her, his breath caught in his throat and his heartbeat raced madly. He had always thought of her as being the most beautiful woman ever, but this was something else entirely. She was beauty and desire incarnate! He tried to swallow the lump in his throat. Oh! Goodness! He suddenly felt unworthy of such an otherworldly beauty.

His words came out more like a hoarse whisper. "You look gorgeous!"

Chloe smiled shyly at his strong reaction. She could see it in his eyes, the desire and worship he felt for her in that instant. She had been hoping to impress him by making sure to look her best for that special occasion. Apparently she had succeeded beyond her expectations. Lucifer looked completely stunned by the sight of her. She had to admit that she’d never felt so beautiful before in her life, thanks in great part to that amazing dress Lucifer bought for her.

Lucifer had outdone himself by finding it. It was a short dark red dress with a touch of black, with
long sleeves and floral patterns that shown skin through the fabric over the arms. The cut of the dress highlighted her long legs beautifully and the black high heels Lucifer bought with it completed the effect perfectly with its laces going up her legs to mid-calf. Chloe had made sure to wear her hair lose, knowing how much Lucifer liked it. It took her an eternity to straighten it so, but she thought the effect was great. It also took her a long time to do her make up since she wasn’t used to wear that much on a daily basis.

To see Lucifer so enticed by her appearance helped to calm her nervousness a bit. Because nervous she was, alright! She didn’t think she ever felt so apprehensive before a date in her whole life. It was silly really! After all, she knew she had no reason to feel that way since they were already in a romantic relationship. But she couldn’t help it. She was too much aware that Lucifer was used to keep company with the most beautiful and desirable women there was and she was afraid she wouldn’t look the part. She tried to convince herself that had it been what Lucifer was really looking for in a serious relationship, he would never have fell for her in the first place with the way she dressed usually with simple jeans and shirts. Even knowing that, she couldn’t help but hope to reach his expectations.

When they finally locked eyes together, the last remnants of nervousness dissolved as if by magic. The love she saw in his gaze was overwhelming! In that moment, she couldn’t remember why she had been so nervous. Lucifer’s love for her was stronger than anything and it washed over her as a warm wave. As she walked toward him slowly, never braking eye contact, a part of her brain registered how dashingly handsome he was with his black suit and sparkling red shirt. Chloe stepped close to him and rested a hand on his heart and the other around his waist. Lucifer’s left arm enlaced her automatically and he cupped her face reverently with his other hand.

He took a shuddering breath and spoke as if in awe. "You are a vision of beauty My Love!"

Chloe’s lips split into a radiant smile. "You are quite handsome yourself Mister Devil!"

Their lips met of their own accord in a languorous kiss. They were about to lose themselves in it when they heard Beatrice coming down the stairs.

"Mommy! You look amazing!"

They broke apart reluctantly and that’s when Chloe noticed Dan’s presence in the living room. He was trying not to look at them but the look he wore told her he had seen everything. She spoke automatically. "Oh! We’re sorry Dan!"

"No! We are not!" Countered Lucifer, annoyed by the whole situation. He wasn’t about to apologize for kissing his magnificent date.

Daniel wasn’t in a state to answer anything. Instead, he closed his slack mouth with a sharp movement. To see Chloe so alluringly beautiful and so heartbreakingly enticed by Lucifer was for him as tough as receiving a punch in the guts. No, those two were not a passing thing! He thought bitterly.

Chloe sent Lucifer as hard a stare as she could muster in that moment, which turned out to be not much impressive, before turning toward Trixie to give her a big hug.

The little girl releases her mom quickly to look her over. "You look like a princess Mommy!" She sounded impressed.

Chloe kissed Trixie’s head. "Thank you sweetie!"
"Look at you Decker! Girly and all! I should take pictures for the posterity." Maze was coming down the stairs with that demonic smile of hers.

"As ideas come, it’s not a bad one actually." The Devil said.

So Maze took some pictures of them together with her cell phone and even some with Trixie who insisted on having one too. Amenadiel and Maze had agreed to stay home and watch over Trixie until tomorrow to let the new couple enjoy a full night alone. Chloe was so grateful for the chance to enjoy a romantic time with her boyfriend and to escape for a little time this crowded place that had become her home. It wasn’t that she didn’t love every last one of them, but six people in a house made quite a crowd when you were used to be only two.

They finally left for their dream date, hand in hand, overnight bags in the others, and wearing their brightest smiles.

Lucifer had chosen the perfect romantic place, Le Paris, a five stars French restaurant he personally helped start, of course, a few years back. The proud owner, Francis, a skinny man in his mid-fifties, was exuberantly demonstrating his deep devotion for the man who helped him become the successful businessman he now was. It was not every day someone was given the chance to get an interest-free loan without any deadline to repay it and the French man seemed very conscious of that fact. Lucifer had never asked for anything in return from the owner, until now. For tonight, he had requested from him an entire section of the place, to allow Chloe and himself to speak freely about any subject they might wish to brush. Chloe had to admit that such intimacy could come handy, everything considered, and was more than touched by the attention. Lucifer presented Chloe to Francis as being his lover, sounding extremely proud of that fact.

Le Paris really was as romantic a place as could be, with its French decor reminding that of old Paris and its musicians playing old sentimental French songs. The owner escorted them to their table while chatting jovially in French with Lucifer who was speaking it perfectly, to Chloe’s greatest delight. Well, the Devil did sound very sexy with a French accent. Apparently, the chef had concocted an epicurean 5-course meal especially for them, with matching wines to accompany each course. It was promising to be a divine experience. At last, the owner left to go get them some appetizer drinks.

Chloe was completely charmed by the place. "This place is amazing Lucifer! It almost feels like I’m back in the old part of Paris."

Lucifer looked surprised. "I didn’t know you ever went to Paris Love. When was that?"

"I didn’t stay there for very long, just a couple of days back when I was 21 and doing a backpacking trip around Europe during summer. It was before I finished the academy and became a cop. Actually, it’s the only real trip I ever did before settling down with a family."

"How interesting! You’ll have to tell me everything about that trip before the end of the evening. Did you know that my first idea for this date was to fly you directly to Paris to have dinner? But it would have taken too much time so I had to make do with this place." He sounded chagrined by the compromise.

Chloe grabbed his hand to caress its back with her thumb. "This place is perfect Lucifer. I like it very much." The sweet smile she sent him seemed to reassure him somehow. A word he just said had her wondering about something though. "When you say 'fly me', what exactly did you mean by that? Did you have in mind to…?" She didn’t know what to think of the idea, or if it was even possible for him to fly her himself on so long a distance. Maybe she was just being silly for even entertaining the possibility.
Her question made him smile toothily. "To fly you on my back for thousands of miles over the sea? No Love! Not unless you want to freeze to death, and even if you happened to survive the trip, it would be a tiresome experience even for me. Actually, I was thinking of a more human way to travel, like a jet."

"Of course!" Now she did feel silly for asking.

"As soon as I have dealt with my stupid sibling and things are back to normal, I plan on bringing you there for a nice romantic weekend. The first of many I’m hoping. There are so many beautiful places I would like to show you. We could leave for romantic escapades like that from time to time when you don’t have the spawn, and when you do, well, we could just bring her with us to places that kids enjoy, like Disneyland for example."

Chloe just stared at him for a moment, rendered mute by the shock of what she just heard. There was so many surprising things in what he said in just only a few sentences that it took her a moment to assimilate everything. He was entertaining the idea of having romantic weekends with her in the future? And a lot of them apparently. She then realised that even if she had absolutely no doubt about his love and devotion for her, she had doubted Lucifer’s capacity to commit himself into their new relationship the way any other man would do. She had been ready to take whatever he was willing to give her and never ask for more, but what he just said was opening a whole new world of possibilities and it was making her heart flutter wildly. But first thing first. "You would go to Disneyland for my daughter? With thousands of kids running around!" Of all the things he had said, that was the craziest.

He fidgeted a little in his chair, looking a bit ill at ease at the idea. "Well, I wouldn’t force it on her, but if it makes both of you happy, then I suppose I could come to terms with it, but only for a couple of days. I’m not a masochist!"

Chloe smiled at him fondly. "You are such a good man Lucifer Morningstar." She turned his hand into hers to stroke his palm tenderly with her fingers. It was becoming hard to stop staring into his deep and loving eyes. If she didn’t watch it, she could lose herself in it easily. The feel of his fingers stroking back her palm sent shivers through her whole body. "And I could do with a few romantic escapades with you for sure."

Chloe liked very much the idea of making plans with him for the future. A real future with him was taking form a little bit more every day. She would savour every minute of it as long as it lasted. Still, some adjustment to his eccentric tastes would apparently be needed, like traveling around the world in jet, which should not be so hard to adjust to after all. It would actually be wonderful! Lucifer sounded trilled by the idea. She wondered why he had not done it himself during the time she had known him. Or maybe he already did, before cutting his wings off. Now that she thought of it, Lucifer had probably already visited every part of this planet many times over. With his wings back, he could certainly do it again and obviously didn’t need a jet to do it. Unless…

She suddenly remembered his fall from the sky, followed by his crash down into the forest with his new wings. So a doubt crossed her mind. She hesitated before probing him, unsure of his willingness to speak about it. "Now that you have your wings back, won’t you be able to go anywhere you want at any given time? I mean, you can fly with them right?"

Her doubt about his ability to fly must have shown on her face and in her voice because Lucifer rolled his eyes at her. "Of course I can still fly! I assure you that I am fully able to take flight. You are probably referring to my ungracious landing back in the woods, and I can’t blame you for asking, but rest assured that it was only circumstantial. When I finally realised that my wings were
back I just didn’t have time enough to slow down my fall sufficiently to reverse course, is all. It might not have been evident at the time, but I am quite good at flying." He hesitated a bit before adding. "I have to admit that I might be a bit rusty after five years grounded. Come to think of it, I didn’t have that much practice in Hell after all and it never hindered my flight performances that much. So I should be alright, if not as good as back in the days." He smiled faintly as if recalling events of a very long time ago. Chloe lifted an eyebrow to prompt him to continue. He seemed happy to oblige. "You know that I used to be an ace in the air when I was younger? I could outmanoeuver a Banthack in no time without losing a feather."

"What’s a Banthack?" Chloe was almost afraid to hear what that thing was. She could already imagine a hellish winged beast trying to take a bite off Lucifer.

"Oh! Right! That’s not the name it goes by among humans. I believe you call it… pterodactyl?"

Chloe’s mouth dropped in disbelief. "You are kidding me right?"

"Not at all Love! Why would I be? Don’t forget that I was walking the Earth, or flying above it in that instance, way before humans were even created."

"You flied with dinosaurs!" She stated in awe.

"I wouldn’t call it ‘fly with’. I’d call it more 'being chased by' those toothy winged beasts." Though the grin he made didn’t make him look scared in the least at the memory. "Thing is, it was quite a lot of fun, but not as much trilling as wrestling with the Ghe Manhe … or the Two Legs if I translate the name." The lost look Chloe made told him it wasn’t clearer with his translation. "You know, the big ones with the ridiculously small front legs, who have mouths as big as a truck?" He was trying to mimic the said minuscule legs and show her the size of the mouth by widening his arms in the air.

Chloe couldn’t believe she was really considering the idea… "T-Rex…?" She suggested incredulously.

"YES! That’s the thing! That kind at least, because there were numerous species of the sort, some even bigger then what you call T-Rex." He seemed oblivious to her astonishment and continued explaining, now all engrossed in his past experiences and happy to talk about it. "Those ones were the best to fight with, but the smell! Oh! You wouldn’t believe the horrid breath of those beasts, like there was dead things caught in their mouths. Well, there probably was actually!" He chuckled happily at his own joke before continuing. "Even though they couldn’t pierce my skin, they could shred my cloths to pieces if I wasn’t careful. It could be quite embarrassing sometimes to come back to the Silver City after some of those fights, but it was worth it. They were fierce opponents."

The realisation was hard to take in for Chloe. She believe him of course, knowing who he was, even though she had a hard time wrapping her head around it. "What… what else did you see? I mean, other than dinosaurs?"

"Why? I’ve seen it all Love!" And that was the pure truth. "Where do you want me to start?" He asked with an inviting smile.

Chloe chuckled in delight. The scale of his experience was way too big to comprehend entirely. Beside her, who else ever had the chance to ask about almost anything that came to happen on this planet, or outside it for that matter? To add to this amazing chance for knowledge, Lucifer seemed in a mood to share quite a lot tonight.
That’s the moment the owner of the restaurant choose to come back with their appetizer drinks. That left Chloe some time to think on what she wanted to know. Once they were alone again, Lucifer turned a playful gaze back to her as if waiting for her to hit him with her questions.

As fascinating as the time of dinosaurs could be, hearing about humans and their evolution was way more interesting in her view. "Start with the first humans on Earth. Please!"

With a charming smile, Lucifer began his explanation of how his Father gifted with souls the new beings that had started to evolve on Earth and who resembled the most the appearance of angels. Along with the gift of a soul, He had changed them slightly to make them in His own image, like humans said. Well, it was really more the image He sometimes used to show himself than his actual appearance, because God didn’t have an actual body like angels or humans did. Like his mom, God was pure energy.

From there, Lucifer explained how humans and civilisations evolved and changed throughout the ages. Chloe participated actively in the conversation by confronting her own knowledge of supposed events as depicted in history books with the reality that Lucifer was painting. While some of what she always thought to be true about history indeed was, most of it was in fact complete rubbish written by conquerors who wanted their side of the story to survive or by self-important supposedly wise men who didn’t understand the first thing about the people or civilisations they wrote about. It turned out to be quite a revealing experience for her as she reshaped her entire view of the world as she knew it.

Lucifer talked about the people he met who most inspired him and the ones he most despised, always with his unique devilish way of seeing things. He also made her talk about the time she went to Europe backpacking. Lucifer was very interested in her trip since he had not seen recent Europe for the last hundred years or so. He made her describe everything she saw and experienced there to the smallest details to try and feel the changes or similarities versus what he had himself experienced and seen there.

Dinner went by at light speed, their conversation being sometimes interrupted by the owner or the chef who came themselves to serve them the next course and present the matching wines. The food was succulent of course, which added beautifully to the otherworldly feel of the whole evening for Chloe. Beside the wonderful food and their amazing conversation, Chloe was astounded by how much Lucifer knew. He certainly was the most knowledgeable man she ever met. She realized that he had been hiding his true self very well behind that mask of non-sense and frivolity. Beyond that realization, what most astonished her was the way Lucifer talked about humanity. Sometimes, she could have sworn he sounded impressed by humans and she even though she heard and saw pride from him for some of the things humanity did.

During the fourth course of dinner, Chloe couldn’t hold herself any longer from asking what had been burning her tongue for the last hour. "Lucifer, I was under the impression that you despised humans from the beginning of humanity until only most recently when you first met me and then started to see the good in us. But, the way you’re talking about us, the way you emphasize all the greatness you observed in humanity over the course of millennia doesn’t sound like the resentful Devil that you said you were. Even if you explained earlier how humans have always been deceitful and capable of the worst, you somehow almost sound fascinated with humans. I… I’m just trying to understand." She was quite dumbfounded.

Lucifer was speechless for a long moment, trying to gather his thoughts and find a suitable answer for his way too much perceptive detective. "To say the truth Love, I’m not really sure how to answer you since I’m not even sure myself what the answer is." He made a small pause, fidgeting on his seat nervously and taking a sip of his wine. "I most certainly resented humanity for a very
long time and I found myself caring about humans only very recently. I wouldn’t have called myself fascinated with humans back then, even if must admit having always wondered why my Father loved so much humanity, what He saw in you that was so special. I think I came up here all those times to observe humans and try to understand what made you so special. Deep down, I probably thought that if I came often enough, then one day I would understand. Strangely, it’s not on Earth that I found the first clue but in Hell.

Chloe was spellbound by what she was hearing and afraid to say anything that could interrupt him in his confession. So she just kept quiet and listen to him intently.

Lucifer continued with a faraway gaze. "You see, back in Hell, all I ever heard out of the mouth of human souls was about their worst sins and deepest dark desires, nothing to make me love humanity if you ask me. I knew for a fact, as no one else could, how evil humans could be. For a long time that’s all I ever thought about humanity, that it was flawed and destined to follow it’s vile nature. After a while though, I started to notice how, from time to time, some damned souls would talk about the greatness of men. They would talk about their greatest constructions of course, but also about great achievements, such as selfless people who would die to save the one they love or even save the lives of people they never knew and never even met. It always eluded me, such a crazy behavior and yet, it intrigued me. I always thought they had to be not right in the head to do such things, until recently." His deep gaze came up to meet Chloe’s with an intensity that she rarely saw in him. "I get it now, at least the part about dying for the one you love." Chloe squeezed his hand tenderly and he flashed her his sweetest smile before pursuing his thoughts. "Even the vilest souls were looking up to the finest of men, wishing that they could be as great as them. Somehow, I… I came to feel that I could myself become… more! Strangely, I discovered that I felt a connexion with humans, I could relate to them. Such capacity for evil and yet such a potential for…" He hesitated to say it, feeling a bit exposed at saying what he really felt.

Chloe tried to finish for him. "… for good?"

Lucifer laughed softly. "I was going to say… a potential, for something greater than themselves. I think that this potential for greatness was one of the things my Father was so proud of with humanity."

It didn’t surprise Chloe to hear Lucifer talk about wanting to reach greatness. It was exactly the man that she knew and that she loved so much. His words also made her wonder about something else and she narrowed her eyes in confusion. "Are you telling me that angels are unable of greatness and selflessness?"

Lucifer hesitated slightly. "Yes! And no! Well, actually I’m not exactly sure but the way I see it now is that all angels have that potential in themselves but by giving up their free will to Father they also gave up their capacity to become more than what they are."

Chloe shook her head slightly in perplexity. "I’m not sure I’m following you…"

Lucifer knew it could be a hard concept to grasp for a human who always had free will, so he tried to explain it simply. "I know it must sound strange, but I came to believe that without free will deep emotions and true passion can’t be experienced in all their entirety. And without passion, there can’t be greatness! To give up free will is to accept that everything that comes to pass is the will of God and nothing more. The death of someone you love then becomes only an inevitability not worth fighting for, since God willed it so. Everything that happens is seen as predestined and thereof strong emotions about any of it don’t have any reason to be experienced."

"So… you are telling me that angels can’t feel emotions?" Chloe had a hard time reconciling that idea with what she knew of Lucifer or Amenadiel or even the few other angels she had
encountered.

"No that’s not what I’m saying. Angels can feel emotions but most of them just don’t experience much of it because of their lack of free will. Angels can feel love, anger, envy, and a few other emotions to some extent, but those can never be feelings as deep and strong as what you are used to as a human. When I decided to start fighting for free will before my Fall, that’s when I started to feel everything more accurately, though I didn’t know what it meant at the time. It’s just recently that I made the connexion when I fully embraced free will here on Earth and most importantly when I started feeling such passion for you after exercising my free will to choose to be with you. I came to believe that I first started to regain my free will the moment I willed it so when I was still called Samael. It wasn’t my Dad’s to give, it was mine to take. Had I understood that at the time I could have avoided the whole war… maybe even my Fall. Who knows?" He took a deep shuddering breath then finished his glass of wine in a gulp.

Chloe’s mind was in overdrive with all those information and she started thinking aloud. "That makes a whole amount of sense! That would explain why you are experiencing more and more emotions the longer you stay on Earth, not because you are exposed to humans but because you are exercising your free will. That could also be why Amenadiel is starting to be less of a pain in the ass and even why Maze is suffering from a plague of emotions lately. They both have chosen free will even if they might not have realized it yet. Same probably applies to Vasariah who is in a way, rebelling against your Father by following his own agenda."

Lucifer chuckled lightly in spite of the strong emotions that this conversation was stirring inside him. "Amenadiel was always and will always be a pain in the ass, but you got the essence of what I think about the effect of free will on our feelings. In Hell, I just brushed at free will, deeply experiencing only anger, resentment, and such, whereas now I can feel every single feeling so strongly and accurately that it’s often disorienting and quite confusing for me. But I’m learning." He leant slightly over the table to cup her face tenderly. "I might not have a good grasp on most of those feelings yet but I’m working on it Love." Emotions flooded into his gaze and Chloe saw his eyes starting to shine with unshed tears. He continued in a whisper. "My love for you is so strong it sometimes terrifies me! And yet, there is nothing that could keep me away from you now, least of all my own fears."

Chloe felt her eyes burning with tears of her own. She reached to take his hand resting on her cheek and kissed his palm lovingly. "Don’t be afraid Baby! My love for you is as strong and terrifying and yet I’m not going anywhere either. Being scared is what happens when you love someone so much that you can’t bear the thought of losing that loved one. I don’t know what the future holds for us but what I do know, is that I’m not about to run away from it because I’m scared. I’m in it for the long run Baby!" Her soft smile reached her eyes. "I guess we’ll just have to get used to live with the scary part of it that we can’t fully control."

A lump had formed in his throat that kept him from answering anything. He was afraid that if he tried to speak right now, he might lose the little control he still kept over his overwhelming emotions. So instead he nodded slightly with a tentative smile.

Chloe’s love for him overtook her in that moment at seeing how much opening up to her was affecting him. It pushed her to lean over the table and take his lips in a sweet and tender kiss that conveyed all the passion she felt for him.

Apparently, her kiss helped him retake control over himself, for the loving smile he gave her afterwards looked way more relax. Still, she felt that he needed to get rid of some more tension. So, keeping her face close to his, she did her best to playfully lighten the mood. "I could have guess you were a romantic, though I never suspected you to be a philosopher!"
She could say that it did the trick as she saw him chuckle happily with a brand new lightness in his gaze. "Why? What can I say Love? I do have layers!"

"That is such an understatement!" She could not hold her happiness in anymore and started giggling while kissing him again, and again. Lucifer followed her in her merry mood with giggles and playful kisses that he placed all over her face.

They got interrupted by the chef who was bringing them a decadent dessert with a glass of Porto. After the cook left them alone to eat the last course, Lucifer barely gazed at his plate, too caught up was he at looking at the love of his existence. This was the moment he had been waiting for anxiously all week. Somehow, the light and joyful mood that was still lingering between them helped him to hold back some of the tension that was trying to build up inside him at the thought of what he was going to do.

Chloe took a bite of the special chocolate cake and moaned with pleasure. "This is sooo good! Try it! You won’t believe what a delight this is." Instead of tasting his dessert, Lucifer just kept watching her with that sweet smile he reserved only for her. She became aware of his strange quietness that definitely was unlike him. "What?" She asked with curiosity.

There it goes! He thought. He took one last deep breath before going all in. "I have a little surprise for you Love. Just a small gift I’ve been wanting to give you." He reached inside his pocket to retrieve the little box that held so much promises for him. He revealed her present with an enigmatic smile.

Chloe swallowed her mouthful of cake quickly and stared at the beautiful box that was resting in the middle of Lucifer’s palm. Was it just her or did Lucifer seem to be getting nervous behind that apparently controlled mask? Maybe she was just imagining things. "You didn’t have to Lucifer! You spoiled me plenty enough tonight as it is."

"Who said it was just for you Love?" He retorted mysteriously.

Something told Chloe that this gift seemed very important to him. Tonight was special for both of them so she wasn’t going to resist anything he planned to make her or himself happy. She finally pushed aside all reserves she might have at accepting a gift that was for sure outrageously expense and reached slowly for the small box. It felt very light in her hand. The size of the box pointed at a possible jewelry. Some earrings maybe, or a necklace? She looked up into his eyes questioningly but he said nothing and waited patiently for her to open it.

Unconsciously, she had started to become anxious to discover the content of this enigmatic box. Without waiting any longer, she lifted the cover to get a peek inside. What she discovered left her at a loss. On a little cushion rested a piece of paper with a series of numbers on it. "What… what is it?"

Somehow, the feel of nervousness about him had gotten even stronger. "It’s a code Love! The code of a high-tech security system I newly had installed in my elevator. No one will be able to get to the penthouse from now on, except for the ones we decide to give this code to. The series of cameras inside the lift cage will also allow us to decide who we want or not to admit in. That way there won’t be any more unwanted Britany’s popping up at impromptu moments."

She should have known that Lucifer’s gift would be an unexpected one. It was actually beyond unexpected and more in the league of the unbelievable! By doing this he was sending her a clear message. Lucifer was ready to turn the page on his bachelor’s life for her! Not that she had doubted his fidelity in the slightest. Still, she knew it was not only the Britany’s he was pushing out of his life but all of his old lifestyle with it. "Lucifer… I don’t know what to say… I know it’s a
huge thing for you to put aside that part of your life. Thank you! It means a lot to me!” She was very moved by the signification of that gift.

Lucifer seemed very satisfied with her reaction. "Strangely, that lifestyle wasn’t as hard to discard as I thought it would." He wondered aloud. Then he added mischievously. "It actually feels quite liberating to know that I won’t have to please all those poor souls any longer! It was getting quite tiresome!"

She dissolved in laughter at his well-placed humour. "Then I’m glad I could save you from them!"

He chuckled lightly with her for a few seconds before becoming all serious again. "I’m happy you like this little attention, however, that wasn’t the main surprise. Call it just an appetizer. The real gift is under the little cushion.” He lifted his brows expectantly to will her to discover her true present.

Would he ever stop surprising her tonight? Probably not! And why go to such length to keep that gift hidden until now? She had no clue. With slightly trembling hands, she lifted the little cushion to reveal what was underneath it. She let escape an astonished sound at the sight of the amazing pendant. "Lucifer! This is beautiful!" Not only was it beautiful but it had to have cost a fortune! She could see numerous gemstones adorning the little piece of art work that was mounted on a sparkling silver chain. Or was it white gold? She couldn’t say. The little pendant had a strange shape which she couldn’t quite recognize. Unless… "Lucifer! Is that a…?"

"… a key? Yes it is! It can’t actually open anything real. It’s more of a symbol you see! It is my unique way of making you a very special proposal." Without breaking eye contact with her, Lucifer rose from his seat to bend a keen in front of her and take her free hand in both of his delicately.

Chloe’s heart was beating madly at the significance of that move. But it was impossible! Lucifer didn’t believe in marriage like he so eloquently explained to her just recently. Moreover, a pendant was far from being a ring. Wasn’t he aware of the significance of such a gesture for humans? And yet, Lucifer would probably never do anything as should be expected either. She held her breath and forced herself not to hope vainly for the impossible. She put down the little box on the table and turned slowly towards him to look straight into his eyes and try to understand what he was doing exactly. The adoration and complete devotion she saw in his gaze at that moment made her entertain the impossible in spite of herself.

He spoke slowly with a shaking voice. "Chloe Jane Decker! Will you make me the greatest honor of moving in and live with me, for the rest of your life?"

Chloe was totally speechless, utterly unable to wrap her mind around what was happening. She couldn’t have formed a sound even if her life depended on it.

Lucifer’s face fell slowly in front of her deafening silence. "Or… we could move in one of my houses if the penthouse is a problem for Beatrice and you. I have a few other estates. You can chose which ever you want.” Still no answer whatsoever. Could he have misread their relationship? Misread her? Panic started to rise inside him. Oh! Goodness! It was too early! She wasn’t ready! He was in the process of destroying everything! He felt his breathing catch in his lungs under a huge pressure that was amplifying by the second. "Or not…” He added crestfallen. He was about to start babbling again when he felt her put two fingers over his lips to silence him. He lifted his eyes again to catch her watery gaze with a last dying hope.

Chloe finally found back the use of speech to answer him unsteadily. "YES! Yes I will! There is nothing in this world that I want more than to live the rest of my life by your side!"
For a heartbeat, Lucifer wasn’t sure he heard her well. Then he realized what was really happening. She said YES! She wanted this as much as he did! An overwhelming sensation of happiness washed over him like a giant wave cleansing away all his doubts and anxiety. A shuddering chuckle of amazement escaped both their lips at the same time. Lucifer hadn’t realized he was crying until Chloe lifted her hand to brush at his tears with her thumb. Through his dazzled brain, he became aware that she was also crying softly whereas she was wearing the most radiant smile he had ever seen.

He released her other hand to cup her face with both of his trembling ones, while she embraced him forcefully to bring him flush against her. The intensely ardent kiss they then shared sent fireworks exploding behind their half-closed eyelids. Neither of them wanted this moment to ever end. Unfortunately, they still were in a restaurant so they had to finally come apart after a long and very emotional moment. They instinctively brought their foreheads together to gaze at each other amorously. Once again, they both started giggling in wonder at the incredible feeling of happiness that submerged them.

Chapter End Notes

Woah! Writing that brought me to get very emotional at times. I even shed a few tears at some points. I just hope I was able to pass on that emotion to you. As you can see, I had to split their evening in two since I got once more carried away with too many ideas to develop. Please, let me know how you found it and if you liked my theory about free will and its effect on emotions. Thanks for reading me! I love you all! :)
Hello dear readers! I know! I know! It took me a shamefully long time to get this chapter out, and I am sorry. To help be forgiven, I wrote you a summary of the events so far, so you could get to speed in case you forgot a few things during this long waiting.

Also, I am very excited with the fact that I now have a Beta, Apparition, who literally fell down from the sky for me. She offered her help to review my English works and she is doing an amazing job at helping it sound better. All remaining errors are of my doing though. Thank you so much for doing this for me, you are amazing! :)

Summary:
So far… After coming back to LA with a wife to keep Chloe at arm’s length, Lucifer instead found himself getting into a love relationship with her. Chloe discovered his secret and forced him to acknowledge what they felt for each other. By giving into his love for her, Lucifer’s vulnerability around her was lifted and therefore he became immortal again in her presence.

A few days after the beginning of their love story, a mysterious angel arrived in town in search of «The Piece», attacking in turn Chloe and then Dan and Trixie (who now also know about Lucifer’s secret) to find out where Lucifer might have hid it. Apparently, Daniel had to make a secret deal with the angel to protect the ones he loves (we don’t know much else about it yet). But contrarily to what the angel thought, Lucifer didn’t have «The Piece». Everyone is now helping Lucifer search for the artefact, even Daniel, before it falls into wrong hands.

Lucifer thought at first that the angel was Michael, the one who made him Fall a long time ago. Lucifer ended up fighting Michael with The Flaming Sword that he freshly rediscovered. That sword (Azrael’s dagger) is in fact the long lost weapon he used during the battle in Heaven. Following the fight, Lucifer’s wings were restored by God. Turns out it wasn’t Michael behind the theft of «The pieces», two of them actually, but was instead Vasariah, the angel of justice, now new ruler in Hell, who also seems determinate to send Lucifer back in Hell. Vasariah is presently working with demons on Earth, among which Lilim, daughter of Lilith, General of the demonic armies. Lucifer doesn’t know yet what are «The Pieces», but Lilim’s speech suggests it will bring great suffering to humanity. Lilim told them she believes that God is not trying to stop Vasariah because He could get a benefit out of it if Vasariah used «The Pieces» to do wrong. They also learned that Vasariah is interested in Chloe and plan to take her someday. Also, Lucifer discovered that Beatrice can see auras and interpret them.

It’s been two weeks since Chloe and Lucifer got involved and tonight is their first real date. In the last chapter, Lucifer made a special proposal to Chloe at the restaurant, to move in with him, for the rest of her life… And she accepted, of course :) Now is starting the second part of their date and I am WARNING you, this chapter is so full of fluff your head will spin with it! Read at your own risks! Enjoy!
The Corvette stopped right in front of Lux. Chloe could already see a line of beautifully dressed people waiting to be let in even though it was still early in the evening. The place really was popular, thanks to its renowned eccentric owner. She turned to Lucifer to find him looking straight at her with that same look of awe and love that hadn’t left his face since she accepted his uncommon proposal earlier. She smiled sweetly at him and instinctively reached with her hand to cup his face and caress his cheek softly.

She was about to kiss him when he spoke. "Everything that is mine is now yours too, Love."

She hadn’t seen that one coming. "What? I don’t need anything else Lucifer. Having you in my life is more than I could ever dream of."

"I know that! Because I know you, Love. But I did not intend to just share my penthouse with you. I want to share everything that I am or possess."

Chloe realised that whatever she could say about it, nothing would change the way Lucifer saw it. And to tell the truth, she understood perfectly what he meant, for she felt exactly the same way about him. She was ready to share everything with him too. It just felt right. So she didn’t even try to argue.

Instead she nodded slowly, not yet truly understanding what her agreement was about to change in her life. "So do I!"

Lucifer seemed relieved to get his way as easily as that. He’d certainly been ready for a big argument to make her see reason.

He smiled in victory and captured her lips in a passionate kiss as if to seal this last part of their deal. Chloe answered him fervently and tried not to get carried away in front of all those people. She surprisingly found the strength to pull away from him a moment later.

With an air of mischief, he asked. "Ready for part two of the evening, Love?"

She turned her gaze back to the building and the mass of people for a second before answering him with what she hoped sounded like determination. "As much as can be, Baby!"

She wasn’t about to let him know that she was a bit overwhelmed. She wasn’t just accompanying him at his club as his girlfriend anymore, but instead was now a real part of his life, which was turning this first date into something entirely different and even more meaningful. She also realised that from now on, she would have to deal with all the glamour surrounding Lucifer. It was a world that never appealed to her, but for him she was ready to get used to anything.

With a radiant smile, Lucifer got out of the car and came around to open her door after having tossed his keys to the valet. He offered her his hand gallantly, which she took to try and exit the Corvette as gracefully as her high heels permitted. As beautiful as they were, she wasn’t used to wearing those kind of shoes and found it difficult to keep her balance at times. As if aware of it, Lucifer kept a firm hand around hers until she was up and steady.

Next, she took his left arm and they walked toward the entrance. Lucifer looked as proud as a peacock, seemingly relishing in the fact that he at last had her at his arm.

To Chloe’s greatest annoyance, some women who were still in the line called to Lucifer by name, trying to get his attention. Surprisingly, Lucifer barely spared them a glance, instead keeping all his
attention on Chloe. Her Devil truly was changing apparently, she thought with a discreet smile. Her smile of satisfaction widened in spite of herself when she realised that two of those women, who clearly sent her dark looks of jealousy, were the same ones they met in a bar some two weeks ago, the night Lucifer got shot and she discovered his secret. She guessed Lucifer would still have to deal with a lot of such old conquests before their new relationship could be acknowledged by everyone as being serious and unalterable. In the meantime, her patience was certainly about to be tested, but she knew she could do it, even more so if Lucifer continued behaving like there was no one else more important in the world than she.

Lucifer could hardly look away from her. Everything that was happening was so unbelievable. What a lucky bastard he was! She really was his and she loved and accepted everything he was. Who could have thought the Devil could find such happiness in his existence. It was just too good to be true. But true it was and that truth was sinking in even more each passing second, to his greatest amazement.

A wave of fear washed over him suddenly; a fear of losing it all. At the same moment, he remembered that Vasariah had an interest in Chloe and that she might be in danger. Lucifer wasn’t sure what his sibling wanted with her and that not knowing terrified him even more. Certainly it had something to do with the capacity she had displayed at resisting his powers when he attacked her more than a week ago.

Maybe it had been a mistake to come to Lux by the front door after all. Now a bit wary, Lucifer looked around him attentively to assess if there was any imminent threat. No one looked suspicious nor did he sense any celestial being in the vicinity. Everything seemed fine. He brushed his hand over his vest to feel the presence of The Flaming Sword hidden in an inner pocket. At least he had the presence of mind of bringing it with him just in case. He would slay without blinking any demons or angelic brother who could come in his way or threaten Chloe’s life.

His thoughts went back to his Father. It was all His fault! He was the one manipulating him in looking for «The Piece», and by doing so putting Chloe’s life in danger. Worst was, it appeared God might already have decided to have him fail in his task, as Lilim seemed to think so. Could it really be possible that his Dad would benefit from «The Piece» falling into wrong hands? Of course it was possible! It was his Father he was talking about. But what choice did he have in the matter, he couldn’t just not try. There had to be a way to protect humanity without playing by his Father’s rules. And yet, even though God was incontestably the greatest son of a bitch in the universe, Lucifer still had difficulty believing He would want his precious humanity to suffer in order to get what He wanted, whatever that was.

Chloe seemed to notice his change of mood for she squeezed his arm to get his attention. Her beautiful smile brought him back to Earth in an instant and snapped him out of his brooding thoughts.

Her words proved to him that she knew exactly what was going on in that thick head of his. "Tonight is our night My Love! Leave the rest outside. There will be plenty of time to worry later. Okay?"

And just like that, the happiness was back. "You’re right, Love! Too many wonderful moments for us tonight to lose my energy on anyone else than you."

"You’re damn right! And a lot of energy you’ll need to deliver everything you promised me." She teased, even if she had absolutely no doubt he would make her head spin whatever he did.

Once inside, they encountered some groups of people who required the club owner’s attention. Lucifer patiently talked to them, shaking hands and patting shoulders in a friendly manner so as to
make sure all his guests were having a great evening. With each one of them, he took the time to introduce Chloe either as his «Lover», «Life partner», or even as the «Love of his life». He seemed to be testing the different words as if unable to decide which one was the best to define her. Chloe shook hands in return and tried to practice her new role as a host, for it was for sure only the first of many apparitions she would have to make in the future at Lucifer’s side. And come to think of it, she might even have to learn how to manage the place to help him at times.

She couldn’t miss noticing the way those people reacted to her introduction. They definitely looked surprised by the way Lucifer acted with her, probably not used to hearing him talk in such a way about a woman, or seeing him obviously care about anyone, or even to even introduce one of his conquests.

It took them a long moment to reach their destination and at last take their seat at Lucifer’s usual table.

Chloe was glad they didn’t lose any more time going up to the penthouse to bring their belongings there. Lucifer had the great idea to ask Patrick to bring it upstairs for them while they enjoyed themselves down here. She found it very thoughtful of Lucifer to ask for her consent first before giving Patrick their new code for the elevator. It felt strange to have him consult with her before doing something, anything really. She guess it was just the first of many things that were going to change between them. And she liked that very much.

As soon as they got seated, a waiter came to give Lucifer a glass of Whisky and take Chloe’s drink order. Once he left them alone, Chloe snuggled immediately against Lucifer as he laced an arm around her shoulders and kissed her head. She had missed his warmth all evening at the restaurant, seated right in front of him yet unable to touch him like she wanted. They had been so close to each other in the last two weeks that touching him like that had become like second nature. She realised it was the first time they could display their affection in public. A part of her was shy to do it but another part just didn’t care and tonight, the latter won easily.

She looked up at him to meet his gaze of adoration and that’s all it took for her to grab the nape of his neck and bring his head down for a languorous kiss. They enjoyed this intimate moment during a long while, kissing and caressing each other softly, until the waiter came back with her cocktail.

Chloe took a few sips of her tasteful drink. She felt a bit ashamed of making out in public like a teenager, but reminded herself that it was a very special night for them. In fact, now that she thought about it, tonight was in a way the equivalent of both their engagement party and wedding night, or as close as it could ever come to it. Heat went to her cheek at the thought of that said wedding night that awaited her later this evening.

She fingered the key pendant that was now around her neck and that symbolised their new relationship. It was all actually happening. They were now together for better or for worse, she would move in with him and they would pass as long of their lives as they could together. She smiled dreamily before that smile turned into a grimace at the thought of having to tell Maze she would move out of their apartment. The demon certainly wouldn’t be very glad to hear the news.

"Lucifer…" She began hesitantly. "I was thinking about Maze’s reaction when she’ll learn…" But Lucifer cut her off there.

"Already covered, Love!"

"What do you mean, it’s covered?"

"What I mean by that, is that I was planning on offering for Maze to come back here and retake
possession of her old place just below the penthouse." He said smugly.

That would certainly be the perfect solution, thought Chloe. As hopeful as she was that it could come to it, she wasn’t that sure it would be Maze’s first choice. "I have to admit that it looks perfect on paper, but I doubt Maze would be so eager to put aside her newly acquired freedom. Don’t you think?"

