## Impending Nuptials

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### Impending Nuptials

**by** TheWhiteWolf2486, Valifecent

**Summary**

Sequel to Deal with the Devil. Now that Chloe's gotten herself into a less than ideal situation with Lucifer, as a result of the deal they made with each other, she finds that planning a wedding may be the more stressful than managing a hostage negotiation. All the while, she slowly starts to realize that keeping herself emotionally distanced from her soon-to-be-husband is harder than she originally expected. Meanwhile, Lucifer's dealing with some otherworldly issues of his own as his wings get stolen and he comes to terms with his newfound mortality. At the same time, he slowly starts to realize that he might actually be developing feelings for the Detective and her spawn; a revelation that makes him build up walls of denial, and sends him to Linda's office more often than usual.

### Notes
New Readers: Welcome! I hope you enjoy this story and all it has to offer. If you are new I do suggest you click [here](#) so that you can read the first installment of this series. It is an AU, so the world is different and you may get a tad bit confused if you don't know what's already happened so far. So go enjoy that story then come here for some more!

Returning Readers: Oh you precious dearies! Thank you so much for returning to this tale for more! I hope you enjoy all that's to come!

A/N: I'd like to start by giving a big thank you to my fabulous beta editor Valifecent! I couldn't do this without your help and support love! I'd like to thank Selanda, Lzod, CarolineCC, leonore09, CrystalynaduStarrvan, Greenleaf66, and Eleonor_Bennet for your wonderful comments on the last chapter of Deal with the Devil. I love hearing from all of you! And of course, a big thank you to everyone who gave kudos to the last installment. You're all wonderful. *Italics are flashbacks.*
I drove through the city slowly as I made my way towards the address Lucifer had given me for our wedding planner. During the silent drive I couldn’t help but think back over the last case I’d worked. It wouldn’t have stood out in my mind if not for Lucifer’s involvement in the whole thing. It’d all started when he called me on my work phone because he had an ‘emergency’ which turned out to be a homicide crime scene when I got there, and it only went downhill from there.

“Coroner puts the time of death between one and three am. Actually, is there someone who can vouch for your whereabouts at the time?” I questioned as I looked Lucifer over.

“Several someones, in fact,” Lucifer replied with a huge smile. “Yes.” He said quietly as he turned to look behind himself. I followed his gaze out the window where Paolucci was questioning three women in tight fitting, flashy dresses. “Get them to tell you every little detail just to make sure I’m not lying,” Lucifer continued as he pointed at the group of women outside. I stood there in shocked silence for a moment as I stumbled over his words. Slowly looking back up at the man standing in front of me.

“What? Are you saying…” I trailed off as I lost my words for a second. “Did you sleep with those three women last night?” I questioned softly, surprised by how much the prospect affected my emotions. It wasn’t like I was planning on sleeping with him, was I?

“Did I not make that obvious?” Lucifer chuckled as he watched me. A sudden wave of bitter disappointment washed over me at his statement. I pursed my lips into a tight line as I swallowed heavily, glaring down at the ground for a long moment. Thank God, Trixie stopped me from kissing him a couple of days ago. How could I have been so naïve? What had I been expecting? I knew his reputation.

“I can’t believe you…” I muttered angrily at the floor under my feet before looking back up at him. “Lucifer, we’re engaged,” I reminded him firmly as I held back the demanding need to slap him upside the head. Not only did his actions hurt me, but I already got more than my fair share of shit from everyone at the station because of Hot Tub High School and Palmetto. Now I’d have to deal with everyone knowing my fiancé didn’t respect me enough to be loyal.

“Is there a point you’re trying to make darling?” Lucifer questioned with a smile and a tilt of his head, and that’s when I lost it.

“Do you think making a fool out of me is funny!” I shouted, no longer bothering to hide my anger. Lucifer flinched back as my voice ricocheted against the walls, clearly not expecting the reaction he got. Several of the CSI team members looked over, a few of them even poking their heads inside the room to see what was going on. I would have scolded myself for drawing so much attention if it wasn’t for the fact that Detective Paolucci was questioning the women Lucifer had slept with. I glanced around at the CSI team before grabbing Lucifer by the arm roughly and dragging him out of the room, down the hallway, and into a new room which turned out to be a spare bedroom. I slammed the door behind us as I pushed him inside before wheeling around to face him.

“Darling, I never promised that I wouldn’t sleep with other women. We never even discussed the
topic,” Lucifer defended himself as he held his hands out in front of himself as though that would keep me from beating the shit out of him. My fury only grew as he referred to me as darling, he couldn’t spend the night with three other women then just waltz into the room and call me darling like nothing ever happened. I looked away from him as I took a few long deep breaths to try to calm myself down.

“Right. I don’t know what I expected,” I growled as I looked back up at him only to see him watching me like I was the one overreacting. I started to pry his engagement ring off my finger, the hurt look that flashed across his face as I did so didn’t pass me by.

“Detective! What are you doing?” Lucifer questioned as he stepped forward, closing some of the distance between the two of us. I ignored him as I pulled the ring all the way off.

“I shouldn’t have to wear this elaborate symbol to show others that I’m off the market if you can go around fucking whoever you please!” I shouted as I stuffed the ring in my coat pocket. The way Lucifer flinched slightly when the word ‘fucking’ left my lips didn’t pass me by, but if my language affected him at all he didn’t show it. His hurt and confused expression staying in place as his eyes drifted from my now ring-less hand up to my face.

“But I thought—”

“What did you think Lucifer?” I questioned, cutting him off as I forced myself to lower the sound of my voice until it was hardly more than a harsh whisper as I stepped forward. Closing the rest of the distance between us as he began to step backwards, probably recognizing that the further away he was the safer he would be. “Oh, wait, that’s right. You didn’t think, at least not with the head that’s on your shoulders. Do you have any idea how your actions reflect on me? Not only personally, but professionally as well?” My tone turned dangerous as I backed Lucifer all the way into the corner of the room, his wide eyes watching me with concern. “You have no clue how hard I had to work to been seen as an equal in the eyes of all these other officers. Then you just walk in and give them fuel for the fire that they’re always trying to roast my ass over. I should remind you that my father will also find out about your deviant sexscapade when everyone’s gossiping about it at the office, and that puts me in a very uncomfortable position. Did you really need to give him another reason to hate you?” I continued as Lucifer watched me with shock and confusion written all over his face. “How would it affect your reputation if I slept with every Tom, Dick, and Harry who gave me a second glance?” I finished just before I turned away and stomped toward the door.

I should have seen this coming, should have known better than to hope for one second that he would treat me any differently than any of his other conquests. I only managed to pull the door open an inch or two when Lucifer’s hand pushed it shut with a loud thud. I tried to pry the door open for a moment but it quickly became apparent that he had me beat on the strength side of the spectrum. I let go of the door handle as I glared up at him. “Lucifer, let me out of the damn room.”.

“No.” He stated calmly as he pushed his way between the door and me. I wasn’t in the mood to be held hostage until he could state his case, which I already knew wasn’t going to be anything more than ‘I was horny, they were horny, what’s the big deal?’.

“I’m five seconds away from tazing you,” I growled as I pushed my jacket back over my tazers holster, resting my hand on the butt of the weapon. Lucifer rolled his eyes at my threat only managing to rekindle my rage anew.

“Chloe,” Lucifer began just before I pulled the taser from its holster and pointed it at him. “Oh bother, give me that before you hurt yourself,” Lucifer sighed before quickly disarming me with the same amount of ease and skill that my father was capable of disarming people with. One of his hands pushing my wrist to one side and his other hand pulled the muzzle of the tazer in the opposite
direction. I glared at the tazer in his hand for a moment before he spoke up, “I’m just trying to talk to you.” I couldn’t help but quirk an eyebrow as I waited for him to get whatever he wanted out. He stood there unmoving as he watched me carefully, probably giving me a moment to cool down a bit before speaking up. “Look, I didn’t know what you expected of me and I’m not sure how this is my fault since we never laid down any guidelines,” Lucifer explained gently. Of course he wasn’t going to accept the blame for his actions. Nope.

“You’re right! We never laid down any guidelines, and we never will because this,” I trailed off for a brief moment as I gestured between us with a hand. “This isn’t real,” I finished as I crossed my arms over my chest.

“Are you calling our marriage a sham?” Lucifer questioned softly, drawing me away from my thoughts as I looked up at him through narrowed eyes. He looked hurt, and although part of me felt bad for doing that to him, the other part of me couldn’t care less. I nodded softly as I pursed my lips into a thin line, swallowing as I forced myself to push my emotions away.

“That’s what it is. It’s all just one big, elaborate sham, Lucifer. None of this is real, it never was real, and it never will be real. So why should we even bother committing ourselves to this illusion?” I replied, my voice no longer angry. I was done being angry over this, it didn’t matter anymore. The only thing that matters is getting this year over with so I never have to be in the same room as him ever again. “So you know what? Run around sleeping with whoever you want, I don’t care anymore,” I continued as I shook my head softly. I was done caring. I had already cared more than I should, and that was a mistake I wasn’t about to repeat. “But at least have the common decency to be discreet about it from now on. You’re the one who made marriage part of our deal, you’re the one who wanted this. You owe me that much.” Silence fell between us as I finished, Lucifer’s hurt expression staying in place as he stared down at me. He opened as closed his mouth multiple times as though he was struggling for words as I glared down at the floor under my feet.

“This isn’t a sham, Chloe.” His soft voice pulled my gaze back up to his face. He swallowed when our eyes met, and for a moment I realized he looked almost sad. “This arrangement may not be a match made in heaven fueled by undying love, but it is real.” He stated, as he reached out his empty hand towards me before deciding against whatever he had wanted to do as he let it fall limply back to his side. “I want it to be real.” I kept my surprise at his words internal, using my old acting skills to keep my face from showing any emotion. He sounded so genuine, but I couldn’t just blindly trust him after what just happened. We stood there in silence for another moment before I looked at the ground again, it was easier than looking at the expression on his face.

“Look, I just - I didn’t realize that you expected my loyalty before we said our vows. But I’m aware now, and you have my word that I won’t be sleeping with any other women,” Lucifer’s voice broke the silence after a long moment and I couldn’t help but look up at him once more. He couldn’t mean that. And even if he did I couldn’t just believe him. But God, why was the look on his face making me want to believe him? “I would also like to respectfully request that you do the same for me, and not sleep with any other men.” I practically laughed at his request. As though I would ever sleep with anyone that I didn’t know and trust. I hadn’t had sex in years, I doubted that was going to change any time in the foreseeable future.

“Yeah? And how long is your word going to last for?” I scoffed as I shot him a dirty look. He gave me a small, almost repentant looking smile as he offered me the tazer in his hands.

“Until you say otherwise.”

I shook my head softly at the memory. The case hadn’t started well, to say the least, and because Lucifer was involved he had refused let me handle it on my own. He followed it from beginning to
end, tagging in on a few ride alongs and color commentating the whole way. The main thing I hadn’t been able to shake from my mind was the very end of the case when we found out that Ty’s sports agent, Joe Hanson, was our killer.

“Her name, was Ali Thornton, and you killed her,” Lucifer spoke up, his voice dark and dangerous sounding. Joe turned to look at him as he continued, “For what? Greed? Ego?” Lucifer questioned, his voice growing louder.

“I didn’t want to hurt her. I just wanted her phone and…” Joe trailed off as he searched for the right words, looking down at his hands for a moment before looking back up as he evaded everyone’s gaze. “But I squeezed too hard,” Joe stated softly, his voice growing remorseful. “I’m done,” Joe said simply as he looked at Lucifer. “Forget this, I’m out of here.” He made his way towards the door to leave and I moved to block his path. Lucifer stopped him for me though, blocking his path as he pressed his hand to the other man’s chest. Joe had just barely started to turn to face Lucifer when suddenly Lucifer pushed him and everything happened way too fast.

Joe went flying through the window like a semi-truck driving 60 miles an hour just hit him, crashing through the glass and tumbling into the side of the desk in the other room, files and papers falling from the top of it and scattering all over him and the floor. Lucifer, however, hadn’t even flinched from his spot, standing there with his arm still outstretched despite just sending a man who weighed easily two-twenty flying through the air a second ago like a bag of feathers. I jumped back at the sight, my mouth falling open as my mind ran completely blank. The people behind me sitting at the desk jumping out of their seats at the sight as multiple scared voices broke through the air.

“Did I squeeze too hard?” Lucifer questioned as he looked over at Joe, his voice mocking and dark as the other man struggled to lift himself off the ground. Slowly everything seemed to move back into motion for me. I gasped for air for a moment, suddenly realizing I’d been holding my breath as my lungs burned for air.

“How did you...What did...” I trailed off as I struggled to process everything I’d just witnessed. Lucifer began making his way towards Joe and I knew I had to stop him before he killed the man. I rushed in front of Lucifer, holding my hands out against his chest as I tried to ignore the faint yet almost feral growling noise that emanated from him with each exhale.

“Lucifer, what are you doing?” I questioned as I fought to keep my voice from shaking. Lucifer continued making his way forward, forcing me to take steps backward as he remained focused on Joe.

“Finally focusing my anger where it belongs.” He answered darkly as he continued pressing his way forward.

“Lucifer,” I spoke up once again, this time some of my desperation sinking into my voice. He paused as his eyes flicked down to meet mine and for a second I saw the anger and need for revenge in him as clear as day. The next moment they softened considerably as he let out a half-chuckle, half-scoff. I let my hands drift down from his chest as he looked over my shoulder at Joe once more, a short moment later he smiled bitterly at the floor before letting out a soft chuckle.

“Yes, of course,” Lucifer stated as he looked up at me, the expression on his face made me think he wasn’t exactly pleased with me getting in his way. “Your turn Detective.” He stated with a smile that disappeared the moment he finished talking. I shook my head softly as I turned away from him, walking over to Joe before helping him off the ground. The whole time repeating four little words over and over again in my head; The Devil doesn’t exist. The Devil doesn’t exist. The Devil doesn’t exist.
I drew in a long breath and tried to relax. I’d seen so many strange things since I’d met the ‘would be Prince of Darkness’ that I was having a hard time keeping them straight in my head. To add more fuel to my suspicions, and Lucifer’s claims, there was his new impossible show of strength. I had no idea how to explain that to myself, I even went so far as to get the security footage from the agency to review it. I suddenly remembered the strange conversation I had with my Father when he snuck up on me watching that footage late into the night.

I felt a large hand rest softly on my shoulder and jumped at the contact. Looking over to see my father watching me with concern before he glanced at the tablet before me. “You scared me,” I chuckled as I relaxed into my seat.

“Sorry.” He offered before sitting down next to me. “What’s got you so troubled that you’re out here and not in bed sleeping?” He asked as he watched me closely.

“You know the Ty Huntley case I was just working on?” I questioned and he nodded his answer. “Well, Lucifer decided to make himself a part of the case as you probably already knew,” I continued and my father spoke up before I could continue explaining.

“I was aware that he assisted.”

“Yeah, well he was there when I arrested Joe. And he uh…” I trailed off as I tried to come up with the words to explain it without coming across as crazy. “I’m just going to show you,” I stated as I rewound the video about a minute before playing it for my father. We both watched Joe pace away and Lucifer follow after him, a few moments later Joe came walking back only for Lucifer to stop him with his hand and then send him flying through the window like he weighed five pounds. The video continued, showing me rushing in front of Lucifer trying to stop him. I paused the clip once again as Lucifer turned away from me, finally accepting that he was done tossing Joe around.

“You just stopped him?” My father questioned and I looked over at him, meeting his wide eyes immediately.

“What else should I have done? I mean, he could have killed the man.” I answered with a shrug.

“I’m not saying you did anything wrong. I’m just saying…You’re a lot braver than I am,” My father admitted with a half-chuckle before smiling at me fondly. I smiled at the compliment for a moment before turning my attention back to the tablet before me.

“I just can’t figure out how Lucifer did that. I mean, look,” I began as I rewound the video slightly, playing it from just a few seconds before Lucifer pushed Joe through the window. “He doesn’t move an inch, he doesn’t even sway. How is that possible?” I questioned as I paused the clip again looking over at my father only to see him staring at the screen with rapt attention. “An adrenaline rush maybe?” I questioned, drawing his attention from the screen and over towards me once again.

“I don’t know Chloe.” My father replied with a slight shake of his head. I frowned slightly at his answer, staring at the screen in front of me as I tried to think of anything else that could explain what had happened. “I’m going to give you some advice,” I turned my attention back to my father only to see him watching the screen before me somewhat warily. His eyes met mine before he continued, “Sometimes it’s better to just accept that something happened rather than try to figure out exactly why or how it happened.”.

“What? You’re telling me to just accept this? There has to be a rational answer,” I defended as I turned back to the screen before me. I wasn’t just going to abandon this. I needed to know what I was in for throughout the next year, I needed to solve Lucifer’s mystery.
“Chloe, I’m not going to stop you from looking for answers, I know I couldn’t if I wanted to.” My father spoke up, giving me a soft smile before he stood up and made his way out of the dining area and towards the hallway. He stopped for a moment, looking back over at me before he spoke up, “I’m just letting you know that sometimes it’s better to ignore something, and go on with your life, rather than prod it until you find an answer that you can’t bring yourself to live with.” He walked out of sight as soon as he finished, leaving me alone to decipher the meaning of his words.

I pulled myself from my memories just in time to realize I was about to drive past the wedding planner’s office. Lucifer’s black corvette was already parked outside the small, quaint, cottage styled building. I parked slightly further down the street, turning off the car just before my cell phone rang again.

“Yes, mom?” I answered, not bothering to hide the slight annoyance tainting my voice.

“Chloe, are you there yet?” Her voice was slightly crackly over the phone.

“I just got here,” I replied as I walked across the street towards the building.

“You’re late!” I pursed my lips at the scolding tone in her voice.

“Yeah, like seven minutes late. It’s fine,” I reminded her as I made my way past Lucifer’s shiny corvette.

“It gives off a bad first impression to be late.”

“Well, maybe if I hadn’t had to answer all thirty of your phone calls on the way over here I could’ve made it on time,” I replied a bit harshly. It was just she’d been driving me absolutely mad today, calling literally every half hour to remind me about the appointment Lucifer set up with our wedding planner.

“You can’t blame me for being excited. You better tell me all about it when you get home later.” A second after she finished talking the phone beeped letting me know she’d hung up without saying goodbye.

I sighed as I pocketed my phone and pulled open the door before me, stepping inside the building and looking around. The main foyer area was empty, decorated with warm pastel colors and plenty of novelty, magazine worthy block letters spelling out words like ‘love’ and ‘forever’. I was just about to call out for someone when I heard Lucifer’s familiar voice spilling out of one of the adjacent rooms, I followed the sound with ease as I continued to take in my surroundings.

“And the little miscreant has the nerve to call me gross. As if that’s at all accurate.” I was beginning to make out his words now that I was closer to wherever he was. I couldn’t help but wonder what he was talking about as a feminine laugh poured out of a room to my left. I walked into the room, taking in the cozy office; sitting at the light brown desk was a petite woman with black hair who was probably in her mid-forties. And sitting across from her in a plush beige chair was a familiar black mop of hair, and a dark navy suit jacket perfectly molded to a broad set of shoulders. As soon as I stepped inside the woman looked up at me, a smile gracing her lips as our eyes met. Lucifer seemed to notice he’d lost her attention because he turned slightly in his chair to look behind himself, smiling as his eyes landed on me. He stood up immediately, the wooden legs of his chair scraping against the floor loudly as he made his way over to me.

“Chloe, darling!” Lucifer greeted me as his hand found a spot on my lower back as he half-walked, half-pushed me towards the desk. “Allow me to introduce you to Natalie,” Lucifer continued as the woman stood up from her seat, leaning over her desk as she offered me her hand.
“Chloe. Lucifer has told me all about you,” Natalie greeted me as I shook her hand. I had to admit I was surprised, Lucifer only ever cared to talk about himself.

“Has he? That’s a little concerning,” I replied with a small smile and Natalie immediately laughed like I’d made a joke even though I’d meant that quite literally. She released my hand before sitting back down, Lucifer following her lead as he removed his hand from my back. I sat down a moment later, trying to settle into a comfortable position on the extra firm, springy seat.

“So you two are getting married! So exciting!” Natalie began before taking a sip of whatever drink was in her pastel pink mug. Lucifer smiled at her enthusiasm for our wedding, but I couldn’t bring myself to act excited about something I was dreading. “Are you excited?” Natalie questioned while watching me, I had no doubt she was asking because of my lack of response just a few moments ago.

“Nervous, mostly,” I answered honestly and Natalie chuckled at my answer, once again probably not realizing that I was dead serious. I glanced over at Lucifer quickly to see him watching me speculatively, but before either of us could say anything else Natalie was already speaking up once again.

“Everyone always is, you’ll be fine.” She reassured with a smile and a wave of her hand, as though she could just magically wave all of my inhibitions away. “Now, before we get down to business I always ask my client’s a few questions,” Natalie continued as she smiled at us both in a way that told me I probably wasn’t going to like what was coming. “What’s your favorite thing about your partner?”

“What?” I questioned after a moment of silence. How did this have anything to do with planning our wedding? Why did it matter what my favorite thing about Lucifer was? Did I even have a favorite thing about him? Why did she need to know?

“What’s your favorite thing about each other?” Natalie clarified as she watched me expectantly. I shook my head softly as I tried to figure out how to get out of answering, but before I could Lucifer was already breaking the silence.

“I only get to pick one thing?” He questioned with mock disbelief and Natalie laughed at his joke. I arched a brow at him as I stared him down, I doubted he could come up with anything that wasn’t about my looks. He looked over at me for a long moment, his eyes searching my face before finally peaking up, “I suppose it’d be that sort of fiery courage she has.”. He looked at me with something akin to reverence for a moment, and I tried my best to hide the surprise that washed over me from his unexpected answer. “You know; she is the only person who’s not afraid to go toe-to-toe with me when she doesn’t agree with what I’m doing,” Lucifer continued as he watched me closely, “No one’s ever done that before, they’re usually too scared of what I could do to them to get in my way…” he trailed off as a small smile found its way onto his features, and he gave a soft chuckle as he looked back over at Natalie once again. “But not her,” Lucifer explained as his smile grew slightly. “You little spitfire.” He chuckled and his smile grew even more as he directed his last little comment at me.

I stalled slightly as I tried to take in everything he’d just said. That had been the exact opposite of what I’d been expecting of him. His smile slowly faded into an almost expectant look as he watched me, I glanced at Natalie out of the corner of my eye only to see her watching me as well. “Um…” I trailed off quickly as I looked down at my hands, fiddling with them in my lap. What was I going to say? He was pretty good with Trixie even though he was clueless, he was helpful-ish on cases, he
could be funny when he wasn’t trying too hard.

I glanced up from my hands to look at Lucifer once again, taking in his features as I tried to come up with something that didn’t make me look cold. “He really values honesty, and he can be pretty supportive from time to time when he’s not trying to get under my skin,” I began, smiling towards the end as I threw in the little joke. Natalie laughed at my humor, but I didn’t look over at her, I was focused on the man in front of me and the soft smile gracing his lips. Thinking back on everything he really wasn’t as bad as I tried to tell myself he was, he was actually probably the best person I’d ever been with. “And he really does try to make me as comfortable as possible with our situation, little quips aside,” I continued, watching Lucifer’s smile grow as I continued to think back on all the times he had tried to make things better.

“He’s actually been making a pretty decent effort to make me happy, and I guess…” I trailed off as I nibbled my lower lip slightly, the realization suddenly coming over me. “I guess I haven’t really been giving him enough credit for that,” I explained my voice growing softer as I realized that overall I might have been a tad bit too harsh on him, except for when we got in that squabble after I found out he slept with those three women during the Huntley case. I watched Lucifer’s expression change to something much softer, his head tilting slightly as his smile grew gentler. I looked away from him, fully knowing if I watched him for too long I’d probably start getting that hazy, out of touch feeling he seemed to give me when I stared for more than a few moments. My eyes meet Natalie’s before I continued, “But overall, I think it would have to be how lighthearted he is. He’s actually a really bright, bubbly person. He doesn’t let a lot of stuff drag him down, and he’s just—” I paused as I smiled softly, looking back over at Lucifer as he continued to watch me like I was some sort of perplexing, wondrous miracle or something. “He’s full of warmth,” I offered as I smiled at him. Judging by the look on his face, it was probably safe to say that Lucifer had been just as unexpecting of my answer as I had been of his. It felt like I’d only been watching him for a few seconds when the sound of Natalie clearing her throat broke the silence, I glanced over at her to see her watching us both with a sly expression that hinted we’d probably been staring at each other longer than I realized.

“When did you first realize that you were in love with your partner?” Natalie questioned with a wide smile as her eyes flicked between the two of us. Her question caught me completely by surprise, my mouth falling open for a moment as I tried to pull myself together.

“Um…we’re uh…this is, sort of a convenience thing,” I began lamely, watching the look of confusion swamp over her face. I felt the need to elaborate a moment later, “I don’t really…There’s no emotional con—”

“I think, what my fiancée is trying to say, is that we haven’t exactly spent a lot of time together yet. We’ve really only been on one date so far and we’re still, well, strangers to each other in a way,” Lucifer cut me off, dragging Natalie’s confused gaze away from me and over to him. She stared at him in silence for a moment before tipping her head back as she laughed.

“Oh. I see what’s going on here,” Natalie chuckled as she glanced between Lucifer and I. I really doubted she ‘saw’ what was going on here, even I didn’t understand it half the time. “You know, I think you’d be surprised about the success rate of arranged marriages. Love matches are relatively new to the western-world from a historical view, and not really all that common in other parts of the world,” Natalie continued with a smile before winking at me playfully. I considered correcting her for a moment but figured it would be harder to explain the truth than just let her assume that our families set us up. “People tend to grow very close to their spouses after a few months.” She continued before taking another sip from her mug before setting it down quietly. “I can tell you two won’t have a problem.” She stated as she gave us both another one of her sly smiles. I felt Lucifer’s gaze on me and I glanced over at him for a moment only to see him watching me with a sinful grin of his own.
“Anyways, onto business then,” Natalie spoke up, immediately drawing my attention back to her as she rummaged through a drawer of her desk before pulling out a thin packet of papers. “This is a list of everything that needs to be done before a wedding.” She explained as she slid the papers across her desk where Lucifer snatched them up before I could even get a decent glance at them.

I watched his eyes flick over the page quickly before he leafed through the rest of the pages, his eyebrows drawing together as he perused whatever was on the papers. He looked up at Natalie a moment later as he straightened all the papers before handing them to me without looking my way. “This seems a bit overkill, don’t you think?” Lucifer asked her as I took the papers from his hand, I leafed through the pages as I just tried to get a general idea of what was going on.

“No, this is the usual. A wedding is a huge thing, it takes more work than you might think to get a good one all set up,” Natalie replied as I took in the list. It was four pages long and had probably somewhere around seventy-five things we needed to do plainly outlined for us. How did something that only took a few hours have so many things that needed to be taken care of? This was crazy.

“I see,” Lucifer spoke up, just before he snatched the list from my hands. “This list, it starts with things to do sixteen to nine months before the wedding.” He continued as he held it up on the table as though Natalie didn’t know what her own list said.

“Yes. Couples are usually engaged for at least that long,” Natalie replied simply as she folded her hands on the desk.

“Ah…” Lucifer trailed off as he let the papers rest on the desk. “Well, we’re planning on getting married much sooner than that.” He replied and I couldn’t help the relief that washed over me. When Natalie had said that amount of time was normal part of me had worried that Lucifer would want to go along with that. I couldn’t imagine having to deal with him for two years for no other reason than our engagement lasted for a whole year on its own.

“How much sooner?” Natalie questioned with ease, it was probably a request she got often.

“I was planning on a few weeks from now,” Lucifer answered, and I immediately recognized the shock on Natalie’s face as she watched Lucifer like she was trying to figure out if he was being serious or not.

“Oh, wow,” Natalie spluttered after a long moment of silence. “Um…I’ve been doing this for a very long time, and I really don’t suggest getting married any sooner than five months from the date of our first consolation. I did a rush wedding in one month once, and that wedding is the reason I no longer do rush weddings,” Natalie explained, laughing slightly towards the end. “Five months is barely going to be enough time for you to get everything in order as it is.” She explained patiently, obviously expecting Lucifer to give into her better judgment. But I knew him better than that, Lucifer was the type of person who gets what he wants, and I had no doubt he’d get his way on this.

I watched as he leaned in across the desk, chuckling softly. “Certainly we can come to a happy medium,” Lucifer began, his voice taking on that deep, silky tone he always used when he seemed to practically hypnotize people. “Can’t we darling?” He questioned softly as he tilted his head. I watched it all carefully, still trying to figure out how exactly he managed to do this. I watched Natalie slowly start to smile like a giddy, drunk sorority girl, one of her hands lifting from the desk as she twirled a lock of her hair between her fingers.

“Yeah, sure,” She giggled as she nodded her head. Leaning in closer to him over the desk as she wetted her lower lip with her tongue, “Whatever you want.” She whispered as her hand abandoned her hair and reached out towards Lucifer. Her fingers just barely touching his jaw when he drew away slightly, wrapping his hand around her slender wrist as he pulled her hand away.
“Now, now,” Lucifer tutted playfully as he rested her hand on the table gently. “None of that.” He chuckled as Natalie slowly moved her hand back to her hair to play with it once again. “I want three months,” Lucifer stated and Natalie smiled broadly at him, nodding her agreement a moment later.

“Three months, yeah, great,” Natalie agreed instantly before giggling again.

“Wonderful!” Lucifer exclaimed as he leaned back in his chair, steepling his fingers together on the table as he looked over at me with a wide grin. I watched him for a moment before glancing back at Natalie to see her making a weird face as she stared down at the table she shook her head slightly before looking up at Lucifer and giving him a curious look.

“Right. Uh…” Natalie trailed off for a moment before her eyes rested on the list lying between Lucifer and I. “Here, let me see that list.” She requested and I pushed it across the desk towards her, she rummaged through a drawer until she produced a thick yellow highlighter. We sat there in silence as she poured over the list, highlighting multiple things on each page before eventually capping the pen and sliding the list back over the desk towards us. “Everything that I highlighted needs to be done the next time we meet,” Natalie explained as Lucifer and I leaned over the list resting before us. I couldn’t help but raise my eyebrows at everything that was highlighted as Lucifer leafed through the pages, she’d given us probably fifteen or twenty tasks to accomplish.

“That’s…extensive,” Lucifer stated softly before looking over at me. “Any chance you can take some time off work darling?”.

“I’ll have to talk to my sergeant about it,” I answered with a slight sigh, this was going to destroy my PTO, it would take a few days to figure all of this stuff out. Silence grew between us for a few moments before Natalie spoke up.

“Here’s some tips. Instead of a binder or folder, a lot of my clients just make a Pinterest board nowadays. If you don’t have a lot of time to spend together it’s easily accessible to each of you as long as there’s a computer or smartphone nearby.” She explained as she tapped her finger on that item on the list before it drifted down the page to another task. “Picking your color scheme, I have a binder full of them.” She explained quickly before standing up from her chair and walking over to a shelf behind her. I watched as she pulled a thick binder from it before turning back to us, the binder let out a deep thumping sound as she set it down on the desk before us. “Here you go, you can take that home and bring it back at your next appointment.” She offered as she sat down once again.

I pulled the three or four-inch thick binder over in front of me before flipping through it experimentally. It was divided based on colors, thick sections tabbed out for literally every color in the rainbow and then some. “This is looking like a lot more work than I expected,” I stated softly as I let the binder fall shut with another thump.

“It’s a lot of work, but it’s also a lot of fun,” Natalie chimed in, smiling at me in a way that made me feel like she was more excited for me to get married that I was.

“So, we just take care of everything on this list and then come back to you?” I questioned and Natalie nodded immediately.

“Yes, I’ll take all that information and I’ll get things rolling. You know, renting out venues and buying decorations and arranging payments,” Natalie explained with a smile and I nodded my understanding. “And of course if you ever have any questions or are looking for any recommendations I’m here.” She continued a moment later before her eyes lit up momentarily. “Actually, I have a list of recommended vendors.” She stated as she began rummaging through another drawer in her desk, pushing a thick stapled packet of papers across the desk towards me. “Here.”. I thumbed through the packet quickly, just to get a feel for how many pages it was. This
was all becoming more and more overwhelming by the minute. We only had three months to figure all of this out? Maybe Lucifer should have just went along with Natalie’s five month recommendation. “There are a lot of big players in this area, which is great for you,” Natalie spoke up, pulling me from my thoughts as she referred to the list I’d just set down. “So, do you have any questions for me?” She asked after a brief moment of silence. I shook my head in response but Lucifer spoke up from beside me.

“Yes, actually.” He started as he pressed a finger against the list of assigned tasks we’d been given. “You’ve marked literally everything in the sixteen to nine months block, but then throughout the rest you’ve only picked certain bits out of each block of time. Why?”

“Well I don’t want to overwhelm you. That’s already much more than I usually give my clients to figure out after our first appointment.” Natalie explained with a shrug. Really? She wasn’t trying to overwhelm us? Because I felt pretty overwhelmed. “Everything I highlighted is something that’s really important, and a wedding will literally fall apart without it. So, it’s crucial that you get those points figured out before it’s too late.” I watched Lucifer nod in understanding as she finished. Great, so we had to figure out some of the most important bits of our wedding immediately. No way that could possibly turn into a mess at all. “Anything else?” She asked after another short lapse of silence.

