Reaching For Stars

by little_bean

Summary

Some time after season 3, episode 14. Lucifer and Chloe work on a case that widens both of their worlds... for the better, but mostly for the worse.
It's been a while, but I'm back--and with a fic that's supposed to be a long one, as well as a doozy. This was inspired by songs that felt deckerstar-y to me (you will see some standouts incorporated, if they fit the scene). I hope it lives up to what I'm imagining in my head :)

Sequined blues. Blinding pinks. Tight blacks. The line of women is endless, the colors melding together as if someone who was colorblind tried to organize a rainbow. Their dresses all give Chloe a bad taste in her mouth, reminding her of the days spent on the red carpet with her mother.

Just stay near me, Chloe, Penelope would say, before shoving her to the side so the photographer wouldn’t catch her New Kids On The Block t-shirt. Of course, her dad was off protecting Los Angeles, and couldn’t protect his daughter from the onslaught of cameras and reporters. She had not blamed him; she had wished to be with him instead. She would have loved to see her father hold a gun. Watching her mom suck up to different producers, she could pass on. But one was obviously much safer for their little monkey, and she winded up spending most of her time chasing her mother at different events. But which one would have been better for her mental health? Definitely not the place she ended up hanging out. Definitely not the environment she grew up in.

The line wraps around the outer walls of Lux’s gray building. The women chatter excitedly, and Chloe catches snippets of their conversations. I heard they have the best bartender. Mr. Morningstar’s voice is to die for. I wonder what their drink of the night will be? How can it only be Thursday, and people are already thinking of alcohol? Chloe thinks she will never understand how Lucifer conducts his business at Lux, or how he makes it so successful. If anything, she admires him for it. But she will never admit that to his face.

The sidewalk is narrow next to the rope that encloses the waiting line, and Chloe tries to remain nondescript as she passes the dozens of women. But as she gets closer to Lux’s front doors, it gets harder and harder to ignore the judging looks, the eyes that scan her blazer, jeans, and combat boots as if she does not belong here. She just grips tighter her manilla case file tighter, and keeps her head down.

At the end of the line, there is a woman snazzed up in a green patterned jumpsuit yelling angrily at the bouncer. Her black hair shimmers in the setting sun as her head shakes angrily with her words. “I’ve been here for hours! Let me in!”

The bouncer simply raises a hand, and says in her most calming voice, “I’m sorry, ma’am, but Lux does not open until seven o’ six sharp. You have another forty minutes to wait.”

“Ugh!” The woman throws her hands up in the air, turning to look dark-skinned woman behind her. “Can you believe this?”

The second woman simply stares back. In a second, Chloe has her pinned down. The annoyed twenty-something year old is trying to connect in vain with the meticulously put-together woman. Chloe can tell she is no-nonsense: brown hair grabbed tight in a bun, a perfectly tailored black
cocktail dress. She wears bug-eyed sunglasses, even as the evening cools.

“I can believe this,” the calm woman responds to the whiner, a slight Spanish accent caressing Chloe’s ears. “I’ve been here for almost three hours, I can conceive how long you must have been here to get the first spot in line.”

Chloe shakes her head. She cannot imagine having that much time to spare just to buy an expensive drink. But she supposes that’s not the only appeal: Lucifer is definitely the main attraction, and Chloe doesn’t blame the women (and men) that clamor just to get a speck of his attention.

Of course, she doesn’t have to fight for Lucifer. He readily works with her, cooks for her, even watches Disney movies with her, typically at Trixie’s insistence.

Chloe walks up to the tall bouncer. A muscular woman, Chloe feels scrutinized as she gets a once-over, the bouncer lowering her sunglasses to look down. She has at least five inches on Chloe, who tries to stand straighter.

Recognition flashes in the bouncer’s eyes, and she finally nods. “You can go in, Ms. Decker.” Stepping to the side, the bouncer gives Chloe enough room to slip in through the door.

“What?!” Chloe hears the green dress woman squeal, and Chloe fights the urge to look back and pacify her. As the bouncer is subjected to more yelling by the millennial, Chloe feels the presence of eyes searing into the back of her head, following her ponytail until she slides into the main entrance of Lux.

Chloe immediately sighs a breath of relief once she’s inside. The large foyer gives her a sense of peace, the pristine white marble of the surroundings giving off a feeling of tranquility. Although the building is shared with multiple business people, Chloe knows without a doubt Lucifer designed the entryway. It has his touch everywhere; a grand chandelier in front of a elegant spiral staircase leading to the first level, a swirl painting of beautiful chaos, and a series of seven stone statues hugging the right wall. Chloe’s favorite, entitled Envy, depicts an animal-like human crawling on the ground. Claws out, the person reaches toward a woman who sniffs a flower with the most loving look on her face. The rest show six other unique interpretations of the seven deadly sins. But something about Envy speaks to Chloe: seeing something else be loved so deeply by the one you desire makes her twinge in empathy.

Chloe reels herself back in. Over the last month, she has been finding herself thinking like this over and over. As if there’s someone out there she longs for, who will never fully see her. But that’s ridiculous. Hugging her folder close to her chest, Chloe strides to the opposite wall, pushing the call button for the elevator aggressively. Within a second, it dings, and she’s being lifted to the top level of the building, where Lucifer resides in his penthouse.

The doors widen, and Chloe stays silent. After draping his leather jacket over the bar, Lucifer deposited himself by his favorite piece of furniture. Eyes closed, he sits at the piano. His deep purple button down shirt twists as he angles his chest towards the lower area of the keys. A dark, brooding tune emanates from his fingers, and the words he sings send shivers down Chloe’s spine.

“Honey, you’re familiar, like my mirror years ago.” She takes slow steps, admiring his voice.

“Idealism sits in prison, chivalry fell on its sword… Innocence died screaming, honey ask me, I should now. I slithered here from Eden, just to sit outside your door.”

He moves off into the bridge, softly pounding the keys repeatedly, setting a slow rhythm that washes over Chloe. She can’t tell if this song is supposed to exude happiness or sorrow for Lucifer. His
songs choices, she can only assume, take on some sort of deeper meaning for him. Someday she hopes to understand him well enough to comprehend the meaning as well. But as of now, she still feels a mental block when thinking about him, despite the closeness they have developed over the past month or so. Hands behind her back, Chloe leans to the side, popping her head around Lucifer’s shoulder.

“Admitting to being a snake?” She asks, resorting to a tasteless joke in her bewilderment of the man.

The music stops immediately, and Chloe curses herself silently for being the cause. But the smile that appears on Lucifer’s face at seeing her sends rockets in her stomach, and she forgives herself.