"Well, as much as Mazikeen can love that ideal of freedom, I have no doubt she loves Trixie and you even more. Besides, it’s not like she would lose that new freedom of hers by coming back here and she knows it. I released her from her vows so she owes me nothing anymore. She would be living here only as a friend."

He was right, that could work out. "That all sounds so perfect! I would love to still have her close by. I hope she’ll see it that way."

"I’m sure she will! Don’t worry! I’ll make sure everybody is happy about this new development between us." He kissed her nose lovingly to appease her. "The one I’m most unsure about is your daughter." He added as an afterthought.

"Trixie? You’re kidding! She adores you! She’ll no doubt be thrilled about the news."

"Humm…! Maybe at first. Still, can a child be happy living with the Devil in a penthouse above a club? I wonder. Maybe we should move into one of my other estates."

"We can think about that in the future. As for now, I’m perfectly sure we can make a home wherever we want to as long as we are together. And I have to admit that I do love your penthouse. That doesn’t mean we won’t have to make a few adjustments to the place to make it more child’s friendly."

A look of horror painted his face without his being able to control his reaction. "You’re not going to paint my place in pink, are you?"

Chloe busted into laughter, remembering Trixie’s assessment about his distaste of that color. She was certainly not going to point out to him that his aura was apparently full of it since he was in love with her.

"No silly! I don’t want to make big changes. Maybe we could install a door or two around the place for starters. You also should expect for us to mix a few of our things with yours, and to certainly have to repaint the guest room so Trixie would feel like it’s hers. I promise though, no pink whatsoever. Anyway, my daughter has a special liking for clear and dark purple these days. Would that be acceptable for you?"

Lucifer fidgeted a moment in his seat, trying to come to terms with his new reality. He emptied his glass in one shot before making his decision known. "I suppose such a compromise could be acceptable, the darker the color the better."

Chloe felt triumphant. Her Devil was going to be a lot more malleable than she had first feared.

Their nice moment was interrupted by a stunningly beautiful woman that Chloe had never seen before, who joined them and without invitation just pressed herself against Lucifer on his other side.

"Missed me, sexy beast?" She breathed lustily into Lucifer’s ear.

Taken by surprise, Lucifer didn’t have the presence of mind to react before he felt her teeth graze
his earlobe. Only then did he disentangle himself quickly from her as if bitten by a snake.

"Woah! Woah! There!" He tried to keep her at arm’s length once he had successfully pushed her away from him. "Sorry, but this playground is definitely closed darling!"

The woman’s reaction to his warning looked both like annoyance and disbelief.

"Don’t be absurd! You know I don’t mind sharing you with others. Your new friend here can join us anytime of course. She really is a pretty thing!" The woman licked her lips while looking Chloe up and down.

Chloe first planned on letting Lucifer deal with his old conquests and new admirers by himself and not intervene. She certainly never imagined feeling that much annoyed with one of them. To hell with her plans!

"When he says it’s a definite situation, he meant just that! See, Lucifer is now out of the market and should be for at least a lifetime. Furthermore, I am not the sharing type, so I would appreciate greatly if you left us so we could enjoy our evening. Alone!"

Chloe did her best not to smile at the look of utter indignation from the woman who was openly gaping at her.

Lucifer merely shrugged at his past conquest while snuggling Chloe back against him with his arm. "You heard the lady! That’s the way things are now. I hope you’ll enjoy your evening nonetheless. I’m sure someone else can see to most of your needs, if not as well as I would, that is."

Obviously bemused, the woman got out of the seat slowly then turned and walked away without saying another word.

Lucifer forced a smile on his face. "That went well! Wouldn’t you say?"

Chloe was still looking daggers at the woman’s retreating back. She forced herself to look at Lucifer and to soften her hard gaze. "That’s one way to put it." She took a few deep breaths to calm her inner fire. "Actually, it felt quite liberating to turn her down myself. I’m just not sure you would retain many of your customers if I took care of all the people who have a crush on you myself."

Lucifer chuckled. "I would indeed go bankrupt quickly!" That made her laugh too. "More seriously, I’m sorry about that, Love! I would like to say that it won’t happen again, but that would be a lie. I just hope I’ll be able to do a better job at containing the most insistent ones than I just did."

She tried to reassure him of her understanding. "That’s not your fault Lucifer! I know that! That doesn’t make it any less annoying though."

Still, she was well determined not to let that kind of event ruin their wonderful evening. So she resumed drinking her cocktail as if nothing out of the ordinary just happened.

Lucifer nodded sheepishly. He thought he should have handled the whole situation a lot better. Chloe seemed very understanding though, for now at least. Would that still be true after the fifth one, or the tenth? He winced at the thought. That wouldn’t do at all! That would ruin the mood for sure. Maybe he should have brought her at another club for the evening. Come to think of it, the same thing would probably have happen anywhere in this city.

After a moment of brooding, he came to the conclusion that he should probably be more proactive
in letting everyone know that his heart was taken for good and that he only had eyes for her from now on. A devious plan crossed his mind and he looked at Chloe wolfishly.

"What?" She asked, half intrigued-half hesitant to ask, suspecting she might not like what the answer to that might be.

"I just had the most efficient idea there is to show them all how much I am enticed by you and that no one else matters anymore."

The sinful way he looked at her and said it sent shivers down her spine.

"Lucifer…!" She said in warning. She feared there was no way this could end well.

Then he raised his hand for her to take and follow him.

"What?" Her voice was high pitch in disbelief. "You’re not gonna make a statement or something, are you?"

"Way better than that!" He assured her, looking exactly like the Devil he was. Seeing that her hesitation was now bordering on panic, he pushed a little by adding what he thought to be a winner. "Do you trust me, Love?"

Why did he have to play the trust card? That wasn’t fair! No! No! No! No! No! She was not going to fall for that! And yet… She did trust him.

She finally took his hand and rose up with him. "You better not make me regret this Lucifer Morningstar!" She warned him somberly.

His smug jubilant smile already made her start to regret it. "On the contrary Love, I suspect you might even enjoy this."

He intertwined their fingers and kept her close to him while walking through the mass of people that was parting before them as if by magic.

She realised quickly that he was leading her to the dance floor.

Panic started to fill her. "You’re not serious! You want to dance to make a statement? You now I’m not good at dancing." Worst was, she knew there was no way out of this for her now.

Lucifer stopped them in the middle of the dance floor. Looking down at her with a rare intensity, he said in the most serious way. "Believe me My Love, this body knows how to dance! Just follow my lead."

And with that, he spun her around slowly. When she came back around, Lucifer held her close, with one hand holding one of hers at shoulder’s height, and the other around her waist. Chloe reach behind him to rest her other hand over his upper back.

He started moving his hips slowly, very slowly, in a languorous and sexy way that made her breathing quicken. Never lifting his gaze from hers, he led her with his hands and his whole body, setting the pace that was easily a quarter of the beat of the music playing. They were now so close to each other that she could feel the heat coming off him, and his body brushing softly and sensually against her most sensitive parts. She felt heat pooling rapidly in her lower abdomen at the head spinning sensation. A little moan even escaped her lips without her consent.

She expected Lucifer to chuckle at her reaction but instead he just kept looking at her in a most
entranced way. She instantly got swept away by the intensity of his loving gaze. She surprisingly
got the rhythm way more easily than she had thought possible. It even felt familiar. She soon
understood what was so familiar about dancing that way with him.

It was like making love to him! And that, she knew how to do!

They kept dancing that way, never breaking eye contact. Her heart swelled with a burning love
when she understood at last what Lucifer meant when he said it would be more than a statement. In
that very moment, all his walls were down leaving his soul completely bare to her and to everyone
else to see what she meant to him, how he was totally devoted to her. No statement could have
been clearer than that. Anyone with eyes could see how much Lucifer Morningstar was in love
with her.

People around did indeed seem to have eyes for she could now notice that space had been made
around them. Furthermore, not a single woman had tried yet to get Lucifer’s attention. That had to
be a first!

When the next song started, she realized the DJ was now playing a love song with a slow rhythm.
No doubt that he’d caught onto his Boss’ intentions and mood.

Overwhelmed by the intensity of the moment, Chloe brought her free hand to grasp the back of his
neck and bring him closer still. She rubbed her cheek and nose softly against his face and neck to
feel him even more. Eyes now half closed, she could feel his hand caressing her back and going all
the way down to her upper thigh and up again in a slow languorously way that was making her
head spin with lust. When she brushed her lips over his, not quite kissing him, she felt his whole
body shiver against hers.

It was far from being her style to make out on a dance floor in front of strangers but if they
continued rubbing at each other like that she might just lose it altogether. As if Lucifer had just
reached that same conclusion, she felt him disengage slightly from her embrace. An undignified
moan left her lips at the loss of his body.

She soon realized he was not stopping their dance but instead was circling around to get a hold of
her from behind with his hands spread wide over her lower belly and hips, his body grinding
against hers. She whimpered in spite of herself at the feel of his arousal pushing against her lower
back and at the animalistic growl he made when he buried his head in her hair close to her ear. Her
breathing hitched up another notch.

Chloe grasped his hips from behind and did her best to follow his lead once again. She was proud
to see that she got back the rhythm of the dance in no time. Then she felt Lucifer gently push her
hair behind her shoulder to have better access to her neck, where he ghosted his lips tantalizingly
from her ear to her collarbone, relishing in her smell and in the little shivers he was creating in her
body. Chloe soon forgot everything around her as she leant her head against his shoulder and
surrendered to the feel of him and of his lips over her skin.

She wasn’t sure how long they danced like that, lost in each other. At some point, she came back to
her senses, realizing they had to be putting on quite a show. She chanced a nervous glance around
to discover a stunned audience, with many mouths agape and looks of building lust. The few
couples that had not stopped dancing to watch them were dancing heatedly, leaving most of the
place to them.

Now very self-conscious, Chloe stopped rolling her hips against Lucifer and turned around slowly
to put her arms around his neck. Her Devil didn’t skip a beat and enlaced her around the waist to
bring her flush against him. They resumed moving in a quiet swaying, both apparently still
reluctant to end that wonderful moment.

Chloe lifted her eyebrows as to indicate their audience. "I guess the message has been received loud and clear! Don’t you think?"

Lucifer chuckled joyfully. "Indeed! Even I didn’t think it would be this effective. But truthfully, I think they must be more in awe at your beauty and grace than anything else."

She beamed at him. "You charmer!" But she did feel indeed very sexy while dancing with him so lasciviously.

She saw Lucifer make a sign to the DJ before he turned his gaze back to her. "Ready to have some fun Love?"

She looked at him questioningly then quickly understood what he meant when pop music from the 90s started. From there, they forgot once more about everyone around and just had fun dancing happily together, stealing a kiss from time to time, smiling and laughing all the way during close to an hour. To Chloe’s greatest relief, not a soul came to interrupt them. At some point they had to stop to go get a drink and take a break.

After they had the chance to relax a bit, Patrick came to ask Lucifer if he would sing tonight. Lucifer seemed about to refuse, clearly annoyed by the interruption. Chloe didn’t have the same opinion on the subject though.

"You should go Lucifer! I’d love to hear you sing. I always like listening to you."

He was clearly surprised. "Really? In that case, I better not disappoint you, Love!"

He took her hand to lead her to the piano where she took a place right in front of him, leaning slightly on the instrument with her drink in hand. The lights dimmed, the music stopped and soon everybody fell silent and gathered around the club owner to listen.

He played a few love songs, singing along with that angelic voice of his. It became rapidly clear to everyone that he was singing only for her. She thought she should be a little ill at ease at all the attention directed at her, but she was not. His sweet and intense gaze kept her focused only on him the whole time. He rarely broke eye contact with her, only from time to time to reposition his hands on the keys, probably more out of habit than out of need.

When he paused for a brief moment at the end of a song and sent her an enigmatic little smile, she knew he was up to something. Then his hands started playing again. It took her a moment to recognise the melody and longer for him to start singing the lyrics. By the way he looked at her she understood the song had to be very meaningful to him. She knew and loved the song of course and yet she wasn’t sure if she’d ever taken real notice of its meaning.

Then he started signing.

"Heart beats fast
Colors and promises
How to be brave
How can I love when I'm afraid to fall
But watching you stand alone
All of my doubt, suddenly goes away somehow

One step closer..."
She understood right away that he meant every last one of the words he was signing with passion, as if it had been written for him. Then he got to the chorus and her heart cried...

"I have died everyday, waiting for you
Darling, don't be afraid, I have loved you for a thousand years
I'll love you for a thousand more…"

She could feel all the truth behind those words, all the emotion Lucifer felt at singing them to her. Tears started to gather rapidly in her eyes at the raw emotion she experienced.

She tried nonetheless to stay focus on those more than significant lyrics that threatened to overwhelm her.

"Time stands still
Beauty in all she is
I will be brave
I will not let anything, take away
What's standing in front of me
Every breath, every hour has come to this

One step closer…"

She didn’t doubt for a second that he would indeed do whatever necessary to protect her and for them to stay together for ever. She missed a couple verses after that, lost in thoughts and emotions she couldn’t control until he approached the end of the song and repeated the main chorus.

"I have died everyday, waiting for you
Darling, don't be afraid, I have loved you for a thousand years
I'll love you for a thousand more

And all along I believed, I would find you
Time has brought your heart to me, I have loved you for a thousand years
I'll love you for a thousand more"

The song could indeed have been written just for him. Yes! She knew for a certainty that Lucifer’s love for her could literally last forever, well after she passed away and went to the Silver City and then reincarnated into other lives, very possibly without him who would be left mourning perhaps for thousands of years until he found her again. Her heart ached at the thought of what he was willing to go through to be with her for what only seemed to be the length of a heartbeat for an immortal like him. No wonder he had been so afraid to fall in love with a human. But he was apparently determined to face that fear and what was to come in order to be with her now. Chloe promised herself to make it worth his while.

He dragged the melody a little longer, playing deftly over the keys. She knew him enough to observe that he looked as much moved by what he just sang than she herself felt, even if he was doing his best to hide it.
The song ended in a chorus of applause. They locked eyes once more, and he smiled shyly at her, as if unsure how to act now that he had bared his soul to her.

The lighting changed and the people returned to their dancing. Slowly, Lucifer got up and walked to her. They both had unshed tears in their eyes when they embraced and leant their foreheads against each other.

It was visibly hard for him to talk. "A thousand years doesn’t even come close to how long I will love you!" He whispered.

Her grip around him tightened. "I know Baby! I know!" She barely managed to answer as a few tears escaped her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

She buried her face in the crook of his neck and they held each other this way for a long moment, swaying slowly to the beat of the music. When she looked up at him again, their lips met softly in a loving and sweet kiss that carried all the love they felt for each other.

After that, they went back to their table for one last drink. Actually, Lucifer took a last Bourbon while Chloe sipped at a glass of water. She had been very careful with alcohol all evening, especially at the restaurant, never quite finishing any of her drinks but making a point of sampling each one of them nonetheless. She had tasted some amazing stuff tonight! However, she made sure to keep her head clear for what was to come later in the bedroom. She knew their night was just starting, really, and she was getting more and more eager to actually get to that part. Their lascivious dancing from earlier and then Lucifer’s declarations at the piano had left her craving for his body and his touch.

She snuggled up even closer against her lover and rested her head on his shoulder, caressing his torso over his cloths, while he sipped at his drink, literally purring with contentment. Why did he have so much clothing? She wondered in annoyance. She started nuzzling his neck and kissed her way to his earlobe, taking it between her teeth to nibble and suck at insistently. Lucifer’s reaction was immediate.

He growled deeply and stopped drinking at once. Gathering her in his arms, he quickly founds her lips that he plundered shamelessly. That’s all it took for her to lose control and half climb onto his lap to get some needed friction.

"Bloody Hell! Aren’t you a lusty little thing?" He managed between kisses.

She answered him with a growl of her own, still kissing any patch of skin she could reach.

"Aaagrr!" He shuddered more than really talked, under her stroking that was getting dangerously close to his most sensitive parts. "I take it you’re ready for part three of the evening then?"

"Humm!" She breathed in his hear. "I’m not sure yet what we now are to each other since there is no official way to call it, but I believe this very special union of ours could benefit from a proper consummation. Don’t you think?"

He turned her head with his fingers under her chin to lock eyes with her, all serious. "You’re right, there is no official title for what you mean to me. But you, Chloe Decker, are the «Love of my existence», my «Soulmate»! And you shall remain for the rest of eternity!"

She smiled adoringly and voiced the word tentatively. "«Soulmates»! That sounds just right!"

Then he licked his lips devilishly. "As for consummation, I’m not exactly sure but it should require a lot of it."
She bit her lower lip enticingly. "Better be thorough then!"

Lucifer kissed her with passion one last time for good measure. "Time to end this show and start our own private one upstairs, Love."

That made her blush furiously. She admitted that the way she had been behaving with him was not very dignifying, to say the least. Lucifer was making her lose all her inhibitions apparently. They for sure had been giving quite a show to whoever wanted to watch.

She rose up and pulled him up with her. "Come on! It’s past time we go intertwine those souls!"

Both grinning happily, they made their way hand in hand as fast as they could through the mass of customers. Chloe was already pressing up against his body and kissing him hungrily by the time the elevator’s doors opened to let them in. Lucifer didn’t have the chance to show her the new security system properly for she barely let him punch in the code for the penthouse, too focused was she on taking off his belt and unbuttoning his trousers.

Once the cabin started moving, Lucifer pushed her against a wall and grinded himself against her, making them both moan loudly.

"Bloody Hell! Chloe! I was planning on taking my time to devour you tonight. You are making it harder and harder for me to control myself." He was visibly panting by now.

"Good! Because I don’t plan on waiting any longer to have you in me. I had enough teasing as it is. We’ll have all night to take it slow afterwards. I promise!" She was already pushing his pants and boxers down, never stopping her kissing and licking of his mouth and neck.

Without any reason left to keep himself in check, Lucifer let a bestial growl escape. He pulled Chloe’s dress up to her waist, then ripped her panties to pieces with both hands, leaving her bare and open to him.

Now in an almost delirious state of excitement, Chloe ended up pinned to the wall with her legs hooked around the waist of a nearly out of control Devil who was pounding relentlessly inside her. Despite their state of extreme arousal and lust for each other, the dominant feelings at the moment were above all else love and passion. What they were sharing right now could never be mistaken for sex. It was «Soul bounding»!

From his vantage point, a man was watching attentively as the elevator’s doors closed behind the fallen angel and his consort. He savored another sip of his Whisky. Humm! He didn’t remember it tasting so good. Maybe he should come for a visit more often…

For anyone who saw the tastefully dressed man leisurely drinking alone at his table, he would have passed at first glance for a well-mannered Middle-East individual in his fifties, with nothing much out of the ordinary. And yet, there was nothing ordinary about that being.

Thinking back about Lucifer and his new girlfriend and the state they seemed to be in when they entered that elevator, he had no doubt that they would never make it to the penthouse before surrendering to their passion. It was obvious to everyone, and most of all to him, how enticed those two were by each other.

The man sighed dejectedly.

He had watched them all evening to try and determine what kind of relationship those two shared. After having heard all kinds of rumours about them in the last weeks, most of them preposterous,
he decided to come and see for himself. To say that he was surprised by what he discovered was an understatement.

Who could have foreseen that those two would one day bond so strongly? Well, he supposed if anyone should have seen it coming, it was he. And yet, what were the chances? Chloe Decker had served her purpose beyond his wildest dreams, but now, that unexpected love story was threatening to make all his hopes and dreams fall apart. It would assuredly be more difficult to separate them than he had first thought.

Unless…

Raising up with a new determination, God emptied his glass of Whisky in one swallow.

Time to think of a plan B!

Chapter End Notes

Surprise! Surprise! God has plans and is still making them. That was one of the last fluff and smut you’ll get, because now the action is about to get started for real and it won’t stop until the end. What do you think of this chapter? Please let me know! I crave comments! Thanks for reading!

PS: The song Lucifer sang is A Thousand Years, by Christina Perri. It really is the perfect song for them. Listen to it and your heart will cry like Chloe’s did.
Eyes closed, Chloe softly caressed his hair and neck. This was pure bliss! To linger in bed with him, to touch him so, and to be touched and kissed all over her body in such a loving way. How could she have lived without that for so long, without him, and think that the life she had was good enough? It eluded her. All she knew was that she could never go back to who she was before him. Not only did she feel more complete with Lucifer, but also as if she could only now, for the first time in her life, fully be herself.

She opened her eyes and looked down at him. - He seemed completely absorbed in slowly kissing and licking her belly as if wanting to taste every part of her while his hands were traveling across her body tenderly. It sent sparks of pleasure through her entire body along with a sense of utter peace. He wasn’t insistent in any way though, seemingly conscious of her extreme state of exhaustion at the moment.

She was still basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking, trying to recuperate. Well, to tell the truth it wasn’t that this first slow and tender intercourse of the new day had beaten her as much as the ten times or so before that, that had taken place throughout their wonderful night of pleasure and bonding.

Last night had been outstandingly memorable! Lucifer wasn’t exaggerating when he said that her expectations would be raised to a whole new level. The things he had done to her, the way he’d made her feel, moan, and beg for more. She never knew such everlasting pleasure and wanton need even existed. She could still feel the constant fire in her center that never left her since he first laid hands on her last night. Her insatiability had even rivaled that of the Devil, even though her stamina could never compete with his. With everything that happened last night, she had definitely lost count of the number of Blissful Memories they shared since she started her list less than a week ago. Too bad for her BM list!

After their intense coupling in the elevator, they had barely paused in their bonding, stopping just for a moment to eat something in the middle of the night. Their lovemaking had been at times lustful and rough, at other times slow and tender or playful and full of laughter. They had only slept a few hours after making sweet love one last time while watching the sun rise from the outside pool on the terrace. When she saw the damn of this new day, it felt to her as if it was the beginning of a new life. A new life with Lucifer. A life that would certainly compare to nothing she could
ever imagine.

A little moan escaped her lips at the feel of him and at the realization that moments such as this one would no doubt become her daily reality. It was just too good to be true! And yet, nothing ever felt so real and true. She grinned in happiness. They would soon live together and she would wake up every morning by his side. In a moment of awareness, she looked around and took in the bedroom that would soon become hers, theirs. It would take some getting used to, but she was certain that her adaptation would be easy.

She wondered, though, if Trixie would adapt as easily as herself to their new reality. Would it disturb her even more than she already was with everything that happened to her lately or would it on the contrary help her feel safer? Of what Linda said following her session with Beatrice a few days back, her daughter was afraid, even though she did her best not to show it. Afraid of Vasariah and his demons, afraid of being attacked again, afraid of losing a loved one. Furthermore, her little girl apparently had a recurrent nightmare in which she was attacked by the new ruler of Hell. How Linda had been able to gain her daughter’s trust so quickly was a complete mystery to her, but Trixie had successfully opened up and shared her worst fears with the therapist.

They had been very careful about what they said in front of her about demons, but even so Trixie already knew a lot about the menace. But how could that have been otherwise since her daughter needed to be aware of it to make sure she would stay alert to detect in time any demonic auras approaching her. What could anyone say to a child to appease that kind of fear when the threat was far from imaginary? She had no idea, but hoped Linda could help her deal with it. She could only hope that once the threat was definitely dealt with, her daughter could at last start to heal. She knew Trixie felt safe with Lucifer and that she trusted him completely so hopefully living in the Devil’s lair might help her feel safer.

The Devil’s lair…

Something about the expression triggered her memory, as if her mind was trying to make an important connection. She recognized the sensation that always came over her when about to piece together a particularly difficult case at work. She sharpened her mind to try and remember in which situation Lucifer referred to his place as being the Devil’s lair.

Then it all came together!

She stilled and her eyes grew wide with excitement. "Lucifer…"

"What, Love? Did I just find another orgasmic spot?" He asked suavely.

"No! That’s not what I mean, I think we’ve got it all wrong!"

"That’s not what you said last night…” He playfully countered, now applying open mouthed kisses further down her belly in direction of more sensitive areas.

She tried to lift his head with her hands to make him look at her and distract him from his goal. "I’m serious Lucifer! I was thinking…”

He finally raised his head and propped himself up on his elbows. "What? We’ve barely been together for two weeks and you already think about something else when I’m touching you? I’m hurt!" He sounded quite offended.

"No! I wasn’t! Well, maybe a bit, but to my defense I was first thinking about you, about us, and our future here together with Trixie." He seemed dubious of her explanation. "Then a thought
crossed my mind about what you said of this place being the Devil’s lair and how it was the best place to hide a celestial object."

He looked really confused. "I remember… But what does it have to do with my ability to please you?"

"Nothing at all! Lucifer, focus!" Her exhaustion now completely forgotten, she sat up suddenly, irritated by his one tracked mind, even though that line of thought was usually quite pleasurable. "I think we’ve got it all wrong with the search for «The Piece»."

"Oh! That’s what we’re talking about?" He still looked a bit lost, having clearly a hard time wrapping his head around the conversation.

She tried to contain her exasperation. Her mind was in overdrive. "Yes! We have been looking for places with negative energy strong enough to hide «The Piece», energy that would have been created by very horrible events such as accidents and killings. But, what if it wasn’t hidden by the energy of such an event, but by a being, like you? Could there be a being who diffuses such strong energy and who could have been instructed to protect «The Piece»?"

Lucifer was now all ears and serious. "There certainly could be…" He said slowly. Thoughts were swirling in his head at all the possibilities. "Actually, any being from Hell could produce such energy, like demons and other creatures of darkness." He sat up straight, eyes wide. "Bloody Hell! How could I have missed that? Uriel was already working with Vasariah at the time of his death, so he could have brought any kind of infernal being up here to hide «The Piece» and guard it. We’ve been searching for the wrong thing all that time!"

Chloe’s mind was already one step ahead. "Is there a difference in the energy signature of an infernal creature? Can you find it more easily than a place filled with negative energy?"

Lucifer grimaced. "Not really! Negative energy feels the same whatever the source, only the strength of it varies. However, if there is really a beast guarding it, it would need to feed, but I don’t remember hearing anything about gruesome murders or sightings of strange beasts around the city."

Chloe’s eyes suddenly lit up. "Maybe you haven’t but I might have!"

"What do you mean?"

"A few months back … come to think of it, it was right after you went all suicidal with that sniper. So it must have been right after Uriel’s death. The caretaker of a cemetery was found dead, half eaten by what appeared to be a very big dog or something of the kind, according to the bite marks and the tracks left."

"And why did I never hear of it?" He sounded a bit resentful.

Chloe looked sheepish. "Because I didn’t call you. After the case with the sniper, I thought it judicious to leave you be for a moment, to give you time to sort things out. So I treated the case by myself. In fact I didn’t work on it for very long because we discovered right away that the dead guy died of a heart attack and was half eaten only after death. So it wasn’t even an animal kill. That’s the only reason we were able to contain the information and prevent it from leaking to the news, which would assuredly have start a panic for no reason. The case was rapidly passed on to other instances. Police patrols kept an eye out for stray dogs for weeks, but never found or heard of anything big, even though a lot of pets were apparently reported missing in the vicinity afterwards."
To Chloe’s relief, Lucifer let slip the fact that she didn’t call him for that case, concentrating instead on those new clues.

"A heart attack you say… The guy could certainly have freaked out at seeing an infernal beast or a demon and die right on the spot. What is strange though is that this beast seems not to have attacked other humans after tasting it, but instead fed off pets to survive. If that’s really what we are after, it suggests that it is more intelligent than the average, or that it is controlled by a more intelligent demonic being. I can think of a few creatures with big dog-like tracks, but none of them are strong enough in energy to hide a celestial artefact all by itself even with the vibes of a cemetery to help it. We might be facing more than one being after all."

"Great! Hellish creatures here on Earth." Chloe shivered at the thought. But at least they had a lead.

"And you say it happened in a cemetery?"

"Yes, a very old one. There isn’t even a church left on the place. I think it burned a few decades ago."

"If it’s old enough, it might have crypts underneath. The perfect place for creatures to hide."

Chloe tried to picture the place in her mind. "I think I may have seen a few crypts entrances, now that you mention it."

"Where did you say that cemetery was?"

Chloe concentrated to try and remember the exact location, then it came back to her. "Oh! Shit! It was just a few blocks away from Uriel’s hotel! That can’t be a coincidence. It has to be it!"

Lucifer bounced up and was already looking for his clothes. Chloe brought him back to Earth. "Lucifer! We can’t risk starting a fight with creatures from Hell in the middle of the day in a cemetery where anyone could walk in at any time. It’s a very populated area. We’ll have to wait for tonight to confront whatever is hidden there. Let’s not rush into this, we have to be prepared. First, we should call Maze and Amenadiel to get backup. Then we could go check the perimeter before barging in."

Lucifer looked restless. "I know you must be right, but we have to go there as soon as possible and make sure Vasariah’s team doesn’t get there before us. We need to secure the place. Vasariah must already know that something is guarding the place, but at least he can’t have heard about the strange death. Still, with the cemetery being so close to Uriel’s last location, the demons could stumble upon it by chance. I can’t take any risk."

"Ok! We’ll make it quick but we have to prepare ourselves a little; take a shower for starters, eat something, and get some much needed material to possibly break in and go underground. We could be there for hours before we can make a move and we don’t know how long it will take to find it."

Chloe saw that her reasoning was getting to him even if he didn’t like having to restrain himself.

"Ok! We’ll do as you say. I’ll call Amenadiel and have him and Daniel meet us there. Maze will have to watch over Trixie though." He grimaced. "She is not gonna like that!"

He felt nothing at first, no dark energy, no strange vibe, but that in itself was the strangest thing. By definition, any cemetery had its own amount of negative energy. Apparently not this one. The only explanation Lucifer could think of was that Uriel had somehow succeeded in almost perfectly...
balancing the amount of negative energy needed to hide «The Piece».

The cemetery was huge, with many old trees and pretty paths bordered by flowers that went from one area to the next. It actually looked more like a park than a cemetery. A little crew were taking care of the flower beds here and there and people were walking or jogging around just to enjoy the view and the peacefulness of the place. Only a very few looked to be actually visiting tombs. Chloe had been right, they would not be able to make a real move until dark.

In the meantime, they were at least able to scout the place to find the most possible location of «The Piece». They split up, Dan and Amenadiel who’d joined them not long ago had gone to check the eastern side while Chloe and Lucifer went west. There actually were quite a few crypts scattered around the cemetery, so they concentrated their search around them.

The lack of energy vibes had Lucifer on edge. He felt as if anything could come creeping around the corner and attack them without his sensing it. It was quite disturbing. He made sure that Chloe stayed close to him the whole time. If he could not keep her out of this at least he would make sure to protect her.

The first few crypts Lucifer and Chloe explored from the outside, because they were all securely locked down and therefore inaccessible, did not feel or look suspicious in anyways. When they reached the farthest part of the cemetery however, Lucifer started feeling… something.

It started faint, as a little prickling over his skin. Like a hound having caught on a scent, Lucifer veered north and walked warily towards the strange sensation that increased with each step. The more he approached the source of the vibe, the clearer it got. The faint prickling transformed slowly into a creepy sensation that enveloped him and made the hair on his arms stand up. Even nature itself seemed to feel it, for there were no birds singing in this area, nor any squirrels playing or chirping.

Through his state of extreme awareness, Lucifer was conscious that Chloe was following him close by in silence, her hand now on her holster hidden underneath her coat. She certainly had caught onto his change of attitude but was keeping herself from distracting him, slipping easily into her role of partner ready to protect his back.

He smelled it before he even saw the crypt appear through the trees. That smell of death and decay, too faint for humans to detect, but unmistakable to the Devil who had lived in it for thousands of years.

He stopped his advance some distance away to circle the crypt slowly and try to detect any sign of life.

Chloe whispered behind him. "I take it we’ve found the place?"

Beyond the feel of dark energy, he could now detect the unmistakable vibe of celestial power. As much as the celestial vibe was masked by the hellish energy, Lucifer could still feel it. Hell! He could almost see it now!

It was powerful!

He answered her as if in a trance. "Undoubtedly!"

He started walking slowly towards the crypt, as if drawn to it.

Chloe stopped him by gripping his wrist tightly. "What are you doing Lucifer? Take a look around!"
His attention drawn back, he swept his gaze over the place to discover some people walking on this side of the cemetery. There was even a woman pruning hedges close to the crypt.

He sort of found back his senses. "Alright! I’ll try not to make myself suspicious. I just want to walk around it to assess the situation. Please stay here. I don’t want to take unnecessary risks just now."

Chloe nodded before releasing his wrist. Understanding that she would look suspicious standing still, she decided to sit down lazily on the grass as if just enjoying the day. From her position, she could see the wooden door of the old crypt. She watched as Lucifer went around the crypt and emerged back into view on the other side. He looked like a tensed predator ready to bounce on his prey. Very discrete, Lucifer! She thought, smirking. She checked rapidly to make sure nobody was taking notice of her prowling partner, but apparently, no one was interested in what he was doing, for now. He stopped a few seconds in front of the door then came back to join her.

He sat down beside her with a dangerous look in his eyes. "It’s in there! I don’t know what it is, but it has made a den of this place. The padlock is broken but still in place, probably to make sure not to draw attention. Still, it is possible for whatever is inside to come and go as it wants. We’ll have to keep an eye on this door until we can go in tonight."

They called Amenadiel and Dan to have the two join them to keep a watch on the crypt. They passed the rest of the day walking the cemetery or sitting close to the creature’s den to make sure no demon would get inside before them. But they saw none.

As soon as Daniel got the chance, not long after the beginning of their wait, he slipped away, having pretended he needed to pee. Once far enough from the others, he took his cell phone out and made a call.

Someone answered after the tenth ring. "Espinoza! You better have good news for me!"

Dan looked around nervously to make sure his friends would not hear what he was about to say. "I do! It’s in a crypt north-west of St-Edwards Abbey Cemetery. We are there watching the entrance, so you’ll have to teleport inside or something. We won’t go in before dark so it leaves you time enough to find it."

"Are you sure it’s in there?" The voice asked.

"Lucifer is certain of it, he sensed it."

"Good job Espinoza! I will not forget your help. You will have your reward. Tell me, who else is with you?"

Dan was taken aback by the question for a second, not sure he should answer him, but the angel would certainly discover it if he lied to him. "Aside from Lucifer, there’s Chloe and Amenadiel. But you promised me you wouldn’t hurt Chloe or myself and that no one would get killed."

"No reason for it to turn out otherwise." The angel assured him. Then the line went dead.

Dan sighed deeply. He was shaking from head to toe. What the Hell did he just do? There was no turning back now. He had done what was necessary to keep his family safe. He would have to live with the consequences now. He waited a moment until his hands stopped shaking before returning back to his friends.

In the beginning of the evening, after they ate some take-out that Amenadiel and Dan brought back, Lucifer started noticing that Daniel seemed almost as tired as Chloe looked. Thinking back
on the date Daniel had scheduled with Charlotte the previous night, the Devil just hoped the
detective’s tiredness couldn’t be explained by the same reason as Chloe’s.

Quite disturbed by the idea but too curious to resist, Lucifer joined Daniel who was seated against
a tree trunk. Standing up in front of the detective, he probed him. "Well! Well! Daniel! Don’t you
have a little secret you should share with me?"

Daniel paled noticeably and looked like he was about to be lynched. "What? I have no idea what
you’re talking about!"

"Oh! Come on Daniel! Weren’t you with my mother last night? And by the look of it you certainly
didn’t come back home before midnight." He put in suggestively while trying to keep his
resentments in check.

"Oooh! That’s what you meant…" Daniel seemed almost relieved by Lucifer’s subject of inquiry.

How strange! Lucifer would have expect Daniel to get angry at him for asking, certainly not to
look relieved to share about it.

Daniel continued with a big smile. "Indeed I had a great night with Charlotte. But I came back to
sleep at Chloe’s, if that’s what you’re worrying about. However, I did visit her new apartment," he
added with a wink.

Lucifer’s face fell and a dark shadow covered his gaze. "Remember what we talked about
respecting my mother, Daniel. I’ll keep an eye on you!"

With that the Devil left a brooding Daniel to think back on his sins.

Around 9 pm, they got kicked out by the caretaker who closed the gates of the cemetery for the
night. The group took position at the western wall from where they continued to keep an eye on the
crypt. It was only when darkness fell on the city that they finally climbed over the wall.

The night was deepening rapidly in the moonless twilight as they advanced cautiously toward the
dark crypt. Everything was quiet, except for the sound of the wind howling through the trees and
the creaking of the dead branches under their feet.

Lucifer walked in front beside Amenadiel, the Devil holding his unlit sword while the angel held
onto one of Maze’s dagger. Chloe and Daniel took the rear, guns at the ready. Both detectives
knew that they should resort to shooting only as a last resort in such a neighborhood where people
lived only a few yards away from the graveyard, yet they needed a means to protect themselves in
case things went downhill.

Chloe could feel and hear her rapid heartbeat pulsing in her temples. She would have liked to put it
down to tiredness alone, but the truth was, she was afraid. Even without the ability to detect
energy, she couldn’t miss sensing this eerie vibe that crept under her skin as they were moving
in the direction of the den. Something dark and otherworldly lived down there and she wasn’t sure
to be ready to face it. Be that as it may, she wasn’t about to leave Lucifer to fight it without her.
Not that he didn’t try to dissuade her, of course, but she would have none of it. Where he went, she
went too. That was the way things were now and they both accepted that fact.

Lucifer’s whole body tensed as he put his hand on the handle, ready to open the old wooden door.
The dark energy felt even stronger than before. "Be ready for anything!" He warned them darkly.

Then he opened the door and everything went to Hell!
A growling mass of fur jumped out of the shadows from inside the crypt and attacked Amenadiel who cried out in pain as he landed on the ground, wrestling with the beast that had its teeth around his neck. From the corner of his eye, Lucifer saw another shadow move from where the first beast came out, seemingly about to jump at them too. But the Devil was ready when it tried to bounce over his head as if to reach Chloe. In a moment of lucidity, instead of slicing it in half, Lucifer hit the beast with the flat of his sword that was now pulsing with an angry red glow. At the same moment, he heard the beast fighting with Amenadiel howl in agony.

It took Lucifer only a fraction of a second to think of a course of action. "Arsht Nhâb Maïkums!" His voice thundered commandingly.

Immediately, the second wolf-like beast that was already back on its legs a few meters away, cowered on the ground in front of the Devil, as if trying to make itself less threatening. Chloe and Daniel now had their guns pointed at it and were without a doubt about to shoot the creature.

Lucifer stopped them quickly. "Don’t shoot! It won’t harm you now."

After checking that the beast indeed kept still on the ground, snout hidden between its front paws and whimpering in fright, and that the humans were in control of themselves, Lucifer turned back to his bleeding brother. Amenadiel was busy pushing the enormous dead beast over and getting from under it. Maze’s dagger could be seen jutting out from the beast’s skull. The angel stood up precariously on his legs while gripping tightly at his bleeding neck.

"Damn it! It tore my throat open!" Complained the dark angel.

Lucifer approached his brother and pushed his hand away from the wound to evaluate the damages. "Don’t be such a baby! It’s just a little bite!"

"What? A little bite? I’m bleeding to death!" The angel countered, voice high pitch in disbelief. There really was a lot of blood.

Lucifer rolled his eyes. "You are such a whiner! I was gutted by Michael and did you hear me complain even for a second?"

Amenadiel went dead silent at that. He pressed back his right hand over the wound to stop the bleeding without voicing another complaint. That seemed to satisfy Lucifer.

Chloe’s hands were shaking around her gun still pointed at the monstrous creature that was whining like a dog. But it wasn’t a dog, far from it. The brown beast had more the shape and looks of a werewolf, with at least twice the height and weight of the biggest dog she ever saw and a furnished dark mane covering its back. Its long strong fangs reminded her more that of a lion then of a dog. But above all, it was its red glowing eyes that were most destabilising.