“Um, I think we’re good,” I answered as I grabbed a glimpse of the clock behind Natalie’s desk. I’d only taken an hour and a half off today for this, and I needed to be back at the station in about twenty minutes. Besides, if Lucifer had any more questions he could just call her.

“Great. I’ll just set up another appointment for you two, how about two weeks from now?” Natalie questioned as she rummaged through one of her desk drawers again, pulling out two business cards and resting them on her desk.

“Sure,” I answered. I had no idea how often you were supposed to visit your wedding planner, but if she thought two weeks was sufficient then it would have to work. Natalie pulled a black marker out of her desk before closing the drawer she’d been rummaging in.

“Any particular day or time?” She questioned as she looked up at the both of us. I have no idea what Lucifer’s schedule is like, but mine is hectic more often than not. It’s always been hard for me to make plans weeks in advance. But I knew for a fact that my mom wasn’t going to let me miss a single appointment unless I’m on my deathbed or something.

“No preference really,” Lucifer answered with ease before glancing over at me.

“Something early please,” I added and Natalie nodded as she poured over a desk calender to her right. She looked at it carefully for a moment before uncapping the pen and writing on the back of her business cards.

“Here you go.” Natalie offered as she held the cards out for us.

“Thanks,” I offered as I took one from her hand, flipping it over to see that we had an appointment at eight on Friday.

“And remember, if you have any questions at all just give me a call,” Natalie stated as I heard the drawer on her desk slide shut. I nodded my silent answer as I stood up, pocketing the card as Lucifer stood up as well.

“Will do dear,” Lucifer told her as he picked up the packets of paper from the table, holding them in his hand along with the appointment card. Before I even knew what he was doing his arm was wrapping around my shoulders drawing me into his side.
“You two make such a beautiful couple,” Natalie said softly as she smiled at the two of us. I drew a blank at her words for a moment, glancing up at Lucifer when I caught him looking at me out of my peripheral vision only to find him giving me another one of his sly, cocky smiles.

“Uh, thanks,” I replied lamely as I looked away from Lucifer. Stepping out from under his arm as I began making my way out of her office towards the front door. I wasn’t bad at taking compliments, but it was just weird for me to be quantified as a couple rather than an individual. I suppose that’s the aftermath of not really bothering to try and date anyone for three years now though. Although I guess I’ll have to get used to that more and more in the months to come now that Lucifer and I are together.

“See you soon dear.” I heard Lucifer tell her before the sound of his footsteps on the wooden floor caught up to mine just before I pulled open the door to the building, stepping outside into the smoggy LA air. I tried my hardest to ignore his proximity as we walked shoulder to shoulder down the sidewalk.

“So, we have quite a lot to figure out,” Lucifer began as he walked with me past his Corvette, towards the Porsche down the street. I remained silent as we crossed the street, I was well aware of just how much stuff we had to figure out, but I was already running late and now wasn’t the time to talk about wedding stuff. “Why don’t you come over for dinner tonight?” Lucifer offered as I stopped next to the Porsche. I glanced up at him for a moment as I considered his offer, I didn’t exactly want to spend my whole evening at Lucifer’s place. What if he meant it like a date and not a wedding planning session?

“I don’t know Lucifer, my mom wants to help plan a lot of this stuff and I have to take care of Trixie,” I answered uncertainly as I tried to get myself out of his offer, pulling out my key fob and disarming the car’s security system with a loud beep.

“Bring them.” He stated simply as I pulled open the door. I paused for a moment as I looked over at him. I knew if I kept making excuses he’d call me out on it, and he did just destroy the only real excuse I had. Besides, hadn’t I just accepted that I’d been too harsh on him lately? He was an amazing cook even though I’d never admit it to him, and both Trix and my mom seem to love him.

“Alright, when?” I asked as I caved in. Surely one dinner with him and my family wouldn’t be too horrible.

“Six?”

“Sure,” I answered as I slid into the car. Knowing if I didn’t get moving soon I’d be late back to work, and I really didn’t want to get chewed out by my sergeant today.

“I look forward to seeing you then, darling,” Lucifer said with a smile before turning away and walking back to his car. I shook my head softly at myself as I closed the door and started the car. Why did I have a feeling that I was going to regret this in a few hours?

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“What are we doing here? I thought you said we were going to his house for dinner.” My father questioned grumpily from the passenger seat as I turned into the alley that led to Lux’s parking garage.

“We are dad. Lucifer lives here,” I answered as I pulled into the garage, driving past Lucifer’s corvette parked in a reserved spot with his name on it. A silver charger parked next to it in a spot reserved for a Mazikeen Smith.

“Of course he lives in a nightclub. What was I expecting?” My father grumbled as he crossed his
arms over his chest. I ignored his grumbling as I noticed the spot next to the silver charger was open, and scribbled on the reserved for sign was my first name, written in what was probably sharpie marker. I had to admit I was thankful for the foresight Lucifer had in saving me a spot as I pulled into it and parked. Despite the club not even being open it seemed like the whole first level of the garage was already filled up.

“He doesn’t live in the nightclub dad. He lives on the top story of the building,” I told him as I turned off the car and looked over at him. My response didn’t seem to lighten his mood at all as he rolled his eyes and unbuckled his seatbelt.

“Are we going to live in a skyscraper mom?!” Trixie questioned excitedly from the backseat as I undid my own seatbelt. I hadn’t exactly put a lot of thought into what the living arrangements would be when Lucifer and I got married. I knew I wouldn’t stay with my parents. My parent’s house wasn’t big enough for him to move in, and on top of that my father wouldn’t approve of living under the same roof as Lucifer. Chances were Trix and I would wind up moving in somewhere with Lucifer. I truly doubted he was going to buy some house in the suburbs just to live in it for a year with Trix and me; if he even had the money to do that on a whim. I mean, I know he has money, but I really doubt he had as much as he leads everyone to believe.

“Probably, yeah,” I answered her question as I opened my door, getting out of the car as my father, mother, and daughter all did the same.

“That’s so cool!” Trixie exclaimed happily as she looked around the parking garage. I took her hand in mine as we all made our way out of the parking garage, into the alley and around the corner of the building.

“Have you seen his place before Chloe?” My mother asked curiously as I pulled open one of Lux’s large doors, stepping inside the dimly lit nightclub to see a few employees milling around.

“Yeah, during the last case I worked,” I answered as we all made our way to the elevator that was slightly hidden off the main balcony. I pressed the call button and waited patiently for the doors to open, for being such a modernized building the elevator was stuck back in the 50’s.

“And?”

“And it’s nice, you know, your typical sleek bachelor pad. A little excessive, but that’s just who he is I guess,” I replied nonchalantly as the elevator doors slid open with a high pitched pinging noise. The more I got to know Lucifer the more it seemed like everything in his life was excessive, at this point I was just desperately hoping that our wedding wouldn’t have to follow suit.

“I wish we didn’t have to do this.” My father grumbled as he followed me into the elevator. I pursed my lips at his complaint as my mom and Trixie stepped inside just before I pressed the button for the twentieth floor.

“Nobody made you come dad,” I replied as I remembered going back to the station after the appointment earlier today. My dad immediately walking over to my desk, asking how things went. The moment I explained that I’d be seeing Lucifer for dinner tonight and that I’d probably be taking my mom and Trix with me if they wanted to tag along he got protective. Saying that none of us were going anywhere with Lucifer unless he was there with us. I wasn’t sure what had gotten into him lately but I assumed it must have something to do with the fact that Trix and I were going to be moving out soon.

“Yeah, well, if you think I’m just going to leave all my girls alone with him you’re dead wrong.” My father stated with irritation lacing his voice. I tried not to scoff at his statement as the elevators doors slid shut and we began to ascend. We’d just started moving when the elevator came grinding to a
slow shaky halt, stopping after moving maybe one floor. Great. This is just the time I wanted an elevator to break down. I thought to myself pessimistically just before the doors slid open to reveal a young blonde waiting outside the doors. I let out a small sigh as I realized that the elevator hadn’t broken down on us.

“Oh, hi. Sorry,” She greeted us with a shy smile as she stepped inside the already crowded elevator.

“It’s fine honey,” My mother greeted her happily as she pressed the ground floor button. I felt bad for her for a moment, knowing that the elevator was already queued up to the top floor before it would descend again. “So, do you work here?” My mother questioned as the young woman pressed the ground floor button again when the doors didn’t slide shut.

“No, my boyfriend does,” She answered as the doors finally closed and the elevator began slowly climbing once again. “Do you guys live here too?” She questioned as she turned in the elevator to face us all better, leaning back against the shut metal doors.

“What?” I questioned as I tried to understand how she lives here. As far as I know it’s just the club and Lucifer’s penthouse.

“You…You don’t live in employee housing?” She questioned after a moment as she watched us with a confused expression.

“No we don’t.” My mother replied just a second before I spoke up.

“Employee housing?”

“Yeah, Mr. Morningstar hasn’t offered you the employee housing package yet?” She asked as her eyes flicked between each of us in the elevator. Employee housing package? What in God’s name is that supposed to be?

“We don’t work here.” My mother answered almost immediately. I watched the young woman give her a strange look before she spoke up.

“Oh. Then um, why are—”

“She’s engaged to Mr. Morningstar.” My mother cut her off as she pointed to me. Part of me wanted to push her hand back down to her side and tell her to stop telling people that when they didn’t need to know, but instead I just offered the young blonde what I hoped was a friendly smile.

“Oh!” She exclaimed after a moment as all signs of worry left her face and were quickly replaced with shock. “Well, congrats,” She offered as she smiled boldly at me, throwing in a quick wink towards the end. I smiled down at the ground for a moment before looking back up at her as I wondered exactly how much she knew about Lux and its owner.

“Could you explain the whole employee housing thing to me?” I asked, hoping that she could shed some light on the question she gave me. I had a feeling that it would be much easier to get answers out of her than it would be to get answers out of Lucifer.

“If you work here and you make it past the probationary period you can live in one of the apartments on the lower floors. They’re like really nice two and three bedroom places too. And like everyone takes him up on it because he only charges a hundred bucks a month plus utilities and it just automatically comes out of your payroll.” She explained with a shrug of her shoulders. I deadpanned for a moment as I took in that information. Lucifer was providing his employees housing for pennies on the dollar for what he could be getting. It just didn’t add up correctly in my mind. Lucifer was all about turning a profit, I mean, the man sold drinks for three times what they were worth because he
knew he could get away with it. He didn’t seem like the kind of person to offer a charitable hand to anyone.

“Why would he only charge a hundred dollars for rent?” My father questioned, sounding just as surprised as I felt.

“Well I don’t really think he needs the extra money.” The young woman answered with a slight chuckle as though her answer was obvious and the only possible explanation. “And he’s a really awesome boss, he does stuff like that for his employees all the time.” She added and I couldn’t help it when a second wave of surprise rolled through me.

“He does?” I questioned, this time unable to keep the surprise I felt from tainting my voice.

“Yeah.” The young woman answered enthusiastically with a nod of her head before leaning in closer to me. “My next door neighbor Eric, his son got cancer and he had to ask Mr. Morningstar for overtime so he could afford to pay the medical bills, right.” She explained quietly almost like she was worried someone was going to overhear us in an elevator. “And then the next day when he calls the hospital they tell him everything’s been paid off, four hundred thousand dollars of debt has just been paid off, and on top of that they tell him the rest of his son’s treatment has been prepaid.” She paused her story for a moment as her eyes flicked over my family once again almost like she was trying to gauge our reactions before she continued.

“And of course the only person Eric knows who could possibly have that kind of money is the boss man, so he goes to ask him about it right? And he told me that Mr. Morningstar told him to forget about it, like, to never bring it up again.” She paused for another brief moment. I couldn’t imagine the Lucifer I know just throwing away almost half a million dollars because he had mercy on an employee’s pity story, but then again he did buy me a car that cost almost half that much just because he didn’t like the one I had so maybe it wasn’t quite as far fetched as I originally assumed. “And on top of all that his son got better the next day, like, nobody knew how. He went from stage two cancer to a perfect bill of health in like two days.” She finished before standing all the way up once again. I stood there in silence as my mind immediately drew the parallels between my father’s miraculous recovery and the cancer child’s own inexplicable recovery. “Crazy right?” She asked when none of us said anything in response to her story.

“Yeah, crazy,” I said softly as I stared at the floor under my feet. So my father wasn’t the first person to find himself curiously healed after getting tied up with Lucifer. Both of their recoveries had to have something to do with Lucifer right?

“Needless to say, he’s like the best boss ever and I’m pretty sure that like everyone here would sell their souls in a heartbeat if he asked them to.” The young woman spoke up, laughing at her joke for a moment when the elevator finally came to a stop and the doors slowly slid open. “I think this is your stop.” She offered politely as she moved towards the corner of the elevator so we could get out. Trixie was the first one out, followed by my mother and then both my father and I.

“Nice meeting you sweetie.” I heard my mother offer her goodbye’s to the stranger we’d just met as I forced myself to push all the new information I’d just been given out of my mind.

“You too.” I heard the woman offer just before the soft sound of the doors closing hit my ears.

“No way!” Trixie exclaimed from beside me as she looked around the room. Her eyes mainly setting on the black piano before us. “This place is so cool!” She stated before running over to the piano, reaching out a hand to touch the polished wood when I spoke up.

“Trixie, don’t touch anything,” I stated authoritatively as her hand dropped to her side immediately.
Her eyes quickly drifted away from the piano and towards the windows showing off his view of the city.

“His living room is a bar. Why am I not surprised?” My father’s disdainful voice drew my attention away from Trixie as I looked over at him as he glared at the shelves of amber liquor that were proudly on display.

“This is where you’re going to be moving? I’m starting to get a bit jealous Chloe.” My mother chuckled before I could say anything to my dad.

“Mom! There’s a hot tub outside!” Trixie shouted happily as she ran back over to me, tugging on my hand for a moment before running off towards another room that I already knew was Lucifer’s bedroom from my previous time spent up here.

“Trixie!” I called for her unsuccessfully as she disappeared behind the wall.

“For the last time Mazikeen, no,” Lucifer’s stern voice echoed into the room and I looked over at the hallway next to the bar. I watched the beautiful bartender who I’d met on multiple occasions now, come walking out of the hallway as she glared at the floor under her feet like she wanted to light it on fire and then stab it.

“Why are you acting so different lately?” She growled as Lucifer came walking out of the hallway behind her, not even noticing us yet as he focused on the woman in front of him as she wheeled around. “It’s because of your little human pet isn’t it?” She practically snarled as she poked a finger into Lucifer’s chest. Watched his expression grow angry as a tick formed in his jaw as he looked down at her finger poking into his chest before looking back up at his bartender.

“Mazikeen.” I swallowed nervously as he used the same tone with her that he’d used with Joe just before he tossed him through a window. She seemed to know when to stop pushing her boundaries though, her hand falling back down to her side.

“We don’t belong here, Lucifer.” She stated firmly as she stared him down unwaveringly.

“Maybe you don’t belong here, but I’m not going anywhere,” Lucifer replied with what I had a feeling was a false sense of calmness as they stared each other down for a long moment, both of them looking like all they needed was a little nudge before they’d jump at each other’s throats. I heard the soft and fast-paced patter of Trixie’s feet on the floor before I saw her streaking towards Lucifer out of the corner of my eye.

“Lucifer!” Trixie’s happy squeal broke the silence just a second before she latched onto one of his legs. Lucifer visibly tensed up at her touch, looking down at Trixie as she clung to him. His bartender looked at her like she was an alien before looking up at Lucifer with an expression that I could only define as equal parts loathing and mockery before she turned away. She glanced over my family quickly, her eyes lingering on me as she walked past us and disappeared into the hallway behind us that separated Lucifer’s library from his office.

“Alright, that’s enough of that,” Lucifer’s voice drew my attention away from the hallway that his bartender had disappeared into and over to the two of them. I watched as he pinched the excess fabric of Trixie’s shirt between his fingers, using it to pull her away from him like he was scared that if he really touched her he’d catch the plague.

“Your house is so cool! Where’s your TV? Can I go in your hot tub? Will I get my own room?” Trixie bombarded him with questions for a moment before running back over to the wall of windows that had entranced her from the moment she noticed them. Lucifer watched her curiously for a
moment as she pressed her body against the glass, shaking his head before looking over at me.

“You're early.” He stated as his eyes flicked over my mother and father standing next to me.

“Did we interrupt something?” I questioned as I watched him carefully. I couldn’t help but wonder what him and his bartender had been arguing about just a moment ago. I knew the two of them had history in the bedroom, maybe she was mad that they couldn’t have casual sex anymore?

“No,” Lucifer answered with a shake of his head just before my mom drew his attention away from me.

“It’s so nice to see you again.” My mother spoke up as she closed the distance between Lucifer and herself. Wrapping an arm around his waist before leaning up and planting a quick kiss on the corner of his jaw.

“The pleasure’s all mine darling,” Lucifer replied with a smile, taking her free hand in his own and brushing a quick kiss on the back of her hand before releasing her. My father cleared his throat loudly when my mom didn’t immediately step away from Lucifer and instead trailed a hand down his sleeve. “Jonathan, I wasn’t expecting you to come,” Lucifer said with an impish smile as he stepped towards my dad.

“Like I’d leave my family alone with you.” My father practically spat at Lucifer. His sudden hostility surprised me, I mean, I knew he wasn’t happy with Lucifer when he found out that he’d slept with those three women on the Huntley case but he didn’t seem like it had bothered him this much. Lucifer chuckled at my father’s words as he stepped towards my dad.

“You know Jonathan, contrary to popular belief, I’m not your adversary,” Lucifer said softly as he stopped inches away from my father.

“You think I’m going to believe you?” My father questioned angrily causing Lucifer to let out another brief chuckle before the humor fell from his face.

“I think you should try to remember that there are two sides to every story,” Lucifer replied seriously as he closed the rest of the distance between the two of them. I could practically feel the tension between the two of them until a brash, dissonant noise broke the silence. I glanced over at the piano to my side only to see Trixie happily perched on the stool before it. “What do you think you’re doing?” Lucifer’s voice broke over the noise as I internally scolded myself for not keeping a closer eye on my daughter.

“Sorry,” Trixie offered as she gave him the same puppy dog eyes she gave me when she tried to get on my good side after doing something wrong. I watched Lucifer stare down at her inquisitively until my mom garnered his attention.

“So, Lucifer. I heard you’re making dinner tonight. I have to admit I’m excited after what you pulled off for breakfast that one time.”

“Right, dinner,” Lucifer stated softly as he began stepping away from the piano. “Apologies, it’s not exactly done yet.” He explained as he maneuvered between the piano and myself, one of his hands
finding my arm and trailing down my sleeve as he walked past.

“Do you need any help?” My mom offered just as Lucifer began to make his way past her and towards the hallway he’d originally appeared out of.

“Thank you for the offer darling, but I couldn’t possibly put you to work. That’s no way for a host to treat his esteemed guests,” Lucifer turned down her offer with a smile as he rested a hand on her shoulder. Flatterer. I thought as I watched my mom smile widely at his words.

“Well at least let me come watch.”

“I’ve never denied anyone the pleasure of watching,” Lucifer answered with a husky chuckle as he wrapped his arm further around my mom’s shoulders before leading her down the hallway with him. I stood there in slight shock as I watched the two of them walk away; if I was an outsider looking in I’d guess that Lucifer and my mother were the ones engaged to each other, they couldn’t leave each other alone for three minutes. The sound of the wooden legs of the piano bench sliding across the stone floor pulled my attention back to Trix as she clambered off the stool.

“Trix! Where are you going now?” I questioned as I watched her turn to face the hallway that Lucifer’s bartender had disappeared down earlier.

“How big is this place?” Trixie questioned with no small amount of wonder in her voice as I stopped her from going any further by placing a hand on her shoulder.

“I’m not really sure,” I answered as she turned around to face me. I had really only seen the main living quarters of Lucifer’s place. I hadn’t had a tour yet, and judging by how entertained Lucifer and my mother were keeping each other I wasn’t going to be getting one tonight either.

“Why can’t I explore?” Trixie questioned as she looked up at me with wide pleading eyes. But I knew better than to let her run around Lucifer’s place unsupervised. His life was anything but child-proof and I didn’t need her getting herself hurt, or worse, stumbling upon some very adult things that I would have to explain to her well before her time.

“Monkey, I need to keep an eye on you to make sure you stay safe,” I answered as I bent down slightly to tuck a piece of hair behind her ear as I mentally reminded myself to tell Lucifer that he should consider making his place more child-friendly.

“Okay, fine,” Trixie sighed softly as her hand found mine. I offered her a small smile as I stood all the way up, leading her towards the hallway Lucifer and my mom had just recently disappeared down. The sound of my father’s footsteps behind us was quickly replaced by the sound of Lucifer’s voice and my mother’s laughter.

“So, are we a red family or a white family?” Lucifer questioned as I rounded the corner of the hallway, taking in his much larger than necessary kitchen and the ten-person table adjacent to the bar my mother was sitting at as she watched Lucifer cook.

“Red.” My mother answered with a smile as Lucifer opened what I assumed was a cupboard until cold mist began to drift out of it. He retrieved a fancy looking bottle of wine before closing the mini fridge and grabbing two wine glasses from where they hung above his stovetop.

“It smells really yummy in here,” Trixie spoke up from my side, but I paid her hardly any attention as I watched Lucifer grab the exposed bit of cork with his fingers and pull it out of the bottle effortlessly. I’d opened more than my fair share of wine bottles and it was never as easy as Lucifer just made it look, he didn’t even use a corkscrew for heaven’s sake. I silently reminded myself that
this was the same man who threw Joe Hanson threw a window without moving half an inch, he was obviously a lot stronger than he looked.

“How did you do that?” My father questioned, obviously just as observant and analytical of Lucifer’s random shows of strength as I was.

“How?” Lucifer hummed in question as he poured a glass of wine before resting it on the bar in front of my mother. He looked over at my father before he spoke up once again, “Oh, being the Devil does come with its own set of perks. Divine physical vigor being but one benefit,” he explained as he picked up the wine cork and twirled it between his fingers as he offered my father a presumptuous smile. I heard my father sigh from beside me and I could visualize the way he was probably rolling his eyes at Lucifer’s answer.

“What are the other perks?” Trixie questioned from beside me as she released her hold on my hand and walked over to the bar where my mother was sitting, climbing up one of the tall stools before sitting down. I pursed my lips at her question, I’d told her time and time again that Lucifer wasn’t really the Devil but she refused to listen to me, she was fully engulfed in his delusions just as much as he was. There was no way that could be healthy for her.

“Immortality,” Lucifer offered as he poured the second glass of wine. “Invulnerability from anything or anyone not divine or hellish.” He continued as he set the wine bottle down and picked up his glass, swirling the wine inside of it gently. “Flying was…Well, It wasn’t really worth going through a molt every few years,” Lucifer continued with a shrug as he stared at the legs of wine running down the inside of his glass critically before lifting the glass to his lips and taking a sip. I shook my head at Lucifer’s words, I doubted I’d ever understand why he was so adamant on insisting he was the Devil.

I watched him set his glass down on the countertop as he continued to watch Trixie as the room fell quiet. A few moments passed as the two of them stared each other down, Lucifer tilting his head slightly when Trixie rested her elbows on the counter and fixed her chin on her palm as she continued to watch him like he was a zoo exhibit. “You know, we ran into one of your employees in the elevator,” I spoke up, breaking the silence that had fallen after Lucifer’s explanation and pulling him out of the creepy staring contest he was having with my daughter.

“How exciting,” Lucifer quipped sarcastically as he looked over at me, picking up his glass and taking another sip of wine.

“I didn’t know you were a landlord too,” I continued, ignoring his asshole-ish behavior. “I didn’t peg you as the type of person to offer your employee’s charity housing,” I stated while watching him for his reaction. He smiled widely, rolling his eyes and scoffing as he set his glass back down.

“I’m not giving them aid,” Lucifer answered just before something in the kitchen beeped three times and he turned away.

“Right. Because a hundred bucks a month for a three-bedroom place in downtown LA isn’t aid,” I replied sarcastically as I watched Lucifer walk over to a double-oven in the wall, turning it off and pulling it open before reaching in with his bare hand. He pulled away a moment later, looking down at his hand curiously as he rubbed his thumb and forefinger together slowly. I thought I heard him mutter the word ‘odd’ to himself before he pulled open a nearby drawer and retrieved a pot holder.

“It’s not. It’s a business decision to reduce turnover,” Lucifer answered as he pulled out a large glass baking dish filled with steak, potatoes, and onions before placing it down on the countertop. “If an employee’s very affordable rent only comes with their employment their much less likely to leave said place of employment.” He continued as he put the pot holder back where he got it and pulled
open a large wood paneled door which turned out to be his fridge. “Turnover costs money, charging cheap rent for a place of residence makes money and practically eliminates turnover.” He explained as he grabbed a small block of pale yellowish white cheese resting on the top shelf before turning back around to face me as he shut the fridge door. “It’s simple business,” Lucifer finished and I nodded softly at his words. His explanation made much more sense than Lucifer doing it just to help people out.

“So, Lucifer, will we be working out any of the wedding details tonight?” My mother questioned as he pulled a cheese grater out of one of his kitchen drawers and started to grate a liberal amount over the glass dish sitting on the counter.

“We will.” He answered without looking up from his work. “If we don’t start tonight I doubt we’ll have time to take care of everything before our next appointment,” Lucifer continued as he rested the cheese grater in his sink before quickly wrapping up the block in a piece of saran wrap.

“Can I help?” Trixie asked excitedly as she leaned in over the bar top slightly.

“I’m sure we can find something for you to do monkey,” I answered, earning a toothy grin from her. I knew Trixie was thrilled about our upcoming wedding despite hardly even knowing her soon-to-be step-father.

“You can start with laying these out,” Lucifer offered as he rested a stack of plain white dishes on the bar before her. She nodded happily, taking the plates in hand before sliding off the barstool.

“I thought you said that you couldn’t put your ‘esteemed guests’ to work,” I stated blandly, making air quotes with my fingers as I watched Trixie lay out the plates at the table.

“Yes, my esteemed guests,” Lucifer answered with a chuckle. I looked over at him to see him pick up his wine glass as he smirked at me, taking a quick sip before continuing, “I’m not above putting the other ones to work though.”

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Dinner thankfully passed with relative ease. Lucifer’s cooking was just as amazing as it was last time, even though I still refused to compliment him on it; he was already too cocky for his own good without ruffling his feathers with pride. My father remained thankfully quiet throughout the meal, only shooting Lucifer a glare occasionally when he made my mother laugh a little too loudly. My mother and Lucifer were the ones really carrying the bulk of the conversation, discussing my mother’s acting career and Hollywood films in general. Everyone had been finished with their dinner for probably five minutes before my mother finally changed the topic to something that had to do with the reason we were here in the first place.

“So what kind of wedding do you want Lucifer?” My mother asked and I couldn’t help but look over at him at the question. We hadn’t really discussed much at the wedding planner’s office and this was the first slightly specific question he’d even encountered.

“Something elegant, tasteful, traditional,” Lucifer answered with ease as he downed the last sip of wine in his glass. I couldn’t help but feel slightly shocked at his answer. I hadn’t been expecting that he’d want something traditional. Did that mean he wanted to get married in a church? With a pastor or priest? “Chloe?” Lucifer’s question drew me back into the present as I realized that everyone at the table was watching me, it took me a quick moment to realize he had directed my mother’s question at me.

“I was honestly just hoping we could do a simple courthouse wedding and call it a day. I mean, we
only have 3 months to get everything together,” I explained with a shrug and Lucifer burst into laughter. I sat there staring at him as he chortled, covering half his face with a hand as he rubbed his temples with his thumb and forefingers before pulling his hand from his face and smiling over at me. His smile slowly died as I stared back at him, wondering what in God’s name he found so damn funny.

“Oh…” He trailed off as the last lingering bits of his smile died completely. “You were being serious.” He continued as he pursed his lips and his brows drew together. “Absolutely not,” Lucifer stated firmly as he leaned back against his chair.

“Why not?” I questioned, earning a simple eye roll from Lucifer as he leaned in across the table.

“Well where should I start?” Lucifer spoke up as his voice took on a slightly patronizing tone. “Only poor people get married in courthouses. Now, I’m not sure if all the cogs are turning up here,” Lucifer lifted one of his hands from the table to tap the side of his temple twice. “Since you can’t seem to understand that we aren’t in that situation. So let me reiterate.” He continued as he let his hand fall back down against the table before managing to lean in slightly closer. “We are not poor people,” Lucifer said very slowly, emphasizing each word and pausing for nearly a second between each. I ground my teeth together as I drew in a long breath, trying to force away some of the anger that Lucifer’s overly condescending argument had stirred up.

“Did you just call me stupid?” I asked as I dug my fingernails into my palm to remind myself not to do anything violent with Trixie around.

“Not at all,” Lucifer answered immediately with a shake of his head. “You’re actually quite intelligent.” He continued, his answer not only calming my slightly scathed nerves but also taking me somewhat by surprise. “However, you’re the densest smart person I’ve ever met,” Lucifer threw in just when I had started to calm down. And here’s the jackass I know. I thought to myself as I leaned in across the table as well, closing a decent chunk of the distance between us.

“I’m the dense one? Me?” I questioned, pointing a finger at myself. “Do I even need to remind you that you’re the one who’s under the delusion that you’re the Devil? And you’re saying that I’m the one who’s not firing on all cylinders?” I continued, my voice growing slightly harsher despite my best efforts to keep my annoyance tamped down. Lucifer smirked at my response licking across his top lip as his eyes lit up with mischief.

“Someone’s getting feisty. Did I hit a sensitive spot?” I knew he was edging me on, hoping to get a fiery response out of me. I clenched my teeth together as I reminded myself that Trixie was sitting right next to me and I needed to be a good role model for her. My eyes narrowed as I stared back at Lucifer, his smug yet playful expression made me want to drag him out of this room and give him a good throttling.

“Chloe. Can we talk?” My mother’s voice broke the tense silence. I looked over at her as she stood up, the look on her face keying me into the lecture that was most likely headed my way as soon as she got me out of this room. I pursed my lips and nodded, standing up from my seat as I looked back at the smug man sitting in front of me.

“I’m not finished with you,” I stated coldly as I picked up my wine glass, downing the last of my drink before placing it back on the table.

“I certainly hope so,” Lucifer quipped as I turned away to follow my mom out of the room. I scoffed under my breath at him as I walked through the hallway into the main living area of his penthouse.

“Do you and Lucifer normally argue this much?” My mother asked as her eyebrows drew together
almost like she was confused.

“Only when he’s acting like a total asshat. Oh wait, he always acts like that,” I answered curtly as I crossed my arms over my chest. My mom shook her head softly at my answer, the look of confusion on her face staying in place despite my answer.

“Why are you so eager to fight with him though?” She questioned, her voice gentle as she reached out a hand and rested it on my upper arm.

“Did you not just hear him call me dumb?” I questioned as I let my arms fall back to my sides. How was I the one who was eager to fight? Lucifer was the one who was always trying to start shit.

“No. If I recall correctly I just heard him call you smart.” My mother answered, her voice starting to take on a slightly miffed tone. Of course she was only choosing to acknowledge the good thing Lucifer said about me.

“And dense.”

“You’re acting dense Chloe!” My mother rebuked me harshly, her voice growing loud enough to make me jump slightly. I stood there in slightly shocked silence for a moment, my mother hadn’t talked to me like this in years. “Ever since you agreed to marry Lucifer and he’s started popping up you’ve been acting, well, like a bit of a wench to be honest.” She continued, her voice growing gentler towards the end despite the insult she threw my way. I felt hot indignation build inside of me at her words. She was the one who kept pushing me to make the deal with Lucifer, she was the one who dragged me back to the table when I was about to walk away from his offer, she was the one who told me to re-think my actions, and now she was the one calling me a wench because I wasn’t ecstatic about the arrangement I’d gotten myself into.

“Oh, so now you’re on his side,” I growled angrily, my face twisting into a grimace as I stared her down. She sighed heavily, rolling her eyes heavenward and throwing her hands in the air.

“I’m not on anyone’s side! There shouldn’t even be sides!” Her voice grew louder again as she defended herself. Her eyes met mine for a brief moment before her finger was poking into my shoulder just centimeters away from where I’d been shot by Jimmy a few months ago, it was still enough to send small stabs of pain through me despite being completely healed. “You two are getting married soon and like it or not you’re going to be a team. Teams only work when everyone works together, so stop fighting him tooth and nail every second.” My mother explained, her voice low and irritated as she pulled her hand away from me. “You just need to relax, take a step back and enjoy this. Go with the flow for once Chloe.” She finished, her voice growing soft once again as she gave me a small smile. I stood there in silence for a moment before shaking my head softly.

“Mom. He’s infuriating,” I stated and she laughed. I watched her until her laughter died down and she shook her head softly at my words.

“You think your father never gets on my nerves? I think about pushing that man down a flight of stairs on a daily basis, but I don’t. You want to know why?” My mother questioned, not waiting for my answer before she continued. “I don’t because even though he can be one hell of an ass, he’s my ass, and I love that ass.” She explained with another laugh as she shook her head and smiled. “I know you aren’t in love with Lucifer. But just remember that you will never be in love with him unless you give him a chance and try to look past his faults for five seconds. There are very few men out there who will be willing to knock down the walls you’ve built around your heart pumpkin, you need to learn how to take some risks.” My mother finished, her voice and expression tender. She didn’t wait for me to respond before she was walking past me and into the hallway that would take her back to the dining room. I stayed where I stood for a moment longer as I let my mother's words...
sink in.

