An Angel may keep you Safe, but a Devil will teach you that Fallen things can be Beautiful too

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An Angel may keep you Safe, but a Devil will teach you that Fallen things can be Beautiful too

by TheWhiteWolf2486

Summary

Chloe and Lucifer go undercover as Mr. and Mrs. Dawson in order to solve a murder and bust a child trafficking ring. Chloe is looking forward to the case as an opportunity to finally have some much needed “alone time” with her new boyfriend. But recent developments in Lucifer's supernatural life make him worry that Chloe’s safety may be in jeopardy when the beast that’s laid dormant in him for so long decides to start rebelling, particularly when in her presence. (A tumblr/ao3 lucifer gift exchange fic)

Notes
This fanfiction was written as a gift for @wikkidly, aka Wikkid. I hope you enjoy your gift! Sincerely, your new garbage friend @casuallydeliciousphilosopher, aka TWW2486 :)

I'd like to thank my amazing beta Valificent! As always, your help and input are invaluable! I wouldn't be the writer I am if not for you! And I'd also like to thank @pencap for allowing me to use her poem as an epitaph for this fic!

Created from the prompt: "Faux marriage for a case where Lucifer uses it to test out married life with Chloe and then decides that convincing her to make it real would be awesome for both parties. (Trixie can make a cameo to put her two cents in on how cool having Luci as a step-dad would be). Anything where they're the gross and disgusting pair of perfect for each other jerks that they are."

*Italics are thoughts*
I Call Him The Devil

*If you remember nothing else, my child, remember this:

The Devil does not always wear horns. Sometimes he wears the kind of face that belongs in storybooks. And sometimes he wears angel wings and a halo like a costume, waiting for the right moment to tear them off.

The Devil does not always come dressed in red. Sometimes he comes with slicked hair and a charming smile. And sometimes he comes like a sniper shot in the night...silent, and unexpected, and deadly.

The Devil does not always have bloody hands. Sometimes he has pretty fingers you'd love to watch playing a piano. And sometimes he has calloused palms and strong fingers, just big enough to wrap snug around your hands.

The Devil will not always drag you straight to Hell. Sometimes he'll bring you roses laced with poison. And sometimes he'll promise you a dance for the stars to watch, and then disappear like the wisp of a daydream.

And sometimes, child; sometimes you love the Devil, and the Devil loves you back. And that is when you are truly damned. ~ j.p.

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“So when do I get to buy you a ring?” Chloe rolled her eyes at the smug club owner before slapping his chest playfully, the soft fabric of his suit jacket brushing against the back of her hand as she took in the all too familiar playful look he was giving her.

“Lucifer, you're not buying me a ring,” Chloe answered with a smile as she shook her head, but her reaction only made the Devil want to press the matter further. His playful smile slowly morphed into something more flirtatious as his eyes drifted down to her perfectly full lips that were just begging for his attention. Chloe immediately noticed the shift in his demeanor and she broke into a small fit of giggles at his obvious, unspoken proposition. The quiet, bell-like sound of her laugh effectively pulled Lucifer out of his ‘mood’ as his eyes drifted back up to her own.

“But Chloe! We're getting married! I have to!” Lucifer shouted, purposely making sure his voice echoed through the precinct for no other reason than to draw everyone’s attention over to the two of them, and his plan worked, every Officer and Detective standing within fifteen feet of them quickly glanced over with speculative looks. Chloe immediately felt embarrassment burn through her, making her blush profusely as she laughed loudly, shaking her head as she looked around the room at their spectators.

“We're not getting married!” Chloe shouted at their onlookers before immediately turning her attentions back to Lucifer. “We’re pretending to be married in order to crack a case.” She explained, managing to keep a small smile on her face despite her partner’s annoying and embarrassing behavior.

“Alright, fine,” Lucifer conceded, holding his hands up in the air as a playful ‘I surrender’. A short moment later he let his hands fall back to his sides before he leaned in closer to his Detective, stopping when he could feel the soft shell of her ear brushing ever so slightly against his lips. “But if you actually want to, I wouldn’t be opposed.” He offered, his voice growing deeper and raspier as he
tried to get a reaction out of her. Much to his approval, it worked. Chloe’s hands pressed flat against his chest as she pushed him away slightly, but Lucifer didn’t miss the slight shiver that ran down her spine despite her best attempts to keep it at bay. Oh, how he would never tire of teasing his little human, she was just so adorable when she got all flustered.

“Lucifer!” Chloe groaned in frustration as she grabbed him by the lapels of his suit jacket, shaking him playfully as she tried to ignore the way his voice made her skin prick in nervous anticipation, and the way her nether regions were already trying to convince her mind to drag him off to the supply closet. “We’ve been dating for three days.” She reminded him as she shook her head, still unable to wipe the grin off her face at the implications of Lucifer’s previous offer.

She could already imagine what it might be like to be married to Lucifer. Walking into the living room on a Saturday morning to see him and Trixie curled up together on the couch. She could already hear him complaining about children’s cartoons, the whole time secretly glancing at the screen out of the corner of his eye; and despite his claims, she knows that he’s actually mildly interested in finding out if Korra wins the bending championship.

She would be fully engrossed in her newest novel, pausing to take a sip of her wine when Lucifer sits down next to her. His lips slowly trailing down her neck to the curve of her shoulder as she tries to act like she’s annoyed at him for distracting her, but in all actuality she couldn’t be more enthralled to be the object of his attentions; and she knows that she’ll only last a few minutes before she discards her book, pins him down against the couch, and gives him exactly what he’s asking for.

Lucifer closing the door behind Dan and Trixie as her ex takes her daughter for the weekend. She’d watch as he slowly turns around to face her with his trademark roguish grin, the one that blatantly tells her that she isn’t going to be leaving the bedroom for the next two days. She would laugh and shake her head at his silent remark, only making more excitement spark in his eyes as he wets his lips; because oh, how he loves a good challenge. He would slowly start to prowl forward, like a predator stalking its prey, and she’d giggle as she backed away until she wound up pressed against the wall with nowhere to go. He’d growl softly when he realized he had her cornered, an almost feral sound that makes her shiver in anticipation as the distance between them decreases with the sound of each footfall hitting the ground. She would duck out of the way just before he could finish closing the gap between them, running towards the bedroom with him fast on her heels as she jumps onto the bed, attempting to find refuge in the mounds of pillows and blankets that she tries to bury herself in. He would pull them away with ease, pinning her under him as they play fight for dominance; he would slowly nibble a trail down her neck as he pushes her shirt up her torso, his fingers trailing against her sides as he tries to tickle her, but instead of tickling it tingles in the best way possible, and she feels the last of her resolve crumble like a sandcastle washing away in high tide.

“Is there a point you’re trying to make with that statement?” Lucifer’s question immediately pulled her from her daydreams and back into the present. Chloe quickly reminded herself that it would be years before anything like that happened with Lucifer; if it ever does, the pessimistic side of her mind added, and she shook the thought away quickly.

“You can’t marry someone you’ve dated for less than a week,” Chloe replied as she rolled her eyes at him, earning herself a deep chuckle.

“Normally I’d agree with you darling, but I’d be willing to make an exception for you,” Lucifer stated as he smiled down at her. He’d never been one to think much of marriage, he’d always seen it as a feeble human tradition that invariably failed in one way or another. What else could one expect when it was built upon a vow of monogamy? He’d never once even considered that he might want to settle down someday, he was the Devil, he didn’t play house. But this was Chloe, and he already knew better than to throw his chips on the table when he was betting against her, the rules just didn’t
She’d brought up the fake marriage their new case required he’d wondered if that was something she might want someday; if she might want to try again after her first failed marriage, if that was something he’d be able to provide her if it was what she desired, and surprise shook him to his core when he realized that his answer was a resounding yes. He liked the phone Detective Chloe Morningstar had to it, he liked the thought of her being his forever. Well, not exactly forever. She was mortal, and he would still be here long after she passed. He’d never looked at his immortality as a curse until that moment.

Chloe quickly pulled his mind out of that train of thought as she wrapped her arms around him, pulling him against her tightly as she swallowed down the wave of emotion that threatened to overtake her at his words. Lucifer chuckled softly at the display of affection, wrapping his arms loosely around her as she pressed her ear to his chest, reveling in the strong steady thump of his heart. She knew Lucifer was just joking, giving her a hard time like he always did, it was their thing after all; but that still didn’t stop her from wishing that he actually meant what he said, and it didn’t stop her emotions from jumping for joy. She pulled away after a moment, looking up at him as she struggled to think of a response. “Is this the part where I get a kiss?” Lucifer questioned, offering his girlfriend a warm smile as she looked up at him. Chloe’s grin grew as she shook her head at him, but she did want to kiss him, and before her logic could get the better of her she was already leaning up onto the tips of her toes so she could.

Lucifer helped close the distance between the two of them, leaning down slightly to accommodate her lesser height just before their lips met his. A small groan threatened to escape him at the feeling; his body suddenly lighting on fire, but in a good way this time. He wrapped one arm around her waist, pulling her firmly against him as his other hand tangled in her free-flowing tresses. The feelings she stirred in him made it impossible to think clearly, all he could really focus on was the way he was reacting to her; the fiery tingle searing under his skin, and the slower yet somehow hotter liquid fire building in his core, it would have reminded him of Hellfire if it wasn’t for the fact that this heat was so much stronger than the burn of Hellfire. His lungs were already burning from a lack of air, but he didn’t mind, he could suffocate right here in her arms and he’d die a happy Devil. Everything inside of him wanted to deepen the kiss, to press his lips against hers with more ferocity, delve his tongue into her mouth and attempt to map every inch. But thankfully, he managed restraint. This was Chloe. His Chloe. She deserved someone tender and gentle, and by God, he was going to try his best to be that man for her...to be the man she deserved.

Chloe couldn’t help but melt into him when he pulled her tighter against his body, and not only from the almost inhuman heat searing through his clothes. She always felt so light when she kissed him, like all of her problems evaporated the second their lips touched, like everything was finally alright in the world. She held back a needy moan when Lucifer tilted his head ever so slightly, his prickly five o’clock shadow scratching against her skin as she dug her fingers into the sinfully soft fabric of his designer jacket. Every kiss she shared with him still surprised her just as much as their first; she’d been caught completely off guard by how gentle and genuine that kiss had been, and even now that same tender sincerity still caught her by surprise. She had always thought that Lucifer would be overly passionate, fiery, a little rough; but God, how she’d misjudged him, and how she loved every little thing about the way his mouth molded to hers. It was slowly becoming impossible to ignore the throbbing between her legs that was already demanding to be sated, and the feeling of Lucifer’s own arousal pressing firmly against her hip didn’t make it any easier on her.

Her hands tangled in the short hair at the nape of his neck as she pulled away just long enough to draw in a deep, shuddering breath before pressing their lips together once more. Chloe almost swore that she could feel Lucifer’s hand on her back trembling slightly, but before she could know for sure his thumb began brushing gently over her cheekbone, the pads of his fingers massaging into her scalp. Chloe was unable to hold back a small moan this time, and she could tell Lucifer heard because the next moment the hand he had on her back glided further down, coming to rest just above
the waistband of her pants as he pressed the both of them together even more tightly. The closer contact only served to make Chloe whine in protest of being so very close to what she wanted, and she couldn't help but nip his lower lip as payback for the delicious torture Lucifer was putting her through. The hand he had buried in her hair spasmed slightly from the unexpected bite, his fingers digging into her scalp almost hard enough to hurt for a brief moment before his touch became feather-light once again.

“Hate to break up your little high school make-out session.” A gruff, bitter sounding voice broke through the silence and sent Chloe scrambling out of Lucifer’s arms as she turned to see who had interrupted them. It took Lucifer a moment longer to react; his hands dropping to his sides in disappointment as the awe inspiring feelings Chloe stirred inside him died at the loss of her touch, leaving him only incredibly hard, and incredibly frustrated as he turned to glare at the intruder only to come face to face with Daniel. “But I need to take Lucifer to get fixed up for the case tomorrow.” Chloe’s ex continued as he looked away from Chloe and focused his gaze on the taller man. Lucifer stared at Daniel in silence before glancing over at Chloe as he tried, and failed, to get his brain to produce words. Dan growled grumpily under his breath before grabbing the Devil by his arm and dragging him off, leaving Lucifer to stare over his shoulder dumbfoundedly as Chloe shook her head softly, her senses finally coming back to her.

Chloe pursed her lips in annoyance as she watched Dan round the corner, dragging Lucifer with him even though her boyfriend was still looking over his shoulder, watching her like a hurt puppy before he also disappeared behind the wall. She shook her head at her ex’s behavior, Dan had never made it subtle that he envied the relationship between her and Lucifer, even back when they didn’t have a romantic relationship. She silently reminded herself that tomorrow she and Lucifer would be alone together in a house as they started working this undercover case, and as much as she despaired undercover work she was grateful for the much-needed opportunity to finally get some alone time with him.

“I’m so frickin’ happy you two have finally gotten together.” Chloe jumped slightly at the loud, feminine voice right behind her, turning around to see Ella standing there as she stared at the wall that Lucifer and Daniel had just disappeared behind. Chloe smiled at her friend, she knew that Ella had been rooting for her and Lucifer for a long time now, and Ella’s positivity was uplifting after Dan’s brusque treatment a moment ago. “I mean, the unresolved sexual tension was starting to drive me crazy,” Ella continued as she wrapped a slender arm around Chloe’s shoulders and started to lead the blonde towards her office.

“Don’t even get me started about sexual tension,” Chloe scoffed as Ella’s arm fell from her shoulder and she followed the forensic scientist towards her office. Ella laughed at Chloe’s statement before pulling the blonde woman into the lab, the glass doors drifting shut behind the two ladies.

“So, how was it?” Ella questioned suggestively as she leaned against her cold metal work table and watched Chloe carefully.

“How was the kiss?” Chloe asked as she automatically assumed that was what Ella had been asking about.

“No!” Ella laughed before explaining in a hushed tone, “The sex.”. Chloe stood there in silence as she wondered why Ella was suddenly so interested in Lucifer’s skills in the bedroom. “I mean, all of those women and men came in here and bragged about what a sex god Lucifer is. I know you have a few stories by now,” Ella continued with another small giggle as she nudged Chloe with her elbow.

“What kind of woman do you think I am?” Chloe gasped with mock indignation as her hand flew up to her chest to rest over her heart. “He has to at least buy me a drink first.” She continued as Ella
laughed at her.

“Stop playing! I want answers!” Ella protested once she stopped laughing, waiting very impatiently for the blonde’s response.

“I don’t know what it’s like Ella,” Chloe answered softly as she shrugged and walked around her friend to lean against the table next to her.

“You two haven’t?” Chloe could hear the shock in Ella’s voice and smiled softly in response as she turned to look at the other woman.

“Unfortunately,” Chloe sighed heavily. “I mean, I want to. I really, really, want to.” She explained before chuckling softly at how desperate she sounded.

“Then why haven’t you?”

“Because we can’t get enough alone time together to do anything!” Chloe exclaimed grumpily as she shook her head and glared at the ground. “The furthest I’ve gotten is getting his shirt halfway unbuttoned and then Trixie interrupted us.” Chloe couldn’t help but chuckle softly at the memory. She could still practically hear her daughter’s tiny voice echoing through her mind as she asked, ‘Are you two gonna do naked grown-up stuff?’. They’d gotten way too close to being caught last time and she really didn’t want to risk that again, especially not if it meant possibly scarring her daughter.

“Well then, it sounds like this case is going to be your saving grace,” Ella chuckled as she righted herself and walked around her large metal work table. “Solitude, close proximity, no kids to interrupt.” She continued as she grabbed a large, black plastic storage bin off the table and carried it over to Chloe. “So, without further ado, let me introduce you to Heather Dawson,” Ella stated happily as she plopped the bin down on the table next to Chloe before prying the lid off the top. “Your new identity.”.

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Lucifer wanted to whine at the douche the second the man pulled him away from Chloe, but he found himself at a lack for words until they’d already found their way into an interrogation room. The second the doors closed behind the two men Dan released his hold on Lucifer’s arm as he spun around to face the fallen angel.

“What do you think you’re doing with Chloe?” Dan questioned grumpily as Lucifer looked down at him with annoyance.

“Currently nothing, thanks for ruining our moment,” Lucifer scoffed, ignoring the tone the human was taking up with him as he stepped around him. Walking over to the interrogation table that had a large, black plastic storage bin resting on it.

“You know what I mean.”

“We’re dating, have you not heard the office gossip?” Lucifer inquired with a roll of his eyes as he leaned back against the table and took in Daniel’s miffed expression. So what if I’m dating his ex? At least I didn’t sleep with his mum. Lucifer thought to himself as he watched Dan close the distance between the two of them.

“I mean what are your intentions with her?” Dan questioned roughly as he stopped in front of Lucifer and stared up at him. “You have a reputation Lucifer, and Chloe is the mother of my child.” He continued as Lucifer righted himself.
“What does my reputation or your spawn’s parentage have to do with anything?” Lucifer asked as he raised an eyebrow at Daniel.

“You are so dense.” Dan wanted to shout but he kept his voice down as much as he could. “If you hurt her I will make you suffer.” He threatened as he stared the taller man down.

“I have no intentions of hurting Chloe,” Lucifer replied, his voice growing harsher as he quickly grew tired of Daniel’s interrogation and his attitude.

“Good.”

“You know you’re acting more like a douche today than normal. What happened to our bromance?” Lucifer questioned as Dan walked away, grabbing the large, black bin off of the table before walking back over to Lucifer.

“We never had a bromance,” Dan growled as he thrust the box into Lucifer’s unsuspecting arms before turning around and stomping out of the room. Dan had to admit that he felt slightly bad for the way he treated Lucifer, he actually was sort of fond of the British bastard. But he still had feelings for Chloe, he still loved her and it hurt to know that he’d never get her back. How could he compete against Lucifer? He couldn’t unless Lucifer royally fucked up, and as much as he might want another shot with Chloe he didn’t want her to go through the pain of heartbreak at Lucifer’s hands. Seeing them both standing there in the middle of the precinct kissing like they needed each other more than air hurt. And even though he knew he was being too harsh on the man he couldn’t bring himself to go back in there and apologize, his pride and his anger wouldn’t let him.

“Detective Douche! What am I supposed to do with this?” Lucifer yelled as he watched Dan disappear out of the room and the door slowly began to drift shut. No response came of course, and he looked down at the box in his arms before sighing heavily as he began to make his way out of the room. Olivia would know what he needed to do with this thing, whatever it was.

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Chloe had already changed into one of the outfits that Heather would wear during her day to day activities, a knee length navy blue dress along with matching flats and a crisp white cardigan. Ella had helped her put her hair up into a modest, yet girly up-do to complete the look. Now she was sitting at the forensic scientist’s large worktable, focusing on memorizing the file she’d been given on Heather and her husband Kyle. She’d already gone through the thick pamphlet of papers three times now, but she knew that wasn’t good enough, she needed to memorize it like a movie script. She sighed as she flipped to the front again just before she heard the doors to Ella’s office being pulled open abruptly and being slammed shut in the same manner.

“Chloe,” Lucifer breathed with relief as his gaze settled on her. She’d changed and done her hair for some reason, which he found odd despite the fact that she was absolutely ravishing. He pushed the thought away quickly as Chloe turned to look at him with concern written all over her features, there were currently more important matters at hand. “Thank father I found you.” He continued as he made his way towards his girlfriend.

“Lucifer, are you alright?” Chloe questioned softly as she stood up so she could turn to face him better. He’d lost his jacket somewhere, and his white button up looked like it’d just gone through some sort of scuffle judging by the few black streaks smeared across it.

“No, I most certainly am not alright,” Lucifer answered resentfully, shaking his head before continuing. “They want to cut my hair!” He exclaimed a moment later, but Chloe didn’t seem to sympathize with him; her eyebrows rising on her forehead and her lips pursing into a line as she gave
him what he commonly referred to as her ‘mum look’.

“You’re running away from people because they want to cut your hair?” Chloe asked slowly. What’s the big deal with a haircut? It’ll grow back out. Chloe thought to herself as Lucifer threw his hands in the air before they fell back to his sides with a soft thud.

“What else am I supposed to do? Last time I punched someone you lectured me for a week,” Lucifer explained, trying to be as patient as possible with Chloe. He knew these humans weren’t always the quickest creatures, but Chloe was normally far above average when it came to matters of intelligence. Lucifer heard a familiar female voice shouting his name and quickly turned to see the hairdresser looking around for him, he ducked under one of Ella’s counters in record time as he tried to avoid being spotted.

Chloe watched him hide the second the woman yelling for Mr. Morningstar came into sight, and she had no doubt that it was the person who wanted to take scissors to his precious hair. “Lucifer, just let them cut your hair,” Chloe chuckled as she watched her over six-foot-tall boyfriend try to squeeze himself under the short counter. Lucifer Morningstar: LA’s wealthiest eligible bachelor; check. Big dork; check. Literal five-year-old; check. Looks kinda dangerous but is really just a small cupcake; check. Thinks he’s the literal Devil for some reason; check. Chloe rambled the list off to herself mentally as Lucifer focused his attentions on her once more.

“Are they cutting your hair?” Lucifer questioned curiously as his eyes met her own.

“No, bu—”

“Then I refuse.” He stated firmly as he peeked out from under the counter to find that the hairdresser had disappeared. Lucifer let out a sigh of relief as he stood up, brushing some dust off of his trousers before Ella’s voice cut through the silence.

“Lucifer, you’re a major influence in LA. It’s possible that you could be recognized so you have to change up your look a little bit.” She explained patiently as she walked away from her microscope.

“I’m happy with the way I look right now,” Lucifer responded immediately. “The chances that anyone will recognize me are practically nonexistent anyway.” Chloe knew he’d need some real convincing to go along with this, but luckily she was just in the right position to have some leverage against him.

“Hmm, I think a new haircut might be good for you,” Chloe stated softly as she reached out to rest her hands on his chest, slowly dragging them down his abdomen as she immediately garnered his attention.

“You – You do?” Lucifer stumbled over his words slightly as he looked down at her. Her warm hands teasingly trailing back up his body were making it harder than it normally was for him to think.

“Yeah. I mean, this one’s cute. But there’s nothing wrong with changing things up when they get a little bland,” Chloe stated boredly as she shrugged, pulling her hands from his body and lifting them so she could run her fingers through his hair.

“You think this haircut is bland?” Lucifer questioned softly. He couldn’t help the slight surge of self-consciousness Chloe’s words gave him. We’ve only been dating for three days and she’s already starting to think that parts of me are bland? We haven’t even had sex yet and she’s starting to get tired of me. Lucifer thought to himself as he felt her fingers running slowly through his hair.

“I think it’s safe, comfortable, not exactly new and exciting,” Chloe answered as she pulled her
hands away from him, smiling at the way his hair looked when it was thoroughly tousled.

“Oh,” Lucifer said quietly as he frowned at the floor for a moment. He wanted to be safe and comfortable for Chloe, but he wasn’t willing to accept that he was no longer exciting to her after only a few days. That certainly would not do. He needed to fix this. “Alright then, if that’s how you feel.” He sighed as he looked back up at his Detective, giving her a small smile before turning away from her and walking towards the doors.

“Where are you going?” Chloe asked as she watched Lucifer pull open one of the doors as he started to step out. Lucifer quickly turned to face her before offering her a smile that was wider than his previous one.

“I’m off to try something ‘new and exciting’.” He answered, putting air quotes around the words Chloe had used earlier before turning away once more and walking off. Letting the door drift shut behind him as he resigned himself to his fate.

“You have him wrapped around your finger,” Ella chuckled as she turned back to her microscope, focusing her attention on her work.

“I know. I kinda like it,” Chloe chuckled as she shook her head softly. She had never expected that her boyfriend would be such a pushover, but she had to admit it was nice knowing he’d do practically anything to keep her happy. Dan had rarely taken her wants into account the way Lucifer just had, the thoughtfulness was refreshing. Chloe re-focused on her work once Lucifer disappeared out of sight, returning to her seat and her task of memorizing her new profile.

Heather Dawson was a second-grade teacher, her husband Kyle was the head of an accounting firm. The two of them had been married for seven years now, but because of infertility issues they couldn’t have children of their own. It was that little fact about the couple that made them the perfect prospective customers for their suspects, Brian and Colleen Keller. The last couple who had lived in the house they would be undercover in had been brutally murdered after catching onto the Keller’s illegal activities, but the department didn’t have enough evidence to put them down for murder, or for their other crimes, and that’s where she and Lucifer came in. If they could bust the Keller’s illegal business activities then they’d have their motive. According to the department’s intel from the victims before they’d been killed, the Keller’s were into some sort of child-trafficking ring. The lucky kids got to go home with loving strangers who were excited to be parents, but it was suspected that the other ones were sold to sex houses for exorbitant rates.

Chloe hated cases like these. The constant reminder that there were people out there who were evil enough to do such horrible things to helpless, innocent children. It gave her a feeling of dread that usually stuck with her long after the case was closed. She had felt so helpless and scared when Malcolm had Trixie, she knew what it felt like when your child was in danger and there was absolutely nothing you could do about it. It was her first-hand experiences with those feelings that made her want to take down these scum bags once and for all. Their mission was simple. They would make friends with the Keller’s, play off the infertility pity story to garner their attention and hopefully get an offer for business, and then bring their whole business crumbling to a stop. She knew she could do this, especially with Lucifer at her side. The only thing she was truly dreading was how long this case could take, cases like these could be drawn out for months upon months, she’d hardly get to see Trixie at all during that time.

Ella’s voice pulled Chloe’s thoughts away from the case. “Hey, I just got a text that Lucifer’s all done getting dressed up. Do you wanna go check it out?” Chloe couldn’t help but take a glance at the clock hanging on the wall above the forensic scientist, surprised to find that she’d been engulfed in the file, and her thoughts about the case, for nearly forty-five minutes.
“Sure,” Chloe replied with a smile as she stood up and followed Ella out of her office. She was glad for the temporary distraction from her thoughts as they made their way back to one of the private conference rooms together. The second Ella pulled one of the large double doors open Chloe heard Lucifer’s clearly unhappy voice cutting through the silence.

“I will not wear these. I don’t need them.” She could hear the fallen angels protests as she stepped around the large door and peered inside the room.

“Mr. Morningstar, please, for the sake of this case.” Her sergeant sighed as she held a pair of thick-rimmed, black glasses out towards Lucifer. Chloe noticed that he was dressed similarly to the way he always did. Slacks and a button up shirt, but instead of a jacket he wore a tie. Chloe didn’t think she’d ever seen Lucifer wearing a tie before. His hair was different, but not bad at all, just shorter and sort of spiked up instead of neatly combed down; it made him look less mature and more juvenile, which was probably a good thing, considering Kyle was three years younger than his wife.

“When will you mortals realize that begging gets you nowhere?” Lucifer questioned as he plucked the glasses out of Olivia’s hand before setting them down on the table.

“What’s crackalackin’?” Ella asked joyfully as she walked up to Lucifer and Olivia, pulling their attention away from the squabble they’d just been having with each other. “Hey, you look nice!” Ella complemented Lucifer as she nudged his side with her elbow, instantly garnering all of the tall man’s attention as he looked down at the forensic scientist.

“I look like I belong in a fraternity! I mean, this,” Lucifer paused for a moment as he gestured to his body with his hands before continuing, “Is an abomination!”. Chloe chuckled softly at Lucifer’s contempt towards the situation as she began to step forward.

“You look really cute,” Chloe offered as she closed the bulk of the distance between herself and her boyfriend. “A lot younger too.” She smiled when Lucifer sighed and rolled his eyes at her compliments.

“Well, I suppose if you’re alright with it then I’ll give it a shot,” Lucifer conceded, feigning grumpiness as Chloe took another step towards him, closing nearly all the distance between the two of them.

“What were you complaining about a moment ago?” She questioned as she reached up and took his tie in her hands, tugging on it gently as she smiled up at him.

“They want me to wear glasses! I don’t need glasses, I have perfect eyesight,” Lucifer answered immediately, his voice laced with annoyance as he grabbed the glasses resting on the table and held them up as proof. Chloe couldn’t help but chuckle at him as she let go of his tie and reached out to take the glasses from his hand. She opened them with a smile before lifting them up to his face. “Detective,” Lucifer whined softly as he took a small step back, giving her his best puppy dog eyes. Chloe ignored his attempt at pity, only smiling a bit wider as she leaned up and rested them on his face. She took a step back to admire her work, and she couldn’t help it when her smile grew even more. Lucifer just looked so unlike himself. He didn’t look anything like a suave club owner who’d slept with half the population of LA; he looked shy, like the type of man who stumbled over his words slightly on the first date. He looked like a slightly nerdy accountant. The thought made Chloe giggle, her hands covering her mouth as she tried to hold back the noise, but when Lucifer raised an eyebrow at her she couldn’t keep it in any longer. “See! You’re laughing! I look ridiculous!” Lucifer exclaimed as he lifted a hand to remove the glasses, but Chloe wasn’t going to have that. She took a quick step forward, wrapping her boyfriend in a tight hug and effectively pinning his arms to his sides as she buried her face in his chest.
“You’re adorable!” She chuckled as she squeezed her boyfriend tighter.

“I’m the Devil! I’m not supposed to be adorable!” Lucifer growled as he struggled to free himself from her arms for a moment before succeeding, pushing her away as pulled the glasses from his face and rested them on the table once more.

“I think you should wear them,” Chloe stated earning herself another clearly un-amused scowl. But she could tell by the look in his eyes that he was actually considering it, she just needed to give him that last little nudge. “You can take them off when we’re alone in the house together.” She pointed out and watched a little bit more of his resolve crumble. “Please, Lucifer, for me?” She whined slightly when she asked the question, and he heaved out a breath as he gave into her wishes.

“The things I do for you,” Lucifer grumbled under his breath as he picked the glasses up off the table and tucked one of the temples into his breast pocket so that they hung off his shirt. Chloe couldn’t help but smile softly as she leaned up onto the tips of her toes and pressed a kiss against her boyfriend’s prickly jawline. God, how she loved this new relationship feeling, like there was nothing your new partner could do to get on your nerves; she was dreading the day when the ‘honeymoon phase’ of their relationship finally wore off, but for now she was happy to bask in it.

“Here,” Ella’s voice pulled Chloe from her thoughts, and her lips from her boyfriend’s face as she dropped back down onto the pads of her feet and turned to face her friend. “The pièces de résistance,” Ella chuckled as she held out a box full of gold wedding bands.

“These seem a bit bland,” Lucifer grumbled as he eyed the box of rings that probably weren’t even real gold, but he reached forward and pulled one out regardless. He tried to slip it on only to find that it was too small, quickly returning it and opting for another one a few sizes larger before sliding it onto his finger with ease. He couldn’t help but stare down at the way it looked on him. Oddly (and frighteningly) enough it didn’t look out of place. In fact, it sort of looked like it belonged there. He glanced over at Chloe, watching as she pulled a ring from the box as he thought to himself; who knows, maybe one day it actually will belong there. Just before his girlfriend could slip the simple bit of metal onto her finger he spoke up, “May I?”

Chloe glanced over at her boyfriend at his request, looking down at his outstretched palm before she shook her head softly as she placed the ring in his hand. She had to admit it was oddly cute how Lucifer was acting. If she didn’t know better she would think that he was trying to prove something to her, but they were already dating, what could he possibly have to prove to her? She watched as he picked up the band with his fingers, stepping away from her slightly just before he lowered himself down onto one knee. “Lucifer, no!” Chloe laughed as she covered her face with her hands. She should have known that he would try to play this out as much as he possibly could.

“Too much?” Lucifer chuckled at her reaction as he stood back up to his full height. Reaching out towards his girlfriend and gently pulling her hand away from her face as he took in the bright red blush on her cheeks with a wide smile. He lined the ring up to her finger before slipping it on with ease. As his eyes met hers he whispered two little words before throwing in a flirty wink. “I do.”

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Chloe glowered at the mirror as she tried to brush her new bangs into submission unsuccessfully. *That damn man.* She cursed Lucifer as she remembered how he got her into this mess. How he told her sergeant that she looked too much like herself, and because of her time in show business it was more than possible that the Keller’s might recognize her as the former star of Hot Tub High School. Her sergeant, unfortunately, hadn’t needed much persuasion to agree with his (horrible) judgment, and now nearly an hour and 10 inches of hair later she had bangs. Horrible, lifeless, unflattering bangs.
“Dude, it’s pretty bad. She’s gonna kick your ass,” Ella’s voice broke the silence as she stepped into the woman’s bathroom. Chloe watched in the mirror behind her as Lucifer followed the forensic scientist inside, their eyes met in the mirror and before Chloe could rebuke Lucifer for just waltzing into the woman’s bathroom the quiet was broken by loud baritone guffaws. Her eyes narrowed as she watched Lucifer brace himself against one of the tiled walls as he laughed at her misfortune.

“I’m glad you’re finding this funny. Hopefully your amusement can keep you warm at night, because I definitely won’t be,” Chloe stated bluntly as she turned around to face him. She knew she didn’t mean it, not entirely anyways, but it would take a Hell of a lot of groveling for him to find his way into her good graces once again.

Lucifer tried to pull himself together at her words, but even though he got his laughter under control he still couldn’t manage to wipe the smile off of his face. The expression Chloe was wearing screamed danger, and possibly another bullet to the leg, but he ignored the possibilities when she started to step towards the door. “Chloe, darling.” He stepped in front of her, blocking her exit path as she stopped in front of him, crossing her arms and glaring up at him. “You can’t be mad at me.”

“I can be, and I am,” Chloe replied with a sharp glare as she tried to step around him, but once again he only blocked her path. She felt her annoyance quickly triple when he rolled his eyes at her. If there is a God up there please give me the strength not to kill this man, Chloe thought to herself as she clenched her hands into fists at her sides.

“Oh come now, I was only looking out for you.”

“No, you were trying not to feel like the odd man out,” Chloe growled as she poked him in the chest roughly before trying to step around him once again, but instead of letting her pass Lucifer quickly wrapped his arms around her and drew her into his chest. Chloe struggled against the cage of his arms for a few futile moments before speaking up once again, “Let go of me.”. If it wasn’t for her (very justified) anger towards him at the moment she’d be more than happy to stand there in the castle of his arms, but she wasn’t about to let him think he could fix this all that easily.

“Not gonna happen,” Lucifer replied softly as he held her close. He couldn’t let her leave, not if she was upset with him. He pressed a few light kisses to the top of her head and rubbed small soothing circles into her back until he felt her relax into him. “See you can’t even stay mad at me.” He chuckled as he loosened his hold on her so he could take a peek at her expression. She still looked a little miffed, but it was probably safe to say his legs were safe from any lead projectiles for the time being.

“This is going to take a year to grow out! I look like...I look like–”

“You look like you’re suffering from a horribly sexless marriage,” Lucifer cut her off with a half-chuckle as he lifted one of his hands to run his fingers through her new bangs. “Now, if you were going undercover with Daniel this would be fitting, but, as you’re going undercover with me this certainly will not do.” He continued as he brushed the short hair to one side and then the other as he tried to determine which way would be the best look on her.

“There’s nothing you can do about it, Lucifer. The damage has already been done,” Chloe sighed as she stepped away from her boyfriend, shaking her head softly at his words; if he didn’t want her to look like a sex deprived housewife he shouldn’t have brought up his ‘concerns’ with Olivia.

“There most definitely is something I can do,” Lucifer stated as he decided that her bangs looked better pushed to the right side of her face. “Miss Lopez, would you be so kind as to go procure a pair of scissors for me?” Lucifer questioned as he glanced over at the forensic scientist who had been standing there watching them silently for the last few minutes.
“What? What do you need scissors for?” Chloe questioned before Ella could answer, concern tainting her voice as she looked up at Lucifer with wide eyes. *Oh no. Please let me be wrong.*

“I need them to fix this mess. Obviously.”

“You think... You think you’re going to cut my hair?” Chloe questioned as she took a few steps back. There was no way she could let Lucifer touch her hair, he’d only make things worse. If that was even possible.

“I’m going to fix your sexless marriage bangs, yes,” Lucifer answered blandly. He couldn’t help but wonder why Chloe was being so protective over her horrendous haircut, it’s not like he was going to make it worse. He was going to fix it... well, fix it as much as he could anyway.

“Lucifer, no,” Chloe stated firmly as she shook her head. She damn well knew he had no experience with hair, she was sure he paid a barber well for his usual haircut. Letting him take scissors to her hair would be disastrous.

“I think you should let him try,” Ella spoke up as she started to step past the two of them.

“Ella!” Chloe protested as she turned to her friend, throwing her hands up in the air.

“I mean, it’s not like he can make it any worse,” Ella quickly explained. Looking over at Lucifer before she added, “No matter how bad he messes up.”

“Excuse me, I’m not going to mess up. Now, are you going to go get me scissors or not?” Lucifer questioned, sounding much more insulted than he really was. He watched Ella roll her eyes before she quickly left the bathroom. Lucifer returned his attention to Chloe with a smile as he turned her towards the bathroom mirror, walking her over to the sink standing before it and getting his fingers wet.

“Lucifer, I’m not sure if I trust you with this,” Chloe explained softly when he started to comb through her bangs with his wet fingers, effectively dampening and flattening them out.

“You don’t trust me to cut your hair?” Lucifer questioned his voice laced with disbelief as his eyes met hers in the mirror. “Me. The man who’s carried you out of burning buildings, and taken bullets for you, and saved yours and your little spawns life.” He continued, only earning a quick shake of her head from his girlfriend before she spoke up.

“Lucifer, there’s no correlation there. Yes, I trust you with my life, but just because you’re an amazing partner doesn’t mean you have the credentials to be a trustworthy hairstylist.” She explained as she turned around to face him. But the way he was looking down at her told her that something had baffled him, his expression a look of confusion and shock. “What?” Chloe asked after a long moment of silence passed between the two of them. She watched as Lucifer opened his mouth to reply but he didn’t manage to get a word out before the door to the woman’s bathroom swung open.

“I’m back. And I have the scissors you asked for,” Ella stated happily as she walked up to the two of them before offering the scissors in her hand to Lucifer. He took them a moment later, looking down at Chloe with a mischievous smile as he abandoned the answer to her question in favor of teasing his Detective.

“Just have a little faith in me, love,” Lucifer stated with a cocky smile as he held the scissors up and opened and closed them twice, sending a soft snip snip noise echoing through the quiet restroom.

Chloe knew that her fate had been sealed the moment that Ella came back with the scissors. She couldn’t help but bury her face in her hands as she drew in a deep breath. “Ugh, I can’t watch,”
Chloe sighed. She heard Lucifer chuckle softly before he was pulling her hands away from her face, she kept her eyes screwed shut as she felt his fingers brushing through her bangs once again. Chloe couldn’t help the worried grimace that crossed her face when the first loud snip echoed against the tiles.

Lucifer ignored the almost pained look on his girlfriend's face as he made the first cut, short golden strands slowly wafting down onto the floor as he brushed his fingers through her hair once again. He worked quickly from then on, making a few more cuts to get a good angle going before he trimmed just the tips for a moment, purposely trying to make it look a little rough. He took a moment to muss up her hair after that, tucking a few strands into place and making it look a little messy in other spots.

“There. All done,” Lucifer stated happily as he set the scissors down on the porcelain sink. When he returned his attention to Chloe she was looking at him with even more concern than she’d shown before. He quickly decided that her worry wouldn’t subside until she saw his handiwork for herself, so he placed a hand on her shoulder and turned her towards the mirror. He watched her look of concern slowly morph into a look of shock, however he couldn’t tell if it was good shock or bad shock. “It’s not perfect, but you have to admit I didn’t really have a lot to work with,” Lucifer stated as he decided it was most likely bad shock on his girlfriend’s face.

Chloe couldn’t do anything but run her fingers through her new bangs as she tried to figure out how Lucifer managed something like this in less than five minutes. His work was definitely an improvement, her bangs now sweeping across her face in a side swoop where they blended into her normal length hair. After the initial shock wore off a smile found its way onto her face as her eyes met Lucifer’s in the mirror. “Where did you learn how to do this?”

Lucifer felt relief flow through him when she smiled at him. She wasn’t disappointed in what he’d done. He smiled softly and shrugged at her question instead of answering. He’d learned in heaven, back when he had a family, and back when he had sisters who actually liked spending time with him. He used to do Azrael’s hair more often than not, at least he used to until his father delegated her to be the Angel of Death. She’d grown darker after the assignment, sort of like how Hell had made him darker. He figured that they’d both turned into the things they needed to in order to handle their respective jobs. Chloe’s soft voice broke him out of his rambling thoughts a moment later.

“You always manage to surprise me,” Chloe murmured softly as she turned around to face him. She was beginning to wonder if she’d ever know everything about him, every time she thought she knew him he would go and show her that she knew nothing. In fact, it was starting to seem like it would be unlikely for him not to surprise her at this point.

“What can I say, darling? We’re not all what we appear to be on the surface.”