Chloe felt Lucifer put a gentle hand over her arm to lower her aim slowly. She complied without resistance, too stunned to do anything else. Beside her, Daniel followed her lead by lowering his gun too. He looked paler, visibly shocked by the event and by the sight of the beast.

Lucifer shook him out of it. "Daniel! Keep your gun pointed at the door to cover us in case something else comes out of it." Dan executed his command right away with shaking hands, doing his best to tear his gaze away from the hellish creature.

Chloe’s eyes were wide in disbelief and fright. "What the Hell is that?" She asked in a whisper, never lifting her eyes from the thing.

"It’s a Hellhound! The best tracking device ever created." Answered the Devil calmly.
Lucifer walked slowly to the beast with a dark presence about him. He looked down at it like a monarch assessing his subject. The Hellhound seemed about to dig itself underground to escape the Devil’s wrath. The Lord of Hell lowered himself to its level to look at it in the eyes, then slowly reached to caress its head with his hand.

The beast ceased its whimpering and fidgeting instantly, instead starting to emit a low growling that sounded almost like a purr. It closed its eyes and fell to its side in complete submission. Lucifer continued caressing the dirty fur of the Hellhound, scratching it behind its ears and under its snout, even under its belly. Once satisfied of his hold over the beast, Lucifer stood back up.

Amenadiel didn’t like at all where all this was apparently going. "Tell me you’re not really thinking about keeping that thing? It could turn on us anytime!"

"Of course I’m keeping it! And it would never turn on me, its rightful master, or on anyone I instruct it to protect. Hellhounds are most loyal creatures, and very intelligent ones at that, even if they have a tendency to follow their hunting instinct. Doom here recognised me instantly. Didn’t you Doomy? Good dog!" Lucifer complimented the Hellhound warmly. It wagged its tail happily at the praise.

"It even has a name? I can’t believe this! It’s a dangerous hellish beast that has nothing to do here on Earth." At the harsh words directed at it, the beast growled menacingly at the angel who reacted immediately. "See? It doesn’t like me! It’s gonna tear me apart!"

"Of course it doesn’t like you! You’re an angel and Hellhounds were first created to track down celestial beings, among other things. They are designed to hate angels. Which is probably why the other one attacked you first. Maybe it even thought that you were a menace to me." Lucifer narrowed his eyes suspiciously at Chloe. "Come to think of it, Chloe’s celestial touch might even have been sensed by Doom." He looked inquiringly in turn at Chloe then at the hound, and back at her again, as if trying to see what the beast might have discerned in his lover.

Chloe fidgeted self-consciously at the scrutiny. She didn’t like the idea of having a special «smell», or whatever it was that made her seem different. She was tempted to agree with Amenadiel that keeping that thing wasn’t the best of ideas. On the other hand, Lucifer seemed to have a strong hold over the beast and he looked very confident of its loyalty and capacity to obey.

Amenadiel looked sceptical. "Huum! There might be a small glitch to your analysis. I’m not an angel anymore, therefore I shouldn’t feel that differently from any humans. Maybe it just attacks anything that comes close to its den."

Lucifer didn’t look convinced. "You might not feel like an angel, but even I can sense that you are not completely human. After all, you can still sense energies and you are quite strong, if not as strong as before. There is definitely still a celestial vibe about you. Come to think of it, it feels even stronger than before. You might be more of an angel than you think brother." Amenadiel looked very surprised and proud to hear it. "Anyways, I will give Doom specific instructions to protect everyone in our group. That should do the trick."

"Should?" Probed the angel, still not totally convinced.

"For crying out loud! Stop acting like a frightened little child! Just trust me on that one. Once I give it its commands, Doom would die before letting any arm come to you." Lucifer assured him in exasperation.

Lucifer’s words seemed to finally convince his brother and unknowingly to him, it also appeased greatly Chloe’s unspoken doubts on the subject. Dan stubbornly kept his aim on the open entrance
of the crypt without voicing his thoughts on the crazy idea.

Still, there was a big obvious problem remaining with Lucifer’s idea that Chloe couldn’t keep to herself. "Hum! Lucifer…, don’t you think a big werewolf-looking beast would attract too much attention in a city like LA? It might not be that good an idea to keep it."

Lucifer seemed to remember suddenly that she wasn’t used to hellish creatures. "Oh! Don’t worry about how it looks right now, Love! It can use a glamour to hide its true nature and pass for a big dog if we wish."

"In that case…" Chloe didn’t know what else to say against it. A beast ready to die to protect them would come in handy at the moment. She would probably want to revaluate her position on the subject after their ordeal with Vasariah was over though. But now was not the time nor the place to debate.

The matter now settled, Lucifer turned back to look at the door. He lit up The Flaming Sword again and advanced cautiously toward the opening to take a peek inside. The soft glow of the sword revealed a small room and a series of stoned steps leading into the depths of the Earth.

The hellish energy of two Hellhounds was not enough to properly hide such a strong celestial artefact as «The Piece». Lucifer was certain of that. "Something dangerous is still down there." He warned them somberly.

Then he turned to Chloe. "Love, can you improvise a bandage to dress Amenadiel’s wound?"

At her nod he continued. "Once it’s done, everyone take out their flashlights, we are going in!"

Chapter End Notes

Hey! Hey! Hey! Things are going to spice up a bit more in next chapter. Let me know if you enjoyed it. Thanks for reading and commenting!
Chapter Notes

Hello dear readers! I am very happy to present you this new chapter. We continue with the action, which will not really stop until the end. A huge thank you to my wonderful Beta, Apparition, who helped it all sound good. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chloe watched Lucifer effortlessly drag the dead Hellhound by one of its front legs towards the crypt’s chamber as if it weighed less than a potato bag. It still amazed her to see him deploy such inhuman strength. Big as it was, the beast had to weigh a ton!

She shook her head softly at the amazing view then refocused on trying to stop the blood from pouring out from Amenadiel’s neck. She had cut the angel’s shirt into pieces with his dagger to make bandages out of it and was now applying strong pressure over his neck. The blood flow seemed to be slowing, but whatever Lucifer thought of it, it was far from being a little bite. The wound was bad, the teeth of the beast having sunk deeply in numerous places over the left side of the angel’s neck. He had already lost a lot of blood and looked a bit pale and drained. Amenadiel maintained that he was alright to continue the search, but she suspected he was talking more out of pride than out of common sense, probably in reaction to Lucifer’s earlier comment about him whining like a baby.

Once the wound stopped bleeding, she began to dress it with pieces of clothing to protect it as best she could. She had nothing to clean it up properly and didn’t have time to go back to the car to get the first aid kit, so it would have to do for now. She started to wonder if Amenadiel could get an infection now that he was a fallen angel. That kind of wound would certainly infect any human being. They should probably have Linda check on him as soon as they returned home, just to make sure.

Chloe couldn’t suppress a cold shudder from going down her spine when Lucifer started speaking commandingly to Doom in guttural hellish speech. He was facing it mightily, looking down at the quiet beast. It sat on its hind legs, listening intently to its master as if understanding every last word he was saying. Well, she thought it did. The beast was very impressive; four feet tall at the shoulder with hellish werewolf looks. Somehow, it looked very submissive and almost harmless in front of the Devil, if such a thing were possible.

After Lucifer explained a few things to the Hellhound, it stood up and followed him slowly to go join Dan who was still pointing his gun at the crypt’s entrance to cover their backs. When Dan felt the hellish beast nuzzle tentatively his side, he backed away in fright.

"What the Hell Lucifer! Keep that thing away from me! Will you?" He looked like he was about to pee his pants.

Lucifer didn’t try to hide his impatience with the Douche. "Only if you want it to continue seeing you as a potential meal, not that I mind that much if it does. Otherwise, you’ll have to accept it and let it be impregnated by your smell. It can’t create a bound with you if you don’t let it. Now give it your hand unless you want it to sniff your crotch!"
With that treat, Dan presented quickly his hand to the hound, eyes bulging with apprehension. The beast smelled him a couple of times, then licked his palm thoroughly for a few seconds, to Dan’s great discomfort. But he didn’t move, letting it do its thing. After a moment, seeing that it actually seemed quite friendly with him, Dan found himself petting it behind an ear on impulse. The Hellhound leant into his touch and made the same purring sound it did earlier when Lucifer had petted it. Now smiling happily, Dan looked quite proud of himself.

"That thing might not be that bad after all!" Seeing how the beast’s eyes narrowed at his choice of words, Dan rectified himself quickly. "I mean, that nice hound looks to be a very good boy!" The Hellhound wagged its tail happily and its toothy mouth split into something akin to a grin.

After that, it was Amenadiel’s turn to have to bond with the Hellhound. Both beings seemed at first reluctant to do so, but after a moment the tension seemed to diffuse and it ended up in a nice petting session.

When it was time to present it to Chloe, Lucifer added a few commending words. As a result, the hound automatically nuzzled her quite warmly, as if trying to impregnate itself with her scent. Or maybe was it the opposite? Chloe smiled at the apparently affectionate behaviour and petted it warmly around the neck. She locked eyes with the Hellhound and tried not to look afraid of it even though all her self-preservative instincts were telling her to flee. There was clear intelligence in those red eyes. It felt surreal to caress such a beast. In spite of its looks, maybe it would be easier than she first thought to get to like the thing after all.

Still holding its gaze, hands roaming into its fur, she questioned Lucifer. "What did you tell it about me exactly?"

"That you were my mate, and its Queen!" He answered very seriously.

Its Queen…

Chloe’s shocked gaze went straight to Lucifer’s. She had a hard time processing this mind-blowing information. Lucifer considered her to be his Queen? Right, he was after all the King of Hell! But did sharing her life with him made her his Queen? Probably…

Shit!

But what did that even imply? She had no idea really, and now was by no means the time to explore the meanings of her new status. She swallowed hard before trying to make a smart comment.

"Right… Shit! Sorry, I mean… Okay…!" There went her smart comment!

Lucifer looked suddenly apologetic. "I realise it might not have been the best way to drop the news to you, but the fact remains that you will be inevitably considered as such by every being coming from my domain. I… I’m sorry…"

Chloe grimaced at her own reaction. The last thing she wanted was to make Lucifer feel bad about who he was. "Don’t be! Please! I’m sure I’ll get used to the idea, in time. I mean, it’s not like I was meant to reign over Hell someday!" She laughed uncomfortably before her eyes suddenly grew wide at the surreal possibility. "Or am I?" She asked in a breath, fright plastered all over her face.

"No! No! Of course not! Don’t worry, Love!" Lucifer sounded horrified just at the idea. "It’s a title more than anything. I already told you, there is absolutely no chance you’ll ever set foot in that damned place. However, you might have to deal, from time to time, with beings that will consider
you as royalty. Which should be mostly a good thing... depending on the being of course," he added as an afterthought.

Chloe closed her eyes and gripped the fur of the Hellhound tightly to try and calm down the panic that wanted to overcome her. "You have a gift for worsening things up, Lucifer. I can tell you that! Maybe we should just drop the subject entirely for now."

Lucifer wasn't exactly sure what he'd said that upset her so much, but he knew Chloe well enough by now to understand when to back off. "Right... If you are done with patching up my baby of a brother," and that earned him a killer gaze from the said brother, "...then we could go distract ourselves by hunting down and putting those damned subjects of ours in their right place?

Chloe opened her mouth to answer intelligently but couldn't begin to decide how to address the subject, so she just shut it up, quite properly stunned into silence.

She followed him to the entrance nonetheless, and they all obeyed him when he imposed on them the order in which they would march. The hound would go first to lead them, since Lucifer asked it to bring them to its lair, then Lucifer would follow, Chloe would stay close behind him, Dan at her heels, and finally Amenadiel would bring up the rear.

When Lucifer stilled himself, as he was about to get his sword out once again and bring forth his anger to lighten it up, Chloe entwined her fingers with his possessively. "Lucifer, promise me you'll be careful in there and not endanger yourself foolishly. I'd like to be able to pass a few days without you being armed or on the brink of death, if you don't mind."

She tried to sound playful, but the uncontrolled fear and anxiety she felt for his safety must have somehow shown in her face or voice, for Lucifer’s eyes softened and he squeezed her fingers gently.

Then his gaze took on a humorous glint. "I'd like to promise you that, Love, but I fear we don't have the same definition of foolishness." Chloe rolled her eyes at him, which made him chuckle softly in return. "But more seriously", and he brought his other hand to cup her face gently, "I can promise you to do my best to stay alive. I have way too much to live for to risk otherwise." And it was pretty clear what he meant by that at the way he looked at her.

Chloe smiled softly in spite of her anxiousness. "I guess as promises go, it should do. And remember that you're not alone - we all have your back." She stroked his knuckles gently with her thumb to emphasize her words.

He leant over to place a loving kiss on her forehead where he lingered a moment to bask in the feel of her, eyes half closed. "I know! And I have yours." He said gently.

A wet and warm snout came rubbing itself against their joined hands jealously as if demanding their attention. Lucifer growled deeply in his throat like a protective beast. "Don’t you start that! I won’t have it!" Lucifer snapped authoritatively and the hound took a step back, rightfully chastised.

"Don’t be too harsh on it!" intervened Chloe who reached for the beast to scratch it behind its ear. "It only wants to be part of the pack."

Lucifer snorted. "You don’t get it! It’s already in love with you and acting like a jealous suitor! It needs to be put back in its right place before it develops some stupid ideas."

Chloe started at his surprising conclusion. Looking down at the Hellhound’s eyes, she couldn’t see any love in it. Unlike Lucifer, it wasn’t as if she was used to reading these beasts’ behaviours. So
she decided to trust in his experience for that one. "Oh! That can’t be such a bad thing, can it? And I’m sure it didn’t really mean to compete with the Devil to steal his mate. Am I right Doom?"

At her words, the hound lowered its head sheepishly into submission. "See? All cleared up! You don’t have to terrify it with your Neanderthal behaviour."

Lucifer let go of Chloe with another derisive snort. He muttered under his breath while getting his sword out and keeping his heavy sight on the submissive Hellhound. "Neanderthal behaviour! Pfuff! I’m the Lord of Hell for crying out loud."

While he couldn’t really feel angry at Chloe for sporting him, he could however channel enough anger at the Hellhound’s behaviour to light up his sword easily.

Seeing the hound try its best to stay quiet and even back away from him in the hope of being forgotten, Lucifer snapped at it again, if somewhat a bit less harshly. "What are you waiting for? Lead the way!" He waved at the crypt with a movement of his hand.

The beast’s head came up quickly to attention and it moved swiftly through the crypt’s entrance to obey its master. Everyone took their place in the rank and they followed suit, with guns, dagger, and flashlights in hands.

They went slowly down the steep stony stairs, trying to make as little noise as possible while listening intently to detect anything that could indicate the presence of a hellish beast. It was deadly silent at first, especially with the outside door now closed to make sure not to draw unwanted attention if anyone had the bad idea to venture into the sinister cemetery at night. As they progressed into the depths of the Earth, small noises started to reach their ears, likely from droplets of water falling onto the stone somewhere. Other than that it was creepily silent.

After more or less the equivalent of three stories’ descent, they came to an old corridor all made of stones. With what little the beams of their flashlights permitted them to see in this total blackness, it looked to be a long corridor going from east to west, possibly leading back to the ancient Abbey that once stood in the middle of the cemetery eastward.

The Hellhound didn’t pause for a second and turned west, checking once or twice to make sure they all followed. At the rear of their rank, Amenadiel started feeling uncomfortable with that great expense of blackness closing in behind him. He kept glancing back, directing his beam of light over the darkness nervously during his progression as if some unknown treat was about to jump on him anytime.

Daniel didn’t seem much more at ease, constantly jumping at any imaginary noises or shadows created by their flashlights and pointed his gun at everything and nothing. He finally broke the silence in a scared whisper. "Lucifer, are you sure we are going in the right direction, can you still feel «The Piece»?"

Lucifer whispered back annoyingly. "Of course I do! Otherwise we wouldn’t be here, would we?"

Daniel seemed strangely surprised by his answer. Lucifer wondered how the Douche’s brain worked, without giving words to his thoughts. He didn’t want to get distracted by him at the moment. They were getting close. He could feel the mixed energies stronger than ever now. It was as if the powerful celestial energy was battling against the darker one in a strange dance for dominance.

The hound was leading them at a swift pace, seemingly not concerned by the possibility of a threat to its charges. They walked less than fifty feet before the Hellhound turned right in a secondary
corridor that was going north. They came across a couple small empty chambers that the hound ignored completely. Then everyone could say that they were nearing the creatures’ den, for the smell of decay was becoming unmistakable and getting stronger. The echo of dripping water was also louder now, as if they were nearing the main source of the noises.

The corridor turned suddenly eastward at a right angle as if bringing them slowly back towards their starting point, just under the ancient crypt. The corridor came to an abrupt end, opening up into what seemed to be a vast rocky chamber that looked like a cave.

The hound went inside without breaking its stride before stopping a few feet farther and sitting down on its hind legs. It turned its hellish eyes back at Lucifer, apparently waiting for more commands.

The group entered the dark cave and stayed huddled together by the entrance behind Lucifer. They nervously passed their beams of light around the place to assert their surroundings and try to detect any threat, but saw none, for now at least. The cave seemed huge, with more than 50 feet in width and at least 25 feet in height. It was difficult to be sure since they could only properly see what their beams of light were directly revealing. There were big rocks here and there around the place that could be easily hiding hellish creatures ready to bounce on them at the first opportunity. Even more telling than the foul smell of death that was now almost choking them, they could now discern at the far end of the cave a big pile of decaying animal corpses and bones. There was no doubt possible anymore, they were in the beasts den!

It seemed like everyone could feel the dangerous vibe of the place. Everyone but the Hellhound apparently. It was strangely sitting there peacefully like it had no care in the world but to please its master. Lucifer had not doubt though that the other beast or beasts had to be close by now. The darksome energy could not be stronger. Then why was the hound looking so unthreatened?

Then Lucifer understood. Of course Doom wouldn’t see whatever was in here as a threat to them since the hound had been living with it for months.

At that same moment, all their flashlights suddenly went off, leaving only the gloom of the Flaming Sword to illuminate faintly their surroundings.

Lucifer quickly went into action by walking a little further into the cave to get clear of the entrance. "Everybody stay close to me and prepare for an attack!"

Once everyone was again regrouped close to him, Lucifer surprised them by creating a five foot tall wall of fire all around them as a protection. It also gave them enough light to see at least 10 feet away in every directions. However, the dancing shadows created by the fire all over made the place seem somehow even more nightmarish. They all spread up into a circle facing outwards, ready to fight.

Then Lucifer turned down his glamour to show his Devil’s face and light up his fiery eyes. In a thunderous warning speech, he made sure the presence of the Lord of Hell had been duly noticed to try and make whatever beast threatening them to bend the knee to its rightful master. "Ask rsht Devhryll! Virneshbun dah nehidfur!"

Only a deadly silence answered him. Well, at least he had tried. To say the truth, he hadn’t put that much faith in his power to force that beast into submission just by sending a warning since only a few hellish creatures were actually as loyal to him as Hellhounds were. Most creatures required, from time to time, to be reminded of his rank and power over them. Even if such reminder usually ended up in a bath of violence and blood, it was usually very effective and had quite a long lasting effect on the straying subject, provided that the said subject survived the encounter, of course.
Lucifer feared that he would indeed have to make such a violent statement to settle the matter at hand.

Doom, who was standing between Chloe and the Devil, finally seemed to understand that its hellish companion, or companions, were a threat to its master and charges. A deep dangerous growl started at the back of its throat. Reminded of its presence, Lucifer barked it an order to protect Chloe with its life. The beast automatically placed itself in front of her, making Chloe step back a few paces towards the center of their circle. A little annoyed to be treated so, she however kept her gun directed at the shadows, ready to kill anything that came at them.

A cold fear washed over them as they heard a nightmarish strident scream that echoed back on the walls over and over, making it absolutely impossible to locate the source.

The group looked anxiously around them to spot the creature that certainly was about to jump on them. It was also impossible for Lucifer to detect the position of the threat for the evil energy was all over the place as the beast had been living there for too long. Even his Devil’s sight that permitted him to see quite well into the darkness did not help him locate the creature throughout the big rocks and circumvolutions of the cave’s walls. Something told him that he had to be more or less facing it though, since Doom was growling toward this side of the cave. Lucifer suddenly observed that the Hellhound wasn’t as much facing the direction of that threat as looking up to it…

Too late! Without warning, Lucifer felt claws dig into his shoulders and lift him up violently. He almost lost his grip on his sword in his surprise.

Lucifer cried out in pain while trying to hit the thing with his sword, but the claws deeply imbedded into the flesh of his shoulders prevented his arms from moving upward, which didn’t allow him to land an efficient blow. He could hear the commotion and the screams of his friends down below who were desperately calling his name. Looking down at them, he was surprised to notice that he was already very high in the air, at least 20 feet above ground. He could now hear the dull sound of the beast’s wings flapping steadily over him.

He heard Chloe yell at Daniel to start shooting. In spite of his predicament, Lucifer smiled faintly at his lover’s cleverness. While he wouldn’t be armed by the fire shots, the creature certainly might. His hopes for that course of action to effectively force the beast to release him soon disappeared when he understood what the cunning little bastard was doing. It was using him as a shield! Nonetheless, he felt it shake and heard it scream as it took a few bullets, not that it did any good to force it to drop him. The beast was efficiently carrying him away to the farthest part of the cave by now.

As if things were not bad enough, Lucifer felt the creature’s teeth sink into his neck. He screamed in utter agony and his vision blurred all of a sudden at the horrible feeling of being drained out. And he was, actually being drained dry, as he realised with increasing panic. The creature was sucking out his celestial energy as if drinking the life out of him.

His celestial energy…

A small part of his brain that was not already completely obscured by the mind blowing pain and strange drifting sensation he was feeling at the moment, caught on an important fact that he tended to forget; he had his celestial energy and powers back! He was not an almost impotent being anymore. He was the Devil, and an Archangel!

With that realisation kicking in, the Archangel tapped into the Flaming Sword’s power as well as in his own dwindling one and lashed out at the beast.
Chloe was in panic! With the Flaming Sword’s glow illuminating Lucifer’s form and what appeared to be a bat-like huge beast, she could see them getting farther and farther away, still high above ground. Their shooting at it had done next to nothing to slow it down and now she had no idea what else to do to help Lucifer, especially with her being frustratingly trapped by Lucifer’s wall of fire still raging out around their group.

Doom was growling madly and whimpering in despair at its powerlessness to help its master. When it saw Lucifer being carried even deeper inside the cave, the Hellhound seemed to snap as it leaped over the fire to get to its master.

Tears built up in Chloe’s eyes when she heard a gut wrenching scream of agony echoing across the walls. She was about to start shooting again at the faint reddish glow hovering some 40 feet away from her when she got almost blinded by what appeared to be an explosion of celestial light. She’d never seen anything like it! The light was a mixture of white, gold, and silver that she could not only see through her now closed eyelids but could also feel pulsing in waves of power.

They heard the creature scream in torment and agony under the celestial attack. By the sound of it, the beast had been hurled away forcefully against the nearest wall of the cave. When the light dimmed noticeably, Chloe chanced a glance back at it to see Lucifer falling towards the ground. Apparently stunned, the bat-like beast was flapping its wings desperately to stay afloat but falling closer and closer to the ground nonetheless as it was apparently being consumed by a raging fire that seemed to devour its hellish flesh from the inside. The wall of fire around them went off all of a sudden when Chloe heard a sickening thud announcing that a body had just hit the ground. Lucifer’s body…

Chloe ran towards Lucifer’s shape now illuminated only by the glow of the fire consuming the hellish beast still falling some distance away. She was almost touching him when she saw a shadow jump into the air and snatch up the dying creature. Doom landed with the flaming bat’s wing in its jaws, pinning it down easily in spite of the devouring fire that was now attacking its fur. Without waiting any longer, Doom teared open the beast’s neck in a frenzied rage.

Now convinced that the threat was being dealt with, Chloe turned her attention back to Lucifer who was sprawled awkwardly face down on the ground, unmoving. She froze into place and her breath caught up in her chest at the sight of the apparently broken angel. But Lucifer had to be okay! He was immortal! Wasn’t he? Before the panic could overtake her though, she saw him move and try to lift himself up as he slowly regained his senses. She quickly went down on her knees to help him sit up.

"Lucifer, are you alright?" He seemed dazzled and didn’t answer her right away. "Talk to me damn it!" She was now cradling his face shakily in her hands, searching his gaze desperately for a confirmation that he was indeed okay.

Looking at her as if disoriented, his eyes finally seemed to come into focus on her face.

"Of course I’m okay!" He said dismissingly rolling his eyes at her, until he noticed the moisture in her eyes and the tears on her cheeks. His voice took on a more gentle tone as he rephrased it. "Don’t worry, Love! It takes more than a little sucker like that to finish me off."

Chloe felt her composure come back at hearing him sound like his old self. He didn’t seem so disoriented anymore.

Then Lucifer’s eyes landed on Doom who was still tearing the creature apart in spite of the fire that was burning them both. He swiftly waved his hand towards the two beasts to extinguish the fire completely and save his hound from what would have been a sure death if it went on like that any
longer. Afterwards, Lucifer left the fuming hound pursue its punishment on the already dead creature.

By now, Amenadiel and Daniel were gathered around Chloe and him, the light from their now functioning flashlights the only illumination remaining in the cave. Lucifer reached to his neck to feel the wound there that was still bleeding out. "Gosh! It’s burning like Hell!" He complained.

"Now, are you really gonna complain about a little bite, Brother?" Accused Amenadiel, obviously way too glad to get back at the Devil.

"And you think yourself funny?" Groaned the Devil.

Lucifer tried to ignore his stupid brother. His gaze crossed that of Daniel who was looking at him in utter shock and fright. And what now? The Devil thought. Oh! Right! His Devil’s face was probably still on he realised, and Daniel had never seen it yet. No need to frighten the Douche more then he already was. He instantly put back his glamour into place, ignoring the relieved intake of breath coming from Daniel, and turning instead his gaze back on Chloe.

"Sorry for scaring you again with a life threatening situation, Love. It wasn’t in my intentions."

Chloe took a deep breath to come down from her fear of losing him. "Well, it’s not like you did it on purpose. Right?" She tried not to sound too accusing because after all, he didn’t act foolishly in all of this. Still, she couldn’t stop herself from being angry at the whole world for putting them into that kind of situation, again.

Lucifer snorted. "Believe me, having my celestial essence sucked out that way is not my idea of having a good time. There are far more pleasurable ways of being sucked dry…" He added with that suave and sexy voice of his, wriggling his brows at her suggestively.

Chloe rolled her eyes at him annoyingly, not without a little smile though. Then her eyes took on a mischievous glint. "Come to think of it, I can almost relate to that creature’s desire to eat you off… After all, you really do taste divine!" She winked at him with a flirtatious smile.

"Detective! How improper of you! I liiike that!" He purred.

"Okay! I think we all caught on the sucking reference. Thank you very much!" Daniel cut in exasperatedly. "Maybe you two could focus back on the matter at hand so we could get on with finding that damn «Piece». Am I the only one who’s eager to get the Hell out of here?"

It was clearly a rhetorical question so Chloe didn’t even bother to answer him, too busy was she to blush furiously at how inhibited she had become in the Devil’s presence. She couldn’t believe she just said that! Keeping her mouth determinately shut, she tried to look busy by searching for the last remaining bandages she cut earlier for Amenadiel to try and stop Lucifer from bleeding out.

Amenadiel was still processing Lucifer’s explanation of what happened to him. "What do you mean exactly when you say it sucked your essence out? Is that really what it was trying to do?"

"I’m afraid so!" He hissed as Chloe pressed on his wound with the fabric. "You see, that thing was a Leech, a very powerful hellish beast that feeds off celestial and hellish energies. It must have been starving here on Earth and therefore blindingly drawn to my powers and the Flaming Sword’s like a moth to a flame, imagining it was about to get an all open buffet of divine energy. It chewed on bigger than it was expecting though." He chuckled at his own joke.

Chloe probed him too, as to understand what exactly she had seen unfolding before her. "How did you get away from it? What was that light?"
Lucifer sent her a crooked smile. "I’m the Lightbringer, Darling! What you saw is the core of my Archangel’s powers, even though it was actually only a fraction of what I can really wield. Even a Leech can’t handle that much celestial energy. It literally burnt from the inside out from a surge of power. That will teach it to attack its rightful master!" He added quizzically.

Chloe took off the soaked bandage to check and make sure the wound was not bleeding anymore. The bleeding seemed to be pretty much under control now. She started tightening the last clean bandage around his neck while processing what Lucifer had just said. The Lightbringer! He’d used that expression to refer to himself a few times already but he had never really explained what it meant, now that she thought about it. She took a mental note to inquire about it further on a more appropriate time.

She choose instead to address his other comment. "Actually, I’m not sure it had time to learn anything before it was torn to pieces."

Lucifer chuckled as if it was a good joke. "Doom sure did a number on it! Didn’t you Doomy?"

At hearing its name, the Hellhound left its eviscerated prey to join its master. It looked almost happy, displaying what looked like a wicked toothy grin and making a strange noise that could almost pass for a laugh. Lucifer passed his hand in the hound’s still fuming fur affectionately. The smell of burned fur invaded his nostrils aggressively, but Lucifer was certainly not going to complain about it after the hound’s display of loyalty.

Now with Lucifer apparently out of the woods, Chloe took a better look at the Leech, or what was left of it. She noticed that Dan couldn’t take his gaze away from it, eyes wide in horror and a sicken look on his face. The Leech was man sized and pretty much man shaped, except that it had huge bat-like wings and clawed limbs instead of real hands and feet. The worst was its head, with its pointy ears, totally white eyes, and a mouth of nightmare that was round in form with long sharp teeth all around it. Now she understood why Lucifer’s wound seemed strangely round shaped.

Chloe tore her gaze away from the dead creature before she became sick at all the blood and viscera spread everywhere. Bringing her gaze back to Lucifer, she looked him over to assess any other injury he could have taken. He looked surprisingly well for someone who fell from so high. Still dubious, she had to make sure.

"Aside from your neck are you hurt anywhere else? That seems almost impossible considering what just happened."

"I’m quite fine, I assure you. A fall even from that height can’t really harm me you know. I certainly have a few holes in my shoulders from the Leech’s claws but it’s not that inconvenient. It can wait until we are back at your place for it to be tended."

Now that she knew, she could see small rivulets of blood soaking his jacket around his shoulders. As if to show her that he really was ok, Lucifer stood slowly up, seeming to move his arms easily. Chloe was somewhat reassured by the steadiness he displayed.

There was still something bothering Chloe though, and she needed to get answers. "That beast looked quite intelligent, at least with its tactical skills. So why did it attack you in the first place since you are supposed to be its King, or whatever? Shouldn’t it be supposed to bow to you?" She thought she need to get a hang of how those things worked if she was to properly play her role as his Queen in the future. The only idea of being actually considered as a Queen was mind-blowing.

Lucifer looked annoyed. "I wish! It is indeed a very intelligent creature that obeys orders to the letter. However, the beast needs to be magically bonded to its owner for it to obey. It must have
been linked to Uriel by demonic magic then tasked to guard whatever artefact is hidden in this cave against everything and everyone daring to enter."

"Magic humm? Okay…" There was apparently still a lot for her to learn and get used to about Lucifer’s world. She was determinate not to get intimidated by it all though.

"Hey guys!" Dan, Lucifer, and Chloe turned their heads towards Amenadiel’s voice coming from the other side of the cave. They hadn’t even noticed him venturing away. "I think I found it!"

He came back to them carrying a medium sized wood chest that he apparently found behind the big pile of carcasses and animal bones. Lucifer looked thrillingly at it. To him, there was absolutely no doubt that the strong celestial energy was coming from that chest, it was almost glowing with power!

Wearing a triumphal smile, Amenadiel put it down in front of Lucifer. "Since you vanquished the beast, you get the honor of opening it up, Brother!"

Now all smiles, Lucifer crouched in front of it and brought slowly his hand to the lid while unlocking it with only a little bit of his power. When he heard the lock give away, he opened the chest carefully. Huddled round him, Amenadiel, Chloe, and Daniel seemed to hold their breaths.

On a dark cushion, at the bottom of the chest, was resting what appeared to be a big round stoned medallion a little bit wider than the size of Lucifer’s open hand. He lifted it up gently to see its surface more clearly. A five pointed star was engraved in the middle, with strange symbols drawn between each one of the branches. Around the star were two rows of otherworldly writings.

Lucifer was stunned into silence at the dread that washed over him. He feared he understood far too well what all those symbols meant. He squeezed the medallion more forcefully between his hands as if afraid it would escape him all by its own. Only now did he fully understand how close to destruction they had all come.

Squatting beside Lucifer, Amenadiel translated aloud the two rows of Enochian’s writings. "«Be wary of opening the path between worlds, for once opened, that path could lead to destruction.»"

He kept silent for a few seconds, looking puzzled. "I have no idea what path it’s referring to though, and I can’t translate any of those strange symbols that are engraved between the star’s branches, and yet… I have the strangest impression that I’ve seen it somewhere before…"

"Because you have, brother!" Lucifer whispered dreadfully.

Everyone turned their gazes on Lucifer’s evident shocked one, neither of them daring to ask what could possibly scare the Devil so.

As if afraid to say it aloud, Lucifer continued in a hushed tone.

"Those markings are the same that ornate… The Gates of Hell!"

Chapter End Notes

Did you like my Leech? I thought it looked very creepy. Hope you enjoyed the reading. Please let me know and don’t be shy to leave me any kind of comments. I can consider special wishes too. Thank you so much for reading!
Here is an exciting chapter just for you. Thanks to my wonderful Beta, Apparition, who took the time to correct it even though she was chocking under tons of works at school. You really are the best my friend! Now place to the story, enjoy!

They were all stunned into silence for a long moment, everyone eying the medallion warily and all reaching the same conclusion. It was Amenadiel who voiced the obvious.

"It must mean that «The Pieces» can open the Gates of Hell and with it the path that leads to Earth," he said, horror stricken.

When he saw that Lucifer had nothing else to add, the dark angel continued urgently.

"We must call Michael now and get rid of it before it gets into wrong hands! It could mean the end of humanity if we lose it!" Amenadiel’s mind was whirling with the horrifying possibility.

Even though Amenadiel’s words were not a surprise for anyone by then, the two humans of the group paled considerably at hearing them. The reality of the menace felt a little too much for them to handle.

Still thoughtful, Lucifer shook his head in negation. "Don’t be too hasty Brother! I won’t hand it to Michael before I fully understand what the threat is and how to avert it. Besides, I don’t trust Michael, or anyone else for that matter, to protect it. If it got stolen once in Heaven who’s to say it can’t be stolen a second time? No, we need to find out more about it before deciding of a course of action."

Amenadiel nodded reluctantly. Even though he was feeling a visceral need to send that thing as far away from Earth as possible, he had to admit that Lucifer had a point. Furthermore, they were not even sure if another of their siblings hadn’t given a hand into stealing «The Pieces» back in Heaven. He tried to calm his panic down a notch to think more clearly. Something about the medallion kept nagging at him as if it was very important that he remembered. He took another look at it and concentrated.

He shook his head softly, trying to process his thoughts. "There is something that I don’t understand. That medallion’s image seems familiar but it can’t be from my seeing it on the Gates of Hell because I never took the time to really observe them. I was too busy guarding the Gates back then and being angry at you Brother for having to take up your duty. I must have seen it somewhere else and somehow, it seems like a more recent memory." Then it came back to him and his eyes grew wide in understanding.

"The books! I think I saw the image of that medallion in one of your books. I haven’t had the time to read them all, by far, but I flipped through them at least once to help decide which ones to read first. I’m pretty sure I saw it in an old one written in Hebrew that was translated from Sumerian. If I’m right, there could be some information about what it can do and how it works."
Lucifer’s face lit up. "That’s quite unhoped-for! It’s definitely worth looking into. Let’s not waste any more time here and head back to Chloe’s place right now. I want to get rid of that thing as much as you do, Brother.

Before leaving, Lucifer realised he still had to dispose of the two dead beasts. So Amenadiel dragged down the lifeless Hellhound they had left in the crypt above and Lucifer burned both hellish creatures to ashes.

At the last second, Chloe reminded her partner of making Doom use its glamour to hide its true nature. She had no idea what to expect of the outcome really, but it turned out that its hellish origins were efficiently masked, while at the same time keeping a strange similarity to its real appearance. Doom now looked like a huge wolf with just enough German Shepherd in it, or something similar, to make the wild edge seem somehow softer. All in all, the hound almost looked like a normal dog, except for its height that was still well over three feet at the shoulders, a quite uncommon trait among dogs. The biggest change though was definitely Dooms’ eyes. They were now of a bright mixture of orange and yellow reflecting wildness along with a rare intelligence. Chloe smiled in marvel at the changes and crouched in front of the hound to take its head between her hands. "Look at you Boy! You look gorgeous!"

At her warm comment, Doom made a low sound that she now associated with a chuckle. To her surprise, the hound licked the entire right side of her face in one go, leaving her drenched in drool. She giggled as she pushed its head away to make sure she would not suffer another attack of affection. Lucifer didn’t seem to find it as funny though.

"Getting the big head now that you look cute?" Lucifer chastised it.

Doom obviously understood the reprimand because it turned its eyes down and away shamefully, fearing the Devil’s wrath.

"Next time make sure to keep all of your drooling substances away from my mate will you? Am I making myself clear?" There definitely was a dangerous hedge to the Devil’s words even though he said it without raising his voice.

"It’s quite okay Lucifer! I don’t mind that much." Actually, she would have preferred the affection without the slimy touch but she didn’t like being the reason for Doom’s reprimands.

"You’ll have to learn to give it commands and boundaries Chloe, otherwise it won’t be long before it tries to sleep in your bed. A Hellhound is already possessive enough of its charges, no need to encourage it even more," Lucifer sounded dead serious.

Chloe didn’t want to argue with the Devil about Hellhound training, but she still had difficulty seeing what harm a little lick could do. So when Lucifer turned away to exit the crypt, she winked at Doom to let it know that she was not angry at its behaviour. To her greatest amazement, Doom winked back at her, seeming to sport a small grin at the corner of its mouth. Did she just imagine the wink? Somehow she didn’t think so. A Hellhound really was nothing like a dog. It actually reminded her more of a teenager ready to push the boundaries at every opportunity. Maybe there was more wisdom in Lucifer’s words than she had first thought. She was slowly realising that she would need to be more careful with how she treated the hound in the future to make sure not to spoil it.

They finally got out into the night, relishing in the smell of fresh air exempt of that dreadful touch of decay. Still on their guards, they reached the cars without any surprises and headed for Chloe’s apartment.
Dan was in a near state of panic the whole time, jumping out of his skin at every sound or shadow, then looking anxiously for possible pursuing cars. What was Vasariah waiting for to attack them? He figured out that the angel had probably been reluctant to face the Leech to get «The Piece», knowing that the beast was magically linked to Uriel and would then attack anyone coming close to the artefact. If he remembered well some of the things Lucifer said since he was in the know, an angel could teleport only one being at a time, which explained why Vasariah couldn’t bring up on Earth a whole army of demons. So, it would probably have been a great risk for him to fight the Leech with only one demon by his side. And that was without forgetting that Lucifer could have possibly felt their presence before they reached their goal.

But what was preventing Vasariah from taking the opportunity now? He had no idea and that not knowing alone was eating him up. He would have liked to drive back with Chloe to make sure she’d be ok in case of a late attack, but suggesting it would have sounded illogical. Lucifer would obviously appear to be the best protector for her. So he settled for following close behind Chloe’s and Lucifer’s car, where Doom had also taken place, to make sure to intervene if she appeared to be in danger. He tried to reassure himself that nothing bad could happen to her since he had a deal with Vasariah to keep Chloe and their daughter unharmed.