“Detective! What a pleasure. And to answer your question, of course not. Who says slithering is exclusive to one animal?”

Chloe cocks an eyebrow. “Well, name another one that slithers.”

Lucifer leans back against the air, hands behind behind his head. “Caecilians, for one. But I was referring to species specifically. The snake as you know it did not exist back then. Evolution isn’t just a theory, dear.” He turns back to his piano, his gaze going out of focus.

“Really? This, coming from a man that I am pretty sure has no doubt about god’s existence?” Chloe takes the opportunity of Lucifer playing with the lower keys to slide on his right. “Are you allowed to say stuff like that?”

Scoffing, Lucifer brushes his fingers over the black keys. “Oh, I have no doubt about Him existing. And who is going to stop me from saying what I desire? I think I might be the most qualified being to make such statements. Besides, who are humans to say how long a day really was in the bible? Did they even translate it properly in the beginning? A day back then was an amount of time that in inconceivable for you all. Of course evolution would have take place. It matches the outline in the Bible as well. Really, I don’t understand why there is even a debate nowadays between—”

Chloe raises a hand, stopping Lucifer. Man, the guy could take a tangent and run with is for all it was worth. “Okay, okay, I get it! I accept that evolution happened. I was always a firm believer of that anyways.”

Turning slyly, Lucifer edges his face closer to her shoulder. He raises a single eyebrow, biting his lip suggestively. “Well, that was easy. If there’s anything else you need convincing of, just say the word Detective…”

Chloe jumps up from the bench, pulse racing. “I said I was a firm believer before!” she squeaks. Lucifer’s other eyebrow joins its companion at her octave. Why was he affecting her like this? Months ago, she would have just chastised him. “We don’t have time for that, anyways,” she covers her trepidation. But what does that even mean? She thinks. What does that imply? She decides to leave the thought alone. “We got a body, and I need my partner.”

That always does it. If she whispered that word, partner, she thinks Lucifer would just appear by her side in an instant.

He visibly brightens up, the Hozier song long he was playing forgotten.

“Say no more, Detective. Let’s go catch a kill-ah!” He runs to grab his leather jacket, swinging it around his body.

Chloe sighs. “I really wish you didn’t always sound so excited about murder.”
“Nonsense, Detective,” Lucifer respondes. “You love it.”

In her Ford, Lucifer hums the tune from his piano, tapping slender fingers on his slacks. Chloe lets the sound wash over her, the absence of his voice still more beautiful than the presence of any other person’s. Somehow her right turn blinker stays exactly on beat with Lucifer as she turns her wheel, approaching Westwood. With Lucifer preoccupied, Chloe takes the opportunity to wonder about the man.

He claims to have had an awful relationship with his father. From what she’s heard, and seen of Charlotte Richards (despite her weirdness lately), she assumes his real mother was not too great either. But Lucifer’s mastery of music, from piano to voice to drums (he tried to teach Trixie one day), plus she assumes many other instruments, Lucifer must have obeyed them before. Chloe has not heard of anyone having been that gifted to work on a talent that hard without parental intervention. Even if Lucifer had started taking music lessons ten years ago, his vast repertoire would still be reduced. And he seems to know every song in the world.

And she can’t forget the fact that he claims to know literally every language. Dan slipped that Lucifer spoke in Mandarin once in front of him, but he wouldn’t elaborate further when she prodded. Lucifer always translated Latin, and she’d overheard him talking quietly to Ella in Spanish. That extensive knowledge came from parents forcing lessons, parents praising their son, rewarding him for his hard work.

So is Lucifer lying? About everything? About his family? Would an awful parent have a child that was so accomplished in skills that require a strong foundation from a young age? Certainly they must have raised him well, gave him all sorts of resources. But of course, his hatred could have formed much later. Of course, there could be a perfectly reasonable explanation. Or maybe, his explanation, the one he has not mentioned in a while is—

“Detective! Watch out!”

In a flash, Chloe’s attention is ripped out of her mind, and she swerves her car back into the correct lane. The tires rumble as the double yellow lines scratch the rubber, and a car blasts by her left. Still correcting the wheel, the car teeters back and forth, a Toyota behind her honking in annoyance.

She breathes in deeply, heart pounding in her ears.

That had been close.

“Are you feeling okay, Detective?”

Chloe feels a soft pressure on her shoulder. Lucifer is touching her, reaching out to her, comforting her. She glances at him, and his eyes soften when he looks at her, like he sees something worrying.

When he has that gaze, how can she believe anything he says? How could he be the Devil?

Making sure not to lose control of the vehicle again, Chloe returns to watching the road.

“Yes, sorry. Won’t happen again.”

There’s a stretch of silence, and then a release of pressure on her shoulder. She finally releases her breath.

“Fine. Would you…” Lucifer seems to contemplate his next course of action. “Would you like to talk about it?”
Chloe holds in a burst of laughter. Lucifer, talking about his feelings? She knew Linda was making progress with him, but she really had to shoot her a text about the great strides she was reaching with her complex patient.

“No. No, actually, I’d like to be quiet for a bit, if that’s alright.”

She can feel him stare at her, confused. Perhaps angry at her brushing him away so easily. But then an aura of resignation falls over him. “We were already quite quiet, but if that is what you desire, so be it.”

And they fall back into their old routine. Lucifer, holding in his thoughts, closing up. Chloe back to wondering about their relationship. About who Lucifer is. What he is. And how dangerous all of her thoughts have been as of late.

Luckily, they reach the crime scene in a matter of a few more minutes: the Los Angeles Country Club, barely two miles from the UCLA campus. Chloe flashes her badge at the gate security, not even waiting for them to wave her in. She drives past old men riding their golf carts, and fashionable ladies sipping dainty glasses of red wine until she arrives at the restricted area of the club. Where many police cars block off the view of bystanders, trying to gain insight into what is happening.

Chloe kills the car, feeling it sputter angrily at her when she walks around it to reach the yellow tape. Lucifer, ever the gentleman, raises the police line to make her duck easier. She nods in nonverbal thanks, proceeding to the body. Dan waits for them next to the body bag as Ella snaps photos of a nearby tree.

Flipping open her notepad, Chloe kicks Ella in the calf. “What’d we got, chief?”

Ella side-eyes Chloe. Slowly lowering her camera, she says, “Well, we got a middle aged caucasian female, death by blunt force trauma to the head. Seems to have taken place about an three hours ago.” She points to her tree. “There are blood splatters across this trunk, suggesting the attack came from someone of significant strength.”