Why does she want me to actually fall in love with Lucifer? I don’t want to fall in love with him. That would be literally asking for trouble, he is trouble. It’s much safer to keep my distance and push him away, why can’t she understand that. Everything, this whole year, it will all be so much easier if I don’t let my emotions get all mingled into this. Just because my mom is a hopeless romantic doesn’t mean that I need to start acting like one. Lucifer had just waltzed right in and turned my life completely upside down. That was enough give anyone anxiety if they hadn’t been blessed with the carefree attitude that my mother was born with. In three months I would be married to a man who, despite his outward appearance of gentleness toward me, was definitely hiding something. I had been at a man’s mercy before, and that bit of my past still haunted me to this day. Would I be able to stop the past from repeating itself this time around?

I squeezed my eyes shut and drew in a deep breath, holding it in for a few moments before slowly letting it out as I made my way back to the dining room. The whole time trying to get rid of my lingering annoyance towards Lucifer, and trying to push away all the thoughts that the conversation with my mother had brought up. I’d stop arguing with Lucifer tonight per my mother’s request, but I wasn’t about to take all of her advice. I couldn’t even if I actually wanted to. When I entered the room the first thing I noticed was that Lucifer had moved on from wine and onto the good stuff, a lowball glass filled with a light amber liquid sitting before him. My mother was fiddling on her cell phone, and Trixie was playing on my father’s phone. Meanwhile my father was glaring at Lucifer while he was watching my father with a playful smirk.

“Hope I didn’t miss anything,” I spoke up, plastering on a fake smile as I stepped around the table so I could take my spot.

“We were just waiting for you to come back so we could get started.” My mother answered with a smile as she set her phone down on the table. “Lucifer, why don’t you go get whatever the wedding planner gave you?” She asked as I sat down. Lucifer glanced over at her before nodding once in agreement as he stood up from his chair, taking his drink with him as he disappeared out of sight. Thick silence filled the room for a few moments before my father sighed heavily, running a hand through his silver hair before his voice broke the silence.

“Can we leave yet?” He questioned impatiently as he looked over at my mother and me.

“John.” My mother scolded him immediately. Shooting him a quick glare before continuing, “Stop being such a negative Nancy.”. I held back a chuckle at the expression on her face as I remembered her words about my father being an ass from earlier. My father rolled his eyes at her response and opened his mouth to say something else but he was cut short before he could even start.

“Alright,” Lucifer’s voice broke the silence as he approached the table, binder and papers in hand. He dropped the thick binder on the table with a loud thump, before leafing through the papers in his hands, separating a few pages before handing them to my mother. “Here we go.” He continued before handing me a few pages. I took the papers turning them so they were right side up as I recognized the highlighted to-do list the wedding planner had given us. “So, what do you want to start with?” I looked up from the familiar pages as Lucifer sat down across from me once more, resting another copy of the to-do list on the table before him as he looked at me expectantly.

“What do I get to do?” Trixie spoke up from beside me and I looked over at her with a smile. There wasn’t much she could help with here, but she could handle the simple stuff.

“Here monkey,” I offered her the binder Lucifer had dropped on the table earlier, sliding it across the smooth surface until it rested in front of her. “You can pick the colors.”
“Colors of what?” She asked curiously as she opened the binder and began flipping through pages of perfectly designed color swatches.

“You know, flowers and tablecloths and stuff.”.

“Okay!” Trixie said happily as she started flipping through the pages quickly until she reached the section that was mostly pinks. I chuckled under my breath at her, watching as she poured carefully over each pink tinted swath with a large toothy grin on her face.

“I’ll set up a special Pinterest account.” My mother spoke up, dragging my attention away from my daughter’s antics as she picked her phone up off the table and began to fiddle with the device.

“Okay,” I replied as I focused on the list sitting in front of me, flipping through it as I carefully read each highlighted item. I sighed softly at everything we were expected to do in the next two weeks, where should I even start? I finally picked out something that seemed like it was one of the main building blocks, looking up at Lucifer as I asked, “So what kind of budget are we working with?”.

“Sky’s the limit darling,” Lucifer answered as he looked up from the papers sitting before him. I gave him my best mom look but kept silent per my mother's request. If he wanted to spend a fortune on a year's worth of his life, so be it. I’d already learned the hard way that money was something that wasn't worth arguing with him over.

“What about our wedding party? What even is that?” Lucifer questioned, sounding legitimately lost as I took in his confused expression.

“You know, the people that get to walk down the aisle before Chloe does.” My mother quickly explained. But she seemed to notice how lost Lucifer looked as well because she went on to clarify a moment later. “Me, John, your bridesmaids and groomsmen, the best man, the maid of honor, the ring bearer, the flower girl.”

“Oh,” Lucifer replied lamely as he looked down at his list briefly before his eyes flicked up to meet mine. “Who were you going to pick as bridesmaids?” He questioned curiously and I drew a blank for a long moment as I thought about who I possibly knew who I would want to be a bridesmaid. I hadn’t really kept in touch with any of my friends ever since I graduated from the police academy, I used to have a few friends at the precinct but they quickly turned their backs on me after Palmetto. I really only had one person in my life who I considered a friend.

“I uh, I don’t really think I have anyone I’d want to pick. The only friend I really talk to anymore is Dan,” I answered as I stared at the papers, shifting them under my hands before finally glancing up at Lucifer. “What about you?”

“In the same boat I’m afraid. I only have Maze,” Lucifer answered, his lips pressing into a thin line as his eyebrows drew together. We both sat there in silence for a few long moments until Lucifer spoke up. “We could switch.”.

“What?” I questioned, the look of proud realization on his face making me dread whatever it was that had just clicked in his head.

“You could take Maze and I’d take Detective douche,” Lucifer explained quickly as a smile grew on his face. Really? He wanted to just trade friends for the wedding? How would I get Dan to agree to this?

“That’s a wonderful idea!” My mother chimed in happily and I immediately gave up all hope of possibly talking Lucifer out of the idea now that my mom was on board as well.
“Who’s Maze?” My father spoke up for the first time since we’d started discussing the wedding.

“Mazikeen. The woman who stomped out of here when you arrived,” Lucifer answered as he waved his hand in the air like it would immediately dispel all of my father’s questions.

“What were you two arguing about?” My father pressed as he leaned across the table slightly, fixing Lucifer with his cold detective stare.

“She wants to go back to hell,” Lucifer answered as he met my father’s gaze. I watched my father’s poker face immediately fade as he looked at Lucifer with an expression that showed his uneasiness and confusion at Lucifer answer. I watched my father’s mouth fall open as he struggled for words. Lucifer chuckled at the reaction before speaking up once again, “She’s a demon, Jonathan.”. I closed my eyes and shook my head at Lucifer’s ramblings. I could do without the Devil references tonight and every other night for the next year, but I knew better than to hope that Lucifer would ever give up his ridiculous notions.

“Anyways, now that we figured out the maid and groom of honor, what about the rest of your brides and groomsmen?” My mother asked, ignoring Lucifer’s earlier comment as she tried to get everyone back on track. I frowned slightly at the question, I already said the only friend I had was Dan. Did she want me to magically find three new friends in the next three months between work, and Trixie, and planning this damned wedding?

“I don’t think we need any more,” Lucifer answered, and for once the words out of his mouth gave me a sense of relief. “The two we just figured out were really the only important ones right?” He questioned and my mother shrugged.

“Those are really the only necessary ones.” My mother answered as she picked up a pen that Lucifer had brought over earlier and scribbled something down on the list. “Well, that just leaves the ring bearer and the flower girl.” She continued a moment later before her eyes fell on Trixie and a smile lit up her face. “I think Trixie would make a perfect flower girl.”.

“Can I mommy!?” Trixie questioned from her seat beside me, abandoning her search for colors as her hand reached out to tug on my arm.

“Sure monkey,” I replied with a smile earning a quick squeal of excitement before she returned her attention to the binder before her. “I take it you don’t know any kids,” I stated as I glanced over at Lucifer, I knew he wasn’t exactly a kid person.

“Why would I?” He scoffed as he looked at me like I’d grown two heads.

“Right,” I sighed as I stared down at the table as I tried to figure out a solution to our current dilemma. “I could ask Marie if she’d be okay with letting Zack be the ring bearer,” I offered as I glanced over at my mother. She nodded her agreement immediately, pointing at me with the butt of her pen before scribbling something else down on her list.

“Do that,” My mother stated as she flipped through the rest of her list, occasionally pausing to jot something down on the paper.

“I found some pretty colors,” Trixie spoke up, dragging my attention back over to her. I glanced over the five different swatches sitting on the table in front of her, most of them were based primarily off of bright pinks and purples, only one of the swatches could even count as pastel and even then it was still pushing the hot pink border. I didn’t exactly care for any of them, but Trixie liked them and she was definitely more excited for this than I was so it really didn’t matter what I liked.
“Which one do you like the best?” I questioned and Trixie reached out a finger to touch a palette that was easily the most garish of all of them sitting on the table; the most modest color on the palette was a dark navy blue, but the fuchsia and electric purple colors that were also there made it seem like these colors would be more fitting at a rave rather than at a wedding.

“Absolutely not,” Lucifer spoke up sternly the next moment. I glanced up at him to see him shaking his head before he reached out and scraped up all the cards up that Trixie had pulled out, staring at them for a moment before holding them out to her in his hand. “Are we picking the colors for a wedding or are we trying to figure out what color dream house barbie should paint her convertible?” Lucifer questioned as he pointed to the palettes in his hand before tossing them over his shoulder where the fluttered loudly to the ground. “Give me that,” Lucifer requested as he gestured to the color binder sitting next to Trix. She pushed it over a moment later and he immediately flicked it open, flipping through mass amounts of pages before glancing up at my daughter.

“You were going with pink, yes?” Lucifer questioned and Trixie nodded once before Lucifer flipped to the section that was boldly labeled for pinks. He flipped through the first few pages quickly, clearly not satisfied with his choices until his eyes finally settled on something a few pages in. Before I could try to figure out which one he was considering he was pulling it out of the plastic sleeve and resting it on the table before my daughter and me. “These are wedding colors,” Lucifer explained as he tapped a finger on the top of the card he’s pulled out. I had to admit, these ones were easily ten times better than any of the ones Trix had picked out. “The pinks aren’t gaudy,” Lucifer began explaining as he pointed to the three pinkish tones that varied in color intensity and darkness. “The contrast color has both a bold and a light option.” He continued as he tapped the light lavender or lilac color at the top of the card and the darker almost dusky sunset periwinkle. “And of course, the trusty plain neutral color that pairs well with any of the above.” He finished as he tapped the light golden beige color at the bottom of the palette.

“I do love that one.” My mother chimed in before glancing over at me. “Chloe?”

“It’s really nice,” I offered with a nod and Lucifer smiled as he closed the binder with a loud thud.

“So it’s settled,” Lucifer stated happily as he pushed the binder away, before shooting me a satisfied smile while Trixie picked up the color card and inspected it more closely.

“Oh, venues and dates!” My mother exclaimed happily as I turned to look at her, a soft smile gracing her face as her eyes flicked between Lucifer and I. “What day are you two going to get married?” She questioned softly and I drew a blank in my mind. I wished we didn’t have to decide this right now but Lucifer seemed less off-put by the question, swiping my mother’s phone off the table and fiddling with the device for a moment before looking up at me.

“June?” Lucifer questioned as he watched me for a reaction. I nodded as I nibbled on my lower lip, June seemed so close but it was three months.

“June is fine,” I answered softly as Lucifer returned his attention to the phone in his hands.

“June third? Saturday?” He questioned as he looked up from the phone once again.

“Sure.” I answered softly, still slightly intimidated by the fast arriving date we’d just picked. I’m not ready to get married, especially not to him. I quickly pushed that thought away as my mother’s voice filled the air.

“Aww.” My mother cooed as she clasped her hands together. Smiling at both Lucifer and I like we were high school sweethearts experiencing love for the first time. “My baby’s finally getting married.” She said softly. I could tell she wanted to get all teary-eyed and reminiscent but she pulled
herself together quickly, focusing on the next part of the list, “So what about the venue?”.

“Well, we’ve already ruled out the courthouse,” I stated, my voice grudging as I looked over at Lucifer.

“We certainly have, and for good reason.” He spoke up immediately, ignoring the tone I’d taken up with him as he continued. “I personally, would prefer a church above anything else.” My father broke into bitter laughter at Lucifer’s words, drawing my attention over to him as his laughter died down and he shot Lucifer a glare.

“The Devil, wants to get married in a house of God?” My father questioned sarcastically, purposely emphasizing the part about Lucifer being the Devil. Lucifer chuckled softly at my father’s question, almost like he found my father amusing.

“Mmm, well I have always enjoyed flipping dear old dad the bird. I mean the irony of his only exiled son getting married in one of his ‘houses’ is incredibly satisfying,” Lucifer answered with another chuckle and I watched my father’s smile slowly fade as he looked at Lucifer curiously.

“You can actually…” My father trailed off as he leaned in over the table slightly. “Go inside?” My father whispered the last two words and I couldn’t help but wonder why he was acting like he was taking this seriously. Lucifer was obviously joking, that’s all he ever did. Life is a joke to that man.

“Yes, Jonathan, I can walk into a church without bursting into flames,” Lucifer scoffed, rolling his eyes at my father before fixing him with an annoyed grimace. “Holy water doesn’t sting either, FYI,” Lucifer continued, his voice still slightly annoyed. I shook my head softly at his words. He was really laying it on thick tonight wasn’t he?

“I don’t want to get married in a church,” I stated firmly, crossing my arms in front of my chest as I stared Lucifer down. I’d never wanted to get married in a church, I’d never even considered it, and I wasn’t about to give in just because it was what Lucifer wanted.

“I’m not giving up that easily,” Lucifer replied as he turned his attention to me. I pursed my lips at the look of determination on his face, I wasn’t about to go down without a fight.

“How about each of you picks a venue you’d like to tie the knot at? You can look at them both together and decide which one you like best.” My mother tried to offer a happy medium, but it wouldn’t work. I shook my head in disagreement before looking over at her.

“That won’t work because each of us is just going to want our own choice to win,” I explained quickly. I knew Lucifer well enough by now to know that when he got that determined look it was going to be damn near impossible to get him to budge.

“Fine, I’ll choose one too.” My mother added a moment later. “That way you’ll get to look at two other choices and you won’t know exactly who picked which one.” She explained for a moment before speaking up once again, “Just give me your venue idea by the end of the night okay?” Both Lucifer and I nodded our agreement before I turned my attentions back to the list.

“Are we going to have an engagement party?” I questioned after a moment of silence. The thought of spending an entire evening with complete strangers congratulating me on a marriage I didn’t want made me a little sick, but if it was something I had to do I was sure that I could manage to bear through it.

“Unfortunately, no. We don’t exactly have the time for something like that,” Lucifer answered somewhat blandly and I couldn’t help but sigh with relief.
“Thank God,” I muttered softly to myself as I returned my attention to the papers before me.

“My father had nothing to do with that decision. Leave him out of this,” Lucifer spoke up a moment later, his voice and expression grudging as he gave me a dirty look. I opened my mouth to retort but my mother cut me off before I could get a word out.

“We need to make a guest list.” I looked away from Lucifer to see her watching me with the same look she used to give me when I was a kid and I used to get in fights at school. “Lucifer, who do you want to invite?”

“Maze.”

“And?” My mother questioned as she scribbled down the name on one of the pages laying before her.

“That’s it, unless you want to Brittney’s to attend,” Lucifer answered with a shrug.

“Seriously?” I questioned much more loudly than was necessary, immediately garnering the attention of the entire room. “You have a massive family and the only person you want to invite is your bartender?”

“I’m not sure if you missed the part where I told you I’m the Devil. I’m the family outcast, darling. The last time I talked to one of my brothers he was trying to drag me back to hell,” Lucifer chuckled as though he was making a funny joke. But this wasn’t funny, his constant Devil jokes were annoying and he needed to seriously just stop already. “Besides, you really don’t want a large gathering of celestial beings all in the same place, we tend to get quite irritable when we’re all bunched up together. The last time the whole family got into an argy-bargy the dinosaurs went extinct. It’d be a shame if that happened to you humans just because my siblings can’t keep their tempers in check,” Lucifer continued his voice turning oddly somber towards the end as I tried to understand what he’d just said. What in God’s name did his family’s argy-bargy’s, whatever the fuck that was supposed to mean, have to do with dinosaurs? What was he even trying to reference?

“Dinosaurs!” Trixie squealed excitedly and I knew if I didn’t jump in immediately she’d wind up getting another completely inaccurate history lesson from Lucifer.

“Whatever. Just put him down for Maze,” I spoke up, not even attempting to hide the annoyance burning through me as I pulled my cell phone out of my pocket and handed it to Trixie, hoping that it would distract her from asking Lucifer any questions about dinosaurs.

“Oh, and Linda,” Lucifer added and my mother immediately returned her pen to the paper.

“Okay, two people for Lucifer,” My mother trailed off as she scribbled the name down. “Chloe, who do you want to invite?”

“Um, well, if Zack becomes a ring bearer his parents will come,” I paused for a moment as I tried to think of literally anyone else to invite, but I felt like it would be strange to invite anyone who wasn’t my friend. “And there’s Dan,” I offered lamely despite the fact that it was already decided that he would be coming. “And that’s it for me.”

“Five people between the two of you.” My mother paused as she shook her head at the small list of names written on her paper before continuing, “That’s a little sad, but don’t worry I’ll take care of it and I’ll make sure you two have a full house.”. I knew my mother was excited about this whole fiasco, but it was almost like she was the only one planning the wedding the way she just put it upon herself to handle things. “Oh, this will be fun Chloe!” My mother exclaimed a moment later, looking
up at me as I tried to figure out what ‘this’ was. “You get to pick out a wedding dress.”

“Fun,” I sighed heavily. I understood that this was all fun and games for my mom, but it was exactly the opposite for me. My mom slapped my upper arm softly at my unenthusiastic response, only earning herself an eye roll.

“Stop being such a Debbie downer. We’re going to make a day out of it, and you’re going to have fun. We can even bring Maze along so you two can really get to know each other!” My mother explained happily before turning her attentions on Lucifer. “Would Maze come with us for that?”

“She’ll do whatever I command her to do,” Lucifer answered bluntly and I couldn’t help but notice how he talked about his bartender like she was his possession or his servant or something. Why does she even put up with him? I swear to God if he ever talks to me like that I will give him a black eye.

“We’ll make it a girl’s day!” My mom exclaimed happily, obviously either ignoring the way Lucifer talked about his bartender or not picking up on it at all.

“Fine,” I ceded, still not bothering to act like I was happy about it.

“And you get to buy Lucifer his ring.” I glanced over at Lucifer at my mother's words. How was I supposed to be able to pick out his ring? I’d gone on one date with the man, I didn’t exactly have a lot of experience with his taste preferences.

“I don’t even know what you like,” I stated as I tried to think of what Lucifer liked. He’d said his favorite color was black didn’t he? I should probably ask Trixie, I bet she remembers.

“I’m sure you’ll manage just fine nonetheless,” Lucifer spoke up with a small smile. I pursed my lips into a slight frown, I’d been hoping he would offer some advice, or insight, or anything. But of course not, I was on my own. I pushed the thought of buying a Lucifer a ring to the backburner of my mind, I’d worry about that stuff later. I perused the remaining topics only to freeze as my eyes landed on one particular order of business.

“We aren’t…” I trailed off as I glance up at Lucifer only to see him watching me curiously. “We aren’t going to bother with dancing right?”

“Why do you want to forego that?” He questioned as I saw confusion grow on his face. I didn’t want to explain my reasons behind no longer dancing to him, it was a long story and my mom was here to defend herself; I could already hear her saying how she did absolutely nothing wrong even though it was all her fault.

“I’m just – I don’t dance,” I answered with a shrug as I avoided his question.

“Well I can fix that,” Lucifer chuckled as a sinful little grin began to spread on his face.

“Lucifer –”

“Chloe, you are not going to miss your first dance just because you’re scared of stepping on Lucifer’s feet.” My mother cut me off before I could ask Lucifer not to press the topic anymore. “She is going to step on your feet though.” My mother chuckled at Lucifer who quickly glanced back over at me.

“I think I’ll survive,” Lucifer replied as his smile softened slightly.

“We’re almost done!” My mother exclaimed happily, pulling my attention back over to her. “There’s
no point in picking out invitations until we have a guest list all set up. Just give me a week and I’ll have that handled.” She continued prattling on to herself before finally deciding that she’d research our vendor list while we worked on the special Pinterest account she’d created for us. She got me logged in on the app while she had Lucifer go get his laptop.

I was already engrossed in letting Trix pick things out while I acted like I cared to keep my mom from nagging me when Lucifer returned. I barely paid him and my mother any mind as she gave him a quick rundown of how it worked before she set to work on researching vendors for us. I tried to ignore Lucifer for the rest of the night, but the few times I did glance away from my phone to peek at him I caught him watching me over the lip of his laptop; the look on his face somehow managing to appear both puzzled and reverent at the same time. But each time our eyes met his quickly flicked back down to the screen before him, even as the corners of his lips tugged upward slightly.

My mother caught the two of us peeking at each other at one point and she chuckled softly at the sight, drawing my attention over to her only to see a sly, knowing smile on her face. The look she wore reminded me of her words from earlier, ‘you will never be in love with him unless you give him a chance and try to look past his faults for five seconds’. But that was exactly the problem wasn’t it?

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Here comes the bad news loves. I currently don’t have an expected time for the next chapter to be posted. I know! I'm sorry! April is going to be a crazy month for me concerning my job/college/personal hobby activities and I can't guarantee the next chapter will be to you by a certain time. I can guarantee that I won't be abandoning this work. I do, however, have to write another work (as I signed up for a fic exchange and have been heavily procrastinating, and that work really does require my full attention for the time being as the deadline is fast approaching) but as soon as that work is completed I shall be returning my full attentions back to this one. Please don't pelt me with old tomatoes :)
Searching for the Perfect Honeymoon

Chapter by TheWhiteWolf2486

Chapter Summary

Lucifer decides the only way he'll be able to plan a honeymoon in peace is if Chloe doesn't know about it, which leads to him going to all the wrong people for advice. Penelope forces John to have some 'bonding time' with his soon-to-be son-in-law. And Lucifer faces the backlash of his affair at Ty's party.

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the incredibly long delay between the last chapter and this one, sometimes life just gets a little crazy. As always, I'd like to thank my spectacular beta editor Valificent. (She's also a Luci-fic writer herself, feel free to check out her work here if you feel like it). I'd also like to thank CarolineCC, Lzod, CrystalynaduStarrvan, Deckerstar_fan, Navaros, movietvgirl, and justafandomfollower for all of your wonderful comments on the last chapter.

Italics are either flashbacks, or reading, or song lyrics

See the end of the chapter for more notes

L. Morningstar

I sat down on the leather couch with a long sigh, list in one hand and drink in the other. It was only eleven and the Decker’s had already departed, then again they did have a child to put to sleep. I rested my drink on the coffee table before me as I flipped through the list once again. What was the point of hiring a wedding planner if I’m just going to wind up doing all of the planning for the wedding myself? We’d figured out quite a bit tonight, but there was still plenty more that needed to be handled. One thing on the list in particular caught my eye, an item we hadn’t discussed tonight despite the fact that it had been highlighted. Plan a honeymoon. I had considered bringing it up, but I had a feeling the Detective would just try to say that she didn’t need one, or that she didn’t want one. At least now I would be able to put something together in peace, without her fighting me tooth and nail on it every step of the way.

But I was still faced with a dilemma. I had no earthly clue what the Detective might want to do for a honeymoon. I had a feeling that she would be severely opposed to staying locked up in a hotel room for a week; and besides, if that was what I planned its success would hinge on the lovely Detective’s libido. I wanted to believe that she would be so overcome with lust that she wouldn’t want to do much more than just lounge in bed between rounds of fun, frisky sex, but she wasn’t like other women. And even if she did decide she wanted to consummate our marriage I doubted she’d want to spend our entire honeymoon repeating the event. Or maybe she would, when I finally got her into my bed I was definitely going to show her the best time of her life. I smiled at the thought as I took a
“I see the peanut gallery’s finally left.” A familiar demons voice echoed through the penthouse and I felt the annoyance from our previous squabble bubble up inside of me.

“I hope you didn’t come up here to try and continue our conversation from earlier this evening,” I ignored her previous comment as I set my glass back down on the table before me. The sound of her heels clicking on the floor grew closer until I felt her hands on my shoulders, her fingers digging into me as she tried to knead the tense muscles beneath.

“I came up here to help you unwind.” She answered, her breath hot against my ear and neck for a moment just before I felt her nip my earlobe. I pursed my lips into a thin line at her actions, pushing myself up from the couch so I could escape her touches that were beginning to have an effect even though I didn’t want them to.

“I’ll have to decline,” I replied icily as I turned to stare down at her. The expression on her face clearly showing that she hadn’t even taken into consideration that she might get the reaction she just did.

“You’re turning down sex?” She questioned, her expression slowly turning from one of shock to one of disbelief. I said nothing but gave her a quick nod of my head in answer. I promised Chloe I wouldn’t be having sex with any women, and although Maze was a demon she was decidedly female, and strictly off limits. “It’s because of that bitch, isn’t it? You’re the Lord of Hell, start acting like it,” Maze growled, her face twisting into a grimace as she brought up the Detective. My temper flared at her words, the normal heat of the hellfire inside of me growing substantially larger as I felt my angelic glamor flicker out for a moment. I couldn’t help but clench my teeth and ball my hands into fists as I tried to rein in the anger boiling inside of me. A moment later I felt my angelic glamor slip back into place, but I choose to let my eyes remain fiery. Sometimes she needed a reminder of who she was really dealing with.

“You will not speak of her that way,” I wasn’t exactly shouting, but my voice still echoed through the room, the anger I felt clearly resonating in my tone. “Chloe and I are getting married, and like it or not that makes both her and her spawn your charges,” I continued harshly as I made my way around the couch until we were standing practically chest to chest. Maze was still looking up at me with defiance. I still wasn’t sure what had made her so confrontational lately but she needed to remember which one of us was the boss here. “Learn your place Mazikeen, because the next time you say something like that I will not hesitate to remind you that you have always been at my mercy,” I growled. Half a moment later Maze was taking a small step back, making a slight gap between the two of us as she essentially surrendered. I’d grown used to unruly demons attempting to usurp my throne back when I was in Hell, but Mazikeen had always been loyal and until recently she’d never questioned my authority. And I was going to make sure she wouldn’t be questioning it again anytime in the near future. “You have never been my equal, that hasn’t changed since our departure from Hell,” I continued as I let my eyes return to their normal brown color. I knew I was being a tad bit harsh on her, I’d always given her a sort of special treatment even when we’d been stuck in Hell. But it was beginning to seem as though she thought she was entitled to that special treatment, and I needed to make it perfectly clear that had always just been a by-product of her being in my good graces. “Understand?”

“Understood,” Maze replied a moment later, her voice much more subdued than it had been earlier when she’d referred to my Detective as a bitch. I turned away at her response, striding back over to the coffee table and retrieving my glass, downing the last of its contents when I heard the sound of her clicking heels retreating out of the room.
“Mazikeen,” I spoke up and immediately the sound of her receding footsteps stopped. I turned to face her before continuing, “As long as you treat my future wife and her spawn with the same amount of respect I expect from you, we won’t have a problem.”. She nodded once at my words before continuing towards the elevator as she jammed the call button. I made my way over to the bar and refilled my glass with another measure of scotch as silence filled the room. A few moments passed before the elevator opened with a soft ping and Maze got in. I figured she was probably going to head down to Lux to find a bedmate for the night now that I was off the market.

As soon as the doors slid shut I let out a long sigh. Hopefully Maze wouldn’t get out of line anytime soon, I already had enough on my plate without having to constantly keep her in check. I took a seat at my piano, lifting the lid and tinkering with a few keys mindlessly as my thoughts returned to the daunting task of planning a honeymoon for the Detective and myself. There wasn’t much in particular that I wanted to do with the Detective that wasn’t available to me in Los Angeles. But there had to be something that she wanted to do, some lavish vacation she’d always wanted to go on that had been impossible for her before now. I needed to come up with something that would make her look at me the way she had at that ‘family’ picnic I’d planned for her; I wanted to see that look of surprise, and awe, and…happiness, that I’d seen on her back then. However, I didn’t even know where to start. I had no clue what the Detective would want to do, the only things I really knew about her were her supposed liking towards books and ‘outdoorsy’ things, and that she was incredibly overprotective of her spawn. I paused my ramblings to take a sip of scotch when it quickly becoming clear that I was going to need an expert insider opinion.

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The bitter morning chill seeping through my jacket made me shiver slightly as I made my way towards the large glass doors of the simple café. I pushed one open with ease as I took in my surroundings, a few groups of people were scattered about but one particular golden head of hair caught my attention. I made my way toward the table that she was sitting at, fully absorbed in the tiny screen in her hand. She looked up as I approached, a wide smile filling her face as she set her phone down and stood up to greet me.

“Lucifer!” Penelope’s warm voice filled the room as she reached out to embrace me. I couldn’t help but tense slightly when she touched me despite the fact that I was returning the affection. I always tensed whenever someone’s hands got too close to the scars on my back, it was a habit I doubted I’d ever be able to break. After all, I’d been without my wings for five years now but I still got the paranoid thought that anyone who got too close to them, or in this case got to close to the place they used to be, would try to use their weaknesses to their advantage. “How sweet of you to invite me out for coffee,” Penelope continued when she pulled away, the second her hands left my back I relaxed significantly.

“It’s my pleasure darling,” I replied with a smile as I rested my hand between her shoulder blades, slowly leading her towards the counter so we could order. “After all, how else could I possibly want to spend my morning if not with my lovely mother-in-law,” I added and watched her blush softly at my words. She looked over at me with a playful smile, shaking her head softly before she spoke up.

“You are so charming. How haven’t you managed to steal my daughter’s heart yet?” She questioned before shaking her head once again. That was definitely a question we both shared, and the reason I was marrying her to begin with. Why is Chloe Decker immune to me? Weeks had passed since our engagement and I still wasn’t any closer to an answer for that singular nagging question.

“Can I help you?” The baritone voice drew me from my internal ramblings as I looked over at the sturdily built barista as he glanced between Penelope and myself.
“Yes, I’ll have a non-fat mochaccino, medium,” Penelope answered immediately. I watched as the barista grabbed a cup and a marker and began to write on it. I couldn’t help but admire the strong lines of his jaw before my eyes dipped lower to take in the generous sprinkling of golden hairs across his forearms. I hadn’t had sex for nearly a week now, it was by far my longest dry spell since my fall and I was honestly to the point where it was starting to make me irritable.

“Whip?” The barista asked as he glanced up from the cup. I wondered if his brown eyes would light up amber or if they would be a darker chocolate color when the sun hit the facets in his iris. I need to get laid, I thought to myself as I shook my head softly, forcing myself to look away from the barista who was starting to stir several lustful thoughts in my mind.

“No thanks,” Penelope answered his question while I internally cursed Chloe for demanding my loyalty before our wedding. Why did it matter who I slept with, especially before we actually wed? In fact, I was almost beginning to regret promising her what I did after she found out about Ty’s party.

“Name?” The barista questioned just before the memory of my promise to the Detective washed through my mind. I’d told her I wouldn’t be sleeping with any women other than herself, I hadn’t said I wouldn’t sleep with anyone except for herself, just that I wouldn’t sleep with a woman if that woman wasn’t the Detective. And that left me a delicious little loophole.

“Penny.” She replied and the barista quickly scribbled her name on the cup before setting it down on the counter as he turned to me with a smile.

“And you?” He questioned just before Penelope’s phone started ringing. I glanced down at her for a moment as she checked the tiny screen, she looked up at me with an apologetic smile before speaking up.

“I have to take this. Be right back.” She explained before walking away towards the entrance of the café. She disappeared through the doors with a soft jingle.

“Right, sorry for the interruption,” I apologized to the barista as I turned back to face him. “I think I’m going to be taking mine quick and dirty today,” I ordered as I leaned against the counter slightly. I watched the barista chuckle at the name of the coffee I ordered as he picked up a small cup and started writing on it.

“That’s a rare order.” He spoke up as he glanced up from the cup and once again I found myself lost in my examination of his features. The way the skin crinkled at the corners of his eyes when he smiled, and the way his thin lips curled up at the corners as well. “Long night?” His question pulled me back to the present and I couldn’t help but let out a long sigh before answering.

“You could say that.” Last night hadn’t been particularly long, but between dealing with Maze’s rebellious streak and hosting the Decker family last night I had felt decently drained when I finally retired to my bed.

“Name?”

“Lucifer,” I answered and a moment later the barista looked up at me with a perplexed expression. We stared at each other for a moment before he chuckled softly, finally breaking the silence.

“Lucifer…like pentagons and goats and stuff?” He questioned as a broad smile filled his features.

