But if we're strong enough to let it in, (We're strong enough to let it go)

by Singasongandneverstop

Summary

He never says her name unless there’s something wrong.

Notes

A little something I needed to get out of my head. Title from Let It All Go by Birdy & Rhodes. I do not apologize whatsoever.

He’s always been so sure of what he’s wanted here on Earth. Complete freedom from his father and his brother’s constant nagging about returning as the eternal ruler of Hell. Yet, there’s something that stands out to him about his time in the mortal world.

Chloe Decker.

Lucifer can’t for the life of him understand what it is about her that makes him, no, them both so vulnerable to each other. He can still remember how afraid he’d been when she’d been poisoned, the very real fear of her dying and leaving him all alone. At first, he’d found the relationship between them intriguing, but now, it terrifies him at how close he’d come to lose her.

My Chloe.

Even though he’d run off and left her in L.A., he’d wanted to kick himself every day. But truth was,
he hadn’t been able to handle that she had been put into his path, his life, by that idiot father of his. Candy had, of course, been a great listener, and had been partially why he’d chosen to come back to L.A. in the first place. She’d managed to talk him into at least trying to reconcile with Chloe once she’d left.

And that’s all I want tonight.

The lights are on in the kitchen, and he can hear her laughing as he steps out of the car. Is this the right time for him to come barging? His hand curls around the car-keys in his palm, but he stops for a moment, and composes himself as he goes in. “Detective.” He sees her with her phone in her hand, now looking back at him as she talks to someone on the other end.

“Yeah, I loved it too, I--” She stops when she sees Lucifer, and turns away for a moment.

“Sweetheart, I’ve got a visitor, so I’ll have to hang u- No, it’s not Lucifer, what makes you think that? Trixie, go to bed.” She sighs as Trixie laughs at the other end of the line, and hears Dan in the background. “Sweetie, I have to go. You sleep tight, yeah? I’ll come and pick you up after school tomorrow. Love you.”

She hangs up, and then turns to Lucifer. “Didn’t expect to see you here.” To be frank, she hadn’t expected him to come in on her turf like this ever again, but he was Lucifer. Thinking he’d do anything but, would be stupid. “You want some whisky or something?” He shakes his head.

“Thought I’d come see you sober. Much more terrifying that way.”

She can’t help but almost smile at that. Emotional connections have always seemed to terrify Lucifer. What they have between them… even more so. She knows she’s a liar if she says it doesn’t terrify her too, especially after what happened with Dan and how he managed to mess up with Malcolm’s case. Still, apart from running off, Lucifer would never have hurt her like that.

I trust him not to.

They have a glass of lemonade each as they exchange small-talk about everything and nothing. Lucifer seems more at ease than she’d expect him to be, and it feels nice. “Chloe.” She looks up a little too fast for her own liking when he says her name. He never says her name unless there’s something wrong.

She doesn’t move when his hand comes to rest on top of hers. It’s a familiar and welcome feeling, and god, she’s missed him more than she’d ever want to admit. “Lucifer?” Her eyes meet his, and the room goes silent. All Chloe can hear now, is the sound of her own heart, which feels as if it’s about to make its way out through her chest cavity.

Lucifer isn’t quite sure it’s a good idea (when is it ever with him?) But he leans in, and kisses her very briefly. He can feel her still, and he pulls back. What the hell is he doing? “Lucifer.” He knows it’s supposed to be a warning, but it’s almost a whimper coming from Chloe. “We shouldn’t be doing this. Not… Not again.”

I won’t fuck it up this time.

He cups her cheek so that she is looking at him, and his voice is even (heaven forbid), quivering even slightly as he says her name again. “C-Chloe…” Their eyes meet, and he doesn’t want to let go of that moment, ever. “Please, don’t push me away this time. I know I screwed up, but I don’t want to lose you. Not again.” There is an involuntary pleading note in his voice, and he doesn’t want, he can’t bear the thought of having to go now.

She makes me vulnerable.

This time, he kisses her, but it’s not a quick kiss. It’s slow, full of feelings and apologies. Everything
he’s wanted to say to her since he came back, and couldn’t. Finally, she kisses him back, and oh god, he’s missed her. It’s not a quick affair, they take their time with each other as they exchange kisses. Then Chloe stops him.

His hand comes to rest on his chest, if only to keep him at bay for a very small moment. He looks so vulnerable, she notices. “Promise me one thing.” Her voice isn’t as strong as she wants it to be. “Just one thing.” And he nods. Right then and there, Chloe would’ve done anything for him.