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Chloe couldn’t help it when her eyes flicked down to the wedding band Lucifer was still wearing on his finger despite having changed back into his usual clothes. She took her ring off along with her outfit when she changed back into her day to day clothes. Well, she had. Until she noticed that Lucifer had left his on. For some reason, it just felt wrong for her to take hers off if he was wearing his, and so her fake wedding ring found its way back onto her finger. As the two of them reached their cars Lucifer set their boxes down in the passenger seat of his Corvette, and Chloe unlocked her Charger before Lucifer tucked her ‘new identity box’ away in the backseat of her car. Lucifer shut the door softly before leaning against the side of her car as he stared down at her with dark eyes. “So, do you want to come over later tonight?” Chloe asked as she tried to ignore the sinful way Lucifer was looking at her. “I was thinking we could go over our new profiles together.”

“Anything I should bring?” Lucifer asked softly as his smile grew. He was already thinking about
ways he could change the topic of their 'new identities' into something a bit more...aerobic.

“A bottle of red?”

Lucifer’s smile only grew at his girlfriend’s request, some good wine would probably be just what he’d need to get her to loosen up enough to consider having sex with her child in the house. He knew she wasn’t happy about the way her spawn had walked in on them the other night, in fact, if he recalled correctly she had said something along the lines of ‘we can’t do this anymore when Trixie’s around’. He had no doubt in his mind that he could convince her to go back on that statement, especially with a little help from a few glasses of wine (and possibly a bit of bribery with her little spawn, nothing a little chocolate cake couldn’t handle). “Your wish is my command,” Lucifer chuckled as he righted himself, taking a small step forward before reaching out to tuck a piece of Chloe’s hair back behind her ear. “Does seven work?”

“Yeah, I’ll see you then,” Chloe nodded as she hoped her blush wasn’t as apparent as it felt under her skin, but judging by the smile on Lucifer’s face it was probably painfully obvious. Chloe offered him a smile before leaning onto her tip toes and pressing a quick kiss to his cheek. She wanted to do more, but she knew if they started making out in the precinct parking lot chances were they’d wind up either inside of, or on top of one of their cars missing a few articles of clothing before someone managed to interrupt. Chloe tried to ignore the knowing gaze Lucifer gave her as she pulled away. She opened the door to her car and slid inside before Lucifer spoke up.

“I look forward to it darling.”

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The loud knock at the door pulled Chloe away from her attempts to help Trixie do her math homework. Her child quickly scrambling out of her chair as she ran towards the door shouting, “I’ll get it mommy!”. Chloe shook her head at her daughter’s antics standing up and making her way closer to the entrance as Trixie unlocked the deadbolt and threw open the door to reveal Lucifer standing there with a bottle of wine and a large, full, plastic bag in hand. “Lucifer!” Trixie shouted happily as she threw her arms around the fallen angel’s waist and Chloe couldn’t help but laugh at the grimace that crossed his face from the contact.

“Trixie come on, leave Lucifer alone,” Chloe chuckled when her daughter continued to cling onto him.

“What?” Trixie questioned as she released Lucifer from her grip, he quickly stepped around her and into the house as the child turned to face her mother. “Are you jealous that I’m touching your boyfriend?” Chloe’s mouth fell open at her daughter’s snide remark. She shook her head softly as she realized that Maze was rubbing off on her child, and not in the best ways. Well, that and her sweet little kid was slowly but surely morphing into a teenager, a teenager that she would never be prepared to deal with.

“Minion, come on, let’s give your mom and Lucifer some space,” Maze spoke up as she pocketed her cell phone and stepped away from the countertop she’d been leaning on. Chloe practically sighed in relief as her roommate offered to watch her daughter for a few hours before her bedtime came, granted her and Maze had talked about it earlier. Maze had already made her approval of Chloe and Lucifer getting together very apparent; the demon had already told Chloe that if she needed Trixie out of her hair long enough to actually relax with him then she’d handle it, throwing in a wink and making fun of the way Chloe had moved during one of her sex dreams a few nights ago. The demon was well aware of how badly her roommate needed to get laid, she figured that maybe if Lucifer could make Chloe relax for a night then she would stop nagging her about the dishes for a few hours.
“But I want to spend time with Lucifer too!” Trixie protested as she turned back to face her favorite Devil, making him flinch away as she took a step towards him.

“I’ll play that silly candy board game with you that you’ve been begging me to play,” Maze sighed heavily and Trixie stopped in her tracks turning back around to face the demon with a wide smile before running off down the hallway shouting Candy Land over and over again.

“You both owe me,” Maze growled at both Lucifer and Chloe before turning away and walking down the hallway behind Trixie. But the demon knew that she really didn’t care if she ever got repayment for the things she was doing for the two of them, it was enough to see her high-strung roommate finally relax a little, and to see her old master finally be truly happy about something. The thought quickly reminded the demon of how excited the goddess of creation had been to ruin her son’s happiness, the way she had to grab the Devil by the arm and drag him out of the bar before his mother brought everything crashing down on him, the way she ignored Charlotte’s words as she left with Lucifer in tow, her mind only set on getting him away from that bar and his mother as quickly as possible. It was needless to say that disaster had been narrowly avoided. But none of that mattered now, Lucifer and Chloe were together, and they were happy.

“Thank you, Maze!” Chloe shouted after her roommate before approaching her boyfriend and wrapping her arms around him, burying her face in his coat as she felt his arms come up around her.

“Oddly charitable of her,” Lucifer murmured softly as he rested his chin on Chloe’s head, content to stand the foyer of Chloe’s apartment all night as long as he got to hold her. But just as all good things must come to an end, eventually Chloe pulled away from his arms.

“What did you bring?” She questioned as she looked over at the plastic bag Lucifer had brought inside along with the wine.

“Well, I couldn’t help but notice how you kept envying that rookie’s lunch today,” Lucifer beamed as he tugged open the top of the neatly tied bag. “Yet for some reason you kept denying my offers to go get something similar.” He continued as he pulled one of the hefty Styrofoam containers out of the bag. “So I decided that I could surprise you now.” He beamed her a smile as he popped open the container to reveal the contents to his girlfriend.

“Lucifer, I’ve already had dinner,” Chloe spoke up as she stood face to face with a horribly tempting box full of greasy chow mein and orange chicken.

“But Chloe, this is from your favorite little Chinese place,” Lucifer added at her slight protest. He couldn’t accept that Chloe didn’t want his offering; after all, he’d read online that in order to be a good boyfriend you had to surprise your partner every now and then. And if this wasn’t a proper surprise then it would reflect badly on his ability to be boyfriend material, wouldn’t it? That certainly would not do, he had to persuade her. “You know you want to.” He added with a sly smile which quickly died when Chloe nibbled her lower lip and shook her head softly.

“I really shouldn’t,” Chloe replied as she tried to ignore the delicious smell wafting into the air all around her. “I have to stay in shape to chase down bad guys right?” She added with a smile and a laugh, knowing Lucifer would take it as a playful joke despite the fact that she meant it wholeheartedly. Granted her recent concerns weren’t about her job performance, they were more so about looking as hot as most of Lucifer’s hook up’s. I mean, how can I compete against that if I’m constantly eating junk food? He used to have a new twenty-something on his arm every night. I’m not twenty anymore, I’ve had a kid and gotten my fair share of battle scars, and compared to the women Lucifer’s used to I’m frumpy. Chloe thought to herself as she stared at her boyfriend. She knew that what they had was more than sex, her and Lucifer actually did care for each other, but that still didn’t stop the tiny pessimistic voice in her mind from telling her that he would leave if he didn’t
like her body enough.

"Is that your only concern? Because darling, I can help you burn off a few excess calories," Lucifer quipped as he wiggled his eyebrows at his girlfriend slightly. Chloe rolled her eyes at him but the smile on her face told him that she actually did find him at least a little funny. "I mean just look at it." He added as he grabbed a plastic fork out of the bag next to him before stabbing a few noodles, he twirled the fork around before lifting it up and holding it out towards Chloe. "You only get to live once," Lucifer added as he lowered his voice slightly and offered his girlfriend a smirk. It only took Chloe a moment later until she reached out to take the fork from Lucifer’s fingers. He couldn’t help but smile at the fact that he’d gotten her to cave in as she popped the fork into her mouth, her eyes fluttering shut as she chewed her bite of food. He watched her swallow before she reached out to take the container from him, stabbing her fork into the chow mein once again before looking up at him.

“You’re the Devil,” Chloe joked with a smile before taking another bite of her food.

“Correct,” Lucifer’s smile grew at Chloe’s words. His girlfriend rolled her eyes as his over enthusiastic response as she chuckled softly, turning away from him and walking towards the couch. She still didn’t understand why Lucifer was so adamant that he was the Devil. Even if the Devil did exist it couldn’t possibly be her boyfriend; he was too sweet, and kind, and well...not evil. "There might also be a slice of chocolate cake in here for your offspring.” Chloe heard her boyfriend’s voice break the peaceful silence currently filling her apartment.

"She's gonna start thinking you're a pushover if you keep bringing her treats every time you see her,” Chloe chuckled, shaking her head softly as a wide smile graced her lips. She had to admit that it was touching that her boyfriend made it a point to remember her daughter, even if he did call her weird names like spawn and offspring. “C’mon we have work to do.” She added as she sat down on the couch, drawing her legs up underneath herself as she slowly enjoyed her food. A few moments passed before she heard him rummaging in her cupboards and she peeked over her shoulder to see her boyfriend place two wine glasses on the counter. He dug around in her drawers for a moment until he produced a corkscrew and quickly removed the cork from the wine bottle, pouring two hefty glasses and carrying them over to the table along with the bottle. He placed them down quickly and Chloe reached for one of the glasses, taking a long sip as Lucifer walked off once again. Her boyfriend returned quickly with his own Styrofoam container in hand as he draped his jacket over one of the arms of her couch before settling in next to her. Chloe curled into Lucifer’s side as he opened his own container before wrapping his free arm around her shoulders. They ate in companionable silence, each of them working through two full glasses of wine during the meal. Chloe finished first, followed a few minutes later by her boyfriend as he rested his empty carry out box on the coffee table before them.

“So, do you have Kyle’s life story memorized?” Chloe questioned as Lucifer poured her a third glass and she mentally reminded herself not to touch it. She already felt warm and a little sluggish, she didn’t need to get drunk tonight.

“Of course I do, he’s utterly boring,” Lucifer scoffed as he finished filling her glass and topped his off.

“You only read the first page didn’t you?”

“What makes you think I’d be so sloppy?” Lucifer questioned with mock hurt as he fixed Chloe with wide eyes.

“Because you would actually like Kyle’s backstory once you got a few pages in,” Chloe answered as she grabbed her file off the table and flipped towards the back where a copy of Kyle’s info had
been added. “The behavioral analysis team made something they thought would be somewhat similar to your own shady past.” She continued as she held the file out towards Lucifer.

“Intrigued,” Lucifer stated with a smirk as he took the file from Chloe and read the page she’d flipped to. He quickly read over Kyle’s backstory. The kid’s parents died in a car crash when he was six and he got placed in the fostering system shortly after. He was assigned to a family that turned out to be abusive and ran away one night when the woman of the house got drunk and started hitting her husband. By the time Kyle stopped running he found himself completely lost in a bad part of town, and that’s where his mentor William came into play. Apparently William was already pretty far up the gang ladder when he’d found Kyle, and decided to take the kid in because he could be an asset. As Lucifer continued Kyle’s life didn’t get any better, the syndicate basically just used him to off unsuspecting targets; after all he was just an impressionable little kid, likely to do whatever adults said was the right thing for him to do. Kyle grew up in the syndicate. It was all he really learned growing up, and by the time he was twenty-two he was already second in command and William had taken over as number one.

And that’s when Heather came into his life, she was taking one last big trip before settling into her first real teaching job and she picked London for the destination. But like many clueless tourists, she found herself lost in the slums of city one night and figured that the people who owned the voices she’d heard down the street would point her in the right direction. Instead, she found herself walking into a drug exchange and got guns drawn on her almost immediately, her fate had actually looked quite bleak until Kyle came to check on how the deal was going. Kyle had been the one to narrowbly manage to drag her out of the situation and get her somewhere safe, but it was only a matter of time until William caught word of what happened and went to see Kyle himself, and once again Kyle had to save Heather from the clutches of someone who wished her ill. When Kyle finally managed to get Heather to an airport to get out of London she tried to convince him to come with her, and knowing that the syndicate would now be out for his blood he agreed.

The story got significantly less exciting from there on, Heather tried her best to help Kyle acclimate to normal life, letting him stay with her for a few months until he managed to get his own place. They grew apart after that, a few years passing without so much as a ‘how are you?’ text. Eventually, they ran into each other at the DMV, they quickly grew back together and started dating. And after that came marriage. Lucifer closed the file and tossed it onto the coffee table before speaking up, “Heather fell in love with a bad boy with a streak of good now did she?”.

“It’s easy to fall in love with a man after he saves your life enough times,” Chloe answered with a shrug as she took a sip of her wine. The moment she’d read about Kyle and Heather she couldn’t help but draw ties between the way Kyle had saved Heather a few times and the way Lucifer had saved her life at least three times already. Lucifer let out a half chuckle at her statement but he chose to stick to the topic at hand, he wasn’t ready to venture into a topic that could lead to Chloe telling him she loved him; after all, it would be expected for him to also reciprocate those same feelings, and although he knew he didn’t lack them he wasn’t ready to admit it to anyone yet.

“So Kyle moved to America, changed his whole life, gave up being second in command of a crime syndicate, and became an accountant. This woman made him bloody soft didn’t she?” He questioned and Chloe nodded her silent answer. “We’re basically the same person,” Lucifer said softly as he realized how similarly women had softened him and imaginary Kyle.

“Yeah? Have you gone soft?” Chloe questioned, but instead of answering her Lucifer just made a weird face as he picked up his wine glass and quickly downed the contents. Chloe shook her head softly at him before she decided to change the subject, she was still painfully aware of how emotionally constipated her boyfriend was. “How old is Kyle?” Chloe questioned as she tried to ensure that Lucifer actually knew a thing or two for tomorrow.
“Thirty-two,” He answered with ease as he leaned back against the couch and looked over at her with relief that she hadn’t pressed the subject.

“How long has he been married to Heather?”

“Seven years,” Lucifer answered yet another question about the man he would be tomorrow.

“When did he become the head of his firm?”

“Two years ago.”

Chloe continued questioning Lucifer for at least another thirty minutes, asking questions about birthdays, anniversaries, what college he went to. The mundane questions went on and on until Chloe told Lucifer to ask her about her persona. Lucifer asked her the same questions for a while, but it was only a matter of time until Lucifer’s innocent questions took a slightly more mischievous turn.

“What’s their favorite sex position?” Lucifer questioned as a sinful grin found its way onto his face.

“Lucifer! That’s not relevant to the case!” Chloe exclaimed as she playfully slapped his arm.

“You don’t know that, what if we have nosey neighbors?” Lucifer asked earning himself a speculative glance.

“Nope, not gonna get brought up.”

Lucifer smiled at the blush covering Chloe’s face from the question and decided to push it further. Besides, how else was he going to possibly get something sexy started if they were talking about dates and colleges? “Cowgirl,” Lucifer stated with a bold smile, earning an eye roll from his human.

“Missionary,” Chloe decided to play along. Besides, she knew Lucifer’s playful jabs were always harmless, it was just his sense of humor.

“Is that Heather’s preference or your's darling?” Lucifer questioned as his smile grew. He wouldn’t exactly be surprised if it was, Chloe did seem like the safe, familiar, vanilla sex type after all.

“Is cowgirl Kyle’s or Lucifer’s?” Chloe shot back playfully as she leaned in slightly closer.

“Both,” Lucifer answered with a wide grin. He watched Chloe’s eyes widen momentarily as her smile grew somewhat shy and she quickly looked down at the couch between them. It took Lucifer a short moment to realize that she wasn’t going to divulge him the information of her favorite sex position so he opted for a new question. “How do you think they kiss?”

“Like normal people, with their mouths,” Chloe answered sarcastically as she looked back up at Lucifer.

“You know that’s not what I meant,” Lucifer chuckled earning himself a quick scoff.

“They kiss the same way we do Lucifer.”

Lucifer shook his head softly at Chloe’s statement. “I don’t think so.” He spoke up earning a confused glance from Chloe. “Kyle’s a little more sinister than I am, I’m fairly certain he wouldn’t be quite so gentle,” Lucifer continued as a sly smile found its way onto his face. He actually wasn’t sure who was the more sinister character; Kyle had killed significantly more people, but he only did it because he was an impressionable child who did what he needed to survive. Lucifer had killed his brother out of an act of protection for his mother and Chloe, he knew exactly what he was doing but
valued their lives more than his own brothers. Lucifer accepted that he was probably the worse of two evils. After all, Kyle hadn’t spent centuries upon centuries in Hell torturing souls and enjoying it more often than not. He pushed the revelation away as he focused on Chloe and their conversation once more.

“I think it would be a little more like this,” Lucifer said softly before leaning in and closing the last of the distance between himself and his human. He watched her face carefully for any sign of disapproval as he leaned in, but the way Chloe’s eyes drifted halfway shut and her lips automatically parted for him in anticipation told him that she was very pro-demonstration kiss. Lucifer couldn’t help but start out softly, his lips ever so lightly brushing against Chloe’s before he deepened the kiss, drawing her lower lip into his mouth as he tried to ignore the all too familiar furnace she was starting inside of him.

Chloe drew in a sharp gasp when Lucifer bit her lower lip. She’d never really been much for biting and she blamed it on Dan, the one time she agreed to try it with him he’d been too rough, and she’d wound up with a few painful bruises that took days to heal. Lucifer didn’t hurt her though, he mainly just startled her and only a few seconds after she pulled away she pressed their lips together once again, her hands running up his chest to tangle in his hair and rest against his cheek as she relished in the smooth softness of his mouth on hers. The gentleness of their kiss only lasted for a moment before she felt his tongue swipe across her lips, asking for permission to deepen their kiss; it took Chloe a moment to realize what he wanted before she parted her lips for him. She felt his tongue slip inside her mouth and caress her own for a moment before a sound that was more akin to a growl than a moan escaped Lucifer. Her libido was already boiling inside of her, he really is walking heroin, Chloe thought to herself as heat began pooling low in her belly. A moment later she felt his arms wrap around her back tightly, pulling her firmly against him before he shifted on the couch until she was laying under him. The change in position forced every inch of her body to press firmly against his and she was suddenly aware that Lucifer was just as turned on as she was as she felt the large bulge in his pants pressing firmly against her upper thigh.

Lucifer held back another moan when Chloe arched into him, he forced away thoughts of having sex with her on the couch as he silently reminded himself that Chloe was so much more than a quick shag on the living room furniture type of girl. He continued to slowly map out every inch of her soft, warm mouth with his tongue as he ran a hand through her hair slowly. He pulled away for air a moment later, taking in the flush on Chloe’s face and her kiss swollen lips as he tried to ignore the dull throb of almost pain that was attempting to persuade him to seek out his own pleasure. He hardly even had time to remind himself that Chloe’s pleasure had to come first before her voice broke the quiet sound of their muffled pants.

“Lucifer,” Chloe panted softly as she tried to regain control over the volume of her voice. She lost track of her words for a second as she stared into his lust darkened eyes, but managed to regain her train of thought a moment later. “Bedroom. Now.” She ordered quietly as she gave into the throbbing demand between her legs that she’d been neglecting for far too long now. She wanted this, she wanted him; and Maze was right, she desperately needed to get laid.

It took Lucifer a moment to register her words, the initial shock subsiding quickly as he realized that after a year and a half of denied attempts Chloe was finally accepting him into her bedroom the way he’d hoped she would ever since he laid eyes on her. As soon as the full realization of her words sunk in he felt the molten heat burning inside him morph into an entirely new, yet familiar, beast that he hadn’t dealt with much ever since he’d ‘retired’. He tried to ignore the realization that his human definitely affected more than just his mortality as he quickly quelled the monster inside him that was urging him to ravage her with all the ferocity the Lord of Hell could manage. He hardly managed to force that part of himself back where it couldn’t bother him as he wondered why it decided that now was a good time to rear its head. Ever since his arrival on Earth it’d only come out when someone
needed punishing, and Chloe was most certainly not about to be punished. She was the most amazing creature he’d ever known, and he refused to show her anything but reverence and tender affection.

“With pleasure darling,” Lucifer answered her request with a smirk as he stood, holding his hand out to help her up. He pulled her up off the couch when her hand found his. But to his surprise instead of dragging him off towards her bedroom his girlfriend’s hands tangled in his hair once again before her lips captured his in a rough, needy kiss. He couldn’t help but groan from the unexpected onslaught as his hands found the back of her head and the spot on her back between her shoulder blades while her tongue mingled with his own once again. He was only mildly aware of Chloe’s hands moving to his shoulders and then the front of his shirt while he lost himself in the feeling of their kiss, he only became aware that Chloe was working the buttons on his shirt undone when she pulled her lips from his. This woman is going to be the death of me, Lucifer thought to himself as he watched her nibble her lower lip as her fingers continued to pop buttons from his shirt.

“Too many clothes,” Chloe mumbled as she focused her fumbling fingers on undoing the buttons on the front of Lucifer’s shirt. She knew that she should get him behind a locked door before doing this, but Lucifer and her better judgment were like oil and water, and at the moment the only thing that really mattered was getting his shirt off so she could feel more of his skin under her fingertips. She couldn’t help but wonder why Lucifer had such a maddening effect on her sex drive. Sex with Dan had been great in the beginning, but as their relationship started to wither it became more of a chore than an act of passion. Whereas just making out like a horny high schooler with Lucifer was enough to drive her almost mad with lust, it’d been years since she’d last rushed to rip a man out of his shirt. She didn’t bother to answer her own question as she returned her lips to his while she continued to undo the slowly dwindling amount of buttons holding his shirt closed. She only kissed his mouth briefly before trailing her lips across the rough stubble on his jaw as she started to step backward, dragging them away from the living room and towards the hallway.

“Chloe,” Lucifer breathed shakily as her lips moved from his jaw and began to trail a path down his neck. He didn’t even realize how far she’d walked them both before he heard a soft thud as her back hit the wall behind them. He felt his shirt drift open as Chloe undid the last button while her soft lips continued to map their gentle path down his neck to the curve of his shoulder. Lucifer panted softly for air as Chloe pulled her lips from his neck, staring up at him with darkened aqua orbs as her hands skimmed a path up his bare chest to his shoulders as she pushed his shirt off. It pooled on the floor a moment later as she focused on his newly exposed expanse of skin, her hands tracing a shaky path down his arms before returning to his chest and torso to explore. Everywhere the tips of her fingers touched him his body reacted, his skin prickling up into bumps even though her touch spread fire under his flesh rather than chills.

“You’re like the statue of David,” Chloe breathed softly as she pulled her eyes away from her boyfriend’s perfectly sculpted body to look up at his face. The raw emotion in his eyes made her breath catch in her throat as he stared down at her with a soft half-smile. Chloe knew Lucifer was the type of man who didn’t really express his emotions, he was the type who saw them as a weakness that needed to be hidden from the rest of the world; but despite the fact that he wasn’t verbally telling her how he truly felt about her she could tell that he held her very close to his heart by the expression on his face and the feeling reflected in his eyes. She tried to take a mental snapshot of the moment so she could save it in her mind to look back on fondly. She wanted to remember in crisp detail the amazement, and softness, and the slight sheen of surprise that he was staring down at her with. Barely a moment passed before she felt the warmth of one of his large palms on her cheek as he leaned in closer to her.

“You must be a miracle or something,” Lucifer breathed softly as he braced his other hand on the wall above Chloe’s shoulder as he closed the distance between them. He pressed his lips to hers
gently this time, taking his time to relish in the warm feeling blooming in his chest before deepening
the kiss. It had been nearly an eternity since he’d cared for anyone or anything the way he cared for
this human in his arms, and even though it exhilarated him it also scared him. How could he possibly
live without her after realizing that he hadn’t truly lived a day in his life before her? He drew in a
long shaky breath as he pulled away from the kiss, staring down into peaceful sea of blue that he
doubted he could exist without anymore. “Are you sure you’re not an Angel sent to destroy me?”
Lucifer questioned breathlessly as the warm feeling in his chest threatened to temporarily suffocate
him.

“I’m beginning to think you’re the one who was sent to destroy me,” Chloe answered with a soft
smile as she realized that she’d never expected to feel this strongly for anyone again after going
through her devastating divorce. How was it possible that he could just waltz into her life, annoy her
half to death for the last year and a half, and somehow still manage to wiggle his way so deeply into
her heart? If there was one thing she knew, it was that Lucifer was either going to be the best forever,
or the worst heartbreak of her life. He chuckled softly at her response before leaning in and kissing
away any trepidation that her previous thought stirred inside her.

“Could never do that…” Lucifer breathed softly as he barely pulled away from her, their lips still
brushing as he spoke before he kissed her a little more firmly. He relished in the way Chloe’s arms
wrapped around his back, tracing slowly up to the blades of his shoulders as she returned his kiss
hunggrily. “Rather die than hurt you…” Lucifer added as he barely pulled away once again only to
kiss her even more passionately as he trailed the hand that was resting on her cheek down her neck
slowly. Everything inside of him was straining for release, what was once nothing more than a dull
throb was now more than just a little distracting, and more than just a little painful. He couldn’t help
but press a little more of his weight into Chloe when she let out a small needy moan, their kisses
quickly becoming less reserved and more desperate as Lucifer dropped his hand from Chloe’s neck
as he began to play with the hem of her shirt.

Chloe couldn’t help but arch into him as his hand slipped under her shirt and his fingers began to
teasingly trace patterns onto the skin of her sides and torso as he kissed her like he was drowning in
the ocean and she was his air. His nails dragged softly against the sensitive skin just above the curve
of her hip and she unintentionally dug her nails into his back in response. Lucifer let out a breathy
moan at the feeling of the small pricks of pain on the surface of his skin. He was no stranger to a little
pain in the bedroom, Maze had made certain of that a long time ago, but this was different; this was
Chloe, and it was proof that he was quite capable of drawing out her dark mischievous side like he
did with other women. He couldn’t help but want to see exactly how much more he could draw out
of her as he kissed her roughly, the once slow and gentle way their tongues had been dancing
together quickly turning into a battle for dominance as his hand slipped further up her torso under her
shirt. He paused when his fingers brushed against the lace of her bra, his hand molding to the curve
of her ribcage before dragging his nails across her skin once again, this time hard enough to leave
soft pink marks in his wake.

Chloe gasped at the sensation, her nails once again digging into her boyfriend’s back almost like they
had a mind of their own. She knew that she was being too rough with him, and she wanted to check
and make sure that she hadn’t hurt him at all. But before she could even form a sentence in her mind
her arms were being pulled away from his body and pinned to the wall above her head. Lucifer’s
hands resting over her own as he intertwined their fingers, his lips finding the spot where her jaw and
neck met as he began to hungrily kiss and nibble along the sensitive skin there. “Lucifer.” Chloe
whispered as he continued his path down her neck with ravenous lust. She couldn’t help but arch
into him every time his teeth grazed her skin, letting out a series of moans and whimpers that she
couldn’t hold in anymore.

The moment Chloe’s fingers dug into his back hard enough to break the skin Lucifer felt the beast
that he’d managed to quell earlier rage to life anew. He didn’t even bother trying to push it away this
time. Why should he when it was only edging him into doing things he so desperately wanted to do
to her? Some small voice of reason in the back of his head reminded him that he didn’t want their
first time to be like this, that he wanted it to be slow, and gentle, and all about her. The thought didn’t
last long before the hungry beast inside of him squashed it. Lucifer knew that his nastier side wasn’t
going to back down without a fight, he’d starved it for far too long ever since his departure from
Hell. He only wished he knew why it wanted to feed off of Chloe, when in all of his existence it had
only wanted to feed off the pain of damned souls. The thought flickered away quickly as the beast
inside of him grew stronger, forcing him to use all that remained of his control to maintain the
appearance of his angelic glamor and to remind himself that humans were terribly fragile, he couldn't
be too rough.

As Chloe’s moans grew louder he only grew more desperate for her, each sound that escaped her
throat only made it harder for him to make the distinction between himself and the monster inside of
him. After all, they both wanted to do the same exact things to her. He pulled his lips from her neck
as he captured her mouth with his, greedily swallowing her growing moans as he pulled his hands
from hers. One hand tangling in her hair while the other one slowly explored the curves of her body.
Skimming down her chest and across the soft bulge of her breast, trailing further down across the
gentle dip of her side and the curve of her hip, his hand finally stopping on the full curve of her ass as
he squeezed the plump flesh hiding beneath the denim. He pulled away from the kiss a moment later,
his lips gently skimming across her cheekbone until he reached the soft shell of her ear, tugging on
the cartilage gently before he spoke up.

"Anha yeri kash disse ase yeri laz tih hake." Chloe didn't understand a single word that he'd said,
regardless of that though she couldn't help but shudder at the quiet, yet rough way Lucifer had
whispered the unknown words in her ear. His hot breath tickling her skin as both of his hands found
her face, pulling her into him as he kissed her deeply. What language even is that? I didn't know he
was bilingual, Chloe thought when Lucifer broke their kiss for a brief moment. She barely even had
time to draw in a fresh breath before his lips were on hers once again. Who gives a shit what it was.
That was so fucking hot. Chloe felt herself quickly melting into him, silently willing him to pick her
up and carry her into the bedroom just before a shrill, scared voice broke through the quiet.

“Stop hurting each other!” Chloe stiffened immediately at the sound of her daughter's voice, her
hands pressing against Lucifer's chest as she tried to push him away. He didn’t seem to want to stop
though, his body not even swaying from her attempts as she managed to pull her lips from his long
enough to get a few words out.

“Lucifer, no. Stop.” Chloe’s soft protest didn’t help stop the internal power struggle he was dealing
with, but he managed to pull himself away from her a moment later, the beast inside him roaring it’s
protest all the while. He clenched his teeth tightly as he stepped away from the Detective, he needed
to put some space between the two of them until he got himself under control. It was easier to lock
his monster back away in its cage when he wasn’t close enough to feel the warmth of Chloe’s skin or
the smell of her strawberry scented shampoo lingering in the air. He looked over to where the
Detective’s spawn was standing only to see Maze a few feet behind the child smirking at them
mischievously. If she did this on purpose I will send her back to Hell personally, Lucifer thought to
himself just before the demon met his eyes, the expression on her face sobering up quickly as she
realized how frustrated her former master was.

“Trix, we’re not – nobody’s hurt,” Chloe explained to her child after taking a few deep breaths in an
attempt to clear her mind and calm her racing heart. She could understand why her daughter might
think that they’d just been fighting, they were really going at it just a moment ago, but what she
didn’t understand was why Trixie’s anxious expression was still in place.
“Then why is Lucifer bleeding?”

Her daughter's question caught her completely by surprise as she turned to look at the man in question. “What? Where?” Chloe questioned as she stepped toward him, concern washing over her at her daughter's claims that Lucifer was actually hurt. She reached out a hand to turn him so she could look for whatever wound her daughter was talking about; but he flinched back, taking a long step away from her as he looked at her with wide, panicked eyes. His reaction instantly made her worry grow, Lucifer had never looked at her like that before, not even when she’d had a gun pointed at his chest. She didn’t have time to wonder what had happened between them to make him react that way before he was speaking up.

“I’m fine,” Lucifer assured her as he stepped away, trying to keep a safe distance between the two of them. He was terrified of letting her too close to him, terrified of losing control of his nastier side again, terrified of willingly letting it control him the way he’d done a few moments ago. The beast in him was usually complacent, only coming out to play when he allowed it to; it’d never bothered to rouse itself for sex before, and the only time it rebelled against him the way it just had was when he was pushed to his snapping point and someone needed punishing. So why was it suddenly so interested in Chloe? She was good and pure. He could sense it. She didn’t need punishing and he couldn’t risk letting that monster inside of him hurt her. Sure, in the moment it seemed like it just wanted to come out to play, seemed like it didn’t mean her any harm, but it’d refused to stop when Chloe told him to; it was insubordinate, and greedy, and violent, and he would not allow it to destroy the only thing he’d ever sacrifice his own life for.

“Mommy, you hurt him!” Trixie exclaimed as she walked up to Lucifer and grabbed the tall man by his forearm, turning him slightly and pointing to the slender, bright red scratch on one of his shoulder blades before fixing her mom with an angry stare. Chloe was relieved to see that it was nothing serious but still felt guilty over doing that to him in the first place.

“I really need to learn how to control myself around him, she thought to herself quietly as she looked down at her daughter who was clearly expecting some sort of apology.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t realize—”

“It’s alright. I already said I’m fine,” Lucifer cut her off as he shrugged the spawn’s hand off of his arm and turned back around. He wasn’t about be babied over a minor flesh wound.

“No you’re not! I need to fix you!” Trixie reprimanded the Devil sternly, giving him a ‘mum look’ that could rival Chloe’s before she continued, “Wait right here.” The spawn rushed down the hallway a moment later, leaving a baffled Devil, an amused demon, and a concerned human alone in the room. Chloe was the first one to break the silence as she tentatively stepped forward, part of her wondering if Lucifer was still going to act like he was scared of her.

“Why didn’t you tell me I was hurting you?”

Lucifer scoffed and rolled his eyes at her question despite the fact that he was worried about the quickly dwindling distance between the two of them. He knew he couldn’t show too much concern though, otherwise Chloe would want to know what was going on with him. “It’s a scratch darling.” He answered nonchalantly but when relief didn’t show on his girlfriend’s face he tried once more to put her at ease. “I would have told you if I wanted you to stop. Maybe I liked it,” Lucifer quipped as he flashed her a sinful grin. Chloe chuckled softly at his remark as she shook her head softly, but she didn’t have time to reply before her daughter was rushing over with a first aid kit in hand.

The child grabbed the Devil by the hand and tried to tug him over to the countertop unsuccessfully. “Come on,” Trixie ordered, earning a sigh from the tall man who grudgingly followed her over to the countertop. The child released his hand before clambering onto one of the stools and sprawling the
contents of the kit out before her. Lucifer tensed when he felt the spawns tiny fingers tracing the skin at the edges of one of his scars, a moment later her small voice broke the silence, “What were your wings like?”.

“Trixie,” Chloe gently admonished her daughter for the brazen question, but before she could continue Lucifer was already responding.

“What? How do you–”

“Your scars,” Trixie cut the Devil off nonchalantly as she pulled her hands away from his back to grab a cotton ball and a small container of hydrogen peroxide. “And Maze told me about how she cut them off for you.” She continued as she gently dabbed the wet cotton ball on his scratch. “Did it hurt?”

“It’s up there on my list of painful experiences.”

“What’s hurt the most?” Trixie asked curiously as she discarded the used cotton ball and waited patiently for the air to dry the alcohol that was still glistening on Lucifer’s skin.

“Trixie,” Chloe spoke up to reprimand her daughter’s nosey questions once more, but Lucifer didn’t seem to mind so much since he was answering a moment later.

“Falling.” He answered softly as he recalled the way it hurt, not only physically, but also the way it tore his heart to shreds when he was rejected by his family and thrown away like he never mattered to any of them.

“But you had wings so couldn’t you have just flown?”

Lucifer glared at the ground as that moment of his life replayed, or more specifically, the moment where Michael broke his wings before kicking him over the edge. “It’s not that – I –” Lucifer struggled with the memories flooding his mind for a moment as he tried to answer the child’s question. “Are you done back there yet?” He changed the topic as he decided he didn’t want to talk about any of it.

“Almost,” Trixie answered as she returned to the task of patching her friend up. Lucifer looked over his shoulder to watch Trixie grab a box of bandages, pulling one out that was covered in pictures of a tiny woman in a green dress as she started to peel the paper off the back of the adhesive.

“What is that?” He questioned as he turned to better face the child and the oddly decorative bandage

“It’s a Tinkerbell Band-Aid,” Trixie answered casually as she peeled away the second strip of adhesive protecting paper. “Tinkerbell always makes me feel better when I’m hurt, maybe she can make you feel better too.”

Lucifer practically snorted at the idea that the decoration on the bandage could possibly aid his healing in any way. “No thanks.” He stated blandly as he tried to walk away just before one of Trixie’s tiny hands was grabbing him by the shoulder to stop him from leaving.

“But Lucifer! Without it you could bleed!” Trixie explained, concern written all over her features as Lucifer turned to face her.

“Oh no! I’ve never done that before!” Lucifer exclaimed sarcastically earning another ‘mum look’ from young Beatrice.

“You need one.” She stated firmly, her lips turning down into a frown as she gave the Devil a dirty
“Whatever,” Lucifer sighed and rolled his eyes at the child’s determination. Turning his back to her once again before he felt her gently place the bandage over the scratch and rub the adhesive patches into place.

“See! Now you’re all better!” Trixie exclaimed happily just before the loud sound of a camera snapping a picture echoed through the otherwise quiet room. Lucifer turned immediately to see Maze holding her phone out towards him with an impish grin on her face as her eyes flicked from the device’s screen up to his face. Lucifer narrowed his eyes at the demon only to earn a snicker from her as she focused her attentions on Trixie.

“C’mon little human, it’s past your bedtime.”

“Okay,” Trixie sighed halfheartedly before attacking Lucifer with a hug as she wrapped her arms around his neck. “Bye Lucifer, get better soon.” She said softly as Lucifer tensed under her touch. She let go a moment later, clambering off the stool and following Maze down the hallway. Lucifer watched the child leave as he tried to figure out why she was starting to stir up the same foreign warmth in his chest that her mother was notorious for. Dr. Linda had told him that warm feeling was love, but he couldn’t possibly love the child, he didn’t even tolerate children that well. Lucifer didn’t have long to trail off into his train of thought before Chloe was stepping towards him once again.

“I should probably get going,” Lucifer spoke up just as Chloe reached out a hand towards him. He needed to go home and try to figure out what was going on with him, needed to figure out why Chloe was affecting him so much.

“Are you sure?” Chloe asked softly as her outstretched hand drifted back down to her side, worry filling her once more over her boyfriend’s sudden and unusual change in character. She watched Lucifer walk away and retrieve his shirt from off the floor before he shrugged it on. Did she do something wrong to run him off so quickly? Did Trixie weird him out a few moments ago with all of her crazy kid questions?

“Yes. After all, don’t you have to go read a book to your spawn?” Lucifer questioned as he buttoned up his shirt. He was just throwing excuses out there at this point, he could tell Chloe didn’t want him to leave yet but he had questions flying through his mind that he’d only be able to answer once he was alone at Lux.

“I don’t have to,” Chloe answered softly as she watched Lucifer do the last button on his shirt, a moment later he was grabbing his jacket off the arm of her couch and slipping into it before he looked over at her, his expression almost confused as he made his way over to her.

“I see,” Lucifer trailed off as he stopped in front of her, staring down at her wide hopeful eyes for a moment before giving her a soft smile. He couldn’t help but reach out a hand and stroke his thumb across her cheek before he continued, “Well, regardless, I have things at Lux that I have to take care of before I disappear tomorrow.”.

All of Chloe’s previous worries fled at his words. He’s not running away Decker, he just has responsibilities he has to take care of before he can ditch his business, she told herself as she offered him a smile. “Right, of course.” She chuckled softly at her previous overreaction as Lucifer’s hand fell from her face and he stepped around her towards the door.

“Am I still picking you up here tomorrow?”

“Yeah,” Chloe answered with a smile and a nod. She couldn’t help but close some of the distance
between the two of them as he rested his hand on the doorknob. She wasn’t ready to say goodbye yet and she didn’t really want him to go, but she understood that he had responsibilities.

“Alright,” Lucifer said softly as he watched Chloe fiddle with her hands. He was waiting for her to give him some parting display of affection like she usually did, a kiss on the jaw, or a hug, or something of the sort; but instead of doing so she just stood there staring up at him as an awkward silence began to grow between them.

“Alright.” Chloe wanted to grab him and pull him close but she could tell that he was still a little tense and standoffish, she figured it was probably because her daughter ruined their almost very hot sex. He probably needed a cold shower as much as she did.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, darling,” Lucifer spoke up as he realized that Chloe wasn’t going to be showing him any of her typical affections. He offered her what he hoped was a warm smile before opening her door and stepping outside into the dark night.

“Lucifer,” Chloe spoke up as she walked to the lip of the doorframe. Jesus, why am I acting like such a clingy girlfriend? She asked herself as she nibbled on the bottom of her lip, she knew he needed to go set things up at Lux for his absence, so why did she still feel like his departure was her fault?

“Hmm?” Lucifer hummed in question as he turned around to face his girlfriend. The next thing he knew two arms were wrapping around his neck as a pair of soft lips pressed against his own. He tensed at first, thrown off by Chloe’s sudden display of affection, and slightly worried that the beast he’d just recently managed to contain would react to her just as aggressively as it had earlier. He relaxed a moment later when his shock subsided and the beast inside him didn’t rouse in the slightest, wrapping his arms around her waist as he returned the kiss. She pulled away a few moments later even though he didn’t want her to stop.

“I just…I wanted to do that one last time before tomorrow,” Chloe breathed with a shy smile when she noticed the puzzled look on her boyfriend's face. She watched a smile spread across his face from her words, a light breathy chuckle escaping him as he leaned into her. Chloe let her eyes drift shut when she felt his forehead press against hers, the tips of their noses brushing as she relaxed into Lucifer’s warm embrace.