“Why does everyone always bring up goats? I don’t even like their cheese,” I stated softly as I glared at the dark gray granite countertop I was leaning against. I swear, when I find the chuff who started
“Can’t really blame you there, the stuff’s pretty gross.” The barista spoke up, pulling me from my thoughts as I glanced back up at the human who, with a little luck, might be my new bedmate until the Detective and I actually wed.

“And you are?” I asked as he took the cups to the espresso machine, pushing a few buttons before the sound of coffee beans being ground filled the air.

“Zeke.” He answered a moment after the grinding sound subsided.

“Zeke,” I repeated a few short seconds later, testing the way the name rolled off my tongue.

“It’s short for Ezekiel.” I couldn’t help but chuckle slightly at the familiar name, hopefully this Ezekiel wouldn’t turn out to be the saint his predecessor was.

“That’s quite biblical.”

“And Lucifer isn’t?” Ezekiel questioned with a sly smile and I couldn’t help it when a nearly identical one found its way onto my face.

“Touché.”

A long beat of silence brewed between the two of us before Ezekiel spoke up once again, “So were your parents religious or something?”.

“Don’t even get me started,” I answered with a scoff and an eye roll, immediately earning a look of curiosity from Ezekiel.

“That bad?”

I took a moment to consider just how much to tell him before answering, “Let’s just say my father has a bit of a God complex.” A half-truth. I knew better than to come right out of the gate with the whole truth. Men usually weren’t as responsive to the whole ‘I’m the Devil’ story as women were and it would be a shame to run Ezekiel off before the fun even started. No, that was something that would come later, after I knew for a fact that I had him. As it stood I’d already have to use a little verbal persuasion to get him into my bed; men always needed a little convincing, unless they’d already accepted the fact that maybe they weren’t one hundred percent straight after all.

“Here you go.” Ezekiel’s voice pulled me from my internal ramblings as he placed the cups down on the counter before me. I watched as he tapped a few keys on the incredibly outdated cash register before he spoke up once more, “And your damage is a whopping nine dollars and ten cents.”. I pulled my money clip from my coat before plucking a bill from the top and handing it over to him. I watched the expression on his face turn oddly curious as he glanced up from the hundred in his hand, his eyes briefly perusing my full appearance before quickly flitting back down to the bill in his hand as he focused on the cash register once again. “You must be in a good business,” Ezekiel stated as the register opened with a cha-ching.

“I own a nightclub,” I offered an answer to his unspoken question, earning myself a mildly interested grunting sound in return. “Keep the change,” I spoke up when Ezekiel held out a thin stack of twenty’s and ten’s towards me.

“Seriously?” He questioned, his eyes growing wide as he stared at me in shock.

“I believe you call this a tip. It’s yours, take it and go buy yourself something pretty,” I answered
with a small smile and a moment later he was shoving the bills into his rear pocket.

“Um, thanks,” Ezekiel stated softly as he gave me another one of his oddly curious looks once again. I nodded as I reached into my coat pocket once again before pulling out a singular black business card and holding it out for him to take.

“Here, if you ever need some company you know where to find me,” I explained as he reached out and pulled the card from between my fingers. He glanced down at it for a moment before looking up at me curiously once more, I watched him open his mouth to say something but he was quickly cut short.

“Sorry about that! It was my agent.” Penelope’s bubbly voice broke through the silence a moment before she was standing at my side, one of her perfectly manicured hands reaching out to take the larger cup from the counter before lifting it to her lips and taking a long sip.

“No problem darling,” I stated as I grabbed my cup from the counter, offering Ezekiel one last sly smile before turning away and leading Penelope over to a slightly secluded table for two. I pulled her chair out for her, earning a bright smile as she took her seat. I stepped around the small table before taking my own seat, setting my coffee down on the table before I glanced over to where the coffee counter was only to see that Ezekiel was still watching me from across the room. As soon as our eyes met his quickly flicked down to the counter under his hands and I had to stop myself from grinning at his reaction to getting caught staring. I was certain I’d be seeing him again in the near future.

“So, anything you want to start with before I chat your ear off?” Penelope’s voice broke the quiet between us and drew my attention back over to her.

“I was actually hoping to get some advice from you today,” I started as I slowly traced the lines of the pentagram under my fingertip. “You see; I’ve decided to take the matter of planning a honeymoon into my own hands. I’d like to plan a…memorable experience for your daughter, but I’m at a lack of understanding her wants at the moment,” I continued as my eyes drifted up from the cup to meet hers, only to find a soft expression gracing her features. “I’d go directly to her for ideas if it wasn’t for the fact that I’m trying to keep it a surprise,” I finished before lifting my cup and taking a long sip of chocolatey espresso.

“Aww,” Penelope cooed, a beaming smile filling her face before she continued, “Lucifer you are so sweet and thoughtful!”. Ugh, what was going on with the humans in my life lately? They all seemed to be trying to portray me like some soft, cuddly children’s toy. I’m the bloody Devil, I’m not sweet; I thought to myself before Penelope was speaking up once more, “Why you picked Chloe I’ll never understand.”. Really? Why wouldn’t I pick the Detective? Sure she was an enthralling little mystery, but there was certainly a lot more to her than just her strange immunity to me. Why would anyone want to pick someone else over her? She was good, and hardworking, and beautiful, and certainly not lacking a very appealing body despite having a spawn. “Well, it’s certainly not hard to come up with a few ideas that any woman would love,” Penelope continued, “You should take her somewhere timelessly romantic, like the Eiffel tower, or Venice, or some resort in Hawaii.”. I’d never pegged the Detective as the type who would really want to visit the notorious tourist traps of the world. Sure; they were nice to see once, for a few hours or days, but a week or two? Surely anyone would tire of something so horrendously over-exaggerated long before then.

“And Chloe would enjoy any of those?” I asked, emphasizing the Detective’s name as I tried to get the point across that I wanted this to be for her. I had eternity to see whatever I wanted on this tiny human planet, the Detective only had fifty or sixty years left to explore my father’s little science
project. I wanted to make sure she got to do exactly what she would want.

“Of course she would. What woman wouldn’t?” Penelope asked with a small chuckle.

“Well, Chloe isn’t just any woman,” I replied, unable to stop myself from emphasizing the word ‘any’. Did Penelope really not know her daughter well enough to give me any tailor-made suggestions? The one’s she’d just managed didn’t seem like the Detective in the slightest.

“Are you ever going to stop being such a hopeless romantic? Because it’s adorable,” Penelope chuckled as she took another sip of her drink. I couldn’t help but purse my lips into a thin frown. Here we go again with the adorable Devil nonsense, I thought to myself silently for a moment before speaking up.

“I just want to be certain that she’s going to enjoy herself.”

“Trust me, take her to one of those places and she’ll enjoy herself,” Penelope assured me a moment later.

“Alright,” I stated softly, but I knew that I wouldn’t be taking her to any of those places. I was going to take her somewhere meaningful. I just needed to find someone who would actually know the Detective well enough to give me good ideas.

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I made my way through the hallways of the school as I tried to figure out which room the Detective’s spawn was currently in just before a high pitched ringing noise broke through the silence. I looked around for a moment as it went off, trying to figure out what was wrong. Obviously the siren had to be some sort of distress signal warning everyone that something bad was supposedly going to happen, Heaven had a similar system after all. A moment after the ringing stopped nearly every door in the hallway was being pushed open, and tiny humans began pouring out like water bursting down a spillway. I quickly realized that the ringing siren from earlier was indeed a crucial warning that the spawns were about to be released. A few small bodies bustled into me when I decided it was time to call it quits on this mission. There are certainly other, much less torturous, ways for me to talk to the Detective’s spawn in private. I turned towards the exit just before a familiar, juvenile voice managed to screech over the loud drone of the mindless hive of spawns surrounding me.

“Lucifer!” I turned to face the direction from which my name was being yelled, only to come face to face with the Detective’s spawn launching herself at my legs like a large predatory cat leaping onto its prey’s back so it can sink its claws in. I didn’t have the time or the room to shrink away from the onslaught before the child was wrapping its arms around my legs, squeezing me like a constrictor would squeeze the life out of a small, furry mammal. I stood there in mute horror as the spawn continued to grip me, part of me wishing the Detective was here to call her attack dog off.

“Spawn,” I greeted her after several tense moments of silence, but the small human still refused to release me from her grip. The hallway that was once packed shoulder to shoulder with small bodies was now significantly thinned out, only the slower spawns remained, lagging behind the others. “Are you quite done with the display of physical affection yet?” I questioned tensely as I shook my right leg in an attempt to dislodge the child’s grip. Thank Father, it worked. The spawn released me from her clutches before looking up at me with a large grin.

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“What are you doing here?” The Detective’s spawn questioned as she continued to stare up me with eyes so wide they could rival that of an owl.

“I need to speak with you regarding your mother,” I answered as I took a small step backward,
attempting to put a bit of distance between myself and the child.

“But it’s lunch time Lucifer.” She whined softly, her lower lip sticking out as she pouted up at me.

“Is that supposed to mean something to me?” I questioned as I quirked a brow at her. Judging by the look on her face she was trying to earn mercy of some sort, but why or for what I had no clue.

“It means I want to play with my friends.” She answered a moment later and I tried not to roll my eyes at her. She has all day to play with her friends, certainly she can spare a few minutes to answer my questions.

“Right. Well, I promise to be quick about it then,” I replied, earning a long sigh from the small human.

“Okay.” She conceded a moment later, stepping around me before she continued, “Come on, the playground’s this way.”. I followed her down the hallway as I absentmindedly wondered what in the bloody hell a playground is; perhaps it was something similar to the elaborate obstacle courses my siblings and I used to have to complete when my father decided that our ‘God given’ gifts weren’t enough, and we all needed to be the universe’s most skilled soldiers to top it all off. I didn’t have long to reminisce before the child was leading me outside, a large, brightly colored, plastic castle was the main attraction of this playground thing apparently; several other small humans were already scrambling all over the thing. Two basketball courts, a large field, and a plethora of uncomfortable looking metal tables rounded out the ensemble.

“Trixie!” Another spawns voice broke over the rumble of so many small humans speaking at once, and I glanced over in the direction that the sound had come from to see another spawn probably around Beatrice’s age practically falling off his seat as he waved to her exaggeratedly. His black hair matted down against his forehead as he grinned at her widely. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Detective’s spawn move, and as I glanced down to see what she was doing she started walking towards the other tiny human, quickly closing the distance between herself and the empty table he was sitting at as she abandoned my side.

“Hi, Zack.” Young Beatrice greeted him as she sat herself next to him at the table. I let out a long sigh as I followed the spawn over there, resigning myself to take a seat at the much too tiny table across from the two human children. I struggled to tuck my legs under the table for a moment before I finally succeeded. I could already tell by the cramped position that I was going to ache from the contortionism later in the day.

“Who’s the grown up?” The male whose name was apparently Zack according to Beatrice’s greeting, asked her in a loud whisper as he watched me curiously with his blue eyes.

“This is Lucifer, he’s going to be my dad soon,” Beatrice replied simply as she zipped her bag open before pulling out a pink lunch pail and setting it down on the table before her. Her choice of words shocked me into silence for a moment as I tried to figure out if by marrying the Detective that would make me the spawn’s father by human law. I mean, it’s not like marrying her mum suddenly makes her related to me in any way. Still though, the thought of being a father to anyone made my blood run cold. What if I turned out like my father? What if I absolutely destroyed someone who looked up to me like an idol? I didn’t want to cause someone else the pain he’d caused me.

“That’s cool,” Zack’s nonchalant response to Beatrice’s answer pulled me out of my rambling thoughts and back to the present, and the two tiny humans sitting before me. “I like your ring.” The tiny male offered as he nodded down at my right hand and the ring the rested comfortably on my middle finger.
“Thank you.”

“Here,” Beatrice spoke up a moment later as she thrust a Ziploc bag full of tiny, orange, square crackers into my unoccupied hands.

“What? I don’t want this,” I stated as I tried to hand the bag back to the Detective’s spawn, but instead of taking the entirely unappetizing looking food back she just looked at me curiously before ripping a straw off the side of a juice pouch and stabbing it into the top of the flimsy container.

“But you don’t have a lunch. Aren’t you hungry?”

“Not particularly,” I answered as I continued to hold the bag out towards her. The concern the Detective’s tiny human was showing me was incredibly odd, if I was hungry I would be more than capable of procuring my own food. I certainly didn’t need her to try and take care of me, I was more than capable of taking care of myself.

“At least have one,” young Beatrice stated with a shrug before lifting her juice pouch to her mouth and taking a long sip. I pursed my lips at her request, but decided to give into it. Besides, I figured it would be easier to humor her rather than argue with her throughout the duration of her lunch and miss out on my opportunity to ask her the questions I came here about. I pulled open the bag before pulling out a singular, brittle cracker and popping it in my mouth. Who knew someone could make sharp cheddar taste so bland, I thought silently to myself as I tossed the bag back over to the Detective’s spawn where it landed next to her hand. “What did you want to ask me about?” She questioned as she pulled the tiny baggy closer to herself before digging out a tiny handful of the orange crackers and popping them into her mouth as she watched me curiously.

“I’m trying to plan your mum’s honeymoon —”

“What’s a honeymoon?” Zack cut me off with his question. I turned my head to glare over at him for the interruption but he didn’t shrink at all from the threat in my gaze. In fact, it didn’t seem like it perturbed him at all. He continued to look at me curiously as he took a bite out of the sandwich he was holding. I decided to humor his question a moment later; besides, humans, particularly the small ones, were always too curious, and stupid, for their own good.

“It’s a vacation two adults take with each other right after they get married.”

“Oh,” Zach stated lamely at my explanation before continuing with his food as though he’d never interrupted in the first place. I shook my head softly at him before returning my attention to Beatrice.

“As I was saying, I’m attempting to plan your mum’s honeymoon and I need you to give me a few ideas,” I explained as I folded my hands in front of me on the table. I watched her expression turn thoughtful as she stared down at the table under her hands for a long moment.

“You could take her to Disneyland.” She answered as she looked up at me with a small smile. I couldn’t help but wonder if she was being serious, this had to be a joke. A moment later the spawn’s smile grew even wider and her eyes lit up before she continued, “Or Disney World!”.

“Yeah! That would be awesome!” Zack added loudly as I pursed my lips into a thin line. I certainly didn’t want to spend our honeymoon in a theme park that would undoubtedly be crawling with countless tiny, filthy, little humans. And I doubted the Detective would want that. Why would she? She was the oldest young person I’d ever met. No, those ideas certainly would not do.

“Are you coming up with ideas your mum would like, or ideas you would like?” I questioned as I quirked a brow at young Beatrice.
“Both.” She answered before stuffing another handful of cheesy crackers into her mouth. I shook my head softly at her as I glared down at the table for a long moment. Her ideas were just as worthless as Penelope’s. Apparently, I’m not the only person who doesn’t know what the Detective would want out of a honeymoon.

“Look, Disney World is not romantic. I need something romantic,” I explained as I looked back up at the two small humans.

“Why does it need to be romantic?” Zack questioned, drawing my attention over to him as a mischievous smile found its way onto his face. “Are you going to try to kiss Trixie’s mom?!?” The tiny human questioned loudly before giving me a look that I could only describe as disgust.

Beatrice giggled at his question for a moment before breaking into song, “Lucifer and mommy sitting in a tree...” I pursed my lips into a thin line and glared at the Detective’s spawn as I wondered what in the bloody hell she thought she was doing. Apparently Zack understood what was going on though, because a moment later he joined the chorus of her voice as they continued their strange song together, “K-I-S-S-I-N-G.” The two of them both broke into fits of laughter as they finished their entirely odd and nonsensical song. I rolled my eyes at their strange human trivialities as I buried my face in my hands and let out a long sigh.

“If you need to know I hope to do much more than just simply kiss her,” I answered young Zack’s question as I pulled my hands away from my face to look up at the tiny humans sitting across from me. Once again the young male’s face showed a look of disgust and I couldn’t help but wonder why the thought of intimacy seemed to bother him so much.

“Eww. Cooties.” He complained for a moment before sticking a finger in his mouth and pulling it out a moment later, it glistened in the sunlight as he waggled it in Beatrice’s face.

“Gross!” Beatrice exclaimed as she pushed Zack’s hand away from her, but apparently he didn’t take the hint because a moment later he was invading her personal space with his saliva coated finger once again. “No! Stop!” Beatrice reprimanded him as she pushed his hand away once again. I watched their small human squabble with impatience, why couldn’t the two of them just get along? Why did young male humans have to be so antagonizing? Apparently Zack still hadn’t learned the meaning of the words no or stop because once again he was purposely going against young Beatrice’s wishes. “I said no!” Beatrice reprimanded him loudly before pushing him away, he fell backward off his seat a moment later, landing on the bark beneath them with a soft thump and a groan. I couldn’t help but smirk at the sight of young Beatrice standing her ground, clearly she’d inherited some of her mother’s spunk. I shook the thought away a moment later, I wasn’t here to preen over what a little spitfire she was, I was here to get answers from her.

“Beatrice,” I spoke up, immediately gaining the spawns attention. “Just tell me what kind of vacation your mum would like to go on,” I requested softly and once again her face turned into a picture of deep thought before she spoke up.

“Take her somewhere outdoorsy.” She answered as she offered me a shrug before pulling a sandwich out of her lunch tin. Really? I come here for answers and she just gives me information I already had? I couldn’t help but shake my head softly at the small child’s advice, did she really not have anything else to offer?

“What does outdoorsy mean?” I asked after a beat of silence. If that was all the information the spawn could offer up at least she could offer some clarification on the subject, I was still quite hazy on the concise meaning of the word.

“You know, like –”
“Excuse me, sir.” A deep rumbling voice came from behind me, effectively cutting off young Beatrice mid-sentence. My eyes narrowed in annoyance as I glanced over my shoulder to see a man who was probably nearing seventy standing behind me.

“You’re interrupting,” I stated coldly before returning my attention back to the tiny human sitting before me. Beatrice didn’t even have the time to open her mouth to continue her explanation before the old man was speaking up once again.

“I’ll be out of your hair as soon as I see your visitor's pass.”

“My what?” I questioned as I turned around in my seat slightly so I could get a better look at the human who was pestering me. Why would a school require a visitor’s pass? I thought those were for hospitals and other places that actually did important things on a day to day basis. A glorified day care certainly didn’t seem important enough to warrant such a system.

“Your visitor’s pass.” The man stated once more, as though repeating the same words over and over again would somehow help my understanding of the situation at hand. “From the main office.” He added after a brief lapse of silence.

“I don’t have one. Now if you’d mind, I’m having a conversation,” I replied icily before turning back towards young Beatrice.

“Sir, you need a visitor’s pass to be out here.” The old human spoke up once again and I found myself clenching my jaw as the human stepped around to the corner of that table so I no longer had to turn to face him. Stubborn mortal, I should just put the fear of Hell in him so he’ll leave me alone, I thought silently to myself for a moment before shaking the thought away. It wasn’t a fitting punishment for the crime, if I decided to show the Devil to every human that annoyed me half the population of LA would be in a mental hospital by now.

“Clearly I don’t, since I’m out here without one.”

“It’s a security measure. Surely as the father of a child that goes to school here you want to help ensure her safety.” He said with a tight-lipped smile that clearly showed that I was drawing his patience as thin as he’d already drawn mine. I faltered slightly at his words as I glanced at the Detective’s spawn out of the corner of my eye. Why was everyone suddenly so ready to throw me under the fatherhood bus all of the sudden? I don’t want to be a father.

“I’m not her father,” I spoke up a moment later and immediately the barely there tolerance in his expression faded. His expression grew cold and concerned as he glanced between myself and the Detective’s spawn.

“Sir, I need you to leave.” The older man stated with meager authority as he crossed his arms over his chest. I couldn’t help but smile at his response and I was about to make a witty comeback just before the Detective’s spawn quipped in.

“Lucifer’s my friend, he can stay.”

“He’s too old to be your friend.”

“If the child doesn’t have a problem with my presence then why do I have to leave?” I questioned as I stood up from my seat, thankful for the opportunity to stretch my leg’s out after having them cramped under the tiny table for so long.

“Because random strangers aren’t allowed to just come here and talk to other people’s children.” The man answered as he took a small step forward, quickly diminishing the comfortable space that had
been between the two of us.

“Lucifer isn’t a random stranger,” Beatrice spoke up, immediately drawing the man’s attention as he glanced over at her. “He’s marrying my mom.”

“Regardless, he can’t be back here without a pass.” The man replied callously as he turned to glare at me once more.

“But –”

“It’s alright Beatrice,” I spoke up, effectively cutting her off before she could continue to argue, “I’ll be going.” I doubted she had much time left before they dragged everyone back into their respective rooms once again, and I didn’t want to go through the hassle of bothering to get a pass. And honestly I was ready to leave, the constant drumming background noise of so many spawns was beginning to wear my nerves thin, it was probably for the best that I left sooner rather than later. I turned and started walking back towards the school building so I could escape this Hell when the sound of tiny footsteps rapidly approaching made me turn slightly to get a look at what was coming.

The familiar sight of the Detective’s spawn with her arms outstretched so she could grab me against my will greeted me a moment before she coiled around me tightly. Once again I tensed at the contact, but thankfully the spawn detached herself from my leg in a timely manner this time. “Bye, Lucifer.” She offered her farewell before turning back to face the table she had been sitting at where Zack was now rummaging around in her lunch pail. “Hey! That’s mine!” Beatrice shouted before running over to the table, Zack was quick enough to grab something and run off before she could catch him though. I sighed and shook my head softly as I watched the Detective’s spawn chasing her friend across the grass. Children. Thank father, I’d never have to deal with one of my own.

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I sat in silence in the small waiting room, my foot tapping impatiently on the floor as I waited for Linda to finish up with the client she was currently in session with. Why couldn’t either of Chloe’s relatives give me any good advice pertaining to the Detective today? Perhaps I wasn’t the only person she was a mystery to. But still, she seemed quite close with her family, one would think that they would know her better than they did.

“See you soon Vivian,” Linda’s voice broke the silence as I glanced up to see her standing in the doorway of her office as a middle aged woman with black hair made her way towards the exit. “Lucifer,” Linda greeted me with a smile as she gestured towards the open door to her office.

“Doctor,” I greeted her as I stood up and made my way through the door to her office before settling into the plush beige couch against the wall.

“I’m glad you came a little early, I have something I need to ask you about.” She stated as she closed the door to her office softly before making her way over to the brown chair she always took up residence in during our sessions.

“Yes, well I also have a pressing question,” I spoke up as I leaned forward, resting my elbows on my knees before I continued, “Where should I take the Detective on our honeymoon?”. Linda looked at me with an expression that appeared to be equal parts surprise and confusion before she finally answered my question.

“I don’t know Lucifer.”

“Doctor! You’re supposed to know!” I exclaimed as I flopped back against the couch, tossing my
hands up in the air before they thumped down onto the couch at my sides. Why can’t anyone give me any real advice?

“You’re my patient Lucifer. Chloe is not my patient. Apart from meeting her that one time I don’t know her at all,” Linda explained a moment after my little display of dismay.

“So you can’t help me,” I stated bluntly as I glared at the ceiling above me.

“Lucifer, what do you think she’d want for her honeymoon?” The Doctor questioned after a moment of silence.

“If I bloody knew would I be running around the city asking everyone who might have a clue?” I answered her question with one of my own as I sat up straight. I immediately noticed the slightly shocked expression on Linda’s face but before I could bring it up she was already speaking.

“Who have you asked?”

“Her mother and her spawn,” I replied before adding, “But neither of them were any help. I was hoping you would be more useful than you turned out to be.” I ignored the miffed look the Doctor gave me for a moment, if any one of us deserved to be miffed it was me. I was the one paying her for answers she was apparently incapable of giving me.

“Have you considered asking her father?” The Doctor asked, pulling me out of my internal grumbling.

“Jonathan?” I questioned out of pure shock, she knew what my relationship with my soon-to-be father-in-law was like, she had to have meant something else. But instead of telling me the conclusion I’d drawn was an incorrect one all she did was simply nod her head. “No, the man hates me. He certainly wouldn’t help me in my attempts to woo his daughter,” I answered as I waved away the idea. I’d never get Jonathan’s help with this.

“You’re trying to woo Chloe?” Linda asked, her voice much too bright as she perked up in her seat, a sly smile forming on her lips. Great. Now she’s using my own words against me, again. Of course she was going to try to impose flimsy human feelings into my situation with the Detective. But regardless of what the Doctor may think I’m just not capable of love, luckily I’d learned long ago that lust was a more than fitting substitute for that flimsy human emotion.

“I’m trying to get her in bed with me. She obviously doesn’t care about my looks, or my money, and that leaves one option,” I explained, quickly earning a confused and slightly concerned look from the Doctor.

“Which is?”

“Proving that I know her even though I don’t have the slightest clue,” I answered before letting out a hefty sigh. At least my lack of understanding was justified considering the amount her mother and her spawn knew about her. It seemed as though no one in the Detective’s life really knew her that well.

“So you think that if you can show Chloe that you know who she is as a person that she’ll want to have sex with you?” The Doctor asked. Her voice sounding slightly confused as her brows furrowed together.

“That’s the conclusion I’ve come to, yes,” I answered before shaking my head softly. Would a year even be long enough to scrape the surface? Her family had known her for decades, or for their whole life, and they still didn’t seem to have the slightest clue.
“Why don’t you just get to know her then?” Linda asked as though it was the obvious solution. As if I hadn’t thought of that already.

“I’ve tried! I am trying!” I exclaimed. I was going to leave it at that, but the speculative look the Doctor gave me spurred me to go on, “I took her on that date about a week ago but she just doesn’t talk about herself enough. I’ve tried finding the time to take her on another one but she’s always so bloody busy between her work, and her spawn, and her plethora of other excuses that it’s almost impossible!”. I shook my head softly as I glared at the ground. The Detective was much too difficult to get a hold of, something that would hopefully be remedied once we were living together. “I mean, I’d show up at her house unannounced but she’s already made it quite clear she doesn’t like that,” I explained as I looked to the Doctor for guidance.

“Lucifer, you say that she doesn’t talk about herself enough. Have you considered that maybe you aren’t showing enough interest for her to want to talk about day to day trivialities,” Linda offered her view on the situation, but it was absurd.

“Not showing enough interest? I’m marrying her! How much more interest do I need to convey!?” I asked, my voice growing louder towards the end as I defended myself. What else could I possibly do to show the Detective that I was interested in her? I had literally pledged a year of my life to her, I’d even give her more if that’s what she wound up wanting, and it still wasn’t enough?

“Lucifer, on that last date you went on. How many questions did you ask Chloe that were about her?” Linda asked, her voice cool and collected despite my outburst.

“I asked her why she was acting so strangely after I bought her the Porsche,” I offered, and I immediately recognized the almost speculative look on the Doctor’s face before she spoke up.

“Why did you buy Chloe a Porsche?”

“She was driving around in a decade old Honda,” I scoffed before I continued, “As if I could have the woman who’s going to bear my name driving around town in a Honda.” Why didn’t anyone understand that I had a reputation to maintain? The paparazzi might not be all over me like they are with actors or actresses but I still got my fair share of attention from them, especially of late. Now that I was marrying into a family of current and ex-actresses I was getting more attention than I’d ever had to deal with before.

“Right,” Linda sighed and rolled her eyes before going on, “What was her answer?”. 

“She said she doesn’t like owing people things. But I believe that I convinced her that she doesn’t owe me anything other than what she’d already bargained.” Although I didn’t know for certain exactly what she’d meant back then I was fairly certain I had the right idea.

“I don’t like owing people stuff,” Chloe answered, her voice taking on that tough as nails cop tone that I’d quickly learned to associate with topics that I shouldn’t press too hard for answers. She doesn’t like owing people stuff? What does she possibly think she owes me? Why does it matter that I bought the car mostly for her? I’ll use it from time to time too. Does she think I want something from her now? I mean, sure, there are things I want from her; I want to wake up to find her comfortably nestled in my bed as she recovers from the previous night’s engagements, I want to feel her under me…or on top of me, whichever she prefers. But I’d certainly never buy her things and then use them to try and coerce her into giving me what I want. When she does decide to sleep with me, and she will, it’ll be on her terms; sex isn’t any fun unless both parties enjoy the act. Surely she doesn’t think…Or maybe she does. I took a moment to really take in her expression, her face was practically a stoic blank slate; she was good at hiding things, a similarity we both shared. But despite her best efforts to keep her feelings tucked away I couldn’t help but notice the slight sheen of worry in her
eyes, just barely hiding itself behind her steely determination.

“You think...” I trailed off mid-sentence. I didn’t want to say it. Didn’t want to give voice to the fact that I’d apparently already damaged Chloe’s perception of me so much that she thought I was going to use the Porsche to try and coerce her into having sex with me. Didn’t want to give her the chance to affirm that I was right, that she believed I would stoop to such low levels. I lifted my hands and rested them on her shoulders, the whole time partially expecting her to flinch away from me like I was some sort of monster, but she didn’t. I could feel how incredibly tense she was just through the set of her shoulders, and yet her body somehow managed to coil even tighter under my touch. What have I done to make you fear me like this?

“You owe me nothing,” I reassured her, my voice accidentally coming out colder than I meant for it to; an unfortunate by-product of containing the disappointment I was currently feeling in myself so that I could suppress it deep down, where it belongs. I watched her determination slowly start to crumble under my gaze, her shoulders relaxing under my hands as some of the tension fled her body. She swallowed heavily, a muffled noise that filled the quiet between us as she nodded her head at my words, clearly trying to take refuge in the safe haven I’d just promised. But I still noticed with piercing clarity the downward set of her lips, the frown that she was fighting to keep at bay, and the way the corners of her eyes were quickly becoming watery. I doubted that I had much time before the floodgates opened and the truth of how deeply I’d apparently already wounded her would come out. I didn’t want to hear how much I hurt her, didn’t want to consider the fact that I might have to let her go before we even started. I had to say something. Had to stop her from convincing me that she’d be better off on her own.

“Other than your hand in marriage, of course. That was a deal.”

“Okay. Did you ask her any other questions?” Linda’s soft voice pulled me from my reminiscing and back into the present. I took a moment to think back over that day, trying to remember the exchanges I shared with the Detective throughout our time together.

“I asked her why she didn’t think I was capable of planning a date as ‘romantic and thoughtful’ as the one I planned,” I offered her another example but instead of seeming happy with the information I’d provided the Doctor frowned at my words.

“See Lucifer. That’s your problem. You aren’t really asking Chloe questions. You’re asking her for answers about yourself,” Linda explained gently, almost like she was worried her suggestion would hurt me somehow. She must have noticed my complete lack of understanding of whatever topic she was trying to get through to me, because she elaborated a moment later. “Most people, when they pick a new romantic partner get to know each other by asking each other questions. Like, do you prefer coffee or tea? What’s your fondest memory? How do you know it’s going to be a good day when you wake up? What’s your favorite color?” The Doctor provided a few examples as she looked at me expectantly before continuing. “Have you asked Chloe anything like that? Anything that would help you get to know her better?”.

“No. I can’t say I have,” I admitted softly as I stared at the coffee table separating the two of us. The only reason I knew the things I did about the Detective was because I learned them from people other than herself.

“So, what you need to do is start asking questions like that. And if you can’t think of any just go on Google and search for a list of them to ask.” I nodded at the advice the Doctor gave me, eventually dragging my eyes back up to meet hers.

“So if I start doing that. I’ll get to know Chloe,” I stated softly earning a nod and a bright smile from the Doctor.
“Exactly.”

“I see,” I stated as I lost myself in thought once again. If the Detective isn’t going to be forthcoming about herself I just have to press her for answers. Easier said than done.

“Now, can I ask my question?” Linda asked, her voice immediately drawing me from my thoughts.

“I’m waiting.” I stated and watched as the Doctor stood and made her way over to her desk, opening one of the drawers and pulling something that looked like a pamphlet from the drawer before shutting the desk and walking back over. As she sat across from me once again I noticed that the thing she’d grabbed from her desk was a celebrity gossip magazine. What does she want to show me? I wondered as she flipped through a few pages before resting the open magazine on the table between us and pushing it over to me.

“Can you tell me what this is about?” Linda questioned, as my eyes skimmed over the large, bold, headline spread across two pages. **Chloe Decker and Lucifer Morningstar aka the Gold Digger and the Sugar Daddy.**

“Bloody hell,” I growled as I reached out and grabbed the magazine my eyes quickly pouring over a picture of all three of the women I’d slept with at Ty’s party jammed into one shot. Another was a picture of when I’d proposed to the Detective back in her father’s hospital room, a picture that gossip magazines apparently hadn’t grown tired of yet. And the last picture was of Chloe and I standing in front of the new car, both obviously engaged in a conversation, my hands on her shoulders, someone at Beatrice’s school must have taken the picture the day we bought the car. This isn’t good. I thought to myself as I drew in a long breath and braced myself to read the paragraphs that followed.