“Why would you assume that, Miss Lopez?” Lucifer asks, sniffing a branch. A leaf stretches to reach his nose, and he sneezes.

“Since she was found four feet away, where Dan is. Plus she hasn’t been moved at all. Go take a look.”

Sidestepping Lucifer, who turns to answer his buzzing phone, Chloe finds Dan. He scans the police brigade, a scowl on his face.

“This is her, then?” She points to the body bag.

“Yeah. Eleanor Bellmount, 57. Ex-saleswoman, retired at 27 after she met her husband, Phillip Bellmount, whom she was golfing with. Well, she was watching him play golf. I’ve talked to him, and while he was watching one of his drives, she just collapsed beside him. Dead before the paramedics could arrive, but the circumstances seemed suspicious so they left her alone. She has no known enemies, no criminal record, and no known incidents before this.” He continues to scan the citizens trying to peer over the policemen blocking their view.

Chloe juts her chin out that direction. “I have a feeling you think our perp is out there.”

Nodding, Dan crosses his arms. “Yeah. I don’t think this was on purpose. From what I’ve gathered, Eleanor was well-respected, and well-loved by her family.”
“Alright. I trust your gut feeling, Dan,” Chloe nudges her arm. “Take some photos of those present right now at the scene. But let’s find some evidence to back up that idea.”

“Detective!” Chloe and Dan snap their necks to locate Lucifer far away on the green, hands tucking his phone into his pocket. He turns his head at the duo, a bright smile on his face. As if he wouldn’t rather be anywhere else, as if he was thoroughly enjoying working on this case with them. “I believe I found some evidence worth your while.”

Chloe makes her way over quickly, ponytail bouncing with her jog. Lucifer points with his black shoes at a golf ball, crusted with blood. She crouches down, Lucifer following suit. The golf ball could certainly be the murder weapon, and then… the puzzle would start making more sense. But she needed to be sure.

“Ella!” Chloe calls out, still looking at the golf ball. “How large was the impact on the our vic’s head?”

After a moment, “1.7 inches!” The scientist yells back.

“Okay.” Chloe pats her pockets, checks her jeans. Damn. Did she really not bring it?

A ruler materializes in front of her vision. It’s very small, especially in Lucifer’s hands, but that’s definitely her ruler.

“Looking for this?” Lucifer inquires, holding it out for her. When she gives him a questioning look, he shrugs with one shoulder. “You left it in the car. Figured you might need it.”

Carefully, Chloe plucks it from his hand. “Thanks.” His anticipation of her needs strikes her in an odd way. Usually, she has to ask directly for his help, instructing him on correct protocol. But instances like this have been happening more and more. And it shakes her to her core.

She measures the golf ball, and sure enough, it matches the dimensions. The story clicks in Chloe’s head. She stands up, and Lucifer follows her ascent. He must recognize the look on her face, because he asks, “Well, what are you thinking, Detective?”

She’s more than willing to share her thoughts with him. Bounce the idea off of her partner. “This is primetime to golf. This couple,” she consults her notes, “were members for years at the club, and regularly played at this time. Most people would know their routine. Sure, she had no known enemies, but in a society like this, it’s hard to make a claim like that. So let’s say she has at least one, someone who is also a member of the club.” Chloe points at the golf ball on the ground. “And if this is the murder weapon, we are looking for a skilled golfer. Someone with extreme precision, who could have hit this ball from a good vantage point, to see her husband turn the other way before the ball was launched.”

“Like over there?” Lucifer raises a hand to point at another green, far away, but close enough to make a pass at poor Eleanor. With a higher elevation, and a clear sight on the green they are standing on, it was the perfect place for attack.

“Yes, like over there.”

“Shall we head over, then?” Lucifer begins walking.

Chloe grabs his arm, and Lucifer stops immediately. “No. Standing over there will tell us nothing. We need to figure out who was putting up there.”

Lucifer’s eyebrows pinch in. “Well, can’t Miss Lopez just dust the ball for fingerprints?”
Chloe shakes her head. “No, it’s common for players to wear gloves while golfing. And the perp would be smart enough to have thought of that. But maybe…”

“Yes?” Lucifer prompts her.

“Maybe the club keeps records of who plays where, at which times. C’mon, we have to go check out the front desk.”

They take a golf cart to the front office. After their interrogation there, Lucifer praises Chloe in her astute skills. Right on the money, a man named Kurt Gunter was scheduled to play on the course with a perfect view of the Bellmounts. They have the woman helping them pull up his whole file, and while she goes to retrieve the documents, Lucifer’s phone rings.

“Is everything alright at Lux?” Chloe asks. “You seem to be getting lots of calls.”

Frowning, Lucifer’s face is illuminated in a dark light as he checks the Caller ID. He quiets the phone, slipping it away. “Nothing to be worried about. Someone just seems to insisting on seeing me.”

“Oh?” Chloe casually leans on the counter. Or at least tries to. Her shirt slips on the smooth marble, and she flails a bit until she regains her balance. Clearing her throat, she says, “Does this someone have a name? Brittany, perhaps?”

“Deary me, no,” Lucifer reassures her. “I haven’t met up with the Brittany’s in well over five months. Haven’t felt the need to. Or rather, I haven’t wanted to.” He fixes her with such a meaningful look, Chloe gets captured by his dark eyes. But then he blinks, and a flash of annoyance flutters across his eyes. “She won’t give her name. And I refuse to leave you for someone I know nothing about. So I told my staff to send her away, despite her tenacity. Said to let her know I was busy at work.”

Chloe has to hold in her smile as the desk woman returns with the file. “Here you go, ma’am.”

“Thank you,” Chloe tells her genuinely. As she and Lucifer make their way back to the golf cart, Chloe flips through the folder. Kurt seems like a good candidate. 64, a member since he was 38. A common face around the course, he’d won several competitions and awards for his affinity for golfing. The file even included a small wallet-sized photo of Kurt. He had small blue eyes, a potato nose, and a round cleft chin surrounded by puffy cheeks.

Chloe discusses the details of the file with Lucifer as he drives them back to the main scene. When they are pulling back up to the other cops, Chloe spots Dan running towards them, phone in hand.

“Chloe! Call from the Lieutenant.” He passes off the phone to her as she exits the cart.

“Yes?” Chloe listens to her instructions.