Daniel felt a creeping fear invade his body and mind. Something was wrong and the worst was, deep down it felt like he always knew it would turn out badly. How could betraying your friends ever end well? He tried to remember the reasons that led him into this mess, but had a hard time focussing and thinking straight at first.

He remembered the overpowering fear he felt at the time when Vasariah showed him what would happen if he didn’t work for the «good side», as he put it. There was also the horrifying new realisation that Lucifer really was the Devil and that he might have claimed Chloe’s and Trixie’s souls. Which was preposterous when you knew Lucifer and thought about it seriously for more than a few seconds. He also remembered his desperation to do everything in his power to protect Trixie and Chloe from getting hurt by Vasariah as well as by Lucifer. Strangely, even at the time, the idea of Lucifer harming Chloe and Beatrice had seemed farfetched.

Even though, somehow, all those feelings of fear and protectiveness had clouded his mind and apparently impaired his judgement. How could he have given trust in Vasariah’s words and promises when his gusts told him he shouldn’t? He had believed the angel when he assured him that «The Piece» was only a means to bring Lucifer back to Hell. Which was now obviously a lie, at least in part. At the time, Dan really believed that it would be best for everyone if the Devil returned to his rightful place, best for Chloe, for Trixie, for him, and for the world. Did he convinced himself of that or was it Vasariah who instilled in him that certainty? He couldn’t be sure.

It was as if the angel had used his worst fears to his own advantage and twisted everything Dan had thought and believed in. And now, humanity was on the brink of an Apocalypse! And he was helping it to happen.

In a moment of clarity, he understood that the deal with Vasariah had been the worst decision he had ever made in his entire life and that he would regret it for the rest of his existence if he didn’t do anything about it before it was too late.

He opened his mouth to confess everything to Amenadiel, who was driving beside him, but the words stayed stuck in his throat. Suddenly, he couldn’t breathe anymore, feeling as if he was choking on the words he was desperately trying to spill out. A dizziness swept over him that he tried to fight with all his will, but to no avail apparently. However, after a few seconds that felt like an eternity, he realised that the less he was focusing on confessing, the more he was able to
breathe.

So instead of strengthening his resolves to break his deal with Vasariah, he started convincing himself that it had been the right thing to do. After all, Vasariah was clearly very dangerous and would hurt his girls if he broke the deal. Furthermore, he had seen the Devil’s real face in that cave and no one with a face like that could ever be good, right? Anyway, even if Lucifer truly was a good guy, he could never succeed in protecting Chloe and Trixie from Vasariah and his demons. Even though Dan had a hard time believing in his own reasoning, the thoughts allowed him to breathe more normally and soon, the dizziness lessened then disappeared entirely, leaving him breathless and totally dumfounded. What the hell was wrong with him?

"You ok man?"

"What?" Daniel was surprised to be able to utter a word.

"You look like you’re about to faint!" Amenadiel sounded worried.

"I’m fine, really! It must be the adrenaline. I’m only human you know!" He tried to sound convincing.

The reminder of Daniel’s human status and thus, of the enormity of the situation they were in for someone human, were enough to convince Amenadiel that it was all there was to it.

"I’m sorry Daniel, for everything you are going through. I tend to forget that all of this is new for you and Chloe. You are doing great by the way, everything considered. Just, try not to think too much about the weird stuff and just focus on the people we are trying to protect, which is what matters most in the end."

Yes, Amenadiel was right, he should focus more on making what’s best for the ones he loved, no matter what. That thought lifted the last remnants of the strange weight pressing down on his torso. He felt like waking up from a dream in which memories were slowly fading. He could barely remember why he ever thought of breaking his deal with Vasariah.

Daniel forced a smile on his face. "Thank you man, I already feel better."

After that he safely turned his mind and gaze back to the car in front of them. Yet, his anxiety kept rising with each mile they made without seeing any sign of Vasariah, until they finally arrived at Chloe’s place, all safe and sound.

They all came out of the cars, followed by Doom who was sniffing around curiously, and made it to Chloe’s apartment’s door. Maybe everything would turn out well after all mused Dan, who was finally feeling the tension ease from his shoulders.

He saw Chloe unlock and open the door, then his world came crashing down around him.

The apartment was mess!

More like a war zone. Every piece of furniture was either broken or tipped over, frames were on the floor and holes had been punched in the walls. But all of that barely registered in Daniel’s foggy mind. All he had eyes for was Trixie’s bedroom door pulled out of its hinges and lying about. All he could register was the silent darkness in his daughter’s room.

No… This couldn’t be happening!

Reality seemed to distance itself from him, like in a dream, a nightmare. Frozen into place, he
couldn’t move a muscle.

"Noooooooo!"

Mind blurring, he first thought that the scream had come from him. But no. He saw Chloe run to their daughter’s bedroom and understood that the cries were coming from her. He could now hear her desperately calling Trixie’s name over and over as she entered the room. But he couldn’t hear any answer in return.

"This is all my fault!" He whispered, in a horrifying realisation.

Beside him, Lucifer turned to gaze coldly into his eyes, as if he’d just heard his softly spoken words and knew all about his deadly sins. The Devil didn’t say anything though, and instead ran inside to go crouch beside what appeared to be the body of a woman sprawled face down in the middle of the devastated living room.

Maze’s body. All bloody and unmoving.

Maze put down her glass of wine to angrily grip the remote and flip channels for what seemed to be the hundredth time in the last twenty minutes. She was bored and fuming! She was a demon damn it! Not a pathetic babysitter.

She whirled her dagger around in her other hand, to try and keep her body occupied and take the hedge away. She felt restless. She should be at the graveyard fighting hellish beasts and having fun instead of keeping an eye on the small human. She knew she loved the spawn as much as her demonic heart could allow and that she would do anything to keep her safe, but in this moment it was hard to remember.

They spent a quiet day of combat training like Trixie loved doing when her mother was not around to complain that it was not a proper activity for a kid. Trixie was improving quickly in her combat skills as well as in throwing and handling daggers. Maze was quite proud of her pupil. The kid could become a very deadly bounty hunter someday.

After ordering pizza, they passed the evening playing board games while Maze did her best to stay patient in answering all kinds of questions the kid had about angels and demons, Heaven and Hell, and supernatural stuff. With everything that was happening, Maze thought that the spawn deserved answers. Chloe would certainly not agree with her though, which was probably why Trixie only took the opportunity to ask now and not when her mother was around.

The constant chatting of Trixie had partly succeeded in taking her mind away from her frustration of being stuck here, but now that the kid was sound asleep in her bed, Maze was way too much aware of the turmoil in her body and mind. The new hole above the television where her second dagger was still embedded was a proof of that. She would need Trixie to draw another picture to hide it. Decker would not be very happy about it. Maze contemplated the idea of making a few more holes to accompany this one. Maybe if she created a nice pattern her roommate would not complain that much…

She was already thinking of a pattern when she felt a strange chill crawl up her arms. In a fraction of a second, she was up and in combat stance, dagger at the ready. Her first reflex was to face the back door but she realised quickly that the supernatural vibes were coming from inside the apartment. She turned to her right in time to see Trixie’s bedroom door slide open to reveal a tall figure.
Lilim!

Her fear for the little one kept her from wondering how the demon could have ended up in there without being seen.

"What did you do?" She hissed dangerously.

Lilim walked a couple feet away from the door frame and stopped in front of it, efficiently blocking the way. She displayed that devious little smile of hers, seemingly way too pleased with herself, while she made a show of whirling her two demonic daggers around. Maze was a little relieved to see no blood on the blades.

"Look at yourself Mazikeen, not only are you obviously caring for the detective, but for her offspring too. Tss! Tss! Don’t tell me you would fight me over a small human?"

"If you hurt her, you’re dead!" She threatened with venom in her voice.

She was walking warily towards Lilim in the hope of taking a peek inside the bedroom to make sure Trixie were okay. But she didn’t have the right angle to see the bed and it was too dark inside to see very far anyway. She was afraid to call Trixie and wake her up if she were still asleep.

She thought she saw a movement inside Trixie’s room and realised at the same time that Lilim was stalling her. She also understood in that instant what was strange about the supernatural vibes she was feeling. There was both demonic and angelic energies mixt together, which made it hard to recognise and even pinpoint. At lightning speed, she ran into Lilim and tackled her backwards against the half-opened door, taking it down with them as they landed into the bedroom.

Maze lifted her head just in time to see an angel, with his white wings folded on his back, disappear with an unconscious Trixie in his arms.

A growl escaped her throat that rolled like a thunder. "Noooooooooo!"

The painful desperation she felt in that instant crushed her from the inside. The feeling was one she had never experienced before and never even imagined could exist.

The pain was just unbearable!

Not even the pain of a dagger piercing suddenly her left flank could compare to the pain of having failed her little friend.

"That was easy! You lost your edge? Mazikeen," purred the demon under her.

Lilim pulled out the dagger and without a doubt was ready to plunge it again in Maze’s belly. But Mazikeen wasn’t distracted anymore and would not let the demon get under her skin with her teasing. Oh, no! She was much focused now. Focused on killing the bitch who helped kidnap her friend.

So Maze ignored the comment and in a swift movement rolled away from her. She was back on her feet an instant before Lilim. She knew she needed her second dagger to stand a chance against the demon so she used the little time she had before the other woman was fully back on her feet to rush out of the room and run towards the dagger that still protruded from the living room’s wall.

Hearing the demon in pursuit close behind her, she jumped over the couch and reached the weapon just in time to turn and block both of Lilim’s daggers that were aiming at her throat.
Lilim grinned at her viciously, but Maze made her swallow back that grin with a rapid knee kick to the stomach. It took the red demon’s breath away for a second, which allowed Maze to headbutt her then push her away with a strong front kick in the middle of her chest. Lilim was forcefully thrown against the couch that toppled over with her. She was back on her feet in an instant, clearly pissed off.

"Maybe I didn’t lose that much edge after all!" Mocked Maze with her most demonic smile. Her injured flank hurt her but she pushed it out of her mind. Nothing would stop her from taking that bitch down.

Maze waited for the next attack that came almost immediately. They exchanged a long series of stabs, kicks, and grabs without any of them succeeding at really harming the other or at taking the upper hand, both countering the other one’s attacks efficiently every time. They threw each other around against the walls and the furniture, properly destroying the living room in the process. The coffee table got smashed to pieces, the couch was sliced up in many places, and the walls got indented a few times from kicks, punches, and bodies violently thrown against them. The fight slowly moved to the dining room where they now stood panting, a few feet apart, and facing each other with snarls worthy of the demons they were.

The two adversaries had always been of even strength in their combat skills and they both knew it. Things had not changed that much apparently. The fight was clearly promising to be a long one. That is, as long as Maze didn’t bleed to death before the end…

Lilim backed off a few paces and raised her hands to stop Maze from attacking again.

"There is no need for us to fight, Sister. I have no grudge against you. It’s not too late for you to join us. Come back to the fold and forget about those stupid humans. You are worth a lot more than them, Mazikeen."

"I am not your sister anymore! It is they who are worth much more than the likes of you, Lilim. And I am going to kill you for hurting the little one."

"Who talked about hurting her? You don’t get it do you? She is worth a lot more alive than dead, for the time being at least."

Maze lowered her daggers. She needed to make sure that the kid was alright. Maybe she could even discover some important pieces of information if she let her talk. Lilim had always liked to show off and talk more than necessary. She could use that to her advantage and also take the opportunity to recuperate a bit. Her blood loss was starting to take its toll on her. She was not about to let that show to her enemy though.

"What do you want with the spawn?"

"Isn’t it obvious? She is a bargaining chip! «The Piece», in exchange for the girl. No need for us to harm her if you don’t give us reasons to." The red head also lowered her daggers slowly, trying to prove she didn’t mean her any harm in the end.

"Do you really think Lucifer will fall for that? He’ll never accept such a deal. «The Piece» is too important."

Lilim laughed with a clear voice. "Hooo! I think he will! He is way too bewitched with the mother to risk losing the child, and we both know that deep down, Lucifer doesn’t care much about humanity. All that ever mattered to him are his own desires. Believe me, he will accept that deal!"
Worst thing was, Maze knew the bitch was right, Lucifer would never let any harm come to Trixie, whatever the cost. They were doomed!

"Maybe… But you won’t be alive to see it happen, Lilim. I promise you that!"

With a scream of rage, Maze launched herself into a rapid succession of attacks that hit target a couple times, slicing open Lilim’s right arm and giving her a deep cut at the base of the neck. With a well-aimed kick, Lilim sent her crashing against the kitchen table that got smashed into pieces. Taking advantage of the small respite, Lilim reached up to touch her opened neck. When her fingers came back drenched in blood, she snarled like a dangerous animal and shifted her face to her demonic one.

There was nothing left of her beautiful appearance. She still had some tufts of red hair here and there, but her face was almost entirely devoid of flesh, leaving in its place a nightmarish sight of muscles and tendons, and a grin full of sharp teeth. Only her green sparkling eyes remained the same.

"You’re gonna pay for that, Mazie! You had your chance to make the right decision. Too bad, we could have had some fun together, like old times. Now, time’s up! You’re as good as dead!"

"We’ll see about that!"

Now back on her feet, Maze didn’t wait for the bitch to corner her in the dining room and instead attacked first to bring the fight back to the living room where there was more space. Lilim was now losing even more blood with her neck wound than Maze was and the effect was starting to show in the red demon’s speed of attacks. Maze managed to give her a few more cuts over the arms and torso in the next few minutes of fight, but received a few in return.

They ended up in a heap on the ground, rustling together to get the top position. Maze pried away one of Lilim’s daggers and pushed it out of reach. She got punched in the face in return by Lilim’s now empty fist. Using the momentum of Lilim’s punch, Maze rolled over and pinned the demon down on the floor.

Maze was tempted to brag, of course, but she was too blood thirsty at the moment to indulge in it. She only had one real goal; kill Lilim for taking the little one. Using a breach in her adversary’s guard as she struggled to get free from underneath her, Maze plunged one of her daggers into Lilim’s guts, and twisted.

She would always gleefully remember the pure look of fear and consternation in Lilim’s green eyes, and cherish that memory for eternity.

Well…, maybe not for eternity! She mused, while looking down at the mirroring dagger also protruding from her own guts.

She heard and saw Lilim chuckle faintly before the light went out of her emerald eyes.

At least, she guessed that the last thing Lilim had seen in her own eyes was more surprise than fear, for Mazikeen was not afraid of death. What she was most afraid of, now that she was feeling the life pouring out of her, was to never be able to save Trixie.

Her little friend’s safety was the only thought on her mind as she crawled away from Lilim and fell into the dark abysses of unconsciousness.
I know, this is horrible to leave it like that! Yet, it’s can’t be worse than that damn cliffhanger the show left us in. And to think that it could be the end of that amazing show… makes me want to cry! At least I still have that story, and my other ones, to make it better. I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Please let me know, it will put back a smile on my face. Thank you for following this story!
Hello dear readers. I know, it took me a hell of a long time to update this story and I am deeply sorry for the waiting. Summer time is quite distracting for me this year. This chapter wasn’t supposed to end there but way farther, but if I had followed my first idea this would have averaged in the ten thousand words, so I had to cut it in half. Good news is, my plan for the next part is already done and is very detailed, so it shouldn’t take that long to write it now. So as soon as I come back from my week of camping that is starting this weekend, I’ll dive into it right away instead of switching to write on Redemption, my other story.

I want to thank again my incredible Beta, Apparition, who is selfless enough to help me during her summer time. You are a marvel!

Also, thank you so much to you all for the comments and kudos. Feeling that you like what I do is what makes me going on. And now, place to the story, enjoy!

Lucifer fell to his knees at the same time as Amenadiel, who was already cradling Maze’s body in his arms. The glamour that usually hid the demon’s real face was down. Definitely a bad sign. She had numerous cuts all over her body, but the biggest blood loss was coming from two gut wounds on the right side of her abdomen; a first on the far flank, probably not lethal, and a second right above the liver, this one deadly for sure considering it had been inflicted by a demonic blade that was still imbedded in the flesh.

Lucifer quickly reached out to search for a pulse on her neck. He was slightly shaking, which made it difficult to feel any sign of life. On top of it, Chloe’s never-ending calls for Trixie were making him crazy with worry for the little one. She had come out from the bedroom to look around the first floor before rushing upstairs, evidently still searching for her daughter.

Doom had also walked around the floor to investigate. It even growled for a few seconds when going in Beatrice’s bedroom. The Hellhound had finally come back to him and was now nuzzling up against Maze’s side, trying to wake her up. It whined mournfully at seeing the familiar figure so still and lifeless.

Amenadiel was clearly in panic, his body quivering and tears cascading from his bulging eyes. He could barely form any words.

"Is she…? Please, no!" He pleaded to the Devil.

Still not feeling any pulse, Lucifer repositioned his fingers on Maze’s jugular. He closed his eyes to focus more efficiently on his tactile perception. Then…

It was just the barest of sensation. He could have just imagined it, but it came back a few seconds later. It was so light, and the time in between each pulse was excruciatingly long, as if it was about to give up anytime. It was probably a matter of minutes, maybe less.
"She’s still alive! I can feel it!" He blurted out in disbelief.

Amenadiel let escape a sob of relief, apparently having a hard time believing it himself.

"Lay her down and back away from her." Lucifer ordered.

He turned around towards the front door to make sure nobody outside would see what he was about to do, only to find Daniel still frozen into place but on his knees now.

"Amenadiel, get that fool away from the door and close it, now!" He roared.

He didn’t even wait for his brother to reach the door before unfolding his wings for a few seconds to pluck off one of his biggest feathers.

Amenadiel dragged a dazed and unresponsive Daniel away from the door frame when a terrifying thought crossed his mind.

"Lucifer! Are you even sure that an angelic feather will heal her and not harm her? After all she is a demon."

Lucifer grimaced. "No, I’m not sure. I’ve never healed a demon before. It’s not like there are a lot of them worth saving. But what other choice do we have? She is going to die anyway if I don’t try it."

Amenadiel couldn’t find any other solution either, so he kept silent as he closed the front door and came back by Maze’s side.

Lucifer had already pulled out the dagger from the demon’s belly and lifted her shirt to expose her abdomen. Then he placed his feather on her wounds.

Back on his knees, Amenadiel closed his eyes and did the only thing that was left to him to help his friend, his lover…

He prayed to his Father.

Through his eyelids, Amenadiel could see the celestial light coming from the feather and hoped, prayed, for it not to destroy Maze’s demonic coil. When the blinding brightness died out after a long minute, he opened his teared up eyes slowly and held his breath.

Maze still looked lifeless and as pale as death, and there was blood everywhere over her belly, but through it, he could no longer see the gaping wounds that were there only moments ago.

"Maze?" He chanced, unbelieving. But she didn’t steer. "Is she…?" He was afraid to raise his hopes already and even kept himself from touching her.

Lucifer felt her neck and smiled with a chuckle of relief. "Yes! She is ok! She is ok!"

His brother let go of the tears he was still trying to contain and embraced Maze’s body tenderly to rest his head against hers.

Lucifer’s relief was short lived, for he realized that Chloe’s screaming had ceased upstairs and that he could now hear her sobbing instead.

Shit!

He got up in a rush and hurried up the stairs.
"Chloe! Chloe! Did you find her?"

When he reached the last step, Chloe was coming out of her room. By the utter devastation transpiring from her, she didn’t have to answer for him to understand that either Beatrice wasn’t here, either she was…

No! He wasn’t ready to consider the worst case scenario. She couldn’t be dead, she just couldn’t…

Chloe was crying in loud, gasping sobs, shaking and apparently ready to collapse. Lucifer hugged her forcefully to give her some strength. She talked in between sobs before he could find how to ask her anything.

"She is gone! ...My baby girl! ...My sweet Baby!" She was clinging desperately to his shoulders, as if he were the only thing still keeping her together.

He cradled her head against his chest and caressed her hair and back in a soothing manner. "I’m sure she is fine. They didn’t go to this length to harm her now."

She lifted her head to look at him. It wasn’t clear if his words comforted her. She looked way too haunted to tell. "Lucifer, I can’t lose her! I just can’t! I could never recover from that."

He cupped her face tenderly. "I know Baby… And I promise I will stop at nothing to bring her back to you. To us." He felt tears well up in his eyes. The sadness he felt surprised him. Not just sadness for Cloe’s loss but for his own too. Beatrice had become too great a part of his life. He knew that losing her for good would break him apart.

Chloe embraced him even tighter and buried her head in the crook of his neck. He felt and heard her fall into a million pieces right there in his arms. He didn’t know if he could take it, knowing it was all his fault, that his being in their lives had brought it on them.

They stayed like that for a long moment; Chloe crying her life out and him trying to be strong for her while feeling like he too was on the verge of breaking apart.

Her crying dimmed enough for her to speak again. "I don’t understand why Trixie didn’t pray to you, Lucifer. She knew to call you as soon as she thought herself in danger. Maybe she couldn’t… Maybe she was hurt… Maybe…” She couldn’t say more. It was too hard to voice her darkest thoughts.

Lucifer reassured her with confidence. "Maybe she was just asleep. You know how deeply she sleeps. Don’t read anything into this, it means nothing."

"Okay…” She agreed without conviction, she just wanted to believe him so badly. "But why wouldn’t Maze call to you? It could have made a difference. You could have stopped them from taking her."

"Chloe… Maze doesn’t have a soul, she can’t pray to anyone." He whispered patiently.

Chloe was ashamed of trying to put blame on Maze for what happened to her daughter. Nobody was to blame but Vasariah, and certainly not Maze who had certainly fought to death to protect Trixie.

Then cold shiver ran over her spine as she remembered seeing a lifeless corpse downstairs…

She lifted her head to gaze in panic at Lucifer. "Maze… Is she dead?” She let escape a sob of fear at the thought of losing her friend.
"No she’s not!" He reassured her quickly. "I healed her, but it was a close call."

Chloe closed her eyes in utter relief. "She almost died protecting Trixie…" She always knew Maze would protect her daughter with her life, but to know it really happened was overwhelming. At least she had survived the ordeal against all hopes. She would be devastated to know her sacrifice had been in vain. Chloe disentangled herself from Lucifer and dashed downstairs to get to her friend.

Maze was now lying on the couch that Amenadiel had righted, with him sitting down beside her, holding her hand and caressing her demonic visage. Lucifer’s eyes were pulled to Doom’s form lying down beside a corpse he hadn’t noticed before now. The hound was emitting a sad quiet howling. He narrowed his eyes at the demon who was staring lifelessly at the ceiling. There was no mistake possible. He would recognise her among thousands. Lilim! The bitch was clearly dead and he was glad for it. He was just a bit resentful that he hadn’t get the chance to kill her himself. At least Maze had brought her what she deserved.

Chloe barely spared a glance towards the dead demon resting in the middle of the living room. She hoped it was Lilim, and would be too glad if Maze had killed the bitch. Seeing Maze’s livid face, Chloe tried to put aside her fear for her daughter and concentrate on her friend. She crouched beside Amenadiel and took the demon’s available hand in hers.

"Maze! Do you hear me?" She said softly. But her roommate didn’t give any sign of life.

Amenadiel cleared his throat and reassured her. "It will take a while before she regains consciousness. But she’ll be okay.

Chloe fought the tears that were threatening to overwhelm her again at seeing her friend in such a state. Maze would be fine, she tried to convince herself. Everything would be okay.

She wondered how things had degenerated so much. "I don’t understand," she said to no one in particular. "Why would they take Trixie, knowing that doing so would start a war between us? Didn’t Lilim say they wouldn’t go against us, at least not before «The Piece» was…" Her face fell as she turned to Lucifer. "They know we found it! How is that possible?"

Lucifer’s eyes were dark and dangerous. "I have a good idea what the answer to that is…" And he turned his devil’s gaze towards Daniel who had been forgotten, still on his knees in the same spot as before. He looked completely broken and as livid as Maze. Lucifer didn’t feel any sympathy for the crying man.

Chloe snorted disbelievingly. "You can’t be serious, Lucifer! Dan would never do something like that."

Dan didn’t even try to defend himself, instead staring silently at Trixie’s empty room as a man who was waiting for the axe to fall on his neck.

"No… it can’t be! Dan, tell him you didn’t do anything!" Her brain just couldn’t accept the possibility.

Dan tried to say something but the words seemed to be stuck in his throat. He started to choke has he apparently battled to get a word out.

Lucifer dashed forwards to grip him by the throat and lift him up in the air. "YOU BETRAYED US! You gave your own daughter up to the wolves. And for what? Tell me! What was in for you that meant more than the safety of your own daughter?" He was already squeezing the life out of him, unable to restrain himself in this overpowering rage he felt for the source of all that mess.
A second later, Chloe was at his side, trying to pry his hand away from her ex’s throat. "Lucifer, please!? Let him talk, there has to be an explanation. Pleaaase!"

Her pleading finally go to him. He realise that they indeed needed an explanation for what happened. It could mean discovering clues to save Beatrice. It would always be time to extinguish his miserable existence afterwards. So Lucifer let Daniel fall down on the floor in a heap.

"You better talk and fast! I don’t feel very patient right now," he directed dangerously at the choking man.

Doom had joined him and was growling menacingly at Daniel with his teeth bared. The hound apparently understood a lot of what was going on.

To Lucifer’s greatest fury, Daniel didn’t say a word. He was instead clawing at his own throat as if unable to breathe. But Lucifer knew he had not strangled the man enough for that. What was Daniel playing at? Trying to buy time?

Anger flaring anew, Lucifer launched at the bastard and seized him by the collar of his shirt to shake him roughly. "Talk damn it! Why did you do this?" He thought the restraining hand he was feeling on his shoulder was Chloe’s. Surprisingly, it was his brother trying to calm him down.

"Lucifer! Stop it! Don’t you see he is not in his right mind? Look at him! Something is happening to him."

Lucifer let go reluctantly to observe the detective. He started slowly registering what his brother was referring to. Daniel’s eyes were glazed over, his breathing was jerky and difficult and he was shaking from head to toe as if convulsing. Well, that had to be hard to fake!

"What’s wrong with the bastard?" Still, he couldn’t find it in himself to feel real concern for him.

He saw Chloe crouch beside Dan to assess his condition. "Dan! Can you talk to me?" But he didn’t seem to be aware of her presence.

Amenadiel mused aloud. "I’m not sure… but it looks like he is battling against an inner foe. Almost as if… as if he was bewitched or something. Can that be possible? Can Vasariah do something like that? Or one of his demons?"

Lucifer considered the possibility while watching Chloe who was trying to soothe Daniel with quieting words. He had to admit that Daniel’s reaction looked like nothing normal.

"I doubt one of the demons could do that. As for Vasariah, I never heard of an ability of his provoking such a reaction. What could that be anyway? What could force a human to act against his own blood if he doesn’t want to?"

Amenadiel shook his head. "No! I don’t think Daniel knew it would endanger Beatrice. Look at his reaction. He is fighting whatever it is with all his might. No, he had to have been tricked into it or otherwise he would have fought against it before."

Even without wanting to believe it was Dan’s fault, Chloe could not deny anymore that something supernatural was going on with him. She was horrified at the possibility of his endangering their daughter, but knew it would have taken something unearthly to force him into it. At least she hoped so.

Seeing him wriggling on the floor and turning almost blue, she was getting more and more concerned for his life. "We have to do something to help him. He is choking to death!"
"I don’t know of anyone who can help him, really. Maybe Raphaël could have done something with his healing powers, but he didn’t even answer Amenadiel’s call to help me when I was injured. He would not answer now for a human being."

Chloe was not giving up. "And what about your own healing powers? Can’t you do something?"

He shook his head dismissingly. "I doubt it would do any good. He is not injured."

"Maybe not but he can’t breathe. Won’t you at least try?"

The desperation in her voice made him yield, even if he was sure it was no good to try it. Reluctantly, he unfolded his wings again, grabbed a feather and pressed it against Daniel’s throat.

When the celestial glow started to appear, Daniel reacted immediately by convulsing even more strongly. It was as if he was using the heavenly force to battle against his inner demons. In spite of what Lucifer had first thought, once the light dimmed out and the tremors coursing through Daniel subsided to a lighter shuddering, it was clear that his breathing had improved significantly. Yet, the detective was clearly still fighting.

Chloe helped him to sit up and took his head in her hands to search his eyes. "Dan? You have to tell us what happened. What did you do?"

Chloe’s gaze brought Dan back to reality. He swallowed hard and cleared his voice tentatively. Hearing some sounds coming out of his own mouth, he was encouraged to try to speak even though it was still hard for him to breathe. The grief of losing his daughter and his fear for her wellbeing gave him the strength to fight and talk faintly in between shuddering breathes.

"I thought I was protecting her, and you Chloe. I don’t know how I fell for it." The more he talked, the more his breathing sounded difficult. He continued nonetheless. "The night of the fire, Vasariah brought me to Hell. He showed me what would become of me because of my sins, and what would also become of you, for loving the Devil, and possibly of Trixie too." His face contorted in pain at the idea of them ending up in Hell. "He said the only way to save your souls and redeem mine was to help bring the Devil back to his rightful place and to help justice be served. I made a deal with him! I don’t understand how I could have listen to him when I knew he was the bad one and not Lucifer. I don’t understand…"

Lucifer’s consternation was total. "This is so preposterous! You and Beatrice could never end up in Hell for loving me. It is just total rubbish!"

"Of course it is." Chloe added. "And I think Dan finally understood that by himself." She saw Lucifer’s shoulders sag with relief at hearing her confirm that she didn’t believe a word of it.

It obviously took Dan everything he had to explain himself and now that he finally had, his last strengths seemed to be leaving him. Stronger spasms shook him violently and he stopped breathing completely, eyes rolling in their orbits as he still tried to fight.

Horrified by the revelation and by what was happening to her ex, Chloe laid him on the floor, not knowing what else to do. "Lucifer! Please? He’s gonna die!"

"Using another feather won’t work this time, Love. I don’t know how it’s possible, but the deal he made with Vasariah is apparently binding him to it. Only Daniel can fight to undo it, if it ever can be undone. His mind is forcing him to hold to his word."

"His mind! That’s it Lucifer!" interrupted Amenadiel with clear excitement. "We need someone who can get into his mind."
Lucifer quickly got his brother’s meaning. "Azraël!"

Without waiting a second more. Lucifer closed his eyes and joined his hands in prayer to call his sister.

The urgency in her brother’s thoughts told Azraël that the call was not a mundane one. She appeared almost instantly with a grave face, looking around her to try and assess the situation. It was clearly a complicated one, and getting more so by the second as a Hellhound was about to jump at her throat. As she was ready to strike at it with the new celestial dagger her Father had given her, she heard Lucifer bark an order to the creature in hellish tongue. Surprisingly, the hound went down on its belly in front of her, ears flattened and tail tucked between its hind legs in apparent submission.

Lucifer didn’t waste time with extensive explanations. "Azraël! Please, we need you to remove Daniel’s memory of a deal he made and then broke with Vasariah. It’s killing him!"

Without saying a word, the angel crouched beside a still shaking Daniel who was now completely out of it. She grabbed his head with both hands and closed her eyes to concentrate on her task. Everyone around held their breaths.

Nothing was apparently happening, no divine light nor proof of celestial power being used. But something had to be happening, for after an interminable minute, Daniel’s shaking was starting to die slowly and they could now hear him take in some vital air. As if it was a signal, everyone started breathing again too. Azraël didn’t open her eyes for a few more minutes. When she did, a light smile appeared at the corner of her lips.

"He should live! It is not over yet, but at least now that the memory of the deal is removed, he has a fighting chance to break the bond that is still holding him. He is strong. I believe he might be able to overcome it. It will take time though, how long I can’t say."

"Great! As if we could spare another one of us right now." Lucifer passed his hand through his hair in frustration.

He didn’t really empathise with the Douche for what happened to him. Celestial power at play or not, Lucifer thought he should have been able to fight it instead of endangering his own daughter. What was bothering him at the moment was that they were now down two members of their group. How could he hope to get Beatrice back with only his brother and Chloe?

The Angel of Death took another look around the place, noticing Maze’s apparent lifeless body and a very dead demon. "What the hell happened here?"

Lucifer sighed loudly. He started explaining to his sister how they finally found «The Piece», and how Daniel had apparently warned Vasariah about it to fulfill his part of their bargain. Azraël flinched at the explanation of the true nature of «The Pieces» and even more so when hearing of Beatrice kidnaping.

The angel quickly reached the same conclusion as Lucifer. "Then Vasariah certainly wants «The Piece» in exchange for the child."

"Yes, I believe so. There is still hope for her!" Lucifer tried to infuse some hope in the smile he directed at Chloe while saying it. She approached him to rest her head against his shoulder and enlace him with one arm.

Azraël was still processing all the information she just heard. "I can’t believe Vasariah truly plans
to open the Gates of Hell and bring havoc on Earth. He really lost himself along the way. Lately he was raging to anyone who wanted to listen that humanity had lost faith in God and that it was the reason why wars and chaos were reigning here. Is he doing this to punish humanity? It certainly won’t help humans behave themselves."

Lucifer’s jaws came slack at hearing Azraël’s words. He stared to her with realization in his eyes. "That’s it! The reason he is doing all this. He wants to give humanity proof of divinity. If humans believed in Hell and feared it, they would be forced to believe in God too and thus change their behaviour. That would explain why Vasariah thinks that what he is trying to do is in Father’s best interest. What if… what if Father really agrees with it?"

"Lucifer! Don’t ever think something like that of Father. He might not be perfect, but He would never be a party to that kind of manipulation."

"Then why isn’t He doing something about it? Anything?" Lucifer screamed. He was losing his temper now. The loss of Beatrice was too much to bear.

"But He is! Don’t you see? He gave you your wings back. He believes in you! He trusts YOU to do something about it!"

That left him speechless. A rarity, for sure. Lucifer just stood there with his mouth half opened, mind whirling with his sister’s words. It strangely echoed what Amenadiel told him about the meaning of his wings’ return, which he had so easily dismissed. But it was now his sister saying it. The sister whose judgment he trusted above all else. Could it be true? Could his Father still believe in him, and have enough faith in him to intrust him with humanity’s destiny. In spite of himself, Lucifer’s eyes filled with tears. He instantly hated himself for feeling a warmth fill his heart at the mere possibility of his Father having such faith in him.

His words were shaky when he found his voice back. "We’ll never know, won’t we? It’s not as if He would deign say what he wants me to do."

"It wouldn’t be faith if He told you." His sister whispered softly.

Lucifer had to turn away because of the onslaught of emotions raising inside him. He walked away from them, unable to look at anyone for a long moment. When he turned back around, his face was fairly composed.

"I am not doing any of it to prove myself to Father." Whatever the reality behind their speculations, he felt he needed to make it clear to his sister.

"I know that, Brother. And that’s why I put my trust in you."

Lips tight, he gave her the barest of nod in acknowledgement.

Azraël felt that Lucifer needed a change in topic so she gave voice to something that was nagging at her mind.

"I think it makes sense that Vasariah used his gifts to manipulate human’s minds for his own benefit." She saw both her brothers lift their brows questioningly. "I mean, it could explain why Father punished him by sending him to Hell. I guess it was not the first time Vasariah did something like that. It’s just not clear how he found a way to twist his gifts for questioning and soul probing in a way to force people into doing something against their will. Unless…” She was musing aloud, thinking back on what Lucifer told her of Daniel’s explanations of what happened to him. "Maybe he uses a human’s deepest fears and darkest thoughts against themselves."
Manipulating existing thoughts and emotions, even buried deep down, would be easier than to try and implant false ones. The gap between questioning or searching a soul and control it would be less of a leap that way."

Lucifer nodded slowly. "You might be right. But there is one thing that you’re certainly right about; Daniel is a strong soul, he will defeat that link and regain his freewill."

Azraël was about to ask him something when she saw a change in his demeanor. He suddenly looked far away.

"Lucifer…?" She probed him.

Beside him, Chloe also felt the change when Lucifer tightened his hold around her shoulders.

She looked up at him to see him very still, gaze unfocused. "What is it?" She asked tentatively.

It took him a moment to answer, but he did it with wonder in his voice and in all his features. "It’s Beatrice! She is alive!"

Chloe brought her hands to her mouth to refrain a sob of relief.

Lucifer closed his eyes to try and pin point her position. While he could hear her clearly, her location kept eluding him, it was like trying to catch a slippery fish with his hands.

Chloe misinterpreted his frowning and grimacing of frustration. "Is she hurt? As something bad happened to her?" She thought her heart would blow out with this agonizing anxiousness squeezing her chest.

Almost at the same time, Lucifer opened his eyes in surprise when he suddenly lost the link. He quickly reassured Chloe who was apparently ready to pass out with worry.

"She is fine! I could hear her clearly." He put his hands over her shoulders in a comforting manner and lowered his voice. "She is scared, but she is keeping a clear head." Chloe nodded silently at the news with tears building again in her eyes. "She said there was a demon guarding her and that others were coming down. She must be in a basement or something of the sort. That’s when I lost the link."

He shook his head in frustration. "I can’t see where she is. Somehow, her prayer could get through, probably because Vasariah doesn’t suspect me of having gotten my wings back, otherwise he would have shielded the child both ways for sure."

Chloe started once more to sob quietly with her head resting on his shoulder. He enlaced her tenderly to try and calm her for a long moment with his body and soothing words he whispered in her ears.

Amenadiel and Azraël stayed silent to respect the hard time they were going through. After a moment, Doom joined them and pressed his nuzzle against Chloe’s side to comfort her. She gazed down with watery eyes and reached its neck to caress the tick fur. Somehow, the presence of the hound felt comforting.

Suddenly, Chloe felt Lucifer stiffen anew in her arms. Full of hopes, she lifted her eyes to his. He stayed silent and serious for a full minute before smiling proudly.

"Give me a sheet of paper and a pen, quickly. What a clever little Hellion!"
I knowwww! This is hardly a place to stop, but I had to cut somewhere like I told you at the beginning. So next chapter will start with Trixie and what is going on with her. Pleaaase, let me know how you found this chapter, your feedbacks are what make me keep writing this. Thanks for reading!
Hello my friends! There it is. I tried to write it quickly this time. I find myself very restless to end this story. A huge thank you to my wonderful Beta, Apparition, for going through this chapter. It always sounds better afterwards. And again, thank you so much to everyone who write me reviews or comments and who are following me. It always pushes me forwards when I read you and to know you love my story. And now, place for the story. Enjoy!

When she woke up, everything was unusually dark around her. She had the impression that something startled her awake, but couldn’t say what exactly. Something was definitely wrong though. Very wrong. Her light night was off. Or, as she soon understood, it wasn’t there at all. In fact, the walls around her were not where they were supposed to be. And it wasn’t even her bed! Panic started to rise inside her in strong waves as her breathing quickened. She desperately hugged Miss Alien who fortunately was still in her arms, as if it could give her courage and strength. It actually did help. A little.

After a moment, her vision started to adapt. It wasn’t as dark as she’d first thought after all. Light was coming down from what appeared to be a staircase on the other side of the room and some glow could be seen through a couple windows close to her. She sat up slowly, still trying to recognise her surroundings, when she caught a movement out of the corner of her eye.

"Mommy?" She whispered tentatively.

The person in the shadows walked closer to her without answering. That human shape was nothing like her mother’s. Trixie felt tears build in her eyes and her lips started trembling with an onslaught of fearful emotions. She wished it was all just a nightmare. But no, it felt way too real for that.

"I’m afraid not! Human child." Answered the being with a smile in its voice.

When its face reached the light, Trixie discovered a beautiful woman with long golden hair displaying a false grin. And she could also see the dark aura surrounding the being. She immediately knew what she was facing.

A demon.

While Maze was displaying more and more colors around her with each passing day, that demon’s aura was mostly composed of dark reds and black. It reminded her of Vasariah’s, except that it was clearly a demon’s fainter aura who was missing a soul to make it brighter.

So she had been kidnapped! Damn!