*We continue to cover the engagement of Chloe Decker (the former star of Hot Tub High School, and daughter to the infamous Penelope Decker) and Lucifer Morningstar (the owner of the highly praised nightclub Lux, and one of the men who consistently lands on the top ten list of LA’s wealthiest eligible bachelors). This new month appears to have brought us some trouble in paradise, and a few easily drawn conclusions regarding the parties involved. Last month we covered Chloe’s change of career and Lucifer’s sudden rise to wealth and fame, and wished the lovebirds the best to come; unfortunately, it seems as though our wishes have fallen upon deaf ears. We recently interviewed three women who claim that they had sexual relations with Mr. Morningstar after his engagement to Ms. Decker. Police reports confirm that Mr. Morningstar himself admitted that yes, he did have sexual relations with three women long after he was engaged to Ms. Decker. At least Mr. Morningstar can rest assured knowing that all three women said ’it was the best night of my life’ regarding his prowess in the bedroom. This behavior isn’t uncommon for him, he’s notoriously known as a womanizer, rarely spending more than one night with his conquests before sending them on their way. We can’t help but wonder, is that behavior going to change once he’s wearing a ring on his finger? It’s safe to assume given the events that took place between Mr. Morningstar and these women that the answer is a resounding no.*

*It’s no secret that Mr. Morningstar has dabbled in his fair share of drugs and alcohol before, and one can’t help but wonder if the disastrous duo is once again playing a major role in his life. Why else would someone make no effort to hide the fact that they are having an affair with multiple partners? It only makes sense that he wasn’t thinking clearly, and given his past actions it can be presumed that his lack of thought was drug-induced. It also seems as though Mr. Morningstar has been trying to make up for his unfaithfulness to Ms. Decker the way all rich men do, with his wallet. Shortly after the fling Mr. Morningstar had, a shiny new Porsche was suddenly plopped into Ms. Decker’s lap. A car that costs more than a LAPD Homicide Detective makes in a year. One can easily surmise that the car must have come from Mr. Morningstar, perhaps a reconciliation gift, or*
perhaps Ms. Decker is the real player in this relationship.

Ms. Decker was once an up and coming actress, after her debut in Hot Tub High School she got multiple offers to star in other Hollywood films, a few of them even A-list flicks; but she turned down every gig she was offered to attend a Police Academy. It’s easy to imagine that she must miss the lifestyle of luxury that Hollywood accustomed her to. Now it would seem as though Ms. Decker has truly been missing the life of luxury, going so far as to procure herself what one might call a ‘sugar daddy’ in the form of Mr. Morningstar. Any self-respecting woman would leave a man that cheated on her with not one, not two, but three other women; and yet, Ms. Decker remains engaged to Mr. Morningstar. It’s quite obvious that Ms. Decker respects the money in her soon-to-be-husbands bank account more than she respects her dignity or her reputation.

Instead of pronouncing them husband and wife at the altar the priest should pronounce them for what they really are, gold-digger and sugar daddy; because it’s quite obvious that their relationship is built on nothing but the money Mr. Morningstar has in the bank.

I closed my eyes and drew in a deep breath as I tried to calm the angry heat coursing through my veins. Everything in this bloody article is a lie. I haven’t done any drugs ever since the Detective ground my joint under her heel almost two weeks ago, and I bought her the car before I even went to Ty’s party. But those weren’t even the lies that made my hands nearly shake with rage, those weren’t even the worst of it.

The lies that made me want to rip the person that wrote this limb from limb were the lies about the Detective. She doesn’t even want to marry me, she’s only doing it because she needs to hold up her end of the bargain. She certainly doesn’t see me as her own personal bank account, she acts like she hates my money. This piece of written filth even had the tenacity to say that the Detective doesn’t respect her own dignity, or reputation, or even herself. I continued to sit there in silence as I tried to calm myself, a few minutes probably passing before I opened my eyes to see an obviously concerned look on the Doctor’s face.

“You can’t tell me you believe this rubbish,” I spoke up, my voice deceivingly calm as I tossed the now slightly crumpled magazine back onto the coffee table.

“I didn’t say I believed it. I asked you what it was.”

“Well clearly it’s a web of lies,” I answered, my voice turning into a growl as I failed to hold in the anger that was still burning through me. “I am not a ‘daddy’ of any kind and the Detective is certainly not interested in my money,” I added as I defended the both of us. Chloe’s words from our fight were ringing my ears, “Do you think making a fool out of me is funny!” “Do you have any idea how your actions reflect on me? Not only personally, but professionally as well?”

“Did you cheat on Chloe?” The Doctor asked, her voice gentle, almost as though she could sense the tension just beneath my calm and collected surface.

“We never discussed having relations with other people, and I hadn’t promised her my loyalty at that time, so no. I didn’t cheat on her,” I answered honestly. How was I supposed to know and better if there were no guidelines laid down?

“But you had sex with three other women at a party, yes?” The Doctor asked, her voice still holding that soft edge like she was talking to a scared, hurt animal that she didn’t want to run off.

“Yes.” I answered. My voice coming out dark and bleak as I told her the truth. This whole mess was my fault, my prior ignorance didn’t wipe me clean of any wrongdoing.
“Does Chloe already know? Because if not you need to tell her before she sees this,” Linda explained as she leaned in closer, her voice serious as she pressed her index finger to the magazine resting before her.

“Don’t worry Doctor. She already knows. And we have since talked about romantic relations with other people, well I talked, she mostly yelled,” I answered. The Detective’s emotional outburst didn’t seem so out of proportion now. It was entirely my fault that this article portrayed her in such a negative light.

“So you two came to an understanding?” The Doctor asked, her voice and her face both concerned, but why I wasn’t exactly sure.

“We did, we agreed no more sexual relations with members of the opposite sex,” I answered and immediately noticed the look of relief on the Doctor’s face. The Doctor wasn’t worried for the Detective and I was she? Why would she be?

“Good, communication is really important Lucifer,” Linda said with a small smile. I nodded at her words as my eyes drifted back down to the magazine laying before the two of us. I couldn’t help but narrow my eyes as I remembered all the lies that laid within the glossy pages. “How do you feel when you look at this?”

“Well I’d like to find the bloody prat that wrote it and tear their spine out before beating them to death with it. I mean, this thing is nothing but slander,” I replied, my voice growing more and more angry as I continued. Someone was going to pay for this, for dragging both the Detective’s and my own reputation through the mud.

“How do you think Chloe is going to feel when she sees this?” The Doctor questioned, and immediately my lips pursed into a thin frown at the thought of the Detective reading the same thing I just did.

“I’m not going to let her see it,” I answered, my voice steely with determination.

“Lucifer, you can’t censor everything. She’s going to see this whether it’s from a co-worker, or a friend, or a family member. She will see it,” Linda explained, and I knew she was right. There was no way I could possibly shield her from every copy in existence, but how dearly I wish that I was capable of doing so.

“I assume when she does see it she’ll take to yelling at me again, and then I’ll have to pry another taser from her hands,” I sighed heavily as I slumped back into the couch.

“I didn’t mean how she’d feel in direct relation to you. I meant in relation to her day to day life. Do you think this is going to affect her when she goes to work? Do you think it’s going to make it harder for her to get promotions in the future? Do you think she could run into someone who reads all the gossip tabloids and starts trying to publicly shame her in the grocery store or something?” The Doctor asked, and with each question she added I felt my anger at the article and my disappointment in myself grow tenfold. She was right. The other officers at the precinct would waste no time spreading the gossip and whatever bigotry she was already facing around her peers would only grow. It would probably be difficult for her to get a promotion anytime in the near future if she wanted one, after all, the LAPD has a reputation to maintain too.

“I understand that I’ve screwed up Doctor. But I can’t change the past,” I stated defeatedly. There was nothing I could do about it now.

“No, but you can change your behavior in the future,” Linda suggested gently. “Your actions have
consequences Lucifer. You should try to remember that for future reference.”

“Yes, well, I’ve never been much for thinking before I act,” I answered bleakly. Action always came before thought for me, even my fall hadn’t taught me the lesson the Doctor was hoping I would learn over a stapled bunch of paper.

“There we go!” The Doctor exclaimed happily, a wide smile on her face. “We’re finally admitting that something needs a little work, now we can make the changes you want to see happen,” Linda explained a moment later.

“Perhaps not anytime in the near future though, my life’s already changing more than enough as is,” I replied dully, earning a confused glance from the Doctor.

“Are you talking about the wedding?”

“Among other things,” I answered. A while ago I’d told the Doctor that I had figured out what was changing me, or rather who, and that person was the Detective. But knowing where the source of the change was coming from didn’t help me stop the change itself. Strange things had been happening lately, particularly when the Detective was around. The most concerning of them all was the barely discernable warmth that was consistently showing up when she was around. It was similar to hellfire inside me, yet entirely different. Hellfire was scalding, fierce, and oftentimes difficult to contain. This new thing was subtle, unassuming, and almost gentle. I shook away the pestering thoughts about the changes the Detective seemed to be stirring inside of me before the Doctor could try to pry into it, quickly changing the subject to something that didn’t make me want to squirm in my skin.

“Speaking of the wedding, congratulations, you’re invited.” The Doctor smiled softly at my words, seemingly pleased with the fact that she’d made the guest list. “I was actually wondering if you wanted to go with Chloe when she picks out her dress in a few days,” I asked and Linda’s smile grew despite the look of confusion in her eyes.

“Lucifer, as honored as I feel I have to ask why am I invited to something that important?”

“Well, the Detective doesn’t exactly have a lot of friends. I figured that you two might get along well,” I answered and watched the Doctor’s expression turn soft for a moment as she tilted her head slightly.

“You’re trying to set up a friendship?” The Doctor questioned as she watched me curiously.

“I suppose,” I simply answered with a shrug.

“Why?”

“I guess it’s just…” I trailed off as I tried to come up with the right words. “I know what it’s like not to have friends…not to have anybody. It’s a very cold and dark abyss to fall into, and I’d prefer if the Detective didn’t have to experience that during her years on this planet,” I finished softly. The Detective was a good human, and a pure soul, and she deserved to have somebody she felt she could talk to. And perhaps she’d tell the Doctor something of importance, something that would help me solve her mystery.

“You have a lot more heart than you give yourself credit for,” Linda spoke up after a long moment of silence. Her voice sounding oddly emotional, the Doctor always kept her cool, calm, and collected demeanor when we were having a session.

“I’d prefer if I didn’t have one at all to be honest,” I sighed as I stared at the ground. Things had been easier back when I was in Hell, and back when I had recently come to earth. Back when I was still
cold, and calloused. But ever since the Detective wandered into my life things had changed, and I
was quickly learning that it was much easier to feel nothing at all than to feel whatever it was the
Detective was beginning to stir in me.

“Why would you possibly want that?” Linda questioned, her voice confused as she watched me
closely.

“But, where I’m from having a heart gets you killed.”

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You’re the Devil. It won’t be hard at all to get a few answers out of a measly human. Besides, if he
won’t give them willingly I’ll just have to draw them out of him. I reminded myself as I made my
way to the door before knocking on it. It took a few moments until the door pulled open to reveal the
Detective standing in the threshold, looking like she’d just managed to get herself put together for the
day before I’d interrupted her. I couldn’t help but admire the way her burgundy shirt hugged her
gentle curves and the way her black jeans moulded to her legs like a second skin. She looked me up
and down for a brief moment before letting out a long groaning noise, her eyes pinching shut as she
shook her head.

“Lucifer you need to go. I have work today and I need to leave in like fifteen minutes.” She began as
she pressed her hands flat against my chest as she tried to push me away from the door to her house.
“I don’t have time for your…Luciferness, right now,” Chloe finished as she tried, and failed, to get
me to budge.

“That’s fine by me darling. I’m not here for you anyway,” I chuckled and immediately her hands left
my chest and drifted back down to her sides as confusion swamped over her lovely features. I
stepped around her and into her house before she could try and stop me once again.

“Wait. You’re not?” She questioned as she closed the door and turned to face me, her brows drawn
together as she shook her head softly. “Well then who are you here for?” I only smiled broadly at the
question before turning around and making my way into her house. My eyes quickly fell on Jonathan
as he sat at the kitchen table, a newspaper spread out before him as he lifted a coffee mug to his lips.

“Jonathan! The man of the hour!” I greeted him loudly, making him jump slightly as he looked away
from the paper, his eyes narrowing as they met mine and his mouth turned down into a harsh scowl.

“Lucifer. What are you doing?” The Detective asked from behind me, her voice taking on a
concerned tone as she stepped in front of me. I could recognize the worry in her eyes as they met
mine, her lips parted slightly as she shook her head softly. “I’m keeping my end of the bargain.
Leave my dad alone.” She said in a hushed tone as her hands came up against my chest again as
though she thought she could keep me from approaching him if I wanted to. I didn’t let the way her
assumption bothered me rise to the surface, plastering a smile to my face as I chuckled at her.

“I’m not here to take your father from you,” I explained gently, hoping to rid the Detective of her
unnecessary concern for her father’s well-being. My words didn’t seem to have the desired effect
though, her worried expression staying firmly in place. I quickly decided to change tactics as I spoke
up once again, “Well, not for eternity anyways, just for the day.” I chuckled at my little joke and
watched as the Detective’s concern faded significantly. She still seemed wary though, and I couldn’t
help but wonder why she didn’t trust me around her father. It was obvious that she had more than a
few trust issues regarding me, I just wish I knew why. “Have a little faith darling. I promise your
father’s safe,” I stated softly and after a long moment Chloe nodded, but her wariness was still ever
present as she removed her hands from my person once again.
“Play nice,” Chloe reminded me firmly as she watched me carefully. I nodded my head in agreement with her request after a minute and she let out a long sigh before turning away from me and making her way deeper into the house. As she walked away I couldn’t help but appreciate her backside until an annoyed gruff voice was pulling me away from my admirations.

“What are you doing here? Chloe has work today,” Jonathan stated as he stood up from the table and made his way over to me.

“But you don’t,” I smiled as I watched Jonathan’s frown deepen as he glared at me.

“Excuse me?” He questioned angrily before he continued, “If you think I’m going anywhere with you then you’re even crazier than I thought.”. I couldn’t help but laugh at his determination, a sinister noise that filled the room and made Jonathan shrink back a bit.

“Lucifer!” Penelope’s familiar voice broke through the room and immediately calmed some of the tension that had been quickly brewing between Jonathan and myself. “What brought you here today?” She asked as she approached me with a bright smile before wrapping her arms around me for a moment. I returned the embrace before pulling away, looking down at her with a smile. Momma Decker was clearly the saving grace of this family, too bad the Detective seemed to take more after her father.

“Jonathan brought me here today. I’ll be stealing your husband from you if that’s quite alright,” I explained and Penelope nodded as her smile grew slightly.

“I’m not going anywhere with you.”

“You can take him wherever you want dear.” They both stated simultaneously before giving each other a quick dirty look. I couldn’t help but chuckle at their little disagreement as I wondered if I should let them bicker amongst themselves or if I should jump in.

“Now, now, Jonathan. Let’s not start that already,” I spoke up as I offered him another smile. I was trying to be friendly with him despite his constant grudging towards me.

“Why do you want to take me anywhere?” He questioned as he narrowed his eyes and shook his head.

“You’re going to be playing a pivotal role in your daughter’s wedding, and let me tell you right now that you won’t be walking her down the aisle in jeans and a t-shirt,” I chuckled, but I could tell by the entirely confused and miffed look on Jonathan’s face that he didn’t understand what I was getting at. I rolled my eyes and sighed before blatantly explaining, “We’re going to get you a suit Jonathan.”.

“I don’t need a suit.”

“I beg to differ. Judging by your wardrobe the only formal wear you have in your closet is probably the tux you wore when you married this lovely angel,” I replied as I wrapped an arm around Penelope’s shoulders and pulled her into my side as I gestured to her.

“Aww. Lucifer!” She chuckled as she wrapped an arm around my waist in turn. I couldn’t help but smile wider when Jonathan frowned at the unnecessary contact between his wife and I.

“I’m just going to wear my LAPD dress blues.” He waved my statement away before turning around, probably to leave.

“No. You aren’t,” I spoke up authoritatively, immediately stopping Jonathan in his tracks as he turned back around to face me. “I doubt the poor uniform’s been re-sized ever since you got
promoted to Detective, it probably fits you as well as your daughter’s uniform would.” Jonathan glared at me for a long moment before finally opening his mouth to speak up.

“Look. I am not going –”

“John just let Lucifer get you a suit. Don’t you want to look nice for your daughter?” Penelope cut him off and I couldn’t help but smile down at her for a moment before focusing my attention on Jonathan once again.

“Don’t you want to look nice for Chloe?” I asked earning an annoyed huff from the poor man.

“Penelope, I don’t –”

“Jonathan Taft Decker,” Penelope began, her voice taking on a stern motherly tone as she let go of me and began to make her way over to her husband. Grabbing him by the forearm before dragging him closer to me. “You will look nice for your daughter on her big day. Do you understand me?” She questioned, her voice remaining stern as she grabbed me by the forearm with her free hand and started dragging all of us over to the front door. I held in a chuckle when I heard Jonathan mumble a quiet, ‘yes honey’. “Now go with your new son-in-law. He doesn’t bite.” Penelope ordered sternly as she opened the front door and ushered us both outside. As soon as the front door closed Jonathan let out a long defeated sigh as he stared at the gray cement under his feet for a long moment. I couldn’t help but chuckle at the hopeless slump of his shoulders, immediately gaining his attention as he glared up at me.

“Not hard to tell who wears the pants in your family,” I joked and Jonathan’s glare only grew colder.

“I give you one week after your married before Chloe has you in the same exact spot.” He growled and I chuckled at the idea as I started to make my way down the concrete steps and towards my car.

“A human woman bossing the Devil around. Now that is something I’d pay to see my friend,” I chuckled at the thought of the Detective grabbing me by the forearm and shoving me into the elevator as she scolded me about something trivial.

“I am not your friend,” Jonathan’s cold voice broke through the silence and I stopped in my tracks, turning around to watch him descending the steps of his house.

“I brought you back from the dead and you’re still denying my friendship?” I questioned as he approached me, crossing his arms over his chest as his face turned down in a growl.

“You’re damn right I am. I would never willingly share your company.” He answered, his voice dark and threatening as he stared me down. I let out a breathy half-chuckle at his actions before the curve of my smile turned down into a snarl.

“Do try and tone it down a bit Jonathan. You know who I am, you do not want to make an enemy out of me,” I warned darkly, and much to my satisfaction Jonathan’s anger disappeared a moment later. In fact, it almost looked like I scared him a little bit as his arms fell back to his sides and he took a step back. Part of me wanted to leave him like that, but I knew it wouldn’t be in my benefit to have any member of the Decker family fear me, they had no reason to. “And I’d prefer not to make an enemy out of you. So, in the car you go,” I added as my voice grew cheerful once again and I offered Jonathan a smile as I ushered him towards the Corvette.

It took him a moment to respond before he started following me to the car, the look on his face still slightly wary. He stood just outside the car as I got in and put the key in the ignition. I looked over at him when he made no further move to get in the vehicle before gesturing impatiently to the empty
passenger seat beside me. He took the hint, pulling the door open and sitting down just before I turned the key, the car roaring to life around us. I shifted into gear and pulled out of their driveway, making my way through the suburban neighborhood they lived in and towards Hollywood.

“Why Chloe?” Jonathan asked as he finally spoke up, breaking up the monotonous sound of the engine’s rumble.

“I beg your pardon?” I questioned as I glanced away from the road to take a quick peek at him. He was leaning against the door panel as he watched me like I was some sort of dangerous criminal. I had to refocus my attention on the road after a short moment, the stretch we were on was particularly congested.

“Why did you decide to marry my daughter? What do you even think you’re going to get out of the deal?” He clarified after a moment, his voice growing more suspicious as he continued. Well at least he’s talking to me again, I thought to myself as I finally hit the freeway on-ramp. Quickly getting up to speed and merging before I decided to answer Jonathan’s question.

“Your daughter is, how should I put this…” I trailed off as I tried to think of the right word to describe the Detective. “Unique.”

“Unique?” Jonathan repeated, his voice sounding doubtful and I had to fight the urge to glance over at him as I slalomed between cars and lorry’s.

“She’s immune to me. I’ve never met a human who’s immune to me.”

“He’s immune to you!” Jonathan questioned and even though I wasn’t looking at him I could imagine the confused grimace he was probably giving me.

“Immune to you?” Jonathan questioned and even though I wasn’t looking at him I could imagine the confused grimace he was probably giving me.

“I’m the Devil. I can draw out people’s little dark desires. I’m a carnal temptation. But she’s not tripping all over herself to crawl into my bed. And despite my best efforts she doesn’t just spill her darkest desire to me when I ask. It’s quite odd, she’s an anomaly.” The Detective was truly a mystery. I’d met trillions of souls in Hell and on Earth and no one was unaffected by me. But for some reason one LAPD Detective was different. But why? And how?

“Maybe she doesn’t have any.” He offered, and I immediately broke into a genuine fit of laughter. I glanced over at him only to see him watching me like I belonged in a psychiatric ward, and for some reason that made me laugh even harder. It took a few moments for me to get it all out, drawing in a long breath as I shook my head.

“Everybody has something,” I stated as I glanced over at him once again. If you didn’t have some dark little secret or desire, then you weren’t human. Hell, even all of my siblings had one and they were angels.

“What are you hoping to get out of her?” Jonathan reiterated one of his previous questions that I’d failed to answer and I let out a sigh as I realized that this whole drive would probably be spent entertaining his questions regarding my intentions towards his daughter.

“I want to know why I don’t affect her. I want to know why this one little seemingly insignificant human can withstand my divine gifts. Your daughter is a mystery, and a challenge. And I do enjoy a good challenge. I mean, it might even be a bit of a struggle to make her fall in love with me,” I explained, throwing in the last little bit just to annoy him. He needed to accept the fact that he didn’t own Chloe. She made her own decision, now she had to live with it.

“Chloe will never fall in love with you. You’re a monster,” Jonathan growled darkly from beside me.
and I immediately felt anger boil up inside of me at his accusation; my hands tightening around the steering wheel, and my teeth grinding together as I reminded myself that I’d promised the Detective her father was safe with me.

“I am not a monster!” I shouted before I regained the common sense to try and calm myself down a bit. I hated the human assumptions that I was the root of all evil on their planet, that I was the one to blame for every bad deed every twisted human had ever committed. I just wanted to be judged according to my own actions for once. Was that too much to ask? I shook my head angrily as I pulled to the shoulder of the freeway before slamming on my breaks as the car came screeching to a halt. I took a long moment to draw in a deep breath as I pushed away some of the anger coursing through my veins.

I let out the breath I’d been holding before releasing my death tight grip on the steering wheel and turning in my seat so I could face Jonathan with more ease. I immediately noticed that one of his hands was wrapped around the door handle, and the other was on his seatbelt latch; ready to un-clip himself and make a run from the car if he needed to. The look on his face wasn’t any less flighty than his body language; he was watching me with wide eyes and a look that made me think he was trying to figure out whether or not he was already a dead man. “The question here isn’t what I am, but who I am, so don’t you dare reduce me to your labels.” As soon as my voice broke the tentative silence between us he flinched slightly, almost like he had been expecting the full wrath of the Devil rather than a very stern talking to.

Jonathan opened his mouth as though he was going to say something but I quickly silenced him by pressing an index finger to his lips, earning myself another terrified glance from him. I wasn’t finished yet, he was going to realize that I’m not the stories books tell about me. “Everything that I am does not divide into fragments of scientific characteristics that you can measure by the distorted social standards you humans invented.” I pulled my finger from his lips as I went on, “Stop trying to erase the parts of me that you’re too uncomfortable to face. I am all of myself Jonathan, and I will not yield.”.

We both stared at each other in silence for a few moments after I finished, eventually Jonathan’s senses seemed to come back to him because he quickly nodded his head before letting out a single, breathy, shaky word. “Okay.”

“Okay.” I repeated quietly as I nodded my head. Staring at Jonathan for a few moments longer than necessary as I watched him squirm in his seat. Eventually I had the mercy to look away, jamming the car back into gear before I sped back onto the freeway. I turned the radio up, letting the classic rock that poured out of the speakers fill the now tense silence that filled the air between Jonathan and myself. Humans. Always looking for a scapegoat to push all of their wickedness off on. It’s not my fault they make bad decisions with their free will, they’re lucky I even persuaded Eve to claim the free will that right there in her grasp. They could all still be my father’s mindless little robots, existing for no other reason than to inflate his already enormous ego.

If anything humans should be thanking me. I never wanted to hurt them, my father was always the one who seemed to hold some sort of a grudge on them after they chose to claim the free will that he placed right within their grasps. He was the one who was petty enough to curse them with pain, and disease, and mortality. He was the one who banished them from the garden of Eden and out into a desert wasteland just because they ate a bloody piece of fruit. I didn’t do any of that to them, I only gave the opportunity to seize something I thought I’d never have. Something that took me centuries of going off on my own to finally find. Something that my father and my siblings still loathed me for having.

I shook my head softly at the thoughts flitting through my mind as the sound of static coming through
the speakers pulled me from my internal rant. I slowly began to turn the tuning dial as I searched for a new station that was in range, a few seconds passed before words began spilling out of the speakers once again.

*I Can I have your daughter for the rest of my life? Say yes, say yes, cause I need to know. You say I’ll never get your blessing till the day I die, tough luck my friend but the answer is no.*

I couldn’t help but chuckle slightly at the lyrics, turning the music up a little before I glanced over at Jonathan, thankfully he was looking better than he had a few minutes ago. “Would you listen to this? If I didn’t know better I’d say this song is about you and me,” I quipped playfully as I offered Jonathan a smile, but he didn’t seem to notice my mood had changed from what it was earlier as he looked over at me with worry once more.

*Why you gotta be so rude? Don’t you know I’m human too? Why you gotta be so rude? I’m gonna marry her anyway.*

“It could be about us, if it wasn’t for the fact that you’re not a human.” He spoke up after a brief moment, his voice not as cutting or insulting as it was before. He even looked a little concerned that he’d pushed me too far once again. I pursed my lips at his statement, annoyance filling me as I jammed one of the buttons on the radio and the music immediately died.

“How do you hate me Jonathan?” “I asked as I glanced away from the road to look at him. My voice sounding defeated more than anything. He was the only one in the Decker family who truly loathed me, even Chloe had been warming up until I slipped up at Ty’s party. ‘I’ve done nothing wrong, I haven’t hurt anyone in your little family. I brought you back from the dead, I saved your daughter’s life when she was bleeding out on the floor. I’ve done nothing but good things for you and your family, so why the hatred?’ I wondered aloud, as I waited for Jonathan’s answer. He truly had no reason to fear or hate me the way he did, I obviously wasn’t going to hurt him. My marriage to his daughter relied entirely on his life and well-being remaining intact. He hadn’t seen my nastier side, he had never seen me hurt anyone. So why?

“I’ve read the bible, you’re nothing but bad news,” Jonathan answered, his voice still not as annoyed as it had been when we first encountered each other this morning.

“The bible,” I scoffed as I shook my head. “You mean the book that’s been edited and re-edited, re-written over and over again, translated, and warped to fit the agendas of powerful men throughout history? That bible?” I questioned as I glanced over at him once again, he nodded once and I chuckled softly as I shook my head once more. “The bible is a very murky and shattered reflection of the book it once was,” I stated just loud enough so that I knew he would hear me. “What does that bible of yours say about me? That I come to kill, steal, and destroy? If that was truly the case Jonathan, you and your daughter would both be dead right now,” I blatantly reminded him once again who he owed his life to. “So tell me again, why do you hate me?” I questioned as I looked over at him as I awaited his new answer now that I’d destroyed his previous reason.

“You’re just acting. Trying to make yourself seem likeable, trying to get me to let my guard down. Trying to get Chloe to let her guard down. As soon as she finally trusts you you’re going to hurt her.” He stated, the gruff tone returning to his voice. I let out a long sigh at his accusations as I rolled my eyes.

“I’m not going to hurt your daughter Jonathan,” I told him, giving him a moment to take in the words I just said before I continued. “I’m not going to hurt your granddaughter. I’m not going to hurt you. I’m not going to hurt your wife. I don’t just run around hurting people.” Why did humans always think I was dangerous? If anything I was the closest thing to a celestial ally that they have. “You and I have more in common than you realize,” I stated as I glanced over at him once again. This time his
expression turned down into a frown as he scoffed at my last statement.

“I have nothing in common with you.”

“Really? You’re a cop, you catch bad people so that they can be punished for their crimes. I’m essentially the warden of the largest prison in the universe, I punish bad people too. Your daughter is not a bad person, she doesn’t need to be punished, and she won’t be,” I explained, hoping he might realize the sense behind my words. I’d essentially spent most of my life working in what humans called corrections. “Your family is safe. Chloe and Beatrice are the safest they have ever been,” I reassured him as I slowly started to merge lanes so I could reach the slow lane in time to get off on the exit I needed.

“What makes you say that?” Jonathan questioned, his voice truly curious and lacking any harsh edge for once.

“Your daughter and her spawn are under my protection now,” I answered as I merged another lane closer to the slow lane. “They will never have cause to fear anything in heaven, hell, or earth. My reputation precedes me, and there are very few creatures out there who are willing to cross me,” I continued as I glanced at Jonathan out of the corner of his eye only to see him watching me with something that resembled surprise. “And you better believe that if anyone ever has the courage to try something with either of them I will make that creature wish that it never existed,” I added and Jonathan’s expression turned almost fearful once again. “My protection extends to you and your wife as well. I might not be the fondest of you in particular, but Chloe cares about you. If something were to happen to you or your wife it would hurt her greatly, and a person like her doesn’t deserve to hurt,” I explained softly as I merged into the slow lane. Half a minute passed between us in silence as I got on an off ramp and made my way back into the city. I focused on driving and tried to ignore the way I could feel Jonathan’s gaze burning into me as we neared our destination.

“Are you evil?” Jonathan finally broke the silence. His voice small and unsure and I couldn’t help but pry my eyes from the road to look over at him despite the heavy traffic. His facial expression didn’t look any more confident than he sounded, in fact it looked as though his whole world had just been turned over. It probably had.

“Evil isn’t black or white. It’s varying shades of grey,” I answered bleakly as I returned my attention to the traffic before me.

“Just answer my question.” He practically pleaded a moment later.

“I don’t think I’m evil…” I trailed off as I let out a deep sigh. “But that’s never been for me to decide.” Silence fell between us once again as we slowly crawled through the blocks of Hollywood.

“You’re a fallen angel right?” Jonathan asked, his voice still unsure but more steady than it was before.

“The original,” I answered as I recognized my tailor's shop standing only a block away.

“Do you remember heaven?”

I glanced over at Jonathan once again, taking in the almost desperate sheen in his eyes before answering, “I do.”.

“Can I talk to you about it?” His question caught me completely off guard and I let the confusion I felt swamp through me show in my expression. Jonathan Decker, the man who hates me because I’m the Devil, wants to have a casual conversation with me about Heaven? He must have noticed my
lack of understanding because it took him only half a moment before he was justifying his request. “I just, I haven’t talked to anyone because who would believe me? Nobody would.”

“I’ll listen, on one condition.” I offered as I pulled into the tailors parking lot and parked in an empty space.

“Are you trying to make a deal with me?” Jonathan asked, his voice worried as I turned the car off and finally turned my undivided attention on him.

“A fairly harmless one, yes,” I answered. “I will humor your little conversation as long as you give me some ideas for your daughter’s honeymoon. Real ideas, things that would make her happy, things she’s wanted to do but never had the opportunity to. I trust that you know her well enough to give me some good options, you two seem close.” Jonathan’s expression faded from worried to almost surprised as he looked at me like I was crazy once again. “You’d have to be considering how willing she was to strike a deal with me to save your life,” I trailed off as I patiently awaited his answer. This would be easier than drawing the answers out of him, and besides, maybe he wouldn’t hate me entirely if I listened to him ramble about the Silver City for a few minutes.

“You care about the quality of my daughter's honeymoon?” He questioned as he shook his head softly, his perplexed expression growing as he looked me over like he was trying to make sure that someone new hadn’t taken my place.

“No one ever said the Devil was a poor excuse for a lover,” I replied as I offered him a smile. He made a face I couldn’t quite decipher as he stared at the carpeted floorboard beneath his feet for a long moment.

“Fine. Deal,” Jonathan agreed as his eyes met mine. “But understand that I’m not giving you ideas because we’re buddies. I’m giving you ideas because Chloe deserves to enjoy herself.” He said almost sternly as the corner of his mouth turned down into a frown. I couldn’t help but smirk at his response. It didn’t matter why he was giving me the information I asked for, all that mattered is that I got what I needed.

“Understood.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I'm back to writing as normal but these chapters will still be a bit delayed, as I'm writing this fic and another Luci-fic at the same time and I'm alternating between updates for the two. If you're interested in taking a peek at the other Lucifer fic I've been writing you can find it by clicking here. Until next time, good luck with finals and Happy Mother's Day!
Chloe finds out about the celebrity gossip magazine that chastises her for her relationship with Lucifer and faces criticism from her fellow police officers because of it. When Lucifer finds out which officer distributed copies of the magazine around the precinct he takes the matter of punishment into his own hands. Lucifer manages to persuade Chloe to spend some quality one on one time with him, and the two start to learn a little bit more about each other. Chloe picks out her wedding dress with the help of her mother, a therapist, and a demon. Mazikeen reveals how she and Lucifer first met.

As always, I'd like to thank my spectacular beta editor Valificent! None of this would be possible without you, and this story would be an entirely different tale without your influence!

I'd also like to thank Deckerstar_fan, Lzod, Navaros, CrystalynaduStarrvan, lover_of_blue_roses, and An, for all of your comments on the last chapter. It's always so wonderful to hear your thoughts and opinions! Another big thank you to everyone who took the time to leave a Kudos! Your support is greatly appreciated. So, without further ado, I present to you the next chapter!