"Decker," Pierce greets her, voice monotone. "You're being dropped from this case. I'm sending you an address, report there instead." Keeping a poker voice, she agrees to the assignment. Once she shuts the phone off, she sighs in exasperation. “Let’s get going, Lucifer. Seems like we are getting a new case.” Of course, now this solve won’t count, if her lead is correct. Why Pierce insists on screwing with her, even if she is ‘his best detective,’ she will never know.

“A new one?” Lucifer tosses the keys in the air. “But we haven’t even solved this case.”

“Yeah,” Dan interjects. “That doesn’t seem right. What is Peirce thinking?”
Sighing again, Chloe hands both the phone and the file to Dan. “It doesn’t need to seem right, that’s just what’s happening now. Cross reference Kurt’s photo with the photo of those at the crime scene earlier that you took. If you see him, I think we have grounds for an arrest. Keep me updated, but I have to go crash a nightclub.”

“Ooh, a nightclub!” Lucifer claps his hands. “Count me in.” He rushes over to Chloe’s Ford.

“Really, why would the Lieutenant toss you around like this?”

Chloe steps close to Dan, folding her lips in. Should she relay this information?

“He’s tossing me around, because the nightclub asked for me. And Lucifer.” Shifting her weight, Chloe meets Dan’s eyes. “By name.”

Of course, Lucifer is simply ecstatic about the details of the case. Being mysteriously sent to an affluent club? Certainly his cup of tea.

Speeding on the freeway, sirens wailing, Chloe weaves through almost non-existent traffic on the 405 freeway. This late, most cars reach high 80s themselves, and Chloe could not care less about that violation. She just wonders why exactly these people would request for Detective Decker and her sporadic partner for a tricky murder. Sure, they have a great solve rate, admittedly for difficult cases. But Chloe can’t recall anyone else asking for them specifically. And it puts her on edge.

In downtown LA, not too far from Lux, Chloe pulls into the parking lot a block away from the nightclub. As Thursday night progressed, more and more out-goers have come out of hiding: there is a higher saturation of glitter and tassels on dresses, and more men in lazy button downs and dark jeans they regard as party clothes. Lucifer compliments almost everyone on their attire on their way to the nightclub, adding personalized flattery for each individual. Everybody walks away with a smile on their face, including Lucifer.

The nightclub is located at the bottom of a stairwell underneath an office building about fifteen stories high. It seems out of place, the blue paint job new contrasting against the peeling beige of the rest of the structure’s outer walls.

“Have you heard of this club before?” Chloe asks Lucifer, examining the outside. There’s a little cactus next to the double doors which are blocked by a large male bouncer, who just seems to wave in anyone to wants to walk in.

There’s a deep crease on Lucifer’s brow. He eyes every person who enters the club. It’s not his predatory glance: he appears to be examining their dress, their walk, and their mannerisms. It takes him a moment to respond to Chloe. “No. I haven’t. What did you say the name of this club was again?”

“Ezra’s,” Chloe reads off her notebook. “Seems to be well-patronized despite our lack of awareness,” she observes, watching a horde of seven women obviously celebrating a bachelorette party enter the club.

“Ezra…” Lucifer repeats, rubbing his chin. Without a word, he walks inside as well, not waiting for Chloe. She yelps in displeasure, following him inside.

“I found a love for me, darling just dive right in, follow my lead!”

Chloe is hit by speakers blasting a singer’s soft, powerful voice. A huddle of people dance on the
center floor, yelling in appreciation of the performer who revels in the attention. At least, until he realizes who just entered the building. He looks up, as if sensing their presence, and stares directly at Chloe. A smile creeps onto his beautiful face, sending shivers down Chloe’s spine.

“Fighting against all odds, I know we’ll be alright this time. Darling, just hold my hand…”

Where did Lucifer go? Chloe lets the music slide past her mind, searching for her partner. After taking a step, she runs into a brick wall.

“Oof!” She holds up her hand, which meets a soft leather. “Sorry,” Chloe starts to apologize, until she looks up to see the back of Lucifer’s head. He stands still, not reacting to her impact on his back. “Lucifer, are you okay?” She walks around him when he doesn’t respond, and follows his line of vision. But they lead nowhere. Glazed over, they are out of focus as he takes in the rest of the stimulus around. Chloe shakes his arm.

“Lucifer, what’s going on with you?”

That forces him out of his short coma. He twitches his arm, finally looking down at Chloe. “Oh, sorry, Detective. I just thought… Thought I felt…” but he never finishes his sentence, as a man walks up to them, arms outstretched.

“Detective Decker! Mr. Morningstar! You must be here for the murder.” The man is dressed in what Chloe might have called odd a decade ago. A deep purple floor length dress—perhaps a toga of some sort?—drapes around the man elegantly, reflecting light off of the disco ball spinning from the ceiling. Dark blue shoes peak out from under the fabric, pointy at the toes. But this is the 21st century now, and anything goes, Chloe figures. He also carries himself elegantly, as if he has experience dancing. His skin tone shines against the dark colors of his attire, being almost as pale as Lucifer. He also has the same dark, curly hair as Lucifer: but he lets it flow around his head, almost sticking up about an inch. His voice, while clearly an American accent, has a harsh tint to it.

“Yes, you called for police intervention directly. Although I can see it has not affected your business.” Lucifer stares at him.

The man laughs, wide and loud. “Well, we don’t like to stay down for too long! Please, come this way. We found the body further downstairs, and haven’t moved it at all.” He turns, and people part for him as he retreats towards the back corner of the large room, near the bar.

Not really all that broken up about a murder, Chloe notes. Odd.

Chloe starts to follow, but Lucifer is frozen again, hands splayed at his side, straining at some sort of invisible force as he watches the weird man walk away from them.

Chloe steps in front of him, placing her hands on his elbows. She rubs him, hoping the massage will decrease the tension in his muscles. But they are stiff against her fingers, rejecting the comfort she offers.

“Lucifer, something isn’t right. Why won’t you just tell me? You were so excited about this case before.”

“I… I don’t know why…” Lucifer sounds like he has marbles in his mouth, the syllables not sounding normal. He shakes his head. “Apologies.” There is is again: sorry. “I’m getting unnecessarily distracted. I can’t get this weird feeling out of my head.”

Chloe’s shoulders slump. “That’s not unnecessary - that’s your body talking to you. If you need to go home, Lucifer you should.”
Immediately Lucifer straightens, moving his arms to fix his collar. It forces Chloe to remove herself from him, and she takes a couple steps away from his tall frame. “No. I can’t leave. I won’t… besides, I’ve never had to before. Why now?” And he stalks away, following the man.

Why now? The way he said it, Chloe thinks he wasn’t really asking her.