Lucifer brushed a gentle kiss against her lips before pulling away from her slightly, running a hand through her hair before he broke the peaceful silence, “Be safe.”. He knew the sentiment wasn’t necessary, she was going to be fine in her own place of residence, especially with Maze around; but for some strange reason he felt like he needed to remind her to watch her back when he wasn’t there to protect her.

“You too,” Chloe offered with a smile as she released her hold on him. Lucifer chuckled softly at her remark, giving her one of his trademark grins before turning away and walking towards the parking lot. Chloe watched him disappear around the corner of the apartment before closing the door to her apartment, leaning back against the wall as she sighed heavily. She took a moment to compose herself; to try and forget about Lucifer’s strange behavior earlier, and his answers to Trix’s questions, and whatever foreign language he’d started talking in just before they’d been interrupted. And she tried not to think about the fact that they would probably be in her bed right now if Trixie hadn’t interrupted them. As she made her way to the bathroom to take a mind (and body) numbing shower she couldn’t help but hope the night would pass quickly. Because Ella was right about this case, it was undoubtedly going to be her libido’s saving grace.
The first thing Lucifer did when he stepped inside his penthouse was pour himself a generous measure of scotch, downing the glass with ease before pouring himself a second. He discarded his jacket on the bar and rolled up the cuffs of his shirt before making his way into the bathroom. He braced his hands on the countertop as he stared into the mirror, the slight frown he wore reflecting back at him. He needed to figure out what was going on with himself. He needed to understand why Chloe’s presence was starting to bring out the worst in him.

He and the beast lurking deep inside of him had coexisted peacefully for more than two dozen centuries, it was just another facet of his personality; or at least it had been, until tonight’s recent developments. It was a part of himself that he’d always been in complete control of, it’d never fought him, and it’d certainly never acted like it had a mind of its own. These recent developments had to have something to do with Chloe, nothing like that had ever happened to him before tonight. But why was she suddenly drawing out the worst parts of him? She was such a pure soul, she’d only ever brought out the best in him before. So why the sudden change?

Lucifer let out a long sigh before he let go of his angelic glamor, watching his reflection as he turned into the burnt, scarred creature he was all too familiar with. Unlike earlier though, this was still him, he was the one in control; and other than the warm burn of Hellfire inside of him there was nothing there fighting him, or telling him to do anything he didn’t want to. He knew that the beast he’d dealt with earlier was still inside of him, lying dormant somewhere just like it had been ever since he’d accepted the damn thing. He’d only ever let it in because Maze had advised him to so very, very long ago; but she’d only ever told him that it’d grant him the power to command Hellfire as his own, she never told him that it would affect anything other than that. What’s going on?

So was Chloe breathing life into the parts of him that had been created in Hell rather than the parts that had been created in Heaven? But why would she even be capable of that? She’s only a human, Lucifer thought to himself as he pursed his lips into a frown, staring down at the counter as he drummed his fingers against the cool marble. The only other option was that everything he’d experienced earlier was just an amplification of his own desires; after all, the beast inside of him always made its presence slightly more known when their motives aligned. But he couldn’t accept that explanation, he couldn’t accept that any part of him would want to put his own pleasure over hers, he couldn’t accept that any part of him would ignore Chloe’s orders to stop doing something to her.

Lucifer let out a soft growl as he hid his nastier side away, pulling his angelic glamor back into place as he decided that whatever was going on with him definitely had something to do with Chloe, not just his own twisted personality. There was no answer to why she affected him the way she did, he still hadn’t even found an answer to why she made him mortal. He supposed he’d have to just wait it out and hope that the more he got to know his Detective, the easier it would be for him to come across the answers to the questions she gave him. He quickly decided that until he figured out what was going on he needed to slow things down with Chloe, after all, this had never happened until she’d given him permission to sleep with her. As much as he hated to think it, he knew he needed to hold out on sex for a little while, at least until he knew for certain that he could control himself. Because if there was one thing he knew, it was that he couldn’t risk putting Chloe in harm’s way. Lucifer let out a long sigh as he walked out of the bathroom, retrieving his scotch from the counter and taking a long sip. This is going to be one long case.
Because He Makes Me Want To Sin

Chapter Summary

Lucifer tries to hide that anything is wrong while he and Chloe officially start their first day on the undercover case. However, when Chloe confronts him on his multi-linguism, saying that last night he said something to her in a foreign language his worry over his current dilemma only grows. Chloe, oblivious to the fact that anything is wrong with Lucifer other than his normal broodiness, wonders why he seems to be hiding his past from her. Ella tries to help set Chloe up, while Lucifer wonders how long he can manage to avoid sex when his girlfriend is constantly testing the strength of his self-control.

Chapter Notes

I'd like to start by thanking my amazing beta editor Valificent! Without you, I would miss a TON of errors (and the ideas you give me are always gold)! You're the real MVP here! And I'd also like to thank @dvoyd for giving me permission to use his poems as epitaphs for this fic!

I'd also like to thank Wikkid, PixelByPixel, Libby Jones, Deckerstar_fan, movietvgirl, DreamIntoTheOcean, Bibi1311, evenhisfacewasanalias, and MsAquaMarvel for all of your lovely comments on the pervious chapter. And another big thank you to everyone who took the time to leave a kudos! Unfortunately, I can't name all of you!

And last, but certainly not least, Wikkid, here is the second chapter of your gift! Sorry, it's taken me so long! Hopefully, it's so good it makes up for the time it took! Also, I may have thrown some major foreshadowing in here in the form of song lyrics ;)

*Italics are thoughts/flashbacks/song lyrics*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tell me, father, which to ask forgiveness for: what I am, or what I'm not?

Tell me, mother, which should I regret: what I became, or what I didn't? ~ m.a.w

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“You’re going to be good for daddy right monkey?” Chloe asked as she knelted on the floor before her daughter so they were close to the same height. Part of her heart was breaking knowing this was going to be the last time she’d see her daughter for at least a week, she always hated it when her work pulled her away from Trixie.

“Promise,” Trixie answered as she nodded at her mother’s question. Chloe smiled at her daughter’s
promise as she fought back the tears that were beginning to form in the corners of her eyes. She knew she had to be strong for Trixie, how could she expect her daughter not to cry if she couldn’t do the same.

“Good.” Chloe breathed, she was worried that if she actually spoke up her voice might crack and then her daughter would know exactly how poorly she was handling the goodbyes. She smiled warmly before pulling her daughter in for a hug, burying her face in Trixie’s hair as she tried to remind herself that this was only going to be for a little while.

“I’m going to miss you,” Trixie admitted quietly and Chloe pulled away a moment later. Smiling down at her daughter as she prayed that her expression wasn’t showing exactly how close to tears that she was.

“I’m going to miss you too, but I’ll come and visit you all the time,” Chloe reassured her daughter with a warm smile as she tucked a loose piece of hair behind Trixie’s ear before slowly trailing a thumb down her cheek.

“Will you bring Lucifer?” Trixie questioned as a small smile finally graced her face for the first time that day. She always tried to hide it but she worried about her parents. They both had dangerous jobs; but their jobs were important, they helped people. She always tried to be strong for both of them, she didn’t want them to have to worry about her when they already had so much to worry about. At least she could relax a little knowing that her mom had Lucifer to keep her safe, Lucifer always kept them both safe.

“I’ll bring Lucifer,” Chloe answered with a small smile as she nodded.

“Good. I like Lucifer. He’s our guardian angel,” Trixie said as her smile grew. Maze let out a bitter laugh at the child’s statement. And Chloe couldn’t help but wonder why her daughter actually seemed to believe that Lucifer was actually a fallen angel, she decided not to question it right now though and instead let her daughter assume that Lucifer would be able to keep her safe from all harm even though she knew he was just a man. Besides, her daughter could use all the reassurance she could get at the moment. Before Chloe could even begin to form a response for her daughter a loud knock came from the door.

“Speak of the Devil,” Maze spoke up as she got up from the couch and made her way over to the door. Undoing the lock and swinging it open before she burst into a loud fit of laughter. Chloe glanced over her shoulder only to see a very miffed Lucifer watching her roommate with annoyance. She was thankful to see that he’d had the common sense to come dressed in something similar to what Olivia had approved yesterday. “What do you call this look? Un-holy Tax Accountant?” Maze joked before breaking into another fit of laughter as she walked away from the door, leaning against the kitchen counter as she braced herself against the laughter still racking her body.

“Yes, and it’s patented, thank you very much,” Lucifer answered dully as he stepped inside the house and shut the door behind himself. Trixie ran over to him a second after he entered her house, attacking him with a hug and making him flinch slightly from the contact. He still didn’t understand why the tiny human seemed to adore him so much, he probably never would. As much as he couldn’t help but shy away from the child’s affection there was a part of him deep down that genuinely enjoyed it. A part of him that basked in the knowledge that someone liked him for nothing more than who he was.

“You’re going to keep my mom safe right? You’re not going to let the bad guys hurt her?” Trixie asked as she pulled away from Lucifer and looked up at him with wide eyes.

“I promise no one will lay a finger on your mother and live to talk about it,” Lucifer answered
seriously, quickly earning a pleased look from the Detective’s spawn.

“Good!”

“Lucifer!” Both Trixie and Chloe exclaimed at the same time, however, the prior was praising and the latter was scolding.

“I keep telling her you’re our guardian angel but I don’t think she believes me,” Trixie whispered loudly to Lucifer and Chloe couldn’t help but shake her head at her daughter’s silly beliefs. Maze, once again, was snorting at the idea of Lucifer being anyone’s guardian angel. And Lucifer was shocked speechless by the spawn’s statement. His mouth falling open as he stared down at the small human curiously. I wish I could see in myself whatever it is you seem to see, Lucifer thought silently to himself as he simply nodded once at the child’s statement.

Chloe let out a long sigh as she stood up, making her way towards where her roommate was leaning with her back against the counter. “Maze, would you mind watching Trix until Dan gets here?” Chloe asked, immediately gaining the woman’s attention as she gave Chloe an unamused look. “Lucifer and I need to get over to the house and move in and he’s running late,” Chloe justified a moment later and Maze’s expression softened slightly.

“Yeah, sure.”

“Thanks,” Chloe offered with a smile. She knew her roommate tolerated kids more than Lucifer, unfortunately for her though Maze still usually needed a bit of persuasion to watch Trixie willingly. And then it was almost guaranteed that they were going to get into some kind of trouble or make some kind of mess while Maze supervised. But Chloe could care less about that at the moment, besides, Dan had been a bit of a dick yesterday. If they wound up making a mess he deserved to clean it up.

“Hey, don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” Maze spoke up, her voice suggestive as she earned an eye roll from her roommate.

“I doubt there’s much you wouldn’t do,” Chloe scoffed as she shook her head softly at her roommate’s words. Lord only knew the kind of things Maze would willingly do.

“That’s kinda the point,” Maze chuckled as she quickly glanced between her roommate and the Devil. Chloe followed her gaze over to Lucifer and immediately picked up on the meaning of her roommate’s words. She fought back another eye roll as she pushed away thoughts of the weird, kinky sex Lucifer and Maze had probably had together in the past. It was never a secret that they had been romantically involved back in the day.

“I love you monkey. I’ll see you in a few days,” Chloe spoke up, immediately drawing her daughter’s attention away from Lucifer as her daughter grabbed her legs in a hug one last time for a few days. Chloe let a bittersweet smile cross her face as she ran a hand through her daughter’s hair lovingly.

“I love you too mommy,” Trixie replied as she released her grip on her mother. Chloe swallowed back her emotions as she grabbed her duffle bag off the ground and slung it over her shoulder, turning to her boyfriend and giving him a quick nod before he grabbed a plastic bin off her table and opened the door for her. She stepped outside into the fresh air, drawing a deep breath as she reminded herself that she’d still get to see Trixie once or twice a week at Dan’s and that she could face time her nightly. It’d be okay. She let out the long breath she was holding as she started making her way to the gated entrance of her apartment community.
“Well then, ready to start our new lives together darling?” Lucifer questioned from behind her, his voice playful as she pushed the sturdy iron gates open. Chloe couldn’t help but roll her eyes at his mischievous tone as she made her way over to the shiny black convertible sitting in the parking lot. But deep down she was glad that Lucifer was already infusing some of his lightheartedness into the situation, she’d need it to forget about Trix for the rest of the day.

“You’re really gonna enjoy this aren’t you?” Chloe questioned as she stopped at the trunk of the car before turning slightly to see Lucifer right behind her, a wide grin on his face as he pulled the car key from his pocket and opened the trunk. He quickly maneuvered her ‘new identity box’ into a free spot before focusing his attentions on her once more.

“You don’t know the half of it darling,” Lucifer answered, his voice growing softer as he leaned in closer to his lovely human. He wanted to pull her mouth against his in a kiss, he wanted to feel her soft lips moving against his as her hands tangled in his hair. His desire only grew when she leaned in closer as well, her eyes fluttering shut as her lips parted ever so slightly in anticipation, yet he made no move to fulfill either of their wishes. He couldn’t risk losing control like he did last night, he couldn’t risk hurting his Chloe. Still though, it felt wrong to punish her for something she had no idea was happening, he couldn’t leave her hanging. And so he closed the rest of the distance between the two of them before brushing a quick, feather light kiss against the tip of her nose.

Chloe’s eyes shot open at the unexpected touch, only to be met with a view of one of her boyfriend’s cocky smirks as he wrapped his hand around the strap of her duffel bag before pulling it off her shoulder. “Really? That’s all I get? A kiss on the nose?” Chloe questioned, her voice sounding much more offended than she actually felt, in reality the small innocent gesture had filled her with giddiness. How can someone so soft truly think that they’re the Devil? Chloe silently asked herself as she watched Lucifer tuck her duffel bag away before closing the truck with a loud metallic thud.

“I intend to kiss every inch of your body in due time darling, I’m just getting started,” Lucifer replied, before throwing in a playful wink. His smile only grew when a soft pink flush quickly spread across his girlfriend’s face, her smile turning almost shy as she turned her gaze to the pavement under her feet and nibbled her lower lip. Lucifer was content to just stand there for a moment, taking in the sight before him as an increasingly familiar tender warmth began to bloom in his chest. After a moment he stepped forward, taking one of Chloe’s hands in his own as he gently tugged her over to the passenger door. He released her hand as he pulled open the solid metal door, playfully gesturing to the empty seat before he broke the peaceful silence, “Your chariot awaits, m’lady.”.

Chloe chuckled softly, shaking her head and fighting the urge to roll her eyes at the massive dork standing before her as she slipped into the passenger seat. The door closed a moment after she sat, and she busied herself with the task of putting on the old fashioned lap seat belt, clicking it into place before tightening it down. A moment later Lucifer was slipping into the seat beside her, not even bothering with his seatbelt as he jammed the key in the ignition and started the car. Part of her considered scolding him, but she knew he was going to do whatever he wanted; just like he had a few days ago when she not-so-subtly reminded him that smoking cigarettes could give him cancer, and his response was a shoulder shrug and a quick ‘the possible consequences are negligible in my opinion’.

They sat in silence as Lucifer pulled onto the main street and started making his way south. Chloe drummed her fingers against the rim of the car door, the hem of her dress occasionally threatening to blow up past her mid-thigh when a particularly strong gust of wind blew over the convertible. The scenery sped past in a blur of muddled colors as her thoughts returned to her daughter. She quickly reminded herself that as much as it sucked to be away for a while she was doing this to protect other kids like Trix from people that would wish them ill, and that made this whole thing just a little easier. The silence dragged on for a few minutes more before Chloe finally broke it, turning in her seat to
look at Lucifer as she asked, “So how was your night?”.

“It was...lacking in clarity,” Lucifer answered after a brief moment of thought. He had hardly even slept, which of course wasn’t much of a problem for him so long as the Detective wasn’t around and mortality wasn’t pestering him with its constant needs. Instead, he had been nursing a drink most of the night. Standing on the balcony outside of his bedroom as he stared up at the twinkling night sky and silently willed for someone, anyone, to explain what in the bloody hell was going on inside of him.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Chloe questioned. Lucifer was the poster child for vague and unhelpful answers but this seemed different, she could tell something was bothering him by the tick that was quickly forming in his jaw.

“Oh, nothing, just a little existential crisis here and there.” He deflected her question with expert skill, earning an unconvinced humming noise from her.

“Does the Devil have existential crises a lot?” Chloe asked playfully as the car began to slow down. She quickly glanced at the road in front of her to see a red light and nearly breathed a sigh of relief over the fact that Lucifer seemed to actually be obeying the laws of the road today.

“Never, until he started dating a mortal,” Lucifer answered seriously as the car came to a stop. He took the opportunity to fully look over at Chloe, taking in the thin line her lips were currently in, the corner of her mouth turned down slightly as she looked at him with what he could only describe as concern.

“Are you ever going to drop that?” Chloe asked, shaking her head softly as her eyes met his. She couldn’t help but wonder more and more lately why Lucifer was so set on the thought that he was the Devil. Back when they had been just partners it had been easy to write off as one of the many quirks of his personality, but then they slowly started growing closer and she started to get to know him for him; and the more she got to know him the more impossible it became that he could be what he claimed. It was obvious that Lucifer felt he was a monster, but she couldn’t for the life of her fathom why.

She’d seen him fight to keep the tears welling in his eyes at bay, she’d seen his grim expression as he dealt with his pain by hiding away from people. She’d seen him light up a room with nothing more than a smile and a genuine peal of laughter, and she’d seen him tremble with rage and fear when the blood from a person he cared about trickled down his hands while he tried to stop the bleeding. No, he wasn’t evil and he wasn’t the Devil, so why did he keep trying to convince her that he was?

“Drop what?” Lucifer answered Chloe’s question with one of his own as the light turned green and re-focused his attention on the road before them once more.

“The Devil schtick,” Chloe clarified immediately as she kept her eyes glued to her boyfriend even after he’d looked away.

“Are you ever going to drop being a Detective?” Lucifer questioned simply, glancing out of the corner of his eyes to catch a quick glimpse of the confusion swamped across his human’s face; her eyebrows drawn together as she shook her head softly.

“No.” She answered, the tone of her voice suggesting that she had never, and would never genuinely consider leaving her job.

“Why not?” He asked a moment later, his voice not so much curious as it was directing.
“Because, it’s…It’s my calling. It’s part of who I am,” Chloe answered as even more confusion washed over her. *Is he trying to change the subject? Or is he trying to hint that he’s worried about how dangerous this career can be?* She had no idea why Lucifer was asking these questions, or at least she didn’t until his voice broke the silence once more.

“Precisely.” It took Chloe maybe half a second before she put two and two together and realized that the whole tangent had just been some sort of weird way for him to try and explain why he hadn’t yet given up on his belief that he was the Devil. If anything Lucifer’s backwards explanation only served to confuse her further as she let out a soft huff of air. She’d always known it would be an uphill battle getting Lucifer to let go of his beliefs. *It's just a coping mechanism, a way to deal with the trauma of whatever happened to his back.* But that still didn’t feel right despite the fact that it was the only logical explanation.

“Are you bilingual?” Chloe asked. The question had been on her mind ever since last night, and despite the fact that she already obviously knew the answer she wanted a confirmation from him. Deep down she was hoping that he’d realize the reason she was asking, hoping that he’d remember whatever it was he said last night and provide her with a translation of the words that sounded almost alien to her ears.

“I’m multilingual,” Lucifer answered almost immediately. But Chloe’s question seemed entirely out of place, and a moment later he couldn’t help but ask, “Why?”.

“No reason really,” Chloe answered nonchalantly, even shrugging despite the fact that she knew Lucifer was too busy watching the road to even notice the movement. So he didn’t remember. Part of her was disappointed in the fact that she obviously wasn’t going to get to know what he said, meanwhile the other part of her was more than just a little proud of the fact that she’d apparently gotten him so worked up that he couldn’t even remember saying whatever it was he did.

“Now, now, darling.” He spoke up almost immediately, the tone of his voice immediately telling her that he wasn’t going to accept the lame excuse for an answer that she’d given him. *If you don't tell the truth I'll have to punish you.* Lucifer stated, his voice suggestive that whatever punishments he had planned most likely involved a bed and an almost unbearable amount of sexual tension.

“Maybe I want a little punishing,” Chloe replied playfully, giving her boyfriend a suggestive wink when he glanced over at her with a slight look of surprise. Lucifer couldn’t help but chuckle at his girlfriend’s flirty jab, running his tongue along the inside of his bottom lip as his smile morphed into a smirk.

“If that’s the case then I can certainly arrange something,” Lucifer replied provocatively, glancing away from the city street for a moment to get a glimpse of the small smile gracing Chloe’s face as she shook her head softly and rolled her eyes playfully in response. He returned his eyes back to the road as salacious thoughts of exactly how he could torment his lovely human filled his mind. He could already imagine how easy it would be to keep her on the edge of pleasure, giving her just enough to constantly crave more, but not enough to push her over the edge of ecstasy. He’d probably tie her hands up, he couldn’t have his captive distracting him while he was focusing on keeping her just unsatisfied enough to drive her mad, also, it would be quite a travesty if she got the idea to try and reach down and finish the job herself. It probably wouldn’t take long before she started to beg, and he’d ignore her pleas, at least for a little while. He was the Devil after all, mercy didn’t exactly come naturally to him. He’d give in eventually, although it would probably be because he yearned for release as much as she did, and certainly not because the once wantonly way she moaned ‘Lucifer, please,’ had given way to shaky, breathy, little whimpers of the same request.

He swallowed thickly at the way his pants were tightening in response to the vivid thoughts that had
been filling his mind moments before. Silently reminding himself that nothing like that would be happening until long after he got his current dilemma regarding intimacy with the Detective was all sorted out. He glanced over at her once again as he wondered for the hundredth time in the last twenty-four hours why the Detective was having such a strange effect on him lately. He watched as she stifled a yawn, her hand over her mouth as though she was trying to hold it in. He felt the overwhelming urge to do the same as he fought back the need to yawn, he wasn’t particularly tired, although now that the Detective was around he was definitely feeling the effects of not having slept a wink the night prior. It didn’t take him long to decide that they could both probably use a bit of a pick me up.

Chloe was pulled from her internal review of Kyle and Heather’s stories when the car went over a bump, jostling her in her seat and pulling her attention to the present. She immediately recognized the green Starbucks logo on the building they were parking in front of and quickly looked over at Lucifer. He turned off the car, getting out and walking around the hood before pausing for a moment. “Are you coming?” He questioned when Chloe made no move to exit the car, but at his question she let out an annoyed huff as she unclipped her seatbelt, swinging the passenger door open as she stepped out.

“Lucifer. We’re running late and you want to stop for coffee?” Chloe questioned as she closed the car door harder than necessary, her annoyance quickly growing at her boyfriend’s lack of regard for time schedules. She crossed her arms over her chest as she glowered at him, but instead of taking the hint and getting his ass back in the car he offered her a charming smile as he wrapped an arm around her waist and began dragging her towards the entrance of the building.

“The house isn’t going to grow legs and walk off love,” Lucifer chuckled softly, making a point to let his nose skim against the skin of Chloe’s ear, earning himself a suppressed shiver. He smiled at the accomplishment as he pulled one of the doors open before continuing, “We have time to grab some much needed liquid energy.”.

“You are unbelievable,” Chloe sighed, but all of her previous annoyance had already fled the moment Lucifer called her love. He referred to everyone as darling and dear, but love was a term of endearment that had been granted to her alone, and one that he rarely used. And as pathetic as it sounded she really couldn’t hold anything against him when he sweet talked her the right way.

“You have no idea.” Chloe felt Lucifer’s breath warm the curve of her neck as his silky and suggestive voice drowned out the soft buzz of the people sitting at the tables around them. She tried her best to ignore the feeling of goosebumps prickling up on her skin just before Lucifer’s arm was wrapping around her waist once more as he half dragged, half walked her over to the front counter.

Chloe was just thankful that there wasn’t a line so they wouldn’t have to be here any longer than necessary. “Hello,” Lucifer greeted the young barista who was clearly unamused to be working on a Saturday morning. The teenager’s face didn’t even light up at Lucifer’s approach, which Chloe had to admit she was thankful for. It got very tiring very fast when women were incapable of not flirting with your boyfriend. “I’ll be having one of your grande s’more frappuccinos.”

“Lucifer, that’s literally dessert in a cup with a shot of espresso,” Chloe stated as she shook her head softly. She wondered for the thousandth time since they met how he managed to keep himself so fit when he was almost never without a drink in hand and he would often crack open a bag of chips on a stakeout for no other reason than he was bored.

“I know, and it’s spectacular,” Lucifer replied seriously as he looked over at her for a moment before returning his attention back to the barista. “And my girlfriend here will probably be having her usual.” Chloe blushed softly at the way he emphasized the word girlfriend as he spoke. “Tall nonfat almond milk latte with sugar-free caramel drizzle.” A quick wave of surprise washed through her as
she looked up at him. It was almost like he could feel her gaze on him because half a moment later he glanced down at her before offering her a self-satisfied smile.

“You know my usual coffee order?” Chloe asked softly, as she stared up at him. Lucifer Morningstar, the man who once told her ‘I’m a lover, not a Rolodex’ when she’d asked if he knew anyone who was related to one of his deceased sexual partners had actually bothered to learn the little stuff about her.

“Well what kind of boyfriend would I be if I didn’t?” He questioned as he tilted his head slightly, the oddly amused look on his face making her confusion turn into a smile as he unwittingly reminded her once again that what was growing between the two of them was definitely a lot more serious than just casual bed partners.

“That’ll be eleven seventy-five.” The teenage girls monotone voice broke the moment the two were having as Lucifer quickly reached into his pocket, retrieving his money clip before handing a crisp hundred-dollar bill over.

The barista had just gotten the bill drawer open when Lucifer wrapped his arm around Chloe’s shoulders, pulling her tightly into his side before he spoke up, “This is my girlfriend.” He stated proudly as he pointed to the human tightly nestled into his side. The barista looked up from the register with an unamused look and Lucifer immediately assumed she needed further clarification.

“We’re dating.” He added a moment later, but much to his dismay the barista didn’t seem to share his joy or pride over the arrangement, in fact, if he didn’t know better he’d guess that the human standing across the counter from him was actually a robot.

“Yeah…I kinda got that.” The barista stated blandly before she returned her attention to the register and quickly finished counting out the change.

“Oh my God, Lucifer,” Chloe muttered softly from his side. Burying her face in her hands as embarrassment burned hot under her skin. Why does he have to do this every time we go somewhere together? The last, well, four days now every time they went out somewhere he unnecessarily bestowed the knowledge of their relationship status to whoever was serving them or ringing up their order. She pulled her hands from her face a moment later, glancing up at him to see a clearly miffed look on his face, she could only assume it was because she’d said God. She ignored his attitude as she pressed her hands against his chest, pushing him a few steps back from the counter before she leaned over it slightly. “I’m so sorry about him,” Chloe apologized softly, but instead of saying anything or even making an expression that alluded to anything other than boredom the barista simply handed her Lucifer’s change.

Chloe could tell when something was a lost cause, so she just accepted the loose bills and change before turning back to Lucifer. She grabbed him by the forearm and dragged him over to the far end of the counter where they could pick up their drinks. Releasing her hold on his arm before holding out the bills in her hand so he could put them in his pocket, but of course he just looked down at them cluelessly for a moment before looking back up at her face as though he was searching for guidance. She sighed as she crumpled the bills in her hand before reaching out and shoving them in his pocket herself a moment later, earning herself a confused scowl as he glanced between his pocket and her. They stood there in silence for a moment, both of them obviously trying, and failing, to read the other.

Lucifer watched as Chloe lifted her hand to her face, covering her mouth and chin as she looked up at him. Her brows drew together and her eyes burned with some emotion that he couldn’t quite place. She looked like she was trying to decide if she should give him a good throttling or if she should kiss him senseless, and knowing her either outcome was entirely possible at the moment.
can’t get grumpy with me for taking pride in our relationship can she? He wondered silently. He knew she wasn’t the biggest fan of his explanations of their status; but she had to understand that it was because he was proud of her, and continually amazed that she hadn’t left yet, and she had to admit that it helped curb at least a little bit of the flirting that always seemed to come his way. “What are you looking at me like that for?” He questioned when he realized that the silence between them would probably stretch on for eternity unless he did something to break it.

“It’s just…” Chloe sighed as she trailed off for a moment. She would never understand how one man could be so frustrating, and adorable, and clueless all at once. She’d already accepted that she’d spend the entirety of their relationship drawn between wanting to slap him upside the head and wanting to pin him down on a bed and have her way with him. “You are not at all what I expected you to be when I got into this with you,” Chloe explained a moment later.

“I can’t tell if you’re talking about the case or our relationship,” Lucifer replied softly, a slight feeling of worry beginning to brew deep inside of him as Chloe’s expression was still so muddled he had no earthly clue what could possibly be going on inside that head of hers.

“A bit of both I suppose.” She answered as she offered him a small smile, hoping that he wouldn’t realize that it was mostly the former. She truly hadn’t expected Lucifer to be so clueless when it came to relationships, if she didn’t know better she’d think this was the first time Lucifer had ever been in a relationship. But she wasn’t so naïve that she could believe that a thirty-eight-year-old man that looked like he did hadn’t been in a relationship before.

“Better or worse?” Lucifer questioned. He could tell that the Detective meant the prior more than the latter, she’d have to, they hadn’t even officially started the case yet. She gave him a look of confusion and he immediately elaborated, “Is this better or worse than what you were expecting?”. He watched her carefully as she considered his question for a short moment, part of him was worried that he’d already come up short in her books, that he’d already failed his task of being a good boyfriend.

“Better. Definitely better,” Chloe answered with a wide smile and a soft chuckle. It came at no surprise that she much preferred this clueless, sweet version of Lucifer to the cocky, heartbreaker version she’d grown so accustomed to over the last year and a half.

Relief flowed through him at her answer, he hadn’t messed this up already. He let out a breath he hadn’t even realized he’d been holding in moments before their drinks were being slid across the counter towards them. Lucifer picked up both cups, handing Chloe the white and green paper cup and watching as she lifted it to her lips before taking a sip, her eyes fluttering shut as she savored the taste. She let out a soft sigh after she swallowed, her eyes meeting his a moment before she offered him a small smile. Lucifer couldn’t help but mirror the expression, placing a hand on her back and leading her over to an empty table.

The second Lucifer pulled a chair out at the table Chloe wanted to remind him that they were on a schedule, and they were running late, but the hopeful little smile he was giving her got the best of her. *He is right, the house will still be there in ten minutes*, she reminded herself silently as she gave in and took a seat. Lucifer sat across from her a moment later, taking a long sip of his drink before resting it in the middle of the table between the two of them.

“I still can’t believe you ordered that monstrosity,” Chloe chuckled softly as she traced the lid of her cup under her finger. The whole time giving his whipped cream adorned drink a dubious look.

“It’s delicious, do you want a sip?” Lucifer asked as he held the frilly drink out towards her. Chloe couldn’t help but eye the beverage skeptically, but the enthusiastic look on Lucifer’s face convinced her to at least give it a try. She took the plastic cup from his outstretched hand, bringing the green
straw up to her lips before taking a slow sip. The almost overbearing sweetness obliterated the taste of any espresso that might actually be in the drink, but she did have to admit that it was decently reminiscent of the s’mores she used to make with Dan and Trix at their annual family picnic.

“Alright, it’s pretty good,” Chloe admitted as she handed the icy drink back to Lucifer who gave her a triumphant smile.

“I told you.” He stated smugly before taking another long drink of the beverage in hand. He leaned forward, resting his arms and his drink on the table as he gave Chloe an inquisitive look as he thought back to a topic of conversation that she had blatantly avoided earlier. “So, why the questions about my linguistics knowledge earlier?” Lucifer questioned, and immediately recognized the shy look that crossed her face.

“Last night, when we were...um...” Chloe trailed off as she tried to think of the right way to phrase the sentence, tried to come up with a way to remind him of the heated kisses and mingled breaths without it sounding X-rated. Unfortunately for her, Lucifer didn’t share her modesty.

“Ten seconds away from me ripping your clothes off and taking you right then and there against the wall,” Lucifer blatantly stated as he realized that she was struggling for the right words. Chloe’s eyes met his own for a brief moment, her eyes widening before she quickly glanced back down at the wood grain underneath her fingertips.

“Yes,” Chloe mumbled softly as she felt searing heat burn under her skin and knew without a doubt that she was probably bright red at the moment. Was he really that close to sleeping with me the other night? I didn’t realize I pushed him that far.

Chloe shook the thoughts away as she forced herself to look back up at her boyfriend, “Um, you said something in a different language.” She paused for a moment, hoping that Lucifer would have something to say on the subject, but judging by the completely perturbed look on his face this was entirely new information to him. “Do you remember what you said? Or what language it was?” Chloe asked quietly, part of her still hoping that he could remember something.

“I honestly don’t know,” Lucifer said softly as he glared at the cup in his hands for a moment. Concern filling him as he remembered the previous night; the way that the beast inside of him tried to take control, the way that he’d had to focus almost all of his energy on keeping his angelic glamor in place. He already had a nagging feeling that he knew exactly what language it was, but he was desperately hoping that he was wrong. “What did it sound like?”

“It was rough, like Russian maybe? Or German?”

“That’s possible,” Lucifer answered nonchalantly, but the dread he was feeling increased.

“Which one?” Chloe asked curiously, part of her wondering why Lucifer bothered to learn one of those languages to begin with.

“Either,” Lucifer answered with a shrug as he took another long sip of his drink.

“You speak German, Russian, and English?” Chloe questioned, her voice not lacking the surprise she felt at his answer.

“I’m the Devil, darling. I speak every language. Dead, alive, eclectic, not of your little human planet.” He explained, letting out a soft chuckle at the perplexed expression that covered his girlfriend’s face for a moment before it turned to disbelief.

“Mmm. Right,” Chloe replied skeptically, fighting the urge to roll her eyes at her boyfriend’s
nonsensical ramblings. “Say something in one of those languages.” She requested, wanting to know which of the two he’d started speaking in last night.

“Why?” Lucifer asked quietly, internally wondering if Chloe didn’t believe him. He knew she didn’t believe the whole Devil thing, yet. It was a topic he’d have to break to her sooner or later, but for now he was content to let it be later, he had a nagging fear that no matter how gently he tried to prove it she’d still get scared and run. It was just what humans did when they saw something they didn’t want to believe. But Chloe had no reason to believe that he couldn’t speak two incredibly common human languages.

“Because I asked.” She answered with a shrug before taking a long sip of her latte. Lucifer leaned back in his chair slightly as he looked at his girlfriend for a long moment, trying to come up with something to say.

“Ty moya spasitel’naya gratsiya.” Lucifer’s quiet voice broke the silence between them and Chloe couldn’t help but lean in across the table, captivated by the foreign words rolling off her boyfriend’s tongue with ease.

“What language was that?”

“Russian,” Lucifer answered simply before taking another long sip of his drink.

“What did you say?” Chloe questioned curiously as a small impressed smile quickly grew on her face.

“Nothing important.” He answered with a small shake of his head and a soft smile. Chloe pursed her lips into a thin line at his response, one of her eyebrows quirking as she stared at him with skepticism.

“If I find out that you’re insulting me in different languages I’m going to hurt you,” Chloe stated seriously and Lucifer couldn’t help but chuckle softly at the accusation, he could see the playful glint in her eyes and knew that her threat wasn’t sincere.

“I don’t doubt that,” Lucifer replied with a humored smile. He only paused for a moment before speaking up once again, hoping that his worries would soon be disbanded, “Was that it?”.

“No. That was too smooth,” Chloe replied with a shake of her head and Lucifer immediately felt some of his hope fade. He swallowed heavily, taking a long moment to himself before looking back over at Chloe.

“Ich glaube nicht, dass ich einen tag ohne dich leben könnte.”

“Was that German?” Chloe questioned as soon as Lucifer finished speaking, and he offered her a curt nod for an answer. “You’re still not going to tell me what you said are you?” She asked, hoping that her voice didn’t sound disappointed at the prospect of never knowing whatever it was that he said.

“You’ll just have to trust that I’m not calling you a hippopotamus behind your back,” Lucifer replied, a genuine smile forming on his face as he forgot about the worry nagging at him for a moment. Chloe didn’t seem to enjoy the answer he gave though, the look on her face seemingly vexed for a moment before it softened. He couldn’t help but wonder what was going on in that mind of hers a moment before one of her hands reached out to grab his, her thumb brushing gently over his knuckles as her expression turned softer.

“Lucifer, please,” Chloe said gingerly as she pulled his hand closer to her over the table, the whole
time making sure that she looked up with a pleading look that could rival the one her daughter gave her asking for seconds on dessert. “You can tell me.” She added a short moment later. She watched as he smiled down at their linked hands for a moment before slowly running his thumb along the inside of her wrist, she fought back a small shiver at the feeling of his rough fingerpad trailing across the sensitive skin. “Please,” Chloe whispered, immediately pulling Lucifer’s eyes back up to her own. She watched him swallow heavily before his mouth parted slightly as he drew in a long breath. There was no way he could resist the pleading and innocent way she was staring up at him with those wide aqua eyes, he knew there was nothing he could deny her when she looked at him that way. “You’re my saving grace,” Lucifer said softly, swallowing nervously the moment the words left his mouth. Chloe’s hand tightened around his a moment later, a small heartfelt smile gracing her features.

“And the other one?” She questioned softly as she relished in the warm giddy feeling that made her feel like she was glowing from the inside out.

“I don’t think I could live a day without you,” Lucifer breathed, his voice so quiet he wasn’t even sure if Chloe heard. But as soon as the small smile on her face spread he knew she’d heard, she squeezed his hand tighter a moment later, her other hand moving to rest on top of both of theirs.

“No Decker, you are not going to cry right now, you’ll only make him think he said something wrong,” she scolded herself internally as she blinked back the tears that were threatening to form. “I don’t think I could live a day without you either.” She wished that the table wasn’t between them, she wanted to lean forward and plant her lips against his. She had a feeling that this thing between them had never been just casual for him, but now she knew without a doubt that he was serious about this, about them.

Lucifer tried to hide the surprise he felt at Chloe’s words. Part of him basked in the warmth that filled him at her words, but another part of him was scared. Chloe Decker didn’t think she could live without him. What would happen to her if he was forced to go back to Hell and he couldn’t find a way back? She had to be able to live without him, if not for herself then at least for her daughter. People needed her, the world needed her. He didn’t want to think about the hidden implications behind her words. Suicide cases always went to Hell, and he couldn’t bear the thought that she would be trapped down there. He didn’t want to imagine for one second what it might be like to watch her live her worst fears over and over again right in front of him while he was helpless to do anything to save her. It was better when he said it, people didn’t need him, the world didn’t need him, he wouldn’t be missed if he was gone.

A group of teenage girls a few tables away broke into loud, obnoxious laughter, pulling Lucifer out of his morbid thoughts and making Chloe flinch slightly as she felt the solitary and vulnerable atmosphere between her boyfriend and herself quickly dissipate. She silently cursed the lost moment and quickly realized that Lucifer must have felt the same way when Jana decided to pop by his place unannounced just when they were about to share their first kiss.

“So, have you found your mystery language yet?” Lucifer questioned as he refocused his attentions on figuring out what unknown language he’d spoken to Chloe in. He was still hanging to the hope that it was a human language, hoping that Chloe would tell him it was just German. But he knew that it was a long shot.

“No. It was rougher,” Chloe answered as she removed her hands from his, placing them both on her cup, but even the heat seeping through the paper didn’t compare to the heat Lucifer put off naturally. Lucifer pursed his lips into a thin frown as he stared at the table under his hands for a long moment.
“I guess it could’ve been Enochian.” He muttered half-heartedly. Part of him desperately hoping that it was just an accidental slip back into his first language, but the other part of him had already accepted the more plausible answer.

“What’s Enochian?” Chloe questioned, her voice puzzled as she waited attentively for his response.

“My native tongue.”

“You…” Chloe trailed off as she shook her head softly. “English isn’t your first language?” She questioned, her confusion evident on both her face and in her voice.

“No.”

“But I thought you were British,” Chloe stated plainly as she looked her boyfriend up and down briefly. Lucifer chuckled at her words, and as her eyes met his she could see the humor clearly reflected in his.

“It’s the accent isn’t it?” He asked as he offered her a playful smile, which only caused her confusion to obviously grow.

“Yeah,” Chloe answered softly before shaking her head once more as her eyebrows drew together. “If you’re not British then why do you have a British accent?” She questioned, immediately earning herself a noncommittal shrug in response.

“I suppose Dad just did it to spite me. Besides, every good villain has a British accent, it seems fitting,” Lucifer chuckled at the joke but Chloe didn’t seem to find it as funny, not even cracking a hint of a smile as she continued to stare at him with confusion.

“So if you’re not British, and you’re not American, where are you from?” She questioned curiously as she leaned in closer to him over the table.

“Hell.”