C. Decker

I knew something was off the moment I stepped foot in the precinct. Normally everyone ignored me like I was transparent, but today every single head turned to watch me as I made my way towards my desk. I tried my hardest to ignore the muffled whispers that were starting up behind my back as I focused on getting to my desk, the whole time wondering what had happened now to focus the attention of so many of my co-workers on me. I didn’t have to wonder for very long, the second I made it to my desk and sat down I noticed the glossy paparazzi magazine sitting in the middle. I let out a long sigh as I picked it up, looking down at the yellow post-it-note sitting on the cover, the words Gold Digging Whore scribbled on the note in bold black marker. I pursed my lips into a thin line, this can’t be good. I flipped through the pages until one headline in particular caught my eye, mainly because it started with my name, Chloe Decker and Lucifer Morningstar aka the Gold Digger and the Sugar Daddy.

Great. This is just fucking awesome. I clenched my teeth together tightly as I began to read the article that followed, it came to no surprise that the paparazzi finally got ahold of the information pertaining to Lucifer’s slip up on the Huntley case. I let out a long breath as I read a sentence that accused Lucifer of getting involved with drugs and alcohol, I wouldn’t exactly put it past him. I mean, the way he always had a drink in hand alluded that he might very well be a high-functioning alcoholic, and he did even have the nerve to smoke pot on a crime scene right in front of me. Just another thing I’m going to have to talk to him about, I am not going to let Trixie live in a house where she could
unwittingly stumble upon drugs at any moment. I continued reading the article, my eyes narrowing as I read a sentence that made it sound like Lucifer bought me the stupid Porsche after he slipped up, which I obviously knew wasn’t the case. And unfortunately, the article only got worse as I read on.

Now it would seem as though Ms. Decker has truly been missing the life of luxury, going so far as to procure herself what one might call a ‘sugar daddy’ in the form of Mr. Morningstar.

He is so not a sugar daddy, more like a manipulative asshole.

Any self-respecting woman would leave a man that cheated on her with not one, not two, but three other women; and yet, Ms. Decker remains engaged to Mr. Morningstar. It’s quite obvious that Ms. Decker respects the money in her soon-to-be-husbands bank account more than she respects her dignity or her reputation.

My hands balled into fists, slightly crumpling the pages I held. Well, this is fan-fucking-tastic, no wonder why I’m getting the special treatment today. God dammit. I knew this shit was going to happen, now I’m going to be the talk of the station for the next month. I groaned at the thought that Olivia would probably be calling me into the office later today to discuss this, the LAPD would probably have to do a little damage control of its own. I could already imagine seeing the Chief on TV as he read some speech to the LA civilians about how he assures them that every officer on his force is of the highest moral standing. Ugh, Lucifer, you really outdid yourself this time.

I grumpily threw the magazine into the empty waste bin sitting beside my desk with much more force than was necessary. That magazine was trash and it was finally resting where it truly belonged. I sat there silently fuming at the post-it-note, the glances and whispers my co-workers gave me when I walked in this morning, and the article itself. My life was going to hell in a handbasket. As much as I wanted to be absolutely furious with Lucifer I found that I couldn’t muster up anything but grudging annoyance towards him; as much as this was his fault, we had already worked past it, and I had already basically forgiven him for it. More-so I found that the bulk of my anger landed on the mystery person who had decided it would be fun to blatantly place a copy of the tabloid on my desk with that post-it-note. I drew in a long, deep breath as I closed my eyes, trying to relax and force the thoughts out of my mind; it took a few moments, but I finally managed to accomplish my task, if only slightly.

I let out my breath in a long sigh as I opened my eyes, immediately focusing on the computer before me and the large stack of paperwork on my desk. I knew that if I put all of my focus on work it would be just a little easier to forget about everything that the morning had already brought me. I logged into my computer with ease, pulling the first file from my stack and opening it to find a silver CD-ROM disk. I sighed as I read the interrogation transcription request form sitting under the disk. I decided there was no point in avoiding the work even if it wasn’t my strong suit, popping the disk into the computer, plugging in my headphones, and pulling up the database for the case the interrogation was from. I didn’t even have time to put my headphones on or start listening to the audio file before my father walked up to my desk.

“Hey.” He greeted me as he stood at the corner of my desk somewhat awkwardly. Shuffling from foot to foot for a moment before he let out a soft sigh and pulled a familiar tabloid magazine from behind his back. “Did you get one?” He asked quietly as I glowered at the magazine. A fresh wave of anger rose inside of me as I caught sight of the post-it-note on the cover of his which read, You raised a fucking slut. I balled my hands into fists once more as I drew in a long deep breath, I took a moment to myself to tamp down my anger as best I could before I met my father's eyes.

“Yeah, I got one,” I sighed as I glanced away from him, unable to hold his gaze for more than a few moments. “Look, Dad. I'm sorry, but you have to understand that I had—"
“This is not your fault monkey.” He cut me off. I looked up at him once more to see a small, worried looking smile on his face. He grabbed a rolling chair from the unoccupied desk behind me, wheeling it over to the corner of my desk before sitting down next to me. “I just wanted to check in on how you’re doing.” He explained as he rested the magazine face down on my desk. I knew his concern was genuine, and I offered him a small smile before it faded into a frown. I stared at the advertisement on the back of his copy for a long moment before I began speaking.

“How do you think I’m doing?” I asked softly, allowing myself to feel weak for a moment as I flipped his magazine back over, staring at the post-it-note for a long moment before I reached down, pulling my partially crumpled copy out of the waste bin and resting it on top of his. “All these damn people are calling me a slut, and a whore,” I continued, shaking my head softly as I glared at the glossy mound of paper sitting on my desk. “I haven’t even kissed him yet, let alone…” I trailed off as I shook my head, burying my face in both of my hands before letting out a soft groan. It wasn’t fair. It wasn’t right that I was the one who was constantly getting thrown in the spotlight as the station pariah. I didn’t ask for Malcolm to get shot at Palmetto, I didn’t ask for Lucifer to waltz into my life and shake everything up. I never asked for any of this. I pulled my hands from my face after a long moment, glancing up at my father to see him watching me with concern and pity. “And you know, the worst part is I can’t even find it in me to be mad at him. It’s like he genuinely didn’t know how his behavior would look to the outside world, and he promised to be faithful after the Huntley case. As far as I know he hasn’t been with anyone else since then,” I scoffed as I shook my head and glared at the magazines once again. I should feel angry at Lucifer. If he hadn’t acted so unfaithfully at Ty Huntley’s party none of this would have happened, but still, the anger towards him just wasn’t there.

“Well, I’m sure I can manage to hate him enough for the both of us,” My father’s voice broke the quiet and I immediately looked back up at him as he smiled gently at me. I couldn’t help the slight frown that found the corners of my lips as my eyebrows drew together slightly.

“Do you hate him?” I asked softly, watching him carefully as I spoke. His soft smile quickly faded as his lips pursed into a thin line and his eyes visibly hardened. He stared at my desk for a long moment before his eyes met mine once more.

“No.” He answered seriously, his voice darker than it was when he was talking to me a few moments ago. “I don’t hate him, at least not anymore.” He explained before the corner of his mouth turned down into a frown. “But I still don’t like him.” He added darkly, and the look in his eyes almost made me think he knew something about Lucifer that he wasn’t telling me, but I knew my father, and he’d tell me anything that he knew concerned me.

“How did yesterday go?” I asked. Part of me worried that the reason my father seemed so dark when he talked about Lucifer was because something might have happened between the two of them yesterday. And despite the fact that I knew my father was more than capable of defending himself with ease, I couldn’t help but think that Lucifer would probably be able to take him in a fight considering how easily he’d thrown Joe Hanson through a window right before my eyes.

“It went as well as could be expected,” My father answered cryptically as he made a face that reminded me of someone who was reliving a particularly bad experience with gas station sushi. Ok, so it’s very likely that he is keeping something from me. But what? His expression changed to a soft smile a second later as he stared me in the eyes once more. “But I’m not here to talk about myself, or Lucifer. I’m here to talk about you.” He explained gently as he reached out a hand and rested it on one of mine for a second before pulling away.

“I just...I wish I knew who did this so I could give them a piece of my mind,” I explained as I gestured to the magazines. “And maybe punch them in the face a few times,” I grumbled under my
breath as my eyes narrowed into slits as I continued to stare at the notes adorning the top of the magazines.

“I’ll help you hide the body,” My father chuckled, his voice playful. I snorted softly at the joke despite the fact that it did nothing to lift my spirits. Silence quickly grew between us as I continued to glare at the magazines while I imagined how satisfying it would be to feel the perpetrator’s nose crack under my fist. I could feel the weight of my father’s gaze on me, so after a moment I looked back up at him, seeing nothing but concern reflected in his eyes. I immediately realized that he was actually a little worried about how I was going to cope with this, and I felt the need to dissuade his fears here and now.

“I’ll be fine Dad,” I answered his unspoken question as I offered him a smile that I hoped looked convincing. “I’ve dealt with this kind of stuff before,” I added, reminding him about the fallout when Malcolm found out that I’d starred in Hot Tub High School and the way he had a viewing party at his house for every officer in the precinct, and reminding him about the chaos that followed the Palmetto shooting. He nodded softly at my words, staring off into the distance as though he was staring into another world for a moment, probably reminiscing the moments I’d hoped my words would remind him of. When his eyes refocused he offered me a supportive smile as he patted my shoulder gently.

“Well, just remember, Dan and I always have your back.” He reminded me just before he stood, taking both copies of the magazine and rolling his borrowed chair back to its respective desk. I watched him depart for a moment, thankful that he’d taken the magazines with him so I wouldn’t have to toss both copies into the waste bin at my feet and attempt to forget them. I quickly refocused myself on my work, knowing that the more I let it absorb me the faster this day would pass. Then I would be free to go home and enjoy a tall glass of wine...or three. I quickly put my headphones on and pulled up a transcription template document before setting to work. It was easy to lose myself in the task of writing down what I heard word for word. It was mind numbing work, good for helping me temporarily forget how horrible my day had gone this morning.

I was thirty minutes into the interrogation when an email alert popped up in the right-hand corner of my screen, telling me that Daniel Espinoza had sent me a message. I paused the audio clip before pulling up my email and clicking on the new message. Hey, I have one of your files over here. It must’ve gotten mixed up in my stuff somehow. I immediately knew which one he was talking about, it was a simple breaking and entering case I’d been given when the homicide department had been going through a lull. I’d been wondering where the file went, he must have accidentally swiped it one of the nights he was over at my place having dinner with his ‘daughter’ to appease my father. Olivia had been nagging me to find the paperwork and get it turned in for a while now. I quickly decided it would be better to get it turned in sooner rather than later, despite the fact that walking through the precinct so everyone could whisper about me behind my back was the last thing I wanted to do at the moment.

I took my headphones off and stood, taking a moment to stretch before I began making my way towards Dan’s desk. Once again, nearly every head I walked past perked up as I walked by, and I was horribly aware of the weight of so many people’s stares on me despite the fact that I was trying to ignore them all. I felt my annoyance and anger from earlier rage anew as I vowed that when I found the person who decided it was a good idea to spread that magazine around the office I would send them home with at least a black eye. I was going to make someone pay. I turned a corner and finished taking the last few steps towards Dan’s desk, he was completely occupied with his own mountain of paperwork and I cleared my throat as I walked up so I wouldn’t surprise him.

“Hey, Dan. You have that file?” I asked as I plastered a fake smile on my face. He immediately glanced up from his screen, offering me a smile and nodding.
“Yeah. Here you go.” He replied as he grabbed a singular manila folder sitting on the edge of his desk before holding it out to me. I took it from him, and I was about to offer my thanks just when he spoke up once more. “So, I uh, saw the magazine that’s been going around.” He said quietly as he leaned in closer to me like he was trying to be discreet, even though I knew that every person in the damn precinct had seen it by now. I sighed heavily at his words, shaking my head softly as I lifted my empty hand and pinched the bridge of my nose while I squeezed my eyes shut for a moment. 

“Of course you have,” I stated bleakly as I pulled my hand from my face and opened my eyes to see a look of concern that was similar to the one my father had given me earlier written across his features.

“How are you holding up?” He asked gently as he leaned in closer to where I stood, bracing his elbows on his desk to support his weight while he teetered on the corner of his chair. I scoffed softly, but it wasn’t because of the repetitive question, instead I found that part of me was annoyed by Dan suddenly trying to be my friend again. He’d all but abandoned me once he found out that I was engaged to Lucifer, now he was acting like he hadn’t been ignoring me for weeks. I knew I was probably acting a little immature, but I felt like I deserved some sort of apology from him, and if he wasn’t such an important part of my life I would have demanded one. But I needed him to have my back, and I needed my only friend, probably more than ever now.

“I think I’ll survive,” I answered bluntly, hoping he’d take my irritated tone as irritation towards the situation, and not towards him, even though the latter was the correct reason.

Dan nodded at my words, staring at the floor thoughtfully for a moment before he looked back up at me. “You know you really shouldn’t let him treat you like that.” His voice grew cold as he referred to Lucifer, and I couldn’t help but purse my lips into a thin line at his words. “Why are you still with him?” He questioned, his voice genuinely curious despite the harsh undertone it held. Another surge of annoyance welled up in me at his statement, not so much because of the words, but because of the tone he was giving me and the look of calloused disappointment in his eyes every time he brought up my impending marriage to Lucifer.

“I don’t even think he realized he was doing anything wrong, he can be a little naïve from time to time,” I added, my voice growing slightly less harsh as I half-heartedly defended Lucifer.

“I already knew that,” Dan replied letting out a noise that was something between a chuckle and a scoff as he shook his head once more. “But really though, why haven’t you left him?” He asked, his voice lacking any cutting undertone this time as he stared up at me in a way that made me think for a moment that maybe he just wanted to understand what was going on between my fiancé and myself. I thought that maybe if I just explained what I did when I found out my father was shot and dying in a hospital, then maybe he could just drop this for the next year and we could go back to the way we used to be. “Is he blackmailing you or something?” Dan questioned quietly, apparently taking my silence as lack of a reasonable answer. And once again his assumptions brought my annoyance swelling to life anew, why did he always have to assume the worst about Lucifer? He knew literally nothing about him, not that I knew much more, but at least I’d spent enough time with him to get a threadbare idea of what he was like.
“Dan, no. He’s not blackmailing me,” I answered immediately, my voice taking on a sharp edge for a moment. But then I couldn’t help but think back to that day when he proposed to me.

“Detective!” Lucifer’s surprised voice came directly after my refusal of his wedding ring, and I watched as he stuffed his hands back into his pockets as he stared at me like he was trying to decipher some ancient cryptic code. “Are you starting to go back on your end of the deal?” He asked, his voice soft and curious as he continued to watch me with an almost unnerving about of scrutiny.

“What if I am?” I questioned defiantly as I stared him down, refusing to be the first one to look away. I never wanted to marry him, it was the only option he gave me. As petty and wrong as it was of me to go back on a deal with someone I found myself genuinely contemplating doing so. It wasn’t like he had anything over me now. Was it so wrong of me to call this off if it was an act of self-preservation on my half? I know there’s only one thing he wants from me, but he can get it from literally any woman that walks into his club. Why did he have to single me out? I continued to watch his expression, his mouth falling open for a moment before he managed to shut it. For a few seconds it seemed as though we had a stalemate on our hands, that was until his expression turned into something I couldn’t quite describe; it wasn’t a smile, but it also wasn’t a grimace, it was something between the two, and it was eerily sinister.

“I wouldn’t suggest that.” He began, his voice cold as he took a step forward, quickly closing the distance between the both of us just before his hands found my shoulders. “I mean,” Lucifer continued as he turned me with ease until I was looking through the window that opened into my father’s room, “Can you imagine how disastrous it would be if I went back on my side?”. I could feel his breath barely brushing against my ear as his dark, silky voice made an indirect threat. I could immediately feel my throat grow tight at his words as he pulled his hands from my shoulders. He couldn’t be serious, could he? Am I even certain that he’s the one who did this? How can he have the power to pull off what the doctors are calling a literal miracle? He can’t, can he? He’s just a man.

Despite my doubts, my throat continued to close ever further as I watched Trix curled up in my father’s lap as he read to her, a smile gracing both of their faces. I swallowed heavily, forcing my throat to loosen a little as I spoke up, hoping that my voice would come out stronger than I felt. “You can’t reverse a miracle,” I scoffed, rolling my eyes as I spoke. Hoping that my disbelief would catch him off-guard enough to throw him off what I hoped was just a bluff. If he wasn’t bluffing I’d have no choice but to truly follow through, and the thought of marrying him, even just for a year, terrified me a little.

“You don’t even believe in miracles, somehow, even though one is staring you in the face. I wouldn’t act like an expert on the subject if I were you.” He replied coldly, and I swallowed nervously as I watched my father and Trix laugh at something in the book for a moment. “You have no idea what you’re playing with here.” He added, his voice growing several degrees colder and biting harsh. And I couldn’t help but fight back the feeling of icy dread that came out of nowhere. I swallowed heavily as I turned to face him, forcing myself to ignore the small, cold trickle running along my spine from his words. I searched his face for a long moment, but unfortunately found no weakness there, he was serious. And even though I doubted his ability to take back his end I didn’t want to risk it. I have no choice but to go along. I have no choice but to marry him. “Besides, there is also the matter of your spawn’s secret paternity. It would be a shame if the truth of the matter came to light.” He added just when I’d accepted my fate.

Anger rose in me at the added threat that not only wouldn’t he give a damn about taking my father’s life away, but he’d also have no problem telling my family that secret if I didn’t fully accept my end of the bargain. I wanted to tell him to fuck off just to spite him, but it was obvious that he was still the
one who held all of the cards in his hand, and I didn’t have much of a choice but to play the role he wanted. “Jesus. I’ll wear the God damn ring, alright?”.

“At least not in any way that you or anybody else could prove,” I added softly as I pulled myself from the memory. Maybe he’d blackmailed me a little bit, but not for money. Was it even considered blackmail if he was using his threats as a way to ensure that I was going to keep up my half of the deal that I’d made willingly? Probably. I glanced up at Dan then, only to see him watching me with anger in his expression, but I could tell that it wasn’t anger towards me, it was anger towards Lucifer. And for some reason unknown to me, I felt the need to clarify a little bit, “Long story short; he had something I needed, we talked about it and came to an agreement that he’d give me what I asked for if I married him for a year. So here I am.”.

Dan’s expression immediately turned from anger to confusion and concern, his eyes searching mine for a long moment before he broke the silence, “How do you know he’s actually going to deliver what he promised?”.

“Because he already has, Dan,” I sighed as I shook my head and stared at the ground. I still had no idea how my dad was alive. I wasn’t even entirely sure if Lucifer was the reason he was alive. How could a man bring someone back from the dead? Unless he’s not a man, a familiar small voice whispered from the back of my mind and I shivered slightly, forcing the thought away. The Devil doesn’t exist, I reminded myself sternly, drawing in a long breath to calm my nerves. “He’s already held up his end, so now I have to hold up mine,” I added as I glanced up from the floor to meet Dan’s gaze. He pursed his lips at my statement, but he seemed appeased as he nodded slightly.

Maybe he did understand what was going on now. The tentative peace between us didn’t get to last very long before a loud shout broke over the soft hum of the precinct.

“Hey, Decker!” I immediately recognized Anthony’s voice, and I rolled my eyes as I turned to face him. I had no doubt that he was about to give me shit for the gossip magazine. What I turned around to find surprised me a bit though; Paolucci was standing at the far end of the room, but I immediately recognized the person who was walking up behind him, as if the several thousand dollar suit he was wearing would ever be found on anyone else who stepped foot in this building. Lucifer didn’t seem mad at him at least, if anything he just looked slightly curious, stopping in his tracks and tilting his head slightly as he watched Paolucci with a small smile. “If I sucked your boyfriend’s cock would he buy me a Porsche too?” Paolucci shouted the vulgar question across the room and a second later several things happened all at once. I felt anger boil inside of me at his accusation, my hands balled into fists, the file in them crumpling as I considered stomping over to him and slamming his face into his desk. Dan was suddenly up out of his seat, placing a hand on my shoulder as he stepped in front of me slightly; whether to stop me from hurting the man, or to try and defend me, I couldn’t be entirely sure. And the small smile Lucifer had on his face moments ago immediately faded into a cold, dangerous look that reminded me eerily of the way he looked at Joe after he’d thrown him through a glass wall and into another room.

“Paolucci! Seriously man? Leave her alone,” Dan ordered loudly, his voice laced with anger. Paolucci ignored him as he stepped towards us, his face twisted into a grimace. Lucifer following a few steps behind him, still looking like someone who could kill without even thinking twice about it.

“I know you’re sort of obligated to stand up for her since she’s your baby momma, but stay out of this Espinoza,” Anthony growled as he stopped a foot away from Dan. My anger managed to rise a few more notches at him referring to me as anyone’s baby momma. I pushed Dan out of my way with ease, stomping up to Paolucci until we were standing practically chest to chest as I glared up at him.

“You’re out of line, Paolucci,” I growled, my hands balled so tightly at my sides that I was beginning
to cut off the circulation to my fingers.

“Am I? Well, what are you gonna do about it? Go tattle to your daddy?” He questioned mockingly as he leaned down, trying to make me feel small by using his height to his advantage. I ground my teeth together hard, only a moment away from lashing out and punching him in his smug face just when another voice joined the argument.

“She doesn’t need to tattle, Paolucci. I hear everything that goes on in this station.” Paolucci leaned away from me immediately, taking a small step back and turning slightly to face my father as he walked up to all of us. “Don’t you have more important things to do than harass another officer?” My father questioned seriously, crossing his arms over his chest as he glared down at the shorter man.

Paolucci chuckled for a moment before he spoke. “Officer.” He said softly before chuckling once more as he glanced at the floor under his feet for a moment before he pulled his gaze back up to meet mine, “Is that was they’re calling dirty little sluts like you nowadays?” Lucifer and I both took a step towards him at the same time. I was stopped by Dan, his hand grabbing my shoulder and holding me in place. At the same time my father cleared his throat loudly, making Lucifer stop as his eyes flicked away from the back of Anthony’s head and over to my father for a brief moment, almost like they were communicating something to each other silently. Whatever happened between the two of them it was enough to make Lucifer stop, the tick in his jaw making it more than obvious that he was probably just as pissed as I was.

“What if I was? What are you gonna do about it, old man?” Paolucci questioned cockily as he took a step towards my father, poking him in the chest roughly with a finger. My dad simply looked down at where Paolucci was touching him for a brief moment, quirking one of his eyebrows as he slowly looked up to stare Paolucci in the eyes once more.

“I could always report the harassment to Weissbourd. We know each other quite personally,” My father stated seriously, and I immediately watched some of Paolucci’s attitude fade as he recognized the Chief of Police’s last name. “Bet I could get you demoted from Detective,” My dad threatened, and I knew he was bluffing. My father hadn’t spoken to the Chief ever since he’d been promoted, but they had been good friends back in the day. Paolucci didn’t seem to catch his bluff at all though, his concerned look growing more prominent before it turned into a look of fury.

“You wouldn’t dare,” Paolucci growled dangerously, his hands balling into fists at his sides and for a moment I legitimately worried that he was going take a swing at my father and then all hell was going to break loose.

“Wouldn’t I?” My father challenged, taking a step forward and closing nearly all of the distance between himself and Paolucci. I was fully expecting a fight to break out, and as bad as I knew it was, part of me was hoping that one would; because if Paolucci touched my dad I would make sure he felt my full wrath before I let the other officers in the precinct pull me off of him. It seemed as though he must have had at least a sliver of common sense hiding somewhere deep down, because instead of starting a fight he let out a harsh growl as he turned around angrily, only to come face to face with Lucifer. I could tell that either Lucifer’s proximity scared him, or he never realized he was there, or
possibly both; because he immediately scrambled backward, nearly stepping on Dan’s feet in the process.

“Jesus fuck,” Paolucci swore loudly, letting out a harsh breath before he started to stomp away.

“I think we need to have a chat,” Lucifer’s voice broke the silence authoritatively, his discontent was obvious in his tone, he sounded just about as dangerous as he looked at the moment. Paolucci turned to face him with an expression that I could only define as equal parts fear and anger as he shook his head while looking Lucifer over.

“I’m not going anywhere with you,” Paolucci stated firmly, but I could hear just a hint of worry in his voice. I tried not to smirk at his reaction to Lucifer. If Paolucci only knew that I was the one he should be more worried about. I wasn’t going to let him go home tonight without feeling at least a small amount of my wrath.

Lucifer chuckled softly at Paolucci’s defiance for a moment before speaking up. “Aren’t you though?” He questioned, his voice taking on a tone that reminded me of the one he used to get people to spill their desires to him, except this time it was more potent. It didn’t come as a huge surprise to me when both my father and Dan leaned towards him slightly, as though either of them would be more than willing to take Paolucci’s spot should he decline. I’d learned by now that Lucifer somehow managed to have that kind of effect on people. What I didn’t understand was why my heart was racing in my chest, and why some part of me wanted to willingly volunteer to take Paolucci’s place if it meant being alone with him. I forced myself to push the feeling away as I drew in a long breath, quickly realizing that the way I just felt was probably just an inkling of how everyone who responded to him so willingly felt. And in that moment I’d never been more thankful that his weird mojo thing didn’t seem to affect me the way it affected others. But if it had never worked before then why had it almost worked this time?

I didn’t have long to wonder before Paolucci was stepping towards Lucifer, and I couldn’t help but notice how he seemed almost entranced. Like a moth that finally found a light amidst a sea of darkness. “That’s what I thought,” Lucifer stated, his voice still inhumanly silky as he rested a hand in between Paolucci’s shoulder blades and began to lead him away from our group. We all stood there in silence, watching as Lucifer led Paolucci to the break room, getting him inside before closing the door behind the two of them. What the fuck was that? I wondered silently just before Dan’s annoyed voice broke the silence.

“What the hell is he doing here?” He removed his hand from my shoulder as he glanced down at me, almost like he thought I was expecting Lucifer to drop by the precinct today.

“Like I know,” I replied grumpily. Dan only glared at me for a short moment before walking back to his desk, leaving me and my father alone.

“Sorry about that back there,” My father spoke up after a moment, his eyes meeting mine as he offered me an apologetic smile. Why didn’t he seem shaken up by Lucifer in the slightest? It seemed like he was completely at ease with it. Had Lucifer explained how he did his weird mojo thing to him the other day? “Chloe?” He questioned, his voice taking on a tone of concern as he reached out a hand towards me. I shook my thoughts of Lucifer from my head as I offered my father a pathetic smile, thankfully it seemed to ease his worry.

“It’s fine Dad,” I replied. Silence surrounding us for a short moment before I added, “Nobody could’ve stopped that. He’s a jackass.”.

My father chuckled softly at the statement, turning his head to stare at something on the other side of the precinct for a long moment before he dragged his eyes back to mine. “Well, I think it’s safe to say
he'll be leaving you alone for a little while now.” He assured me, reaching out a hand to touch my shoulder for a brief moment. I only nodded at his words, breaking eye contact as I glanced in the general direction he’d been staring in a moment ago. I couldn’t be entirely sure what he’d been looking at, because at that exact moment the break room door swung open and Lucifer waltzed out with a smug smirk on his face. The distance between us quickly dwindled as he crossed the room with long strides, our eyes meeting briefly before his gaze settled on my father and his smirk grew slightly more exaggerated.

“Johnathan! Old pal, old friend,” Lucifer greeted my father loudly, smacking his back hard enough that I could hear a soft puff of air escape his lungs from the impact even though the gesture was obviously friendly and not antagonistic. He wrapped that same arm around my father's shoulders half a moment later, pulling him into his side as he smiled down at him cheekily. “Long time, no see.”

My father let out a long, almost defeated sounding sigh. “It’s been like twelve hours, Lucifer.” He muttered under his breath as he stared at the floor under his feet. I didn’t pay their little interaction too much attention though, because as the two of them spoke Anthony limped out of the break room. His clothes looked disheveled, there was a smear of blood across his lower lip and chin, and when he wasn’t trying to touch the leg he was favoring he was partially cradling left arm.

I stepped forward slightly, reaching out and touching Lucifer’s shoulder lightly, immediately earning both his and my father's full attention as the two stepped away from each other slightly. “Lucifer! Did you do that to Paolucci?” I whispered harshly under my breath as I watched Anthony limp in the general direction of the precinct restrooms. I could see my father turn to look at what I was talking about from the corner of my vision, and I watched as he made his way over to the hurt man a moment after he realized what was wrong, leaving Lucifer and I standing in the middle of the room together. I felt Lucifer turn slightly under my hand, and I glanced over to see him taking a peek over his shoulder at Paolucci. He turned back around a half-moment later, looking over at me with a cocky smirk as he shrugged. I let my hand fall back to my side as I stared at him in disbelief for a moment. “Why would you…” I trailed off as I buried my face in my hand and let out a long rough breath. Great, Paolucci’s probably going to press charges. I tried to ignore the annoyance I felt rising to the surface as I pulled my hand away from my face. “Lucifer, assaulting a police officer is a felony. What in the hell did you think you were doing?” I scolded him harshly under my breath, but I knew that wasn’t the real reason I was so mad. Lucifer could probably afford the best lawyer in LA, and I didn’t doubt that he could easily get himself out of trouble by making a settlement deal even if Paolucci did decide to press charges. No, I was mad because I wanted to be the one who did that to Paolucci. I wanted to be the reason he limped out of the break room, and Lucifer took that from me.

“I was teaching the bloody knobber some manners. He shouldn’t speak to you like that,” Lucifer answered seriously, his smirk immediately fading as he stared at me for a long moment. But his answer only made a new wave of annoyance build up inside of me. I didn’t need a man to stand up for me, I was more than capable of taking care of myself.

“So you were defending my honor were you?” I questioned as I crossed my arms in front of my chest, raising an eyebrow at him as I stared him down critically. I knew he meant well, but it still just felt so incredibly belittling to be pushed to the sidelines so he could handle any conflicts that came my way.

“Well…” Lucifer trailed off, and despite the fact that he didn’t bother to say anything else his answer was clear in the way he puffed up, and the toothy grin that filled his face. I might have let it slide if it wasn’t obvious that he was unmistakably very proud of the fact that he’d defended his fair ladies reputation.

“I don’t need you to stand up for me, I can handle my own problems,” I stated harshly as I let my
arms fall back down to my sides and stepped forward until I was invading his personal space, which backfired slightly when I got a lungful of his expensive cologne. “I’m not a damsel in distress, and you aren’t some knight in shining armor,” I growled as I poked a finger into his chest roughly. I knew I was probably being too hard on him, but he needed to understand that I couldn’t afford to be seen as an officer who was unable to handle her own problems. Lucifer’s smile faded at my words, his mouth pressing into a thin line as he stared down at me in silence for a long moment.

When he finally spoke up his voice was so cold that it seemed almost threatening, “I don’t tolerate disrespect, Chloe.”. Despite the fact that some small part of me wanted to take a few steps back to put some distance between us I stood my ground, I wasn’t going to let him intimidate me. “And as my wife, anyone who disrespects you disrespects me. He should be thankful that I decided to leave him in one piece,” Lucifer added a short moment later, his voice remaining just as icy as it was when he first spoke up. It didn’t take me long to realize that he hadn’t directed the first half of his statement at me like I thought he had originally, it had just been part of his explanation and I’d pulled it out of context. It was impossible to ignore the slight feeling of relief that washed through me at the realization.

“You are unbelievable,” I sighed heavily, shaking my head as I glared at the ground between our feet for a long moment. I couldn’t help but feel foolish that I’d taken everything he’d said so literally. Besides, hadn’t his bartender told me that I didn’t have anything to worry about. I supposed it would just take a little bit of time for me to get used to him. If I ever would. It was easy to imagine that we could probably spend a year living together in the same house and still be the nearly complete strangers we were at the moment. It wasn’t like either of us was making an effort to get to know the other. “What are you even doing here?” I asked as I looked back up at him, only to see him watching me with a perplexed expression.

“I’m taking you to lunch,” Lucifer answered, a small sly smile forming on his face as he stuffed his hands in his pockets.

I shook my head at his answer, watching as his smile diminished slightly at my reaction. “I just got to work,” I stated seriously. I couldn’t just leave when I’d only been here for an hour or so, it wasn’t even time for my first break, let alone my lunch.

“Perhaps. But it is lunch time.” He replied simply, gesturing to the large black and white analog clock that hung on one of the adjacent walls.

“I can’t leave. I just got here,” I said slowly, purposely emphasizing every word that left my lips because apparently he didn’t understand how work was for normal people who didn’t own their own nightclub.

“I’m sure I can persuade your boss to let you off the hook.”

I rolled my eyes at his statement. “Right. The same way you persuaded Paolucci to treat me with more respect?” I questioned, raising my eyebrows at him for a moment as my lips turned down in a slight frown. I started to walk past him before he could answer. I didn’t have time to deal with him today, I had a huge stack of paperwork waiting for me that deserved my attention more than he did. I was painfully aware of the fact that he was following me as I made my way back to my desk.