Whatever. It’s just Lucifer being Lucifer. He jilted her offer of aid, and Chloe’s resolve to focus on the case, not on the weirdness of her partner, hardens. She runs after him, struggling against his long strides. The singer continues staring at the pair of investigators.

“I have faith in what I see: now I know that I have met an angel in person. And she looks perfect.”

The music dissipates as they descend the stairs, and ends all together when the door slams shut behind them.

Chapter End Notes

A bit of a slow start, but it will pick up. I have everything outlined (a first for me haha), but please be patient with updates! It seems midterm season is never going to end this semester.

Not sure exactly *how* long this will be, but I'm estimating it for now. Chapter count might change.
Chapter Summary

At the nightclub, Chloe and Lucifer find themselves being thrown into an unusual predicament.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the wonderful support from the first chapter. I hope you enjoy this one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Following Lucifer down the stairs, Chloe notes that the stairwell is the exact opposite of the club’s main floor. Gone are the twinkling lights, the flashing colors, the pounding music. The stench of sweat mixed with various colognes and perfumes are blocked from the lower level. The walls are pure white, as if no human ever went down this way.

At the bottom of the steps, the halls open wide to a single room, about forty feet on either side. Pristine white, a single light source on the ceiling bounces around the room, blinding Chloe in way that makes her squint slightly, even though that doesn’t help. Connecting to the room are two bland wooden doors, marked CLOSET and NEST in black ink.

Lucifer sidesteps, and Chloe sees it in the center of the room. The body.

Splayed on the gray tile, the body is mangled and disgusting. One of the worst sights Chloe has seen. The arms are bent in terrible angels, the shoulder protruding from the socket. One femur has clearly been snapped, a knee is bent the opposite direction.

The face is partially torn as well: the one black eye, a smashed in cheek bone, a bleeding ear. Even so, the person was clearly a beauty, with a soft androgynous look. Draped in loose white pants (covered in dried blood), and with a loose wrap over the chest, Chloe cannot discern the gender of the body.

The owner watches her carefully as Chloe crouches next to the body. The side of the torso has been ripped open, and she can see parts of the ribcage. She examines the fingernails, discovering that they are clean, no skin, dirt, or blood under them.

What the hell happened here?

Chloe looks up to the man. “Where is the forensics team? Why isn’t anyone else here?”

He rustles his purple dress, holding in a scoff. “We called you.”

Standing, Chloe approaches him. “Yes, I understand. But there should have been others here already. Doing tests, already thinking of leads. I’m typically not the first one at the scene when a murder is reported.”
The man’s head goes back a bit, as if she said something wrong. “We didn’t report a murder. We called you.”

Chloe blinks once. Twice. Did she hear that correctly? She might be incredulous at times, but mistrusting her ears has never occurred to her before.

She holds up her finger. “I’m sorry, you didn’t mention this body at all over the phone?”

The man’s lips form a scrunched shape. “No. Did your Lieutenant mention a body to you?” He leans forward, eyes wide.

Chloe opens her mouth, then closes it immediately. Did Pierce?... she tries to remember his words. Robotic as always, he had said *I’m sending you an address, report there instead,* and read out the number. Nothing about a murder. Chloe had just assumed...

“No, he didn’t,” Chloe tells the owner, eyes narrowing. “What did you say your name was again?”

“I didn’t. But it’s...Han.”

“Okay, well, Han, I don’t understand why you believed it was okay to not mention this over the phone. But I’m calling it in.”

“Please, do.”

After only a half an hour later due to traffic winding down, the whole team arrives.

A stampede of men and women in blue come down the stairs, probably disrupting the dancing on the upper floor. Everyone has the same reaction to the body: Holy shit. But after the initial shock, they call get to work. Yellow tape blocks of the hallway, wrapping around the white room. Han watches everything from a bland corner of the room, only his eyes moving. They frequently return to Lucifer.

Lucifer!

He hasn’t said anything since the moment they entered this odd room, nor did he say hello to any of the policeman. He stands opposite side of the room from Han, near the closet door, minimizing himself just as much as Han. Hands in his jacket pocket, mouth firm, eyes slitted, his posture slightly curled in. A vein pops on his forehead, and Chloe can see his jaw clench over and over again.

She makes her way over to him. “Please don’t lie to me. You’re not feeling well. I think you should leave.”

Lucifer shuts his eyes, groaning. “No.”

“No, you are feeling well? Or no, you won’t leave?”

It takes effort for Lucifer to turn his neck to Chloe. “No, I shan’t lie to you. I am feeling… pained. But it’s not internal… It’s more than internal. I don’t know how to describe it.”

“Well, if it’s not external, which I can see it’s not, and not internal, what’s wrong?” Chloe’s trying. She really is. But he’s offering her nothing. After their large personal advances, this fallback makes Chloe clam up, become fallow. Just like Lucifer.

Returning to his full height, Lucifer bites his lip. It would have distracted Chloe, if she wasn’t so irritated. “I feel anemic within my soul. Like I am being drained.”

“Oh.” She doesn’t know what else to say. That’s not an illness. Or an illness she’s familiar with.
What else can she do for him? He gave her his explanation; she needs to repay in kind. But with what?

She places a hand on his upper chest. She feels Lucifer stiffen under her touch, but relax a moment later.

“Breath,” she whispers. She presses a little harder on his heart. “In and out.”

Staring down at Chloe, Lucifer’s chest rises and falls with her voice, matching rhythm and tone. She makes him repeat the process three times.

She steps away.

“Did that help at all?” She asks, looking to the wall behind Lucifer’s arm. Disquietude rises along with her heart rate, caused by the anxiety that she overstepped Lucifer’s boundaries. His eyes stay fixed on hers, more translucent then she’s seen for weeks. The browns flicker, like sparks of light are being ignited and snuffed out simultaneously.

“I believe so,” Lucifer says, putting a hand where Chloe’s just was. His fingers bend, grasping for the lingering warmth.

They stare at each other, both wondering what just transpired. What sort of vulnerability was just crushed in each of them by that moment.

“Detective Decker?”

Some lower policewoman approaches Chloe and Lucifer, each taking a large step backwards. For Lucifer, that means walking into the wall.

“Yes, Officer Ruiz?” Chloe reads the name tag.

The officer hefts her belt, shifting her attention from Chloe back to the body where several men and women talk about the diseased. “The forensic team would like to speak with you, as well as some of our officers who conducted some interrogations of workers.”

“Great.” Chloe follows Ruiz to the body, who scampers away quickly after tapping the scientist who lifts a discolored finger with a pen. Lucifer doesn’t stray too far from Chloe, only inches from her shoulder.