Chloe forced herself not to roll her eyes at his answer. She should have known he would find a way to drag this back to his whole ‘I’m the Devil’ thing. She chose to humor his statement for the moment though, her voice sarcastic as she spoke up, “They speak Enochian in Hell do they?”.

“No, they speak Enochian in Heaven,” Lucifer answered, but when his girlfriend did nothing but stare blankly at him for a few moments he decided to rekindle her memory. He gestured to himself with a hand as he spoke up once more, “Fallen Angel.”.

“Right.” He watched her roll her eyes at him, a smile gracing her lips as she let out a slight laugh and shook her head. “Say something in Enochian then.” She requested, sarcasm still lacing her voice as she watched him expectantly.

Lucifer let out a long sigh before speaking up, “Qaštahįs bereš chal terä je chenmôh qėyllš.”. He didn’t even need to think about the words, he’d rehearsed them so many times up in heaven he knew them by heart. He knew the whole damn thing by heart.

“That’s a language?” Chloe questioned, it sounded so…alien. Lucifer nodded his silent answer but Chloe couldn’t help but ask once more, “Really?”. Lucifer nodded again, and she leaned back into her chair as she stared at the cup in her hands and shook her head. “Are you sure those are words and not just sounds?” She questioned and Lucifer nodded once more before finally speaking up.

“Positive.”
“I’ve never heard anything like that before,” Chloe whispered as her eyes met his.

“Of course you haven’t, you’re a human,” Lucifer scoffed, immediately earning himself a slight scowl.

“What did you say?”

“Genesis 1:1.”

*An bible verse?* Chloe stared at him curiously for a long moment before she finally decided to break the quiet between them, “Well, I hate to break it to you but that wasn’t it either.”

“It wasn’t?” Lucifer breathed his question, and Chloe nodded.

“It was way harsher than that.” He nodded softly as he stared down at the table beneath him once more. *So I was right all along. What was I expecting? Are you okay? You look a little off.* He swallowed down the worry that was quickly mounting inside of him as he looked up, his eyes meeting his girlfriend’s and immediately picking up at the concern shining in them.

“I’m fine.” He answered as he forced a small smile on his face. He didn’t need her worrying about him, or about this. This was his problem to handle. She nodded at his response, giving him a small smile in return as she seemingly bought it.

“So…no idea what the mystery language could be?”

“I’m certain I figured out which one it is. But it doesn’t exactly matter if I don’t remember what I said.” He answered, hoping she wouldn’t push it any further than that.

“I guess you have a point. But I’d still like to know what it was,” Chloe replied with a shrug. She’d accepted that she wasn’t going to be getting a word for word translation but at least she could know what language it was.

“Dimitri Sheol.” He answered simply and Chloe couldn’t help the expression of pure bewilderment that crossed her face. Lucifer must have noticed that she was about to ask for an explanation because a half moment later he was speaking up once more, “The language of Demons and Hell.”

Chloe slowly felt a smile growing on her face before laughter came bubbling out of her. *Right, the language of Hell. Okay then, Satan.* She shook her head as she tried to catch her breath, another lighter bout of laughter spilling out of her before she finally got a hold of herself. “Demons and Hell.” She replied, unable to wipe the smile off of her face even as her boyfriend stared back at her looking unamused and almost offended.

“You know, there’s no point in asking for answers if you aren’t going to believe the ones I give you.” He spoke up, the coldness in his voice alluding to the annoyance her laughter had stirred up in him. “I’ve never lied to you Chloe, so why don’t you believe me?” He questioned, his voice growing kinder as he leaned in over the table, resting his elbows on the wood as he watched her.

“Lucifer, you know I don’t believe in all that religious crap. And like it or not there is literally no way you could be the Devil. I know you’re not lying to me and that you think you’re the legitimate Devil, but you can’t be,” Chloe answered, her humor dying quickly as she answered his question.

“Why not?” He asked. *What reasons does she possibly have to keep lying to herself about this?*

“Because you’re a good man. You can be sweet, and dorky, and thoughtful, and caring,” Chloe explained as she offered him a kind smile; reaching out to rest a hand over one of his when he pulled
away, leaning back into his chair as a scowl crossed his face. She pursed her lips at his actions as she pulled her hand back. “Do I need to go on? Because I can.” She stated, watching as his scowl turned almost confused for a moment. “You’re self-sacrificing, and protective, and gentle, and loving. You can’t possibly be the Devil, Lucifer. The Devil wouldn’t have saved my daughter and me from Malcolm, the Devil wouldn’t have carried me out of a burning building, the Devil wouldn’t have risked his life to save two innocent civilians from being poisoned by a sadistic doctor.” She finished, offering him another kind smile as he stared at the cup in his hands absently.

“Is that really how you see me?” Lucifer breathed as he pulled his gaze up to meet hers. Her smile grew almost sad as she nodded.

“Yeah, it is.” She answered, waiting a brief moment for Lucifer to say or do anything. But instead he sat there like a statue, staring at her like he was still trying to come to terms with everything she’d just said. “You’re a good man. I just wish you would believe me when I said that.”

Lucifer smiled bitterly at her words as he looked back down at the plastic cup in his hand. He couldn’t bear to look her in the eye while she was going on about what a good person she thought he was. “A good man wouldn’t have done all the things I have Chloe,” Lucifer spoke up after a long moment of silence, his voice somber as he continued to focus all of his attention on the flimsy piece of plastic in his hand. *A good man wouldn’t have killed his little brother. I’m a murderer. A monster. I’ve earned my title.* “You might not know me quite as well as you think you do.” He stated after another long lapse of silence, this time forcing himself to pull his gaze up to meet hers.

Chloe shook her head softly at his words. *What is he talking about? So what, his past is a little ambiguous, he’s a good man now.* Chloe opened her mouth to deny everything he just said, but before he could get a word out the piercing ring of her phone broke the air. She pursed her lips into a thin line as she grabbed it out of the flimsy pocket of her cardigan. A text from Ella was boldly displayed on the lock screen. “Shit. Ella’s asking where the hell we are,” Chloe sighed as she put the phone back. “We should get going.” She stated as she refocused her attentions on Lucifer. He nodded in agreement as he stood, and Chloe immediately followed suit. They both discarded of their cups in a waste bin on the way out.

“Ladies first,” Lucifer stated with a smile as he pulled open the passenger door for her. Chloe smiled, partially at the gesture, but more so because whatever had been bothering her boyfriend earlier was clearly un-affecting him now. She got in and quickly did the seat belt as Lucifer closed the door and made his way to the driver side. Turning the car on as soon as he sat down before reversing and pulling out of the parking lot.

“I love this car,” Chloe said wistfully, more so to herself than to Lucifer. But it was obvious that he heard her as a moment later he was responding.

“That makes two of us.”

“It’s just so vintage, it even plays cassettes.” She smiled to herself as she pulled the half-inserted tape out of the cassette slot, turning it around in her fingers as she looked for a band or album name. The casing was blank of any writing, and Chloe’s curiosity quickly got the best of her. “Time to find out what kind of music my boyfriend was listening to earlier.” She chuckled as she reached forward to shove the tape in the slot just before Lucifer spoke up.

“Chloe, no.” He ordered sternly as he reached out to try and snatch it from her. “Give me that.” He growled as she quickly pulled it away from him and out of the reach of his grasp. Her eyes alight with mischief as she smiled at him.

“Ooh, somebody doesn’t want me to find out!” Chloe purposely goaded him. Knowing full well that
if he was in her shoes he wouldn’t hesitate to do the same to her. “Are you embarrassed?” She questioned with a wide smile, immediately earning herself an eye roll and a scoff.

“No, I’m not embarrassed. You wouldn’t like it, trust me,” Lucifer answered as he held out his hand, expecting her to hand over the tape. Chloe started to move like she was handing it over, before quickly jamming it into the slot. The radio accepted it, pulling the tape in and closing in front of it.

“I do trust you, but I still want to hear for myself,” Chloe answered as she offered her boyfriend what she hoped was an innocent smile. He glared at her for a long moment, and she immediately drew the conclusion that he was going to eject the tape with a push of a button. He surprised her though when he simply turned his attention back to the road before them, and she swore she could hear a quiet ‘As you wish’ muttered under his breath just before music filled the air.

*I’m damaged now, and I’m breaking down. Unraveled and can’t breathe. The truth you seek never felt so bleak. I feel it drop degrees, freeze.*

Lucifer tried to ignore the lyrics as he drove, yet no matter how he focused on the pavement before himself he couldn’t turn off his sense of hearing. The lyrics that he’d heard many times before once again served to remind him of his situation with Chloe, his status as the Devil, the fact that he’d lose the people he cared about if they found out what he really was.

*So breakable, unbreakable. So shakable, unshakable. Was shaken up when I found you.*

He turned onto the freeway on-ramp before stepping down the gas, as if driving faster could actually get him away from any of his problems. He cherished what he’d built here in LA; he’d made a life for himself, one he could be proud of, he had friends, he had a woman he loved. But everything could be torn away from him in the blink of an eye. Sure, Linda stuck around after she found out he was the Devil. But would Dan, Chloe, or Ella do the same? And that was just if he messed it up himself. His father could always intervene if he wanted, or send another sibling. And then if he did get lucky, and his life didn’t absolutely fall apart, then everyone would die. Every single human he cared about, they would all wither and die before him and he would be helpless to do anything about it. He was going to lose everything. It was just a matter of time.

*I’m standing here watching the world as it falls around me. You’re so close but I hope that you stop searching. I don’t want you to foresee what I’ve become, so please stop looking.*

And now it was as though something inside of him wanted to run them all off. That part of him that he usually had such perfectly honed control over that refused to behave when Chloe was involved. He couldn’t let her find out. He’d lose her. And if she was ever going to find out she certainly didn’t want her to find out during sex, or during some sort of heat of the moment scenario. No, if she did ever find out she deserved to be brought into it gently, like he did with Linda. But even then Linda had avoided him for weeks, Chloe would obviously do the same, or just leave entirely and never come back.

*I don’t want to hurt you, it’s not my nature. A monster born, I’m fading more, can’t be your savior. I’m falling victim, remember the old me, as who I still should be.*

He hadn’t even started to solve the mystery that was the rebellious beast inside of him. He didn’t know why it was acting up, or what it wanted, other than that it obviously wanted Chloe. But it was dangerous, it would hurt her, he couldn’t let it hurt her. But he didn’t exactly have much of a choice either, when it decided it wanted to take control it was relentless. He seemed to be cornered with the choice to either let it take control of his appearance; and show the burnt, scarred creature he was deep down to the world, to his world, to her. Or he could focus on maintaining his angelic glamor; and let it literally take control of his body, of his actions, of the words he said to her. Neither option was
acceptable, but he wasn’t in a place to stop it or fix it.

The endless pain of solitude wraps tight around my fortitude. Those memories inside of me, innocently they pierce through.

Chloe would eventually leave, be it by his own reckless hand (which was the most plausible), his father’s cruelty, or her mortality, he would be lost again. He’d have nothing left to stay in LA for. He’d have nothing left to stay on Earth for. There wasn’t even any appeal to an Earth without Chloe Decker. The pain would be inescapable on this plane of existence. And probably the others as well. But then again pain had been the only consistent variable in his incredibly long lifespan…would he even notice the added weight of his new grievances?

I can’t escape. I can’t escape. I can’t escape. I can’t escape. I can’t escape. I can’t escape this unraveled ghoul.

For once in his life he wished he was just another human. He wished he wasn’t the literal son of God. Once his favorite to just be tossed out like nothing. Life would be so much simpler if he was human. He’d have a loving family, siblings that didn’t want him dead, or miserable, or both. He wouldn’t have to constantly worry about his friends and loved ones finding out the truth of what he really was. He’d be able to settle down, to have a couple of kids without the worry that he was bringing the antichrist into the world. He’d be able to have a normal life; he wouldn’t have to go through countless lifetimes of pain. And he was dreading the pain, so much so that sometimes he almost wished that Chloe would leave before he got irrevocably attached, because at least that way she wouldn’t utterly destroy him.

There’s something deep inside of me, a change was made, I can’t break free. The darkness and the light collide. Our fate ahead won’t be denied.

Chloe tried not to read into the lyrics too much, they were dark and unsettling, but the look on her boyfriend’s face as he obviously tried to force all of his focus on the road made it hard not to read into things. She just wished that he would talk to her, that he would get everything off of his chest and all the secrets he was hiding aired out; and it was obvious that he definitely had some secrets. After all, like he said, he never lied to her, but he didn’t exactly tell the whole truth either.

So breakable, unbreakable. So shakable, unshakable. These dirty hands know they won’t touch you.

What was he so scared of? Was it not obvious how much she cared about him? She wasn’t going to run away the seconds things got a little difficult, she wasn’t going to run away from the truth even if it was terrible. He could tell her anything about his past, and unless it was something like he was a serial killer that came to America to escape his crimes she’d try her absolute hardest to work through it with him. She just wished that he trusted her enough not to leave because she didn’t like something about the man he was before they met. He’d changed, he was different now, she understood that.

I’m standing here watching the world as it falls around me. You’re so close but I hope that you stop searching. I don’t want you to foresee what I’ve become, so please stop looking.

She loved him. She knew she wasn’t about to admit it to him anytime soon, probably not until after he said it first. He’d ran away before when she tried to emotionally connect with him, it wouldn’t surprise her if he tried to do the same again once she admitted how she truly felt. No. She wasn’t going admit the true scope of her feelings until after he admitted it. She wasn’t going to risk running him off because he didn’t know how to accept love, he didn’t even know how to accept his own feelings let alone the feelings of others. It was obvious that he needed time, and she’d give it to him. But she knew just as well as every other person on the planet that time eventually runs out, you only have so much.
I’m trapped in this cage that the world created. Before my future melts away I have to say this; I’m falling faster, remember who I was. Remember who I once was.

She knew there would come a day when he would have to tell her everything. If he wanted a serious future with her then he couldn’t keep his secrets forever. And she so desperately wanted one with him. Who knew, maybe they could even eventually have a kid of their own together after Lucifer finally adapted to children, she already knew Trix wouldn’t be objected to getting a sibling. They could have a family. He could be her family. He was already an irreplaceable piece in her life, he was her partner, and she couldn’t imagine losing him.

Please don’t forget me. Please don’t forget me. Please don’t forget me. Please don’t forget me.

She hoped that he wanted the same things in the future. He seemed pretty serious about their relationship, but that didn’t exactly mean he would ever want to take it to the next step. He certainly didn’t seem like the type who’d be content to settle down despite his claims yesterday that he wouldn’t be opposed to marrying her. She held in a sigh at her ramblings thoughts and worries. Contemplating things wouldn’t change anything, only action created change. She told herself that this case would at least be a good judgment guide of how suitable Lucifer actually was to the domestic life. Who knew? Maybe he would surprise her. Maybe she just hadn’t seen that side of him yet.

There’s no turning back now I know I’m paralyzed. I’m trapped inside this paradise, and with this parasite. I’m falling victim, remember who I was.

Lucifer glanced at Chloe out of the corner of his eye. Trying to figure out what was going on in her mind as the song neared its end. She was undecipherable though, staring out the side window as they zoomed down the freeway. This case was going to test him, and he had no doubt that Chloe was also going to test him. He knew what he was going into, and he knew he had to be prepared for the worst. But the fear that he was going to slip up, the fear that she’d learn the truth and run refused to stop berating him for one moment. It was a nearly paralyzing fear. After all, he’d told the truth earlier in the coffee shop; he didn’t think he could live a day without her.

Just who’s inside of me? The monster pulling strings.

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The logo-less moving van parked in front of the perfectly manicured lawn was more than enough of a hint for the Devil to assume that they’d reached their destination. He pulled his Corvette into the driveway with ease before cutting the engine. He looked up at the house he’d be taking residence in. It was tasteful, the architecture was reminiscent of Spanish colonial buildings, the light cream stucco and the terra cotta tiled roof only served to make the parallel only that much more striking. A few matured palm trees lined the short driveway and made the two-story house look smaller than he was sure it was. He had to admit the place was nice even if it wasn’t exactly his style, he could definitely see the allure.

“Welcome home darling,” Lucifer offered as he glanced away from the large building before him to look at the much more captivating human sitting at his side. Her smile grew at his words as she pulled her focus away from the building before turning it on him. She looked at him thoughtfully for a long moment, trying to place what exactly seemed to be missing before it clicked. She glanced around the cabin of the car for a moment before plucking the thick rimmed, fake glasses from one of the cup holders and holding them out towards him. Lucifer stared at them for a long moment before letting out a resigned sigh as he reluctantly took them.

Chloe watched as he opened them up and placed them on his face. Lucifer winked at her as he
leaned in closer over the center console and Chloe immediately erupted into a fit of laughter. “You are so adorable in those.” She managed to choke out between the laughter, immediately earning herself an almost grumpy look from him.

“Okay, new rule,” Lucifer began the moment Chloe’s laughter subsided enough for him to get a word out edgewise. “If you’re going to be calling me adorable you have to specify whether you mean ‘adorable like a puppy’, or ‘adorable enough to bang mercilessly’.” He finished and Chloe’s smile immediately grew once more as she leaned in a little closer.

“What if it’s a bit of both?” She questioned suggestively, reaching out to run her hand down his chest. Lucifer couldn’t help but grin at the statement, running his tongue along his upper teeth as he let out a proactive little purring noise.

“There you guys are!” Ella’s upbeat voice broke the quiet and pulled the two away from each other as she approached the car. “What took you so long?” She asked as she stopped in front of the hood and Lucifer and Chloe both stepped out. “Did you take a little detour?” Ella asked suggestively as Chloe made her way towards her friend.

Chloe offered Ella a smile and shook her head before answering the question, “Lucifer decided he couldn’t live without his dessert that’s disguised as coffee.”. She immediately noticed the frustrated look that flashed across Ella’s face for a moment before it was immediately overpowered by one of her bright bubbly smiles. Chloe couldn’t help but wonder why Ella was so concerned with playing matchmaker lately, it was a little unusual for her.

“Look at your new house!” Ella exclaimed as she gestured to the gigantic building behind her. “I’m kinda jealous honestly. Come on, you have to see the inside.” She continued as she reached out and grabbed Chloe’s hand before dragging her around the corner of the house and towards the large double doors. Chloe could only offer Lucifer a smile as she was dragged past him, and she could have sworn she heard him chuckle before he began following after the two women.

Ella released her hold on Chloe’s hand to pull two plain keys out of her pocket, handing one over to Chloe and one to Lucifer. She stepped aside a moment later, obviously waiting for one of them to do the honors. Chloe couldn’t help but glance over at Lucifer, part of her wondering if he wanted to be the first one to open the doors to their ‘house’, but judging by the way he’d already pocketed the key Ella gave him he probably didn’t care too much. Chloe stepped forward, sliding the key into the deadbolt and turning it with a loud click. She pulled the key out before pressing her thumb down on the tab of the door handle and pushing the door open with ease.

“Wow,” Chloe breathed as she got the first glimpse of the place. She knew it was nice just from the outside, but she certainly hadn’t been expecting to live in something so big. She stepped inside a moment later, taking in the wide open living room. The wood floors were a light whitish color, the ceiling was vaulted, and there were more windows in one room of this house than there were in her whole apartment collectively.

“Not bad,” Lucifer spoke up as he looked around the place. He had to admit it was definitely larger than the penthouse at Lux, but it seemed almost sterile. Everything was so white, it reminded him oddly of Heaven. The furniture was already unloaded, although it was scattered around haphazardly and not actually placed anywhere with any semblance of thought. It would take hours to get everything arranged neatly and unpack all of the plain brown boxes littering the floor.

Chloe ignored Lucifer’s comment as she made her way towards a hallway, curious to find out just how big this place was. But before she could find what secrets the house hid Ella was grabbing her by the hand, pulling her back into the living room and towards the beige carpeted wide set staircase.
“Come on, I have something really important to show you,” Ella explained as she released her hold on Chloe’s hand and began taking the stairs two at the time. Chloe couldn’t help but glance over at her boyfriend in her puzzlement. He also didn’t seem to have any clue what was so important as he offered her a shrug before following after the two women. But Ella stopped in the middle of the staircase the moment Lucifer’s hand touched the railing, turning slightly as she pointed a finger at him. “Lucifer, no. You stay.” She ordered sternly, immediately earning a glare and a sigh from the obviously irritated man.

“Lucifer stay, good Devil.” He grumbled under his breath just loud enough for Chloe to hear and she couldn’t help but smile at the familiar phrase as she abandoned his side to follow Ella upstairs.

“Why can’t Lucifer come?”

“Girl business,” Ella answered simply as she reached the top of the stairs. Chloe reached the second floor a moment later, immediately looking around the wide open library room, the barren shelves making the house feel incredibly impersonal and much larger.

“This place is so big,” Chloe breathed as she looked around the plain white walls and toward the hallway. She stepped forward and ran a finger along one of the built-in wooden bookshelves, pulling it away a moment later to find a thin gray layer of dust stuck so her skin.

“I’m sure you’ll get used to it, besides, Lucifer doesn’t seem too impressed,” Ella offered, but the statement didn’t make Chloe feel any more at home. She wiped the dust off on her dress a moment before Ella started walking down the hallway. Chloe followed after her a moment later, part of her still wondering what important girl business she had that needed to be handled. She stopped in front of a plain door, her hand resting on the doorknob as she smiled over at Chloe before speaking up. “Let me show you where the magic happens.” She twisted the knob and swung the door open a moment later. Chloe couldn’t help but immediately roll her eyes at the scene before herself.

“Seriously?” Chloe rolled her eyes as Ella walked inside the room. “The bedroom?” Chloe’s voice remained unimpressed as she walked inside, a king sized bed was carelessly left in the middle of the room along with a pair of nightstands and a dresser; whoever had unpacked everything hadn’t even taken the time to put the mattress on the bed properly, it was half on the bed frame and half hanging off on the floor.

“What?” Ella asked defensively as she turned around to face Chloe. “Yesterday you were all like, ‘I really, really want to have some naked cuddle time with my boyfriend already’.”

“Oh my God, Ella,” Chloe sighed as she buried her face in her hands for a moment, drawing in a long breath before pulling her hands away and fixing her gaze on the other woman. “I did not say that.”

“Well maybe not word for word,” Ella admitted before continuing, “Anyway, I got you covered.”

“Covered? What are you even talking about?” Chloe asked as Ella turned towards one of the nightstands before pulling open the drawer, she turned back around with two separate boxes in hand. Chloe was so focused on her friend and confused about what was she was going on about that she didn’t hear the soft footsteps that stopped in the doorframe of the bedroom.

“Plan B, just in case. You can never be too careful,” Ella explained as she gently shook the box of emergency contraception before tossing it back into the nightstand drawer. The petite woman was so focused on her conversation on the blonde before her that she didn’t notice the figure still standing in the doorway. “And the more conventional method.” She continued as she flaunted the bulk sampler pack of Trojan’s. “Maze and I agreed you’d probably be needing both.”
“Jesus, Ella, why did you grab such a big box? How much sex do you think we’ll be having?” Chloe questioned as she shook her head and glared down at the bright packaging that claimed there were forty condoms contained inside.

“Hey, you can never be too prepared,” Ella defended, but her words didn’t have the desired effect as Chloe’s expression remained unchanged.

“I’m afraid those aren’t going to work for us.” Both women jumped at the deep British voice that filled the room, their attentions immediately being drawn to the doorway where Lucifer stood wearing a proud smirk.

“Lucifer!” Ella said, her voice feigning a happy greeting as she tried to cram the box back into the drawer, a nervous chuckle escaping her almost as though she was embarrassed being caught in the act of trying to help her girl get a little lucky.

“What do you mean they aren’t going to work for us?” Chloe asked seriously, obviously not as flustered or shy about the situation as Ella was.

“Oh come now darling, you’ve seen me in all my glory before, twice,” Lucifer chuckled as he stepped inside the room and approached his girlfriend. “Did you seriously think run-of-the-mill condoms were going to fit?” He questioned, a broad smirk covering his face as he purposely invaded Chloe’s personal space.

Chloe squeezed her eyes shut and drew in a tight breath as she tried to ignore the fact that Lucifer was standing so close to her that she could feel the heat rolling off his body. “I wasn’t exactly examining to goods either time you decided to strip down in front of me,” Chloe reminded him as soon as she managed to ignore the sexual tension boiling between them, opening her eyes only to find his smirk had grown.

“Well then, I’ll have to fix that won’t I?” Lucifer questioned, his voice taking on a provocative tone. His smile grew when his girlfriend’s cheeks turned a soft shade of pink as she shook her head at him and focused her attention on the carpet under their feet. He still enjoyed watching her get flustered despite the fact that he was just playing, he knew better than to actually consummate their arrangement while he was still dealing with his…dilemma. Bloody Hell.

“On that note I should probably get going,” Ella spoke up, breaking the silence and immediately earning both Lucifer and Chloe’s attention. “Let you guys get unpacked and get settled in.” She added as she made her way towards the door, but Chloe could tell what the other woman meant by ‘settle in’. She disappeared through the door frame and around the corner a moment later. Chloe let out a long sigh and shook her head before looking up at Lucifer, only to see him staring down at her with a wolfish grin and eyes that were already undressing her.

“Stop looking at me like that.”

“Like what darling?” Lucifer questioned playfully, earning a scoff from his girlfriend just before she poked him in the chest with a finger.

“You know exactly like what,” Chloe replied, she knew that he was very well aware of exactly what he was doing. And as much as she might want to let herself indulge a little they were on a job, and they had to at least get unpacked before she let him keep her in bed for hours. “Let me tell you right now that nothing sexy is going to happen until we get everything unpacked.”

“Very well, darling,” Lucifer conceded a moment later. He watched as Chloe looked around the large bedroom for a moment, almost as though she was trying to piece together where to move all the
furniture when he decided work could wait just a bit longer. “Come on, let’s go explore the rest of
the house.” He suggested, and immediately earned himself a look from the Detective that told him
she was in work mode once again, she wanted to buckle down and get the unpacking done. He
knew he could change her mind though as he offered her a smile before adding, “Trust me, we’ll
have plenty of time to acquaint ourselves with the bedroom.”.

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Chloe let out a huff as she wiped the sweat from her forehead, taking a long look around the master
bedroom as she admired her work. After she and Lucifer had taken a close look at the whole place
she’d decided they should split up so they could ‘cover more ground’. But in reality, she didn’t want
Lucifer constantly distracting her with his little glances, and his flirtty words, and his body that was
built for sin; and so he wound up with the task of unpacking downstairs while she took the top floor.
She’d made quick work of the upstairs guest room. The master bedroom had taken longer, but now
that all the heavy furniture was in place only light work remained like making the bed and putting
clothes away. But at the moment neither option was exactly appealing to her.

She turned and left the bedroom a moment after catching her breath, making her way down the
hallway, stepping around and over cardboard box landmines as she walked towards the staircase.
She honestly felt a little bad for Lucifer when she realized exactly how many boxes he’d had to haul
up the stairs for her when he found that the contents didn’t belong downstairs. Speaking of, she
desperately wanted to see what her boyfriend was currently up to, and maybe steal a kiss or two from
him while she was at it. She only made it halfway down the stairs before the sound of an older hard
rock song echoing through the lower floor of the house reached her ears. She smiled as the familiar
words of ‘Dirty Deeds, Done Dirt Cheap’ grew steadily louder as she stepped off the final stair. She
turned towards the kitchen where the song and the ceramic clack of plates being placed on top of
each other was coming from.

As soon as she stepped into the kitchen her eyes landed on her boyfriend, his back turned to her as
he stacked dishes in one of the cupboards while he hummed along to the seventies jam. A bright
smile found its way onto her face on its own accord as she walked over to the kitchen island, leaning
against it for a moment as she watched him continue to unpack. The chorus of the song passed when
Chloe swiped Lucifer’s phone off the counter where it rested next to a Bluetooth speaker, she flicked
through his music library lazily. Surprisingly enough he actually had a little bit of everything on his
phone, although it was obvious that blues and rock seemed to be his go-to genres, there were even a
few songs whose titles were in different languages. She continued to scroll as she searched for
something fun, upbeat, a little sexy; finally coming upon a newer song she’d heard on the radio that
fit the bill, she tapped the play button and AC/DC immediately died as a much smoother voice filled
the room.

Let’s Marvin Gaye and get it on. You got that healing that I want. Just like they say it in the song,
until the dawn. Let’s Marvin Gaye and get it on.

Lucifer whirled around the moment the music changed, his posture showing his surprise as his eyes
fell on his girlfriend. She offered him a playful smile as she set his phone back down on the
countertop, the soulful pop she picked filling the air around him as he tried to push back his
disappointment over the sudden change of one of his favorite songs. “You turned off my song about
abominable acts accomplished at affordable amounts?” He questioned, a hint of a whine in his voice.

Chloe snorted at his pompous alliteration, holding in a small chuckle that was threatening to escape
her. “Indeed I did.” She answered, offering him a soft nod and watching as the corner of his mouth
began to turn up in the beginnings of a smile.
We got this king size to ourselves. Don’t have to share with no one else. Don’t keep your secrets to yourself, it’s kama sutra show and tell.

“Trying to send me a not so subtle hint are we?” Lucifer asked as he walked over the kitchen island, resting his hands on top of the cool granite surface as he watched a soft pink blush quickly crawl up his girlfriend’s cheeks.

“Perhaps,” Chloe answered as she gave him a nonchalant shrug, watching as Lucifer’s eyebrows rose slightly as he gave her an incredulous look. She could tell he knew the truth despite the fact that she was trying to play it cool, she gave up on the charade a moment later; giving him a sly smile as she lifted a hand, hooked a finger, and motioned for him to move closer. “Come here.” She requested softly, earning herself a cocky smirk as he pushed himself away from the counter and began to make his way around the large rectangular island.

_Ooh, there’s loving in your eyes that pulls me closer, it’s so subtle, I’m in trouble. But I’d love to be in trouble with you._

As soon as he approached her she wrapped her arms around his neck, her fingers finding the short hair at the nape of his neck as she leaned into him slightly. She felt the chuckle rumbling in his chest as he wrapped his arms around her waist in turn, both of his hands coming to rest just above the curve of her ass. She smiled at the feeling just before she started to softly rock back and forth before quietly murmuring, “Wanna dance with you.”.

Lucifer chuckled softly at her words as he allowed her to slightly sway him one way and then the other. “I thought you didn’t dance.” He stated with a wide smile as he stared down at her.

“I thought you didn’t do monogamy,” Chloe replied, giving him a smirk as she recalled the night the Dr. Carlisle case closed.

She hadn’t been expecting Lucifer to drop by that night, but she had to admit she had been glad that he did. She remembered the way he’d waltzed right in before kissing her like his life depended on it, the way his eyes searched hers when he pulled away after a long moment, and his whispered words ‘What is this between us? What are we to each other?’. She remembered the pang of hurt that washed through her as she sternly reminded herself that Lucifer had told her time and time again he didn’t understand monogamy, or relationships, or marriage. She remembered her soft reply, ‘I don’t really know. I’m not a casual sex person like you are Lucifer. I don’t like having multiple partners, and I don’t like sharing with others.’. She remembered the way he stared down at the floor for a long moment, his lips pursed into a thin line and his eyes narrowed. She remembered how she had expected him to turn around and leave, but instead he surprised her, looking up at her as he nodded once, ‘Okay.’. ‘Okay? What are you saying okay to?’ she had asked him, confusion running through her for a moment before he answered. ‘Everything. All of it. Anything you want. I just…I want you, Chloe.’.

“Touché.” Lucifer’s chuckle pulled Chloe from her memories and brought her attention back to the present.

_Let’s Marvin Gaye and get it on. You got that healing that I want. Just like they say it in the song, until the dawn. Let’s Marvin Gaye and get it on._

Lucifer pulled his arms away from her body before pulling her arms from his shoulders, he let her left hand drift down to her side but he kept hold of her right hand giving her a charming smile before he spoke up, “Just remember, you asked for this.”.

“What?” Chloe questioned, her voice confused for a moment just before Lucifer lifted her hand
above her head and led her into a sudden spin. Chloe let out a small yelp at the sudden movement before it quickly turned into a chuckle when she found Lucifer’s other hand outstretched and awaiting her free one. Her hand slotting in his much larger and warmer one with ease. She smiled widely when her eyes met his, and she was sure they looked like a pair of grinning idiots as she tried her best to mimic the steps he was taking. Back, forward, forward, back, back. She tried to mimic the way his body naturally swayed to the music as he stepped, and she felt like she’d just gotten the hang of it when he changed things up on her.

He stepped forward once again, this time sliding past her slightly so their backs were turned to each other, the next moment he was lifting their arms over each other’s heads before letting go. Chloe focused on keeping her breathing steady as she felt Lucifer’s fingers gliding gently over her back, her shoulder, her upper arm where his skin finally met hers once more. She tried to ignore the prick of goosebumps that followed in the wake of his touch as his fingers continued their descent down her arm, her wrist, and the back of her hand just before their hands clasped together once more. The whole time she was acutely aware of the feeling of the toned muscles hiding under the soft fabric of his shirt as her hand followed the same trail down his body before falling back to her side.

You got to give it up to me. I’m screaming mercy, mercy, please. Just like they say it in the song, until the dawn. Let’s Marvin Gaye and get it on.

Lucifer forced himself not to chuckle at how unnatural Chloe’s dancing skills were as he stepped around in front of her, transferring her hand from his right to his left as he led her into another smaller spin. He stopped her with her back to his front by placing a hand on her hip, enjoying the way his fingers easily pressed into the soft skin of her curves for a moment before he pulled his hand away to clasp her free one. It was impossible to ignore the way the soft curve of her ass kept brushing against the front of his pants as they swayed to the music together, quickly awakening his appetite for her. He was certain that if he had the self-control of a mortal man and not a celestial being he’d already be ravaging her exquisite body.

He knew he should be trying to distance himself from her a little bit, or at least trying to push away some of the yearning she’d stirred inside of him, but he didn’t want to do either. Instead he wound up bending down slightly as he buried his nose in her hair, breathing in the scent of her shampoo as her fine golden hairs tickled his face. Chloe let out a chuckle a moment later, the melodic sound filling the air as Lucifer pulled away slightly, a smile filling his features as he released one of her hands, letting it fall back down to her side.

And when you leave me all alone, I’m like a stray without a home. I’m like a dog without a bone. I just want you for my own. I got to have you babe.

Chloe could tell that another spin was coming, and she twirled into it with ease when Lucifer initiated the move. What she wasn’t expecting was for him to let go of her hand mid-spin; and she also wasn’t expecting it when one of his arms wrapped around her back, his hand finding her waist and stopping her spin immediately and throwing her slightly off balance. It certainly didn’t help when his other hand found the juncture where the bend of her knee and her thigh met, lifting her leg in the air with ease. She let out a small yelp, expecting to hit the hard wooden floor under her as the last of her remaining balance immediately flettet, but instead of hitting the ground she found herself hovering above it.

Her erratic heartbeat didn’t slow at all when Lucifer leaned over the top of her, their faces only centimeters apart as her eyes searched his dark ones and her breath caught in her throat. A heartbeat passed before she relaxed into the security of his arms around her, a smile filling her face as she reached up a hand and rested it against his prickly cheek. She watched him smile at the touch, standing up a short moment later and pulling Chloe out of the dip she’d been in with ease. He took
her hand in one of his a moment later, but before he could try to continue their dance Chloe was leaning up onto the tips of her toes, planting a soft kiss on her boyfriend’s lower lip. She relished in the feel of his soft lips on hers and the stubble lining his mouth as it brushed against the tip of her nose and her chin, her hands finding their way to his chest where they rested softly. For a long moment he didn’t respond at all, standing there as still as a statue. She pulled her lips from his and pulled away slightly, part of her wondering why her boyfriend was acting so stiff for a moment before his arms wrapped around her waist and her shoulders.

Despite his better judgment he returned his lips to hers with as much tenderness as he could summon. Part of him knew better than to give into his carnal desires, the part of him that was currently scolding him over pulling her so tightly into him as he claimed her mouth with his own, the part of him that was ardently reminding him that this would be easier for him if he stopped right now. He didn’t want to stop though, he’d wanted her for so bloody long already and now here she was, she was his, and she was obviously more than willing. It certainly didn’t help his self-control any when he felt her arms wrap around his neck, her slender fingers carding through his hair as she pressed her dainty frame more firmly against him, a quiet mewl escaping her throat when one of his hands drifted further down before squeezing a handful of her plump rear. When the beast he’d dealt with last night didn’t stir in the slightest he decided to see how far he could push this before it would make its unwelcome appearance. He tried to reason with himself, giving the excuse that if he knew what triggered it he would be able to better protect her from it in the future; but the sensible side of him knew all he was doing by giving into his weakness was putting her in danger.

Chloe felt like she had to physically remind herself not to melt in his arms when he pulled his lips from hers for a brief moment, his warm breath fanning over her face as she quietly panted for breath. She didn’t have long to try and gain control of her breathing, or her heartbeat, or her rapidly mounting arousal before Lucifer’s hands were on her hips. She held back a surprised yelp as he picked her up with ease, his fingers biting deeply into her skin for a brief moment before he sat her down on the cool granite of the kitchen island. She felt his warm hands traveling up the bare skin of her arms, one of them stopping just before the sleeve of her cardigan while the other continued its path upward before stopping along the curve of her jaw. She tried her best to ignore the way Lucifer’s touch was searing into her skin when he tilted her head up slightly, her eyes meeting his almost black ones for a long moment before she felt the rough pad of his thumb run slowly along the length of her lower lip. The nervous anticipation brewing inside of her only grew when he leaned down, his lips finding hers with the same gentleness that he’d always reserved for her.

Lucifer had to remind himself to take this slow, that it was more about figuring out what was going on with him than just making Chloe want to tumble into bed with him. She didn’t seem to share his reservations though, her fingers tugging roughly on his scalp as she returned his kiss with frenzy before her hands began mapping a shaky trail over his neck, jawline, and collarbones. He groaned softly when she pulled away a brief moment before their lips met once more. He’d already grown hard, and now that Chloe was really going at him the dull pulse down below was quickly becoming more difficult to ignore. Why am I even trying to fight this? We both want it. Lucifer silently thought to himself, and although the sensible part of him tried to remind him what happened last night when he gave into that train of thought he found himself making the same mistake twice. His hands leaving her body to trail down to the front of her lacy white cardigan, slipping it off her shoulders and down her arms with ease. He tried not to smirk when he heard Chloe’s breath catch in her throat as he tossed the flimsy piece of fabric somewhere into the room behind his back a moment before his hands began to roam the recently freed skin on her shoulders.

Chloe reveled in the stark contrast of the cool air against her skin compared to Lucifer’s fiery touch as his hands slowly explored every inch of her newly exposed flesh. His hands abandoned her shoulders, drifting down her sides and wrapping around her hips for a moment. She let out a
surprised yelp when she was suddenly pulled forward, her fingers digging into the soft fabric of his shirt just before she felt herself come to a jarring stop as his pelvis slotted perfectly between her legs. Her yelp immediately turned into a wanton moan as she felt his erection pressing firmly against her upper thigh. Lucifer let out an almost feral sounding growl that made goosebumps prickle on her skin as one of his hands came up to cradle under her chin, tilting her head up just before she felt his soft lips and prickly stubble press against the juncture of her jaw and throat. “Lu-Lucifer, maybe we should take this upstairs, to the bedroom,” Chloe managed to stammer out her suggestion and almost immediately Lucifer paused his actions, pulling his lips away from her skin as he stared down at her with his darkened gaze for a long moment.

Lucifer swallowed heavily as he tried to push away the familiar beast that stirred in him at Chloe’s words. He struggled to contain it for a few unsuccessful moments before he finally managed to push it away slightly until it was no longer trying to take control of him, but he could still feel it urging him onto her just like it had done last night. It wants to sleep with her? He wondered silently as he panted for breath, he knew he should end their steamy moment right then and there, but damn it all if his already weak self-control wasn’t nearly nonexistent when that thing was telling him to give her what she wanted. Why does it want her? It’s never wanted anyone else. He wondered, but his thoughts were cut short when Chloe’s voice broke the silence once again, “Lucifer?” He stared into her darkened aqua eyes for a long moment before it became painfully apparent that he wasn’t strong enough to deny them both what they wanted when the beast inside of him was being so insistent.

“Don’t talk,” Lucifer requested softly, immediately earning a confused look from his clearly flustered girlfriend. He knew if she kept asking him to take her up to the bedroom, to finally claim her body as his own, he wouldn’t have the strength to tell her no, or to keep the beast inside of him at bay.

“What?”

“You don’t need to talk during this. You just need to feel.” Chloe heard the quiet words Lucifer muttered as he tilted her head up once more before returning his lips to the sensitive skin of her neck. She dug her fingers into his shoulders and held back a shaky gasp as he teasingly kissed a trail down the length of her neck, the scratch of his five o’clock shadow on her skin making it that much more sensitive to the hot little pants of his breath that kept tickling her skin. She squeezed her eyes shut as she tried to regain some semblance of control over her erratic breathing, her whole body felt too hot and the way her nether regions were beginning to throb with her need certainly wasn’t helping anything. She shivered softly when his lips found a particularly sensitive patch of skin on her neck, and she could feel his grin slightly at her response a moment before she felt his teeth skim over the delicate skin just hard enough for her to feel them, but not hard enough to actually bite. She couldn’t help the needy little moan that escaped her throat and the delicious sensation a moment before his lips continued their journey further down.