I think I love him.

“If this is a one-time thing only, then you can get the hell out of here.” She says, a little more determination filling her. “I don’t want it if this is all that will happen.” Her words hit home, and it strangely enough fills her with a kind of satisfaction. But then he kisses her again, and all she wants is to never ever let him go.

But he’s the Devil.

Or is he? She can’t for the life of her imagine how this gentle giant is the personification of the Devil. He’s been nothing but a major help ever since they met, and Chloe knows that the department wouldn’t be where it is today without him. She breaks the kiss when they need air, and when she looks up at him, she knows the answer to her first question.

“Chloe…” He can’t get enough of how her name simply rolls off his tongue. “This is so much more than just a one-time thing.” He sees how her features soften, and he kisses her forehead, her cheeks, and finally her lips. It’s not something he’d usually do with his nightly conquests, but then and there, he can’t imagine being with anyone but her.

I love her.

The force of the realisation hits him, and it takes his breath away for a moment. He loves her. A human. He knows that such stories never ends well, but he can’t bear the thought of a world without her in it. They share another kiss and he doesn’t protest when Chloe takes his hand, leading him to her room. Once they’re alone, he closes the door. She’s covered in yellow light from the lamp on the nightstand, and he wants nothing more than to give her every part of himself.

She truly is a miracle.

Their touches are gentle, almost a little fumbling as they undress each other. There’s no exchange of words, just touches and kisses, fingertips and lips mapping skin and leaving marks as they discover the other. Lucifer takes his time with her, wanting her to know how much she means to him without saying anything.

Chloe is at a loss for words as to what’s happening right now. She can’t believe she’s actually in bed with Lucifer, and she remembers all too clearly what she said to him only a short while after they met.

“I will never, ever, ever sleep with you.”

Yet, here they are, and she can’t get enough of him. Now they’re both naked, and she drinks in the sight of him. He’s a beautiful man, and she understands why there are so many people that wants to sleep with him. Yet, he is in bed with her, currently showering her with kisses as his fingers map every inch of skin, every scar, every crevice of her body.

I want you.

They kiss, and it’s sloppy. Full of tongue and teeth, and Chloe moans loudly. Her hands are moving
over his chest, taking in the lean muscle under her fingertips as they grind against each other. “L-Lucifer…”

The sound of Chloe calling his name is almost enough to undo him completely. But it also awakens something in him, and he holds her still, for a brief moment. “Say my name,” he whispers. “I need you to say my name.”

My love.

She is a vision where she sits on top of him. Hair loose over her shoulders, skin flushed and lips parted. “Lucifer… Lucifer Morningstar.” It’s not a whimper escaping his lips, he swears. But her saying his name is enough to break that last resolve he’s kept up, that would refuse to come down.

I’m yours.

They both moan loudly as she lowers herself onto him, letting him enter her body. She’s slick and warm, and oh, so good. His hands come to rest on her hips as she adjusts herself. “I’m yours,” he says, and Chloe smiles as she begins to roll her hips in rhythm with his thrusts. Soon, the only sounds echoing in the room is their moans, and flesh slapping against flesh as they move together.

Lucifer’s hands are roaming her body as she rides him, and she throws all caution to the wind. She’s too blissed out right now to even remotely care, and it feels so good. “L-Lucifer…” She gasps as he thrusts against her sweet spot, and she almost sees stars as he takes her breast into his mouth. A whimper escapes her mouth as he lets go with a ‘pop’, but her attention is soon turned elsewhere as he starts rubbing her clit.

OH FUCK YES.

His fingers are skilled, and soon the only words coming from Chloe’s mouth is his name, repeated over and over. He repeats her name over and over again as they move together, and can’t-no, won’t stop kissing each other. Chloe almost whimper against his lips, and she is so close, so damn close.

LUCIFER!

She gasps as her body relents and she comes, moaning his name over and over. Maybe it’s been too long since the last time, but she’s seeing stars. “Lucifer…” She kisses him, and then he starts moving faster, and oh fuck, she’s going to come for a second time. Lucifer is holding her close, and she moans as he deepens the kiss.

I love him.

They’re sweaty, tangled messes as they come together, holding onto the other as if it depends on their very life. She can’t stop kissing him, and honestly? She’s too blissed out to care about anything else in that very moment. This is all that matters.

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