“Pretty mobile, suggesting death was recent,” he mutters to himself, taking a note with the same pen.

Chloe kneels on the other side of the body, which is unfortunately the side of the scrunched face.

“Any ideas on the cause of death?”

The scientist, a small man in his high twenties, whistles a sad tone. “That’s the problem. I have too many. From all of the injuries, there were a number of incidents that could have killed this poor sap. And to further the issue, the different tests we use to determine time of death are all coming up with different answers. From the temperature, death should have occurred at least a day ago. But the color of the corpse is not severely different from someone who is alive, which implies the death was only a few hours ago. I’m at a lost, Detective.” He drops his pen to the ground, plopping to sit on his rear. “Basically, I’m telling you the science is screwing with me. That’s never happened before.”

The man wraps his arms around his torso, torn apart by his life’s work coming up short. “Have you called Ella?” Chloe suggests, knowing she probably just finished up with the country club case. “She might be able to offer some advice.”
“I already did!” he exclaims. “She’s just as confused as I am.”

Knees creaking, Chloe rises. Lucifer, still more relaxed than before, looks uncomfortable with what the scientist just told them. Chloe shrugs. “We’ll just have to solve this case the old fashioned way, simple investigation. No science to back us up.”

“Right,” Lucifer says, voice dubious. “I guess we should talk to the other officers?” He walks to the huddle of three officers, all exchanging notepads and marking the margins of papers.

The reports are all convoluted.

After the police shut down the party upstairs, they split the people into three groups, and interrogated everyone separately. They quizzed about the gender (it was discovered the body was male biologically), if they heard about anyone going missing, or any arguments at any point in the evening, or days ago.

One officer said that a girl named Samantha was seen arguing with her boyfriend days ago, but the other then interjected she talked to the couple herself.

A pool of beer with some blood was found on the bar counter, and a trio of men confessed to smashing their cups when they were served the wrong brand. But they paid to cover the costs, and were given two coupons for free drinks, and claimed they were satisfied with the customer service here.

One young woman wailed when she was informed of the murder, crying about how her best friend went missing just days ago. But that was another female, and did not match the description for the body. A BOLO was sent out for the missing girl nonetheless.

All other citizen answers offered no leads.

As for employees, they have also been grilled. But each insisted that no one had not shown up to work today or the days before, nor had they received complaints about the business.

Each report intensified Chloe’s headache, and by the last read-off, Chloe clutches her forehead with such strength she thinks she’ll leave bruises there.

“What am I supposed to do with all of this?” She groans, walking away from the officers without giving them a dismissal. Snatching her phone out, she hits the speed dial for the precinct.

“Peirce here.”

“Lieutenant, this is ridiculous. This case has no leads, unless you count over a dozen dead ends as help. I honestly have no idea what to do.”

Chloe can hear a rustling on the other side, the settling of a chair. The familiar sound of a stress instrument being squeezed.

“You’re being assigned to this case until it’s solved. You’ll be going undercover, with Lucifer, at the club to keep a lookout for better leads. Report to Han. Tell him this. Also tell him you need to be observing the club for as much as possible, with as little breaks as possible. Dan will have to go on leave for a while, since you won’t be able to take care of Trixie during this case.”

“What?!” Chloe almost yells into her cell. “That’s unreasonable, Lieutenant. You can’t—”

“I can’t what, Decker?” Pierce spits back, his robotic voice breaking character.
He can do anything he wants. Including firing her if she refuses this case.

So Chloe just hangs up, knowing continuing the conversation would be fruitless. Why must the men in her life be this way? One step forward, two steps back. Maybe in Lucifer’s case, two steps forward. One back. But it’s still back. And it’s still exhausting.

Just like this case will most likely be.

“Lucifer,” Chloe calls. “We need to talk to Han.” Lucifer floats over, feet skidding across the floor to follow her.

Somberly, Chloe drops her arms to the side and finds Han cleaning his nail beds. “I just got orders from my superior. Lucifer and I are to assume a cover here at your club to do surveillance.”

“Oh? He did?” Han’s eyebrows rise, but his absent gaze betrays nothing. No surprise, no intrigue. Nothing.

“We are?” Lucifer asks at the same time.

“Yes. So if you have any ideas for how us two will integrate—”

“Sara!” Han yells, slamming a fist onto the door behind him. “Sara, we have new performers!”

Baffled, Chloe sputters as the NEST door opens and a short African American woman walks out. Wearing only a black sports bra and spandex, the woman tugs at the fabric, itching under the straps. “How long?...” Chloe points at the door, confused.

Sara yawns while waving at Chloe. “Cool. And you are?”

Before Chloe even opens her mouth, Han gestures lazily at Chloe. “Detective Chloe Decker, but from now on will be known as Esther Hayes. Her partner, Lucifer, will be Samuel Redfield.”

“Wait, I don’t accept—” Lucifer raises a hand to interject.

Scanning her body, Sara tsks, cutting off Lucifer. “Okay. But I’m not sure what exactly she’ll do, she doesn’t seem like the most graceful one I’ve seen.” Only a twitch of an eyebrow gives away Chloe’s offense. “What do you think, Han?”

He walks around Chloe, steps cat-like. “She’ll sing. And so will he,” she jabs a thumb in Lucifer’s direction. How did he get that from looking at me? He returns to her front.

Sara nods. “Sounds good to me. We might need to have some lessons, but that should be fine. I’ll let Isra—” Han glares at her. “I’ll let Isah know. So we can adjust the schedule.” And she scampers back inside.

“Well.” Han folds his hands inside his sleeves, holding them in front of his body. He exudes regality. “We’ll send you the details of the arrangement by the morning. For now, go home and get some rest. You’ll need it. See you later, Esther.” He accompanies Sara behind the door.

“The nerve!” Lucifer says, glaring at the door as if he desired to set it aflame. “I demand a different name. I should get to choose it. Or at least I should be allowed to change it from the absurd one they bestowed upon me!” Grimacing, Lucifer rubs his temples, wrinkling his skin in circles.

Checking her watch, the evening catches up with Chloe. It’s past eleven, and she needs to be prepared for tomorrow. Which is in one hour.
“That’s really what you’re angry about?” She asks, dragging Lucifer away from the door when he shakes his head as if to wake himself. He submits more easily than ever before to her pull. “Not because you still look a bit sick, or because of the fact you’ll be taken away from Lux for several days? Maybe even weeks?” The thought makes her queasy herself. Weeks of singing for drunk youths? Not exactly what Chloe planned on when she received her badge.