Lucifer tried his best to control his breathing as he continued to plaster a series of kisses down the slender column of her neck. He was still acutely aware of the beast inside of him that was staying just far enough away not to fight him, but still close enough to urge him to fulfill his desires. It was already hard enough to take this as slow and cautiously as he already was, it was almost painful. He wanted her, all of her. And it certainly didn’t help matters that his body was reacting to hers just as responsively as it always did; the hotter than lava molten burn flowing through his core, and the feeling of Chloe occasionally jutting her hips into his in response to his ministrations only made him that more aware of how delicious it felt when her skin pressed into his hard length even through his slacks. He wanted to do so much more to her than just kiss her, but he couldn’t rush into this. He gently pushed one of the thin straps of her dress from her shoulder, letting it slip down her arm slightly as he pressed a gentle kiss to the juncture of her neck and shoulder, earning himself another shaky gasp that clued him into her sweet spots.
Chloe let out a soft whimper when Lucifer’s teeth found her skin once more, this time hard enough to give her a little nip that had her pressing her hips against his more firmly as she sought out any friction to help ease the tension that had coiled in her body. “Please. Need more,” Chloe whimpered quietly, her voice hardly more than a whisper as she pleaded with him to have mercy on her. Lucifer growled softly in response to her request, his lips continuing their delicate path down her shoulder and collarbones as one of his hands found the bare skin on the inside of her thigh. Chloe jumped slightly at the feeling of his rough fingertips against the sensitive skin as his hand ever so teasingly began to trail out a path upwards towards where she needed him the most. The closer his fingers got to the lacy line of her panties the harder it was for Chloe not to buck her hips against his hand. She felt Lucifer’s fingers barely brush against the edge of her panties for a brief moment before he pulled them away slowly, tracing back down her thigh and only making more tension coil inside of her. She let out a needy little whine at his actions, earning a quiet chuckle from him that made her think he was enjoying torturing her more than he should be.

Chloe slowly blinked her eyes open as she felt his fingers trailing back up her thigh once more, but the sight before her immediately made her arousal die like a fire getting drenched in a monsoon. There was a woman standing in their house, literally a few feet away as she stared at them with wide eyes and jaw agape. Chloe tensed as she grabbed Lucifer’s forearm, effectively stopping the path his fingers were taking up her body as she spoke up, “Kyle.” She hoped Lucifer would catch on to her using his alias name and stop, but instead of taking the hint he chuckled against the skin of her throat once more.

“Are we starting that right now?” He questioned, his voice laced with humor as he planted another soft kiss against her neck. “Heather.” He added, purposely drawing the fake name out before nipping her skin softly once more.

“Kyle, there’s someone in our house,” Chloe spoke up, as she continued to stare at the blonde woman who must’ve been in her late-forties or early-fifties. Lucifer paused his actions immediately at her words, pulling back slightly as his eyes met hers, and if it wasn’t for the stranger standing in their house she would’ve taken the time to fully appreciate the way Lucifer’s eyes looked when they were darkened by lust and the way his lips were redder than normal from all the kissing. Chloe’s eyes flicked from his to the woman who still hadn’t moved and Lucifer took it as his cue to turn around. One of his hands found the Bluetooth speaker to his side and pressed the power button, immediately making the music that had been filling the air die as he turned to face their onlooker.

He didn’t know what he’d been expecting, but it certainly wasn’t a five-foot woman who looked almost grandmotherly. This is the person Chloe was freaking out over? He wondered silently to himself as he looked the woman up and down. When the intruder made no move he decided to break the awkward silence as he took a step forward. “Can I help you find something? Maybe the door?” He questioned, his voice more than suggestive of the fact that this stranger wasn’t welcome. He watched as the older woman shook her head, her eyes finding the ground as she managed to pull her mouth closed. She stared at the ground for a beat of silence before looking back up at the two of them.

Chloe pushed herself off the countertop, landing on her feet as she pushed the strap of her dress back onto her shoulder as she stood behind Lucifer slightly as she wondered what kind of person just let themselves into someone else’s house. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t realize that you two were…um…” The woman trailed off as she stared at the ground for another long moment. She cleared her throat before looking up once again, “I came over here to introduce myself, my name’s Colleen. I live right across the street from you.” She offered her greeting as she held out a hand towards Lucifer for him to shake. But instead of reaching out in return Lucifer just eyed her hand speculatively for a long moment. Chloe clenched her teeth slightly as she realized one of the lead suspects in their case had just watched her and Lucifer getting hot and heavy in the kitchen, and as much as she wanted to
rebuke the woman she knew they needed to get on her good side.

“Ah. Well, Colleen who lives right across the street from me, do they not teach you how to knock where you’re from?” Lucifer questioned, his voice still tense as Colleen’s hand fell back down to her side when she realized that a handshake wasn’t welcome.

“Your door was wide open. I called out for someone before I came in, I guess you just didn’t hear me over the music,” Colleen answered, her voice more apologetic than defensive as her eyes found the ground as she shook her head once more. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to intrude.” She added sincerely, offering an apologetic smile to the two of them before she began to turn away.

“It’s fine,” Chloe spoke up the moment she realized that the lead suspect in their undercover case was about to leave their house on bad terms. Colleen looked up at her a moment later, her expression looking a little less upset as Chloe continued, “We probably shouldn’t have been doing that in the kitchen.”. She forced a smile on her face as she took a step towards the older woman before holding a hand out for her to shake. “I’m Heather,” Chloe introduced herself when Colleen shook her hand, a smile appearing on the older woman’s face as she let go of Chloe’s hand. “This is my husband, Kyle.” Chloe continued, gesturing towards Lucifer who unlike her, made no move to shake the woman’s hand. Chloe silently grumbled over the fact that she’d have to remind him later that they had no choice but to make friends with Colleen and her husband if they wanted to crack this case. “It’s really nice to meet a member of the neighborhood.” She finished as she offered Colleen what she hoped looked like a genuinely happy smile.

“Now that you two are part of the wonderful community here, I was wondering if you’d like to come to brunch tomorrow at my place?” Colleen questioned, her voice still sounding a bit unsure before she continued, “Almost everyone on the street is coming, you’ll get to meet all the neighbors, I know they’ll be ecstatic to meet the new couple.”. Colleen smiled at Chloe for a moment after she finished before her eyes drifted over to Lucifer, “Especially one that’s as good looking as you two are.” She added, her voice growing sultry as she looked the tall man up and down for a moment.

Chloe couldn’t help but ball one of her hands into a fist as she forced herself to push away the annoyance she felt over the woman eyeing up her boyfriend. She plastered a wide smile on her face and focused on making her voice sound bright and cheerful as she spoke as she answered Colleen’s question. “Sure! We’d love to get to know everyone here. What time?”

“Eleven thirty.”

Chloe nodded at the answer for just a moment before Lucifer was finally speaking up, “Well, Colleen, we look forward to seeing you then. But, in the meantime, my love and I do still have some settling in to do so let me just show you the way out.” He offered as he placed a hand on the woman’s shoulder and began leading her out of the kitchen and towards the front door that was hanging open. “It really was a pleasure meeting you.” He stated with a smile as soon as she crossed the threshold of their front door. He didn’t even give her a moment to get out a farewell of her own before he closed the front door in her face and locked the deadbolt. He turned to face Chloe a moment later, offering her a cheeky smile before he spoke up, “You know if she wanted to watch she could’ve at least bothered to pay us for the show we were putting on.”.

Chloe pursed her lips into a thin line at his little quip, crossing her arms over her chest before she replied grumpily, “You know who that was right?”

“Of course I do, she’s the child trafficker we’re here to catch,” Lucifer answered as he rolled his eyes at her preposterous question. Even if he hadn’t known that from the file he’d read yesterday he would’ve been able to tell just by the darkness of her soul, there was no doubt that the woman was Hell-bound.
“Why were you being so rude to her then? You know we have to act like her friends in order to get a foot into her business,” Chloe reminded her lover. She really needed Lucifer to play along with this case even if it required a little bit of acting on both of their sides. He let out a scoff at her question as he stepped towards her, closing the distance between the two of them and placing a hand on her shoulder as he stared down at her for a long moment.

“I don’t make friends with damned souls darling, I punish them.”

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Chloe let out a long sigh as she stepped into the steamy water, relishing in the heat that permeated her tired body as the water trickled across her bare skin. She was content to just stand in the large shower for a few moments as the heat loosened her muscles up. Colleen hadn’t been the only neighbor to come by and welcome them to the neighborhood, three other residents had also dropped by to introduce themselves and ask if they would be joining everyone for brunch tomorrow at the Keller’s house. Despite the frequent interruptions her and Lucifer managed to unpack all but a few boxes before they decided it would be better to go out to dinner together rather than deal with the chore of grocery shopping as well. Dinner had been lovely, and of course Lucifer made more than just a few flirty jabs at her throughout the duration of the meal, but Chloe had long ago grown to expect that of him. And in the traditional Lucifer style, his flirtatious little quips didn’t end when the meal did.

After dinner he’d wound up taking them to a drugstore to pick up a few day-to-day necessities he’d neglected to bring from Lux. Chloe had opted to go in with him, wanting to grab one item in particular that they’d be needing hopefully later tonight. She’d managed to slip it into the cart unnoticed, but that had unfortunately only lasted until they made it to the register and Lucifer, as always, felt the need to give her a hard time.

“Now, now, I don’t recall grabbing those,” Lucifer’s voice broke the silence the second the cashier’s hands touched the box of Durex condoms that Chloe had snuck in when he wasn’t looking. She’d remembered how he’d boasted that the one’s Ella left for them wouldn’t fit, so she’d grabbed the largest size she could find on the shelves in hopes that their condom dilemma wouldn’t hinder their sex life at all.

“Are these not yours?” The cashier questioned as he held the box up, and Chloe internally cursed Lucifer for saying anything to start with.

“Are they ours?” Lucifer questioned slyly as he glanced down at Chloe with a mile-wide smirk on his face. She tried her hardest to ignore the way she could feel her cheeks heating up as she purposely ignored Lucifer and focused her attention on the cashier who was at least trying to act professional.

“Yes. They’re ours,” Chloe answered his question and he simply nodded once before scanning the box and tossing them into the plastic bag along with the hygiene products Lucifer had picked up. She tried her hardest to ignore her boyfriend, but it was impossible to do when she could literally feel his gaze burning into her. She let out a long sigh as she turned to look at him, surprised to find that instead of the smirk she was expecting he actually looked, well, almost undecipherable. “What are you looking at me like that for?” She questioned softly a moment later, but when he didn’t immediately reply she found herself leaning in closer to his as she asked, “Those will fit right?”

“They’ll fit,” Lucifer answered a moment later, a smile spreading across his face as he laughed, the sound filling the nearly empty drugstore with ease and quickly annoying Chloe.

“Why are you laughing?” She questioned, as she shook her head at him.
“Because darling, the art of subtlety eludes you,” Lucifer answered when his chuckles died down. His eyes meeting hers for a long moment before he leaned down slightly, bumping her with his shoulder before he added, “You know, sometimes a man does enjoy being romanced a bit first.”.

Chloe rolled her eyes at him as she let out a sound that was half-chuckle, half-scoff. “You are such a jackass.”

“I’m your jackass.”

Chloe smiled softly at the memory as she went through the motions of showering. She had no idea how long she spent in there, but she knew it had to be longer than normal when her fingers started to prune slightly. She let out a resigned sigh as she turned off the water and got out of the shower, suddenly feeling tired now that she’d relaxed decently. She went through her nightly routine almost robotically, and before she even knew it she found herself laying down in the plush bed and snuggling into the soft covers happily. Part of her wondered where Lucifer was hiding, she’d told him she was going to get ready for bed a while ago, she was partly surprised that he hadn’t been waiting for her when she’d gotten out of the bathroom. Some small part of her considered getting out of bed to find him, but it was warm and soft and she could already feel the tug of sleep pulling on her. She decided she would close her eyes for just a minute before getting up to find him, but she wound up drifting off to sleep a moment later.

Lucifer had partially been expecting to see his girlfriend laying on the bed in a set of lingerie when he walked into the bedroom, which was why he decided to wait so long before coming up. But he had to admit he was pleasantly surprised to find that Chloe had wrapped herself up into a blanket burrito, her messy golden hair strewn out all around her as she snored softly. He let out a soft sigh of relief as he realized he wouldn’t have her pestering him for sex tonight, thank Father. He chuckled softly at the thought, he never expected that sentence would have ever crossed his mind. He’d been expecting her to come onto him ever since he’d found out that she’d taken the liberty of grabbing him some suitable condoms. His dilemma hadn’t been as pressing today, but it was obvious that it hadn’t gone away and he had a feeling it would return with full force if he tried to sleep with Chloe anytime in the near future.

He smiled softly at the sight before him as he made his way towards the master bath, quickly going through the motions of his night time routine before changing into a pair of sweatpants for no other reason than he hoped that if Chloe woke up before him she would be less likely to wake him up with sex if she found him at least partially clothed. He couldn’t risk her making a move like that on him until he knew he could keep her safe from this thing inside of him that knew nothing but destruction. He just hoped that he would get it under control soon, because he knew that his luck was going to run out. He couldn’t count on Chloe’s exhaustion, or a nosey neighbor to kill her libido tomorrow. He laid down on the bed next to her as he wondered how long it would take her to realize that he was avoiding sex, he’d be lucky if it took her more than a day, and then she’d confront him and he’d have no choice but to say something.

He was pulled from his worries of what the next day might bring as Chloe wiggled her way towards him, flinging one of her arms over his bare chest and nuzzling her face into the side of his neck. He smiled at the touch, that warm feeling that humans called love spreading through his chest like a wildfire as he pressed a kiss against the top of her head, her damp hair tickling his lips for a brief moment before he pulled away. He let out a long sigh as he stared up at the blackness that was engulfing the ceiling for a long moment, he didn’t want to lose her; but he knew that eventually, no matter what, she would be torn away from him. Chloe grumbled incoherently in her sleep, drawing his attention back over to his girlfriend’s sleeping form as he smiled softly, reaching out and brushing a thumb across her smooth cheek before whispering, “Goodnight love.”.
I'll try my hardest to post the third chapter sooner than I got this one out, but no promises as I'm leaving for a week long vacay tomorrow and won't have a computer available to me during that time. :P

Wikkid, sorry I didn't deliver on the smut this chapter either :P It's looking like the smutty goodness is going to be coming in chapter 4. So I promise it is on the way! Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter, your crazy garbage friend, 
@casuallydeliciousphilosopher :)

Chapter End Notes
And Every Time He Knocks

Chapter Summary

As Lucifer and Chloe continue their undercover operation Chloe quickly grows irritated with her boyfriend for avoiding intimacy, while Lucifer slowly begins to open up emotionally with his girlfriend. Chloe learns something shocking about Lucifer’s past, and Lucifer finally admits the truth about something he’s been worried about confessing.

Chapter Notes

I'd like to start by thanking my wonderful beta editor Valificent! You are so very helpful! I'd also like to thank @dvoyd for giving me permission to use his poems as epitaphs for this fic!

I have been collaborating with a few poets on tumblr, and now both of the previous chapters, as well as all of the future chapters will have epitaphs. Feel free to go back and check out the new poems! :) Also, you may have noticed that the number of chapters has changed from 9 to 13, so hooray for the extension!

I'd also like to thank SueBob99, Valificent, KeeganageeK, Tina, will30usa, and DevilsDetective for all of your lovely comments on the last chapter. It's always great hearing from you :) And of course, thank you to everyone who took the time to leave a kudos.

Wikkid, we finally we have our third chapter. Lol. It's super long and packed full of all sorts of Deckerstar goodness so make sure you have some time when you sit down to read it.

*Italic* is thoughts.

See the end of the chapter for more [*notes*](#)

_Ask yourself what you were._
_Ask yourself what you wanted to be._
_Ask yourself what you've become._

_Now ask yourself: was it worth it?_  
_All prices seem fair until you have to pay them._ ~ *m.a.w*

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Chloe awoke slowly, leisurely blinking in the bright rays of sun wafting through the room. The first thing she noticed was that her ceiling fan didn’t look right, and when she glanced to her side she found Lucifer lying next to her on the bed. As she looked around the strange room everything came flooding back to her and she immediately recalled the case. She took a moment to herself to stare up at the ceiling as she remembered that they had to attend a brunch today that was being hosted by their
main suspects, and she desperately hoped that Lucifer knew his new background as well as she knew hers. All it would take was one slip up to destroy everything. She let out a long sigh as she glanced at the digital clock that rested on the nightstand beside her, the bright red numbers telling her that it was almost eight in the morning. They still had more than three hours before they had to worry about putting on a believable show for a bunch of strangers.

After a moment she refocused her gaze on her sleeping boyfriend; he was laying on his side, his back towards her, his chest rising and falling softly with every breath. The soft smile gracing her face faded as her eyes settled on the large, crescent shaped scars on his back; they always took her breath away a little bit when she looked at them closely, the gnarled marbling of scar tissue made her want to wince. She couldn’t even begin to imagine how painful it must have been going through whatever caused them. She rolled onto her side so she could face his back, adjusting herself until she was comfortable; bracing her arm on the pillow below her and leaning her head against her propped up hand. She pulled her other arm out from under the covers as she reached out towards Lucifer’s back, she hesitated for a moment, her hand hovering centimeters above his skin as she wondered if touching him would wake him up. A short moment later she decided she was willing to risk it, reaching out her index finger as she ever so lightly traced the smooth skin that bordered the edges of his jagged scars.

“You can touch them if you want.” Chloe abruptly jerked her hand back as the familiar voice filled the air, a sudden rush of embarrassment making her cheeks burn as a soft chuckle came at her response.

“How long have you been awake?” Chloe questioned quietly as she tried to ignore the self-consciousness searing under her skin. She knew Lucifer was sensitive about his scars even if he tried to act like he wasn’t. And despite the fact that he’d just given her permission to actually touch them she had a feeling it was a courtesy he was extending to her simply because of her title as his girlfriend, not because he was actually alright with it.

“Long enough,” Lucifer answered simply, a soft, sleepy smile filling his features. If there was anything Hell taught him it was that being a light sleeper could save your life on multiple occasions, and even though his girlfriend’s touch had been featherlight it was still enough to wake him. Under normal circumstances, he would have turned around the moment his bed partner had awoken him and immediately kissed them senseless until his scars were the last things on their mind, but Chloe wasn’t just any bed partner; she was his esteemed colleague, his caring partner, his human. And although her touch stirred some discomfort in him, he ignored it. She had the right to explore, besides, if she couldn’t come to terms with these scars then there was no way she’d ever be able to accept the deeper, darker ones that lurked under the surface.

“Are you sure you’re okay with me touching them?” Chloe asked after a long beat of silence, she didn’t want to encroach on something that she knew was so personal. “Last time I tried you got a little...defensive.” She added softly, pausing for a moment in the middle of the sentence as she tried to pick the right word to describe the way he’d whirled around on her and grabbed her wrist firmly in his hand when she’d last attempted to touch the long strips of marred skin marking his back. As much as she wanted to take him up on his offer, regardless of how badly she wanted to know what the gnarled skin felt like under the tips of her fingers, it wasn’t something she wanted to do if he was uncomfortable with it.

“I didn't know you back then,” Lucifer answered simply as he recalled the sudden alarm he felt the last time she’d tried to touch them. That same sense of alarm wasn’t there now. He knew that she wouldn’t try to hurt him, and it was only fair that he allowed her the same level of faith she gave him, the same level of vulnerability. “But I do now, and I trust you.” He added quietly. A long beat of silence grew between the two of them, and Lucifer nearly found himself turning around to see if
Chloe was alright just before he felt a soft, slender finger gently trail across one of his scars. He couldn’t help but draw in a sharp hiss of breath at the unexpected feeling running through him at the touch, tensing up instinctively at the scalding, fiery, prickling sensation that emanated from the point of contact. *Bloody Hell, what was that?* Lucifer asked himself silently as Chloe jerked her hand away from him immediately. He could feel that her posture had stiffened in response to his reaction, and he silently scolded himself for letting his discomfort show. He should be able to give her this. Why couldn’t his body cooperate for a few minutes?

“I’m sorry, Lucifer. I didn’t realize —”

“Don’t apologize, darling,” Lucifer cut her off mid-sentence. He could hear the guilt in her voice, guilt that she shouldn’t feel. This wasn’t her fault. She had no control over the fact that the simple, gentle touch felt like he was being branded by a hot iron. This was all on him. He forced himself to draw in a deep, slightly shaky breath as the sensation slowly began to dull. “Please, don’t stop.” He requested softly. He wasn’t going to deny her this just because of his recently baffling reactions to her. She needed to know that he trusted her with this. He couldn’t let her go on with the day thinking that she did something wrong. He knew what to expect now, he could handle it.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” Chloe stated, her voice shaking slightly.

“Chloe, please.” He requested, a pleading note in his voice. He couldn’t tell her that she wouldn’t hurt him because it had hurt when she’d touched them. Regardless, he knew that she was going to take this out on herself all day if he pushed her away now. He was not going to let her think that his discomfort was her fault, she was obviously doing everything in her power to be gentle. “I want to give you this.” He said quietly, hoping that she’d listen to him and give it another shot. He knew he could handle it, the pain was minimal compared to the things he’d felt back in Hell.

“Okay,” Chloe breathed as she tentatively lifted her hand to his back once more. As much as she appreciated how open Lucifer was being with her, she couldn’t shake the fear that she had hurt him, and that she was going to hurt him again. She gently pressed the pad of her index finger on the gnarled skin once more, but this time Lucifer didn’t make any sounds of discomfort, and she took it as a sign that it was alright for her to continue. She drew her finger down the length of his scar slowly, surprised to find that his scars were just as soft as the rest of his back; if it wasn’t for the small, raised bumps that were strewn across the tissue his scars would be easy to mistake for the flawless skin that stretched across the rest of his body. She continued to trace up and down the length of his scar ever so lightly, eventually she felt his boyfriend’s taunt muscles begin to loosen and relax, his breathing growing slightly deeper as he nuzzled his face into his pillow a little more. A few more moments passed before she garnered the courage to touch him with more than a single finger, and when she lightly touched the gnarled skin with the rest of her hand Lucifer drew in a long, shaky breath. She wondered if she should stop just before his voice broke the peaceful silence.

“I’m sorry, for startling you earlier. It’s just…” Lucifer trailed off with a soft sigh as she ran the length of her hand over a particularly sensitive spot. The painful burning sensation had faded a while ago, leaving a pleasant, warm, tingling sensation in its wake. He liked it more than he probably should, he’d be content to lie here and let her do this for the rest of the day if she wished.

“Just what?” Chloe asked when Lucifer left his apology unfinished. Silence grew between them for a moment, and as Chloe allowed him to collect his thoughts she realized for the first time just how massive his scars were. At their widest point they were half as thick as her hand was wide, and she was fairly certain that they were nearly two hand lengths long. *What happened to you, Lucifer? Who hurt you like this?*

“I’ve never let anyone touch them before,” Lucifer answered softly. People had tried to touch his
scars before, sure, but he’d never actually let them succeed. Everyone who’d attempted to get intimate with the long stripes of marred skin along his back had easily been distracted by sex, that was, until Chloe came around. “I didn’t really know what to expect.”

Chloe swallowed heavily at the implications in his words. Lucifer had slept with half the population of LA (she knew that was a bit of an exaggeration, but whatever), and yet, she was still the first person he’d ever let touch him like this. Suddenly, his statement from earlier made sense; he wanted to give her this, he wanted her to be the first person he’d ever opened up to this way. The realization made her throat tighten uncomfortably, and she could feel her eyes grow unusually wet as a wave of emotions overcame her; sadness, over the fact that despite having so many ‘friends’ Lucifer had obviously been lonely for a very long time, compassion, she knew without a doubt that ‘earning’ these scars had to be beyond any pain she’d ever felt in her life, and warmth, over the fact that out of everyone he could’ve picked to open up to, out of everyone he could’ve picked to have a serious romantic relationship with, he picked her.

Lucifer relaxed further into the plush mattress as Chloe’s delicate hands continued to softly brush against the scar on the left side of his back. He wasn’t entirely sure how long the two of them laid there in silence before Chloe finally pulled her hand away, but the sudden loss of contact made him want to protest. His wishes for her to continue were answered in a very backhanded manner a moment later when she focused her attentions on his other scar, the searing, biting pain that had dulled in his first scar making a fierce return instantly. He drew in a deep breath and clenched his teeth together tightly, unable to stop his muscles from stiffening in response. At first, it felt like his scar was being cauterized, but after a few passes of her hand the sensation began to gradually dull to a throbbing, uncomfortable heat that was reminiscent of getting a first-degree burn. Eventually, the prickling painful sensation dulled to a soft, negligible tingle, and the heat began to fade until it was nothing more than a faint warming sensation. Lucifer relaxed into the mattress once again when the pain gave way to pleasure, but unfortunately, he didn’t get to remain that way for very long.

“How did you really get these?” Chloe’s voice broke the quiet and Lucifer let out a long breath in response. **How many times do I have to tell her until she finally accepts the truth?** Lucifer wondered as he steeled himself in for a lengthy denouncing of his answer from his girlfriend.

“I’ve told you, darling. I ordered Maze to cut my wings off,” Lucifer answered patiently but Chloe only shook her head at his answer, her eyebrows drawing together as she continued to slowly move her hand across his scar. **Are you ever going to realize you aren’t the Devil?**

“Lucifer…” She started, trailing off for a moment as she considered how to broach the subject without coming off as criticising. **Why hasn’t Linda managed to pull you out of your delusions yet?**

“There’s no way —”

“The truth is still the truth regardless of whether or not you want to believe it,” Lucifer sighed, cutting his girlfriend off mid-sentence. He desperately wished that she would take him at his word, but she’d proven time and time again to be cynic whenever he answered her questions with complete honesty. He was stuck in a classic catch twenty-two. If he never showed her then she’d just assume he was hiding the truth with a convenient analogy, eventually she’d start to resent him for not trusting her enough to tell her the ‘real’ truth; but if he did show her then she’d leave anyway, after all, nobody willingly chooses to share their company with a monster.

“I hope one day you trust me enough to tell me what really happened,” Chloe whispered quietly and Lucifer squeezed his eyes shut in response. **And so it begins.** Five days. Five fucking days into their relationship and the issue of his identity was already starting to damage things. He knew from the start that it wouldn’t take long for him to mess this up, he always destroyed everything.
“I already do,” Lucifer replied quietly, swallowing heavily before he continued, “And I already have.” He tried to ignore the anguish that was building inside of him at the realization that he was going to have to say goodbye to her much sooner than he originally anticipated.

A loud gurgling noise pulled Lucifer from his dismal thoughts, and he accepted the distraction happily, anything to get his mind off of what the future held. He rolled onto his back slowly, giving Chloe the time she needed to remove her hand from his person to avoid being crushed under him. He plastered a deceiving, jubilant smile on his face as he looked over at her for the first time that day. The sight that he came face to face with was enough to steal the words from his mouth. The sunlight pouring through the window caught in Chloe’s mussed up hair, making it glow a soft gold color, a small, serene smile graced her lips as she stared up at him and Lucifer found himself unable to form a coherent thought for several moments. How dare you be so perfect, was the first thing that came to his mind when he finally managed to re-start his mental faculties. If he didn’t know better he’d think that someone tailor-made this human for him, she was everything he could have ever asked for and so much more.

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“Hungry?” Lucifer asked, and Chloe couldn’t help it when her smile grew a little at the question. Her eyes roamed over his figure for a moment, taking in his thicker than normal five o’clock shadow, the adorable sprinkling of freckles dotting his chest and shoulders, and finally drifting across the expanse of skin that disappeared under the covers at his hip level. She nibbled her lower lip slightly as she dragged her eyes back up to meet her boyfriend’s warm, chocolate gaze as she decided that her hunger for food could wait to be satisfied, but her hunger for him couldn’t.

She offered him the most inviting smile she could summon as she leaned in closer to him, shaking her head softly as she reached out and dragged her index finger slowly down his chest. “Not for food,” she answered silkily, immediately earning a soft chuckle from the Devil as he rolled his eyes at her.

“Bravo, Detective. I’ve never heard that one before,” Lucifer replied, the sarcasm in his voice so thick that it was nearly palpable. Chloe leaned away from him slightly, confusion clouding her features as she pulled her hand from his chest. He let out a long sigh, pulled the covers off his body and got out of bed in one fluid movement.

“Where are you going?” Chloe questioned as she tried to ignore the sting of rejection and instead focused on Lucifer who was already almost out of the bedroom.

“No, you’re not,” she answered playfully, shooting him a small, charming smile before he disappeared through the door and out of sight. Chloe let out a soft sigh as she flopped back against the mattress and glared at the ceiling. She had to admit that it was at least a little bit endearing that he was so concerned about her state of hunger that he would rather feed her than fuck her, and she wished she shared the same priorities, because maybe then she wouldn’t feel so damn frustrated. He does not get to tease me for a year and a half about sex and then start blowing me off as soon as I start returning his advances. This is not gonna fly mister. Chloe thought to herself determinedly as she threw the covers off of herself and stood up. She quickly rushed to the bathroom and gave her teeth a fast yet thorough scrubbing, morning breath was not something she could afford to subject her boyfriend to if she had any hope of seducing him.

She made her way out of the bedroom quickly after that, combing her fingers through her hair to make it more manageable as she practically jogged through the hallway and down the staircase. As soon as she stepped onto the ground floor and rounded the corner into the kitchen she caught sight of Lucifer staring into the fridge with a soft scowl on his face. “What’s cookin’ good lookin’?” Chloe questioned with a wide smile as she closed the last of the distance separating them a moment before
she reached out a hand and firmly smacked her boyfriend's ass. He jumped at the contact, obviously startled as he looked at her with a slightly flabbergasted look that was a near replica of the one he gave her when she slapped his ass on the Malibu State campus almost a week ago.

“Um...nothing, we never went grocery shopping,” Lucifer answered slowly as he closed the fridge door and turned to face his girlfriend. He was still trying to reel himself in from the shock of her zealous advances on him, sometimes it was just hard to believe that after all that time she spent pushing away his propositions she was finally returning them willingly. Chloe was staring up at him with a sultry little smile, her hair still deliciously mussed up and her lips just begging to be ravaged by his; but even as the mere sight of his gorgeous little human looking at him like that sent waves of warmth radiating throughout his chest, it also sent a stab of anguish through him. He was going to lose her. Be it today, tomorrow, five or fifty years from now, it didn’t matter, he was still going to lose her all the same. “I guess I can’t save you from your inevitable demise after all.” He stated quietly, his eyebrows drawing together as the anguish burning a hole through his chest began to grow so strong that it was snuffing out the gentle warmth that had been blooming in there mere moments ago.

Chloe ignored the oddly pained way that Lucifer was looking down at her, she had no idea what was going on inside that mind of his, and she wasn’t really sure if she wanted to know. He looked like a bomb squad agent who wasn’t sure if cutting the red wire or the blue wire would end his life in a fiery explosion, but he only had three seconds left to make the decision anyway. She pushed the image away as she ignored Lucifer’s odd behavior, easily writing it off as an aftereffect of the emotional vulnerability he’d put himself through a few minutes ago when he’d let her get intimate with his scars. Instead, she choose to focus on the mission at hand; seduce her boyfriend, have some super crazy hot sex, and then convince him to go for round two as long as it wasn’t eleven thirty by then. “Sure you can,” Chloe spoke up, trying to keep her voice as sensual as possible as she trailed her hand from his tricep down to his wrist slowly. Lucifer looked at her hopefully at her words, and she tried not to snort at the ridiculous notion he had that she’d meet her ‘inevitable demise’ by the hour unless he fed her. Her smile grew slightly as she recalled one of the random, vulgar ‘fun facts’ Ella had drunkenly spewed during girls night a week ago. “There’s approximately fifteen calories in your sperm,” Chloe managed to start quite seriously, but once she got halfway through the sentence she couldn’t help but crack a smile as she tried to hold back the laughter that was building in her core, and the look on Lucifer’s face definitely wasn’t doing anything to help aid her in maintaining her composure.

Lucifer couldn’t be entirely certain what his face was doing as he tried to sift through the many emotions Chloe’s pitiful come on had stirred in him. Shock was the primary one, why would Chloe even know something like that? Temptation was easily the second strongest feeling that was coursing through his veins, and he quickly had to remind himself that there was a very good, very legitimate reason that he wasn’t fucking her senseless at this very moment. He would not put her danger. She meant too much to him to recklessly risk her well-being over a few hours of pleasure.

Oh Father, why do you take pleasure in spiting me like this? You know withstanding temptation has never been one of my strong suits. He couldn’t tell if it was humor or pity which came in next, he supposed it was a mixture of both; Chloe was a horrible flirt, and it was almost physically painful to see someone so sexy fail so miserably at being seductive.

Lucifer let out a long groan as he buried his face in both of his hands, taking a minute to compose himself as he drew in a long, deep breath. “I’m going to pretend I never heard you say that.” He stated as he pulled his hands from his face. He sounded more pained than he meant to, but it was so much more difficult than he expected to ignore her pathetic pick-up line. You’re doing this for her own good. Lucifer reminded himself when he saw a crestfallen expression flit across his girlfriends face before she managed to hide it under a mask of indifference. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to get dressed so I can go buy us some food,” Lucifer added, his voice growing kinder as he
gave his girlfriend a small smile, even taking a moment to tuck a frazzled strand of hair behind her ear before he turned away, making his way towards the staircase and away from the small blonde woman who was tempting him so much.

Chloe let out a disappointed huff as she watched Lucifer disappear up the stairs, she leaned her back against the granite island as she glared at the cool tiles under her feet. Why won’t he fucking have sex with me? How much more blatant do I have to be? She pursed her lips into a thin line as she wondered why he kept pushing her away. He’d seemed so eager just a few nights ago, and now today he was so...reluctant. Did I do something? Is there someone else? No. I am not going there. He promised me monogamy, and he values his word. He wouldn’t cheat on me. She shook the unfounded thought away grumpily. He was just being his weird, quirky self. He’d come around eventually if she was persistent enough. Wasn’t that his thing when they first met? He always figured if he was blatantly persistent about offering her sex and every available opportunity she’d eventually take him up on it, maybe she just had to do the same to him until she finally got him to cave. After all, he’d reminded her multiple times during the last year and a half that ‘turnabout is fair play’. She nodded resolutely to herself as she righted herself and started making her way towards the staircase.

She took the stairs two at a time as she put up a bold front. If Lucifer needed pure blatancy to get the hint then she’d be blatant alright. She made it to the top of the stairs, down the hallway and into their bedroom in record time, walking in to see Lucifer standing at the closet as he pulled a royal purple button up shirt off of its hanger. He seemed to be oblivious to her presence as he pushed a few hangers aside with his free hand, reaching up to unclip a pair of black slacks from their hanger as she drew in a deep breath. “Do you wanna have sex?” Chloe asked simply, feeling slightly proud of herself when her voice didn’t waver in the slightest even though the question wasn’t exactly in her comfort zone. The slacks that were being unclipped from their hanger fell to the floor with a soft crumpling noise as Lucifer immediately whirled around to face her.

Lucifer swallowed heavily at her question, the beast he’d been dreading suddenly making its unwelcome appearance at his girlfriend’s question. It was impossible to ignore the way it was willing him to walk over to her and fulfil her request in the most self-satisfying way possible, he forced himself to stay stationary despite the supernatural amount of self-control it required. Almost as if in punishment for his insubordinance a hotter-than-Hellfire scorch of heat burned through his right arm, the pain of it catching him off guard and almost making him wince. This wasn’t right, his own Hellfire wasn’t supposed to be able to hurt him, it was him. But then again the beast that was raging inside of him right now had been just another part of him a few meager days ago as well, but now it was practically it’s own separate entity. None of this was right.

Why delay the inevitable? He gritted his teeth as the thought rang in his mind, it wouldn’t have bothered him so much if it was his own thought, but it wasn’t. The simple realization that this...thing, inside of him was getting stronger served to equally terrify and piss him off at the same time. If he’d known all of those millennia ago that the damn thing would try to liberate itself in the future he wouldn’t have accepted it, he’d have conquered Hell without it’s help, without Hellfire of his own, he’d have managed; but the mistake was already made, he couldn’t reverse it now, he just had to be stronger than it was, and for Chloe’s sake he would be. Claim her as your own. Lucifer squeezed his eyes shut at the intrusive thought, he would not willingly follow this things orders, he was an Archangel, he would not obey the commands of a lesser being, especially not when doing so would put Chloe’s well being at risk. “No,” Lucifer whispered in response to the monster inside of himself, only earning another painful searing through his arm as his own Hellfire was used against him yet again. He opened his eyes despite the pain, catching a glimpse of the concerned expression on his girlfriends face as he repeated the same word with more strength than he had before, “No.”.

The sting of rejection Chloe felt earlier was nothing compared to this new feeling, like a wave of doubt and insecurities suddenly washed over her as her boyfriend turned away and bent down to
retrieve the slacks that crumpled on the floor when she’d first asked her question. She swallowed heavily at the feeling of self-doubt that flooded through her as she struggled to comprehend why Lucifer would say no to sex, and why he would seem so tortured and pained by the question. Her boyfriend turned away from the closet a moment later, easily laying out his clothes on the bed as he obviously avoided making any sort of eye contact with her. “Why…” Chloe trailed off when her voice broke on the first word of her question. *Am I not good enough? Does he not like me enough?* “Why not?” She asked, managing to get both words out without a break in her voice.

Lucifer looked over at her as the question broke the silence, the look on his face undecipherable as he continued to ignore the beast inside of him that was thankfully growing more quiet and distant with each passing second. He couldn’t tell her the truth, she’d never believe him, but he couldn’t lie to her either. He could’ve thanked his father when her stomach decided to loudly protest it’s empty state at that exact moment. The deep rumbling noise filled the quiet room with ease and gave Lucifer the perfect opportunity to deflect the answer. “Do I really need to give you more of an explanation?” He questioned, sarcasm lacing his voice as he gestured towards her stomach with an open hand and a sardonic expression. Relief filled him when the concern on her face slowly eased, and it’s place was filled with a tentatively good humored smile.

“This,” Chloe started as she pointed to her abdomen exaggeratedly before continuing, “Doesn’t turn you on?” She questioned, feigning confusion as she gave Lucifer a pointedly doubtful look.

“Not particularly, no.” He answered, a small smile filling his face, but she could tell it wasn’t entirely genuine by the way it didn’t reach his eyes. His eyes always softened considerably when he gave her a real smile.

Chloe ignored her boyfriend’s unusual behavior as she gave him a sultry little smile while she closed the distance between the two of them. “What does turn you on then?” She questioned as she looked up at him from under her thick lashes, her seductive smile growing when he gave her a small smirk in return.

“You want to know what gets me going?” She bit her lower lip and nodded at her boyfriends flirty question, only making his smirk grow as he leaned towards her slightly. “I may have this…little fantasy.” He admitted quietly, his smirk morphing into a smile that was almost shy as the words left his lips.

“Go on,” Chloe urged, as she took another small step towards the fallen angel so she could reach out and trail a finger across his collarbone.

Lucifer looked down at where she was touching him for a brief moment before giving her a sinful grin. He knew he shouldn’t be playing with her like this, but he also knew that if he didn’t go along with her games then she’d take his refusal of sex very seriously. After all, he couldn’t act like the reason he didn’t want to have sex with her was her grumbling stomach and avoid her like the plague simultaneously, he had to find some sort of happy medium. “Imagine, you and me in a nice roomy building.” He started, pausing simply for dramatic effect and quickly earning an interested little hum from the human standing before him. “Shelves, filled to the brim with food all around us.” He added, immediately earning a loud peal of laughter from his girlfriend as she dropped her hand from his chest and took a small step back as she shook her head at him, a wide smile gracing her lovely features.

“Okay, okay. I get it. I can take a hint,” Chloe chuckled with no small amount of exasperation.

“Are you sure? I’m beginning to wonder.” She rolled her eyes at Lucifer’s quip before playfully smacking his arm as she walked past him and towards the still open closet doors.
“Jackass.” She muttered light-heartedly under her breath as she pushed his clothes aside and tried to decide what dress to wear today. She quickly decided on a black, long sleeved, sheer dress that was so short it was pushing the boundary between cute and slutty. She had a feeling that Maze snuck this one into her box when she wasn’t looking, but hey, she wasn’t going to complain, Lucifer did claim that he was a leg man after all. She pulled it from the hanger as she considered going into the bathroom to change, but she found herself deciding against the idea as she remembered all the times Lucifer had teased her by stripping naked right before her eyes like it was no big deal. It was only fair she give him a little payback for all the shit he used to put her through during the beginning of their partnership. She turned back to the bed, a little surprised to see Lucifer rummaging through the dresser a few feet away, she hadn’t even heard him move. She couldn’t help the impish grin that crossed her face as she tossed the tiny black number onto the bed before simply pulling her pajama tank top off and dropping it onto the floor where it pooled by her feet.