Her parents had to be in real panic! But how did this happen? Last thing she remembered, she’d gone to bed with Maze watching over her.

Maze…
She forgot her fear and lifted her chin in defiance. "What did you do to Maze?"

The demon smiled dangerously. "Right as we speak, I believe that traitor is dead!"

The demon’s emotions were difficult to read, so it was hard to say if it was true or not, but the possibility was real and terrifying. Maze would never have let her be taken without a fight. She knew that for a fact. So it meant she could very well be gone forever… It was just too horrible a thought to entertain. The tears started running freely along her cheeks without her noticing. She held Miss Alien tighter in her arms for support.

She wanted to ask what was going to happen to her, but the demon turned away to walk towards the base of the staircase where she stopped to call upstairs.

"The human is awake!"

Trixie heard movements on the upper floor, and people speaking between themselves. There was at least three different male voices. Soon, she heard them walking towards the stairs. She closed her eyes, overwhelmed by fear. Lucifer’s face suddenly surfaced into her mind. Lucifer could protect her, he would never let anything happen to her.

Remembering his new ability to hear her prayers, she reached to him, almost screaming in her mind.

«Luciferrrr! Help me!»

She opened her eyes in hope of seeing him appear before her. But he wasn’t there. Why wasn’t he there? He said he would come if she was in danger. Maybe he didn’t hear her clearly. So she closed her eyes once more and tried again.

«Please Lucifer, come get me. I’m so scared!» She thought she should keep talking, in case it took him longer to find her. «There’s a demon guarding me, and others are coming down. Please, don’t leave me!»

Hearing people now coming down to her, she opened her eyes again. To her dismay, Lucifer still wasn’t there to save her. She was tempted to return to her praying, but remembered what Maze had said about Vasariah and his demons not knowing Lucifer had his wings back and that this fact was playing to their advantage. So she refrained from praying again so overtly. To her greatest relief, the female demon close to her didn’t seem to have noticed what she had done. She would make sure it remained that way.

Strong light suddenly came to life, illuminating her surroundings and blinding her. She squinted her eyes against the assault. When she could see again, her impressions were confirmed. She was in the basement of an old house with dirty little windows, surrounded by half-torn boxes full of old objects and used furniture.

It wasn’t time to gaze around though, for people had now reached the basement and were watching her. No, not people. Vasariah and a new demon.

Trixie dried her eyes with her pyjama sleeve and sniffed a few times, trying to control her crying. She wouldn’t give that angel prick the satisfaction of seeing her cry. She would stay strong and make her parents, Maze, and Lucifer proud of her. She looked at him right in the eyes with her chin held high while trying to keep her lips from trembling. She thought she did a good job.
"Well, well, well! Look who’s awake." Said Vasariah.

She thought he looked and sounded like a snake instead of the angel he was supposed to be. To her horror, he walked slowly towards her with a dangerous glint in his eyes. He stopped only once he was looming over her.

"I was looking forward to meeting you properly," he said in a sweet voice, "without any unwanted interruption this time, I’m hoping. After having had a go at your mother as well as at your father, I can only wonder; which one do you take after? Are you strong like your mother, or weak like your dad?"

Trixie started shaking in fright. She had seen what he had done to her parents, seen the marks on their necks. She didn’t wanna die. She doubted she’d be able to survive what her parents had gone through.

With a horrifying smile, Vasariah grabbed her neck with one hand. She was immediately assailed by images of the recurrent nightmare that plagued her lately and in which Vasariah attacked her, night after night. It was a terrifyingly similar situation, as if she had foreseen it before it really happened.

His grip around her throat was not as strong as she had feared though. Apparently, he was not trying to choke her to death. At least not yet. In spite of her increasing panic and her struggling against his hold, she focused on his eyes. To say the truth, it was hard not to gaze into them. They were as blue as the sky and a mesmerizing shine was dancing inside them. Her struggle loosen slowly as she felt herself sinking into that gaze, until she felt him try to invade her mind. There was no other explanation for what she felt. His presence was everywhere around her, pushing, and pushing at a barrier she was trying desperately to hold into place to keep herself whole. All her being rejected him, trying to deny him access.

With a scream, she pushed back, violently!

Even though she had not lifted a single finger in that last attempt at self-preservation, the effect was immediate, and as violent as she had wished it to be.

Vasariah released her straight away with a moan of agony escaping his lips. He grabbed at his head in apparent suffering and backed away from her as if she were a dangerous animal. The two demons behind him also took a few steps backward, just to be safe. It took Vasariah a long moment to recover from whatever she did to him, breathing laboriously and looking wildly at her in clear shock and incomprehension. It gave her the precious time she needed to regain a semblance of composure. She had no idea what just happened, but whatever it was, she was ready to do it again if needed. She lifted her chin once more in defiance.

Finally, Vasariah’s angry gaze settled on her. "You little rat!" He made a move as if ready to strike her, but apparently thought better of it, for he lowered his fist at his side where he kept it clenched tightly. Maybe he was now afraid to touch her. Good!

"What are you?" He whispered cautiously, almost in awe.

Trixie didn’t know what to answer to that. She wasn’t that special, that she knew of. And yet, she knew that seeing auras was very rare among humans, according to Lucifer, and she had just demonstrated another unusual ability. There was also that golden glow that surrounded her mother and herself that she had never seen around any others, except for angels and demons, that is. It scared her a little to think of herself as being different.
Vasariah was apparently still waiting for an answer.

"I’m just my Mother’s daughter." She managed to say as steadily as she could.

Vasariah frowned, visibly thinking about her words. Then, something in his eyes told her that he had caught on something in all his reasoning. A smile slowly appeared on his evil face. She didn’t like that smile one bit.

"I believe you are. What an unexpected turn of events!"

Strangely, he now looked happy, almost ecstatic. No, Trixie didn’t like it at all.

He continued, his strange smile still in place. "Now, small human, you better behave yourself if you want to stay alive. I won’t hesitate to kill you if you give me any more reasons to do so."

Her fragile grasp over her emotions was about to dissolve with the terror overwhelming her. She thought back on her training with Maze. Her friend had taught her to fight and to handle a blade, which was not very useful at the moment, but she also told her countless times how much bluffing and the appearance of being in control could be useful in certain circumstances. Even Maze claimed to be using it as it sometimes came handy to bluff since the LAPD didn’t like it when she mishandled her bounty.

Trixie tried to clear her mind and think of what she had learned from Lucifer and Maze about Vasariah, and about what could be used against him. Something that Lucifer once said came back to her. She appealed to all the courage she could muster and fought with what she had.

"You know angels don’t have the right to kill humans, right? Your Father would be very angry at you if you did."

He narrowed his eyes at her dangerously. "Maybe, and yet, I don’t think my Father can punish me more than he already did by sending me to Hell. Don’t you think?"

She wasn’t sure her comment had helped her at all. The angel apparently had nothing to lose anymore.

He let the silence linger between them before continuing. "You shouldn’t worry that much though, little weasel. As long as you stay quiet and don’t try anything funny, nothing bad should happen to you. All we want is for Lucifer to give us «The Piece», then we’ll release you." His face split into a malevolent smile that made her flinch. "And remember, hurting you is not forbidden, even for angels. So be careful with that sharp tongue of yours."

Oh! Oh! Giving him dark ideas was not what she had planned for with that comment. She wanted to believe that he would not hurt her unless she provoked him, but somehow, his aura was full of deception and malevolence. There was no way she could trust him to keep his word. All she wanted was to stay in one piece until Lucifer could get here to save the day, but it seemed less and less probable. Remembering how disturbed Lucifer had looked after she had first been attacked by Vasariah at her father’s apartment, she couldn’t imagine how mad he would get if he found out Vasariah had hurt her. That thought gave her another idea.

"Hurting me might not be a wise idea either." She threw at him confidently. Vasariah lifted an eyebrow in amusement at her words. She tried not to be deterred by it as she continued with her idea nonetheless. "You know how bad Lucifer is at dealing with his emotions. If you harm me, he will get very angry and risk not listening to you before acting. If you want a chance at getting what you want, you should think about keeping me unmolested."
He seemed to think about it for a few seconds, gauging her words and their logic. He looked a bit unsure. She thought she might have gotten to him after all.

"If you think I’m afraid of Lucifer you’re dead wrong." He finally threw at her.

She could have believed him if his aura was not suddenly tainted by fear at his mention of Lucifer. Got you! She thought. Vasariah might not be afraid of God, but the same could clearly not be said about Lucifer. She didn’t confront him with that truth though. That new knowledge was enough to reassure her a little and give her hope of keeping him at bay for a while. So she stayed quiet and tried to look afraid, which was not very difficult.

She made sure to look subdued until he left her there with her demon guard to return at his plotting upstairs. At least they didn’t think necessary to tie her up. A mistake that she certainly planned to use to her advantage.

Trixie turned her gaze to the female demon to find her looking straight at her threateningly. "I’m personally not afraid of Lucifer. So don’t cause me any trouble or I’ll make sure you can’t walk ever again."

Unfortunately, Trixie believed her. There was not an ounce of kindness in that being and fear was probably not part of her vocabulary. The little girl kept quiet and curled up into bed with Miss Alien in her arms, keeping her back to the blonde to hide what she was about to do.

She resumed praying to Lucifer with even more fervor. But it didn’t do any good. He was obviously not coming to her rescue, whatever the reason. But why wasn’t he coming? Didn’t he care? Frustration rose inside her, followed soon by shame at thinking ill of him. Of course he cared, she should never doubt him. If he couldn’t come now, he had to have a good reason. Whatever the explanation, she would not stop believing in him. And since he could not answer her prayers with words, as he thoroughly explained to her, she had no way to know if he even heard her properly.

What else could she do now? She wanted to keep talking to him, in case he had difficulty hearing her or that he only had a hard time finding her. She just hoped he was not hurt or unconscious. She wondered what else she could tell him in case he was listening. What information would be important enough to help him find and save her? She looked around herself, truly analysing where she was for the first time. She started describing her surroundings to him, then her ears caught a familiar noise. It was the sound of crashing waves coming from an open window. So they were close to the sea. That had to be a useful clue. So she told him that too. Stimulated by her finding and the potential of passing on information, she proceeded to tell him everything she saw and heard, about the house, the demons who kidnapped her, and her conversation with Vasariah. It was probably not all relevant, but Lucifer would sort it out, if he could hear her… She clung to the hope that he did, and that she was doing a smart thing. The more she talked to him, the less she felt afraid and the calmer she got. Without even being there, Lucifer was already helping her. A small smile grazed her lips when she realised that.

When she was done telling him everything that came to her mind, she was ready to say goodbye. Her bottom lip trembled a bit when she sent him her last thoughts.

«I Love you Lucifer! Tell Mommy and Daddy that I love them, and that I’ll be strong. I hope… I hope Maze is ok… If she’s still… Tell her I love her too, and that I’ll make her proud. Please, come soon, Lucifer!»

She cut the link before dissolving into tears.
Lucifer put down the pen after the link was severed. He kept silent for a moment to regain control over his emotions. Hearing the urchin being so vulnerable had broken his heart, and her last sweet words to him and her family had torn it apart. Beside him, Chloe was anxiously waiting for him to say something, as were also Amenadiel and Azrael. They had watched him silently while he wrote down every information Trixie gave him, as they tried to read over his shoulder.

Lucifer swallowed audibly before turning to Chloe. "She’s going to be fine. She is a strong kid, and a very clever one."

Chloe hugged herself, doing her best not to cry again. "I want to hear everything she told you, Lucifer, and don’t skip anything."

Lucifer had planned to leave a few things out for her own good, but her asking him directly to be honest cut the grass right under his feet. So he proceeded to tell them everything Beatrice had said, using his notes to not forget anything.

To her credit, Chloe tried to stay professional and focus, analysing every little bit of information for clues. She deduced that the old house had to be fairly isolated since they didn’t care letting the window open even though Trixie was not gagged and could scream anytime. The fact that it was very close to the ocean was the most promising information to locate her. The demons Trixie described matched two of those seen around Lilim the last weeks, and the fact that she only heard one other male demon talking upstairs was letting them think that Vasariah might not have brought up more demons from Hell than the ones they had already encountered. Very good news. A female demon was missing though. Either she was upstairs or out doing errands. Trixie had observed a few weapons at the demons’ belts, besides the usual demonic daggers. Something they had not been wearing while going around the city.

Chloe felt shivers run along her spine at hearing that Vasariah had tried to invade her baby’s mind. She remembered all too well how it had felt and how terrified she had been at the time. To know that her little girl had gone through that was killing her. However, it might not have been as painful for her as it had been for Chloe since her amazing kid was apparently more special than she had ever suspected. Chloe couldn’t begin to understand what Trixie had done to protect herself and hurt Vasariah, but in that moment, she thanked God with all her heart for that gift. She let a chuckle of pride and amazement escape when Lucifer proudly explained how she maneuvered Vasariah to not hurt her by playing on his fear of Lucifer. They didn’t further discuss Trixie’s impression that Vasariah could still hurt her eventually, even if he said he wouldn’t, and that he was way too intrigued and excited about her daughter’s ability to resist him. Chloe was just not ready to talk about the possibilities.

She managed to keep herself together while Lucifer told them everything he knew, until he related Trixie’s last words of love for them. The emotion she saw in Lucifer’s eyes when he said it gave her a faint idea of what her daughter might have felt at that moment. She then lost the fragile hold she still maintained over her feelings and fell into Lucifer’s arms for comfort, as she shook with sobs.

After giving them a minute to calm down, Azrael racked her throat. "Lucifer, as much as I agree that we need to do anything in our power to bring back Beatrice, you can’t seriously consider giving «The Piece» to Vasariah in exchange for the child? The potential for disaster is too great!"

Lucifer lifted his head from where it rested against Chloe’s to look daggers at his sister. "I’ll try not to, but if it comes down to it, I will give it to him if it means saving the little one. I would just have to deal with the consequences afterwards." When he saw her open her mouth to argue, he cut her
short. "Nothing will stop me from getting her back, Azraël! Don’t waste your breathe trying to discourage me. I’ll do what I have to." He embraced Chloe a bit more firmly to pass on to her his determination.

Azraël was stunned into silence. Her gaze searched Amenadiel’s for support, but the dark angel lowered his eyes so as to let her know that he would not fight Lucifer on that subject. He probably knew it was in vain to ever think to make Lucifer change his mind about that. She exhaled slowly in defeat.

Lucifer softened his tone a little at seeing Azraël’s disconcerted expression. "But before we get to that extreme measure, there’s still a chance we could find a way to counter Vasariah’s plans." He wasn’t a fool, even he didn’t want for the Gates of Hell to pour out on the world all the evil it contained.

He turned to Amenadiel to pursue his idea. "Go get that old book you talked about that could contain some information about the medallion. Find me something that can explain how «The Pieces» work. We need to learn as much as possible about it if we want to avoid the worst."

So his brother went to retrieve the book in question in Maze’s room while Lucifer brought Daniel in Beatrice’s bed to make him more comfortable while he recovered. His shaking had lessen a bit. It could only be a good sign, right? Even though Lucifer resented the Douche for what he did, he could only hope that he would indeed recover, if for no other reason than to kick his ass for being such a damn fool.

Amenadiel easily found the Hebrew book translated from Sumerian a few thousand years ago. It looked indeed very old and fragile, with pages almost coming apart if not carefully handled. The fallen angel laid it on the kitchen counter, the only elevated surface that had survived the fight between the female demons. Everyone gathered around it with stern looks on their faces. They all knew that it was their last chance at finding any useful clue.

Cautiously, Amenadiel turned the pages to reveal their content. It took him a time to find what he was looking for, but when he did, all eyes around him widened in excitement. The drawing on the page was the exact replica of the medallion they found in the cave.

Amenadiel stayed silent longer than Lucifer could stand. "Damn it, Brother! What does it say?"

"I’m trying to decipher it. A good translation can’t be rushed. You know how true it is, especially with older tongues." Amenadiel did his best to stay patient with his devilish brother.

Lucifer was clearly not in the mood for patience. "Then think aloud at least, so we won’t have to wait hours before having an idea of what it says."

"Alright! Alright! That first passage tells of two identical medallions such as the one drawn on this page. Their creator and the material in which they were made was unknown, but it was believed to be otherworldly. Apparently, the drawing was made by a seer who received a vision. The second passage translates the two Enochian rows of writings around the central pentagram. Or tries to translate it, I would say. The linguist who worked on it did a poor job, I can tell you. But he got the general sense nonetheless, understanding that it could open a passage between two worlds. However, since the translation was poor, he thought that this other world was a perfect one and didn’t get the warning in it. As I told you, the way I would translate it sounds more like: Be wary of opening the path between worlds, for once opened, that path could lead to destruction."

Amenadiel stopped speaking for a moment to read the third passage. "Here, hypotheses are formulated as to the meaning of the central symbols. Obviously they didn’t understand it any more
than I do, because they talk again about utopic worlds with good Gods and Goddesses."

Lucifer snorted in contempt. "Utopic worlds! What a farce! Those symbols are demonic. One stands for «Hell», another for «Hell’s door», the next means «Passage» or «Path», this one is for «Earth» and the last one, «Hell’s hordes». It’s pretty strait forward. This text is useless, it doesn’t help us at all." He was getting more and more frustrated.

"Wait a second, Brother. The next part seems promising. It’s about the rest of the seer’s vision." Amenadiel translated it slowly for them as he read it. "The two medallions need to be placed on both ends of the passage, one here on Earth, at the confluence of divine forces, and the other one at the entrance of this other world. The third «Piece»…"

Amenadiel lifted his gaze towards Lucifer in shock at the revelation of the existence of another artefact. He cleared his throat before pursuing. "The third «Piece», must be used to unlock the magic that will open the passage between worlds."

"A third piece? What piece? Azrael, have you ever heard of another one?" Lucifer was clearly trilled by this new revelation.

"No! And Michael never mentioned any other artefact being stolen in Heaven nor anything closely or remotely in relation to another element in the equation. I have no idea what it refers to. Isn’t there anything more about its nature in this text, Amenadiel?"

"Let’s see… It is written that the third «Piece» belongs to both worlds, while at the same time being touched by another celestial one. It doesn’t make any sense!" Complained Amenadiel.

"Maybe it does." Interjected Azraël. "That piece could belong to Hell and Earth while being blessed by God."

Lucifer narrowed his eyes in thought. "When it says «belongs» to both worlds, it could be a possible mistranslation. There weren’t a lot of words in the Sumerian language and one word could have different meanings, depending on the circumstances. We could read it as «forged by», «created by», «touched by», «tinted by», and any number of other terms that don’t really seem to apply in this case."

Lucifer shook his head in frustration. "I don’t know. I can’t begin to deduce what that third «Piece» could be, but it definitely is different than the two medallions."

Then his frustration seemed to turn into something more positive. "What is possible though, is that Vasariah might not even have heard about that «Piece», or that he didn’t find it yet. It’s a thin hope, but if it turns out to be true, it could give us a chance to avoid the worst if we have to give him the medallion in exchange for Beatrice." Lucifer smiled faintly at Chloe who was holding his hand tightly and apparently clung to that hope as much as he did.

Azraël approved. "If Vasariah knows of it, the fact that he hasn’t called us yet to make the exchange might mean that he doesn’t have it in hand. You need to move fast before he gets it."

"You’re right, we wasted enough time as it is." The Devil turned to his hound. "Doom! Come with me!"

The Hellhound followed him eagerly to Beatrice’s bedroom. Lucifer retrieved a piece of clothing belonging to the child and presented it to the creature.

"Find that human child for me, and protect her with your life. She means a lot to me." Lucifer infused enough strength in his command to make sure the hound would understand the importance
of succeeding.

Immediately, Doom started sniffing around the room, but soon ended up turning in circle, whimpering in defeat.

Lucifer swore when he understood what it implied.

"What’s happening? Can’t it find a simple track?" Chloe thought Hellhounds to be greater trackers than that.

"It would, if there was a track to be followed. In this case, I fear there are none. My best bet is that Vasariah took Beatrice himself then disappeared without leaving a trace to follow."

Lucifer tried to have Doom follow Lilim’s track, but like Vasariah’s, it started right in Beatrice’s room and didn’t go outside the apartment.

"So Vasariah just popped up in here with Lilim, then disappeared." He concluded. "Which explains why Maze has not been finished off by another demon; there were no other. I’m sure Vasariah did it on purpose so we could not track him back to his lair."

"Where will we search for Trixie then? We only know that she is close de the ocean. That’s not enough to find her." Chloe spit out, defeated.

Lucifer tried to lift her spirit. "We also know they must be in the southern part of LA, according to what Maze said about the demons she tracked and lost in that area this week. It’s too bad she can’t tell us more about where she last saw them though."

"She did tell me!" Amenadiel cut in. "Or more precisely, she showed me on a map, and it was quite close to the ocean, which reduces considerably the area to search. Still, it won’t be an easy task."

A devilish grin spread across the Devil’s face. "It would be tough yes, if we didn’t happen to have a Hellhound with us."

At his words, Doom lifted its head in anticipation, from where it was lying on the floor at Lucifer’s feet.

The Devil looked down at the Hound.

"Ready for a hunt?"

Doom answered him with a dangerous grin and a snarl.

"Wait a second Lucifer!" Chloe’s hopes looked to have been rightfully revived, but she was obviously worried about something.

She continued when the Devil’s attention turned to her. "We need more help. I might not be very useful against an angel and four demons with only my gun, which leaves you, who are already wounded and partially drained by the Leech, Amenadiel, who is also wounded, and despite his fighting skills is still pretty much powerless," that comment made the powerless angel in question grimace in indignation, "and finally Doom. That’s far from enough if you ask me. I want to save Trixie, not die trying!"

Chloe’s concerns strangely echoed his own on the subject. Lucifer knew she was right. The four of them could probably overcome their enemies, but not without exceedingly endangering Beatrice’s and Chloe’s lives. He turned to Azraël, ready to ask for her help. The angel though broke his hopes
"You know I’m not a warrior, Lucifer. I wouldn’t be of much help in a fight. However, I could stay here to watch over Mazikeen and Daniel, and offer them some protection."

Lucifer couldn’t object to that. His sister actually never trained as a warrior, unlike Amenadiel and himself. And he also knew exactly who he should be calling to fight by his side. He’d just been denying the necessity to do so, hoping he would never have to get there. He finally sighted in defeat, then stilled himself with determination.

"Alright! I think it's time for me to call Michael…"
A Conversation Long Overdue

Chapter Notes

Hello dear readers! I was so looking forward to share that chapter with you that I wrote it as quickly as possible. I think that to this date, this chapter is the most emotional one I wrote. I cried a lot writing it. It was very shameful… I just hope that it will move you as much as I would like it to.

Thanks to my Beta, Apparition, who did a quick read over it to accommodate me. You are a marvel!

Now, place to the story. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The silence that settled around his declaration was deafening. It took a moment before anyone dared to comment.

Azraël was the only one who didn’t seem surprised. She even looked enthusiastic. "I actually think that it’s a great idea, Brother. He offered his help after all, and it is great time that you two settled things down, if you ask me."

Amenadiel seemed to be regaining the use of speech with his sister’s comment. "Right… We sure could use his skills if it comes to blows, which I’m afraid it probably will." He didn’t sound that sure of the wisdom of this idea though.

"Cheer up a little, Brother!" said Lucifer in a forced good mood. "Isn’t this what you wanted, for Michael and me to get along? Not that I plan on making peace with him, mind you." He snorted derisively. "See it more like a truce for a good cause."

There was no way he could forgive his brother for having tried to kill him and send him to Hell, again. But he would be damned if he let his old resentment against the prick prevail over the safety of his precious little human. Nothing mattered more than bringing Beatrice back to her mother alive. Nothing.

"Do you… want me to talk to him first?" tried Amenadiel hesitantly.

Lucifer lifted an eyebrow questioningly. "Why do you think you should?"

Amenadiel rolled his eyes exasperatedly. "I don’t know! Let me think. Maybe because I want to make sure you don’t kill each other, or that you don’t bring down the house on our heads!"

"Oh come on! I can talk to him without getting into a fight." Lucifer hoped he sounded more confident than he actually felt. Unfortunately, the grimace Chloe and Amenadiel made told him he might not have hidden his doubts that well.

Luckily, his sister came to the rescue. "Of course you can. And you will." Azraël walked to him and grabbed gently his shoulder to turn him around and direct him towards the stairs. "You two need to have a good talk. I believe a more private place would be appropriate. Why don’t you go upstairs to call him?"
Lucifer took a few steps forwards, suddenly unsure he was ready to do this. Walking slowly up the stairs, he looked behind him at Chloe for assurance that she was fine with this. Or was it for support? Whatever the reason, Chloe smiled softly back at him as if to say that everything would be okay. Knowing that Chloe was behind him with this, he straightened his back at the prospect of facing his brother, now a bit surer of himself.

Once in Chloe’s bedroom, he leant back against the closed door. He took a deep breath in. He could do this. He just had to push his feelings down as deep as possible, to not think about the hurt of knowing his own brother preferred to see him in Hell, or dead. How could this knowledge still hurt so much after eons? It was beyond him, and beyond painful.

The weight of the Flaming Sword in his inside pocket reminded him of their recent fight. He had let his feelings dictate his behaviour that day, but no more. He would face his brother and put aside his hold resentment against him. For Beatrice’s sake.

He finally straightened up and adjusted his clothing to look his best. He would not let show his emotions, he would not let Michael know how much he was affected by his rejection. He had more pride than that.

Slightly trembling hands came up together in prayer and eyes closed slowly, almost reluctantly. No turning back now…

He summoned him, as emotionlessly as he could.

It took a moment for Michael to appear. Maybe he was reluctant himself to face him, or maybe he took the time to get his sword, that was nicely strapped over his back, just in case, before making the trip. But he came all the same.

His brother was as expressionless as he was himself. At least he hoped so. The silence between them stretched for an interminable length of time. It gave him the opportunity to look him over and observe the few remnants of burn marks on his face and hands, as well as on the tip of his wings. Still, he looked almost back to normal. The bite marks on his breast plate from the creature he had summoned during their fight could not be seen anymore. He must have had it repaired. Michael looked to be equally analysing him in return, probably wondering if he was back to his full strength and if the Devil wanted his revenge, though the small room in which he called him must have hinted at the fact that it wasn’t the reason.

It was clear to Lucifer that he would have to break the silence himself. After all, he was the one who wanted something from his brother. So he dived right in.

"Don’t worry, I didn’t call you to talk about our little altercation." His brother’s shoulders seemed to relax almost imperceptibly at the news. "I did it because you offered help to bring down Vasariah and that I finally see the necessity to accept it. You see, Vasariah has Beatrice, Chloe’s child. He wants to exchange her for «The Piece» we found tonight."

 Surprise was clear on Michael’s face. Was it at the news that they had «The Piece», or that Vasariah kidnapped a child? He couldn’t say. He continued.

"I can’t get her back safely without your help. I don’t trust you to have my back, but I might trust you to fight beside me if you accept the fact that the child’s and her mother’s safety have to come first. I know you want to bring down Vasariah as much as I do and I’m offering you to be a part of it, but it’s gonna have to be my way."

Gaze hard, Michael stayed silent some more, studying him. At last, he spoke.
"What about «The Piece»? Would you give it to him? Do you know he already has the other one ready to be used back in Hell?"

Lucifer sighed. "I know, and I swear I’ll do everything in my power to make sure he doesn’t open the Gates of Hell with it."

"So you knew about it?" Michael didn’t seem that surprised, as if he had always thought that Lucifer was aware of it, contrarily to what he had claimed the day of their fight.

"Yes I now know what «The Pieces» are and what they can do. But I just learned of it tonight when we deciphered the script on the medallion. We also found a book that tells about a third «Piece», which we don’t know yet the nature of though. But I suspect you already know everything about it. Am I right?"

Michael looked as if trying to decide if he should believe him or not. However, there was no way to know what conclusion he reached.

"Yes, I knew of its existence. Unfortunately, I have no idea what it is, since Father thought it irrelevant that I knew." He grimaced at his admission, clearly annoyed to still be in the dark. "All I know is that it’s here on Earth, ready to be found and used to open the path that will bring up all the evil that Hell contains. Vasariah might even know more about it than I do."

The angel clenched his fists at his side in frustration before changing the topic. "But let’s get back to the medallion that is in your possession. I get it that you would be willing to give it to Vasariah to save that human? And then what? Do you even mind a little of what could happen to humanity if the Gates were to be opened?" It was plain as day that he thought the Devil didn’t care.

Lucifer lost the little restrain he still had over his emotions. "You really still think so little of me? That I would forsake humanity without even blinking, just to have what I desire? I have changed more than I can even comprehend myself over the last years. Chloe and her child have changed me! I’m not the same selfish pathetic angel you once knew. Be sure that I would do everything in my power to make sure that humanity stays safe. If the Gates do open, I’ll do what I have to to fix it. I’ll take my responsibilities even if it kills me. I promise you that." Lucifer’s jaws tightened in anger. Would his brother ever see beyond his preconceived ideas? He had little hope.

At last, some emotions crossed Michael’s blue gaze. "You apparently did change." He said softly. "I… I want to believe that you changed enough. I really do, but…" He shook his head slowly, seeming to be battling with conflicting emotions.

"But, you can’t trust me." Finished Lucifer for him. He chuckled in disbelief, even though he already knew it would turn out like that. "Of course you can’t. I am the reason so many of our brothers and sisters are dead, gone for eternity. I wouldn’t trust me either if I were you. Why would you? You already despised me before the war, now you must down right hate the monster you see in me." There was no real bitterness into his words, just the truth as he saw it.

Michael closed his eyes, only to open them to stare right into Lucifer’s soul it seemed. "I don’t hate you Sam… Lucifer. I never did. And I never despised you. I loved you." He said, almost with tenderness. "You were my little brother. Everybody loved you. How could it have been any different? You were the brightest of us all, with so much potential. It has always been plain to anyone how special you were, and still are. I… I wanted the best for you. I tried to be a good role model that you could look up to. But I failed miserably." He chuckled without any real humor in it. "I pushed you too hard. Damn, I berated you all the time instead of encouraging you to shine. I let you down…"
Lucifer’s jaws had come slack. He was looking at his brother as if he had never seen him before. The power those words had on him were almost frightening. His throat was so tight, he wondered how he could still breathe.

His brother’s emotions seemed to be on the brink of pouring out, just as his were. Michael continued in a shaky voice. "For me, greater power always meant greater responsibility, towards our family, towards humanity. But you never took responsibility for anything, pursuing your own desires instead. To see you apparently wasting such great potential and acting so selfishly drove me mad. Now I know that all I did was to push you in the wrong direction. I wanted so much for you to take responsibility for something, that when you Fell I… I thought it was only well deserved because for once you would have to take responsibility. But now, I realize that I’m probably the one who drove you to turn your back on us to look for freedom because you didn’t feel understood or supported. I was not only the instrument of your Fall, but also the reason you Fell…” The angel’s eyes were filling up with unshed tears that he visibly battled to contain.

Lucifer was totally appalled. "What?” Came out in a hoarse sound of disbelief. "How could you blame yourself for my actions? Whatever you think, you had nothing to do with it, Michael. I alone made the choices I did. I alone bear responsibility for what happened and I will carry that blame for eternity. I am the one who thought that free will was the most important thing, more important than even my own family. To be honest, I still think that free will is worth fighting for, yet not at the price of all the lives that have been lost. Had I known what I know today, I would have claimed it in a much smoother way. The war should never have happened. I deserved my punishment, and going through it made me the man I now am. Which is a better one, I’m hoping."

Lucifer wondered how this conversation could have so much strayed as to become a therapy session. Linda would gloat about it if she knew, for sure. He could feel his eyes burning with the building tears that threatened to make a fool of him.

Michael smiled a little at his attempt to deny his part of the responsibility. "You can think what you want, Lucifer. The fact remains, that we lost so many in that war… So many who will never come back. But I also lost my little brother that day, and I blamed myself for it." A tear escaped his filled up eyes and ran slowly along his cheek. "Since then, I always hoped, wished, that someday, you could come back to us. So when I thought that it was you, who were trying to open the Gates of Hell and bring havoc on humanity… I just lost it. It was like losing my little brother all over again, and definitely this time. I’m sorry I lost faith in you, Brother." On that last word his voice cracked. "I want to believe in you, so much! But if… if it turns out that I am mistaken about you today and that you are not the Brother I dreamed you would become…I fear it could crush me!” Unable to contain his tears anymore, it started spilling out.

Lucifer’s emotions were gagging him. It took him a few tries to swallow the lump in his throat. His vision was almost completely blurred by the treacherous tears in his eyes. It had never been so hard to utter a word, but he managed to do so in a shaking whisper.

"I don’t know if I have become the brother you dreamed of, but I sure hope that someday I will."

Michael nodded wordlessly through his tears as he grasped his brother’s shoulders to pull him into a strong hug. Both brothers clung to each other as sobs shook their bodies in a long overdue release. Neither seemed eager to part as they embraced each other as if they would never let go.

Lucifer just never new how much he had needed this, if not forgiveness at least acceptance, and dare he say, the love of a long lost brother he always secretly looked up to. He could barely believe how good this felt. Tons of blame and accumulated tension seemed to wash out of him as tears flew unrestrained.
Then Michael took a long breath before speaking at his ear, still not releasing his hold onto him. "I
will fight with you brother. I will have your back and I will protect the ones you love. I swear I
will."

"Thank you, Brother!" Lucifer managed to answer in a choking whisper.

They kept hugging each other for a long while before trusting themselves to successfully hold their
tears back in. When they finally parted, they looked at each other with small shy smiles. Neither of
them were used to display that much emotions, and even less with each other. It was very
destabilising to say the least. They rapidly found something very interesting to look at around them
thus averting their eyes to find the time to get their bearings.

After a moment, Lucifer racked his throat a couple of times and tried to talk with his usual
nonchalance. "Well, I guess if we are to fight together to stop Vasariah and counter his plans, you
might as well tell me all you know about the way those «Pieces» work, so we can make sure the
world does not fall apart."

"I guess it makes sense," answered Michael with a smile.

So Michael revealed to him all his knowledge about «The Pieces». Then they tried to cover all the
possibilities about how things could go wrong in their attempt at rescuing Beatrice and what would
have to be done to avert it.

When they were done, Lucifer made a phone call he had hoped to never have to do. Yet, here he
was, covering his bases, just in case…

"Yes, M. Pearson? It is Lucifer Morningstar. Those papers I signed last Monday, you will add the
date at the bottom as of tomorrow, 9 o’clock, and you will make it effective if the preconditions
are fulfilled as mentioned. Thank you." It didn’t take longer than that. Everything had already been
planned in prevision of such a situation. He could now only hope that the preconditions would fail
to be met.

Meanwhile, Chloe redressed Amenadiel’s neck injury, mostly to keep her mind occupied. Lucifer’s
meeting with his brother was stressing her out more than she expected. She knew exactly the
moment Michael landed on this plane of existence, for Doom became frantic all of a sudden. It
took her all of her new authority over the hound to keep it from running to its master’s side to
protect him. The fact that it was way too quiet up there did nothing to lessen her anxiety.

After a time, she even made a move to look in on them only to be stopped by the Angel of Death.
The woman had smiled apologetically at her, but categorically forbid Chloe to go upstairs and risk
ruining what she thought could be, as she put it, Lucifer’s and Michael’s only chance to sort things
out between them since the dawn of time. And she was not ready to put that in jeopardy. What
could Chloe say to that?

Chloe also kept an eye on Maze, who was still unconscious on the couch, and on Daniel in the next
room. There didn’t seem to be any improvement in their conditions. Azraël was trying to help, but
was looking quite out of her element. It was clear that taking care of living beings was far from her
skill range. Chloe feared that she would not fare well alone with Maze and Daniel in the state they
were in. So she decided to call Linda in, again.

The poor woman was asleep at this hour. Even though, she didn’t seem surprised to get a call from
her that late. She just sounded weary and a bit afraid of hearing what was going on. When she
learned that Maze almost died, the doctor became very emotional and rushed over to Chloe’s to
take care of her friend.

After some hesitations, Chloe suggested calling Azraël’s Mother too, to help watch over Dan. She suspected that the woman cared enough about her ex and that she would want to be there. She also knew that her powers were at least partially back, so she could certainly be an asset in protecting Dan and Maze until morning.

The Angel of Death had been surprised at the idea. Sure, she had observed that the Goddess looked interested by the detective during dinner the week before, but to think that she would care enough to come all the way here in the middle of the night was another thing. To be honest with herself, Azraël found it quite intriguing. However, she masked her interest on the subject, accepting the offer only under the pretense that anyway, she had promised her Mom to have coffee with her some day and that it was as good a time as any to do it. What surprised her even more than the whole idea was that her Mother did accept right away and even sounded genuinely concerned over the phone. How amazing!

A little later, Chloe was now pacing restlessly in the leaving room with Doom lying close by, apprehensively watching her. Lucifer had been up there way too long for Chloe’s liking. Linda even had the time to arrive. She was presently with Maze, who was now resting in her own bed, checking her up with Amenadiel. There was probably nothing visibly wrong with her however, since Lucifer had healed her. Nonetheless, a friendly presence by the demon’s side could only be a good thing. Charlotte was probably close to arrival too. As for Azraël, she was looking frustratingly relaxed in the circumstances, sitting on the couch and petting Doom at her feet as if it was a simple dog.

All of a sudden, Doom sprang up and made the most dangerous growl, staring straight in the stairs direction. Hair bristling on its back, he looked ready to bounce on a prey. When Chloe saw who was nonchalantly coming down those stairs, she was tempted to let the hound jump on him. Her common sense unfortunately took over and she barked a sharp order.

"Doom! Stay! For now…” she added with a smirk.

The hound whimpered in utter indignation, but stayed put.

Michael came down unhurriedly. He really was an impressive sight, with his strong built and angular jaw, his more than 6 feet of height, his shining armor and the two handed sword coming out from behind his back. His intense azure gaze and blond hair were giving him an alluring appearance. Even with his wings tucked away, there was an unmistaken divine presence emanating from him. He was annoyingly breathtaking.

Behind him appeared Lucifer who came down as unhurriedly as Michael. The calm air about him confused Chloe to the highest point. When Doom started growling again and became restless with the urge to rip the angel to pieces, Lucifer talked with a calm authority.

"It’s okay boy! Michael is not to be armed. He is my brother and part of your pack now.

Chloe’s eyes widened in astonishment. What the hell happened up there that could make Lucifer talk that way about his sworn enemy brother? It had to have been major.

Michael greeted his sister with a nodded and a smile. The Angel of Death was grinning from ear to ear at the sight of her two brothers apparently getting along.

Michael didn’t stop walking until he was standing right in front of Chloe. She stared at him with tight lips, remembering everything Lucifer had gone through because of that being. When he
opened his mouth to say something, she didn’t let him time to utter a word.

The sound of the slap she gave him reverberated around the room like a whip strike.

"You bastard!" she spat at him.

She winced as she gripped her now injured hand, suspecting she had hurt herself more than she had him. But the price was worth it if only for the look of pure indignation on the jerk’s face. He didn’t make a move though, merely looking at her as if wondering what kind of creature she were.

Seemingly looking like he was having the time of his life, a grinning Lucifer circled an arm around his brother’s shoulders.

"I see you met Chloe. Isn’t she charming?” he purred.

Chapter End Notes

So, did I succeed in moving you a bit? I really like the idea of a new brotherly relationship developing between Lucifer and Michael. Please, let me know what you think of this chapter. Your inputs and feedbacks fuel me in my writing. Thank you so much for still following this story!
Not Always According to Plans

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! Here is the next chapter. We are almost at the end of the road now. There is a small part that is for you, Stars. I liked your suggestion so I imagined a little conversation between Amenadiel and Michael. I think it’s a good addition. Thanks again to my amazing Beta, Apparition, who is always there for me. Now place to the story! Enjoy!