“Well, I’ll be with you.” And he nudges her arm. Such a simple sentence, spoken so baldly. And yet it makes her smile so wide, she can’t wait for tomorrow.

She receives a work email at two in the morning. In her absent-minded-state (fine, she was thinking about Lucifer) Chloe forgot to silence her phone. She is sure she is being punished for that now, as it rings the loudest it possibly can, informing her that her near future has been figured out.

Esther Hayes. Samuel Redfield. Two performers looking to break it big in the music industry, hoping this gig will get them attention and recognition. The music they sing: some practiced sets, or whatever fits the mood. The people they love: whoever comes to listen.

And here’s the kick. They’re boyfriend and girlfriend.

Han insists that this cover will take care of anyone wondering why they spend so much outside time together, which okay, makes sense. But he also added “LOTS OF DUETS!!” in his email, forwarded from Pierce. So he’s definitely looking to make some money out of this deal by exploiting their quote-unquote, love story.

But then Lucifer sent a text, Ready, dear? And a sense of excitement shot through Chloe’s body. Try as she might to suppress it, it remained, and Chloe scolded herself.

“I am not a middle schooler,” she muttered, grabbing cereal from a cupboard.

“All you humans seem like middle schoolers to me.”

Raisin Bran flies everywhere as Chloe’s arm jolts from her reflex. Maze watches detachedly as cereal hovers in the air then crashes to the ground. She proceeds to walk over it, crunching the poor food, to make her way to her breakfast of choice: a scoop of ice cream and scotch. Chloe sighs, knowing she’ll have to get out the dustpan to clean that up later.

“Yeah, well, sorry we’re all not hormone-overloaded maniacs,” Chloe retorts, tipping off her bowl. Shoving her spoon into the milk, unrequested anger shoots through her arm, splashing milk on the counter.

The freezer door slams. “That sounds more like high schoolers,” Maze comments. Joining Chloe, she hops onto a stool. “So, what are the deets on this new case? Sounds intriguing.”

The Raisin Bran floats around, goopy and sad. “I wish it was. It’s just frustrating at this point. I thought about it all night, and I can’t come up with a single viable theory for the body’s story.”

Maze waves her spoon in the air. “Fine, whatever. That’s not what I meant.” She jiggles her eyebrows up and down. “You and Lucifer? Pretending to be together?”

Determined not to blush, Chloe stares at her milk. “What about it?”

Maze slams her hand on the counter. “You guys should seal the deal in the cover, and just have sex! It will totally make everything easier in the long run.”
Chloe fails, and heat rises in her face, but she covers it by drinking the remnants of her meal. “Who’s the high schooler now?” She sneers at her roommate, rubbing the milkstache from her upper lip. Grabbing her empty bowl, Chloe deposits it in the sink. “How did you hear about that anyways?” It’s only around seven in the morning. She hadn’t shared any tidbits about her case with Maze yet, so that must mean...

“Lucifer told me,” Maze confirms her suspicions. “He was worried that Lux would feel abandoned if he didn’t perform every night, so he’s asking me to take care of it during this.”

Oh. That makes sense. Chloe didn’t know what she was thinking, that maybe he was so excited for this case... No. It was stupid for that thought to even cross her mind.

“That reminds me,” Chloe turns to face Maze, who downs a shot of scotch only to refill the tumbler right away. “Since I’ll be working evenings and nights for a while now, you have to help take care of Trixie.”

Maze slams the glass down. “I thought Dan was going to watch her?”

“He is,” Chloe says. “But he has other things planned some nights. And he has to work, I negotiated for him with Pierce. So you need to chip in.”

“Fine.” Wow. That was easier than she thought that would be. “There are new kill moves I want to teach the little human anyways, sounds like a good time.”

“Excuse me?” Chloe approaches Maze, about to ask about what she meant exactly by *kill moves*, when Trixie hops out of her room, backpack on her shoulder.

“Mommy! Can you make me some fried eggies?” She climbs up the stool next to Maze, dumps her school bag on the counter, and offers the scary woman a fist bump.

Chloe’s posture deflates. She’ll have to inquire Maze about it later. “Of course, Monkey.” She reaches to retrieve a pan.

Once eggs eaten, sandwich packed, Chloe scoots Trixie out the door, herding her into the car. “C’mon, Trix, we have to get going or you’ll be late for school.”

Trixie grumbles, settling into her seat in the back. Chloe reaches for the seatbelt, but Trixie grabs it first. “I can do it myself, mommy.”

Hands in the air, Chloe surrenders the belt to her daughter. The car ride is uncharacteristically quiet, as Trixie plays with her sleeve. More than halfway to school, and Trixie has not said a word.

“Baby, what’s going on?” Chloe calls over her shoulder.

“Nothing,” Trixie grumbles, turning away in her seat.

In the rearview mirror, Chloe arches an eyebrow, which Trixie sees with the corner of her eye.

“It’s just, mommy, will I not see you for a while after this?” She asks.

Chloe’s heart falls. “No, sweetie, you will,” she promises. “I’ll just be working really late. But I’m going to try and drive you to school every morning no matter what.”

“Right.” Trixie doesn’t look convinced, crossing her arms.

“I swear, Trixie,” Chloe assures her.
"I know you do," Trixie says. "But you say that a lot. And things always happen, and you aren’t with me anymore."

No Chloe’s heart breaks. She knows this happens. And she knew that Trixie never liked it, but she never imagined Trixie felt this deeply.

At the school’s curb, Chloe pulls to the side, putting the car in park. She turns in her seat, facing Trixie.

“Yes, sometimes there are complications, and I have to work later than expected.” Trixie avoids her eyes, messing with her buckle. “Trix, look at me. Please.” She waits until her daughter listens. “But that doesn’t mean I don’t think about you, it doesn’t mean that I don’t hate being away from you every second more that I have to be at work.” She reaches out to squeeze Trixie’s knee. “If I could, I would never work, and I would spend all of my time with you. But then you would grow sick of me!” Her hand travels to Trixie’s stomach, tickling her. Trixie laughs, forming a ball, batting her mother’s hands away.

“Okay! Okay! Stop!” Trixie says between laughs. Chloe removes her hand after a few more tickles. Picking up her backpack, Trixie unbuckles herself, getting ready to leave for school.

“Have a great day, Monkey. I love you so much.”

Trixie, halfway out of the door, holds herself inside for a second more. “I know, mommy.” She squeezes back in to give Chloe a big hug. “I love you too.” Then she rushes out the door, into her school building. Chloe watches until she can’t see the braids bouncing joyfully anymore.