A half-second later Lucifer was sliding the dresser drawer closed, socks and boxer briefs in hand as he turned back to face the bed, his mouth falling open slightly at the sight that met him. It was safe to say that he hadn’t been expecting to turn around to find his girlfriend half naked, her spectacular assets on full display as she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her shorts before pulling them down over her hipbones with what he swore could only be deliberate slowness. The final article of clothing slipped down her long legs and fell on the floor a moment before she stepped out of them, and he found himself swallowing thickly as he felt his blood beginning to pool lower in his body.

"Can I help you?" The very pointed question immediately pulled Lucifer’s eyes away from the vast expanse of skin that was bare to the world and up to his girlfriend’s aqua orbs. He found himself at a complete loss for words as he opened and closed his mouth a few times, and Chloe’s expression only grew more expectant with each passing moment. Lucifer found he could only make a small, high-pitched noise as he forced himself to turn away from his completely nude girlfriend, quickly making his way towards the master bathroom door and closing it behind himself with much more force than was necessary. He leaned against it for a moment, glaring at the white ceiling as he drew in a deep breath. It was obvious that Chloe wanted that to happen, and if it wasn’t for his current intimacy dilemma he’d punish the sly little minx in the most delicious way possible for torturing him so. He let out a rough breath that was nearly a growl as he tossed his undergarments onto the bathroom counter and stalked over to the shower. He wasn’t surprised in the slightest when he found himself to be half hard upon his liberation from his sweatpants, and when he got in the shower and turned on the water he let it run a bit cooler than he usually preferred it.

Chloe chuckled softly, shaking her head as she heard the soft sound of the shower starting up from behind the closed bathroom door. Sure, Lucifer running away wasn’t the reaction she was hoping for, but she had to admit that the look on his face and the small strangled sound he made were both priceless. She dressed quickly after that, slipping on a pair of black panties and a matching bra before putting on the dress she’d chosen. Upon first glance in the mirror she firmly decided that this had been a ‘Maze approved’ dress that definitely hadn’t been in the wardrobe she got from the department, and she silently reminded herself that she’d have to send her roommate a quick thank you text for slipping it in there when she wasn’t looking.

She was relieved when she found that Lucifer hadn’t locked the door to the master bathroom, at least now she could do her hair and makeup while he showered. The privacy glass that made up the sliding shower doors easily prevented her from seeing anything more than a faint outline of her boyfriends silhouette as she set to work getting ready for the day. She was able to do Heather’s natural makeup look with relative ease, the hair was a little harder though; she wasn’t able to do the fancy up-do’s Ella suggested for her undercover personality, and after a few futile tries she decided to just leave it down. Besides, it wasn’t like the right hairstyle would make or break their undercover operation. She quickly gathered her discarded pajamas, tossing them in the laundry hamper and grabbing her cell phone off the nightstand before making her way downstairs. She took a seat on the
plush couch in the living room as she unlocked her phone.

As she waited for Lucifer to finish getting ready for the day she deleted spam e-mails and checked her texts from last night. One from Ella read: **Don’t have too much fun you crazy kids ;)** Chloe found herself simply rolling her eyes at the message as she opened the next text which was from Maze: **Be careful, he likes to cuddle afterwards...it’s disgusting.** She found herself genuinely laughing a little bit at her roommates message as she typed back a quick reply: **Thanks for smuggling me a little black dress.** She opened her last text message notification with a soft smile which only grew when she read it: **Love you mommy <3 tell Lucifer hi for me.** Chloe immediately replied to her daughter’s message, feeling a little guilty that she hadn’t bothered to check her phone before she fell asleep last night: **I love you too monkey <3 Are you being good for daddy?** She didn’t even have time to close out of her messaging app before a new text notification from her daughter popped up: **Yeah. We watched Moana. Are you coming home yet?**

Chloe could only smile sadly at her daughter’s question, she wished she could go home, she’d rather be spending the summer with her daughter rather than working, but duty called and somebody had to do the jobs most were unwilling to. **Not yet baby. But I promise I’ll come visit you really soon.** At least after brunch today she’d have a rough idea of how long this case might take to crack, and she desperately hoped that it would be a quick and easy one. The phone vibrating in Chloe’s hands alerted her that her daughter had replied: **Ok! Make sure you bring Lucifer too!** Chloe smiled at her daughters enthusiasm to see her favorite ‘Devil’ again so soon, shaking her head softly as she started typing out her reply when another message from Trixie came in: **I have to go. Daddy’s gonna take me to mini golf.** Chloe quickly erased what she’d written before typing out a quick farewell: **Have fun monkey! Kick his butt!** She let out a soft sigh as she rested her phone face down on the couch cushion beside her. She didn’t get to drift to deeply into her melancholy thoughts of her daughter because at that moment she caught sight of a tall figure making his way down the stairs.

She turned slightly to get a better look at her boyfriend, his five o’clock shadow was significantly thinner, and he’d added a dark charcoal tie to the outfit he’d selected earlier. His eyes met hers when he reached the bottom of the flight and she couldn’t help but playfully ask, “What took so long?” He smiled at the question as he made his way into the living room, grabbing Chloe by the hand before pulling her up from the couch with ease.

“You can’t rush perfection,” Lucifer answered with a silky voice as his eyes roamed over his girlfriends figure appreciatively for a moment. Chloe snorted at his answer, rolling her eyes at him and drawing his attention back up to her face. A brief moment of silence passed between the two of them when Lucifer brought one of his hands up to cradle the side of Chloe’s face, his eyes lingering on her lips as he started to lean down, closing the gap between them with ease. Chloe leaned up to meet him happily, her breath catching in her throat as their lips nearly touched, but before she could plant her lips against her boyfriend’s, her stomach decided once again to loudly plead it’s discomfort.

Lucifer chuckled softly, forgetting about kissing Chloe as he leaned down far enough to bury his face in the crook of her neck as his body softly shook with his laughter. **Humans. So needy and delicate.** He thought to himself when he pulled away from his girlfriend slightly, drawing himself back up to his full height as he let his hand drift back down to his side. It was impossible not to notice the disappointed expression on her face as she looked up at him, and he silently promised that he’d make the lost opportunity up to her later, after she ate something. “C’mon. Let’s get some food in you before you keel over on me.”

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Thirty minutes and one drive through breakfast burrito later, Chloe found herself walking down the pretentiously well-stocked aisles of a Whole Foods, Lucifer pushing the cart beside her as they made their way down the cereal aisle. They hadn’t grabbed much yet, some butter, milk, whipped cream, eggs, a loaf of bread; and she hadn’t been particularly helpful in picking any of it out herself. Lucifer seemed to notice this as well because he decided to bring it up at that exact moment. “Are you ever going to put something in the cart?” He questioned as glanced around the shelves before focusing his gaze on his girlfriend.

Chloe simply shrugged in response, not really knowing what to say. She rarely shopped at Whole Foods because of the predatory prices, and she was reluctant to put something like a package of English muffins in the cart when it was marked up more than fifty percent it’s normal market value. The department’s allowance for their weekly food wasn’t particularly generous, but then again she had a feeling that this trip wasn’t going to be covered by the department, it was probably going to be ‘Lucifer sponsored’. Still though, she couldn’t help but feel he was senselessly throwing his money away, even if it was his money to throw away as he pleased. Lucifer only sighed at her non-verbal answer, focusing his attention on the shelves around them once more before he came to a stop.

“Here. Look at this,” Lucifer stated, drawing Chloe’s attention over to him as he grabbed a bright red box of cereal and held it out towards her. “Loopy fruits.” Chloe found herself smiling at the incorrect name as Lucifer pointed at the cartoon toucan adorning the box. She shook her head softly as she pulled the box from his hands before placing it back on the shelf where it belonged.

“They’re called Fruit Loops, you gigantic dork,” Chloe replied as a soft laugh escaped her.

“Tomayto tomahto,” Lucifer sighed heavily as he started pushing the cart forward once more. Chloe heard a soft snicker behind her back, and quickly glanced over her shoulder to see a woman who had to have been in her seventies or eighties eyeing them with a knowing smile as she pulled a container of oatmeal from the shelf before continuing down the aisle a comfortable distance behind the two of them. “Really though, darling.” Lucifer’s voice drew Chloe’s attention back over to her boyfriend as he looked at her with an expression she couldn’t quite place while slowing to a stop in the aisle once more. “Contribute,” Lucifer demanded as he glanced around the cereal aisle once more. “What do you want to eat?” He asked curiously before he grabbed her by the hand and intertwined their fingers as he continued walking.

“I don’t know,” Chloe sighed as they made it to the end of the aisle and turned down the next one. She usually planned out a week of healthy meals for herself, Maze, and Trixie before she went grocery shopping. She wasn’t used to buying food without a list to check off.

“Oh father, you’re one of those women,” Lucifer sighed, shaking his head as he recalled the words he’d heard from numerous men on multiple occasions, ‘when you’re in love nothing is impossible, except for figuring out where she wants to eat’, or in his case at the moment, what she wanted to eat. Father, grant me patience, I’m going to need it.

“What women?” Chloe questioned, the tone of her voice turning harsher as she spoke, but Lucifer ignored it as he examined the ethnic foods aisle almost boredly.

“The ones who can never decide where or what they want to eat,” Lucifer answered simply, his voice lacking the usual liveliness it held. Chloe took a good look at him after that, partially worried about what expression his face held, but to her relief he didn’t look annoyed, or mad. He just looked lost, and maybe a little bit disheartened. Chloe let out a soft sigh as she looked around the aisle filled with tortillas, soba noodles, and nori sheets. Lucifer was right, she wasn’t being particularly helpful, and she couldn’t expect him to just read her mind. He needed her input or else they’d be living on the bread and eggs he’d put in the cart already.
“Sandwiches are good for lunch,” Chloe offered a suggestion as she thought about what she usually cooked at home. “Eggs are fine for breakfast.” She added a moment later as Lucifer stopped in the aisle and grabbed a jar of mild salsa. He nodded silently at her words for a moment as he placed the jar in the cart, his eyes staring into hers for a few seconds before he continued down the aisle.

“Do you like crêpes?” Lucifer finally spoke up as they rounded the corner of the aisle only to be met with shelves stocked with baking supplies. As much as he loved a good omelette he didn’t want to live off of them, especially not if he was going to be cooking for Chloe too. He finally had a chance to really impress her with his culinary expertise, and he had to admit that his talents would be wasted on simple omelettes; not that his omelettes weren’t divine, or perhaps more fittingly, deliciously devilish, but there was only so many things you could do to an egg.

“They’re good,” Chloe answered simply. Crêpes were always something she got at fancy restaurants, the one time she had attempted to make them it had been a disaster; batter everywhere, torn scraps of half-cooked food tossed into the trashcan after each pitiful attempt. “Kinda hard to make though.” She added as she thought about attempting crepe-making in the house they were staying in. It would take forever to clean the splattered batter out of the gas range.

Lucifer chuckled softly at her as he came to a stop in the aisle, pulling his hand from hers so he could grab a bag of flour and a can of baking powder. “Then you’re doing it wrong.” He stated simply as he placed the items in the cart before starting down the aisle once more.

“Well excuse me, Mr. French pastry chef,” Chloe retorted, sarcasm dripping from her voice as he looked around for other pantry essentials. He smiled at her choice of words as he stopped to grab baking soda and a few different varieties of sugars.

“You’re excused,” Lucifer quipped, immediately earning a frustrated groan from his adorable little human. He smiled at the sound just before another quiet chuckle from his side drew his attention over to the elderly woman who’d overheard their conversation in the other aisle as well, he offered the woman a charming smile just before Chloe’s grumpy voice broke the silence.

“I swear I am going to strangle you someday.”

Lucifer’s grin grew as he turned his attention back to his girlfriend. “Mmm, kinky.” He growled quietly as he winked at the small blonde woman who was glaring up at him. A loud peal of laughter immediately drew both their gazes over to the elderly woman who was shaking her head, a wide smile on her face as her body shook with her laughter.

Chloe immediately felt a hot wave of embarrassment wash through her, she knew it wasn’t the woman’s fault for overhearing them either time, Lucifer wasn’t exactly a very subtle person, he loved being the center of attention. She buried her face in her hands and let out a long sigh as she wished that she could just skip this trip and wait outside at the car, it’d be preferable to knowing some poor innocent old lady kept overhearing Lucifer’s inappropriate statements.

Lucifer only smiled at Chloe’s reaction as the elderly woman began walking off down the aisle, there was no need to get embarrassed, especially not over an older person. One thing that he had learned from his time on Earth was that the old ones had heard it all, seen it all, or done it all before. Lucifer quickly set to work picking out a bag of granulated sugar, then powdered, and then dark brown. When he refocused his attentions on the woman beside him he chuckled under his breath as he realized that she was still hiding under her hands, muttering something incoherently under her breath.

“I do have a request.” Chloe heard her boyfriend’s words, but she chose to ignore them, and she succeeded until she felt his long, nimble fingers wrap gently around her wrists and pull her hands away from her face. She glared at him for a moment, but she found that she couldn’t stay mad at the
adorable idiot for very long, and she wound up giving in much sooner than she expected.

“Let’s hear it.” She sighed heavily, earning a small almost childlike smile from her boyfriend.

“I’d like you to cook dinner once this week.” Surprise washed through her at his request. *Once this week? Who’s going to cook the other six nights?* She knew Lucifer was good in the kitchen, or at least she always assumed he was since he was always scolding her to buy truffle oil, and when he made them burgers that one night they were damn amazing. But was he seriously planning on taking over almost all the cooking duties?

“And you’re going to cook the other nights?” She questioned for clarification, immediately earning a small nod of approval. *Well, hello jackpot. A woman could get used to this.*

“Sure, what do you want?” She asked, trying to make sure she didn’t sound too enthusiastic about the arrangement, lest he decide to change it just to frustrate her like he seemed to love doing so much.

“Hmm, I don’t know,” Lucifer hummed quietly under his breath, seeming to think it over for a moment before he simply offered his girlfriend a smirk and a shrug before making a noncommittal noise. Chloe opened her mouth to say something and he cut her off before she could get a word out, “Frustrating, isn’t it?”. Chloe’s expression quickly turned annoyed as she shot him a glare which died after a few seconds.

“Babe, please just give me an idea.” She pleaded with him as she wrapped her hands around his upper arms and stared up at him with doe eyes that he would have succumbed to under normal circumstances. But he was not going to allow her to torture him the ways she did and not receive a little punishment. He let his smirk soften slightly as he bent down until he could feel the shell of ear barely brush against his lips, and he couldn’t tell if Chloe had stopped breathing in anticipation of receiving an answer or if it was because of his nearness, but he hoped it was a mix of the two.

“Feel...my...pain.” Chloe’s eyebrows drew together at the three raspy words as her boyfriend stood back up to his full height before offering her another one of his trademark smirks. She left her hands fall back down to her sides as she let out a soft huff of breath. *So that’s how he’s gonna be.* She pursed her lips into a thin line, shaking her head as she stared down at the cream colored tiles under her feet, she should have known he wasn’t going to make this easy for her, he never did. She heard the cart start to move and glanced up to see her boyfriend slowly ambling down the aisle, she didn’t follow him though, instead she just stared after him as she tried to guess what she could make that would impress him but still wouldn’t be too over the top. Lucifer didn’t make it more than ten feet down the aisle before a short brunette woman stopped him politely, asking if he could grab something on the top of the self for her. Chloe wasn’t surprised when he obliged, Lucifer was usually the gentlemanly type, and she wasn’t surprised by the cute, flirty giggle the woman gave him when he handed her a box. She had to admit that she wasn’t even surprised when she overheard the subtle pick up line the woman threw at her boyfriend, she’d come to accept that it was something he didn’t exactly have control over, but that still didn’t stop her from feeling a hot wave of jealously.

“I love this shirt. Did your girlfriend buy it for you?” The woman reached out and stroked a hand down his forearm as she asked, and Lucifer only looked down at where she was touching him, taking a small step back from her before he shook his head.

“No. She didn’t.” He replied, and Chloe immediately noticed the slightly confused tone in his voice, and the crestfallen one that danced across the brunettes face before she nodded once at his words, putting whatever he’d grabbed for her in her cart before walking down the aisle towards Chloe. Lucifer caught her her attention a moment later, his eyes meeting hers as he offered her a shrug and simply beckoned for her to come over. When she didn’t immediately move he rolled his eyes before plastering a sexy smirk on his face, wiggling his eyebrows slightly as he curled a single finger in a
‘come hither’ motion, running his tongue along his upper lip just to spite her with his undeniable sex appeal.

Chloe shook her head, unable to stop the blush she could feel creeping under her cheeks as a girly laugh escaped her. What am I going to do with you? She asked herself silently as she started stepping forward, she’d never understand how it was so easy for him to put her at ease when she felt the exact opposite. As soon as she started walking forward Lucifer dropped his playfully sexy charade and turned to browse the self before him as he patiently awaited his girlfriend’s arrival, but she didn’t move more than three feet before someone was resting a small, fragile looking hand on her shoulder. She stopped in her tracks, glancing over to see the brunette that’d just been flirting with her boyfriend giving her a sympathetic look. “Don’t waste your time, he’s taken.” The woman offered her advice, and Chloe immediately felt a wave of annoyance wash through her, instead of letting it show though she just offered the woman a polite smile before resting her wedding ring-clad hand on top of the woman’s where it still rested on her shoulder.

“I know he is,” Chloe replied, unable to keep the snarkiness out of her voice. She watched the woman’s eyes drift down to the glinting bit of metal reflecting the fluorescent store lighting, a sudden look of apologetic realization coming over her face as she pulled her hand away from Chloe’s shoulder.

“What. The. Fuck.” Chloe shook her head as she looked back and forth between the two boxes, before focusing her attention on her boyfriend’s curious expression. “I don’t know, babe. It doesn’t matter.” She answered simply as she gave him a shrug.

“Yes, it does matter. I need to understand,” Lucifer replied a second later, his expression quickly growing miffed as he refocused his attention back on the two small boxes in his hands, drawing them closer to his face as he critically inspected them, his eyes narrowing as he tried to figure out an answer for the searing question he’d had for more than five years now. “What secrets are you hiding?” He whispered quietly under his breath as he turned the boxes around to search the backside of the containers for any hints.

“Lucifer, forget about it. It doesn’t matter,” Chloe chuckled as she pulled one of the boxes from his hand with ease before putting it back on the self where there was obvious product gap. She reached for the second box but Lucifer pulled it away before she could take it from him, holding it far above his head as he gave her a scandalized glare. “Give me the Jello,” Chloe ordered, laughter tainting her voice as she held her hand out before him. He only eyed her outstretched palm un-trustingly for a moment before shaking his head.

“This isn’t Jello. It’s pudding,” Lucifer stated a moment later as he fixed his gaze on his girlfriend’s miffed expression.

“I don’t care! Give it to me,” Chloe ordered, unable to act grumpy when her boyfriend was being so
damn adorable. He gave her a hurt look before letting his arm drift back down to his side, and Chloe plucked the box from his hand as soon as it was in reach, placing it back on the shelf as she shook her head. She stepped past him after that, grabbing the cart and pushing it forward as she wrapped her other hand around his wrist and dragged him along behind her. “Come on, you incapable toddler.” She grumbled under her breath, but what she didn’t catch was the way that Lucifer barely managed to re-pluck the box of chocolate pudding from it’s spot on the shelf as he followed after her obediently. Hiding it behind his back until the opportune time to sneak it into the cart without her noticing would arise.

As Chloe pulled him away from the precious Jello aisle he caught sight of the elderly woman who’d been overhearing their grocery store conversations this whole time smiling at them, and he managed to wink at the woman just before Chloe dragged him around the corner of the aisle and out of sight.

“What am I going to do with you?” Chloe sighed as she came to a stop, releasing her grip on the Devil’s wrist as she turned around to face him. He looked down at her with a quizzical expression before it was quickly overtaken by a wide grin.

“Anything and everything you want to, darling,” Lucifer replied suggestively, giving his girlfriend a sultry look that made her shake her head and laugh at him before she closed her eyes and leaned into him, burying her face in his ridiculously soft shirt.

“You big dork.” She sighed softly a moment before she righted herself, looking up at him only to find him staring at her with an unequivocally tender expression that made her swear that her heart stuttered in her chest for a moment. A moment later a playful smile appeared on his face as he stepped around her and began pushing the cart forward with ease, quickly tossing his smuggled box of pudding into the cart when he knew the action was out of Chloe’s field of vision. He quickly settled his gaze on the butcher’s counter as he decided that now was as good a time as any to grab their meat products.

“What have you decided what you’re going to cook yet?” Lucifer questioned playfully when he felt Chloe’s arm brush against his as she caught up to his side, making conversation for the sole purpose of dragging his girlfriend’s attention away from the cart and the sudden addition of pudding. Much to his misfortune she didn’t seem to be very big on junk food in the house.

“I have, in fact. No thanks to you,” Chloe retorted, but she knew she was lying to him. She still didn’t have the slightest clue what she was going to make.

“Good!” Lucifer exclaimed as he gave her a bright smile. He had to admit that the only reason he’d asked her to cook at all was because he was curious to find out if her edible creations were always as delicious as the sandwich she made for him all too long ago; not that superb kitchen skills were something he looked for in a lover, he was more than capable of manning the kitchen on his own, but it was a nice touch he had to admit. He stepped around the small crowd loitering in front of the butchers counter before grabbing a number. Forty-two. They were fifth in line. “Would you be a dear and hold onto that for me?” He asked politely as he took his girlfriend’s hand in his own, uncurling her fingers and placing the flimsy black and white piece of paper in her hand before planting a quick kiss on her forehead. “Be right back, I promise.” He ignored the miffed expression Chloe gave him as he grabbed the cart and started walking away with it.

“Lucifer!” He heard her shout after him, but he ignored her protest. He needed to grab a few more things that he’d just remembered, and he needed to hide his precious pudding better, and that task certainly couldn’t be accomplished while Chloe was around.

Chloe let out a long sigh as she watched her boyfriends backside disappear down one of the many
aisles. She shook her head softly as she focused her attention on the butcher's counter before her. At least there were still four people in front of her. She studied the contents of the meat case with mild interest, they had the usual; poultry, beef, and pork products, along with a decent selection of seafood and some more exotic things. *Seriously, who buys octopus from this place?* Number thirty-eight was called when her mind drifted back to the question of what she was going to cook for dinner on her singular assigned cooking night. It’d been awhile since she’d actually had to put a lot of thought into meal making, Trixie would complain about whatever she was given unless it was dinosaur shaped chicken nuggets or chocolate cake, and Maze tended to treat eating like a chore unless she was snacking out of boredom. Lucifer on the other hand, was very indulgent with his meals, and it was obvious how much he loved good food by the way he practically made love to it every time he popped another bite in his mouth.

Number thirty-nine had been called when her eyes finally settled on the pale, creamy cuts of chicken breast on proud display. *Why not something traditional and comforting?* Something that everyone related to rainy days and thick blankets. Her grandmother had the best creamy chicken noodle soup recipe, and Chloe had inherited it many years ago. Since then it’d been the superstar of sick days and cold rainy days alike, and although it was currently summertime Chloe had a feeling that Lucifer would appreciate the indulgent comfort that came with a warm bowl. *Well, I made that a lot harder than it needed to be.* Chloe let out a relieved sigh as she relaxed, now free from the stress of having to think of a good dinner recipe. She was silently remembering a list of things she’d need when number forty was called, and she quickly glanced around for Lucifer only to realize that he still hadn’t reappeared to place his order. *Whatever, there’s still one more person before us.*

Chloe made a mental list of the ingredients she’d have to grab as she patiently awaited Lucifer’s return; she’d need chicken stock, egg noodles, parsley, carrots, celery, and a few other things. Apparently number forty-one had been called while she’d been entertaining herself with her mental grocery shopping checklist, and judging by the way the butcher was putting everything in a paper bag they were probably wrapping up their order, and still there was no sign of Lucifer. *So much for ‘I’ll be right back’.* Chloe thought to herself as the butcher handed over the bag before calling out her number, she stepped towards the counter with a small smile, immediately earning an interested look from the butcher who gave her a subtle once over that made her blush slightly. She wasn’t used to getting too much attention from men, probably because she usually opted for her comfortable mom jeans and flowy blouses rather than tight fitting, tiny dresses.

“May I have two pounds of chicken breast?” Chloe requested politely, receiving a quick nod and a wide smile from the butcher who slid the case open before grabbing three thick cuts of meat. As he placed them on the scale he opened his mouth to say something but he was cut short when another voice broke the silence before his could.

“Sorry for taking so long, love,” Lucifer apologized quietly as he stood behind his girlfriend, wrapping his arms around her middle as he pulled her back against him, burying his nose in her hair as he nuzzled her happily. His eyes flicked up to meet the man behind the counter, a silent message passing between the two of them as they glared at each other for a moment. *You can’t have her, she’s mine.* The man looked him over quickly, almost as though he was sizing up his competition, but when his eyes caught on the glinting bit of gold on Lucifer’s hand he quickly accepted that he’d lost long before he ever laid eyes on the cute blonde.

“You’re fine, you didn’t miss anything exciting,” Chloe replied quietly as she tried to ignore the warm surge of butterflies that manifested in her at Lucifer’s very public display of affection.

“Sure I did,” Lucifer chuckled quietly before leaning down to place a gentle kiss against girlfriends temple. “I missed you every second we were apart.” He whispered before playfully nibbling the shell of her ear, making her squirm slightly in her arms.
“Anything else?” The butcher asked, and Chloe couldn’t help but notice how his voice was suddenly colder. For a moment she wondered what she’d missed, until Lucifer let go of his hold on her waist and stepped around her, she didn’t miss the way the corners of the butcher’s mouth turned down slightly as he forced his attention on her boyfriend. She decided that she didn’t want to be a part of whatever weird guy thing was going on between the two men as she walked away, feigning interest in a shelf stocked with microwave popcorn as Lucifer set to work ordering bacon, more chicken, breakfast sausage and several other things that were drowned out in the bustle of the loud store.

When it was obvious that Lucifer was wrapping up his lengthy order Chloe slowly began to meander back over towards him, but before she could reach his side a mature, tall blonde woman made it there first.

“Have we had sex before?” Chloe immediately felt the heat of jealousy sear through her veins as she shot the woman a glare that went unnoticed. She watched as Lucifer looked the woman up and down critically before he answered.

“I don’t think so.”

“Well we should.” The woman replied almost immediately and Chloe felt the jealousy begin to turn into burning anger. At least the last woman who came onto him made it a point to use a pick up line that determined whether or not her boyfriend was even on the market.

“You see this ring right here?” Lucifer’s question immediately piqued Chloe’s interest, and she watched as her boyfriend pointed to the plain gold band adorning his left ring finger before he continued, “It is part of a matching set.”.

“So? Men cheat on their wives all the time.” The woman’s next statement made Chloe’s anger morph into something that was nearly rage. How dare someone try to come onto a ‘married’ man who was obviously trying to let them down easy. Chloe wasn’t thinking about what she was doing as she closed the last of the distance between herself and her boyfriend, pushing herself in front of him as she glared up at the tall woman.

“He’s mine, back off,” Chloe growled, only earning an unimpressed look from the tall woman.

“Someone’s territorial.”

“And someone’s a raging slut,” Chloe bit back angrily, her teeth clenching together as she fought the urge to do something a little more physical.

“Excuse me?” The tall blonde questioned, her tone immediately growing offended as she took a step towards Chloe.

“Ladies, ladies,” Lucifer stepped in between the two women, his voice purposely charming as he pushed Chloe behind him a bit. “No need to get all riled up.” He continued as he gave Chloe a very pointed look that she only glared at him for in return. He ignored his girlfriend’s non-verbal response as he focused his attention on the woman standing before him. “She is right though, I’m not going to sleep with you, so you should probably just scurry along.” He stated boredly, as he gestured the other woman away. She sighed heavily before turning away and disappearing down one of the adjacent aisles. Lucifer stood there for a moment before turning around and looking down at his girlfriend with a curious look. He’d never had someone fight over him before, the older woman was right, she was being oddly territorial. Not that he really minded it, it was actually a nice change of pace, if not nerve-wracking. A smug grin filled his face as he tucked a piece of Chloe’s hair behind her ear, and her expression softened for a moment before he spoke up. “Kitten has claws,” Lucifer admonished playfully, giving Chloe a sinful once over as he spoke.
“Don’t call me kitten,” Chloe sighed, rolling her eyes at the annoying pet name.

“No? What am I going to call you then?” Lucifer questioned as his playful smile grew wider and Chloe shot him a dangerous glare. “Snookums? Crumpet muppet? My little Chloe-Woey?” Lucifer questioned, each term of endearment falling from his lips with no small amount of mischievousness tainting it. If looks could kill the look his girlfriend was shooting him would have him burning in Hell this very instant, and suddenly he was glad that she’d left her service weapon at home.

Chloe lifted a finger as she began, “No.” She stated firmly before lifting a second finger to represent his second suggestion as she continued, “I will stab you in your sleep.”. Lucifer smiled at that, despite the small amount of dread her threat stirred in him. “And I will make sure you rot in Hell forever if you call me that,” Chloe threatened seriously as she lifted a third finger as she referenced his third proposed pet name. The two were so busy staring each other down that they hardly realized when the butcher placed their bagged order on the countertop, and he had to clear his throat before Lucifer grabbed the bag and placed it in their cart.

“Been there, done that. Decided I didn’t like too much,” Lucifer quipped playfully as he offered his girlfriend a playful smile before wrapping his free arm around her waist and dragging her off towards the next aisle. She walked stiffly by his side at first, obviously still annoyed with him for something, but after a few minutes she began to relax into him significantly. As they continued through aisle after aisle he would occasionally stop and grab something, a box of pasta noodles, a bottle of red wine vinegar, a jar of truffle oil. They only managed to make it three more aisles before Lucifer recognized the flirty look coming from a scarlet haired woman, the look that could only mean his devilish charms were working all too well when he really didn’t want them to. He clenched his teeth in anticipation of another jealous reaction from his girlfriend as he realized that the inevitable was coming. However, what happened wasn’t as bad as he was expecting, the young girl simply slipped a piece of paper into the breast pocket of his shirt before sultrily whispering ‘call me’ loud enough for Chloe to hear.

Lucifer came to a stop in the aisle when he felt Chloe tense up next to him, he could practically feel the jealousy rolling off of her in waves. He silently pulled the flimsy piece of paper from his breast pocket before ripping it into tiny shreds and stuffing it in his pants pocket until he could find a rubbish bin to discard of it. He felt Chloe’s jealousy lessen at the action, but it was still strong enough for him to be aware of it as he started down the aisle once more. Silence dragged on for a few long seconds before he finally decided to speak up, “There’s no need for jealousy, love.”.

Chloe huffed slightly at her boyfriend’s statement, but she couldn’t help but wonder if it was that obvious. She was trying not to show how much other women’s advances bothered her, she knew that Lucifer didn’t have any control over it, all he could control was how he reacted to it, and he had been doing perfectly. “I’m not jealous.” She replied, trying her hardest to keep her voice casual.

“Yes, you are,” Lucifer replied moments later, his voice serious as he glanced over at her with an expression that told her he wasn’t buying her lie.

“Yes, you are,” Lucifer replied moments later, his voice serious as he glanced over at her with an expression that told her he wasn’t buying her lie.

“Okay, maybe a little bit,” Chloe admitted with a sigh, shrugging her shoulders as she spoke. So what if I’m jealous, it’s not like he can fix it. It’s not his fault he’s too damn sexy for his own good. Chloe didn’t have long to think about that though before Lucifer stopped walking, turning to her and staring down at her for a moment before she found herself suddenly pinned against the shelf behind her; the price tags clipped to the shelving digging into her back uncomfortably as her boyfriend’s lips molded against hers tightly. Lucifer was usually incredibly gentle with her, and the roughness of his actions mixed with the almost bruising firmness of his lips on hers managed to both surprise her, and send an electric current of lust through every last one of her nerve endings.
When Lucifer finally pulled away Chloe found herself panting for breath as she stared up into his mahogany eyes. “Lucifer, what are you doing? We’re in public,” Chloe protested weakly as she lamely tried to push his hands from the tight grip they currently held on her hips.

“I’m making you realize that you shouldn’t be jealous of other women,” Lucifer answered simply before returning his lips to hers. This time she didn’t bother trying to fight it at all, she gave into him readily, her hands fisting in his shirt and pulling it tight against his body as she felt his tongue swipe against her lower lip. She parted her lips at his unspoken request, but instead of feeling his tongue slip against hers like she expected she felt him draw her lower lip into his mouth, his teeth digging into the sensitive flesh as he bit her hard enough to make her gasp slightly. Chloe wanted to whimper when he pulled away from her a second time, but she didn’t get the chance to before he was speaking up once more. “Other women should be jealous of you.” He continued quietly, his voice taking on a noticeably raspy tone as his lips brushed ever so lightly against hers with every word he said. Chloe tilted her head up, desperate to steal another kiss from his lips; but he denied her that pleasure, lifting his head up out of kissing distance with ease. “You beautiful,” Lucifer paused, planting a soft kiss against his girlfriend’s forehead before letting his lips drift lower. “Stunning.” He continued as he planted another featherlight kiss on the tip of her nose before bringing his lips back down to her level. Chloe tried to press another kiss against his lips as soon as she could, but he pulled away slightly, staying just out of her reach. “Delightful little minx,” Lucifer finished before pressing another kiss to his girlfriend’s needy mouth. Chloe moaned into the kiss, arching against her boyfriend as an insatiable heat began to pool low in her belly. “As if I’d pick any of them over you,” Lucifer breathed when he pulled away, and Chloe’s breath caught in her mouth at the words. She was almost certain that her heart was pounding loudly enough for Lucifer to hear it as he stared into her eyes like he was seeing into her soul. She swallowed, her throat suddenly dry before she nodded once at his words.

Lucifer smiled as he pulled away, righting himself as he continued to push the cart down the aisle like nothing happened. Chloe stared after him for a long moment, panting heavily as she tried to regain her breath. When her senses finally came back to her she glanced around the aisle quickly, silently praying that no one had seen Lucifer’s very intimate display of affection. Unfortunately, two people were staring at her with rapt attention. Well, one, the mature blonde woman who’d come onto Lucifer so unabashedly at the butcher’s counter was glaring at her with a look that chilled her bones a little; the other, the elderly woman who’d already overheard too many of Lucifer’s inappropriate quips, was smiling at her unabashedly and knowingly winked at her when their eyes met. Chloe blushed at the interaction, quickly turning away with a shy smile on her face as she hurried to catch up to her boyfriend’s side.

The rest of the shopping trip went smoothly, Chloe made sure to grab the things she’d need for dinner when they stumbled upon something, and Lucifer tossed anything that looked good, or anything that was particularly versatile, into the cart. They made it to the produce section on the far side of the store and Lucifer was browsing the wide selection of fruits and vegetables when a devilish grin found it’s way onto his face when his eyes fell upon a certain phallus shaped vegetable.

“Darling,” Chloe glanced over to where her boyfriend was standing as he spoke, only to find him holding a cucumber as he looked at her with a suggestive expression. Great, innuendo time. Chloe thought to herself as she raised an eyebrow and she stared him down while preparing for whatever undoubtedly filthy thing her boyfriend was about to say. “Have I taken the time to tell you today, that you’re a cutecumber?” Lucifer questioned as his grin grew wider.

“Seriously? That’s it? That was lame.” Chloe remained silent as she continued to stare at her boyfriend blankly, watching as he glanced between her and the cucumber he held a few times before he fixed her with a quizzical expression. “Get it? You’re cute, this is a cucum—”

“I get it, babe,” Chloe spoke up decisively, cutting Lucifer off before he could finish his sentence.
The ‘joke’ had been obvious, it was just horrible.

“Then why aren’t you laughing?” Lucifer questioned, sounding genuinely curious and Chloe couldn’t help but scoff at the confusion in his expression.

“That was supposed to be funny?” Chloe asked seriously. Fixing Lucifer with an unimpressed gaze as she started closing the distance between them.

“It wasn’t supposed to be funny, it was funny!” Lucifer defended, his voice growing louder as he spoke.

“Well, I wouldn’t quit my day job if I were you,” Chloe replied, a small smile finding its way onto her face as she patted her boyfriend on the chest twice before stepping around him so she could find where this place hid their bulb vegetables.

“Excuse me?” Chloe heard the insult in Lucifer’s voice, but she chose to ignore him. Shaking her head softly as she continued through the produce section alone. She’d already grabbed most of the produce she’d need, now she was just on the lookout for onions and garlic. It didn’t take her too long to find what she was looking for, and she ripped one of the flimsy produce bags from the wheel before she set to work picking a few good sweet onions. When someone stopped on the other end of the short produce display she glanced up, immediately making eye contact with the elderly woman that she was beginning to pity at this point, the poor little thing didn’t deserve to be forced to put up with her boyfriend’s Luciferness. The old woman smiled at her kindly and she suddenly felt like she needed to apologize for his behavior.

Chloe glanced over her shoulder to see Lucifer standing by a display of bright orange mangoes. She glanced back at the elderly woman before speaking up, “Sorry about him,” Chloe offered shyly as she placed another onion in the produce bag. The woman looked up at her before fixing her eyes on something behind Chloe’s shoulder, a smile finding her face as she returned her attention to the young blonde woman standing before her.

“It’s fine sweetheart, I was young once too.” She replied with a knowing smile before she returned to the task of picking out yams. Chloe smiled at the statement, glad that the woman wasn’t judging her for some kinky sex thing that she definitely wasn’t doing with her boyfriend.

“Did you know it takes two,” Lucifer’s silky voice broke Chloe out of her silent thoughts as she felt his chest brush lightly against her back. “To mango?” Lucifer finished, the sound of humor tainting his voice as he suddenly held his hand out in front of her face, and at no surprise to herself she found that he was in fact holding a Goddamned mango like the child he was.

Chloe let out a long sigh as she squeezed her eyes shut, drawing in a long breath as she trampled down the growing urge to strangle her boyfriend. “Lucifer, I swear to God, if you aren’t actually buying that mango and you’re just using it to make another crappy fruit pun I am going to hit you with it.” She threatened seriously, and she could almost envision the way his posture slumped a little as he let out a disappointed sigh.

“My fruit puns aren’t crappy,” Lucifer muttered under his breath before turning away.

“You did well, good men are always hard to find.” The warbly voice broke the silence. The elderly woman simply gave her a soft smile before turning away and walking back to her own cart. Chloe blushed slightly at the woman’s words as she twisted the produce bag shut, grabbed a head of garlic from the pile sitting beside the onions, and turned around to put everything in the shopping cart.
As soon as she approached the cart Lucifer smiled at her before picking a pear up off it’s display and opening his mouth to say something. “No more fruit puns!” Chloe exclaimed with a laugh as she plucked the pear out of his hand before placing it back where it belonged. Lucifer shot her a dirty look for killing his line as she placed her bag in the cart, but before she even knew what he was doing he was grabbing a kiwi from the display as a smile grew on his face once more.

“But Chloe! You’re kiwing me,” Lucifer exclaimed happily before setting the fruit down in the cart. Chloe let out a huff of breath as she rolled her eyes and turned away from the cart, walking away with no real idea of where she was going other than that she was going to escape her boyfriends poor sense of humor. “Where are you going? That one was great!”

She walked through the store aimlessly for a bit, glad just to be away from Lucifers bubbly, slightly obnoxious, type a personality. As much as she loved the man he was just a bit much to handle sometimes. It was like dealing with three-year-old triplets at times. She mentally reviewed her shopping list before she realized that Lucifer had neglected to grab salt and pepper. It took her a few moments to locate the right aisle and when she did finally find a salt and pepper grinder set they were on the very top of the shelf. If Lucifer was around she wouldn’t have a problem, but unfortunately for her she wasn’t graced with with his lumbering height, and the overgrown child was only God knew where at this point. She was just about to stand on the lower rung of the shelving unit when a deep voice broke the silence, “Here, let me get that for you.”

Chloe took a small step back as she looked over to see a blonde man who was probably in his early twenties. He reached up and grabbed the dual package for her with ease before holding it out towards her and offering her a kind smile. “Thank you, I really appreciate it,” Chloe stated as she returned his smile and took the box from him. He nodded in response and they stood there for a second as she awkwardly waited for him to stop taking up the whole aisle so she could get by him. When it was obvious that he wasn’t going to move she finally spoke up, “Could I just get by?”.

“Are you free tonight?” The man’s question stopped her in her tracks as she looked up at him for a long moment as she felt heat pool under her cheeks at the question.

“I’m married,” Chloe answered as she lifted her left hand and pointed to the gold band on her ring finger.

“Oh.” The man trailed off lamely, an embarrassed smile filling his face as he quickly stepped out of her way. Chloe offered him what she hoped was a kind smile as she started to step past him before his hand on her arm stopped her once again. “Do you love him?” The man asked when Chloe looked over at him.

“I don’t really think that’s any of your business.” She answered seriously as she brushed his hand away, she’d never appreciated it when strangers invaded her personal space.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean— So, you don’t want to trade him in for a newer model or anything?” The man chuckled as he gestured to himself with an open palm. Chloe chuckled softly at the question as she shook her head.