“That wasn’t what I had in mind, no,” Lucifer spoke up from behind me. I ignored him though, tossing the now crumpled manila folder I’d retrieved from Dan on top of my desk and pulling out my chair before Lucifer was speaking up once more. “Detective. Just let me have this.” He requested softly, and I couldn’t help but turn around to look at him for a brief moment. I had to admit, I was a little surprised to see an almost earnest expression on his face as he awaited my answer. Apparently I kept him waiting for too long though, because his voice broke the quiet after a moment. “Please?”
He asked me a moment later, giving me one of his small, almost shy smiles as he stared me down with puppy dog eyes that rivaled Trixie’s.

“Fine,” I huffed, deciding that if it got him out of my hair sooner it was worth it to take my lunch early. I’d just have to tell my sergeant that something came up with Trixie and she needed me for a moment so I took my lunch early to attend to her or something. It was impossible to ignore the way Lucifer perked up at my response, a huge grin filling his face as I grabbed my keys and wallet. As soon as I had my things I started making my way towards the elevator, I didn’t even get to push the call button before Lucifer did. It only took maybe half a minute for the smooth, stainless steel doors to slide open. I stepped inside immediately, pressing the button for the parking lot as Lucifer stepped inside beside me.

The doors slid shut a moment later, the dull sound of classic jazz droning quietly through the speaker as we descended. I didn’t have to wait long before Lucifer decided to speak up, “Do you prefer coffee or tea, Detective?”. The question surprised me, and I couldn’t help but turn to face him, looking to see if this was some sort of joke. Oddly enough he didn’t look smug enough for me to think it was.

I stared at him in silence for a long moment before I finally answered, “Coffee. Definitely coffee.”.

He nodded at my answer but the silence didn’t last more than a few seconds before his voice was breaking it once more, “What’s your favorite color?”. This time my eyes narrowed slightly at his question, and I folded my arms in front of my chest as I stared at him in disbelief for a moment.

“Why are you asking me this stuff?” I questioned almost defensively.

“Does it bother you?”

“No. I just don’t understand why you’re suddenly so interested,” I answered honestly. Even when we’d gone on a date a while back he hadn’t really bothered asking me any questions. It was incredibly odd that he had suddenly started for no apparent reason. The elevator stopped, and the doors slid open with a soft dinging noise, but neither of us moved as we continued to stare each other down.

“I’ve always been interested,” Lucifer answered so quietly that I nearly didn’t hear him. “I suppose I just wasn’t showing it in the right ways before.” He added, his voice slightly louder as he looked away from me to glower at the ground as he stepped past me and out of the elevator. I could only shake my head as I watched him walk out into the precinct parking lot, but I managed to follow after him a moment later. I swallowed heavily as I wondered why those words sounded so genuine, he couldn’t mean them, could he? No. Do not go there, Decker. Just keep your distance from him and you’ll make it through the next year just fine. But even as I reminded myself that it was safer and smarter not to let him in at all I remembered my mother’s words from a few nights ago, ‘I know you aren’t in love with Lucifer. But just remember that you will never be in love with him unless you give him a chance and try to look past his faults for five seconds. There are very few men out there who will be willing to knock down the walls you’ve built around your heart.’. Part of me knew my mother was right, but the smarter part of me felt that my walls were the only way to stop my world from collapsing again. I couldn’t afford to let someone in again, I couldn’t afford to let myself be vulnerable with someone again, I couldn’t afford to, give someone the opportunity to break me again. I’d barely managed to scrape myself back together last time, and I had no doubt that if anything like that happened again there would be nothing left to try and glue back together. I noticed that Lucifer was making his way to his black convertible, walking right past the Porsche.

“I’m driving,” I stated authoritatively, causing Lucifer to stop in his tracks. He turned back towards the Porsche with an unmistakable look of annoyance. I pressed a button on the key fob and the doors
unlocked silently. I pulled open the driver’s side door and slid into the seat with ease, putting the key in the ignition and starting the car as the passenger side door was pulled open and Lucifer sat down next to me. I took a moment to put on my seatbelt before I asked, “Where are we going?”.

“One Thirteen North Robertson Boulevard,” Lucifer answered with ease. I wasn’t particularly well acquainted with Robertson Boulevard, but at least I knew where it was. I put the car into drive and pulled out of my parking spot. We drove through the first few blocks in complete silence, and I had to admit that I was a little surprised that Lucifer was keeping quiet for more than three minutes. The silence gave me time to wonder what Lucifer meant exactly when he said that he supposed that he hadn’t been showing his interest in me properly before; I could only assume he had been referencing the Porsche, and the much larger than necessary engagement ring. But those thoughts only led me to another question; I always assumed that the only thing Lucifer was interested in was sex, and that his side of the deal was a year of marriage because he was hoping to get a year of sex out of it. But if that was truly the case then why was he bothering with all of these personal questions? You didn’t need to know a person to fuck them. A fact that he was obviously well aware of, given his reputation for meaningless one-night stands. So why was he trying to get to know more about me than what was readily available on the surface? Was he hoping for something more?

I glanced at him out of the corner of my eye only to see him staring out the window almost pensively. I could practically hear my mother’s words in my head once again, ‘Go with the flow for once Chloe.’ How much harm could it do to answer a few questions over lunch? It’s not like he doesn’t have a right to ask, I’ll probably be living in his place in a few months. Besides, it wasn’t like either of us would actually develop any kind of feelings over lunch, it seemed safe enough to humor him. “I like burgundy,” I stated softly, and when a few moments passed in silence I glanced away from the road to take a peek at my passenger, only to see him staring back at me with a look that I could best describe as surprise.

“Why?” He asked curiously as I returned my eyes to the road in front of me.

I shrugged slightly at his question, taking a moment to think it over before I answered, “It’s beautiful, elegant, hard to stain.”. He chuckled softly at my explanation, and I could only assume it was because I brought up the anti-stain properties of burgundy, but when you were the mother of a seven-year-old anti-stain colors were a God send. I let a beat of silence grow between us before I decided to turn his question around on him, “Why is your favorite color the one that it is?”.

“Because I’m accustomed to it,” Lucifer answered immediately, and I couldn’t help but purse my lips into a thin line at the unexpected answer.

“Seriously? Your favorite color is supposed to be your favorite because you think it’s beautiful, not because you're accustomed to it,” I replied, taking another brief moment to glance over at him only to catch him rolling his eyes at my words.

“Well, I’ll make sure to keep that in mind if I ever happen to pick a new one.” He stated blandly as we turned onto Robertson Boulevard, we didn’t drive down it very far before Lucifer was giving me more directions, “Pull over here, there’s a valet.”. I did as he said, stopping in front of the valet podium and turning off the car before getting out. I made my way around the hood only to find Lucifer already taking our ticket from the kid running the stand, I handed over the keys before making my way towards the white picket fence lined steps, the sign on the building before us proudly stating that we’d made it to ‘The Ivy’. When we made it to the large wood and glass double doors Lucifer pulled one of them open before gesturing me inside.

It smelled like Mexican and Seafood inside, and I hadn’t even realized how hungry I actually was until my stomach growled in response. We were seen to immediately, a young brunette asking our
I watched as he grabbed his glass, taking a long sip and setting it down before he stared at me for an unnervingly long moment. I was just about to ask him if everything was okay but he spoke up before I could get a word out, “What’s your fondest memory?”.

The question surprised me, and I was certain that my surprise was showing on my face. But if he thought that he was going to be the one doing all of the interrogating today then he was wrong. “Before I go answering any more of your questions today I want you to answer a few of mine,” I stated seriously, I had more than a few questions for him.

Lucifer offered me a good-natured smile as he leaned back into his chair, shrugging as he said, “Fair enough.”.

I hadn’t been expecting him to agree so easily, we sat there in silence for a moment as I decided what I was going to bring up first. “You seemed to know exactly what was going on when you walked into that scene in the precinct today. Did you already know about the tabloid?” I could tell what the answer was just by the almost guilty look on his face, but I didn’t have to wait very long for him to give me a verbal one as well.

“Yes.” He answered, his voice soft, and if I didn’t know better, almost remorseful. I didn’t want to get mad at him for answering my questions, but I’d be lying if I tried to convince myself that I wasn’t at least just a little resentful towards him. I pursed my lips into a thin line, nodding silently as I stared at the crisp white tablecloth for a moment before I looked back up at him.

“How long?”

Lucifer let out a long, pained sounding sigh before answering, “I found out the day before yesterday.”.

“So you knew about it when you came to my house to pick up my father yesterday,” I stated quietly, my eyebrows drawing together as I shook my head softly. “Why didn’t you warn me? Or talk to me at all about it?” I questioned, forcing myself to keep my tone indifferent even though part of me felt legitimately hurt that he’d chosen to keep that information to himself even though I was sure he knew it would affect me too.

“Well, you were very adamant about the fact that you didn’t have time for me,” Lucifer answered simply. I shook my head softly at his answer, but I knew he was right, I had been very blunt with him that day.

“I didn’t mean it like that,” I breathed quietly as I looked away from him to stare at the condensation beading on the outside of my glass. Is the reason he’s keeping things from me because I keep pushing him away?

“No?” Lucifer questioned incredulously. I pulled my gaze from the glass before me to look up at him only to see him watching me with a skeptical expression, one of his eyebrows quirked as he watched...
“Look, that was pretty important information, you should have stopped me and told me to listen for a minute,” I explained patiently, earning myself a single nod from him even though his expression remained unchanged. “There had to be more of a reason other than that I was busy,” I added after a long moment of silence, resting my forearms on the table as I leaned over it slightly. Lucifer pursed his lips at my words, his expression turning almost annoyed as he looked away from me.

I was just beginning to wonder if he was going to bother responding when he looked back up at me, his lips turned down in a slight frown as his eyes searched mine for a moment that felt much longer than I was sure it was. “I figured it would start a fight between the two of us, I don’t particularly enjoy arguing with you.” He explained simply and I couldn’t help but bark out a harsh laugh at his words, which only served to make his frown deepen slightly.

It took me a moment to get myself back under control, and I couldn’t help but notice how Lucifer was watching me the way someone might watch an animal that they thought might be rabid. “But you love arguing with me,” I explained as soon as I managed to contain the bitter irony that I felt at his prior words.

“What?” He questioned a moment later, both sounding and looking entirely confused as he stared at me for a long moment, watching me almost as though he was trying to determine whether or not I’d lost my mind. After a moment his expression changed, his face taking on an oddly amused look as he spoke up, “The witty repartee we share is not arguing, darling. I doubt you could even classify it as such. We’ve only been in one real argument since you became my fiancée.”.

I sat there for a long moment, my lips tightly pursed together, but the longer I thought about what he’d said the more it made sense. He usually didn’t seem mad or aggravated when we had what I’d been referring to as an argument. He usually just seemed vexed, and most of the time he even made a few smart ass remarks that usually only served to further irk me. He tried to be funny when we were going at each other like that, it just always backfired on him because of my temper. “I suppose you’re right about that,” I stated softly while I traced an invisible pattern across the tablecloth lazily with my finger. I was partially glad for the glimpse inside his mind, but at the same time I couldn’t help but realize that the longer our little game of twenty-one questions went on the more and more relatable he would seem. And I knew that the more relatable he was the harder it would be to make sure I kept myself distanced from him.

As is on cue my mother’s words jumped into my mind once again, ‘You just need to relax, take a step back and enjoy this.’. I glowered slightly at the memory, but what if she was right and I just needed to loosen up a little bit? Besides, what was I so scared of? There’s no harm in a simple conversation over lunch, I reminded myself again as I glanced back up at Lucifer to see him watching me curiously. “Why are you really asking me all these questions?” I asked quietly, earning myself a half-hearted smile as he picked up his glass, taking another sip of water before he spoke.

“Dr. Martin told me I should if I wanted to really get to know you.” He offered me another small smile as he set his glass down on the table. “I don’t want to still be such distant strangers to each other by the time we get married.” He added, his smile fading as his expression became serious for a long moment. Okay, that’s not too bad, definitely nothing out of the ordinary. “I mean, can you imagine how awkward the wedding night sex would be?” Lucifer questioned, and I couldn’t help but tense slightly at the mention of wedding night sex. A brief and incredibly uncomfortable moment passed before he chuckled, a smile finding his face and making the corners of his eyes crinkle. It took me another half moment to realize that he’d been making a joke, and I let out a small laugh a moment later fully hoping that my relief wasn’t evident in the sound. I’d been trying to avoid thinking about wedding night sex, and I just barely managed to push all of the nagging thoughts of it out of my
mind fast enough to recover without it being obvious.

“So that’s why you seem so oddly...well, not you today,” I stated softly, immediately earning a confused and curious glance from the man sitting across from me. I decided to clarify a moment later, “You just seem too mature to be you.”.

Lucifer’s confused look immediately turned into one that was indignant and almost wounded. “I have layers. Maturity doesn’t elude me.” He defended, his voice raising in pitch as he placed a hand over his heart like I’d seriously hurt him. I couldn’t help but chuckle slightly at the sight, shaking my head softly as I let a smile spread across my face.

“Are you sure about that though?” I questioned sarcastically, watching as he dropped his hand from his chest and made a thoughtful face at the table for a moment before his eyes met mine once more.

“Hmm, you know, now that you bring it up, not entirely,” Lucifer replied, his lips slowly curving up into a smile as he spoke. I couldn’t help but laugh and shake my head at his little joke, Lucifer’s deeper laugh breaking the quiet a moment later. Our laughter died and silence enveloped us as I stared at him for a long moment. What in the world am I going to do with you? I wondered silently just before his lips were moving once more, “I know that it’s your turn to ask the questions right now, but why were you so...unhappy, with my treatment of that other Detective?”.

It took my mind a moment to catch up with the words coming out of his mouth, and I quickly realized that I’d slightly lost track of reality while I’d been staring at him. I didn’t reply immediately, still trying to get my brain to catch up and make sense of his words before I answered. “I thought you would be glad to see him a little roughed up,” Lucifer added, watching me curiously as he leaned in over the table slightly.

As soon as my mind caught up with reality I answered, “I wasn’t mad that you roughed him up.” I couldn’t help but glare slightly at the table as I explained, “I was mad because I wanted to be the one who did that to him.”. I glanced up a moment after I finished speaking only to see a wide, yet pleasantly surprised smile filling his features.

“Oh! Detective!” Lucifer exclaimed much louder than was necessary, a gleam of excitement obvious in his eyes as he reached out a hand to playfully smack my upper arm. “Well then, the next time he steps out of line I’ll be sure to ask if you want dibs before I step in.” He stated, chuckling softly when he finished speaking, a more than pleased smile settling on his face as he stared at me.

“Thanks,” I muttered softly, feeling almost a little sheepish that he was openly staring at me so...well, smittenly. Thankfully the server made his appearance at that exact moment. An older man with salt and pepper hair who quickly apologized for the wait before taking my simple enchilada order, which was immediately followed up by Lucifer’s much more extravagant request for a serving of their wild swordfish tacos. The server double checked to make sure that we didn’t want anything to drink except for water before leaving, as soon as he was out of earshot Lucifer focused his attention on me once more. I took a drink of my water as an excuse to sit there in complete silence as I realized that I didn’t have any more real questions for him, at least not any that he would take seriously. I wasn’t even really sure what I was going to ask until the words were already leaving my lips, “What’s your fondest memory?”.

Lucifer let out a single soft chuckle at my question before he focused his gaze on the glass of water sitting before him. I watched as he stared thoughtfully at it for a long moment, eventually reaching out a finger to trace through the heavy beads of condensation on the outside of his glass. We sat there in silence for an incredibly long moment, and I couldn’t help but think that it shouldn’t take anyone that long to decide, but it was more than obvious from the look on his face that he was still thinking my question through. Lucifer finally spoke up just when I was beginning to think that he wasn’t
going to answer at all, “I suppose it would have to be watching Uriel be brought into this universe.”.

“Who’s Uriel?” I asked curiously as Lucifer pulled his eyes away from his glass to look at me. A small smile crossed his face at my question and he took a small sip of water before he answered.

“My youngest sibling. Well, direct sibling, anyways.”

I made a soft humming noise as I nodded. It certainly wasn’t the story of a drug induced hooker encounter that part of me had expected from him, it was actually a bit endearing. “So watching your youngest little brother or sister being born,” I stated plainly, earning a soft chuckle from him as he traced his finger around the rim of his glass slowly.

“I suppose that’s the human way to put it,” Lucifer answered, his voice still tainted with the sound of his chuckle as he smiled at me. I purposely ignored the way he referred to my wording as ‘the human way’, knowing that if I brought it up he’d probably just start rambling about how he was the Devil, and I could definitely do without that senseless conversation today.

“Why is it your fondest?” I asked curiously. He’d never seemed even remotely like a family man to me, and his fondest memory being the birth of his youngest sibling seemed uncharacteristic for him.

“Well, I hadn’t rebelled yet, so my parents and my siblings and I were still on good terms. But um…” He trailed off for a long moment, staring at the table with his brows drawn together and his lips pursed into a thin line. “It was beautiful and tragic at the same time. It was always beautiful watching something be created from nothing but the sheer willpower of two God’s collaborating with one another. On the other hand though, it was the end of an era.” He explained softly as he pulled his gaze back up to meet mine. “We all knew that there would never be another Archangel brought into existence after that, and there aren’t very many of us compared to the vast amounts of other angels, like cherubs, or guardians.” He continued, staring me dead in the eyes the whole time he started rambling about impossible things like angels. “We all knew the reason they decided to stop making our kind was because they were beginning to realize that we all held an inappropriate amount of power.” He muttered softly, his eyes pulling away from mine for a brief moment as he glowered at the ground slightly before looking back up at me with a smile. “It was always a cause for celebration when another joined our ranks, but it’s also disheartening to know only a handful of beings like you exist in the whole universe.” He finished, his smile turning melancholy as he stared at me like he was waiting for my reaction.

I was sure that the look on my face was either confused or incredulous, probably a decent amount of both. And all I could do was nod once as I wondered if there was any rhyme or reason behind what he said when he started going off on his tangents about the Devil, and angels, and God. “Right,” I said skeptically, rolling my eyes as I quickly wrote off most of what he’d told me and settled for the version that made the most sense to me. He was happy that he got a new sibling, but sad because there was never another one after that. It wasn’t the first time I’d heard him ramble on about his brothers and sisters and I couldn’t help but ask, “So, how many siblings do you have?”

“I only consider the Archangels to be my direct siblings, even though every angel technically is,” Lucifer replied almost immediately, even though his statement didn’t answer my question at all. “There are fifteen of us. Fourteen, if you don’t count me.” He added before I could spout my skepticism on the existence of God, angels, and the Devil. I wasn’t expecting such a large number and my mind immediately drew a blank as I tried to imagine how crazy a family with fifteen kids in it must be. How did his parents survive them? His poor mother, why would anyone want to go through fifteen pregnancies? No wonder they stopped having kids. But he said that those were only his direct siblings. Did his dad have other children with other women? Jesus, you think he’d realize that he’d repopulated the world enough when he got to the eighth or ninth one. Lucifer’s voice eventually
drew me from my confused and complex wonders about his family, “You never told me what your fondest memory is.”.

Despite the fact that his most recent answer only gave me more questions than answers about him, I decided that the distraction of answering his questions was preferable to coming up with more wild theories about Lucifer’s family and his delusions. I thought over his question for a short moment before I explained, in painful detail, one day when I went camping with my family and Dan in Yosemite. Our Yosemite camping trip was a yearly family vacation that everyone took time off for, Dan only started tagging along after Trixie was born because my father demanded that he spend some quality time with his ‘daughter’. I was always just thankful that Dan went along with it.

The day I was explaining though, was spent with just my father and Trixie when she was about five. We were all crowded into a tiny fishing boat in the middle of a lake. We’d easily spent three hours out in the sun without catching anything, and Trixie being the young child she was started playing with the water to distract herself, almost falling in a few times. Finally, my dad decided to distract her by making up wild stories to keep her entertained while he fished, but I was just content to stare out at the huge pine trees and enjoy the feel of the sun on my skin, relishing in the feeling of complete relaxation. Eventually, my dad got a bite, and he managed to reel in a pretty big bass which he was going to take back to camp to cook for dinner until Trixie started yelling at him to ‘put the fish back in the water because it couldn’t breathe’. My father didn’t get more than a few words into his explanation of how ‘he wasn’t going to put it back because it was food’ before Trixie started bursting into tears. It didn’t take very long for Trix to decide that my father was a monster, pick the fish up out of his hands, and throw it back in the lake while screaming ‘run away fishy, run’. We wound up getting dinner at a McDonald’s in Lee Vining.

Lucifer chuckled at my elaborate story, paying much more attention to it than was warranted from start to finish before he asked me how I knew it was going to be a good day when I woke up. I immediately launched into another long explanation about how I’d somehow get to miraculously sleep in past seven thirty. How the house would be mostly empty, my mother and father both at work, and Trixie still in bed. How I’d be able to brew a cup of coffee and prepare breakfast without having to listen to SpongeBob's annoying laugh coming from the TV. Judging by the amount of laughter I elicited from Lucifer during my explanation he either found my life incredibly amusing or horribly dull, the latter was more probable, but if that was what he thought he didn’t make any snarky remarks about it. I asked him the same question out of curiosity, immediately being told how he’d wake up next to the person he’d stumbled into bed with the night before and hopefully get to start the day out with a good ‘romp’. Finally, an answer that made sense. I couldn’t help but ask what he’d do if that person didn’t want morning sex, to which he simply answered, “I’ve never met anyone yet who didn’t want seconds.”.

I didn’t even have time to form a response to that before he was asking me what I’d do with the extra time if I didn’t have to sleep. It took me a moment to think about that, but I quickly decided that I’d take care of the neverending stream of household chores that accompanied single motherhood, finally finish the bottomless stack of paperwork that I could never manage to finish at the station and always had to bring home, and maybe, just maybe, I’d have enough free time to read more than three chapters of a book in a single sitting. When I turned the question around on him he told me that he usually just re-read one of his favorite books or played his piano. And I couldn’t help but find it odd that he made it sound like he already didn’t have to sleep, which was obviously impossible.

The next question he gave me was no less odd, as he wondered what age I wished I could permanently be for the rest of my life. My answer was simple and almost immediate, I’d want to be 24. I had been in my peak physical performance back then, being fresh out of the academy, and not old enough to have to worry about buying a nighttime face cream, which was now a necessity in my life. As soon as I made it clear that I wanted him to answer the question as well he asked me, “How
old do you think I am Detective?".

I stared at him critically for a long moment, taking in the incredibly shallow lines in his skin that couldn’t yet be classified as wrinkles and decided he was probably in his mid-to-late-thirties, but I certainly wasn’t going to tell him that. “Forty-two?” I questioned with a wide smile, knowing full well that I was probably going to send him into a conniption.

“I beg your pardon? Forty-two?” He questioned loudly, clearly scandalized by the assumption, his accent growing thicker as he spoke.

“Mmmhmm.” I hummed as I nodded my approval for the number before reaching across the table to drag my index finger across a small patch of graying stubble on the right side of his jaw. “The little gray hairs right here,” I explained before I moved my finger to the other side, touching a much smaller patch that was closer to his chin. “And here,” I added as I pulled my hand away and rested it in my lap once more. “Make you look kinda old,” I chuckled, a wide smile on my face as his expression only grew more offended.

“They do not! They make me look refined, thank you very much,” Lucifer defended, puffing up a little as he tried to convince me that they made him look more sophisticated, which might be true if he didn’t have the maturity level of a five-year-old.

“You keep telling yourself that,” I chuckled softly, taking more amusement than I probably should from his reaction. It took him a minute or two to finally stop sulking, but when he finally did he asked me what I was most looking forward to in the next ten years. After a moment of thought I decided to go with Trixie’s high school graduation, it’d fall right in that ten-year mark. Lucifer only smirked at that answer, asking if it was because I’d get to kick her out of the house finally, to which I could only roll my eyes and try to explain that it’s a milestone in everyone’s life. I was more so looking forward to her college graduation, but that was still more than ten years away. I didn’t even get the chance to ask him that same question before he was asking me an entirely new one.

“What age do you wish to live to be, Detective?”

The entirely odd question caught me by surprise and it took me a moment to reply, “I’ve never really put that much thought into it, I mean, it’s not like I have a choice.”. I shrugged, before adding, “I’m just taking every second I get.”. Lucifer nodded in response, making a small humming noise just before I asked, “You?”.

“I don’t care honestly.” He answered immediately, like someone who’d thought that question over on more than one occasion. His answer caught me entirely off guard, and I felt my eyebrows drawing together as I stared at him for a long moment.

“So if you died tomorrow, you wouldn’t care? You wouldn’t feel like you missed out on a lot of your life?”

“No.” He answered simply, lifting his drink and taking a sip before he added, “I’ve already lived so long it doesn’t really matter to me anymore.”. I shook my head softly, unable to stop my mouth from falling open slightly and my eyebrows drawing even closer together until I was certain that they were probably nearly touching. “At this point I’m simply existing because it’s impossible for me not to,” Lucifer spoke up once more, probably recognizing that I was only growing more confused by the second. But if he was trying to clear things up for me that certainly didn’t help at all.

I shook my head once more as I tried to think of what to even say to that. His words would be sad if they weren’t so strange. “There’s always something worth living for,” I stated quietly, knowing that the words probably weren’t sufficient, but they were all I really had at the moment.
We stared each other down for a long moment after that, and eventually a small smile began to tug at the corner of Lucifer’s mouth, his eyes roaming my face as he spoke up, “Perhaps you’re right, Detective.”. I couldn’t help but notice the way his smile grew as his eyes met mine once more, and I desperately hoped that he wasn’t looking at me like that for a reason. That there wasn’t some underlying message in his words. The way he was staring back at me made it almost seem like I was that something worth living for, and I certainly hoped that wasn’t the case, because as soon as my year was up I would be gone.

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The soft knock at the door pulled me from my book. I reluctantly shut it and placed it down on the coffee table before me as I stood, a long sigh escaping my lips. I knew that it had to be either Dr. Martin or Mazikeen. Lucifer had informed me yesterday that they’d both be tagging along today so long as I was alright with it, and if one of them had arrived then it meant that time had been passing much more quickly than I realized. I wasn’t exactly dreading the dress shopping part per-se. What I was dreading was that I was going to be a real-life dress up doll for my mother. It was going to be like when I was five all over again. I pushed the thought away as I made my way over to the door, unlocking it and pulling it open to reveal a familiar short blonde dressed in a professional gray and black dress. “Doctor Martin,” I greeted her as I plastered a smile on my face, hoping the therapist wouldn’t be able to see through my fake smile to the dread that lied underneath.

“Detective Decker!” She greeted me with a wide smile, holding her hand out for me to shake before she added, “And it’s just Linda.”.

I shook her hand quickly before stepping aside as I spoke up, “Come on in, Linda. And you don’t have to call me Detective. Chloe works just fine.”. I had to admit it was a little odd, inviting this woman that I’d only met once before, while working a case, into my house like she was an old friend; but then again nothing in my life had been normal ever since my father had been shot. She smiled warmly at me as she stepped inside, her subtle heels clicking on the hardwood floor as she looked around, obviously taking in the place.

I’d just closed and locked the door when Linda’s perfectly feminine voice broke the rare quiet that was currently filling my home, “Is this your house?”.

I shook my head as I turned to face her, “My parents,” I answered as I approached the shorter woman. She made a quiet sound of understanding as she looked around once more, and I decided I should try to make conversation when the silence started to feel almost awkward. “Um, can I get you anything? Water? One of my seven-year-old’s juice boxes?” I questioned, humor tainting my voice. Linda laughed at my offer, and I couldn’t help but feel just a little envious of her perfectly dignified, bell-like laugh.

“Thanks. But I’m good,” Linda replied as she made her way into my family’s modest living room, helping herself to a seat in the lay-z-boy recliner my dad tended to favor. I sat on the loveseat adjacent to her, crossing my legs like she did almost subconsciously.

When the silence began to grow between us once more I felt pressured to try and make small talk. “So, you’re Lucifer’s therapist now?” I asked curiously, immediately earning a nod as Linda fixed her bespectacled gaze on me. I sat on the loveseat adjacent to her, crossing my legs like she did almost subconsciously.

When the silence began to grow between us once more I felt pressured to try and make small talk. “So, you’re Lucifer’s therapist now?” I asked curiously, immediately earning a nod as Linda fixed her bespectacled gaze on me.

“Yep.”

“I’m sorry,” I offered, making my voice sound just a tad bit sarcastic even though I meant the apology wholeheartedly. She laughed at my words though, a wide smile filling her features as she assumed that I was making a joke. I really had no clue how she put up with him if he was anything
like he usually was around me. Usually spouting religious nonsense and seeming to completely misunderstand cultural norms and basic human etiquette.

“Lucifer’s not that bad,” Linda replied once her laughter died. Lucifer, not that bad? I didn’t know you could mix that combination of words together to form a coherent sentence. I gave her a dubious look for a moment, and Linda sighed a short moment later, shrugging as she spoke up, “I mean, sure, he’s a handful, and he’s pretty complex. But it’s nothing I haven’t encountered before.”.

I quirked a brow at her words. I wanted to try and dig around to see what Linda would tell me about her sessions with her client, but I knew that I probably wouldn’t get anything out of the woman. Instead of doing senseless digging and coming across as nosey I decided to go for a lighter approach. “Really? This isn’t the first time someone’s waltzed into your office and claimed to be the Devil?” I asked curiously, immediately earning a slight grimace and a shrug from the woman. We sat in silence for a long moment, and I could tell she was trying to discern where the boundaries of her client’s confidentiality stopped.

“He is...unique, in that aspect,” Linda answered after a long moment before she immediately continued, “But I’m willing to work within his metaphor.”. A short lapse of silence filled the room as I tried to figure out what she meant before I finally accepted that I’d need her to clarify.

“Metaphor?”

Linda gave me a knowing smile at my question, flicking her hair over her shoulder as she leaned in closer to me before she spoke. “Well, obviously his whole Devil ploy is a metaphor, a sort of coping mechanism for him to deal with his...issues.” She explained softly, obviously looking for the right terms to use to avoid putting Lucifer’s privacy at risk. “I really don’t believe that the Devil exists, I’ve never been particularly religious myself. But, if the Devil did exist, I really doubt he’d look like your fiancé,” Linda added before she laughed softly at her words. I couldn’t help but smile along with her. She had a point, and honestly, her words gave me a slight sense of relief that made me feel almost ashamed at how close I’d been to believing the little voice in the back of my mind that kept whispering to me. I knew better, and apparently so did Linda.

A short moment after Linda stopped laughing I wondered exactly how privy she was to keeping everything that happened behind her office doors a secret. So far she seemed to be entertaining my questions to the best of her professional ability, and that small fact gave me the courage to finally ask, “I know you really aren’t supposed to talk to me about anything, but does he talk about me in your sessions?”.

“You’ve been a topic of conversation multiple times,” Linda answered immediately, and I let out a deep breath as I rubbed my hands over my face for a moment.

“Great,” I groaned softly as I pulled my hands from my face. I already knew that her answer was going to be affirmative, but I couldn’t tell if her answer was so vague because I was constantly a topic of conversation, or if it was because she was doing her most to ensure she wasn’t breaching Lucifer’s trust in her services. I desperately hoped it was the latter. It was unnerving to think that the woman sitting adjacent to me already knew me through Lucifer’s words to her.

Linda seemed to notice that I was too caught up in my own mind to bother carrying on a conversation, or maybe she just wanted to offer me a helpful distraction, because her next question wasn’t related to anything about her job, or her clients, but it did just so happen to reaffirm that Linda already knew much more about me than I knew about her. “So where’s your daughter? Beatrice, right?”

I offered a soft nod of confirmation that she’d gotten my daughters name correct, unsurprised that she
referred to her by her full name. The man she’d learned my daughter’s name from had clearly expressed multiple times that Trixie was a hooker's name, and that he refused to refer to her as such. “My dad took her to the zoo today, we all figured a wedding dress shop wasn’t the best place for her;” I answered, a small smile flitting across my face as I imagined Trixie wreaking havoc on a small, high-end dress parlor, running around with hands sticky from juice as she tried to touch everything.

“Understandable,” Linda chuckled softly, giving me a smile that was warm and friendly.

“Do you have any kids?”

“No,” Linda answered immediately, chuckling and shaking her head before she continued, “I probably never will.”. She must have noticed the slightly confused look on my face because a moment later she added, “Biological clock and all that.”. I gave her a good long look, trying to determine how old she was. She certainly didn’t look that old, but she was a doctor, which meant she’d been through eight years of college at the very least.

“What? You’re not old enough to be worrying about that,” I stated plainly, immediately earning a bright peal of laughter from her.

“Well that’s a compliment if I’ve ever heard one,” Linda replied, a wide smile on her face and her voice still tainted with the sound of her laughter. Another knock rang through the house the moment Linda stopped talking, this one wasn’t soft or petite sounding though. It sounded like someone was trying to break down the front door with nothing but their fists. I stood up at the sound, making my way over to the door so I could greet Lucifer’s leather-clad bartender, it had to be her, she was the last person I was expecting.

I unlocked the door and pulled it open to reveal exactly who I was expecting. “Mazikeen,” I greeted the woman with a half-hearted smile and her eyes narrowed when they met my face. The expression of threadbare tolerance she was giving me took me back a bit, and I could only guess that the LA traffic must have royally pissed her off. She looked almost murderous.

“I know.” She replied bluntly, staring me down unwaveringly. I opened and closed my mouth a few times as I struggled for words.