She walked restlessly around the living room, eying Michael in a way that left no room for interpretation. She didn't trust him. Not one bit. And Michael apparently got the message loud and clear; he was fidgeting in place where he now stood, a few meters from her. Good! He had reason to feel ill at ease. He’d tried to engage in conversation with her several times in the past few minutes while they waited for the others, but she cut short each ones of his attempts with a killing glare that literally froze him mid-way into it.

She was not planning on making it easy on him. Oh! No! Not after what he had done to Lucifer, and to her in the process. She went through Hell when she thought Lucifer had Fallen again, or worse, died from the wounds the angel had inflicted on his own brother. What kind of a person could do something like that? It was beyond her. And to think that Lucifer had forgiven him so easily? They looked so at ease with each other. She couldn’t begin to understand.

Yet, maybe Lucifer was just pretending to have pardoned him in a way to use him to save Trixie. Michael was certainly doing the same for his own twisted reasons. Well, if Lucifer could tolerate the feathered prick for her daughter’s sake, so could she. Though, tolerating him didn’t mean she had to talk to him.

She looked towards the stairs for at least the twentieth time in less than five minutes just to find it still empty. She was dying to get going already, but they still had some preparations to do. After having made a short plan with everyone, they agreed that Chloe should take Lilim’s daggers to defend herself more efficiently if it came to hand-to-hand combat. Linda and Charlotte would keep Maze’s ones, just in case. As for Amenadiel, he had gone to Maze’s room to get a suitable weapon from the demon’s personal stash. He and Lucifer still had to change their bloodied clothes before they could leave.

Lucifer hadn’t wanted her to get another look at his bitten neck nor at his wounded shoulders where the Leech had grabbed him, pretending that he was quite alright and that they had already wasted enough time as it was. But the blood on his clothing was too obvious not to take the time to deal with it. It could attract unwanted attention if they crossed paths with people during their search.

Azraël was resting leisurely on the couch, petting Doom at her feet as if he were a simple dog. The Hellhound was sitting motionless, visibly high wired with tension. While he was leaning into her hand, obviously enjoying the petting from the Angel of Death, he was still glaring dangerously at Michael and intermittently emitting a low and chilling growl in warning.

The hound clearly didn’t trust him any more than Chloe did, in spite of Lucifer’s assurance that
they should consider the angel as family. She wondered why that was. Maybe the hound felt her discomfort in presence of the angel and was only mirroring her feelings? To test her suspicion, she glared once more towards the angel and let her mistrust for him radiate from her. Doom immediately growled anew, even louder this time. What a good boy!

Michael took that opportunity to engage in dialogue with her. "Isn’t there a way to keep that thing quiet?"

She stopped her pacing to look at him in the eye. "I’m sure there is. But I don’t see why I should restrain him from making his feelings known. And I think he is doing a very good job at refraining from ripping you apart. If you ask me." It had been just too tempting to say.

"Its feelings, hum? And that’s a HE for you?" The disbelief was plain in his voice.

She moved to pet Doom’s head warmly. "Yep! He is part of the family now. Doom is a very faithful hound. He has earned our trust and respect tonight. Unlike some…"

His grimace said that he clearly got the unveiled innuendo. "I understand that I have a lot to prove before you start trusting me, and I can’t resent you for that."

"You’re right, you can’t! And I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to trust you. You see, I might just be a simple human, but for us, trying to kill a brother, or anyone actually, for no other reason than old grudges is strangely perceived as evil. So pardon me if I can’t think of you otherwise." She let all the contempt she felt for him vibrate in each of her words.

As in answer to her escalating emotions, Doom growled more menacingly and bared his teeth. Chloe smiled. There’s a good hound!

Suddenly, Doom startled into silence as he turned around in the direction of the front door. Teeth bared, he took a stance as if ready to attack.

The moment the door opened to reveal the new comer, Chloe understood the precariousness of the situation. Doom was already in the air when she screamed the order.

"Doom! No!"

Too late. The hound got to his prey in the blink of an eye. What followed happened so fast that she wasn’t sure her human brain had registered everything right. Charlotte had reacted as fast as the Hellhound to grab his neck like he was only a puppy and had propelled him at least 10 feet away straight into the opposite wall. Doom whimpered at the shock, yet he was back on his feet a fraction of a second later, apparently ready for another go.

Chloe barked another order, putting as much authority behind it as she could. "Doom, stay!"

This time Doom seemed to deflate into a submissive position, head lowered and tale tucked between his hind legs. It looked like it was taking all of his strength and determination not to bounce again on the Goddess. Chloe hoped that the hound had not been seriously injured. At least there was no visible blood at first glance. Damn it! Having a Hellhound was promising to be a job of every minute. It was probably not helping that almost everyone who revolved around Lucifer and herself were celestials.

Charlotte adjusted her dress and wiped her hands on it as if they were soiled. "What on Earth is this thing doing here? Don’t tell me you got it in a pet shop, because Hellhounds tend to make horrible pets."
"Mother? Are you alright?" At first hesitant, Michael’s tone of voice had turned to a very concerned one.

The hound now completely forgotten, Charlotte was staring at her son with her mouth agape. Oups! Chloe realised that no one had told her that Michael was there. The shock was understandable. She wondered how long it had been since those two had seen each other. Probably thousands of years, like with Azraël.

Charlotte walked slowly to her son, tears building rapidly in her eyes. "My boy! Look at you! I can’t believe it’s really you. And here, of all places."

She extended a hand hesitantly to make sure that her gesture of affection would not be turned down. Surprisingly, Michael gave no sign of discomfort, quite the contrary. He opened his arms and took her in a warm embrace. They both took comfort in their reunion for a long minute. When they parted, Michael was smiling like a kid.

Charlotte looked quite confused. "I don’t understand. Shouldn’t you be angry at me like all of your brothers and sisters?"

Michael dismissed her words with a wave of his hand. "You know, after having forgiven Lucifer for what he did back in the days, forgiving you now seems like a piece of cake. Let’s just forget about it all. Eons of bitterness is quite enough, don’t you think?"

Eyes sparkling with happiness, Charlotte smiled genuinely. "You are such a wonderful boy!" She patted his cheek lovingly.

Then Michael’s words about Lucifer reminded her of the last few days and her gaze grew hard. "You might be a wonderful son, but you are a horrible brother." And with that, she slapped him with enough force to freeze him, but not to hurt him.

Michael whined as he clutched his cheek. "Aouch! What was that for?"

"Are you really asking? You almost killed Lucifer only because you were too dumb to see reason. I should box your ears and spank you until you can’t walk anymore."

"Mother?!" He said in outrage. Yet, he didn’t try to defend his actions.

Chloe was so loving this!

Charlotte rapidly took a hold of herself. "But I guess… that if you are here, it must mean that Lucifer has been able to get over it. If he can, so should I. So let’s forget about it.

"Alright…" He didn’t sound that sure of what just happened.

Charlotte took another look in Doom’s direction and narrowed her eyes. Then the reason she came here in the first place came back to her and she bolted forwards.

"Where is Daniel? I need to see him!"

The concern in her voice was almost palpable. Michael and Azraël were stunned into astonishment to notice such an unexpected feeling coming from their mother, and for a human moreover. Even if Azraël had suspected the existence of some level of bond between those two, it was still difficult for her to fathom.

Chloe had to answer the Goddess’ question herself since the siblings were looking more like fishes
out of water than anything.

"Daniel is in Beatrice’s room. You can…"

Charlotte didn’t let her finish and was already dashing into the bedroom to check on Daniel. The siblings looked mesmerized by the situation playing before them.

Chloe knew she should probably leave Charlotte some privacy. On the other hand, it would be a kindness to let the woman know that Daniel was mostly out of the woods now. Charlotte hadn’t had all the explanations on the phone, only the essentials about what Vasariah did to him. Furthermore, now that the Goddess had regained some of her powers, God only knew what could happen if she started panicking. After some hesitation, she decided to follow her into the room. She regretted it as soon as her gaze settled on them.

Charlotte was already sitting by Dan’s side on the bed, cradling his face tenderly with both hands. He was clearly still out of it, perspiration covering his grimacing face. She was trying to wake him up by calling his name in such a desperate and broken way that Chloe’s heart twisted painfully. The detective cleared her throat shyly before bringing the woman up to date.

"He should be ok soon now that Azraël has taken his memory of his deal with Vasariah. Dan is strong, he will overcome it." She hoped she was sounding confident.

Charlotte didn’t even turn her way. She just shook her head slowly, gaze becoming dangerous. "If I get my hands on him, I will rip his head off! How could he do such a thing? Manipulate a human’s free will? Wasn’t it enough to put Daniel’s life in danger that first time? For once I agree with my Ex that Vasariah deserves to rot in Hell!"

The more she talked, the more the Goddess was getting all worked up over the situation. She was literally fuming! Charlotte continued her ranting before Chloe could find something to say to calm her down.

"I will not let Daniel pay the price of our failure to raise that stupid offspring properly. I will not accept that any harm come to him again. Ever!"

With that last word, the lights in the apartment started blinking on and off. The air itself seemed to be filling with power as Charlotte stood up slowly over Daniel. She repositioned her hands more firmly around his head and closed her eyes tightly.

Daniel’s body jerked off the bed with the surge of bright power that suddenly coursed through him. He gasped loudly once, twice, before falling back down limply onto the bed. Charlotte was also gasping for air. She looked ready to fall off. Chloe rushed to her to prevent her from breaking her neck. She settled her down in an armchair in the corner of the room where the Goddess took a long time to retrieve her countenance.

Chloe was awe struck. "What was that?"

"I broke the bond!" answered Charlotte breathlessly.

Michael and Azraël had been drawn by the divine light that poured out of the room, and were now standing in the door’s way.

"It was reckless, Mother!" chastised Michael. "Your human body is not equipped to support that kind of power. It could have killed you."

"I can dispose of my body as I see fit, Michael. Thank you very much!"
That properly shut him up.

Lucifer was just arriving. He quickly put two and two together just by the look of pure exhaustion of his Mother and the new appeased appearance of Daniel. He nodded in understanding.

Charlotte turned towards him, eyes pleading. "Please, tell me you will punish Vasariah for everything he did?"

"Don’t worry Mother, he will get what he deserves," he said severely.

For an instant she looked unsure. "You’re not going to… You don’t mean to kill him, do you?"

He rolled his eyes. "Unfortunately, I don’t plan to. Not unless he gives me no other choice. But I plan for him to be tortured in Hell for a very long time"

"Good! I mean… As much as he needs to be punished, I don’t want to lose another child." She was silently pleading him to understand her mother’s heart.

He sighed. "I know, Mother." Reluctantly, he made her an offer. "Do you want to come? Maybe you could help making him surrender."

"I… I don’t know… I’m not sure I could just stand and watch him Fall as you did yourself so long ago. Doing nothing to prevent it the first time almost killed me. I don’t think I could watch again another of my boys Fall without intervening." Her bottom lip started trembling and her eyes shined with moisture.

"Don’t worry Mother, I’ll take care of it. We’ll take care of him, Amenadiel, Michael, and me. It’s the right thing to do. The only thing we can do in this situation."

The Goddess nodded silently and returned to sit by Daniel’s. Everyone left the room to leave her alone.

Once Amenadiel had joined them in the leaving room, it was at last time to leave.

The hunt was on.

They took two cars. Michael went with Amenadiel while Lucifer rode with Chloe and Doom.

It wasn’t long before Lucifer noticed that instead of looking nervous about Beatrice’s fate, Chloe was suspiciously silent and demonstrating signs of frustration. Her fingers were drumming angrily on the steering wheel, the same way she did when he had done something stupid. He sorted through everything he had said or done in the last hour to find out what he had done wrong and found nothing. Women were so complicated!

He couldn’t take it anymore. "What did I do?" He asked in a high pitch voice.

Chloe looked at him from the corner of her hard eye. "Tell me you didn’t really forgive the brother who stabbed you almost to death twice! Who tried to send you back to Hell, again! Who couldn’t see who you truly are when it really counted! Tell me you’re faking it, otherwise I don’t get it. It just makes no sense at all!"

"Chloe…” He hesitated. "I know it looks strange…" She snorted at the understatement. "But Michael and I had a real talk, for the first time in my entire existence and I…”

"Did he apologise for everything he did to you? Did he admit being a first grade jerk?" She asked
harshly.

"Not in so many words… But I know he was sincere when he said I could trust him."

"Lucifer! You can’t be serious. Since when can you trust him? He is only thinking about himself and his stupid mission, and you know it."

Lucifer placed a hand on her shoulder to emphasise the importance of his words. "No he’s not. Maybe someday I’ll tell you everything he told me, but for now all you need to know is that I believe him! He was not lying. I would bet my life on it. I got a brother back tonight Chloe. You don’t know what it means to me. And I need you to trust me with this."

The way Lucifer said it made Chloe forget everything she wanted to add. He sounded so sure, so at peace with himself. If the fact of having that brother back in his life meant so much to him, then she wanted to believe in it too.

She conceded with a nod. "Alright! I’ll give him a chance. But if he betrays you, I’ll send him straight to Hell myself."

Lucifer smiled in satisfaction. "That’s a deal! And I’ll hold him while you do."

They both burst into laughter.

Meanwhile, in Amenadiel’s car, things were not going smoothly. Tension was so thick, it could have been cut with a knife. Michael almost expected smoke to come out from Amenadiel’s ears, so much his brother was fuming with anger. Anger that was very clearly directed at him. He would not endure that all night.

"Alright, go ahead! Say what you need to get it off your chest."

Amenadiel didn’t even spare him a glance when he answered, keeping his eyes on the road in front of him. "You are such a prideful ass! You come in here, acting as if nothing happened, after everything you did to him. Lucifer has been rejected and misunderstood by our family for so long that he’d be ready to believe anything you say to feel accepted. I won’t let you manipulate him. Don’t tell me that you regret your wrongdoings and want to make amends. I won’t believe you!"

"I don’t care what you believe." Michael snapped back. "It is between Lucifer and me. I don’t owe you any explanation. In spite of all your talks, you know very well that you are no better than me. You stood by and didn’t lift a finger to help him when I cast him down from Heaven. You have as much blood on your hands as I do. And I know for a fact that you tried to bring him back to Hell not so long ago, and for even less reasons than me. At least I thought that he was fomenting something against humanity. What was your reason? Oh! Right! You wanted to please father is that it? So much nobler!"

Amenadiel at least had the decency to look sheepish. "I’m not saying what I did was right, on the contrary. I even lost my wings because of that so I know very well that I was in the wrong. But Lucifer and I have worked this out since then, and I have sworn to myself that I would never let him Fall again. And I won’t let you harm him anymore."

"You are so bullheaded!" Michael lifted his hands in exasperation. "I don’t want to harm him, and I don’t want to see him Fall again. All I want is to see him shine! I’d be too happy to have him retake his place in Heaven at my side, as he was meant to. I don’t know yet where his place is at the moment, but Lucifer does not belong in Hell anymore. Of that I am sure. As short sighted as I am,
even I can see that now. I’m not proud of what I did to him, back then or recently, and there is nothing I can do to undo it. But I can help ensure that Vasariah doesn’t make him Fall again or take away what Lucifer holds dear."

Amenadiel looked at his brother in astonishment. He had far from expected such a hearty declaration. It was surprisingly tempting to believe in his brother’s words. Damn it, it sounded genuine.

Amenadiel pinned him with a hard glare. "If it turns out that you’re playing him, I swear, you’ll have to answer to me!"

They had reached the area where Maze had lost track of the demons a few days before. Lucifer was keeping an eye on Doom who was sitting straight and alert in the back seat, muzzle in the wind through the open window. The hound had been instructed to search for any demonic or angelic smell and for Beatrice. Even though Vasariah’s base of operation was assuredly rigged with wards to hide them, no amount of magic could conceal anything from a Hellhound.

Unfortunately, by the lack of reaction coming from Doom, he had not picked up anything yet. They changed course to head towards the ocean, then started running southward alongside the coast.

After almost an hour’s ride, Lucifer finally got Vasariah’s call. Chloe stopped the car on the side of the road as not to let the angel hear that they were driving. He told Lucifer to be ready for an exchange early in the morning. He would call back to give them the time and place later. Lucifer tried to impose the place himself, but Vasariah replied that they were in no position to negotiate, which was painfully true. He even refused to let Trixie talk to her mother, pretending that she was sleeping, adding that he would maybe let them talk to her later. Lucifer threatened that he would refuse to go without the insurance that Beatrice was alive, but Vasariah just laughed at his attempt, recognising too easily that he was bluffing.

Five minutes after the call, Doom made a strange sound that Lucifer recognised without a doubt as meaning he got a hit. The Hellhound was getting so frantic with the call of the hunt that Chloe had to stop the car to let him run free in front of them. Fortunately, there were very few vehicles around at this hour of the night for anyone to notice a giant dog with glowing red eyes running at 60 miles per hour, and driven by the promise of a kill.

Trixie had been trying to sleep for hours. It probably was a lot less than that in reality, but it still felt like an endless wait. She could almost feel the demon’s gaze on her back. How could anyone sleep with a vicious creature prowling the room? That demon was nothing like Maze. She had never realized before tonight how much her friend was different then her siblings. Mazikeen was an angel compared to THAT! Not that she would insult Maze by voicing that thought.

There was also the fact that her brain would not shut down due to the whirlwind of crazy ideas that were going through it. It ranged from the dark thoughts telling her that no one would ever trade her against such an important artefact, to the craziest ones where she took out the demons all by herself and handed a begging Vasariah to Lucifer. Between all the craziness, a thought was making itself more and more obvious though; they could not find her, otherwise Lucifer would already have busted the place and wreak havoc. If she wanted to survive, it looked like she would have to take it upon herself to escape this place.

Besides the obvious problem of having a demon breathing down her neck, there was also no easy way out from down here. All the small windows had bars preventing anyone from entering or
escaping the place, and she saw no doors leading straight outside. Her only chance was to get past her guard and hope to evade the other demons and Vasariah once she reached the upper floor until she found a door. As well say she had absolutely no chance of escaping.

Still, she had nothing better to do at the moment than try to devise a plan to get rid of her demon guard. In spite of all her training with Maze, there was no way she could take out that demon in single combat. Unless… Maybe she could get her hand on one of her daggers and incapacitate her. The demon had two of them at her belt, as well as a scimitar similar to one of those Maze used to train with. Unfortunately, Maze hadn’t see fit to teach her yet how to fight with those. She would ask her to as soon as she got back home. If she got back home… and if Maze was still alive… At those thoughts, tears once again threatened to make her lose all her faculties. Maze would not want her to cry but to be strong like her and get the hell out of here. So she took a deep breath and tried to clear her mind of any distraction. She had a plan to make.

So it would have to be a dagger. She was getting good with those and had learned some tricks to make an adversary bend the knee enough to get a chance to knock it off the head. There was still the problem of luring the demon close enough to act.

Of what she knew from Maze, like Lucifer, demons were not accustomed to children. So maybe she could use that knowledge to trick her. Trixie was very afraid of her though, and of angering her with a failed attempt to escape. She didn’t want to lose her legs, or worse. Still, Trixie suspected to be very precious to Vasariah. The demon would not risk killing her, not yet at least. They needed her alive to get «The Piece». That gave her an idea…

She whined loudly and bolted upright to sit on the side of the bed, while grabbing at her belly with a painful look on her face.

She moaned through faked sobs. "It hurts! I feel like dying! Please, do something!"

It had the desired effect. The demon was caught off guard, not knowing how to react. Under the insistence of Trixie to do something, she walked to her to take a look at the problem. Trixie left her lift her pyjama up. There was nothing to see, of course. The demon frowned.

"I get stomach ache when I’m anxious," the child said shyly.

A look of relief passed over the woman’s face. "Then you’ll have to deal with it by yourself, small human."

Crisis averted, the demon turned around to go resume her watch near the stairs. Before she could take a step away from Trixie, the child sprang into action. She grabbed the dagger on the demon’s right side and in a fluid movement brought it down to slash at the back of the woman’s right knee. She then took advantage of the backlash movement to cut behind the other knee. The demon fell down on her knees and grabbed reflexively at her wounds with both hands. It pretty much all happened like she’d learned and done a hundred times in training with Maze. Except for the terrifying growl of fury and agony that escaped the demon’s mouth.

She had not been prepared for that!

The growl almost paralysed her with fear. But she took a hold of herself and prepared to make the final blow to the head with a now shaking hand. She had to knock her out and fast before Vasariah and his other demons heard something. The moment she took a swing, the woman turned her demonic face towards her. The sight was horrifying! Gaping holes in place of eyes were looking straight at her and a mouth full of sharp teeth snarled viciously like a feral beast.
Beatrice panicked.

All her well thought out plan flew to the wind and she reacted instinctively. Without thinking, she slashed at the demon’s throat with a strong blow. The dagger sank in the skin like it was only butter. Blood burbled out of the open wound and from the demonic mouth. Lots of blood!

The demon made horrible, agonising noises for a few seconds before crashing face down, unmoving.

Beatrice was shaking intensely. So much that she lost her hold on the dagger that clattered on the floor. She looked down to search for it, only for her gaze to land on all the blood painting the floor. She followed the bloody trail up her own clothes and to her hands plastered with dark blood. Her head was spinning with shock, breath coming in raspy gaps.

She had killed a demon! She was a killer!

It was all too much! Only this morning she was watching cartoons and now she was slaying demons. It was just too much for her young mind. Just too much!

She started running. Running from that frightening sight. Running from what she had done. All sounds around her were dimmed by the rush of blood to her head. Her panic was deafening.

She ran up the stairs on all fours, not even caring if she made too much noise. All she wanted was to get out of that haunted house. It seemed to take her an eternity to reach the first floor. There was fortunately no one in the corridor at the end of the stairs. She had no idea where to go so she took a chance and turned left. Her sight narrowed to a single point at the extremity of the corridor. She ran without looking behind her until she reached a room. Her heart was beating madly. There, in front of her, was a door apparently leading outside. She was going to make it out. She could do it!

A noise drew her attention to her right. She never had the time to see what it was. A fierce pain on the side of her head overwhelmed all her senses and darkness engulfed her, taking the panic and the fear away.

Chapter End Notes

Beatrice is a badass! But she is also a child who should have a hard time dealing with what she did. I hope you liked what my devious mind came up with for her. Action should not stop until the end now. Your suggestions are always welcome and I so love reading your thoughts about how you liked it. Thanks for reading.
Evolving

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! I’m glad to be back with this new chapter. I’ve been greatly taken by my other story, Anything for You, until my life became too complicated for me to find any moment to write anymore. After splitting with my boyfriend of 11 years, I moved into an apartment and am now still adjusting to single parenting :/ But the bright side to all the changes is that I should have from now on a bit more time to write when I don’t have my daughter with me (which is still very sad… :/). And since I was missing too much the present story, I decided to comeback to it instead of finishing Anything for You right away. And now I plan on finishing Stuck in Hell before writing about anything else.

I am a bit anxious of exposing you my new crazy idea about Maze (but I couldn’t stop myself from writing it) and very looking forward to hear how it will be received. There should still be 2 chapters to this story, plus an epilogue, but know that I am already planning to write a second part after that (I have lots of ideas :) ).

This chapter has not been beta-read, so sorry for any mistakes left, English still isn’t my first language.

Now place to the story. Enjoy!

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They had to be close. Doom was so caught up in the hunt that he had completely reversed to his real appearance by now. Fortunately, the sunrise was not due yet for another 30 minutes or so, which still provided enough darkness to hide his hellish nature to the few cars they passed. In spite of the Hellhound’s deadly focus on the chase, he was still able to control his speed for them to follow.

Doom stopped on a hill top overhanging an area along the sea coast where houses seemed to be farther apart than what they had seen so far. Most of them looked quite luxurious and recent, but here and there, small older ones could be seen too in the moon light.

They stopped the cars and joined the hound who was immobile and pointing forward like an arrow. Following Dooms line of sight, they could discern through the darkness an old house at the base of the hill that looked to be well isolated from the others.

"I still don’t feel anything. Are you sure your hound found the right place?" wondered Michael.

"I don’t feel anything either, but if Doom is sure of it, so am I," Lucifer assured him with conviction. "Don’t forget that it is more than certain that the place is rigged with protective wards preventing us to feel anything."

Michael made a dubious sound in answer.

Lucifer also thought that they were at a safe enough distance as not to get detected by Vasariah and his group of demons, which would also prevent their enemies from sensing them in return.
Nonetheless, they would have to make a move fast, just in case he was wrong.

He had already discussed an attack plan with Chloe during the ride, so it wouldn’t take long before they were ready to act. Chloe had worried that there could be more demons than the four they had already spotted. After all, Vasariah could have made a trip to Hell at any moment. But as Lucifer explained, while possible, it was not very probable since finding trustworthy demons was a very difficult task. The more demons Vasariah brought up here, the more chances there was that some of them would prefer to escape and ravage Earth for fun than follow his orders. So there could always be a couple more, but not much more than that.

He’d tried to discourage Chloe to be a part of the attack considering Vasariah’s interest in her. He was more than reluctant to bring her into harm’s way and wasn’t ready to take the chance of losing her, but she had dismissed his concerns and insisted on being there to help save her daughter. All he could do now was make sure she stayed safe.

He quickly exposed his plan to the group and gave clear orders to the Hellhound to assist. Less than a minute later, weapons at the ready and wings out, Lucifer and Michael disappeared, bringing with them Chloe and Amenadiel for a surprise attack. Doom dashed down the hill at a vertiginous speed to get to the house and his master as fast as possible.

Lucifer and Chloe appeared in the middle of the basement at the same time Michael and Amenadiel landed on the main floor. In spite of the dizzying sensation that assaulted Chloe following this unusual mode of transport, she quickly found back her bearings to assess her surroundings, with her weapon raised.

Lucifer’s Flaming Sword was diffusing enough light for them to see properly in this unlit basement. It didn’t take long for Chloe to understand that there was no one down there, except for the dead body sprawled in a pond of blood. That fact alone told her that they were at the right place. On top of that, the description Trixie had made of the place fitted totally.

A loud noise upstairs indicated the moment Doom crashed through a window. The silence that followed wasn’t very comforting though. Everything indicated that the place was deserted.

Chloe’s gaze lingered a moment on the too empty bed before settling on the dead demon on the floor. Lucifer was already at its side, pushing it over with his foot. The cause of death was easy enough to guess considering its opened throat, probably severed by a demonic dagger. It was a safe bet to think that it was the blond demon that guarded Trixie earlier. But what happened here that could have led to the death of one of Vasariah’s? A dispute between the demons? Could be. And where were they now? They couldn’t have missed them by long. It was so frustrating! Chloe just hoped to find clues of their whereabouts to track them.

"That’s strange!" Mused Lucifer.

It brought Chloe back to Earth. "What is?"

Lucifer was now crouched beside the corpse and shaking his head in incomprehension. "That demon was apparently first attacked from behind at knee level before getting its throat opened, and I can’t see any other obvious wound. And by the way the body fell down, the attacker had to be standing, or rather crouching, near the bed. Unless…"

Lucifer looked at her with an apologetic air. It took Chloe a few seconds to register what he was implying.

"You’re not seriously suggesting it could have been Trixie’s work?" The simple idea was making
her sick. "She’s just a little girl, Lucifer!"

"A little girl who trained with Maze…” He added reluctantly.

Chloe shook her head forcefully, well determinate to deny that possibility. "There has to be another explanation."

Chloe’s gaze roamed over the bloodied dead body for evidences that would invalidate Lucifer’s too disturbing theory, then followed the track of blood that extended into a large pool.

There, at the periphery of the pool of blood, half hidden under the bed, rested what looked like a demon’s dagger; the murder weapon for sure.

Chloe bended to grab it by the end of the handle, over the only portion exempt of blood and brought it to eye level.

Her mother’s heart got crushed by the sight of small bloodied fingerprints all over the handle.

"Please, no!" She whispered, completely stunned. There was no denying it anymore; her little girl had killed a demon! She wasn’t ready to contemplate what that terrifying experience would do to her baby.

Lucifer joined her to see what was disturbing her so much. He winced internally. Those bloodied little marks were leading to a quite undisputable conclusion. The little spawn certainly went through a rough time. He tried to cheer Chloe up.

"On the bright side, if Beatrice got rid of her guard, she might have successfully escaped. That daughter of yours is apparently very resourceful, not to mention very brave."

Chloe’s eyes grew wide at that realisation. She had been so shaken by the horrific event that her daughter had had to face that she had not even thought of that possibility.

"You’re right, it might have been what she was trying to do." Hope started to blossom inside her.

She rapidly searched for the switch of the basement’s light and illuminated the room to spot clues more easily. At that moment, Doom came down the stairs, sniffing the steps then the floor, clearly following a track. He ended up beside the bed and went through the blankets with his muzzle. What he cautiously extirpated from there between his teeth brought tears to Chloe’s eyes; it was Miss Alien!

Chloe retrieved the doll and hugged it as if it was her little girl, trying to repress a sob that was bubbling out of her. It could very well be the last link she would ever have with her daughter…

"We’ll find her Chloe." Lucifer encouraged her softly, while cupping comfortably the side of her neck.

She nodded, sniffing back the tears that threatened to spill out. "I know! I know!" She tried to convince him along with herself.

With a last encouraging smile directed at her, Lucifer turned to Doom. "Find out where Beatrice’s tracks lead. We need to know if she escaped."

The Hellhound instantly got to work, sniffing the floor on the way back to the first floor.

Still holding Miss Alien against her heart, Chloe looked closely at the trail the hound was
following. She noticed here and there partial bloody prints of a shoe that probably got stained by the demon’s blood. The marks were not big enough to be certain that they were Trixie’s, but the small bloodied fingerprints that were visible all over the stairs confirmed it.

Amenadiel met them at the top of the stairs. "The main floor is clear. But we found some food and even weapons in the living room. So it looks like they’re intending to come back."

"Beatrice might have escaped!" Lucifer informed him.

Then the Devil grinned proudly. "On top of that, the little Hellion killed her first demon at only 9 years old." That clearly astonished the black angel.

Lucifer noticed that Chloe had continued to follow Doom towards the front door. When he joined them with Amenadiel, she was standing motionless in front of the door as if frozen into place.

"What is it?" He asked softly.

"I think her tracks stop here…," she whispered in a small voice.

Doom had effectively stopped a few feet before the door, still sniffing around. Suddenly, the hound started backtracking towards the top of the stairs. He passes the entry of the basement and continued all the way to the living room where Michael was still looking around. The Hellhound stopped again besides the couch, which he sniffed profusely for a moment. He finally lifted his blazing gaze to Lucifer and Chloe, emitting a low wining.

Lucifer frowned at Doom’s finding and analysed the situation. He sighed loudly after a moment. "Looks like she got caught after all."

By the look on Chloe’s face, she had gotten to the same conclusion already. Then he saw her frown in deep concern. She bent over the sofa to touch the cushion that Doom had been sniffing more intensely, and gasped in shock.

At first not understanding what she had found, Lucifer then focussed on the brown cushion and saw it; a dark stain that could very well be blood.

"It’s sill fresh!" Chloe breathed in a daze.

Lucifer was fast in taking her in his arms, huddling her up against him. "It doesn’t mean anything, Love. It could be a superficial wound. Just the fact that they lay her on the couch indicates that she is still alive, otherwise they wouldn’t have bothered to do so," he added quickly.

Lucifer felt her cling to him more strongly and nod against his shoulder. He heard her take a deep breath before voicing her thoughts. "Yes, she has to be… But where is she now? If her track stops here, we might never be able to find her."

"Not necessarily…” Lucifer countered with a smile in his voice.

Chloe lifted a hopeful teary gaze up to him. He continued only when he also had the full attention of his two brothers who had gathered around them. "Even if Vasariah took Beatrice with him somewhere, he couldn’t bring along everyone. So the demons must have followed him by earthly means, which would explain why there was no car in the alley. Which also means that Doom will be able to follow them."

"Then what are we waiting for?" Commented Chloe urgently.
So without waiting any longer, Lucifer gave Doom new orders to follow the most recent demons’ tracks going out of the house. Lucifer made it clear this time that the Hellhound had to keep his glamour intact the whole way. They followed him with their cars for a while, and by the time the hound stopped, the sun was already pointing its nose over the horizon. Vasariah was certainly about to call them again; they had to hurry up.

Doom had stopped a fair distance away from what appeared to be a big burnt edifice in the middle of a partly wooded domain.

"Now I can feel something," said Michael, with a far away air. "And it’s powerful! I’m not even sure what kind of energy this is. It’s so strong that it would easily mask smaller celestial or demonic energies that could be around. That’s a good thing for us though. They won’t feel us coming."

Lucifer nodded. "I feel it too, and I think it might be terrestrial energy, just a lot more than what we ever encountered before. Remember what the Hebrew book said about Hell’s Doors opening at the confluence of divine forces? I think it might have been a bit of a mistranslation and that those forces are in fact terrestrials."

"It makes sense," added Amenadiel, "to have terrestrial, hellish, and divine energies at play all at the same time to open those Doors."

While Chloe listened to the angels concocting their theory, she made a quick search about the domain on the net with her cell phone.

"Hey guys! It happens that this place was a few centuries old Abbey that was destroyed in a possibly criminal fire only two days ago, forcing the monks to leave. It can only be the place Maze heard the demons talk about. Vasariah must have instructed his demons to burn it down to have the place all to themselves."

"A few centuries old you say?" Mused Amenadiel. "But the site of the Hell’s Doors has to be much older than that."

Chloe went quickly through the rest of the information about the place. "Oh! And here it says that the Abbey was built over an ancient Amerindian sacred ground, so it could be way older than that."

"That makes a whole amount of sense," said Michael. "Amerindians were always very sensitivies about energies and the Doors have to be thousands of years old, all the way back from the dawn of humanity actually."

"So that’s the place, we all agree on that. Let’s storm it and get my daughter back," said Chloe resolutely.

"Love, you can’t come…," tried Lucifer once more.

Chloe reacted immediately, narrowing her eyes at him dangerously, and apparently about to lose her temper. Lucifer had hesitated until now to voice one of his and Michael’s theory, but there was no way around it anymore; the Gates of Hell were too close to take any risks. He clarified his thinking before she could explode at him in anger.

"You can’t go in there, Chloe. It’s too dangerous. There is a possibility that you could be this third «Piece»…"

Her anger turned to surprise in the blink of an eye. "What? What are you talking about?"
"Think about it, Chloe. It is written that the third «Piece» is supposed to belong to Earth and Hell, while at the same time being touched by Heaven. While you don’t in anyway belong to Hell, as you said it yourself your heart belongs to me… And your mother was blessed by my Father. So… That could explain Vasariah’s interest in you. I think that even if he isn’t sure about it, he must suspect it. I don’t want to hand you to him in the very place where the Hell’s Doors can be opened.”

Chloe stayed stunned for a long moment. With everything that happened tonight and her anxiousness about her missing daughter, she had never given any thoughts to what could actually be the third «Piece». And anyway, the weird possibility that she could be it would never have crossed her mind. How could this even be possible? She couldn’t start imagining how she could allow the Hell’s Doors to open. However it worked, and however true his suspicions could be, Lucifer was right, the risks were high if she went there.

She swallowed hard at the mind-blowing possibility. She stilled herself nonetheless. "I understand the risks Lucifer. Even though, I can’t stay behind and do nothing. She’s my little girl! And don’t forget that I’m not that powerless since I can resist Vasariah’s powers to some extent. I’m sorry, but I have to go. I’ll be careful, and you and your brothers will protect me. Right?"

Lucifer was part impressed by her stubbornness, and part terrified by it. However, he conceded. "Sure Love! We’ll protect you."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Maze woke up in the strangest place.

She was lying on a white floor that wasn’t really a floor, in a place annoyingly bright. While the material under her felt solid, it looked almost translucent and its color was merging with everything around her, making it difficult to discern where the floor ended and where the walls, or whatever it was, began.

She stood up slowly, trying to find her balance in this destabilising place. It could only be a dream. Yes that was it. Only a dream. And now that she was aware of it, she would no doubt wake up soon.

Maze frowned when nothing happened.

But she had to be in her bed, sleeping soundly besides Amenadiel. She tried to remember when she last went to sleep… and froze…

She never got to bed last night!

Painful memories suddenly flooded her mind. Memories of Trixie’s kidnapping, of her fight with Lilim, and of getting stabbed to death…

She gripped and patted at her belly to assess her injuries, only to find herself whole again. She wasn’t even wearing the same clothes. While her belly might be intact, there was definitely something strange about herself. Something felt off. She looked herself over, and gasped!

"What the fuck?" She exclaimed in utter consternation and panic.

She looked around to try and find any clues pointing to who or what could have done her that sick joke.
Slowly, a few meters away from her, a light even brighter than what illuminated her surroundings started to grow. She had to squint her eyes against the painful brightness as it expended. When she could see clearly again, the light had materialised itself into what appeared to be a man.

She studied him warily. Apparently in his fifties, beard well-trimmed, he was wearing a white shirt without collar and white slacks, along with a warm smile. At first glance he looked harmless enough and could almost pass for a Middle-East native, if it wasn’t for his strong celestial vibes. Damn! The power that emanated from that being was like nothing she had ever felt before. She now had absolutely no remaining doubt about who that being was.

She was standing before God himself!

"You son of a bitch!" She spit at him, while exploding into a lightning speed attack.

She took a swing at God, intending to knock His smile off His deceitful face. Instead of making contact with flesh, she ended up sprawled down on the floor, propelled by the pure force of her swing.

She stood back up quickly, ready for another go.

God lifted a hand calmly to hold her off. "Mazikeen!" He said kindly. "It is of no use to try to harm me. You could tire yourself all day without succeeding at touching me. Shouldn’t we put that time to better use?"

"What have you done to me? You sick bastard?"

"I like to think of it as an improvement." He said proudly.

Maze clenched her jaws and fists tightly in rage. "Haven’t you had enough fun manipulating Lucifer to the point of almost destroying him completely? And now you want to manipulate me? I won’t be a pawn in your sick games. Let us be! I certainly don’t need your help, no more than Lucifer needs you in his life."

"I sincerely hope you are wrong about that Mazikeen…" God mused aloud.

Maze busted out into laughter. "You really think Lucifer needs you meddling in his life, after everything you did to him? You are the worst parent to have ever existed. Even I would have done a better job, and that’s saying a lot."

God nodded sheepishly. "I have to concede you that point, Mazikeen. I do be a very bad father. But to my defense, I was the first parent ever who had the task of raising kids. There wasn’t any guidelines at the time, you can imagine. I was thus destined to be the first to do every possible mistakes."

"That’s not an excuse!" Growled the demon.

"Of course it’s not! But in spite of my very bad parenting skills, I do love each and every one of my children, and I only want what’s best for them. Lucifer making no exception, whatever he, or you, may think."

Mazikeen didn’t know what to think of God’s admission, or if she could even believe Him, so she kept silent, chin still raised up defiantly.

"But let’s comeback to you, Mazikeen. As you can see, I had to change you a bit so you could live. If I had not, Lucifer’s healing powers would have killed the demon that you were. You’ll find out
that I made some improvements, besides the obvious I mean."

"You had no right to force it on me!" She was shaking with rage.

"You’re right. And that’s why I’m giving you a choice. It is still time for you to refuse this gift, but by doing so you would doom your demonic coil. I know that recently, you have been wondering what you were in the process of becoming, not knowing if you should deny your demonic origin or embrace it. I admit that I gave it some thoughts myself. You want to become more, but don’t know exactly what or how to get there. Today, I’m offering you a way to evolve and embrace everything you could be, without having to deny anything you ever were."

God’s words were annoyingly getting to her. "Why are you doing this?" She asked in a small voice.

"Think of it as a reward, for taking care of Lucifer when I couldn’t. Your loyalty towards him is admirable, Mazikeen. And strangely," and His features turned incredulous, "you seem to be a positive factor in Amenadiel’s life too."