“Hard pass.” She answered as she started walking down the aisle, ignoring the way she felt the man’s gaze burning into her backside as she made her leave. As soon as she turned the corner of the aisle she nearly bumped into Lucifer and their cart, and a small happy smile quickly spread over his face as his eyes met hers. She couldn’t help but return the smile as she placed the salt and pepper grinders in the cart before asking, “Are we finally done here?”.

“I believe we are,” Lucifer answered as he slowly started ambling towards the checkout lanes, the whole time thinking about the conversation he overheard between Chloe and that blond kid who was
still wet behind the ears. ‘I don’t really think that’s any of your business’ Chloe’s words rang in his ears as he wondered if she answered so vaguely because she didn’t feel comfortable disclosing that information to strangers, or if it was because she couldn’t rightfully say that she did love him. Lucifer knew better than to expect to be loved, he was a monster, love was a luxury reserved for better men than him; but that still didn’t stop him from longing for it. He pushed the thoughts from his mind as he gave his girlfriend a coy smile and decided to toy with her a bit for the fun of it, making Chloe get all flustered always lifted his spirits. “Are you sure you don’t want to trade me in for a newer model, darling?” He questioned as he gave his little human a smug smirk.

“You heard that?” Chloe asked him, surprise evident in her voice. *Fuck, a human wouldn’t have been able to hear their conversation from that distance.* Lucifer silently scolded himself. He had never been bashful about the fact that he was the Devil, but he still tried to act as human as possible; when he was too obvious about his far superior senses it tended to make most of them act...oddly around him. He offered Chloe a simple shrug in response to her question as he maintained his smirk without falter. Chloe chuckled quietly, shaking her head softly before she answered, “I think I’m good with the one I have now.”. Lucifer couldn’t help the feeling of security that washed through him at those words, she wasn’t going to toss him out like yesterday’s leftovers the way his family had, at least not yet anyway. Lucifer stopped at the end of the shortest line, right behind a familiar short, grey haired figure they’d ran into multiple times throughout the duration of their shopping trip. “Besides, they don’t make them like they used to anymore.” Lucifer felt Chloe’s hand rest against his jaw as she spoke with a sultry voice. A genuine smile filled Lucifer’ face as he lifted his hand to press Chloe’s palm against his face more firmly, her thumb stroking back and forth lightly against his cheekbone as he nuzzled into her touch.

He’d just turned his head slightly and brushed a soft kiss against the smooth skin of her palm when a warbly voice broke the relative peace with ease, “How long have you two been married?” Lucifer let go of Chloe’s hand, and it drifted back down to her side quickly. Lucifer wasn’t particularly surprised that the elderly human was trying to strike up a conversation, they usually tended to be horribly over talkative, but he was surprised to find that this soul was still quite young at heart, despite the way her old body gave away a few pestering battle scars. Lucifer opened his mouth as he tried to think of how to answer that, but before he could come up with something Chloe was already answering for them.

“Forever.” Her voice broke the silence seriously before she let out a little laugh. “At least it feels like forever sometimes.” She elaborated a moment later, and Lucifer couldn’t help but look down at her with a soft smile. The elderly woman chuckled in response, and Lucifer quickly glanced back over at her to see her turning away from them so she could attend to the cashier who was now ringing up her order.

“Well, you two are adorable.” The woman stated kindly, a smile warming up her features as she glanced over her shoulder at the two of them with something akin to reminiscence in her eyes. “And it’s obvious how madly in love you both are.” Lucifer felt his breath freeze in his lungs at her words. *Are my feelings for the Detective really that obvious? Does she already know how I really feel about her?* He suddenly felt so exposed and...vulnerable, he swallowed down the uncomfortable feelings as he dared to sneak a peek at his girlfriend out of the corner of his eye. She was staring at the tile floor, her free flowing hair falling partially over her face, but that didn’t hide the soft rosy color tainting her cheeks. She seemed almost embarrassed, but that made no sense, she had no reason to feel embarrassed...unless...unless she felt the same way he did. But she couldn’t. There was no way. He was a monster, and love, from someone as pure and light as Chloe Decker nonetheless, was something he just wasn’t worthy of.

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Lucifer took in every detail he could about the Keller’s house as they walked up to it. It was slightly smaller than the house he and Chloe were staying in, the landscaping was perfectly manicured, and the architecture style and color were similar to every other house on the block. It looked rather plain, and he assumed that probably worked quite well for the pair. The best criminals knew how to hide in plain sight. “Don’t forget to act friendly with them, please,” Chloe broke the silence, her tone serious as they started walking up the concrete steps to the Keller’s front door. Lucifer gave her a disdainful look and let out a long sigh, but nodded at her request nonetheless. He knew that they needed to make ‘friends’ with the people, and even though he didn’t like it he’d go along with it for her.

“I’ll play charming Devil,” Lucifer assured her as they both stopped before the Keller’s plain tan door, watching as a look of relief immediately spread across his girlfriends face. She gave him a small, happy smile as she lifted a hand and rested it against his cheek for a moment, her thumb brushing over his cheekbone and tilting the annoying glasses he’d been coerced into wearing.

“Thank you,” Chloe stated softly, letting her hand fall back to her side as her bespectacled boyfriend gave her one of those tender, affectionate gazes that made her breath catch in her throat and her heart stutter. She took a moment to regain her bearing, swallowing thickly and drawing in a deep breath before she continued, “And it might be best to let me do most of the talking, you’re notorious for saying too much.” She watched as Lucifer’s soft expression immediately hardened into a look of insult as he leaned in closer to her.

“Oh ye of little faith,” Lucifer breathed quietly as he reached out and pressed the doorbell without breaking eye contact. He righted himself a moment later, wrapping an arm around his girlfriend’s waist and pulling her comfortably into his side as he turned towards the front door.

It didn’t take long for the door to open, revealing Colleen’s familiar face as she smiled widely at the pair. “You two came!” She exclaimed happily as she looked the two of them over, her eyes lingering on Lucifer for much longer than necessary. “The newbies are here!” Colleen shouted loudly over her shoulder before returning her gaze to the couple standing on her doorstep. “Come in. Everyone’s so excited to meet you.” She advised as she took a step back and opened her door wider. Chloe and Lucifer stepped inside at her offer, both of them immediately looking around the house for anything suspicious. They followed Colleen through the foyer and into the living room where everyone was congregated, all eyes focused on them as they walked in. Chloe was honestly a little surprised that so many people were here, she could count six couples and a few children. “Everyone! Listen up!” Colleen shouted once more. “These are our new neighbors, Heather and Kyle.” She continued, speaking much louder than necessary considering that everyone had fallen silent at first glimpse of the newcomers. “Let’s make sure they feel welcome.” She finished with a smile, and as if on cue the crowd descended upon the two of them and the loud rumble of chatter filled the room.

Chloe was suddenly glad for Lucifer’s grip on her waist as they were surrounded by a small mob of strangers. The first woman that managed to push her way to the front of the crowd walked up to Chloe with a wide smile and a mimosa in hand, embracing her with a sloppy hug. Chloe tensed at the unwanted contact even as she forced herself to return the gesture. When the woman pulled away Chloe took in her appearance; she was a platinum blonde with perfectly straight hair that went down to the middle of her waist, she was a little thinner than Chloe and a few inches shorter as well, despite her small frame though she had an incredibly large chest, and Chloe would easily bet a hundred bucks that she had implants. She had inquisitive hazel eyes, high cheekbones, full lips, a thin nose, and sparse makeup. She was dressed in dark blue skinny jeans, a flowy black tank top and the patent leather pumps to match. Chloe immediately labeled her as a well-kept trophy wife. “Hi. I’m Jessica.” The woman greeted her as excitement sparked in her eyes, but Chloe didn’t have any time to reply before she immediately continued, “That’s my husband Christopher over there.” She explained happily as she pointed to a stocky brunet man with short hair, light brown eyes, and a square jawline. He was dressed in an expensive looking suit and chatting with an older gray haired
man. “It’s so nice to get some new neighbors!” Jessica exclaimed as she looked Chloe over before adding, “I can already tell we’re gonna be best friends.”.

Before Chloe could reply she felt Lucifer’s hand leave her waist, and she quickly turned to see where he was going. Her boyfriend gave her an apologetic look as a blonde man wrapped his arm around the fallen angel’s shoulders and began to drag him away, Chloe watched him leave as she desperately hoped that he wouldn’t say or do anything that could mess up their case. “God, your husband is so fucking delicious,” Jessica muttered quietly, and Chloe quickly glanced back over at her ‘new best friend’ only to find her staring at Lucifer’s backside as he walked away. Great, just what I need, more women pining over my boyfriend.

“I’m a lucky woman,” Chloe replied simply as she stared at Jessica with a slightly smug smile.

“Yeah, you are,” Jessica mumbled before taking a long sip of her mimosa and finally dragging her eyes away from Lucifer’s ass. She fixed her eyes on Chloe as she licked her lips, immediately shuffling closer to the undercover officer before she spoke, “Okay, so let me give you the scoop on everyone.”. Chloe listened intently to every word that Jessica said. There were seven couples here, eight if you counted her and Lucifer, it was literally the whole block. And with her and Lucifer accounted for there were currently twenty-three people, including children, in attendance. Chloe tried to memorize every tidbit of information that Jessica divulged, how long everyone had been married, how old everyone was, whether or not they had kids, if they had ever been through a divorce, and all the nitty gritty details that would take her forever to learn on her own.

Jessica turned out to be an amazing resource, and by the time she ambled off to refill her mimosa Chloe knew a decent amount about everyone’s personal lives. She quickly glanced around and found Lucifer surrounded by a group of men that were watching him with rapt attention as he spoke, she was just about to make her way over to the elusive guy’s circle when a very tall figure suddenly blocked her path. She looked up to see a ruggedly handsome blond man smiling down at her just before he held out a large hand towards her, “Hi, I’m Blake.”. Chloe smiled at the greeting as she quickly ran through all the names Jessica had spewed earlier, it took her a short moment to recall the name’s Blake and Russell Payne, the neighborhoods LGBT couple.

“Heather,” Chloe greeted him happily as she shook his hand and took in his appearance. He was nearly the same height as Lucifer and slightly more muscular, he was dressed in a blue and white flannel shirt and khaki shorts, he had a very angular face that was perfectly clean shaven, full lips, and sparkling green eyes.

“I know, your husband has been going on and on about you,” Blake chuckled quietly as he turned slightly to look at the group of men.

“Oh, God,” Chloe sighed, worry flushing through her as she wondered what exactly Lucifer had been going on and about, she knew he refused to lie, and that did make him a bit of a liability on a case like this one.

“God has nothing to do that sinful body,” Blake replied immediately, and Chloe glanced up at him to see him clearly admiring Lucifer’s figure. “Damn, you did good.” He stated under his breath before looking down at Chloe. “Don’t worry, I won’t try to steal him from you,” Blake chuckled as he rested a large hand on Chloe’s shoulder before leaning down slightly. “I doubt he’s even my type,” Blake added, chuckling softly for a moment before he stood back up to his full height.

“Trust me, he’s just your type,” Chloe replied a moment later, immediately earning a curious look from the tall man. “He’s bi.” She explained, earning a contemplative hum from the large man as he nodded softly as her words before focusing his gaze on her boyfriend once again.
“Well, still,” Blake sighed after a long moment as he glanced down at Chloe, “You got him first, and I already have my hands full enough with mine.” He chuckled as his gaze drifted to a man who looked to be a few inches shorter than Blake. Jessica had already pointed Blake’s husband out to Chloe before, the man was built like a tank; thick cords of muscle stretching under his skin, long dark brown hair streaked with grey pulled back into a man bun, thick stubble dotting his jawline, and skin so tan that Chloe couldn’t help but think that he must have Mexican or Middle Eastern bloodlines.

“You’re with Russell, right?” Chloe questioned for the mere purpose of continuing their conversation. Blake looked down at her with a small, surprised smile for a moment before he spoke up.

“You’ve met him?”

“No, I’ve just heard about everyone,” Chloe answered nonchalantly, shrugging as she spoke.

“Of course you have,” Blake sighed a moment later, letting out a quiet scoff and rolling his eyes before immediately continuing, “Jessica’s the neighborhood rumor mill.”.

“I’ve noticed,” Chloe chuckled as the men standing in a circle burst into laughter at something Lucifer said. Well, at least he seems to be getting along with everybody.

“Do you want me to introduce you to the rest of the ladies?” Blake’s question pulled Chloe’s attention away from the men, and she offered Blake a small smile as she shook her head softly.

“I was actually about to go check on Kyle,” Chloe answered as she gestured to the circle of men standing in the living room.

“He’s doing fine,” Blake reassured her before offering her his arm. “Come on.” He pressured after a short moment when Chloe didn’t respond, tilting his head towards the dining room where a loud peal of feminine laughter could be heard spilling through the wide entranceway. Chloe wasn’t sure that she liked the idea of being separated from her partner, he always made her feel safe when they were on the job; but they were undercover, and it made sense to split up and gather the maximum amount of intel. In the end she wound up disregarding her emotions and putting the case first, lacing her arm through Blake’s as he walked her into the dining room. “Ladies, this is Heather,” Blake announced as Chloe quickly glanced around the room for anything suspicious; but it looked like a plain dining room, other than the fact that several white plastic fold up tables had been arranged end to end to make one exceptionally long dining room table. “She’s a literal angel so be good to her alright?”

Chloe focused her attention on the women in the room as Blake spoke; there were five women present, and all of them looked Chloe over curiously as Blake pulled his arm from hers, patting her on the shoulder reassuringly before taking his leave.

Chloe immediately tried putting names with faces; she already knew Colleen from the previous day when she waltzed into her house. And she recognized two others who stopped by yesterday to welcome her to the neighborhood. Darlene Kotter had been another one of her impromptu visitors; the elderly woman with short curly silver hair, a kind grandmotherly face, and soft blue eyes smiled up at her now, she seemed inviting and warm. Stacey Harding had been the other; the young woman was matchstick thin, almost to the point where Chloe thought she might have an eating disorder, she was a few inches taller than the blonde officer and was naturally beautiful with striking blue eyes and bust length curly bronze hair. Despite the fact that she hadn’t met most of the other women one on one, Chloe was still able to put names with faces based on the descriptions Jessica had given her earlier. Erica Wagner was almost in her forties according to Jessica, the woman had onyx black hair that was cropped in a tidy pixie cut, a square jawline, brown oval shaped eyes, full lips, and a thicker figure that worked well with her height. Kathleen Tilton was another full bodied woman, a few light wrinkles etched in her freckled skin, and jawline length red hair that was graying at the roots; which
made sense considering that Jessica said she had been in her mid-fifties. She had calm green eyes, an oval face, and thin lips.

“So, what do you do for a living, Heather?” A quiet, warbly voice questioned. Chloe quickly glanced in the direction the question came from, her eyes meeting Darlene’s soft blue ones as the woman smiled warmly at her.

“I’m a school teacher, Kyle is an accountant.” She answered simply, and Darlene’s smile grew at her answer. The older woman opened her mouth to say something but a calculated voice cut through the silence before she could speak.

“You sure do have a big house for such simple jobs.” Chloe immediately recognized Colleen’s voice, and she could only assume that the woman was already trying to scope out any irregularities in her story.

“My work doesn’t pay particularly well, but Kyle is actually the head of his firm, so he makes more than enough for the two of us,” Chloe explained with a good natured smile as she desperately hoped that Lucifer had answered similarly if anyone asked him the same question. Colleen nodded softly at her answer, a pondering look on her face as she stared at the undercover officer. “And we got that house for a steal because of, well, I’m sure you all heard about the murder,” Chloe added a moment later, shrugging at the statement. The market value of the house they were staying in dropped by nearly half despite the fact that it had been repainted and the carpet had been replaced. Acts of violent crime like that had a lasting effect on fancy communities like this one, she had a feeling that the market value of everyone’s house had dropped a bit after that occurrence.

The second she brought up the murder everyone started talking to each other in hurried, hushed tones. Chloe tried her hardest to pick what she could out of the jumble of voices. Colleen made some comment about what a loss it was, and how the recently deceased couple had been her cherished friends. Erica said something about making her husband buy security cameras and put in an alarm system. Darlene made a statement about pulling her Beretta out of the safe and sleeping with it nearby from now on. Kathleen explained that she was about to take a test to get her CCW permit because she didn’t even feel safe in her own home anymore. Stacy divulged that her husband bought a German Shepherd from a company that trained them for the police. After a few long moments the bustle of voices began to calm slightly, and Chloe decided it was as good a time as any to change the topic of conversation. “What do you ladies do?” She questioned curiously, and judging by the way everyone immediately jumped into the topic they were probably relieved for the change of conversation.

Erica was the first to answer, quickly stating that she was a senior pharmaceutical engineer at Ritter. Colleen was next, apparently she worked for the McNeil Foundation Adoption Services Center. Chloe had to admit that it was a smart cover, nobody would question her if they saw a random kid running around for a few days, they would probably just assume she was being a temporary foster on days the agency was at full capacity. She probably even swindled some of the agency’s possible revenue with her own business, stealing clients and hindering children from going to good homes. Kathleen explained that she was an Architect at Gensler, and that she was due to retire in four years. Stacey was a stay at home housewife despite not having any children, apparently her husband didn’t like making her work; but Chloe could tell by the way the woman talked about it that it was more of a control thing on her husband’s part, rather than a lack of desire to have a career on Stacey’s part. Darlene was the last to answer, she was now retired, which involved making cookies with her five grandkids, babysitting, and attending school events at least three times a week; but in her glory days the woman had been a police officer, and Chloe couldn’t help but immediately respect the woman for her career choice, being a female officer in the late twentieth century had been a brutal job.
Shortly after the career conversation ended Chloe was being asked another curious question, “How did you and your husband meet?” Colleen’s distinct voice cut over the quiet babble filling the room.

“We met when I was on vacation in England,” Chloe answered as she brushed her fingers lightly over the cool metal band adorning her ring finger. Every woman in the room quickly gave her a curious glance at the answer, and a moment later she added, “He’s an American immigrant.”.

“So that’s why your husband has that perfect British accent,” Kathleen surmised a moment later, a sudden look of understanding coming over her face.

Before the women could turn her boyfriend into the next topic of conversation Chloe asked, “How did you ladies meet your husbands?”. As if one cue they all smiled at whatever memories the question stirred up. Darlene was the first to answer, she met her husband Stanley at a segregation protest when she was a teenager. Her parents had forbade her from going, but her older cousin took her despite her parent’s orders. Her husband had only been a year older than her, and they became friends long before they became lovers. Kathleen took her time with an anecdote about how she’d been buying coffees for the office when she accidentally bumped into the man who would eventually be her husband, spilling several hot beverages all over him. She could tell that he wasn’t particularly happy about the situation, but instead of scolding her for her clumsiness he simply accepted her apologies and offered to purchase a new set of beverages if she’d go on a date with him. She agreed, they hit it off and decided to start going steady after that. Stacey simply explained that she’d met her husband on an online dating site. Chloe had a feeling that there was something she was leaving out, but she decided not to press it. Colleen said that her and Brian had been high school sweethearts who married a few years after they graduated. And Erica had known her husband for years before they dated, she was friends with his wife, and when the woman passed away she did everything she could to emotionally support the widower and his son. Nearly two years after her friend’s death she suggested that he start dating again, after a few miserable dates he asked her out, and the rest was history.

Chloe eventually began to drown out the chatter coming from the women as they all started to branch off topic. She slowly made her way towards the living room, glancing at the men who were still standing in their circle talking amongst themselves, and immediately she noticed that one tall, dark form was missing. Chloe’s eyebrows drew together as she walked into the living area, quickly glancing around to room hoping to catch a glimpse of her boyfriend. She pursed her lips into a thin line as she accepted that he’d run off somewhere. Chloe quickly decided that she should try to find her boyfriend, God only knew what kind of mischief he was causing...or what kind of predicament he’d gotten himself into this time. The undercover officer quickly settled her gaze on the dimly lit hallway on the other side of the house, striding towards the corridor with purpose. Unfortunately, she only made it a few feet into the living room before a deep voice stopped her, making her turn around to face that person it’d come from.

“Can I help you find something?” The voice belonged to an older looking man with short gray hair, a moderately fit figure, icy blue eyes, a rectangular face, and a short beard.

“No, thank you. I’m just looking for my husband,” Chloe answered as she offered him a smile and shook her head, but the man continued to close the quickly dwindling distance between the two of them despite her answer.

“He probably ran off with Leah, she’s not very happy with her marriage.” The man explained with a simple shrug, and Chloe immediately felt some insecurity well up inside of herself. Lucifer wouldn’t cheat on me, she reminded herself sternly as her eyes narrowed slightly at the man standing before her. “I don’t think we’ve had the pleasure of meeting, I’m Donald.” He greeted her, holding his hand for her to shake before immediately continuing, “You can call me Don.”.
“Heather,” Chloe answered as she reached out and placed her hand in his only to have him squeeze her hand so tightly that she almost winced. *How can you be so old and still not know your own strength?* Chloe asked herself silently as she pulled her hand from his the moment his grip loosened enough for her to do so, she nearly let out a sigh of relief at the feeling of blood rushing back into her fingers.

“Well, Heather, since your husband’s not here right now I’d be more than happy to keep you company in his absence,” Don spoke up, his voice suggestive as his eyes roamed over her body unabashedly. Chloe felt her skin crawl slightly at the realization that this guy was the type that tried to make women feel insecure about their relationships so he could swoop in and take advantage of them.

“Thanks, but I’m good. I actually need to go freshen up a little bit,” Chloe replied curtly, forcing herself to keep her voice from turning completely icy. She turned away as soon as she finished talking, she continued towards the hallway as she heard Don speak up once more.

“Talk to you later then.” Chloe clenched her teeth at the farewell and continued making her way towards the hallway without looking behind her. As she made her way down the corridor towards the closest door she quickly looked over her shoulder to see if anyone was watching her. Thankfully, Don seemed to have wandered off, there was no one in her direct line of sight. She pushed open the nearest door to find a small bathroom. The next door she quietly opened led to a simple office space. She continued down the hallway a few more feet before opening the last door standing between her and a narrow staircase. At first glance, the tiny walk-in room appeared to be nothing but a simple supply closet, but when Chloe took a good look around she couldn’t help but notice that one of the wire shelves lining the walls was pressed up against another door.

*Why would they purposely block off a door to another part of their house?* Chloe wondered as she stepped inside the closet, shutting the door behind herself. She considered pushing the large shelving unit out of the way of the door, but the thing was fully loaded with all sorts of cleaning supplies and miscellaneous household products, it was definitely too heavy for her to move on her own. Instead, she settled for peeking around it, pushing a few rolls of paper towels out of the way so she could get a good glimpse at the door hiding behind it. Chloe’s suspicions immediately went on high alert as she noticed that there were several locks on the outside of the door; a deadbolt, a barrel bolt, and a hasp lock with a solid looking padlock clipped into place. *Bingo. This has to be where they keep the kids they steal.* Chloe reached behind the shelving and tugged on the padlock experimentally, but it was clicked shut. She took a step back as she let out a long huff of breath, without Lucifer here to help move the shelf and offer his incredibly useful lockpicking skills then there was nothing that could be done at the moment. The police department had officially searched the Keller’s house right after the murder; but either they hadn’t found the well-hidden door, or they found nothing suspicious behind it. They were currently working off of the assumption that the reason the Keller’s killed their neighbors was because they knew about the information being relayed to the police. If that was truly the case then it was obvious the Keller’s knew they had to get their act together fast, they would have been fully anticipating the search warrant.

Chloe pushed the rolls of paper towels back into place as she realized that Lucifer was the only person who could move this case along at the moment. She turned back towards the hallway door, pressing her ear against the wood as she listened for any nearby voices or footsteps. When she heard absolutely nothing she swiftly opened the door, stepping back out into the corridor and closing the door behind herself. She quickly looked around, making sure that no one had witnessed her exit. She let out a sigh of relief when she realized that there wasn’t a soul in sight. She turned towards the narrow staircase, making her way up it with quiet steps as she listened for any unusual sounds.
The second floor of the house looked rather plain, it was another narrow hallway complete with another set of shut doors. Chloe made her way down the hallway with light steps, opening the closest door to find what appeared to be a guest bedroom. The next room she peeked inside of was another bathroom, this one actually appeared to be slightly lived in though. She closed the door silently before continuing towards the end of the hallway where two final doors stood across from each other. She picked the one on the right, opening it and peeking inside of what she quickly assumed was the master bedroom; the bed was unmade, and there was a crumpled shirt laying on the floor next to a laundry hamper. She took a hesitant step inside the room when she suddenly felt something strong wrap around her waist and pull her backwards with ease, practically lifting her up off the ground as it pulled her away from the bedroom.

Chloe fought back the urge to scream, knowing that it would alert everyone downstairs to the fact that she had been snooping around the second floor. Instead, she jammed her elbow into her assailant's ribs, earning a satisfying grunt from the person behind her even though the grip on her waist didn’t loosen at all. “Bloody hell, why do you hit so hard? You’re too small to be this strong.” The British accent made Chloe freeze in mid-windup for her next blow, and she relaxed slightly as she tugged the arm from around her middle before turning around. The second she looked up at her boyfriend he gave her a playful smile even as he rubbed the spot on his side where she’d hit him.

“Don’t do that!” Chloe scolded her boyfriend quietly, immediately making his smile fade. As he stared down at her stoically she couldn’t help but feel a little guilty, she had hit him pretty hard after all; and then instead of checking on how he was doing she immediately went off on him, but he had to understand that a dangerous case was not the time to play around. “I’m sorry I hurt you. Are you okay?” Chloe asked, her voice growing softer as she reached out and brushed a hand down her boyfriend’s chest.

“I think I’ll survive,” Lucifer answered playfully, another smile finding its way onto his face as he stared down at his human. He was just about to reach out and tuck a piece of her hair behind her ear when feminine laughter spilled out of the room behind him, the sound of it drifting through the slightly ajar door with ease. He watched as Chloe’s eyebrows drew together at the sound, her mouth hardening into a thin line as she pulled her hand from his chest.

“Who are you with?” Chloe questioned, worry filling her as she stepped around her boyfriend and grabbed the handle of the door that was hanging open. She was dreading the worst as she pulled the door open, but instead of finding a scantily clad woman in the room she found four kids sitting in a semi circle. The second they saw her they all stopped talking, several pairs of eyes staring over at her as an awkward silence filled the air. The second they saw her they all stopped talking, several pairs of eyes staring over at her as an awkward silence filled the air.

“Right,” Lucifer began as he stepped forward, resting a hand on his girlfriend’s shoulder before he continued, “Let me introduce you to Melissa.” He pointed to the red headed twenty year old as he spoke her name, and the girl politely waved at Chloe in response. “Cody.” Next, he pointed out the umber skinned teenager who followed Melissa’s example, also giving Chloe a small wave. “Allison.” Lucifer pointed to the girl with onyx hair and tawny skin, but she was too busy playing on her phone to acknowledge the introduction in any way. “And Keith.” Lucifer finished as he pointed to the youngest and smallest teenager in attendance, the boy attempted to wave as he spun in circles on the wheeled desk chair he was perched atop. Lucifer pulled Chloe firmly into his side before he continued, “Everyone this is my partner.”.

Chloe swallowed nervously at the term he used to describe their relationship. *Please tell me he didn’t spill the truth to the neighborhood kids.* “Your name is Heather right?” The girl Lucifer had introduced as Melissa asked with a smile, her bright blue eyes looking Chloe over quickly. The undercover officer nearly let out a breath of relief at the fact that the girl referred to her as Heather, and not the Detective, like she was half expecting her to.
“Yep, that’s me,” Chloe answered with a smile as she grabbed hold of Lucifer’s arm, her fingers digging deeply into his shirt. “If you’ll just excuse us for a moment.” She requested as she stepped back, dragging Lucifer with her as she stopped a few feet away, just out of earshot. She looked up at her boyfriend’s confused gaze as several questions of her own run through her mind.

“What are you doing with a bunch of kids?” Was the one that managed to slip through her mouth first, her worry of getting the unknown door unlocked slipping further back into her mind at the very sight of seeing Lucifer willingly standing within ten feet of four children. *Four. That has to be a new record for him. He hates children. Why in the world would he willingly spend time with them? Is he okay?*

“They’re teenagers, and a young adult,” Lucifer defended, but Chloe only lifted a single eyebrow at him in response. He let out a soft huff of breath a moment later, shrugging before he explained, “I figured that they might be a good source for information.” Chloe shook her head softly at his answer. *Since when does he think that kids are good for anything? “Children are attentive, they notice more than most people give them credit for,”* Lucifer added, and Chloe knew he was right. Trixie picked up on so much despite her young naivety.

“Hey Kyle, are you going to play never have I ever with us?” A young voice broke the silence just as the sound of the door creaking open resonated directly behind the Devil. He turned at the question, his eyes falling on Keith’s short form as the teenager stared up at him with an expectant smile.

“What is that?” Lucifer questioned, confusion lacing his voice as he stared down into the young man’s brown eyes. He wasn’t fond of the idea of ‘playing’ with a bunch of young humans who were still in between the phases of childhood and adulthood, but if it might help him make a break in the case for Chloe he’d definitely consider it.

“It’s a game,” Keith answered simply, turning away and walking into the room before plopping back down onto his cheap plastic swivel desk chair. Lucifer stepped forward, poking his head into the room as he dreaded something like the horrendous sounding candy board game Maze had complained to him about over text. “Everyone sits in a circle and when it’s your turn you say something you’ve never done before, if anyone else playing has done that thing then they lose a point.” The teenager explained, and Lucifer had to admit that the concept of the game did sound like something he might be able to squeeze some valuable information out of. “When you lose all of your points you’re out of the game,” Keith finished, as he spun around in the plastic chair once more.

Lucifer felt Chloe’s hand brush against his back as she stepped around him to peek inside of the room. “That’s the kid version.” Melissa scoffed as she flipped a strand of her red hair over her shoulder before shooting Keith a disdainful glare. She reached down to the foot of the bed, pulling her purse into her lap and digging around in it as she obviously searched for something. “You drink when you lose a point.” She explained as she pulled a glass bottle of amber liquid from her purse, the white label yellowed from age and the top sealed with black wax. Lucifer knew exquisite alcohol when he saw it, and he had a feeling that Melissa had stolen that bottle from her parent’s collection. It was a shame really, alcohol that fine would be wasted on the untrained palates of a bunch of teenagers. “Alcohol always makes everything more fun,” Melissa chuckled as she began to pry the wax off of the lid with nimble fingers.

“I’m up for it if you are, love,” Lucifer stated as he glanced to his side where his girlfriend was standing. She looked away from the gathering of teenagers as she glanced up at him, her lips curling up at the ends as she let out a soft sigh.

“I haven’t played this game since I was in college,” Chloe muttered quietly as her eyes drifted over
the four kids sitting in the bedroom before her. “But sure, why not.” She caved in a moment later under the weight of so many expectant gazes. Besides, it wasn’t like the locked door was going anywhere, they’d have plenty of time to look into it in thirty minutes, after all, brunch seemed to be a several hour long event in this community. “I could use a drink or two after meeting all our neighbors,” Chloe sighed as she stepped inside the tiny, lived in looking room before settling into a large, empty green bean bag.

Lucifer smiled at her as he followed her inside the room, several happy whoops coming from the kids as he settled into the bean bag beside her. He wrapped an arm around her shoulder and pulled her into his side, smiling at the weight when Chloe leaned her head against his shoulder and curled into him.

“Okay, Keith, you first,” Melissa ordered as she focused her gaze on the short teenager who looked down at his worn vans for a moment, a contemplative look crossing his face as silence filled the air for a moment.

“Never have I ever gotten an F on a test,” Keith spoke up after a moment, looking around the room with a wicked smile that was primarily directed at Cody. An annoyed huff filled the room as Melissa and Cody both shot him a quick glare. The young redhead struggled with the cork in the bottle for a moment before she finally managed to pull it free and take a sip of the alcohol before holding it out into the middle of the circle. Chloe grabbed the bottle from Melissa’s hands before Cody could, taking a sip and grimacing slightly at the burn of alcohol going down her throat. She offered the bottle to Lucifer sitting beside her a moment later, but he only looked down at the proffered alcohol with a confused expression, his eyes meeting hers as he made no move to take the bottle.

“Seriously, you’ve never failed a test?” Chloe questioned, surprise lacing her voice as she stared up at her boyfriend critically.

“Nope,” Lucifer replied, popping the P as he gave his girlfriend a cocky smirk. Chloe offered the bottle into the middle of the circle at his answer, and Cody reached out to take it from her, his dark skin brushing against hers momentarily as he took the bottle and drank. He offered the bottle into the middle of the circle when he finished, and when a moment passed without anyone taking the bottle he took it back, resting it on his knee as Lucifer waited for something else to happen.

“Never have I ever been walked in on by my parents,” Melissa spoke up next, and several seconds of silence filled with awkward glances passed before Lucifer spoke up.

“What?” Everyone looked at him at the question, several curious gazes focused on him as everyone gave him odd looks.

“Her parents have never walked into her room when she was having sex with someone,” Chloe answered the question that no one else seemed to pick up on, her voice filling the quiet room despite the fact that she spoke softly. Lucifer nodded his head at the response, a quiet hum of understanding passing his lips as he nodded to himself once. He wasn’t sure if the case he was thinking about counted as being walked in on, he hadn’t been in the act of having sex. Did foreplay count? He went with yes a moment later, mostly because he wanted a bloody drink and he had a feeling his situation fit the bill.

“Give it here,” Lucifer ordered as he thrust his arm towards Cody, the boy smiled as he passed the bottle to Lucifer.

“Was it your mom or your dad?” Melissa questioned curiously as the Devil took a long swig of the spicy alcohol.
“My mum.” He answered as soon as he swallowed. Chloe forced herself not to scowl at his response to the game. She knew that Lucifer’s mother was still alive, but Kyle’s mother had died when he was just a child. She hoped that his slip up wouldn’t affect anything in the future regarding the case as she wondered what other discrepancies he’d told their neighbors.


“You think that was awkward, the woman I was with thought that I’d arranged a threesome,” Lucifer added, and everyone in the circle broke into laughter. Even Chloe couldn’t hold back a chuckle, the image of the look of horror that must have ran across Lucifer’s face at the implication that his mother had been welcomed into his bed searing into her mind.

“Your turn, Allison,” Melissa stated, laughter still tainting her voice as she nudged the ebony haired girl sitting on the bed beside her.

“Never have I ever made out with someone of the same sex,” Allison spoke up simply and Lucifer scoffed as he lifted the bottle to his lips once more.

“You’ve kissed a guy?” Keith asked, his voice tainted with something that would sound like disgust if it wasn’t for the tone of confusion overwhelming it.

“Child, I’ve done a lot more than simply kiss a man,” Lucifer answered as soon as the liquid finished burning its way down his throat.

“But you’re married,” Keith stated, only earning a look from Lucifer that clearly said ‘so what?’. “To a chick,” Keith added, confusion growing more evident in his tone as he looked between Chloe and Lucifer sitting on the bean bag.

“So?” Lucifer questioned just before continuing, “Just because I’m with a woman doesn’t mean I’m suddenly not bisexual anymore.”. Melissa chuckled at Lucifer’s words, breaking the awkward conversation that was dragging on between the Devil and the short teenager. A comfortable silence had just fallen over the room when Chloe’s fingers brushed against Lucifer’s, and he quickly glanced down at her to watch as she pulled the bottle from his hand before lifting it to her lips. Lucifer lifted his brows as he watched his girlfriend drink, a surprised smile filling his face at the realization that Chloe had kissed another woman at some point in time. “Was it Maze?” Lucifer asked unabashedly as soon as Chloe pulled the bottle away from her lips.

“Hmm?” Chloe hummed questioningly as she glanced up at her boyfriend. She realized what he meant as soon as she got a glimpse of his surprised and allured expression. “Oh, no. I’ve never kissed Maze.” She answered simply, shaking her head at add emphasis to her point. Lucifer gave her a skeptical look at her answer and she playfully smacked his arm as she reiterated her case, her voice raising slightly in pitch as she spoke, “I haven’t kissed Maze, I swear!”. She had to admit that her roommate was definitely an attractive woman, but even if Chloe still happened to be in the bi-curious phase she had gone through back in college she wouldn’t exactly want to pick Maze as a sexual partner. Lucifer made a soft humming sound at her words, but when Chloe glanced back up at him he was no longer watching her curiously.

“Never have I ever gotten a blow job while driving,” Cody’s voice broke the silence as soon as the two of them remained silent for more than a few seconds. Lucifer reached over and took the bottle from his girlfriend with ease, shooting her a flirtatious glance. “Never have I ever had a threesome.” She spoke up, sending Lucifer a playful wink, she knew without a doubt that he’d have to drink again. **Good thing he’s not**
Lucifer rolled his eyes at her as he took another sip before placing the bottle in Melissa’s outstretched hand. Melissa grimaced slightly as she swallowed and silence began to drag on as everyone awaited Lucifer’s turn. He stared at the floor for a long moment, there wasn’t much he hadn’t done, he was the Devil after all. Eventually, Melissa cleared her throat quite pointedly and Lucifer looked up at her at the sound.

“Never have I ever had an STD.” He stated, it wasn’t like he could even if he tried to. He couldn’t catch human diseases. Melissa rolled her eyes as she took another drink, and when she offered the bottle to everyone else in the circle Cody took it from her before taking a long swig of his own.

“Never have I ever hit a girl,” Keith spoke up almost immediately, a pleased smile filling his face as he looked around the circle. Cody smirked as he offered the bottle to Allison, and she drank before handing it off to Melissa. When the redhead had finished she handed to bottle to Chloe when the blonde reached out towards the center of the circle. Lucifer waited for Chloe to finish before reaching out and taking the bottle from her loose grip. He and Mazikeen had gotten into it pretty good a few times in the past, granted they usually had to call a draw, they were evenly matched opponents.

“Seriously, you’ve beat up a chick?” Cody asked as he watched Lucifer start to lift the bottle to his lips.

“I’m drinking, aren’t I?” Lucifer answered with a question on his own, before taking a long swig of the amber liquid.

“Has he ever hit you?” Cody asked as he leaned in closer to Chloe, and she could feel Lucifer tense at the teen’s unabashed question.

“No.” She answered immediately, shaking her head as she rested a hand on Lucifer’s knee. “Kyle has always been very good to me,” Chloe added as she ran her thumb soothingly over his slacks as she wondered what unfortunate woman had found herself under Lucifer’s wrath, and why. Lucifer had always seemed a little dangerous, but she always summed that up to being a side effect of his ‘bad boy’ persona. And now that she knew him she was certain that he wasn’t the type to lash out because of anger or frustration, except with Dan that one time; but he’d been an absolute mess that week, she’d never seen him like that since then.

“Never have I ever swallowed,” Melissa spoke up a moment later, breaking the tense silence that fell over the room as Lucifer took another drink. Chloe grabbed the bottle from him as soon as he pulled it from his lips, taking a small sip as she did her best to pace herself. She knew that she didn’t have an exceptionally high alcohol tolerance, and she could not afford to get drunk on an undercover case.

“Never have I ever skinny dipped,” Allison offered a moment later, and Chloe took another small sip before handing the bottle off to Lucifer’s waiting hand. Cody drank next, and finally Melissa took a drink before giving Cody a questioning look as he looked around the room for a moment, obviously trying to come up with something.

“Never have I ever killed someone,” Cody stated after a moment, and Melissa snorted at his words, rolling her eyes at the ridiculous statement. Lucifer, however, felt his throat tighten uncomfortably as he remembered the slick wetness covering his hands as Uriel collapsed into his arms. His little brother. He’d killed his own family. He felt his hands tighten into fists so tight that his knuckles were beginning to turn white as he remembered what his little brother was like eons ago, back when they all lived in the silver city together. It was obvious that time had changed Uriel, but he’d always be the youngest brother; the one that everyone else was supposed to guide and protect, but instead of fulfilling his brotherly duties Lucifer had killed him.
“Drink!” Melissa ordered playfully as she thrust the bottle towards Cody. The boy rolled his eyes, causing Melissa to continue a moment later, “You know the rules, if nobody’s done it either you have to drink!” Cody huffed as he reached out towards the bottle that Melissa was holding in the center of the circle, but before his fingers could brush against the smooth glass Lucifer grabbed it. His hand wrapping so tightly around the bottle that a thin crack ran through the glass as it began to weaken under his grip. Before the bottle could give out though he lifted it to his lips, downing the rest of the contents in four hefty gulps before slamming it down on the wood floor harder than necessary, causing several more cracks to split across the empty bottle from the force of the impact. Lucifer stood from his seat a moment later, making his way out of the room with long, purposeful strides.