“Okay then,” I started tentatively, taking a small step toward her as I fiddled with my hands. “Am I...am I missing something?” Mazikeen only raised a single eyebrow at my question, silence brewing between us for a long moment before I decided to elaborate, “Last time we talked you seemed...well, friendlier than you are right now.”. Mazikeen’s face contorted into a snarl that sent chills through me, yet she still remained silent. I wrung my hands together with nervous energy as I gathered my voice before asking, “Did I do something?”.

“What haven’t you been doing?” She growled harshly, her furious voice echoing throughout the dead silence and sending another bought of chills throughout my body. What haven’t I been doing? What is that supposed to mean?
“Interesting,” Linda’s calm voice broke the tense silence, drawing my attention over to her as she stood up from her seat and began to make her way over to Mazikeen and myself.

“What?” Mazikeen snapped grumpily as she focused on the short blonde. I admired Linda’s strength as she continued to approach Mazikeen despite the death glare she was being shot.

“Well, I find people who are rude usually feel powerless in their own lives. Terrified of not being in control,” Linda explained as she stopped a few feet from the bartender. “But that’s not you, I’m sure,” Linda added, her voice taking on a cutting tone as she offered Mazikeen a smile that would be charming had she not just insulted the woman. I was fully expecting Mazikeen to lash out and try to hurt Linda, and when the snarl on her face morphed into a pleasantly surprised grin a wave of surprise washed through me.

“You must be the doctor,” Mazikeen stated, more-so to herself than either myself or Linda. She quickly gave the short blonde woman a once over before she added, “I like you.”

“Call me Linda.” She stated as she extended a hand towards Mazikeen who just looked down at the doctor’s hand for a long moment before looking back up at her face as she quirked a brow at the woman. After a few moments passed without Mazikeen accepting the handshake Linda’s smile slowly turned into a confused look as she let her hand fall back to her side. What is up with this woman? No wonder her and Lucifer are friends, they’re both wackjobs. Maze looked away from Linda a second later, focusing her gaze on me as it grew icy once more, immediately reminding me of the woman’s words from half a minute ago.

“What do you mean, ‘what haven’t I been doing’?” I questioned, letting the polite tone slip from my voice. I wasn’t in the mood to deal with Lucifer’s bartender’s mood swings. Today was already going to be enough of a challenge without her attitude.

“Don’t tell me you haven’t noticed how he’s been changing,” Mazikeen scoffed as she began to close the distance between us, her heels clacking loudly on the floor with each step she took towards me. “It’s like I barely even know him anymore.” She added, her voice turning into a growl as she stopped a few inches in front of me. The fury in her eyes made me want to take a step back, but I held my ground. “He’s the Lord of Hell, stop trying to domesticate him, it won’t end well,” Mazikeen snarled, her voice growing threatening as yet another bought of chills cooled my body. I swallowed heavily as I held her furious glare. She was mad at me because Lucifer was changing? Was he changing? Yesterday he’d certainly seemed a lot more mature, but why in the world would that be a bad thing? And why the fuck would it be my fault if he was changing? I wasn’t forcing him to change. If he was changing it was on his own free will.

“Chloe!” My mother’s voice broke the tension just before the sound of her footsteps on the stairs hit my ears. Mazikeen took a small step back, turning towards the sound of my mother’s voice as the sound of her footsteps coming downstairs grew louder. “It’s almost time to go! Are you ready?” My mom questioned as she rounded the corner and walked into the room, a huge smile lighting up her face as her eyes fell on the other two women in the room with me. “Oh, your friends are here!”

I let out a long sigh as my mom started making her way towards the three of us with new determination. “They’re not my friend’s mom, they’re Lucifer’s friends,” I reminded her, but she only ignored me as she approached Linda, wrapping her arms around the doctor’s shoulders as she pulled her into a hug.

“Hi! I’m Penelope.” My mother greeted her as she released Linda from the hug. I was just thankful that the doctor didn’t seem to mind the lack of personal space my mother forced upon her.

“Linda.” The doctor greeted her with a smile a moment later. My mother focused her attentions on
Mazikeen as soon as Linda finished introducing herself. And I couldn’t help but wonder if I should stop my mother from doing something stupid like trying to touch the bartender, but surely she knew better to hug a woman who looked as pissed off as Mazikeen still looked.

“And we’ve met briefly before, it’s Mazikeen right?” My mother questioned before throwing her arms around the woman just like she’d done with Linda. I tensed at her reckless actions, watching as Mazikeen froze in my mother’s grip, suddenly turning into a statue. My mother didn’t seem to realize how tense the woman in her arms was as she pulled away from the hug with a wide smile on her face. I noticed how Mazikeen let out a relieved breath as soon as my mother stopped touching her, and part of me wondered why she was acting like it was the first time someone had hugged her.

“Are we ready to go ladies?” My mother questioned brightly as she looked around at the three of us. I plastered a fake smile on my face as I walked over to the front door and opened it before turning back towards my mom.

“Yep!” I responded, faking excitement and earning a smile from her in the process. She quickly ushered Linda and Mazikeen outside before stepping out herself. I followed shortly after her, pulling the door closed behind me as I stepped out into the sunlight as I muttered under my breath, “Let’s get this over with.”.

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A quiet stream of profanities threatened to escape my lips as I struggled with the starchy white fabric that was slowly suffocating me. I’d lost count of how many dresses I’d tried on after the seventh one, this was utterly ridiculous. I’d been right in assuming that my mother was going to hijack the whole appointment, from the moment we all walked in she started picking out dresses that she thought were pretty with no regard to how they would actually look on my figure, or what the price tag said. A soft knock came from the dressing room door and I was fully expecting it to be my mother asking what was taking me so long. Jesus, didn’t she remember her own wedding? These white monstrosities aren’t dresses, they’re death traps.

“What?” I snapped out my question a little grumpily as I tried to figure out if the hole in front of me was for my arm or my head.

“Can I come in Chloe?” Linda’s soft voice reached me through layers of chiffon and organza, and I let out a small sigh of relief, thankful that my mother hadn’t come to investigate what the delay was yet.

“Yeah, it’s unlocked,” I answered, my voice instantly becoming more patient as I pulled the dress down around my head. Now I just had to get my right arm through the last damn hole.

“Oh wow, you’re in quite a predicament,” Linda chuckled softly behind me as I heard the door close behind her. I glanced in the mirror before me to see Linda staring at the mess I was in with a smile that was trying, and failing, to be more serious.

“You’re telling me,” I huffed as I struggled to move my arm under the constricting fabric. Why did my mother have to throw this gigantic mess of a dress at me? The thing was probably considered a ball gown. Who would want to get married in a ballgown? Not me. That’s for damn sure. Linda seemed to sense my frustration as she stepped forward and began to take the laces out of the corset-style back of the dress, making more room for me to move my arm. With her help I managed to get my arm through the right hole without any unnecessary struggle. I could feel the dress tightening once more as Linda started lacing the back up.

“So, I can’t help but notice that you seem quite...annoyed,” Linda broke the peaceful silence after a
moment, and I could see her eyes flick up to meet mine in the mirror.

“God, is it that apparent?” I sighed defeatedly, earning a quiet chuckle from the doctor as she returned her eyes to the laces as the dress continued to tighten around my waist and ribs.

“It is when you’re trying to hide it from a trained professional,” Linda answered, a small smile on her face while she spoke. I could tell that she’d stopped lacing me up when the dress didn’t grow any tighter. My eyes met her’s in the mirror, confusion evident in mine as I wondered why she’d stopped. It wasn’t tight enough for her to be done. “Do you want to talk about it?” She questioned gently. The way she asked that made me feel safe. She was offering an ear, not pressuring me to tell her, and I found that I did really want someone to talk to.

“It’s just…” I trailed off as I looked down at the floor for a moment as I wondered exactly how much was safe to tell her. I forced myself to meet Linda’s eyes in the mirror before I started explaining, “I would rather be at the zoo with my daughter right now. I hate that everyone’s making such a big deal out of this wedding, and I can’t stand the way my mom is just running everything and not even asking me what I want.”. I drew in a deep breath once my long-winded rant was over. Linda gave me a soft, sympathetic smile as she nodded at my words.

“Understandable, but is that all? It seems like your stress is being caused by more than just your mother.”

“I never wanted any of this,” I answered simply, offering her a shrug and a slight shake of my head as I glared at my reflection in the mirror. White had never been my color.

“But you care about your father too much to call it off?” Linda questioned softly, her words immediately pulling my attention back to her.

“Lucifer told you?” I asked breathlessly.

“I’m very well informed,” Linda answered with that monotone voice of hers that I was beginning to realize she used whenever she gave a vague answer that circumvented the truth just enough to protect confidentiality.

“Are you going to tell him all about what happened today?” I questioned a moment later, suddenly thankful that I hadn’t let anything heavy off my chest. The last thing I needed was Lucifer’s therapist reporting my life story back to him. At least what I told her so far wasn’t exactly news to him.

Linda was silent for a beat before she spoke up, “I assume he’ll want me to, but I won’t tell him any more than is absolutely necessary. He doesn’t need to know any details.”. A beat of silence passed as we stared each other down in the mirror. Can I really trust her? She seems pretty protective over Lucifer’s information, but they have client confidentiality privileges, her license is at risk if she wrongfully releases his information. I’ve seen her spill information she didn’t want to share with Lucifer before, what if the same thing happened with anything I told her? “If you really need to talk to someone Chloe, you can know your secrets are safe with me,” Linda reassured me as she shot me a soft smile. I could hear the sincerity in her words. Despite that though, I couldn’t go spilling my life story to her, lest Lucifer waltz in and get her to spill every word like he had with such ease before.

“Thank you,” I replied, giving Linda a soft smile and a nod. She returned the smile before refocusing her attentions on lacing up the back of my dress. The fabric clinging to my body grew tighter and tighter until it was almost painful to take a deep breath. I grimaced at the feeling, I am definitely not getting married in this dress. I could feel Linda finish tying up the back before she took a small step backwards as she met my eyes in the mirror and gave me a wide smile.
“This one’s nice.” She offered, but there was no sincerity in her voice, and I knew that I looked just as crappy as I felt in it.

“It’s horrible, and I can hardly breathe,” I stated plainly as I glared at the puffy short sleeves and the sequins that adorned my waist and chest. Was I buying a dress for a wedding or a quinceanera? Because this one looked like it would be much more fitting on a teenager than a woman.

“Well, it might not be the most flattering thing,” Linda admitted somewhat sheepishly as she eyed the same glittery effects that I had been glaring at a moment ago, a small chuckle escaping her as she shook her head. I refocused my attentions on my reflection in the mirror as I disdainfully gave my appearance another glare. For some reason standing here in a dress parlor dressed for the occasion that was approaching made it feel so much more...real. I knew the wedding was coming, and I was dreading it far more than I could put into words. Well, I wasn’t dreading the wedding. I was dreading everything that would come after the wedding.

What would it be like to live with Lucifer? What kind of impromptu father figure would he make for Trixie to look up to? What kind of husband would he be? I had no answer to any of the questions that kept plaguing me. He didn’t seem like grade A roommate, father, or husband material to be honest. It was obvious what he wanted from the arrangement, as though I had any doubt in my mind before he not-so-subtly brought up wedding night sex yesterday. I winced at the thought that I’d been pushing out of my mind for so long, my whole body tensing slightly. I was going to be married to Lucifer, and it wasn’t an unreasonable request for a man to want to sleep with his wife. Thank God I wasn’t born a few decades earlier, at least these days women had a legal right to say no, even to their husbands. I let out a shaky breath that I hadn’t even realized I’d been holding as I looked at Linda in the mirror once again, seeing her smile at me reassuringly made a sudden wave of safety come over me.

“I’m terrified,” I said softly, my voice quiet for fear that if I spoke up it might crack.

Linda’s smile immediately faded, a muted look of concern coming over her and making her brow furrow ever so slightly. “Of what?” She questioned gently, her voice soothing and motherly.

I scoffed at the question, shaking my head and glaring at the carpet under my feet as I spoke up, “Of marrying a man that I barely even know.”. My voice grew surer as I pulled my gaze from the floor to stare Linda’s reflection in the eyes, “Of throwing myself and my daughter into this entirely new and unknown situation,” I continued as Linda’s expression remained the same. “Of...” I trailed off with a wince as I remembered a biting sting of pain as though it was happening right now and not many, many years ago. I took a moment to let the feeling settle before forcing it away, swallowing heavily as I noticed that Linda’s concerned look had grown at my unfinished sentence. I scolded myself for the words I almost said. Nobody needed to know that part of my life, especially not Lucifer’s therapist whom I was just an acquaintance with. A long beat of silence grew between us, and with each passing second I grew more and more uncomfortable.

“You’re scared of Lucifer?” Linda questioned softly, a hint of surprise in her voice.

I shook my head at her words, my lips pursing into a thin line for a brief moment before I answered, “No, I’m not afraid of him.”. I was afraid of how Trixie would adjust to the sudden changes in her life, and I was worried about Lucifer’s shady background. Just because my father and I couldn’t scrape up any evidence that proved he was involved in criminal activities, didn’t mean he wasn’t involved. His intelligence and tenacity would make him a hard criminal to catch. I was scared of a number of other things as well, but I wasn’t about to go telling Linda every single thing that worried me. “I’m scared of the unknown,” I said softly after a short lapse of silence, and immediately Linda’s concerned expression faded from her features.
“We’re all scared of the unknown,” Linda offered after a moment, a small smile on her face as she rested a reassuring hand on my shoulder. “If you two just sit down and talk enough then you’ll probably start feeling more certain about the future. You just need to start turning unknown variables into known variables.” She added as she removed her hand from my body. The only response I gave was a small nod, I didn’t feel like explaining that we had sat down and talked yesterday and that it didn’t help much at all. Sure, I knew a few little things about Lucifer now, but our Q and A session only served to make him seem like even more of a mystery to me. As if she were a mind reader Linda spoke up, “Lucifer isn’t a threat to others. If he was it would be my duty, and my obligation, to have him committed.”. I nodded softly at her words, but my response probably looked a little weak to her because she continued immediately, “This may be a new and unknown situation for both you and your daughter, but I give you my psychologist stamp of approval that it is a safe situation.”. I nodded once more, forcing a small smile on my face as I met Linda’s eyes in the mirror.

“Alright.”

I could tell that Linda could see right through my act of reassurance by the way she shook her head softly as she stared at the ground for a long moment. When she pulled her gaze back up to meet mine her expression was serious and so was her voice as she broke the quiet, “Lucifer cares about you.”. I blinked in surprise. How can she be so sure? Has he told her that? My mouth fell open as I struggled for the words to vocalize my questions just when Linda added, “More than he’s willing to admit to himself, let alone anyone else.”. I closed my mouth at the added words. So he hadn’t told her that, and she couldn’t know if that was truly the case. She did seem to be pretty good at reading people though. She knew that I was frustrated earlier, and she’d even recognized that the tension brewing in me stemmed from issues larger than my mother’s bossiness. So perhaps she did know what she was talking about. “Are you ready to face the crowd?” Linda’s lighthearted question pulled me from my internal monologue.

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” I sighed as I gave Linda a smile. She gave me one curt nod before turning around and pulling the dressing room door open and stepping out. I gave my reflection one last insolent glare before I turned around and followed after her. As soon as I stepped out into the main showroom my mother gave me a quick once over before her expectant smile faded. Mazikeen simply glanced up from her phone for a moment before immediately returning her full attention to the screen in her hands, her face showing no emotion at all.

“I don’t think that’s the one for you, sweetie.” My mom stated kindly as she turned away from me to rummage through the thick stack of dresses she had laid out over a plush armchair. She started to pull another fluffy white monstrosity from the pile before she spoke up, “Why don’t you try on—”

“I think maybe Chloe should pick out the next dress she tries on,” Linda cut my mother off before she could even finish her sentence. “After all, who knows our own bodies better than ourselves?” She added as she flashed my mother a smile. I silently thanked Linda for stepping in as I watched a slightly confused expression cross my mother’s face as she obviously struggled for words for a few short seconds.

“Um, sure, if you want to sweetheart.” My mother offered as she let go of the hanger she’d started to pull from her stack of possible dress choices. I smiled widely at the unexpected release of control from my mom, turning as I glanced at the far wall and the various dresses hanging from racks along it. I’m going to have to get Linda a present for saving the day, I thought to myself as I made my way over to a selection of modest, long-sleeved dresses. My mother had only been throwing poofy, flashy dresses at me ever since we got here. Now that I finally had a chance to look around and pick something I was going to find a dress that fit my body and personality. Besides, ever since the courthouse had been ruled out as a wedding venue I’d decided to pick a beach as my venue choice instead, if my option was picked then I’d want something that could stave off the chill from the wind.
I took my time sifting through the possible choices, pushing dress after dress out of the way before I found a soft, lacy gown that caught my eye. The lace wasn’t floral like most of the dresses here. Instead, it formed a pattern of intricate swirling designs that reminded me of the crown molding in old Victorian homes. I loved it. I pulled it from the rack to take a closer look at it. There were at least a dozen buttons that would need to be done in the back, it didn’t have a train, it had a lacy illusion neckline and a sheath silhouette. I quickly decided that I wanted to try it on. As I stepped back into the dressing room I was half expecting Linda to follow me in again, and part of me was hoping for the help. Unfortunately though, she seemed to be deep in conversation with Mazikeen, they both talked in hushed voices as they sat on the cream colored couch sitting before my dressing room. I resolved myself to the fate of untying the back of the monstrous gown that I was currently in without assistance as I softly closed the door behind me and hung my new prospective dress on a hook.

It took some major contortionism for me to be able to reach the neat tie on my back, and I almost swore I pulled a muscle trying to stretch so awkwardly. I roughly pulled the strings looser, relieved to release some of the pressure pushing on my ribs as I drew in a deep breath. I shucked the dress off with relative ease from that moment on, hanging it back up on its hanger and leaving it on a hook with the growing pile of rejected options. I quickly turned my attention to the new dress, undoing the buttons on the back and sliding it off the hanger. I stepped into it with ease before pulling it up around my hips, sliding my arms into the sleeves as I pulled it all the way up. I was thankful that the fabric wasn't stiff or scratchy like too many other dresses I'd tried on today. I managed to button up the first few buttons at the beginning of my back, and the last few buttons at the nape of my neck, but there were about four buttons in the middle that I had no hope of fastening. I'll need someone to help me put it on if I get this one, I thought silently to myself as I turned to examine my reflection.

Despite not being completely fastened the dress clung to my waist and hips before freely flowing down to my feet. It was a little long at the bottom and in the sleeves, but that’s what fitting appointments were for. I could breathe freely, the fabric stretching with ease around my ribs every time I drew in a deep breath. The lace started dwindling where the bodice ended, and the last hints faded out entirely at the beginning of my thigh, leaving a sheer see-through top layer of fabric that showed off the slightly darker ivory fabric that hid beneath it. It looked even better than it did on the rack. I looked sophisticated, mature, graceful. I finally looked like a grown woman rather than a gangly teenager. The only downside was that the dress seemed to exaggerate my naturally petite frame, I didn't particularly enjoy looking like I was fragile. Lucifer, on the other hand, didn’t seem to mind in the slightest. I could still remember the way his eyes devoured me when I’d worn his jacket at the golf course weeks ago, and his little quip, ‘You’re quite small, aren’t you? Perhaps I should start calling you the tiny human.’.

I caught myself smiling at the memory and I forced the grin from my face. I shouldn’t be smiling while re-living moment’s I’d shared with Lucifer. I was not going to let myself get close to him. I was not going to give him the power to break me. I nodded curtly at the resolute mantra I’d been telling myself more and more often lately before turning towards the dressing room door and swinging it open. I stepped out to find everyone’s attention focused on me, even Mazikeen was watching me, making an expression that made me think she was at least mildly impressed.

“You look beautiful,” Linda was the first to speak up as she gave me a soft smile, and I couldn’t help but mirror the expression.

“I think this might be the one, pumpkin,” My mother was the next to break the silence as she stood up and made her way over to me, stepping around me for a moment as she took the whole thing in. “You are gorgeous.” She stated softly as she stepped back in front of me. I was surprised to see that her eyes were a little watery as she gave me a shaky smile. Oh, please don’t start crying mom. At least I knew her reaction meant that the dress did indeed look great on me. It was by far the most comfortable one I’d worn today, and I knew my mother was probably right when she’d said that this
might be the dress for me. I hadn’t found anything else that I, or anyone else, had liked as much.

“You look nice, Chloe,” Mazikeen offered a moment later and my gaze snapped to her as surprise washed through me. So she’s talking to me again is she? She offered me a smile that was really more of a smirk before she added, “But, if you really want to impress Lucifer you should go with something that shows a little more skin.”. I opened my mouth to ask what she meant, feeling slightly confused by the sudden turn of compliment to criticism. “Not that the whole, white lacy thing, doesn’t look good on you,” Mazikeen added a half-moment later, as she offered me a slight shrug. I stood there in mute silence for a moment as I thought over her words, a small smile pulling the corner of my mouth up as I remembered a conversation I’d shared with the woman a long while ago.

“Just too vanilla?” I questioned playfully, watching as a toothy, wicked grin grew on Mazikeen’s face.

“Precisely.” She answered as she nodded once. I chuckled softly and shook my head at her response. I wondered why she was suddenly being so friendly after being so cold with me earlier, and I had a feeling it had to do with whatever she and Linda were talking about when I’d walked into the dressing room a short while ago. I’d have to do something for that woman. She was saving the day left and right.

“What do you suggest then,” I asked curiously. Now that Mazikeen seemed to like me again, or at least tolerate me, I was going to do everything in my power to keep it that way; even if it meant humoring her dress suggestions despite the fact that I was ninety-five percent sure I was wearing the dress I would get married in right now. Besides, I was marrying Lucifer, which meant I’d have to deal with his ‘demon’ for the next year, and I’d prefer not to constantly be on her bad side. Mazikeen’s grin grew slightly as she made her way towards the wall of dresses before plucking one off the rack as though she’d had her eye on it the whole time.

“This one.” She stated quietly as she held it out towards me. The dress she held was completely sleeveless, it had an A-line cut and a sweetheart neckline, and it was plain yet subtly beautiful at the same time. I really wasn’t all that into the thought of being sleeveless. I didn’t want to cram myself into a strapless bra that’d cut into my sides and back all day, but I took the dress from her outstretched hand regardless.

“I’ll try it on but I promise nothing,” I replied somewhat sternly as I decided to humor her, earning a nod as I turned back to the dressing room. I closed the door behind myself, quickly working my way out of the beautiful dress that I was in. It was much easier to get out of this one than the ball gown I’d struggled with so much before. I had it hung up on the wall a moment later and was stepping into what would hopefully be the last dress I had to try on for the day. The main benefit of the sleeveless dress being that I simply had to pull it up over my body and zip up the back. I took a long moment to study myself in the mirror, letting myself admit that Mazikeen did have a pretty awesome taste in clothing. That was, if you were bold enough to wear the things she was comfortable with.

I gave my reflection a long look in the mirror. This dress wrapped around my chest and waist with bandage style wrapping that was surprisingly unrestrictive. It flared out quite a bit from my hips, still too poofy for my liking, but it was stunning. While the last dress made me look sophisticated and mature this one made me look carefree and youthful. It almost seemed like something out of one of the Disney films Trixie loved so much. I nodded once at my reflection, turning away from the mirror and stepping out into the parlor of the shop only to come face to face with blank expressions from my mom and Linda, and a sly smirk from Mazikeen. A low whistle filled the air as the bartender’s eyes drifted over my form appreciatively like I’d seen Lucifer’s do so many times before. Silence continued to fill the air long after Mazikeen’s whistle died, and I couldn’t help but shift uncomfortably as more time continued to pass.
“That bad?” I chuckled nervously when I finally found the courage to break the heavy silence.

“More like that amazing!” My mom exclaimed a moment later as she got up out of her seat and placed both of her hands on my bare shoulders. “Sweetheart, you look like you just walked out of a fairytale.” She explained with a wide smile as she looked me over quickly.

I shrugged softly, feeling a little self-conscious over my mother’s words. She was right. This dress was the stuff of fairytales, but my life was not a fairytale; I wasn’t a beautiful princess, and Lucifer definitely wasn’t prince charming. “I think I might still go with the other one,” I stated firmly as I stared my mom down. The other dress was practical. It fit my personality and the occasion that my wedding would be much more than this one would.

“Oh?” My mother questioned, confusion clear in her voice as she looked at me like I’d lost my mind for a moment.

“I liked the extra coverage,” I answered simply with a shrug. I preferred the modesty of the other dress for reasons other than just protection from any potential environmental factors, but I certainly wasn’t going to get into that with my mother. “And this is pretty poofy,” I added simply as I glanced down at the fluffy, flowing skirt. If I was going to be expected to dance at my wedding it would be safer to wear a dress that I wouldn’t have to worry about tripping in.

“Well, if I were you I’d definitely pick this one,” My mother stated softly before she let go of her hold on me and stepped back.

“I think Chloe should wear whatever she feels most comfortable in,” Linda spoke up immediately at my mother’s words, giving me a reassuring smile as she added, “It’s her wedding, and she looks breathtaking in both dresses.” I smiled at Linda’s kind compliment and suddenly found myself wishing that I had three more Linda’s in my life. I needed her calm reassurance more than I thought I would.

“If you wore this you would totally make Lucifer’s jaw hit the floor,” Mazikeen spoke up as she walked over to me and grabbed me by the forearm, turning me to face the huge mirrors on the wall at my back. She released her hold on me as soon as I was staring at my reflection. She was probably right. I hardly even recognized myself in this dress, it was almost like I was a different person; and honestly, I wasn’t sure how I felt about that. Mazikeen looked over my form once again with one of her predatory gazes before her eyes met mine in the mirror as she stood close enough for me to feel her body heat on my skin. “I don’t think he’d be able to resist.” She added with a soft chuckle as another wicked toothy grin filled her face, and I found myself swallowing nervously at her words. This dress was definitely a lot more revealing than the other one, and I certainly didn’t want to tempt Lucifer any more than necessary if I wasn’t planning on agreeing to have sex with him.

“Lucifer, will love her in any dress,” Linda’s firm voice broke the silence and banished a few uncomfortable thoughts from my mind as she stood up from her seat and came to stand at my unoccupied shoulder. “A woman’s comfort shouldn’t come after a man’s desires. I know he agrees with that,” Linda added as she gave me a reassuring smile in the mirror and I found myself smiling back at her despite the anxiety that was brewing deep in the pit of my stomach. I stared at my reflection for one last long beat as I decided that function and practicality came before breathtaking flourishes of beauty. When I finally spoke up my voice was resolute.

“I’m getting the other one. It just feels more...me.”

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I took another sip of my margarita while my mother and Linda chuckled softly at one of my mom’s
old Hollywood stories. The two had been talking ever since we were seated in the very executive feeling restaurant that Mazikeen had gotten us in just by flashing a black credit card with Lucifer’s last name on it at the host, despite the fact that it was one of those places that required a reservation. Mazikeen still seemed to be on good terms with me for now, and Linda was an angel if I’d ever met one. I had to admit it was nice to be spending time with some ladies my age outside of work, it was actually a little relaxing now that everyone seemed to be getting along decently. Now that I’d gotten the dress shopping out of the way and my fitting appointments booked I felt like letting go a little bit, I’d earned it.

“So, Mazikeen,” My mother’s voice drew my attention over to the bartender who was already nursing her third measure of whiskey. “How did you and Lucifer meet?” She questioned curiously as she took another sip of her green umbrella adorned Piña Colada.

Mazikeen gave my mother a wicked smirk as she downed the last of the contents of her drink and set it on the corner of the table with enough force to make the room ring with the sound for a brief moment. “That’s a long story,” Mazikeen answered simply as a waiter quickly rushed over with another glass filled with another measure of amber liquid, swapping out the empty glass for the full one before scurrying off as quickly as he appeared.

“We have time,” My mother replied simply as she focused her curious gaze on the bartender. I couldn’t help but lean in over the table slightly as well. I still hadn’t heard this story and I was just as curious as everyone else at the table, if not more-so.

Mazikeen smirked at my mom once more as I took a long sip of my margarita. “I was sent to kill him.” She answered simply and I choked on my drink at her words, spitting some of the liquid back into the glass as I coughed loudly a few times before I managed to quell the burning pain in my lungs. Mazikeen’s smirk grew at my reaction as she lifted her glass and took another sip of liquor. I must have heard her wrong. I thought silently to myself as my mouth fell open slightly as I shook my head in disbelief.

“What?” My mother questioned seriously after a tense moment of silence.

“Those were my orders,” Mazikeen answered with a shrug as she rested her glass on the table and folded her hands before her. “He’d been intruding in our land for too long, killing too many of our kind, setting too much of our home on fire.” She continued simply and once again I found myself struggling to take her words seriously. Did she hear what she was saying? She made it sound like Lucifer was a colonist coming to the new land and killing off the native populace. “Others had tried to take him out before me, but angels don’t go down easy,” Mazikeen stated, almost as though the words were an afterthought. She paused for a moment to take another sip of her drink before letting out a quenched sigh before continuing, “Anyways, he wasn’t hard to find, might as well of had a couple of beacons strapped to his back.”. She chuckled at the statement, apparently finding it funny in some way as I struggled to find any rhyme or reason to her words. “I tried to be stealthy, he caught me, we got in a fight.”.

“I fucked him up pretty good, but he still won,” Mazikeen continued her story as though she didn’t notice the blatant look of horror on everyone’s faces. “He could’ve killed me, but he didn’t.” She continued, her voice growing softer as those words passed her lips. “He was the first creature to ever show me what mercy is,” Mazikeen whispered under her breath, just loud enough for everyone at the table to hear her as she stared at the amber liquid sitting in her glass like she was reliving the moment or something. The soft sound of marvel tainting her words. “And you know how I repaid him?” She questioned, her voice growing strong once again as she focused her attention on my mother. She didn’t wait for my mother to guess before answering the question herself, “I stabbed him in the back.”. A smile grew on the bartender's face as she added, “Literally.”.
I swallowed heavily as I tried to tell whether or not she was being serious. She seemed very serious though, and I couldn't help the feeling of dread that churned in my stomach. “He made me wish for death after that, but instead of giving me what I wanted he left me to suffer,” Mazikeen stated nonchalantly as she picked up her glass and swirled the amber liquid slowly. I felt a hard lump growing in my throat at her words. Don’t take this seriously, Decker. She’s obviously just as delusional as Lucifer is. Mazikeen’s voice pulled me from my stern thoughts, “He came back eventually. Nursed me back to health.”. She shrugged at the words before downing the last contents in her glass. Holding it in front of her as she inspected the empty glass for a long moment. “I didn’t understand why at first, but now it’s obvious. He was a foreigner, and I was a native.” She stated as she placed her glass on the corner of the table gently. “I knew the land, the strengths and weaknesses of the creatures that lived there. I was an asset, and I was indebted to him.” She grimaced slightly at whatever memory she was thinking about while I shook my head in disbelief. I don’t think she really understands how being indebted to someone works. Why would you pledge your loyalty to someone who almost killed you? This all just has to be some elaborate story to get a reaction out of us. There’s no way any of this stuff actually happened. Her story doesn't even make any sense. It’s obvious that Lucifer cares about her, he’d never hurt her. Would he?

“During our reign of terror I grew to respect him.” She said with a quiet chuckle, shaking her head softly as a smile grew on her face. “He was absolutely lethal, cunning, powerful beyond my wildest imaginations.” She trailed off for a long moment as her smile slowly diminished. “Still though, he would’ve struggled much more than he did with his rise to power if it hadn’t been for our...partnership,” Mazikeen said the word carefully, making me think that the term wasn’t particularly applicable to the situation between her and Lucifer. “After he took the throne I became his bodyguard. But, now that we’re on earth my services aren’t required nearly as often. Bartending is okay though, lots of booze and hot flings to hook up with,” Mazikeen finished with a nonchalant shrug as she gave my mother a toothy grin. My mother leaned away from Mazikeen slightly now, obviously just as off-put by her insane tale as I was.

“Who’s in the mood for some bread?” A bright, bubbly voice broke the tense silence as a cheerful looking waiter walked up with a huge smile on her face. I couldn't help but burst into maniacal laughter at the completely normal question. Fuck my life. Nothing was normal anymore. I’d probably never have another normal day for the rest of my life. I shook my head as I tried to force the laughter away, hoping that my mother and Linda would write my behavior off as me just being a lightweight, instead of realizing that I was literally on the precipice of having a major mental breakdown. What the fuck is this next year going to hold for me? I didn’t have an answer for that incessant question, but I knew that with each passing day I would only continue to grow more and more worried about what my future held.
This, unfortunately, is not an update to the story; but rather a request for feedback.

I'd like to ask you (my readers) for your thoughts/feelings on the current first person perspective this story is written in. All thoughts/opinions are welcome. It's been brought to my attention on multiple occasions that some readers find the first person pov to be distracting, they feel as though the characterization is off, or quite simply that it just isn't their cup of tea. Admittedly, first person perspective is much, much harder to write than third; it requires a lot more thought and editing when writing in this pov, and if the negatives outweigh the positives then I would rather write from an easier perspective and leave more people satisfied.

The main question I have is: **Would you prefer that the story continue in its original first person perspective, or that I change it to third person perspective as we go on?** No need to fret about the previous chapters, I would fix them up accordingly if things were to change.

Anyways, please take the time to leave a quick word of what you want and I shall listen! Thanks so much!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!