Maze snorted annoyingly at his incredulity.

"So, what is it going to be, Mazikeen? Will you accept this gift? Or do you prefer the gruesome alternative?"

"You call it a gift, I call it a curse!" She growled. Still, her animosity had reduced sensibly. "Let’s make it clear, I don’t like you, and I will never bow to you."

God smiled warmly at her. "I wouldn’t expect any less from you Mazikeen, but know that I like you enough for the both of us."

It was Maze’s turn to look incredulous.

"What are you expecting me to do, if I was to accept your… gift?" It was hard for her to call it so. "Will I have to do your biddings?" She felt sick just at the idea of serving God. Yet, what other choice did she have?

"Not at all! You have done well lately all by own. I only expect you to continue doing what you do best. If things unfortunately unfold as I fear they will, Earth will need someone like you in a very near future. With your new skills and powers, you would be able to make a real difference, and I know you enough by now to believe that you will try to do what’s right with this gift. Am I wrong?"

Maze thought for a long moment before making her decision known. "I swear I will!" She voiced shakily.

God clapped his hands joyfully. "Very good! It’s settled then."

What the Hell had she gotten herself into? She didn’t know the full extent of what she now was, which scared the Hell out of her.

God continued mightily. "I believe I found a proper title for you, Mazikeen. From now on, you will be known as «Hell’s Fury», the first Valkyrie!"
I knowwwww! This is a very crazy idea. But I thought it had a huge potential to make Maze «evolve» more, in every ways possible. Let me know your thoughts on this chapter. Thanks for reading.
Rescue Attempt

Chapter Notes

I worked fast to write this chapter since I am getting very eager to reveal to you the ending of this story. I couldn’t even wait for my Beta to go over this so sorry for any remaining mistakes. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Weapons in hands, they made a slow and cautious advance thought the sparse trees and bushes, making sure to spot any possible guards before being spotted themselves. No one was in sight for the time being, after having covered half of the distance to the Abbey’s ruins. They could have teleported there of course, but it would have been a blind bet. Without knowing the extent of the situation Beatrice was in, their appearing like that could very well endanger her more than anything. On top of it, Chloe was still a bit dizzy from her first unnatural jump of earlier, so a second one would probably make her down right sick and vulnerable to any attacks.

Lucifer made sure to keep Chloe close to him to be able to protect her if anything happened. Michael was also watching her back from only a few feet behind them. His new ally of a brother was already very protective of his lover. And strangely, Michael hadn’t even voiced a complaint when Lucifer decided to let Chloe come with them for the rescue attempt. Still, Lucifer knew that his brother couldn’t agree with that decision. Damn! Even he knew that it was stupid to let Chloe come so close to the Gates of Hell. And yet, Michael was holding to his word to protect Lucifer’s loved ones and to follow his lead. Michael’s usually infuriating noble side was strangely comforting this time. Lucifer knew for a certainty that his brother would protect Chloe with his life.

From the corner of his left eye, Lucifer noticed Amenadiel suddenly stopping and making quick hand signals to catch their attention. Everyone halted their movements, to look in the direction his brother was pointing at. Even Doom reacted to the signal and stopped behind the black angel, alert and ready to answer any command. There, about twenty feet ahead, a male demon was leaning against a tree, seemingly bored to be keeping watch.

The presence of so much terrestrial energy was making it difficult to feel the demon’s demonic vibes, but now that Lucifer knew he was there, he could partially feel the distinctive dark energy. Which meant that the demon would also start to feel them soon. As if the demon had just heard his thoughts, he began to look more attentively around the place with a dubious air about him. Lucifer reacted without much thinking. That demon was a threat and had to be disposed of before he raised the alarm.

In the blink of an eye, the Devil disappeared to materialise right behind the threat. The demon was only starting to turn around, probably alarmed by the strange new threatening vibe, when The Flaming Sword beheaded him. Lucifer immediately concealed the corps behind a bush where he also hid himself.

Amenadiel shook his head negatively to confirm that the dead demon wasn’t one of the two males he had already met a week before. Which meant that there was more than the three demons they thought would be there. Definitely not a good news. Still, Vasariah could not have brought up here that great a number yet. Lucifer clang desperately to that supposition, otherwise they could be in
They made the rest of the way to the Abbey even more cautiously. Michael disposed swiftly of another demon in the process. This time, it was the second female bodyguard Amenadiel had seen at Lilim’s side. Once making sure there wasn’t any other guards outside the ruins, they finally made their last approach.

The big Abbey had almost completely collapsed in the fire that destroyed it two days ago. Only a few stone walls were still partially standing through the destruction. Now that they were close enough, they could hear people working through the debris. The noise led them to the center of the ruins where they could now see a big hole in the wooden floor of at least thirty by twenty feet wide. Without making a noise, they took a cautious peak down to discover a vast chamber where four male demons were apparently working at cleaning up the ground of any remaining stones or burnt pieces of woods.

Lucifer’s eyes widened at the sight of what the demons were clearing from under all the debris; there, engraved in the stony ground, was a fifteen feet wide replica of «The Pieces». And it was half way cleaned up already.

Lucifer lifted a hand to signal to the others to wait before attacking. Vasariah wasn’t in sight yet and they needed at least to localise Beatrice first. Where could they be? The chamber below seemed to be way bigger than what they were seeing. They could be anywhere. Lucifer focused on the energies around to try and pinpoint the rogue angel. He thought he could feel him close by, but where?

After a minute of observation, Lucifer was getting restless. The longer they stayed without acting, the more chances were that they would be discovered. That’s when he heard him…

"Will you move your sorry asses?" Vasariah barked at the working demons. "I want that floor cleaned up in thirty minutes top! We’re already behind schedule."

To Lucifer’s pleasure, Vasariah appeared, wingless, at the northern hedge of the big symbol, all clad in a demon’s breast plate and wearing a hellish scimitar at his hip. Lucifer had never seen him wear any armor in the past. Beatrice was right, Vasariah was apparently more afraid of the Devil than he’d wanted to admit. The thought made the Devil smile.

The remaining wooden floor still standing on the main level didn’t allow any of them to see where the angel had come from, but Lucifer hoped it could mean that Beatrice was over there. A quick silent exchange with Chloe, who was crouching a few feet on his left, told him that she was thinking the same. She looked ready to spring into action. He shook his head at her in warning to hold her back a moment longer. She grimaced in frustration but kept still. They had to be sure Beatrice wasn’t into harm’s way before attacking.

Out of nowhere, a small voice resounded around the basement. At first hesitant, the voice took on confidence with each word.

"When Lucifer sees what you have done to me, he will lock you up into a cell and throw the key into the ocean. You will rot in Hell for eternity!"

A deep relief he didn’t know he could even feel washed over Lucifer at hearing Beatrice’s voice, along with a great pride at the nerve the kid was displaying. He saw even stronger emotions in Chloe’s features and teary gaze.

Vasariah turned around with a rictus of hatred towards Beatrice’s voice and the direction he had
"Look who’s awake!" He hissed, like an irritated snake. "Maybe I should cut out that dirty tongue of yours?"

To Lucifer’s horror, Vasariah started advancing with a clear malicious intent. They had to make a move. It was now or never!

Lucifer quickly gave the signal to the others to attack. Driven by the need to protect Beatrice, he made himself appear right in front of Vasariah to block his path. Wings out in all their glory, he ignited The Flaming Sword with the deep rage he was feeling and slashed at his despicable brother. He was tempted to cut his head off, but was reminded at the last second of the promise he had made to his mother of not killing him. So he lowered his aim at the last moment to catch Vasariah right in the chest. The force of the blow propelled the bastard backwards over almost ten feet. He landed close to the middle of the engraved pentagram, seemingly stunned.

At the same moment, Lucifer saw his brothers and Doom efficiently disposing each ones of a demon, while Chloe was taking out the fourth one with a well-aimed gunshot to the head. It was already over before any of the demons could realise what was happening. Confident that Vasariah was immobilised for at least a few seconds, Lucifer turned around to confirm that Beatrice was safe and sound.

When his gaze landed on the child, a chill of horror coursed through him…

Beatrice was silently standing upright, blood matting the side of her head and neck. Her eyes were wide open and reflecting a mixture of terror and hope. The demon blade resting against her throat probably kept her from saying anything, or even of making any sound.

Lucifer’s petrified brain allowed him nonetheless to lift his gaze up to the owner of the blade to discover the worst possible scenario.

Lilith!

No! No! Not that!

Lilith was the most vicious demon Lucifer had ever known. She had made her way up to the top and became the General of Hell’s armies only by inspiring pure fear into her troupes. He had only supported her claim to that post because she acted loyally and had always respected his authority. But deep down, never could he truly trust the wicked beast that she was. And now she had betrayed him, and would be blood thirsty after Lilim’s death.

Lucifer tried to smile reassuringly at Beatrice, to give her some strength and comfort. But his smile must have looked forced, for Beatrice was now grimacing as if even more afraid, her lower lip trembling. Damn it! He’d forgotten that she could see his aura. To her, he had to look as terrified as he felt. He forced himself to calm down and get a grip on his emotions. He would get her out of there in one piece. That, he swore to himself. Even if it killed him! As resolve and calm slowly enveloped him, he saw Beatrice gradually relax too. He didn’t need to tell her anything, she just knew he wouldn’t let her down.

Lilith was fully enjoying his surprise and shock. She was grinning widely, at first too busy chuckling to even be able to brag about the situation. She was wearing her human appearance, with stunning green eyes and long gorgeous red hair like Lilim’s. They actually looked very alike, except for the deeper look of viciousness carving Lilith’s features. Thousands of years of cruelty would do that to anyone, most of all to such a demon. Her tight red leather outfit was enhancing all
her best attributes, but Lucifer could just never find that being attractive, whatever the situation.

He lifted his hand in warning to keep his brothers and Doom from attempting anything. He could already hear Chloe making her way down through the debris to come and join them. She probably hadn’t caught yet on her daughter’s perilous situation. Behind him, Doom was emitting frustrated yelps and barks, barely holding himself from attacking the being who was threatening the life of his young new charge. The fact that the hound knew Lilith and her status in Hell didn’t seem to make any difference to him; he would tear her apart at the first opportunity.

After what felt like an eternity, Lilith finally stroped giggling. "What a wonderful surprise Lucifer! I am so glad that you could join this little party. I was looking forward to see you again."

"I can’t say I feel the same about you." Admitted the Devil flatly.

Lilith’s false smile turned dangerous. "Let’s stop the civilities and get right to the point. What have you done with Lilim?" The demon tightened her grip around the dagger and pressed it harder against Beatrice’s throat, eliciting a little squeal from the child.

He hesitated a few seconds, not knowing how to answer her without sending her into an uncontrollable rage.

It turned out that he didn’t have to say anything, for his silence spoke louder than any words he could have said.

"So she is dead…" Lilith whispered, voice shaking with rage and angst. Not a question, but a statement.

Lucifer still kept silent, afraid to let transpire his satisfaction about her daughter’s death. He didn’t want to add fuel to the fire.

Her hands started shaking with fury. "You will pay for that." She hissed. To Lucifer’s greatest horror, a drop of blood started forming on Beatrice’s throat where the dagger was slowly sinking into her soft flesh.

"No! Please! Stop!" Screamed Chloe, who had just joined them and was now standing at the edge of the pentagram behind him. "If you want a hostage, or if you want revenge for losing your daughter, take me, but leave her out of it. She’s just a little girl!"

Lucifer felt panic overcome him. He couldn’t lose Chloe. He couldn’t lose either of them!

But before Lilith could address the offer, Vasariah interceded.

"Enough!" The angel growled, now back on his feet but looking a bit unstable. He made a show of unsheathing slowly his scimitar. A big gash could be seen over his torso, blood pouring steadily from it. He pointed his weapon at Lucifer to keep him at bay while signaling Lilith to come and join him in the middle of the engraved symbol. "Get back! All of you! Or Lilith will kill the child."

With a pained apologetic look at Chloe, Lucifer complied and let Lilith pass with Beatrice. The kid’s silent pleading directed at him tore his heart apart. He’d never felt such helplessness in his whole existence.

"It’s gonna be ok, Baby!" Chloe assured her daughter with as much conviction as she could muster. Trixie smiled bravely at her mother through the fresh tears bathing her face.

Once Vasariah was reassured that they all stayed at a safe distance and that he’d gotten the
situation well under control, he visibly relaxed and lowered his weapon a little. Yet, instead of smiling in victory, the Angel of Justice narrowed his eyes in confusion at Lucifer.

"How did you get your wings back? And is that The Flaming Sword you’re holding?"

"Father gave me my wings back, apparently so I could stop you. And he allowed Azrael to give me back my sword, possibly for the same reason."

"No! That’s not possible…” Vasariah shook his head in denial. "Father knows that what I do is for the good of humanity. He wants me to succeed, not to fail."

"Does he now?" Asked the Devil disbelievingly. "I know what you’re trying to do Vasariah. You want to give humans proof of divinity in the hope of making them turn back to Father, and to the light. While your goal can appear noble, the means you’re taking to achieve it are beyond despicable. I can’t let you succeed. Neither of us can."

Vasarah finally acknowledged the presence of Michael and Amenadiel by looking down at them with disdain.

"It doesn’t matter what any of you think, because Father understands me and supports my actions. I will show you all that my goal was just. It only saddens me that I wasn’t able to punish you in the process, Lucifer. Putting the blame on you for all of this would have help make up for the great injustice of seeing you get a second chance here on Earth. After everything you’ve done, you don’t deserve peace and friendship, even less love."

His hard inhuman blue stare turned to Chloe for a second, sending a chill down her spine. His gaze turned back to Lucifer once more.

"Father might be too soft on you, Lucifer, or on humanity, but I’m willing to do what has to be done to insure justice. Now with hindsight, I think Father probably sent me to Hell to harden me and prepare me for those precise tasks. It was probably more a reward than a punishment to send me down there after all."

Lucifer couldn’t believe his ears. "You’re sick!"

Vasariah didn’t seem insulted in the least. "Oh you think? Uriel also shared my beliefs you know. Through his patterns, he was the one who found a way to bring back humanity into the right track. But you know how he was, always the enigmatic one, sharing only bits and pieces of his sightings. So I admit that his death complicated things a little for me. But even without knowing everything he saw, I was still confident that everything would come together in the end. And it did. Look at me, I managed just fine without him after all."

"It isn’t over, Vasariah. You haven’t won yet. I don’t intent to let you open those Gates. And I plan on punishing you for hurting my friends and loved ones, as well as for manipulating humans. You won’t escape my wrath." The Devil said dangerously.

Vasariah chuckled, amused. "I thought the noble one was Michael. Not you. Maybe I should have listened to Uriel after all, and killed you right from the start instead of trying to make you fall again by framing you for opening up the Hell’s Doors. That was my mistake. Now I believe Uriel might have seen that you could destroy our plans and that it was the reason he tried to annihilate you with Azrael’s dagger. But don’t get too confident, I took some insurances against the possibility that you could disrupt those plans, you see…” He wriggled his brows at Beatrice to remind Lucifer of the leverage he still held.
Then Vasariah’s playful air turned all serious. "Now enough talking. Put the medallion in the middle of the pentacle, or I will have your precious human killed."

Michael was sending Lucifer silent warnings not to comply, while Chloe was just looking at him helplessly, apparently unable to ask him to make her daughter come before humanity, but wishing he would. But how could he even consider letting Beatrice down? He could never do that in a thousand years.

"Only if you swear to give the child back to me after I do." Acknowledged Lucifer.

Vasariah nodded victoriously. "All right, do it and Lilith will hand the child back to you, I swear it."

Lilith grimaced, apparently unwilling to let go of her prize.

Lucifer walked slowly towards the center of the pentacle. Vasariah and Lilith backed away a few feet to stay clear of him, bringing with them a crying Beatrice. Michael had taken place in front of Chloe, shielding her as best as possible from any threat, while Amenadiel and Doom were framing him, ready to act at the first sign of trouble.

Lucifer couldn’t stop thinking that he was doing a monstrous error. Nonetheless, there was still a chance that Vasariah didn’t have the third «Piece». Lucifer’s suspicions that Chloe could be it was making less and less sense since Vasariah didn’t even seem interested in her at the moment. He’d even ignored Chloe’s suggestion of taking her hostage in place of Beatrice. Maybe he didn’t know about that other «Piece» at all. It was Lucifer’s only hope of not making a mess out of this situation.

Once at the center of the pentacle, Lucifer lowered his eyes and noticed for the first time a circular indentation of the exact same size as the medallion. Sword still out and shining, he took out «The Piece» from inside his jacket with his free hand. He swallowed the lump in his throat while looking one last time at Beatrice’s teary eyes. He didn’t know how the child was still holding herself together. He barely could himself.

Lucifer at last lowered himself to the floor level, with the medallion hovering above its rightful place. There was a look of anticipation in Vasariah’s and Lilith’s eyes that scared the hell out of him. What if he was wrong? What if they had the third «Piece», and could open the Gates of Hell? It was too late to back out though, he had to do what he had to, to save the little one.

He held his breath, and put the «Piece» in the middle of the magical symbol that had the power of destroying humanity…

Nothing happened!

Lucifer let go of the breath stuck in his lungs, and took another shaky one. Still, nothing was happening. Everyone in the chamber was dead still and silent. He stood up and walked backwards with his hands up, as to show that he was no threat to them. Still uncertain, he searched Vasariah’s face for any indication of what he was about to do next. But Vasariah’s features were strangely impassive. Something definitely felt off.

"Now my end of the bargain." Stated Vasariah calmly, once Lucifer had regained his place at the edge of the circle. "Lilith, give him back the little human."

Without hesitation, Lilith dragged Beatrice towards them at a quick pace. Lilith’s lack of complaints about letting go of Beatrice without taking her revenge for her daughter’s death rang in
Lucifer’s mind like an alarm bell. That realisation still came too late for him to be able to change what was about to come.

The moment Lilith reached the middle of the circle, everything happened in the blink of an eye. With a sadistic smile, Lilith plunged her dagger into Beatrice’s tender throat. A spray of blood escaped the gaping wound as Beatrice’s eyes rolled into her head, life pouring out of them and of her small body.

Chloe’s scream echoed in the room alongside Lucifer’s desperate cry of angst. "Noooooooo!"

As Trixie’s body was slumping to the ground, the first drop of blood of the miracle child reach the medallion and ignited a magic more powerful than anything Earth had ever seen before…

Chapter End Notes

I am a monster! I know! But let me a chance to make it better, please :) I am anxiously waiting to read your impressions. Thanks for reading and commenting!
Chapter Notes

I realised that I shocked more people than I ever expected by hurting Beatrice :/ The thing is, the story was leading me there and there was nothing I could do against it, sadly. But I hope this new chapter will help bring me back into your good grace :))))) Enjoy the reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A gigantic column of power suddenly surged from the ground in a maelstrom of colours. Terrestrial, hellish, and heavenly energies were interconnecting to create a passage that was about to literally bring Hell on Earth.

In spite of the dreadful significance of the situation, Lucifer could barely register what was happening around him. All he could see was HER.

The magnitude of the horror displaying before him was blurring his mind and sense of reality. Nothing was making any sense; Beatrice wasn’t supposed to get hurt.

It couldn’t be happening.

He was paralysed, looking at Beatrice’s bloodied body, falling at an impossibly slow pace towards the ground. The noise of his own scream was deafening him to any other sound, contorting even more the reality around him.

Like in a nightmare, time seemed to be slowing down around him. He could now discern each and every terrified traits on Beatrice’s visage, the horrible image no doubt fixed in his mind for eternity. He could even see her soul starting to leave her mortal coil. Beatrice’s fall continued to stretch, giving the impression that her body was suspended in the air.

No! Not just an impression. Her body had actually stopped in mid-fall. It took him only another heartbeat to understand what was happening. A glance back at a dismayed Amenadiel, who was down on his knees with his hands joined in prayer, confirmed that Lucifer wasn’t hallucinating.

His brother had stopped time! Giving him a chance, even if only a slim one, to save the child. Her soul might still be attached to her dying body. There was still hope for her.

At that very moment, a blurry mass of fur and fury passed beside him and jumped on Lilith who was still standing behind Beatrice. The growls of the Hellhound trying to tear Lilith apart snapped Lucifer out of his transfixed state.

He rushed to Beatrice. Landing on his knees in front of the child, he embraced all of her, body and soul, keeping her being whole by forcing her soul not to leave its shell. His own soul reached out to hers, « Please Beatrice, stay with me! » He pleaded. He felt her soul cling to his in a desperate attempt to stay among the livings.

He didn’t bother taking out one of his feathers, but instead enveloped her body completely with his wings to rest the tip of one over her neck. Instantly, his celestial power poured out in a blinding
light to heal what could normally never be mended. He maintained the healing flow active for a little longer than he thought necessary, not ready to take any chances with Beatrice’s precious life. He could not lose her. He just could not!

In that instant he understood his misinterpretation of the old Sumerian text; the third «Piece» did not «Belong to» Hell and Earth, but was «Loved by» both worlds. Lucifer representing Hell, and Chloe Earth in this equation. He’d never realised before how much he loved that child.

When he finally let his healing waves fade away, Lucifer was left sobbing and gasping for air, so completely overwhelmed was he by the conflicting emotions coursing through him.

She was alive! He had saved her!

She was safe, and the relief he felt was like a palpable entity. And yet, the heartbreaking helplessness and pain seemed to be clinging to him nonetheless; he had almost lost her!

Those distressing emotions quickly turned into ones of rage and fury.

They had dared to hurt her! Tried to take her life! And they would pay for that!

That’s when he became once more conscious of the world around him. At first completely absorbed by the purpose of saving Beatrice, he had been totally oblivious to what was happening outside the shelter of his wings. He was now dreadfully aware of the threats materialising all around them, as numerous demons were crossing the threshold of this world through the engraved pentacle. The clamour of the hordes of Hell waiting on the other side of the supernatural passage could be heard as if far away.

All kinds of demons were already surrounding Beatrice and him in their attempt to escape Hell. Some were winged beasts, others seemed more human-looking, while a good number simply looked like creatures of nightmare. Most of them were just too focused on escaping to give them a second thought, but some were obviously interested in sinking their fangs in their inviting flesh. Only Doom’s determination to protect them was keeping the demons at bay. The hound was fiercely fighting, tearing demonic flesh with his claws and teeth. The demons numbers were growing by the second, and Lucifer knew that Doom would not be able to hold the horde away from him much longer.

On top of that menace, debris of rocks and woods that had still been lying about over a portion of the magic symbol, were flying in all directions as the Hell’s horde was coming through.

Lucifer tightened his hold protectively around an unconscious Beatrice while he made a fast escape by disappearing and reappearing instantly beside Chloe on the outside hedge of the circle. Noticing his move, Doom immediately rushed to his side to keep him safe, ripping apart demons as he joined him.

Michael was holding on against the waves of demons while at the same time blocking any debris that threatened to hurt Chloe or Amenadiel who were both completely vulnerable at the moment. His brother looked resplendent and deadly, slaying demons easily with his sword and lethal wings. The sight was almost beautiful.

But for each demon Michael or Doom slaughtered, twice as many were appearing. Hell was emptying itself into this world and Lucifer feared that no one but he would ever be able to stop it. He shakily gasped at the thought of what he would probably have to do to save this world and the people he loved…
The walls of her reality were crumbling off. One blink and she’d been looking into the eyes of her
dying daughter, assailed by the most agonizing pain a human being could feel. Another blink, and
she’d found herself down on her knees, facing a host of demons crossing into her world, with her
daughter nowhere to be seen. Before her brain could make any sense of what was unfolding before
her, she felt a caress on her damp cheek, encouraging her to look to her left.

Her gaze settled on Lucifer’s distraught one who was also on his knees. He was crying through a
small relieved smile that confused her to the highest point. Almost at the same time, she noticed
the small bloodied body cradled inside his arms and wings.

Her heart almost stopped at the sight of Trixie’s apparent lifeless visage. Her mind rebelled against
the horrible reality of having lost her daughter.

"She’s alive!" Lucifer declared heatedly over the tumult around them. "Beatrice is fine! She’s
healed!"

She was afraid to believe him, afraid that her newly rising hopes would only come crashing down
like waves on a wall of rocks if it turned out that it wasn’t real. She patted her daughter’s neck all
plastered with blood, to confirm the impossible. Not only was Trixie’s skin completely untouched,
but she could now see and feel her baby breathing.

The flood of desperate relief that coursed through her was overpowering. Her body started shaking
under uncontrolled choking sobs while she held her daughter’s head in her hands. The overdose of
emotions made her falter with dizziness. Her sanity seemed to be rapidly spinning out of control. It
was just too much! She was losing it! She gasped for air, feeling like she was about to faint.

She felt Lucifer cradle her in his arms and wings to keep her whole. Beatrice’s warm breath against
her neck helped convince her that her baby was indeed truly alive. She hugged them both fiercely
in an attempt to calm her body and collapsing mind and keep her grounded.

Through her shut eyelids, she suddenly saw appear a bright light which enveloped her in its
warmth. The feeling was like nothing she’d ever felt before, but she knew for a certainty that it was
coming from Lucifer, and that he was attempting to appease her. The whirlwind of dismayed
emotions assailing her got blown away almost instantly, to be replaced by a deep sense of peace
and calmness.

"Chloe! Love!" Lucifer talked at her ear, the sound of his voice calming her even more, "I need
you to keep being strong. You can do this. Beatrice needs you right now. You have to protect her,
and yourself."

With her new acquired feeling of serenity, she’d already almost forgotten about their perilous
situation. She straightened in his arms to look into his eyes, and nodded with a true smile that
illuminated her eyes.

"Thank you! For everything!" Was all she could come up with. But it pretty much summed it up.

Lucifer beamed and kissed her forehead tenderly. He surprised her by leaning down to kiss Trixie’s
head too.

"I love you!" He breathed with fervor. "I love you both so much!"

She was still puzzling at the look of pain and sadness in his eyes, that he was already gone,
Flaming sword in hand, and lashing at demons who had absolutely no chance of escaping an all
enraged and vengeful Devil.

Her mind now cleared up, Chloe laid Trixie down, grabbed her discarded gun, and started shooting around from a crouching position on one knee. Even though she was surrounded by things of nightmare, Lucifer’s Archangel’s divine power still coursing through her kept her calm and focus in this sea of chaos.

In the rising sun, demons was pouring out of Hell, waves after waves. Backed up by Doom, his brothers had formed a protective wall around Chloe, Beatrice, and he, and were slaying down the demons who had the bad idea of approaching.

Lucifer stared in wonder at Amenadiel. Not only had his brother regained his powers, but he was also displaying a brand new pair of dark and deadly wings. Lucifer thought that he hadn’t been that far off when saying that his brother was more an angel than he thought.

When Lucifer finally left Chloe to join his brothers, he expressed his fury by gutting open a few demons with some liberating sword trusts.

It was hard to guess their enemies’ numbers from down in the basement since some of them had already taken flight or climbed up to ground level, but Lucifer estimated it to at least a few dozen already. The chances for some of them to escape for good and rampage Earth was becoming a real possibility. That would not do at all! Lucifer could not let that happen.

He started shining from within with his Archangel’s power, almost matching already the brightness of his sword.

"Protect Chloe and Beatrice!" He screamed to his brothers as he took flight over the crowd of demons.

As an afterthought, he added for the attention of Michael, "and shield Doom!"

Michael seemed to understand right away what he was planning to do and moved closer to the hound with his sword raised, ready to use his celestial power.

One last glance in Chloe’s and Beatrice’s direction reassured him that they were well protected and as safe as could be in the circumstances. He smiled proudly at seeing his lover make demons’ brains explode all around her with her sure aim.

Once above ground, Lucifer took a look around from a vantage point some fifteen feet in the air. Things were even worse than he’d anticipated. He could see at least eight winged beasts in the distance, and getting farther, as well as close to twenty other demons of all kinds, running in every directions through the trees. He wasn’t sure if he could reach them all, but he had to try.

Squinting his eyes slightly in concentration, Lucifer drew from his Archangel’s power, using the deadliest weapon he had against dark forces. A wave of divine power suddenly exploded from him, leaving utter destruction in its path. Every demonic beings, over a three hundred feet radius, screamed in agony as they busted into flames that would burn them to cinder. Here and there, the vegetation got caught in the unnatural flames where dying creatures were collapsing. No doubt that the fires would expend quickly from there. Unfortunately, Lucifer could see a couple demons escaping outside his reach. He would have to deal with them later.

Down in the basement, the demons were not so lucky. Each and every one of them was squirming on the ground as it burned. Most of the new demons freshly arriving from Hell were also getting
caught into the flames that were welcoming them. The inferno was such that his siblings started to back off, along with Doom, and Chloe who was now carrying Beatrice in her arms.

Apparently, down there, the only hellish being to have escaped the Devil’s wrath was Doom, thanks to Michael’s protective shield created by his celestial weapon. Lucifer gazed over his accomplishment mightily. His satisfaction was cut short at the sight of Lilith standing besides Vasariah on the other side of the basement, with only a few scratches on her. How she had escaped Doom’s wrath, he didn’t know. And furthermore, it appeared that his rogue brother understood Lucifer’s plan just in time to shield Lilith from a sure death. It was great time that he dealt with those two. But first, he had to check if his worst fear would confirm itself.

Lucifer dived head first into the supernatural flames to reach the center of the pentacle. He had to dim out the flames in his path to not burn his clothing. Once in its core, he grabbed the medallion and yanked it free from the rock, hoping against hope that it would suffice to close the Gates of Hell.

But it did not.

Demons continued to come out, unrestrained. As Michael and he had feared, once the passage from Hell had been opened, only the removal of both medallions would close it again. Lucifer’s gaze crossed Michael’s sad one while he was herding every one away from the fires and up to safety above ground. They both knew what had to be done to close the Gates now.

With a defeated sigh, Lucifer turned around to face Vasariah who was now in combat stance, with his scimitar and wings out. In spite of the fact that his demons were burning all around him, the new ruler of Hell looked jubilant, as did Lilith beside him.

"You can’t kill them all, Lucifer. I’m sure some have already escaped and more will come out. And now, there is only one way for you to close that passage." The angel added with a victorious grin. "Whatever you do, I already won."

As if to mark his word, another wave of demons poured out of the symbol around Lucifer. This time, more of them successfully avoided the dimming flames. They also seemed to be keeping clear of The Devil. The Flaming Sword pulsing angrily in his hand, as well as his own dark vibes, were certainly warning them about his furious mood. Those new demons were all human-shaped, even though they were wearing their demonic faces. On their clothing, Lucifer spotted Lilith’s personal sigil. Probably some special guards of hers. These would not simply flee, but would fight by Lilith’s side to the death, and probably protect Vasariah too. Great! As if things did not already look grim enough.

At least he could see, from the corner of his eye, that Chloe and his brothers had reached ground level and were efficiently preventing, for the time being, the new arriving demons from escaping the basement.

"We’ll see who wins in the end!" Thundered Lucifer. "I intend to close that Door, but not before stopping you for good."

The time for speech was over. If Lucifer wanted to take this brother of his down, it was now or never.

However, before Lucifer could make any move, he felt Vasariah strike at him with his power. The Angel of Justice was not the greatest fighter, rarely did he have to face any real threat in his long existence, but he was very skilled at incapacitating the guilty to bring them to justice. And that was exactly what he was trying to do with Lucifer.
Strong binding waves were forming all around Lucifer. He was already almost completely immobilised. Instead of panicking, The Devil snarled menacingly at his brother with so much rage and hatred that The Flaming Sword redoubled in power and brightness.

To his utter surprise and horror, Vasariah felt his binding waves dissipate under the strength of the Devil and his Flaming Sword.

At lightning speed, Lucifer took flight and came down on Vasariah with a series of quick attacks with both wings and sword. Vasariah was caught off guard and stumbled backward closer and closer to the back wall, while trying to stop the vengeful fury descending upon him. His shielding power didn’t seem to be very efficient against the hellish fury. Even though, the angel successfully warded off a few blows, either with his power, his sword, or his wings, and his breast plate also saved him from a few mortal hits. But he nevertheless got wounded a couple times. His left shoulder as well as his arm were dripping blood already. The Devil’s wrath was such that the pure force of the blows had taken Vasariah’s breath away. He was left panting after only a few seconds of combat.

Lucifer was seeing red in his quest for revenge. Nothing would stop him from bringing justice to that bastard. He was shaking with rage! In his path of destruction, Lucifer had slayed a few demons unlucky enough to have been standing within range of his wings.

Now shaking slightly, Vasariah was staring at him in apparent dread. An all enraged Devil, plastered in demons guts and gore was an impressive and terrifying sight.

Lucifer had expected Lilith to join Vasariah in the fight, and had been looking forward to strike her too, but she surprised him by stepping aside to regroup with a few of her personal demons. She was actually making a bolt for it by climbing up the debris to reach freedom while he was distracted with Vasariah. The General of Hell’s army might not be that faithful to her new master after all. She more than certainly had her own agenda.

For a second, Lucifer was tempted to use his power once more to burn Lilith and the new demons freshly arrived. However, his concentration was abruptly brought back to the situation at hand when Vasariah tried to disembowel him with his demonic weapon. Lucifer blocked the attack at the last moment and countered quickly with a low sweeping motion of his right wing that caught Vasariah straight in the legs. The unworthy new Lord of Hell went roughly down on his back, stunned, his weapon knocked out of his hand at the same time.

With a feral snarl, Lucifer went straight for his throat. He grabbed him with a tight grip, and lifted him up in the air to look the bastard in the eyes.

Vasariah tried in vain to escape him by flapping his limbs helplessly. He looked terrified! Good! He had reasons to.

"You can’t kill me!" Vasariah blurted out. "Father will punish you if you do."

"Oh! Really?" He purred. "Actually, there isn’t much that Father hasn’t already done to me. But as satisfying as killing you would certainly feel, I don’t intend to kill you. You see, I think you deserve a proper punishment, and proper punishment takes time. What about an eternity of torture?" The Devil smiled wolfishly.

Vasariah squirmed and moaned in fright at the thought of the predicament awaiting him.

Lucifer released him suddenly and pushed him backwards a few steps. The Devil didn’t feel like playing with his prey this time. He would apply his judgement and start the torture. Now!
Before Vasariah could catch back his balance, Lucifer brandished the Flaming sword and cut the angel’s right wing clean off, then the left one straight in the middle. Both appendages fell heavily on the ground in pools of dark blood.

Vasariah shrieked in agony.

And the Devil smiled in satisfaction.

The demons still coming out of the pentacle remind ed Lucifer that his task was not over yet. He still had to close the Gates of Hell… In theory, it shouldn’t be hard to cross into Hell and grab the medallion, then fly back here after having locked up Vasariah inside a cell. But somehow, he doubted that it would be that easy today. Hell was in turmoil, and the Devil wasn’t sure to survive a trip there in the present conditions. Still, he would take his responsibilities, even if it killed him. And he realised that he was willing to take the risk gladly for Chloe’s and Beatrice’s sake, for his friends, for humanity… He chuckled humorlessly. Since when did he care about humanity? A little internal voice answered him that he had already been, for quite some times now.

With a sigh, he grabbed Vasariah once again by the neck and dragged him back towards the magical symbol still pulsing with energies. Almost senseless in agony, Vasariah didn’t oppose him much of a fight. Lucifer had to cut his way through the mass of demons to reach the core.

Once he had cleared up the middle of the magical symbol, Lucifer allowed himself one last look up at his brothers and lover…

They were still fighting the demons trying to escape the basement. Lucifer couldn’t see Lilith anymore. He just hoped that she had been stopped. His gaze first crossed Michael’s, who was discarding a huge winged creature. His brother nodded at him with a resigned frown, confirming that he would keep his end of their agreement by protecting Chloe. Amenadiel was too busy fighting a bunch of hairy demons with feline shape and traits to pay him any attention.

He followed the sound of gunshots to find her. Chloe was crouched down and shooting repeatedly at the threats trying to come up, making demons fall back down into the basement, wounded or dead. In spite of the distractions and dangers around her, Chloe instantly locked gaze with him when he turned towards her.

Lucifer smiled lovingly at her, pain and sadness contorting his face. He felt like his heart was being ripped out of his chest. The concerned look on her face quickly turned to one of fear.

"I’m sorry!" He mouthed.

If the clear panic that possessed her was any indication, she understood the words his lips had formed, as well as their meaning, even though she couldn’t hear them.

Her scream rose over the noise of the hellish horde. "Lucifer, noooooo! Please not that!"

He marveled once more at the love she felt for him. He would at least bring that with him, even if it was the last thing he would ever have from her. He did his best to look calm to appease her heart. Then with one last sweet smile, he painfully detached his gaze from the love of his life, hoping he would see her again.

Making sure Doom was not in view, Lucifer drew one last time from his Archangel power to annihilate any remaining demons in range. Tens of demons blew up into flames in an explosion of light and power.

Then, the Devil crossed the threshold of this world, and walked back into Hell…
Again, this story has a mind of its own, and that outcome became inevitable in my eyes. There is still one chapter to go to close this part of the story, and I am already working on it. So hopefully it shouldn’t be too long before I release it. All comments are more than appreciated, as always. Thanks so much for following and encouraging me all along.
I promised you an ending, but yet again I had too many things to address and thus had to cut that last chapter in two. But it is now certain, without the shadow of a doubt, that the next one will be the last. You will now discover what is happening with Lucifer. I hope you’ll enjoy it!

Lucifer’s celestial light was blinding. Chloe could feel the wave of strong energy pass through her without being harmed. Though the same couldn’t be said about the remaining demons down in the Abbey’s basement or closest to it who were screaming their life out while being destroyed by the divine power.

She opened her eyes as soon as the brightness dimmed out, just as the wave of heat from the new inferno reached her. The sight was nightmarish, with dozens of bodies wriggling on the ground in utter agony through the unnatural flames. She barely gave them a second glance as she searched desperately for Lucifer, with a rising panic settling deep in her guts.

But as she already suspected, Lucifer wasn’t there anymore, neither was Vasariah.

Lucifer had left! He’d left her!

It was the first thought that crossed her shocked mind. Then she reminded herself that he probably had been forced to do so since the removal of the medallion on this side of the passage hadn’t managed to close the Gates of Hell. She understood that he would have to remove the second one directly in Hell.

As if on cue, the colorful swirling of power raising from the pentacle shot down all at once, as if a light switch had been turned off. It had to be Lucifer’s doing. He had done it! He had saved them all!

She suddenly felt selfish for thinking about herself instead of thinking about mankind. Lucifer had obviously acted selflessly, placing the need of humanity before his own. Then she remembered the way he had looked at her just before crossing to Hell; he had known it was dangerous, that he could very well never survive the trip, but he had done it anyway. Her eyes prickled with tears at the thought of his heroic act.

Now she also understood the sad look in his eyes when he had said he loved Beatrice and her. He already knew what he would have to do or at least suspected it. And he had been saying goodbye!

A painful sob bubbled out of her. He wasn’t expecting to come back! How could he, knowing that the entire Hell’s host was waiting for him on the other side. They had rebelled against him and wouldn’t take it kindly to see him put to an end their plans of rampaging Earth.

Lucifer was all alone to face it, and he could very well die doing so. At least that’s what he seemed to think, by the resigned and sad way he’d looked at her.
Chloe’s breathing quickened as a deep feeling of emptiness and devastation overtook her. It couldn’t be! She couldn’t lose him!

She just couldn’t bring herself to accept it. He would come back! Lucifer could do it. He could face Hell once more and come back. He’d sworn he would always find his way back to her. He wouldn’t give up so easily. Right? She had seen the power of the Lightbringer, and had also seen the Devil in action. Lucifer was strong, very strong, probably the next strongest being after God. If someone could survive a rebelling Hell it was him. She desperately clung to that belief to keep herself sane; he would come back!