Chloe sat there in shock as she watched her boyfriend disappear around the corner of the wall, the entire room engulfed in a heavy silence as everyone stared after the tall man. It took her a moment to remember how to breathe as her thoughts immediately started moving a hundred miles an hour. *He wouldn’t...no. There’s no way Lucifer’s a murderer. He just did that to hold up his backstory. Kyle’s killed people. Lucifer...he couldn’t. “Did he...”* A quiet, almost scared voice trailed off in the silence, dragging Chloe from her thoughts and over to Cody as the boy watched her with wide brown eyes. Chloe swallowed heavily at the unfinished question, and as she stood up he tried to speak once again, “Has he really—”. Chloe didn’t stick around to hear the question out though, she’d already made it out of the bedroom and several feet into the hallway before Cody could finish speaking.

Lucifer. She had to find Lucifer. She checked the upstairs bathroom only to find it unoccupied. She forced herself to try and take more even breaths as she quickly made her way down the staircase and into the hallway on the first floor. She tried to ignore the way her hands were shaking as she strode down the hallway with purposeful steps, she stopped at the downstairs bathroom, jiggling the handle only to find it locked.

“Occupied.” A curt, British voice replied through the wooden door and Chloe immediately felt some strange mix of relief and tension fill her at the sound of his voice. She quickly glanced around the hallway before leaning into the door.

“Lucifer, please come out here and talk to me,” Chloe requested as loudly as she dared. A few moments passed in silence before she heard the door unlock, and she took a step back as it swung open to reveal her boyfriend, his fake glasses in hand and his hair slightly messed up from running his hands through it too much.

“What?” He questioned, his voice dark as he stepped out of the tiny room, closing the door behind himself.

“What was that, back there?” Chloe questioned somewhat hesitantly as she fiddled with her hands nervously. Her anxiety only grew as several seconds passed in silence as Lucifer stared at her with cold eyes.

“I’ve told you that you might not know me as well as you think you do.” Her boyfriend answered, his voice quiet as his gaze drifted down the floor. Chloe swallowed heavily as she struggled for air for a moment, her body growing slightly numb as she recalled their conversation in Starbucks just yesterday; ‘You’re a good man. I just wish you would believe me when I said that.’, which was followed by his reluctant words, ‘A good man wouldn’t have done all the things I have, Chloe.’. She drew in a long, shaky breath, the sound of it breaking the silence drawing Lucifer’s eerily cold eyes back up to her own.

“You’ve actually...” She trailed off when her voice cracked. She squeezed her hands tighter in an attempt to stop them from shaking as she drew in another breath. “You’ve killed someone?” She
whispered, her voice shaking like the rest of her body currently was.

“You know I don’t lie,” Lucifer answered simply, his voice lacking any emotion as he stared into her eyes.

She shook her head softly at his words, her mouth falling open as her lungs stopped working for a moment. No. Lucifer...You...No. “Why?” She asked softly as she stared up into her boyfriend’s icy gaze. “Why would you kill someone, Lucifer?” She asked softly, as she drew in a long shaky breath and did her best to keep herself from hyperventilating. She watched as he stared at the floor for a moment, a pained expression crossing his face for a moment before it turned into something mournful, when his eyes met her’s once again she could see the hurt in them. He opened his mouth as he took a small step towards her, and she instinctively flinched back, putting more distance between herself and a potential threat just like the Police Academy had drilled into her. She watched as his expression hardened into an emotionless mask at her slight retreat and she silently scolded herself for acting off instinct and training.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” Lucifer stated, his voice and gaze icy. Chloe shook her head softly at the answer, a small surge of courage filling her momentarily as she felt her blood heat up from the annoyance of him refusing to answer the question.

“Try me,” Chloe challenged as she stepped forward, leaving only inches between them.

“I’m not going to talk about this,” Lucifer growled under his breath as he leaned over her slightly. “Not here. Not now.” He continued, his voice low and dangerous sounding as he glared at her with spite in his eyes. Before she had time to even react to his harshness he was turning away and making his way down the hallway and towards the living room with long strides.

“Would you do it again?” Chloe asked, her voice ringing in the silent hallway and making Lucifer stop in his tracks. He stood there for a moment before glancing over his shoulder.

“I would.” He answered simply before continuing down the hallway away from his girlfriend. Chloe felt her courage wash away at his answer, her body shaking once more and her breath coming in shallow, ragged gasps as she watched Lucifer disappear out of sight. No. no. He...Fuck. Chloe reached blindly for the handle to the bathroom door, slipping inside the room and locking the door behind herself. She braced her hands on the countertop as she tried to calm her ragged, erratic breathing. Lucifer’s killed someone and he won’t tell me why. She gripped the countertop so tightly that her knuckles began to turn white and her fingers began to ache as she stared at her reflection in the mirror. Do I turn him in? What if he hurts someone I care about? Dan, or Maze...or Trixie? No. He wouldn’t do that to them...Would he?

Chloe pulled her phone out of her bra, turning it over in her trembling hands as she tried to figure out what to do. What am I waiting for? He said he’d kill someone again, he admitted it to a cop. It’s my duty to turn him over. Chloe unlocked her phone and opened her contacts list as she stared at the names lined up, her finger hovered over Olivia’s name, but no matter how she tried to convince herself to press it she couldn’t. He didn’t tell me why. I don’t know why he killed someone. What if it was self-defense? Oh God, please let it be self-defense. Instead of pressing her Lieutenants number she found herself scrolling up the list slightly, tapping on a familiar name before pulling the phone up to her ear as she leaned against the cool wall at her back.

“So, how was it?” Mazikeen’s smooth voice questioned over the tiny speaker pressed to Chloe’s ear, the smirk the woman was wearing could practically be heard through the phone.

“Maze, I need to ask you something really important,” Chloe spoke up, her voice wavering slightly as she spoke.
“Do I need to kill someone?” Maze questioned angrily, her voice turning rough as she sensed that something as wrong based off of the tone of her roommate's voice. It wasn’t like Chloe to ever sound vulnerable, especially not over the phone.

Chloe swallowed at the way that Maze immediately jumped to the death penalty as a fitting punishment for someone who wronged her. Why have I never considered that maybe Maze means the crazy things she says? “No.” Chloe replied as soon as she regained her bearing, she drew in a long breath as she garnered the courage to ask, “Do you know if Lucifer has ever killed anyone?”

Dead silence filled the line for several seconds, long enough for Chloe to pull the device from her ear and check the screen to make sure that the line hadn’t disconnected. When she realized that the phone call was still active she quickly returned the phone to her ear. “He told you about that?” Maze asked quietly, the bristling anger fading from her voice as she sighed.

“So he has? And you were in on it?” Chloe asked, her voice raising in pitch slightly as her brows drew together. Do I know anyone in my life? My ex was a dirty cop, my boyfriend has killed someone, and my roommate helped him with the deed somehow. “Maze, do you have any idea how illegal murder is?” Chloe asked, her voice growing angry as she clenched the phone in her hand so tightly that the plastic creaked softly.

Silence filled the line again for a few long seconds, and Chloe could hear Maze swallow before the woman asked, “Are you going to turn him in?”.

“I don’t know what I’m going to do,” Chloe whispered into the receiver as she stared her reflection in the eyes. You’re a cop. You need to report this. She shook her head at the thought. She would be turning in Lucifer...her partner.

“If you ever want to see Lucifer again you won’t report it,” Maze’s voice cut through the silence, her voice taking on a steely note, a hint of finality in it. And Chloe didn’t doubt that the woman was right, if he was found guilty he would be sent to prison. “You know how he turned up out of thin air like he never existed, he can disappear just as quickly and untraceably.” Her roommate continued, and Chloe swallowed at the implications of Maze’s words. Six years ago he’d turned up out of nowhere, and Chloe had a feeling that he had plenty of connections and money to disappear forever. “If he goes, so do I,” Maze’s voice started to grow less cutting and more unsure as she continued, “I can’t lose him, Chloe. He’s the only piece of home that I have left.”

Chloe let the silence build between them for a moment as she tried to come to terms with everything Maze had just said. The blonde drew in a deep breath as she nodded once, “I understand.” She muttered quietly, her voice breaking on the roughly whispered words.

“Chloe, wai—” She didn’t hear whatever Maze had to say after that as she pulled the phone from her ear and disconnected the phone call. She stepped forward so she could brace herself against the vanity once again, setting her phone down on the countertop as she stared at her own reflection and drew in a few calming breaths. Only a few second passed before her phone started vibrating in her hand, and she glanced down at it to see Maze’s name and a picture of her making a funny face with Trixie on the screen. She silenced the vibrations a moment later, but almost immediately it began vibrating once again, the same name and picture popping up on the screen. She growled under her breath as she picked up the phone and declined the call before opening her settings and turning her phone on silent before tucking it back into her bra.

I don’t want to lose him. But how can I just let this go? He’s killed someone. Maze knew he killed someone and she never told me. Chloe sighed as she buried her face in her hands for a moment. Jesus. Who knew that this would be a problem I would ever face in our relationship? How does this even affect our relationship? I still love him...but can I still trust him now? He might be dangerous.
She pulled her hands from her face as she leaned back against the wall once more, this time slipping down until she was sitting on the tiled floor. She stared at the ceiling for a long moment as she tried to come up with what her next move was now. *This is Lucifer. The man who makes horrible food puns in the grocery store, and brings my daughter chocolate cake every time he sees her, and helps me catch criminals on a daily basis.* She swallowed heavily at the thought of never seeing his smile light up the precinct on a tiring day, the thought of never hearing her daughter scream ‘Lucifer’ at the top of her lungs as she launched herself at the tall man, the thought of no longer having her car stained with the smell of cool ranch puffs from all of his stakeout snacking. She let out a strangled breath as the pain growing in her chest threatened to suffocate her for a moment.

*I know he’s a changed man now. There has to be a good reason for why he did the things he did. There has to be.* She told herself resolutely as she stood back up slowly, drawing in a deep determined breath as she decided that she needed to know more before she made any decisions. She unlocked the bathroom door and stepped out into the deserted hallway as she steeled herself in for what was to come. She made her way into the living room with the determined calculation that only a seasoned Detective could manage, quickly looking around before she spotted her boyfriend chatting with a lanky, middle aged brunette man.

“Please tell me that beauty has a big block engine.” The man spoke as Chloe quickly closed the distance between Lucifer and herself, wrapping her hand around her boyfriend’s arm before he could reply and dragging him towards the front door as firmly as she could manage. Lucifer followed after her obediently, abandoning the conversation as Chloe pulled the front door open and dragged him outside into the temperate LA heat. She closed the door behind them before releasing her hold on his arm and turning to stare up into his eyes for a long moment. He looked down at her with an expression that was equal parts confusion and hurt and she swallowed heavily before she finally spoke up.

“Are you dangerous?”

Lucifer was taken aback by the question that left his girlfriend’s lips and he drew his eyebrows together as he stared down at her for a long moment as he tried to read her. The line of her shoulders was tense, her lips were pursed into a thin line, she looked determined but it was just a front if her well-above-average heart rate was anything to judge by. “Do you fear me now?” He questioned softly, dread filling him at the thought of Chloe being scared of him.

“She has to know that I’d never hurt her. I only want the best for her.”

“Answer the question,” Chloe replied, her voice steely as she crossed her arms over her chest. Lucifer immediately picked up on the defensive posture and scowled at the realization that she definitely wasn’t at ease with him like she used to be.

“I told you, I don’t want to talk about it,” Lucifer replied, his voice growing darker as he tried to push away memories of a dimly lit abandoned church and the metallic gleam of a knife flickering in the intermingled candle and moonlight. This wasn’t something they should be talking about, especially not while attending a party that was being thrown by their suspects. *Can’t this wait?*

“That’s not an option right now,” Chloe bit out as she took a step forward and jammed her finger into his chest. He looked down at the slender digit biting into his skin when her voice broke the silence once more; “Talk.”. He looked back up at her, surprised by the finality in her tone. He swallowed heavily as he stared into her aqua orbs as he offered her a sad smile.

“Am I dangerous?” He repeated her question, bitterness leaking into his voice at the thought that she even felt the need to ask him something like that. “Well, I guess that depends on who you ask.” He continued, his voice growing even more biting before he let out a short, bitter laugh as he looked
down at the ground. He stared at the cement for a moment before pulling the fake glasses from his face and tucking them into his pocket. When he looked back up at his girlfriend her eyes watering more than normal as she shook her head softly. “I’m a monster, Chloe.” He admitted, his voice soft as he shook his head and offered her another bitter smile. “I’m not going to lie, I’m not going to sugar coat it for you.” He added as his voice began to show his self-loathing. “I am what I am.” He finished, a hint of finality in his voice.

He watched as his girlfriend shook her head softly, her mouth falling open as she obviously struggled for words and he quickly spoke up before she could. He knew he was just trying to delay the inevitable, he wasn’t ready to have her discard him already, wasn’t ready to hear her say that she didn’t want to see him again, wasn’t ready to have her say that she didn’t want to see him again. “I’ve tried to change, I’ve tried to be better, for you; but I’m still a monster, and I will always be a monster.” Lucifer stated, as his throat grew uncomfortably tight and he forced himself to break Chloe’s gaze when it grew to be too much for him to handle. “There’s no changing that.” He whispered and silence so thick you could cut it with a butter knife brewed between them after that. The silence stretched on until Lucifer found the strength to meet Chloe’s eyes once more. “But if you think that a day goes by that I don’t hate myself; for the things I’ve done, for what I am...then you’re wrong,” Lucifer finished as he swallowed heavily, his voice holding the weight of his grievances as he stared down at Chloe for a long moment.

Chloe swallowed heavily at Lucifer’s lengthy monologue. She could tell that he meant every word he said, and she could also tell that whatever this was, it was tearing him apart from the inside. He was obviously in pain, and the self-loathing that was evident in his voice was even stronger in his eyes. “You’re not a monster, Lucifer,” Chloe breathed as she stepped forward and reached out to touch her boyfriend, but he stepped away from her touch as he shook his head, disgust obvious on his face.

“No, I am,” Lucifer growled as he clenched his hands into fists. I’m evil. Why can’t she understand that?

“Would you ever hurt me?” Chloe’s question broke through the silence and Lucifer softened slightly as he blinked at her inquiry. He was caught off guard by the fact that her voice didn’t sound unsure or scared, but rather strong and determined.

“I’d rather die than hurt you,” Lucifer breathed, his voice coming out in earnest as he silently begged her to believe him.

Chloe nodded at his answer, swallowing as she remembered hearing those words from him a few days ago. “Would you ever hurt Trixie, or Dan, or Maze?”

“I’ve already hurt Daniel and Mazikeen,” Lucifer muttered as he glared at the concrete under his feet for a moment. He and Maze and gotten in quite a few bloody scuffles before, and he didn’t doubt that they would likely have more in the future. And he had hauled off and punched Daniel in the face at the hospital that one time, granted he didn’t hit the man particularly hard; but still, humans were fragile and he knew that the blow had to hurt.

“Lucifer. Please, just tell me why you did it.” Chloe pleaded as she stepped forward, closing most of the distance between the two of them. Lucifer looked up at the begging tone in her voice, his eyes meeting hers just before she continued, “You don’t have to go into the details.”. He swallowed heavily as he realized that she wanted a justification of his actions. But there wasn’t any worthy justification. He killed his brother, he was a murderer. “Please. Just give me anything.”

Lucifer drew in a shaky breath before he spoke, “He was going to kill my mum.”. His voice broke halfway through the sentence as his eyes flicked down to the ground. “He was going to kill Mazikeen. He was going to kill…” Lucifer trailed off, unable to finish the sentence as he choked on
the air in his lungs. He struggled to breathe for a moment before his eyes quickly flicked back up to
Chloe’s as his vision began to blur. “I didn’t know what else to do,” Lucifer choked out, barely a
second later he felt Chloe’s arms wrapping around him tightly and he quickly found that he didn’t
have the strength to push her away.

“Shh. Lucifer. I’m sorry,” Chloe whispered soothingly as she crushed her boyfriend to her chest. She
could feel him shaking slightly, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he stood there. God, I’m such a
fucking idiot. “I’m sorry,” Chloe muttered, her voice a little stronger as she ran a hand up and down
the length of his back hoping to soothe him. He only accepted her embrace for a few more moments
before he pushed her away with a gentle hand, stepping further away from her until he was
practically teetering on the edge of the wide concrete step. “Why didn’t you report it?” Chloe
questioned as she looked up at her boyfriend to thankfully find that he didn’t appear to be on the
verge of tears anymore, he did look lost though, lost and flighty.

“You wouldn’t understand,” Lucifer muttered, just loudly enough for Chloe to hear as his eyes
shifted back to the concrete once again. Chloe pursed her lips into a thin line at his answer but didn’t
press it, she could tell that Lucifer was already having a hard time holding himself together, she
didn’t want to push him too hard and wind up breaking him mid-case. She knew when to let things
be.

“Did you hide the body?” Chloe questioned, and Lucifer’s eyes flicked up to meet hers with surprise
written over his features.

“Maze and Amenadiel did.” He answered a moment later, watching his girlfriend carefully as she
nodded at his words, silence brewing between them for a moment as she nodded to herself almost
like she was putting the pieces of a puzzle together in her mind’s eye.

“Is there any chance someone could find it?” Lucifer quirked a brow at Chloe’s odd questions as the
pain of the past began to dull.

“You’d be more likely to find the Holy Grail than you would a body that Maze hid,” Lucifer
answered stoically. He left out the part where his mom told one of her clients to find Uriel’s body
and dug it up before, but it was handled now, nobody would defile his brothers grave again. Silence
brewed between them for a few more moments, and Lucifer watched as Chloe nodded at his words
once more. She stared at the concrete for a long moment and he braced himself for the inevitable.

“Okay,” Chloe whispered as she pulled her gaze up to her boyfriend’s worried expression. She
offered him a soft smile before reaching out only to have him flinch away from her touch as his gaze
turned confused.

“That’s it?” Lucifer questioned, his voice beginning to grow stronger as his eyebrows drew together
and his mouth turned down into a frown. This isn’t how it’s supposed to go. She’s supposed to leave,
or at the very least punish me. I’m a monster, a murderer, I deserve to be punished. “Okay?” His
voice grew harsh as he shook his head.

Chloe swallowed as she tried to understand why Lucifer suddenly seemed so angry. She stood there
for a moment as she stared up at him. “I can’t promise that I’ll be able to protect you if any of this is
ever traced back to you. I won’t lose my badge over your mistakes but...” She trailed off as she
swallowed heavily, drawing in a deep breath as she stared her boyfriend in the eyes. “I won’t call
this in. I now see that you had a good reason for doing what you did.” She paused for a moment
before finally admitting, “I don’t want to lose you.”. She reached out towards him once more as she
continued, “Let’s just forget about this.”. She just wanted to act like none of this ever happened, she
wanted to go back to the blissful ignorance they shared earlier, she didn’t want to fight with him over
this anymore; it was done, there was nothing she could do about it, he had his reasons. She
understood what it was like to take a human life. She never once lost sleep over killing Malcolm. She’d lost sleep over nightmares of Lucifer dying that night instead of walking out of the hangar alive and well, she’d lost sleep over her daughter’s night terrors that still occasionally haunted her dreams; but she’d never lost sleep over taking his life, she did it to protect the ones she loved, same as Lucifer. They could get over this.

“You’re supposed to punish me, Detective. I deserve to be punished,” Lucifer growled as he pushed her outstretched hand away. *She’s of officer of the law, why isn’t she doing something? I don’t deserve any of this, I don’t deserve forgiveness, and I certainly don’t deserve her. Why can’t she realize that?*

“I can tell that you’re punishing yourself enough already,” Chloe whispered with a sad smile, finally accepting that she couldn’t help her boyfriend if he kept pushing her away. He’d just have to come around in his own time, and she hoped that it was sooner rather than later. She turned towards the door after that, resting her hand on the doorknob before Lucifer’s dark, strained voice broke the silence.

“I’m a murderer.” He snarled as he stepped towards Chloe, making her pause for a moment before she glanced back up at him with a soft smile.

“Not to me you aren’t.” She stated simply before twisting the doorknob, pulling the door open, and stepping back inside of the Keller’s house. Lucifer stood there in silence as she closed the door behind her, staring at the tan wood for a long moment before letting out a rough, angry sigh as he ran his hands through his hair. *This wasn’t how this was supposed to go. She wasn’t supposed to bloody forget about everything like it never happened.* Chloe was always such a stickler for the rules, she swore to uphold those flimsy laws humans liked to regulate themselves with, she wasn’t the type of person to just give a murderer a free pass. *What has gotten into her lately?* Lucifer wondered as he paced back and forth over the short expanse of concrete. *I’ve never seen her act like this before,* Lucifer froze in his tracks at the thought, worry filling him for a moment as his mind kicked into overdrive.

*What if this is my fault? What if I’m tainting her somehow? What if I blacken her soul and doom her to an eternity in Hell?* Lucifer swallowed heavily at the sense of panic that flowed through him at the thought. Chloe would never belong in Hell. If he ever somehow caused her to be damned down there he’d never be able to forgive himself for it. She belonged in Heaven, even if that meant that he’d never get to see her again; sometimes when you love something you have to let it go for it’s own good, he understood that. His chest constricted at the thought of being forced to let her go already, but if it was for her own good he’d manage it, even if it killed him a little bit inside. He drew in a deep breath, forcing his wild emotions under control as he placed his fake glasses back on his face, pulled the door open, and stepped back inside the house. He glanced around for a moment before he finally spotted Chloe casually chatting with two older looking women as though she hadn’t just found out that her boyfriend was a murderer. He stood there for a long moment, watching her talk quite animatedly as a small smile found it’s way onto his face. He spent a few moments trying to figure out why Chloe would break the rules for him, the very rules she pledged to uphold. Eventually he wound up lingering on a few words that she’d uttered not even ten minutes ago outside on the porch, ‘I don’t want to lose you’. The realization that she was giving him a free pass because she knew that if he was punished he wouldn’t be able to be by her side any longer hit him like a freight train, making it impossible for his lungs to work for a few moments. *She knows that I’m a monster, and yet she still said that she didn’t want to lose me. She knows what I’d
done, and she still wants me. She knows, and she accepted it for what it is and tried to move past it. She accepted what I’ve done even though it’s terrible. He swallowed heavily at the grace he was being given as he slowly began to step towards her. Not even his father had been so forgiving of his flaws and wrongdoings.

Lucifer drew in a long breath as he closed the last of the distance between himself and Chloe, reaching out a tentative hand and lightly resting it on her upper arm, she laughed at something a grey haired woman said as she glanced over her shoulder, her aqua eyes meeting his before softening slightly. She offered him a gentle smile before leaning up on the tips of her toes and dragging a hand across his jaw before planting a kiss there. His breath caught in his throat at the affectionate gesture, she knew that he was a monster and she was still showing him the same tender affection that she always had. He smiled as a familiar suffocating warmth began blooming in his chest as his girlfriend pulled her lips from his face and returned her attention to the two women standing before them. Lucifer swallowed heavily as he felt his eyes grow unusually wet.

What have I ever done to deserve the affection of someone as pure and perfect as she is? He wrapped his arms around her waist a moment later, pulling her back tight against his chest as he leaned down and buried his face in the crook of her neck. A soft peal of laughter escaped his girlfriend and his smile grew at the sound as he nuzzled her affectionately, the warm fuzzy feeling inside of him growing so strong that it threatened to rip him apart at the seams.

He knew he didn’t deserve Chloe or anything that she was giving him, but as long as she decided that she wanted him right here by her side then he’d try his best to be a man who was worthy of her. “Thank you.” He whispered softly in her ear before righting himself, he didn’t think he’d ever know how to show her much he appreciated her ability to accept his past. Maybe...maybe she won’t run if I show her what I really am, Lucifer thought to himself as Chloe smiled at him softly, something mournful and accepting in her eyes. He wasn’t expecting her to lean back up onto the tips of her toes and press her soft lips against his, and his hands tightened on her body as he felt the warm affection inside of him only burn brighter as it mixed with the heat that always seared through him when she kissed him. Unfortunately, they had to break the kiss sooner than he expected as a feminine voice rang loudly through the house.

“Okay everyone! Brunch is ready!” Chloe dropped back down onto the pads of her feet, reluctantly breaking the tender kiss she’d been sharing with her boyfriend. She smiled up at him for a moment, carefully watching his warm yet confused expression as she tried to determine whether or not he was back to his normal self yet. The last thing she needed was an emotionally compromised Lucifer sitting at a table full of suspects during an undercover operation. He seemed to be doing much better though, and honestly she was surprised that he’d pulled himself together so quickly, she’d half been expecting him to call it quits on the brunch and head back to their house. “Come on you two, Colleen makes the best homemade cinnamon rolls,” Blake’s cheerful voice broke the silence as he walked by with Russell in tow, Chloe smiled and nodded in response as the couple disappeared into the crowded dining room.

“Come on babe,” Chloe requested quietly as she grabbed Lucifer’s hand and gently tugged him towards the dining room. He followed after her obediently, his hand tightening around hers as he interlaced their fingers. It didn’t take Chloe long to lead him into the kitchen where there was a buffet set up and everyone was filling their plates. When Chloe found the beginning of the line Lucifer reluctantly released his hold on her hand, grabbing a plate of his own and picking out things with little thought. His thoughts were still to wrapped up in his thoughts about Chloe’s unexpected reaction to the knowledge of his prior offenses, and wonders of if she might take the revelation that her boyfriend really is the actual Devil as well as she took this. Before he knew it he was seated at the table with Chloe by his side, everyone digging into their food as some mundane conversation about the politics droned on. Bet hey, at least the food was good.
Chloe ate in silence, picking up bits and pieces of the debate on whether or not Trump was doing a good job as president. Blake and Russell were obvious objectors to his political reign, as were most of the people sitting at the table. Christopher and Don seemed to be the only two on his side, and after the conversation began to be drawn out Chloe couldn’t help but lean towards her boyfriend slightly, nudging him with her elbow as she whispered, “What do you think of our cheeto flavored president?”. 

“I think he’s a raging sack of ass,” Lucifer answered under his breath and Chloe chuckled at his choice of words, the sound drawing Colleen’s attention over to the two lovebirds.

“So how long have you two been married? I never got the chance to ask you when we were talking,” Colleen’s voice broke over the political conversation, immediately drawing Chloe’s attention from her boyfriend as she quickly glanced over at the woman sitting adjacent to her.

“It’s been seven years,” Chloe answered with a smile before taking a sip of water to better clear her throat.

“Seven years? How old even are you two?” Colleen looked over the two of them critically as she asked, and Chloe clenched one of her hands into a fist under the table when the woman stared at Lucifer long enough for it to become awkward.

“I’m thirty-five, Kyle’s thirty-two,” Chloe answered as she forced her voice to remain bright despite the annoyance building inside of her.

“So you got married when you were twenty-five? That’s quite a big decision for such a young person to make,” Kathleen spoke up, and Chloe glanced over at the woman to find her looking at her boyfriend with an expression that seemed very stern and parental. The undercover officer swallowed nervously at the question, it would be rude to jump in and answer something that had been directed at Lucifer in particular, but she didn’t want his honesty to harm their case.

“Well, I couldn’t be happier with the choice I made.” Chloe looked over at the man sitting beside her as his voice broke the silence, a genuine smile filling her face when he rested one of his large hands on top of one of her own. He looked away from the redhead a moment later to focus his gaze on her, his smile growing as their eyes met.

“You big dork,” Chloe chuckled quietly as she shook her head, a soft heat spreading under her skin as she quickly refocused her attention on the plate of food sitting in front of her before Lucifer could notice the blush. Unfortunately though, the silence didn’t last more than a few mere seconds before Colleen’s distinct, inquisitive voice was cutting through it once more.

“So where are your kids?”

Chloe immediately glanced back up at the woman, calling all of her old acting skills into play as she feigned slight discomfort. “Oh, we don’t...we don’t have any kids,” Chloe answered, glancing between Colleen and Lucifer as she focused on playing it up.

“You’ve been married for seven years and you don’t have any kids?” Colleen questioned, her eyebrows rising slightly as she spoke. She glanced between the two of them critically for a moment before adding, “You better get on that pretty soon then.”.

Chloe nibbled her lower lip nervously as she dropped her eyes back down to her plate. She let a beat of silence fill the room before she finally spoke up, “Well, that’s sort of…” She trailed off slightly as she pulled her eyes back up to meet Colleen’s interested gaze. “Complicated, for us,” Chloe finished, before giving the woman a small, unsure smile and immediately dropping her gaze back down to the
“Oooh, I can smell drama,” Jessica spoke up, her loud and slightly slurred voice taking on a scandalous tone as she leaned in over the table. “Spill it.” she ordered as she waved her mimosa around in her hand, accidentally sloshing some of the drink onto the tablecloth and earning a sharp glare from Colleen that the inebriated woman didn’t even notice.

“It’s a long story,” Chloe answered with a shrug as she shook her head softly and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear before casting her eyes downward once more.

“We’ve got nothing but time,” Jessica pressed, and Chloe glanced back up at the woman’s intrigued expression, drawing in a deep breath as she began.

“Well, um, we want to have kids.” She began, shooting Lucifer a small pained smile which he returned with ease as he stroked his thumb over the back of her hand. “I can’t even count the number of times we’ve talked about having a son or a daughter. And we tried, religiously, for almost four years.” She continued, glancing around the various faces seated at the table as she spoke, everyone’s attention fully focused on her. “And when that didn’t work we saw a specialist, and um…” Chloe trailed off once more, casting her eyes down as she drew in a long, shaky breath before looking back up at the curious and concerned gazes fixed on her. “I’m infertile.” She offered simply with a shrug, an obviously fake smile. She quickly cast her gaze downwards once again as the expressions on everyone’s face quickly turned to pity.

“I’m so sorry. That must be so hard on you,” Erica’s voice broke the silence, and Chloe let out a quiet scoff at the apology.

“You have no idea.” The undercover officer muttered under her breath, shaking her head as she continued to stare at the crisp tablecloth under her fingers. She pulled her gaze up to meet Erica’s concerned eyes as she began, “Ever since we found out we’ve stopped talking about it, but I still can’t forget how we used to talk about having kids.”. Chloe shook her head, letting out a single, bitter chuckle as she quickly glanced around the table. “I mean, Kyle used to be so passionate about being a father and then all of his hopes and dreams came crashing down because I can’t…” She trailed off once again, drawing in a choked breath as she hoped that she might be able to conjure up some fake tears for this act. “I can’t give him that,” Chloe muttered, her voice small and unsure and hurt.

“Darling,” Lucifer’s concerned voice broke the silence, but Chloe ignored him as she focused on giving her all for the last ‘act’ of her ‘performance’.

“Not a day goes by that I don’t feel broken,” Chloe choked out, her voice clouded with emotion as she shook her head. Her vision grew blurry as she continued, “So many other women could give Kyle what he wants, but I can’t, and every single day I feel like I’ve let him down. I can’t even give him the simplest thi—”.

“Hey, look at me,” Lucifer’s stern yet concerned voice cut her off as she felt his fingers wrap under her chin and gently tug her gaze over to him. She purposely flicked her eyes down to the table as she avoided looking at him as she felt a wet warm tear slowly begin to track it’s way down her cheek. “Look at me.” He requested once again, his voice lacking the stern undertone it carried earlier as a pleading note entered his tone. Chloe drew in a deep, stuttering breath as she obliged his request, her eyes flicking up to meet her boyfriend’s tender dark gaze. An almost mournful expression taking over his features as he brushed his thumb over her cheek, wiping away her single tear and spreading the wetness over her skin as he spoke up, “You’ve already given me so much more than I could ever hope to deserve.”. Chloe swallowed at the words and the serious undertone his voice held as he spoke them. “You are the only thing that I could ever need in this life, and as long as I have you by
my side I couldn’t wish for anything more, because this is it for me. You are it for me,” Lucifer continued, his voice still maintaining that utterly serious tone that made Chloe’s’s breath catch in her throat slightly. She parted her lips slightly as she drew in a long breath, watching Lucifer carefully as a myriad of expressions flicked across his features; something unequivocally tender and gentle, something else that seemed ancient and mournful, and something that seemed earnest and utterly serious. Lucifer drew in a deep breath as his eyes stared into hers for a long moment, and Chloe found herself holding her breath in anticipation of something, what she couldn’t be entirely sure.

“I love you,” Lucifer admitted softly, and he found himself swallowing nervously as soon as the words left his lips. He’d never laid himself bare like this for anyone before, let alone in front of a room filled with people who were hardly acquaintances, and a nagging anxiety immediately began to build inside of him strong enough to practically make him itch with discomfort.

Chloe forgot how to breathe for a moment, and when she finally remembered that air was necessary a wave of mixed emotions flooded through her like the air flowing into her lungs. Surprise, exhilaration, hopefulness, euphoria. **Lucifer just said he loves me...Holy shit.** An adoring smile quickly spread over her face as she reached up, pulling his hand from her face as she intertwined their fingers and gave his hand a reassuring squeeze. **Wait a minute...what if he only said that to make everything seem more believable? What if he only said it to maintain our cover? We’ve only been dating for five days...could he really fall in love with anyone that fast?** The wave of doubtful thoughts that immediately followed Chloe’s elation immediately made her feel self-conscious and a little foolish, but before she could act on anything Jessica’s loud, bubbly, slurred voice cut through the silence.

“Oh my God! You two are so adorable!” Chloe glanced over, thankful for the distraction from her worries about how genuine Lucifer’s admission had been.

“Why don’t you ever say anything that amazing to me?” Blake questioned grudgingly as he crossed his arms over his chest and shot a playful glare at Russell who stared at his husband like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car.

“Kiss!” Jessica shouted loudly, and a moment later several other people sitting at the table joined. **“Kiss, kiss, kiss!”** The loud chanting demands filled the room and Chloe couldn’t help but blush furiously as she looked around the room before finally letting her gaze rest on her boyfriend. He gave her one of his trademark smirks, as his gaze turned hungry and his eyes drifted down to her lips. He leaned in closer to her before he spoke up.

“You should probably give the people what they want, darling,” Lucifer suggested as his grin grew. Chloe chuckled and rolled her eyes at him before she decided to give in, leaning in closer to her boyfriend before she pressed her lips against his. As much as she wanted to allow herself to melt into the kiss she reminded herself that they were in front of their neighbors, and she really didn’t want to put on too much of a show for them. Despite her restraint it was difficult not to lose herself in the familiar sensation of warmth that filled her as her boyfriend’s lips brushed against hers in the most addictive way possible. But as soon as Chloe heard Jessica’s happy ‘aww’ fill the air she forced herself to pull away even though she wanted nothing more than to continue this until they hopefully found their way into a bedroom.

She tried to ignore the disappointed look Lucifer gave her when she pulled away, but she really didn’t want to come off as the salacious sex addicted couple. Jessica started clapping at their performance, and Chloe blushed as she focused her attention on the tablecloth and tried to ignore the weight of several gazes on her. Thankfully the uncomfortable feeling didn’t linger long, Blake’s voice cut through the silence and drew Chloe’s attention up to the blond man, “You know, if you two wanted you could still adopt.”
Chloe nodded as she gave him a small smile. “We’ve looked into it, but the applications are so long and confusing that it’s always deterred us.” She explained simply.

“You know, Colleen works at an adoption center. She helped me and Russell adopt Tiffany, we only had to fill out a single page application and pay the adoption fees. It was so simple and stress free. And we can never thank her enough for bringing Tiffany into our lives,” Blake explained as he smiled at the older woman who gave him a charmed smile and a shrug in return, obviously trying to downplay Blake’s compliment even though it was obvious that she was basking in it. “Maybe you could help our new friends adopt a little angel of their own?” Blake asked, and Colleen immediately turned her gaze back on the couple sitting across from her. She looked over the two of them for a long moment, and Chloe found her breath catching in her throat, this was what they needed to crack the case. If they could get a solid lead this early on it would be incredible.

“I can definitely look into it. Do you two have any gender preferences?” Colleen asked and Chloe quickly grasped Lucifer’s hand and glanced over at him with wide, hopeful eyes.

Her boyfriend looked down at her for a moment before focusing his attention on Colleen. “I don’t think we do. I don’t anyways,” Lucifer answered simply as he offered the woman a shrug. Chloe quickly glanced over at the woman at Lucifer’s words, jumping in a moment later.

“I’d prefer a boy.”

Colleen made a quiet humming noise, as she nodded at them. “Well, I’ll see what I can manage.” She offered, and Chloe leaned in over the table slightly as her smile grew.

“Thank you so much.” The undercover officer choked out, making sure her voice was riddled with hopeful emotion.

“Don’t mention it,” Colleen simply replied as she returned her attention to the food on her plate. It only took a few moments for conversation to pick back up, and Chloe barely even paid any attention to the topic of how Colleen made her tart crusts, she was too elated by the fact they’d managed to get a solid lead so early on. She had been expecting a month or two to go by before Colleen even considered doing business with them, and she figured that she must have put on a pretty convincing show earlier. Thank God she’d been to a professional acting school. If Colleen was already looking into letting them in on her business then they would probably be able to wrap up this case in a month’s time, and she desperately wanted to get back to her daughter and her normal life.

It turned out that as soon as everyone finished eating brunch was over, and Chloe was glad to head back to her little private sanctuary, even if she didn’t know what she was going to do with the rest of her day. It didn’t take long for everyone to start congregating in a group to say goodbye, and Chloe quickly lost sight of Lucifer amidst the chaos. She did manage to get Jessica’s phone number though, she had a feeling that contact would be coming in very handy. She said her goodbyes to the women she’d met and thanked Colleen once again for possibly giving them an opportunity they thought they’d never have again before she managed to slip outside. As soon as she looked around the front yard she spotted Lucifer and Blake chatting with each other, and she quickly made her way over to the two men before someone else could drag her away.

“It was so amazing meeting you two! Russell and I are throwing a pool party two weeks from now on the fifteenth, everyone who was at brunch today will be there and if you two can make it then we’d be honored to have you.” Chloe smiled as she overheard the zealous invitation currently being thrown at Lucifer. A pool party, that would be good to dig deeper into the case. She wrapped an arm around her boyfriend’s waist as she nestled herself against his side.

“I think we’re free, aren’t we love?” Lucifer questioned, glancing over at his girlfriend as she smiled
at her boyfriend for a moment before focusing her gaze on Blake.

“We are, and we will be there.” Chloe accepted, immediately earning a wide grin from the blond man standing across from her.

“Perfect! And you better bring your swimsuit mister,” Blake joked as he punched Lucifer in the arm playfully and stepped past him. The couple turned to watch the tall blond make his way across the lawn towards his husband who stood on the curb waiting for him. The two of them said a few indistinct words before making their way down the sidewalk. Chloe heard a soft hum of approval come from the tall man beside her and she quickly glanced up at him to find his eyes trained on their neighbors backsides. In fact, he was so focused on the departing men that he didn’t even notice when she released her grip on his waist and stepped in front of him.

“Do you have a crush on our gay neighbors?” Chloe chuckled, immediately drawing Lucifer’s attention back to reality as he looked down at her. He made a quiet noncommittal noise before shrugging as he turned to face their house.

“I wouldn’t call it a crush,” Lucifer stated as he looked down at Chloe for a long moment as the two of them began walking across the street. “But if we weren’t a thing I would probably be having a threesome with them right now.” He continued, immediately earning a look from his girlfriend that was somehow equal parts scandalized and amused. Lucifer glanced down the street at the two men who were walking away before he playfully asked, “I mean, have you seen Russell’s ass?”.

Chloe stopped as she heard Lucifer’s question, turning slightly so she could watch their departing neighbors. She had to admit that Lucifer was right, Russell did have a great ass, but then again the man had the muscle clad body of a strength trainer, every inch of him was pretty delicious. Chloe let out a soft hum of approval as she nodded, and she heard Lucifer’s salacious little purr of agreement from beside her, the sound made her smile widely. When she’d started dating Lucifer she’d assumed that dating a bisexual man would entail constantly being asked how she felt about indulging in a threesome, but it turned out it basically just meant that they got to check out hot guys together. “He does have an admirable ass,” Chloe admitted a moment later, before looking up at her boyfriend only to find him still staring at their departing neighbors. “You’re lucky he’s gay, otherwise I just might wind up trading you in for a shiner model,” Chloe chuckled as she nudged her boyfriend in the ribs with her elbow. He glanced down at her immediately, and she offered him a simple smile before turning and continuing across the street towards their house.

“Excuse me?” Lucifer questioned loudly as he followed after her, catching up with her quickly with his long strides. “I have an amazing ass!” He defended, and Chloe couldn’t help but chuckle at his indignation. As they continued across the street Lucifer continued to prattle on about how he was the better choice, but Chloe didn’t pay much attention. Instead her thoughts were focused on whether or not following her heart and disregarding the law was the right choice to make. She hoped that it was. It didn’t take long for her thoughts to drift from the slightly disturbing topic to one that was much more preferable. Lucifer told her that he loved her. And even though she wanted to tell herself to keep her hopes low, just in case it was a cheap line that he used to hold up their ploy for their neighbors, she couldn’t help the nagging thought that it was something more; because if there was one thing she knew, it was that Lucifer Morningstar didn’t lie.

Chapter End Notes

Apologises for the crazy delays between chapters, but this one was a little over 33K
words long, so hopefully you can understand the wait :) And good luck to everyone who just started the fall semester or a new year of school!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!