Stilling herself with that thought, she looked around to assess the new situation above ground. There wasn’t any demon close to the Abbey anymore, but a few had escaped Lucifer’s fury and were running away into the woods. Amenadiel and Michael were chasing after them from up in the air and making quick kills to control the scattering. They looked to have the situation well under control.

Surprisingly, instead of hunting the demons down, Doom was walking restlessly around Trixie and she, yelping and growling dangerously. She realized that in spite of his strong instinct to give chase to the demons, the hound’s sense of duty to keep them safe was stronger. Doom’s appearance had switched back to his hellish self in the heat of the battle, so he now looked quite impressive and savage. But none of that actually concerned Chloe, except for the frightening amount of blood covering his fur.

Taking a last glance around to make sure there was no threat to them anymore, she called the hound with concern in her voice.

"Come here Boy! Are you ok?"

Doom stopped in his tracks and came instantly to her side. He looked a mess! There was blood and gore everywhere over his fur. It was certainly not all his, but he sported many bite marks and lacerations, some looking quite nasty. Still on one knee, Chloe passed her hands affectionately through his tick furred neck. The Hellhound leant into her touch then put his head to hers, emitting a low mournful moan. Doom’s move reminded her of how Lucifer and she liked to bask in each other. It made the tears she had been barely holding in flood out. She gasped with uncontrolled sobs and buried her head into Doom’s fur, clinging to him. Doom continued to moan. She understood that he too, was afraid for Lucifer. He apparently was very aware of what was going on.

"I’m gonna take care of you. I promise!" She assured the hound in between sobs.

Strangely, having Doom with her felt like having a piece of Lucifer. They would take care of each other while Lucifer was gone. She tried to lift her spirit; maybe Lucifer would come back in only a moment. It couldn’t be that long to remove the medallion and lock Vasariah inside a cell, even if he had all of Hell at his heels.

She had been holding onto Doom for a while when she heard something land close to her. She lifted her head to find Amenadiel, resplendent with his new dark wings.

"Are you and Beatrice ok?" The angel inquired.

Chloe turned to look once more at her unconscious but very alive daughter laying a few feet behind her and nodded silently.

Reassured, Amenadiel continued. "We burned the last demon’s corpses. There won’t be any proofs left behind. It’s time to go, before the police and the firefighters get here. That column of power
must have been seen from miles away. We already lingered here long enough."

"But, we have to wait for Lucifer! It’s only been what, ten minutes since he left?" She pleaded.

"Chloe…” He looked hesitant. "Time flows a lot differently in Hell. For Lucifer, it’s been hours already.

Her jaw dropped in shock. "What…?"

Amenadiel continued reluctantly. "Every hour here means about a day in Hell for him. If he could have come back quickly, he would already be here. If… when he comes back, he will find you, wherever you are. Don’t worry!"

Don’t worry? Don’t worry? Really? Lucifer could be dead by now or taken prisoner and stuck in Hell for only God knew how long, and he was asking her not to worry?

She snorted in derision. "Are you kidding me? Lucifer clearly is in trouble and you’re planning to just… wait?"

Michael had joined them and heard the last bit of their conversation.

"Chloe…” He interceded. "Lucifer knew what he was doing. He even asked me to not come after him if he ended up forced to go back there."

"And you’re going to listen to him?" She asked, unbelieving.

Michael lowered his eyes in shame and visible sadness. "He made me swear to protect you, and that’s exactly what I’m going to do. Some demons escaped today. How many we don’t know, but Lilith was among them. She is dangerous and will want revenge for Lilim’s death. Lucifer wouldn’t want me to leave you until you are as safe as can be."

That was so like Lucifer to think about her before himself. Chloe was both touched and furious against him. She turned to Amenadiel, still hopeful. "But you'll do something, right? Tell me you’ll go and help him?"

"I can try…” He obviously didn’t believe in his chances. "I could fly above Hell and try to locate him."

Michael grabbed his arm to stop him. "With the state Hell is in right now, you wouldn’t survive down there longer than five minutes, Brother. And you know it!"

"Maybe…," nodded the black angel, "but Chloe is right, I can’t just do nothing."

Michael reluctantly conceded. "I understand. I would go if I could. But be very careful, please?"

Amenadiel nodded. He could read the meaning behind Michael’s few words, even though his sibling refrained from voicing it in front of Chloe; he wasn’t ready to lose another brother today.

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On the way back home, Chloe was bursting with anxiety. With shaking hands, she tried to call Lucifer’s cell phone a few times, in case he was already back on Earth, but couldn’t even reach his voice mail. Each failed attempt brought her closer to tears.

The fate of Lucifer was still uncertain, and so was hers. She wondered how she would manage to go on if it turned out that he didn’t come back… She tried not to think of the worst case scenario,
but her mind kept bringing it up; he could be dead! Another cold shudder ran along her spine. She didn’t think she could do it, live without him after tasting a piece of Heaven.

She glanced in the rear view mirror for the hundredth time since they left the Abbey. Michael was following close behind with the other car. His presence strangely felt very comforting. He had saved hers and her daughter’s life many times today. It was still hard to fathom that someone she had considered as an enemy could now be totally devoted to her.

On the back seat behind her, she checked again on Trixie who was still breathing steadily. Her daughter was deeply asleep, huddled against Doom who was back to his more canine state. The Hellhound locked eyes with her and seemed to grin softly as if to reassure her. That made her smile in spite of everything.

They finally made it home without incident. When they entered the apartment, they were welcomed by Azrael and Charlotte who stood up from the couch where that had been drinking coffees. Seeing that some members of the team were missing, their faces dropped.

Even thought it was quite obvious, Chloe asked, full of hope. "Aren’t Lucifer or Amenadiel back?"

Both celestials shook their heads negatively. They were afraid to ask what happened, but clearly relieved to see that Beatrice was safe. At least Azrael looked to be relieved, while Charlotte simply seemed indifferent to it.

Chloe lay her daughter on the couch where she herself sat with Trixie’s head onto her lap. She waited for Linda to leave Maze’s bed side and join them before explaining the cataclysmic events. She kept stroking her daughter’s hair and sweet face while reliving the horrible night.

They were all very shaken up at the news of Lucifer’s disappearance. The knowledge that demons were actually roaming the Earth, one of them being none other than Lilith, and that Amenadiel was not back yet was also very concerning.

Linda wanted to check on Trixie, but Chloe assured her that aside from being plastered in blood, her baby couldn’t be healthier, now that Lucifer had healed her. Instead, she surprised the doctor by asking her to take care of Doom’s injuries.

Apparently, Dan’s and Maze’s conditions were exactly the same as when they left a few hours ago. It wasn’t very surprising. They would probably keep sleeping for the rest of the day.

While Linda cleaned Doom’s injuries, Chloe washed the blood off Trixie as much as possible with a washcloth, and changed her into a pyjama. It was disturbing seeing her so unresponsive even though Chloe knew it was quite normal in the circumstances. She could just not wait to see her baby look back at her with life in her eyes. Not ready to leave her baby out of her sight, Chloe brought her back to the couch and covered her with a blanket.

Linda was almost done with Doom’s injuries, when a gust of wind warned them of a celestial arrival.

With hope blossoming in her heart, Chloe stood up in a rush from her sitting position on the floor beside Beatrice. She couldn’t hide her deception at seeing it was only Amenadiel. Sure it was a good thing that he was still alive, but it was sadly quite evident that he hadn’t brought Lucifer back with him.

"Where is he?" Chloe blurted out unceremoniously.

Everyone regrouped around Amenadiel in the living room to hear what had to be, by the grim look
on his face, a bad news.

"I’m not sure." He admitted in deception. "It looks like he is still in Hell, but I have no way of knowing if he is alive or not, since Father appears to have closed the Hellmouth."

"He did what?" Almost screamed Azrael in consternation.

Amenadiel clenched his jaws in anger. "He locked it up behind Lucifer. But He didn’t deign answer my question as to why He did it. I just got back from Heaven where I begged Father to help Lucifer. But he wouldn’t lift a finger or even comment about it." He collapsed heavily into an arm chair, totally dejected.

Chloe could barely believe it. After everything Lucifer had done to prove his worth and in a way redeem himself, his Father had as good as said it was all for nothing and that Lucifer’s place was back in Hell. Had it been God’s plan all along, to send him back to Hell? Chloe suddenly felt light headed and sat back on the couch to keep herself from fainting.

Lucifer was truly stuck in Hell! And he might never get out of there, according that he even survived it.

Azrael put a comforting hand on her shoulder, but she was visibly trying to hold back her own tears.

The Angel of Death was indignant. "But it’s wrong! Lucifer doesn’t deserve to be locked up in Hell."

Chloe chuckled without humor. "Since when does your Father act rightly?"

Azrael couldn’t answer anything to that. When Amenadiel opened his mouth to talk, Chloe cut him with anger. "And don’t you dare telling me that it must be all part of His grand plan, and that He has to have a good reason for doing it. There can’t be any good reasons for Him to torture Lucifer like that!"

She screamed that last part at the top of her lungs, unable to control her emotions anymore. The tears that were cascading along her beautiful face were now ones of pure fury and hatred directed at God. Azrael kept squeezing her shoulder to help calm her down.

When Azrael talked again, it was with clear resolve in her voice. "I won’t accept it! I will go to Father and tell him so. And if he doesn’t listen to me, I will tell every last one of our siblings what really happened today so they will know that Lucifer doesn’t deserve it this time. If one voice is not enough to make Father change his mind, maybe many would do it."

After patting Chloe one last time over the shoulder in a supportive manner, Azrael opened her wings and disappeared. Chloe kept stroking her daughter’s arms and legs absentmindedly. She barely noticed when Linda and Charlotte left her place to go back home.

Amenadiel didn’t linger any longer and darted in Maze’s room direction. Chloe was left alone with Michael and Doom. The silent hound was resting at Chloe’s feet and was watching her with those too expressive sad eyes.

After an awkward silence, Michael approached the couch and lowered himself to take Beatrice in his arms. To Chloe’s surprise, Doom only lifted his head curiously but did not growl at him. Apparently, she wasn’t the only one to trust Michael now.

"Do you want me to put her in your bed?" The angel asked softly.
She cleared her throat. "Yeah! That would be perfect. Thanks!"

So Chloe followed him up the stairs. On her way to her bedroom, she took a peek inside her roommate’s to make sure everything was okay. Amenadiel was wrapped protectively around Maze with his arms and wings. She was glad to know that Maze was safe and loved. At least her fiend would be fine. She couldn’t say the same about herself though...

Feeling like she was intruding on their intimate moment, she started closing back the door, but was stopped by something gleaming that caught her eyes. Frowning in curiosity, she looked more closely at the couple from her position at the room’s entrance. There it was, the unusual thing that triggered her police instinct. It was a simple arm band encircling Maze’s left bicep that was catching the light coming from the corridor. Chloe wondered why it looked so out of place. The answer came to her easily enough; she had never seen Maze wear such a thing.

It was a silver looking metal band inlaid with small onyx stones. It was pretty and seemed somehow familiar, which was strange since she was certain of never having seen it before. Then her brain understood where the feeling of familiarity came from; the onyx stones were the same as the one on Lucifer’s ring. How strange! Was it coming from Hell? If so, why had Maze never wore it before today?

She was still musing about the metal arm band when she got to her own room. That little mystery soon escaped her mind as she saw her sweet baby resting limply on her bed. Michael assured her that he would watch over them and that she should go to sleep. Chloe was too exhausted to complain. All she wanted was to fall into oblivion with her baby safe in her arms.

But first, she forced herself to take a quick shower to get rid of all the blood over her hands and face. Only then did she join her daughter into bed. She wasn’t surprised to find Doom already lying beside the bed, alert and ready to defend them. She curled around Trixie and settled against her back, burying her nose into her hair. She had her baby back, and her mother’s heart was incredibly relieved and thankful of that fact, but in exchange, she had lost the love of her life...

She allowed herself to cry for what she’d lost and for the struggles and horrors Lucifer would have to face. And she cried for what could have been if they had had the chance to move in together as they had planned, and live a lifetime together. She cried, until there was no tears left.

She was completely drained out, physically and emotionally, and yet incapable of going to sleep. Her whole being was desperately missing Lucifer. She stayed in a dazzled state for a long while, with her mind spinning to grasp the new reality she was in. She couldn’t put too much fate in Azrael’s plan to make God the Almighty come back on his decision. She wasn’t that naïve. She could never bring herself to believe that Lucifer was dead, but he was certainly gone, until he found a way to come back to her. Because he would find a way back, someday. She was sure of it. She just prayed it would be in this lifetime.

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Lucifer was walking through the dark corridors of his castle with a decisive and angry pace. Hair tousled and clothes unkempt, he looked wild and dangerous. Two guards were flanking him and two more on his tail were trying to keep up. The demons they passed scurried away as soon as they got a glimpse of their infuriated king. The Devil was fuming, and everyone was trying not to get in his way, lest they got their heads chopped off in an instant. Their Lord was ill-tempered since his return, and they knew it.

He’d just gotten through a murder attempt. Another one. In his personal room moreover! How could this have happened, again? He knew how. There was just no one he could trust anymore.
Most demons had already betrayed him and the rest were probably just waiting for a chance to do it. This time it had been one of his own guard. He would give anything to have Mazikeen back at his side right now. He dearly missed her devotion and loyalty.

Life hadn’t been kind to him since his return in Hell and things didn’t seem to be getting any better. Taking out «The Piece» embedded in the Hell’s gates to close them for good had been easy enough, thought only the beginning of his ordeal. Luckily, at that moment, the Hell’s hordes hadn’t have time to react in a way to prevent him from shutting down the passage towards Earth, but they had been quick to attack him as soon as he’d done so. He had to decimate a part of the hostile hordes with his Lightbringer’s power to stay alive. Doing so had sent the rest of the hordes into a killing frenzy. Not only had they turned on him, but on each other as well. For all intents and purposes, a war for power had been declared in which every demon king seemed intent on taking advantage of the situation. Their respective legions had turned against one another in a carnage such as Hell had never witness before.

Caught up in the cross fire and forced to fight for his life, Lucifer saw his powers reach a dangerously low level faster than he had thought possible, even though he had his wings back along with the Flaming sword. Stupidly, it hadn’t concerned him that much at the time since he was only focusing on bringing Vasariah into a cell where he could receive proper punishment, before heading back to Earth. It was only once he had confined the bastard and tried to leave Hell that he discovered the cruel reality.

His Father had closed the Hellmouth and locked him up in Hell!

It was unheard of. Never had Hell been closed to celestials. Not even when he first arrived, at the time of his Fall. He’d always been able to get out. He just never felt that he really deserved it before today. Which was probably why his Father had locked it up now; to keep him in Hell, where He thought he belonged.

Realizing that had made his world fall apart.

He would never see Chloe again…

And any hope of ever getting forgiveness from his Father had been blown away like dust in the wind. What a fool he had been for even entertaining the possibility! It was a scenario worse than anything he could have imagined; his Father had to hate him even more than he ever believed.

Struggling to stay alive had suddenly felt like a waste of time and energy. What good was there to keep fighting the Hell’s hordes if it was to live an eternity stuck in Hell without ever being able to see Chloe again? It would kill him as certainly as a blow to the heart! So why bother?

He’d pictured her in his mind at that moment, with her bright blue eyes sparkling with her love for him and her sweet smile, the one she reserved only for him. She would have wanted him to keep fighting, and to keep being strong, the same as he’d asked her to do. He’d also remembered his promise to always find his way back to her, however long it could take.

That’s what had driven him to survive that day, and to keep fighting until now.

In spite of that resolve, he would probably have died that first day anyway, if it hadn’t been for the support of one of the strongest demon King, Baal.

Against all expectations, Baal had sided with him and supported his claim to the throne, saving his life in the process. Lucifer was well aware that the demon king wasn’t doing it out of kindness. He certainly was aiming for the highest position in Lucifer’s future army, according that they won the
war of course. Now that Lilith wasn’t in the picture anymore, the Hell’s host would be in need of a new General, and what best candidate than the one demon who had saved the Devil’s life? Lucifer had never fully trusted Baal during all those years, no demon King could truly be trusted in fact, and it was certainly not that last minute shift in loyalty that would make him start trusting the guy. But as allies went, Baal had become his most loyal one at the moment.

Unfortunately, Baal’s support hadn’t been sufficient to turn the wave around and put an end the hostilities. After days of combats, the war for Hell’s control was still raging and there was no sign announcing that it could end any time soon either. For all he knew, that war could last for eternity…

It had only been a few weeks and he was already exhausted. The constant fighting was draining him, be it to attempt incursions into enemy lines to get the upper hand, or to defend his castle against invasions. The fact that he couldn’t get a real night sleep for fear of getting murdered didn’t help either. He didn’t know how long he could go on like that.

On top of that, he was missing Chloe dearly, painfully, like a part of him was missing. The best part of him. Without her, he actually felt like he was losing himself. The only thing that kept him sane was the few precious moments he could hear her in his mind when she prayed to him.

It warmed all of his being every time she reminded him of her love, even though it killed him to hear her pain and her pleading him to come back to her. With the way time was waving differently between their respective worlds, her prayers arrived only sparsely, from time to time, but it was enough to help him keep going on.

However, he felt like he was barely surviving, incapable was he of accepting his new reality. It was hard for him to make long term plans for a life in Hell since he could still not imagine living away from Chloe for any length of time. He was more than conscious that it was great time that he stopped that nonsense and start accepting the situation; his Father had stuck him in Hell for good! And there was nothing he could do about it. And yet, how could he ever accept the fact that he would never see her again?

It was something he could never resign himself to do. Plain and simple.

Lucifer finally arrived in the great hall where a few attendants rushed to him to fulfill his every needs. Not sparing them even a glance, he screamed at everyone to get the Hell out of there and leave him bloody alone, while he took place onto his throne.

He sent a burning glance at his immobile guards to make them understand that there would be no exception. So even they left and went to protect the few entrances leading to the great hall.

Lucifer heard the last doors close behind the demons. He was at last alone. More alone than he’d ever felt in his entire existence.

He sighed deeply and dropped his head into his hands. What he wouldn’t give to hear her voice right now? It had been days since he last heard her. It was logical though, since she was probably sleeping at the moment. For her, it was after all only the end of the first night following his departure, while it had been weeks for him.

He cursed once more his Father for having done that to him, to them. But his heart wasn’t in it. As much as he wanted to put everything on his Father, the truth was, he knew he was the one responsible for all that mess, at least in part. If he had stayed at his post in Hell seven years ago instead of leaving for Earth, Vasariah would never have succeeded at fomenting a demonic uprising and Hell wouldn’t be in chaos right now. But then, he wouldn’t have met Chloe…
For the first time since he was back, he realised that he really needed to be here. Not because he deserved to be in Hell, but because he had a responsibility to fix the mess he had helped create. As much as he wanted to deny it, he was probably the only one who could bring back a semblance of peace in Hell. It pained him to admit it, but his Father might not have been that wrong to lock him up in here after all. Even though he could now acknowledged that part, he found himself unable to accept having lost her.

Through his overwhelming state of pain and despair, Lucifer became suddenly aware of a presence close to him. A celestial presence he hadn’t felt in eons and yet couldn’t mistake for any other one.

Lucifer slowly rose his head to gaze into his Father’s eyes...

Chapter End Notes

There we are, the long overdue conversation between Lucifer and God is about to play out. You will finally get answers to most of the questions this story has brought up. But some more questions might come up too... Please let me know your thoughts about this chapter or what you would like to see in the last one. Your inputs are always most appreciated. Thanks for reading!
God's Grand Plan

Chapter Notes

I can barely believe that I reached the end of this story, after almost two years of writing. What a great adventure it was for me! I want to thank every one of you for following me in this long journey. Your reviews, favorite, comments, kudos and such have kept me going on all this time. I would never have kept it up so long without your support. So I thank you with all my heart! Take this chapter as a holiday present :)

In this last chapter, I will wrap up together all the little pieces of puzzle I planted throughout this story. You will have answers to most of your questions, hopefully, as well as answers to questions you didn’t even know existed. I cross my fingers for you to appreciate this last ride with me. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

God was truly there, in front of him, in all his divine splendor. While He was wearing a human appearance, His celestial origin was leaking from every pores, at least to Lucifer. The bearded man with Middle-East traits who was looking upon him was very familiar to Lucifer. It was the way his Father usually liked to appear to them when bothering himself to look anything other than his true form composed of pure energy. To anyone other than Lucifer, in this human form God would appear to be benevolence incarnate, with an inner light and those white clothing that suggested purity, but Lucifer wasn’t fooled.

As if a devastating flood washed over him, Lucifer’s pain and suffering were mercifully overtaken by way much more useful emotions; fury and hatred, all directed at this despicable being. The one responsible for all his torments.

Logic didn’t have any place left in his mind when Lucifer lunged at God. In his haste to squeeze the life out of him, he forgot that he could have used The Flaming Sword now sheathed into its scabbard at his hip. Instead, he took a swing and punched Him square in the face.

His Father was propelled backwards and landed on His back, the wind properly knocked out of Him. Without thinking, Lucifer straddled Him and started pummelling the shit out of Him. God didn’t even seem to resist.

"WHY? Why did you do this to me?" Lucifer thundered between punches, eyes ablaze with the fires of Hell.

He wasn’t sure what he was blaming his Father for anymore. His Fall? His endless suffering in Hell? Meddling in his life by placing Chloe in his path for twisted reasons? Then taking her from him and sending him down here again? Through his uncontained rage, The Fallen Angel realised that he didn’t really blame his Father anymore for all of it.

The fury left him all of a sudden, leaving him shaking and crying above his still silent Father. Only now did he notice all the blood covering God’s face. Blood...

How could this even be? God was not corporal. No one could touch Him if He didn’t want them to. But He’d let him...
"What...? I don’t understand!" Lucifer breathed stunningly.

God brought His fingers up to His bloodied lips and winced in pain. Then He looked at the blood on His fingertips with curiosity.

"So that’s how it feels to get injured," He mused aloud, "interesting!"

God rose up gracefully to His feet. Lucifer rolled on his side to let Him rise, then stayed sitting on the dark marble of the throne room, completely bemused. He couldn’t think of anything else to say but to ask the same question he just clumsily uttered an instant before and that his Father seemed to be avoiding answering.

"Why did you let me harm you?" Lucifer whispered.

"Well, it just felt right at the moment. You looked like you needed it. Do you feel any better, Son?"

Lucifer lifted his eyebrows in shock. What the fu...? "As good as punching you felt, sorry but no, I don’t think it helped."

And it was the sad truth. The emptiness within him as well as the pain were still very present. Even though he always thought that having his way at his Father could make a difference in his life, it clearly didn’t. There went his revenge! He thought with a grimace.

"Too bad!" His Father looked genuinely disappointed.

Lucifer sat more comfortably on the floor, straightening his worn-off clothes, his last suit available, what a pity, before leaning on his extended arms behind him. He scrutinized his Father, totally unable to understand why He was doing what He was doing and why He even was here in the first place. Shouldn’t He be bragging about sending Lucifer back to Hell instead of letting him punch Him this way?

"I’m sure you didn’t come here to grant me revenge against you. So why come at all? Maybe you want to make sure that I feel like I deserve to be in Hell, by tempting the Devil in me?" Lucifer laughed humorlessly. "Yes, it would make sense." He shook his head in disbelief at his Father’s continuous manipulations.

His Father sighed sadly. "No Lucifer, that’s not the reason I’m here. Actually, I felt like it was great time that I gave you some answers, Son."

"Oh did you?" The Devil asked dangerously. "After millennia of torturing and manipulating me, now you think I deserve answers?" He started laughing maniacally. "You think there is any good explanations for what you did to me, among it sending me to Hell, twice? There is nothing you can tell me that will make me forgive you. EVER! I don’t deserve to be here! Now let me GO!" He growled, Devil’s eyes coming back to life once more for a second.

"You are right, my Son. You don’t deserve to be here and I’m sorry for what you have to go through."

Deep confusion kept Lucifer from answering anything smart to that. He just sat there, eyes wide and mouth opened like a fish out of water.

God straightened up and took a deep breath. "But I can’t let you out yet and you know it perfectly. Haven’t you just made that exact realisation only a few minutes ago?"

Lucifer closed his mouth with a snap. Of course the old bastard would sneak up in his mind. Why
would he keep himself from doing so? The frustrating son of a bitch probably didn’t see any arm to it. While Lucifer knew he was the most fitted person to bring back order in Hell, it didn’t mean he had to like it, and now he couldn’t even blame his Father anymore for it. What a shame!

"But I will, release you," God pursued, "once things are back to normal down here. I can’t accept to let Hell turn anymore chaotic than it already has. Souls have to be tended, and demons need to be brought back under tight control before they find a way to do real harm."

Lucifer lifted his eyebrows questioningly, not knowing what his Dad meant by «real harm». It looked to him that waging war upon each other like the demons had been doing in the last few weeks was already far from harmless.

If his Father’s reply was any indication, He seemed to have understood his confusion, or maybe the damn bastard was still reading his mind. "What do you thing would happen if a demon succeeded at releasing Vasariah from his cell while you were distracted or too far to intervene? Don’t you think such alliance would lead to some demons escaping Hell and bringing chaos up on Earth? I can't take that risk, Lucifer. The few demons that already are walking the Earth at the moment will be hard enough to contain without adding anymore trouble. Order has to come back down here before I open the Hellmouth again. And you are the only one who can achieve that. I’m sorry I have to use you for that purpose."

The threat that Vasariah’s presence in Hell brought had never even crossed Lucifer’s thoughts. But his Father was not exaggerating the danger of a celestial presence in Hell. That fact felt like another nail being hammered into Lucifer’s coffin. He took a quick look around the throne room to make sure no demon heard what had been said. Fortunately, his celestial sixth sense confirmed that none of them was into earshot.

God’s last words resounded in Lucifer’s mind and he laughed again bitterly. Crossing his legs, he leant forward with his hands on his knees. "You are sorry? Really? You’ve never taken into account how I could feel about anything. Why would you start now? Don’t try to make me believe that it wasn’t your plan all along. You put Chloe into my path, only to take her back to break me. You used Vasariah’s actions, maybe even encouraged them to send me back here. So don’t lie to me by saying you’re sorry for my predicament. I won’t believe you."

God tucked his hands behind his back and turned His gaze away for a second, as if in shame. "You are mistaking, Lucifer. I care a great deal about you. While I have to admit that I saw it all coming and to some extent even used Vasariah’s actions for my own purpose, all I have ever done was in your best interest, Son."

Lucifer laughed all the more, this time with real amusement. That conversation was turning out to be very funny after all. "You’ve never done anything for me," Lucifer managed to say in between giggles, "quite the contrary. Do you really think Hell is in my best interest? Or maybe you are talking about my wings? You may have given them back to me but I know it was only so you could use me."

God sighed again before speaking softly. "I am not the one who gave your wings back to you, Lucifer. You are!"

"What the Hell are you talking about?" Not able to keep sitting down any longer in the face of such a revelation, Lucifer sprang up in an instant. "You stroke me with that lightning. I haven’t imagine it. Or did I?" Lucifer was starting to question his own sanity.

"I stroke you, indeed. Even though you knew that you didn’t deserve to Fall again, you looked like you needed some more incentive to start fighting back. Had I not struck you, I fear you would
never have restored your wings and your true self like you deserved."

Lucifer tried not to linger on the fact that his Father just said that he deserved his wings back and focused instead on what really mattered. "You mean you stroked me only to make me mad?" The damn bastard!

"I guess you can voice it like that." God admitted with a proud smirk. "Oh! Stop being mad at me for such futility, Lucifer! You were ready to have them back. You just didn’t realise it yet at the time. I just gave you a little push in the right direction."

Lucifer was appalled. His father had used his hatred and resentment against Him to help? The manipulative deceitful whoreson!

Lucifer was so confused! Would everything he ever believed in turned out to be wrong? Nothing made any sense to him anymore. He approached his Father to look at him in the eyes.

"But… you hate me!?!" It was more a question than a statement. As if Lucifer needed to have that certainty confirmed or else the foundation of his very existence threatened to drop from under him. "You want me to suffer as a punishment for my sins! That’s why you first sent me to Hell, why I ended up back here again, and why you used Chloe to hurt me." Though he spoke those words, there wasn’t any certainty in them anymore.

God shook his head softly with a pained smile. "Son, I didn’t send you to Hell because I hated you or to make you suffer, but yes at first it was to punish you. And most importantly, I had to make an example of you. Your siblings couldn’t think that pursuing freewill was allowed to any of them. And they couldn’t discover that they already had it in them and could do as they wished if only they had the nerves to use it like you had."

It was strangely thrilling to have his theory about freewill confirmed. But if that knowledge was such a big secret, why acknowledge it now? And how bad could it be for celestials to know about it? Lucifer couldn’t say.

Once again, his Father answered his silent questions. They were now a mere foot away from one another. "What do you think would happen if beings as strong as angels and archangels could use their freewill? The war in Heaven was just a pale demonstration of the possible consequences, and now look at what Vasariah did with his own freewill. NO! Celestials can’t have freewill. I only trust one of them with it… and it’s you, Lucifer! You have already proven yourself worthy of that trust more than once, Son."

Without his consent, Lucifer’s eyes filled with moisture. His Father trusted him? He had let him use his freewill, knowingly and unbidden? It was just too unbelievable to be true, and yet, He was God, He could easily have stopped Lucifer from leaving Hell, He could have forced him back here anytime. But he had not. He’d let him do as he wished...

God took him out of his disturbing thoughts. "Who was I to take your freewill from you?" His Father said with true emotions in his voice. "You as good as invented the principle after all. At least you were the first to use it. I didn’t even know it was a thing until you stood up to me. Seeing you grow up and exercise more and more that freewill soon shown me the possible dangers in it though. I sloppily tried to contain you back when you were young, but there was such passion in you! And it intrigued me to discover everything you could become if would only I let you. It wasn’t long before I understood that I could never, or more precisely would never, bring myself to stop you from pursuing your destiny."

Lucifer was breathing hard. He wondered for a moment if he wasn’t losing his mind and imagining
it all. He felt like a child being told that his father was proud of who he was.

"While I couldn’t openly grant my own children the right to use that wonderful thing that was freewill, I decided to create lesser beings who could be given that possibility. You, Lucifer, gave me that idea. And so I created humanity, not in my own image, but in yours, my Son!"

Lucifer’s mind was spinning. Could this be? Was He telling the truth? But at this point, why would his Father make it up? Somewhere, deep down, Lucifer knew it was the truth. That connexion he felt with human beings, it had always been there, even when he couldn’t yet admit it, long before he came to love humanity. They were just like him, flawed but passionate, capable of the worse and yet with a potential for greatness, if only they chose to exercise their freewill with the best intentions.

A few tears spilled out and fell along Lucifer’s cheeks. His chest was too tight with emotions for him to get any word out.

After leaving him to digest the news for a moment, his Father continued. "Unfortunately I was right, and your use of freewill along with my lack of willingness to contain you turned out badly with the war that ensued and the loss of so many precious souls... I am as much to blame for that as you are, Lucifer. And to this day, I still haven’t forgiven myself completely for it." God seemed genuinely pained.

Among all the life changing knowledge Lucifer was learning today, it gave him small comfort to learn that his Father took at least some responsibility for the war and its consequences, if not in the way he would have expected.

"However, I have long ago forgiven you for your rebellion, Lucifer..."

Lucifer’s shocked expression didn’t surprise God. He let that truth sink in his son’s tick head for a moment before pursuing.

"I actually forgave you the moment you fell on your knees in front of Michael and realised the consequences of your actions. I knew in that moment that you understood your wrongs and that you were already repenting. In that instant, I had the certainty that you would always try to use your freewill rightly from then on. But you still needed time to come to terms with what you did and to find out where to go from there. Sending you to Hell was the only way for me to give you the opportunity to really exercise your freewill and to become the wonderful being that you deserved to become, while at the same time seeming to be punishing you in the eyes of your siblings."

Only three words really registered in Lucifer’s brain, among all the craziness uttered by his Father.

"You forgave me?" Lucifer whispered brokenly.

God lifted his hands slowly to frame Lucifer’s face in a firm but soft grip. His blue gaze was disturbingly intense.

"I’m your Father, Lucifer. Of course I forgave you. But telling you so would have meant nothing to you at the time. What you needed most was to forgive yourself... You needed to believe that you deserved redemption. I was hoping that sending you to Hell to see what monsters really were would help you understand that you were nothing like them, that you were better. But your stubbornness has apparently no limits." God smiled a bit at that, which had Lucifer snort in feigned offense. "It was taking a hell of a time to get that into your tick head, no pun intended. So I had to nudge you a bit in the good direction once I thought you were demonstrating some encouraging signs by coming up to earth..."
Lucifer’s eyes grew wide. "Chloe..."

"Yes, I put Chloe into your path so you would meet someone truly good who could influence you towards the light. And it worked beyond my greatest expectations.” God smiled in apparent pride at his success.

Lucifer disengaged himself from his Father’s hold and started walking back and forth with uncontained restlessness. His mind was reeling. His Dad had not created Chloe to hurt him? But it had been a manipulation nonetheless, just not the one he expected or feared.

He racked his fingers through his hair in a desperate attempt to make sense of everything he was hearing.

He desperately wanted to believe his Father, to believe that Chloe was not part of some dark manipulation, that his Father had really forgiven him, and that everything else He had said was true, but some things didn’t make sense. And if one thing turned out to be a lie, maybe all of it was.

Lucifer finally stopped his pacing to face God once more. "I don’t understand! If as you say you already forgave me, and that you were only waiting for me to forgive myself, which I already have by the way, as you certainly must know since you apparently rummage through my brain whenever you want, then why haven’t you prevented everything that happened with Vasariah which brought me back down here? Couldn’t you have given me a sign long before today? Shouldn’t you have prevented the events of the last weeks and avoided so much pain and suffering, and not only to me?” Lucifer had a special thought for Beatrice who more than certainly was struggling with everything that happened to her.

"Believe me when I say that I am very conscious of the consequences, present or still to come, of my inactions and very saddened by them. Nonetheless, Vasariah’s actions needed to unfold. All of your siblings will learn from his mistakes, Vasariah included. But most importantly, letting Vasariah unleash his dark plans was helping me achieve a goal even more difficult to reach than helping you forgive yourself for your past actions. You see, your siblings also needed to forgive you!"

Yet again, Lucifer was utterly confused. "What do they have to do with anything? I certainly don’t need their forgiveness. So why would you care?"

God angled his head questioningly. "I don’t believe you care so little about what your siblings think of you, Lucifer, but apparently you don’t fully realize it yet. Nonetheless, I myself do care greatly about it. For you see, I have been hoping, dreaming, all those millennia for you to come back to the Silver City one day, to be by my side, and at last have my whole family reunited."

Lucifer started at the preposterous idea, but let his Father finish his explanations.

"Of course, I could have addressed your brothers and sisters and let them know of my desire to have you back among us, and they would have complied. But I feared they would never have really accepted you, whatever I said. You needed to prove yourself to them so they would believe in you as much as I do. And you did it, Son! Saving mankind so selflessly has convinced them all of your worth. They are now appalled to see you locked up down here after everything you sacrificed. Many of your brothers and sisters have even come to me, pleading for my clemency and your release from Hell.” He smiled in satisfaction. "They are ready for you to come back, Son, as am I.”

To say that Lucifer was stunned was an understatement. "That’s what it was all about? You want me to go back? Are you nuts? You wanted me to become my own man and now that I did you want me back? I would never leave Chloe to go back to that boring place, and least of all for you!”
"Yes, Chloe..." God sighted dejectedly. "I never thought you two would fall so deeply in love with each other. And that's becoming a bit of a problem in my big plan, isn’t it?"

Lucifer looked at Him dangerously, anger rising up again to the surface. The Devil advanced threateningly towards God till their noses almost touched, holding his gaze with deadly intents. "Don’t ever talk of her as being a problem. She was Your miracle, and now she is mine! If you as much as think of harming her, I will fight you until the end of time!"

God lifted his hands in a sign of peace. "Don’t worry, Son! I am certainly not planning to harm her. Her soul is way too precious for that. But I am well determined to have you back at my side one day, and for that I am ready to go to great lengths. So to help you consider the idea, I have a gift for you that could seal a peace between us, at long last."

Lucifer was glad to hear that his Father didn’t want Chloe any harm, but it didn’t mean he trusted Him to leave her alone or to not use her against him. The old bastard was crafty after all, he probably had a joker up his sleeve, and something told him that Chloe had something to do with it. Furthermore, he would never trust his Father, not even after everything he heard today. The whole concept of a peace treaty with his Father was ludicrous. Somehow, the simple idea made Lucifer chuckle in amusement.

"Do you really think there is anything in this world that you could give me that would make me turn my back on Chloe and go back to The Silver City with you?" Lucifer chuckled some more.

God did not answer his question with words, but instead took a step back and lifted a hand, palm up in front of him.

In God’s hand appeared a small wooden box engraved with two golden trees which roots entwined with each other. The trees were surrounded by a ring of shiny angelic symbols. Lucifer had never seen anything like it. It was breathtakingly beautiful. But what really caught his breath in his lungs and sent his heart racing with amazing possibilities, was the meaning of the symbols...

Could this really be what he thought? No! It just couldn’t! His Father would never...

Lucifer lifted his gaze to his Father’s to try and decipher if what his heart contemplated could even be a possibility. But God kept an enigmatic smile and prompted him to open it.

With shaking hands, Lucifer took the box, mesmerized by its sight and the overwhelming hope it created in him. His blood was loudly pulsing against his temples, making him a bit dizzy.

He finally opened it slowly, afraid to have his hopes crushed to cinder. There, on a small crimson cushion, rested two celestial objects shining with power. Lucifer couldn’t believe his eyes and all the promises that were attached to that gift.

It was just too good to be true!

He felt like his heart was about to burst with emotions. He lifted his eyes back at his Father’s, to make sure he wasn’t dreaming, but God simply nodded to confirm it was all real.

To possess that gift, Lucifer knew he would be ready to do anything! He was trapped! And his Father knew it, but Lucifer couldn’t care less in that instant.

He swallowed a few times before being able to talk again, willing himself to say words he never thought he would ever say to his Father in his entire existence.

Lucifer’s voice was shaking with emotions, but rang strongly with clear determination.
"If you really are ready to grant me that gift and everything that comes with it..., just say the words and I will do whatever you ask of me, Father!

***The End!***

Chapter End Notes

Woah! There we are at last! The end of this journey, but the beginning of another whole new one. For I truly plan on continuing this story with a sequel. There was just too many things going on with each characters for me to wrap it up definitely, so I preferred to end it this way, like a season finally. I just hope you won’t be too frustrated by that ending. I actually already have a good idea of what will happen in the sequel, but there is always a place for your suggestions so don’t be shy to share your thoughts with me. What do you think was God’s gift? What do you want to see happening in the sequel, about Trixie, Maze’s new powers, Chloe’s struggle without Lucifer, Amenadiel’s newly restored powers, and of course, Doom? And would you follow me with a sequel in the first place? Please, if you liked this story, now is the time to let me know with some encouraging comments, so I could gather some positive energy to get on with the show.

But don’t expect me to start posting this sequel soon though, because I have to finish my other stories before I come back to this great adventure. I first want to write the last chapter of «Anything for You», then I will finish «Redemption», which will have a few more chapters before I reach the end. Only after that will I start writing the sequel of the present story. I even plan on writing many chapters (if not all of them) before starting to post this new story. But we will see how long I’ll be able to hold onto that resolution... Not sure I’ll be very good at it though. But you never know! Thanks again for reading this story. I love you all! :)
The Sequel is out!

Author's note:

Hello dear readers! For those of you who haven’t noticed it yet, I have the great pleasure to announce that I have posted the first chapter of the sequel to Stuck in Hell, which is called «Back From The Shadows» and is also now the second part of the series «Journey to Redemption». I pray that this new story will reach your expectations. Have fun reading it! And thank you for following me in this great journey :)))

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!