Once Trixie is out of sight, Chloe gathers herself. She eyes the folder sitting in her passenger seat. The details of her cover story. Their cover story.

Shifting back into drive, Chloe takes the car to Lux.

“No way!”

Lucifer paces in his living room, around his couch, around his piano, until he returns to stand in front of Chloe who waits patiently on the couch.

“No way! They are claiming the devil went to drama school? As if I require any lessons on how to be amazing!”

“Lucifer,” Chloe tries to pacify him. “This isn’t a comment on your character. It’s building an entirely new person.” She crosses her legs, flipping over a page in the file. “Besides, it would fit you anyways. Loud, dramatic…”

“Pardon?” Lucifer draws nearer to Chloe. “Dramatic, I am not!” He huffs, plopping down on the couch next to Chloe. Crossing his arms, he continues muttering under his breath unintelligibly.

“Right.” Chloe says dubiously. “Anyways, let’s go over the more crucial details. Glossing over the fact you did attend West LA Drama School, that’s where we apparently met. And now, after trying to get gigs for different acting roles, we fell into singing to make some money and hopefully get our name out there.”

Lucifer cleans his nails, displeased.

“Oh-kay.” Lucifer’s swinging mood throws Chloe off. He seemed so excited for this case before.
“You need to memorize this stuff.” She hands Lucifer a list of traits. Without looking up, he snatches it from her grasp.

After a quick once-over, he scoffs. “This says I am partial to the color purple, am interested music theory, enjoy fútbol over football, and enjoy the way your nose scrunches when you’re upset. But I apparently dislike the snow, rap music, and cats? Seems so arbitrary.”

“That’s the point,” Chloe tells him. But she frowns at her own list. “Likes: forehead kisses, serenades, and ice cream. Dislikes: country music, gore films, and jelly fish.” The file goes on, specifying odd mannerisms and memories that her and Samuel have together. She keeps reading. “It says we were friends at first, constantly flirting, and then our friends forced us to get together. Our anniversary is March 26th. We’ve lived together for the past five years. And... I’m the small spoon? Is that necessary?”

“I hope not. I quite enjoy being the small spoon.”

That breaks Chloe’s composure. Slapping her knee, she barks out a laugh. But then Lucifer stops fidgeting all together, throwing her a blank look of confusion, and she swallows in her laughter. He’s completely serious. Lucifer, the self-proclaimed devil, enjoys being the small spoon. Chloe files that information for later use.

“Oh. Well. Han also included some music he wanted us to practice. Whether it’s for later use or just getting into the swing of things, he didn’t specify. But here.” She stands, hanging off the music sheet to Lucifer. He scans it once, walking towards the piano.

Sitting down, he folds his hands out, cracking his knuckles. “This should be simple enough.” Fluttering over the keys, he deftly plays the opening sequence perfectly. Chloe approaches the piano as he begins to sing. “Never fall in love with a stranger. And that, son, they all said to me.”

No stutters, no hesitation. A true performer, Lucifer hits all the right notes, never looking down at his hands once. “Never fall in love with a stranger, but I can’t help if she falls in love with me.” Closing his eyes, he adds in an interlude, getting lost in the music. Chloe looks at the music sheet: Esther’s up next. As Lucifer returns to the normal melody, she picks up the words.

“Never fall in love with a stranger. Now, they’ve gone against my command.” It’s been years since she’s sung, and her voice croaks slightly with rust. She clears her throat quickly. “Never fall in love with a stranger, the pain is written in my hands.”

The next line is preceded by a large ESTHER AND SAMUEL, so when Chloe continues to the next line, her voice is interlaced with Lucifer’s.

“But if I can’t resist, find my way out of this…”

Lucifer’s alone next. He stares at the lyric sheet, fingers deftly obeying his every command. “She knows that our love more than any river flows. And I’m done now, all of my intentions are exposed. Not hidden in my clothes.”

“Or in between my toes,” Chloe finishes the line for him. “I wanna tombstone pearl handle revolver, don’t wanna meet a pale man with a halo in his hair.” At some point, lost in the song, she’d sat down next to Lucifer, closer than necessary, arms touching. She can feel his muscles strain under his shirt, playing the piano. He turns to her, eyes finding her nose, her lips, then her eyes. The last line memorized, they stare at each other as they sing the final line together.

“Never fall in love with a stranger, but sometimes... I simply do not care.” The last note hangs in the
air, tempting them, as both simultaneously inch dangerously close together. Chloe’s hair brushes her cheeks, reacting to Lucifer’s soft breathing.

“I never knew you could sing so beautifully, Detective,” he comments, eyes skittering to her mouth once more.

Chloe smirks. “Well, it’s basically a requirement for acting nowadays,” she points out. “I had lots of lessons growing up.”

“Seems like they stuck better than those piano lessons.”

“Guess so.”

Their noses are almost touching, and the case, the song, are long forgotten—

Chloe’s phone goes off.

She leans back, spell broken. Blinking a times, she hurries off the seat to answer the call. Lucifer remains fixed to his seat, still facing where Chloe used to be, lost in his own disorientation.

“Decker here. Yeah. Yes. Of course.” She hangs up, sliding the phone into her back pocket. “Duty calls,” she tells Lucifer. “We need to get to the club to prepare.”

“Splendid,” Lucifer says quietly. “Yes. Of course. Let’s get on our way then.” With a spin, he rises from the piano bench and slides on his jacket. Leaving the music on the stand, he proceeds to the elevator. Chloe intercepts him right before he presses the call button, holding up a hand to his stomach.

“You’ll be alright?” She asks.

Lucifer stares bewilderedly down at her. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“You looked pretty bad yesterday,” she says. “All pale, a bit out of it. Like I said before, if this is too much, you’ll let me know, right?”

Lucifer buttons his jacket and side steps Chloe to call the elevator. “I can take care of myself, Detective.” He flashes a smile as the doors open. “Please don’t worry about me.”

It hits her when they reach the bottom that he’d never actually answered her question.

But Lucifer rushes off to get to his Corvette, and Chloe has to split the opposite way, finding her own car in the public lot.

______________________________

At Ezra’s, Han waits for them behind the bar, carefully cleaning the inside of a beer glass. He nods to them as they approach the bench, chin stiff.

“We just need to go over a few logistical things,” he says without a preamble. Another worker walks by—Chloe recognizes him as the creepy singer from before—and slaps down a paper. Lucifer picks it up, then offers it to Chloe. “That’s the performance schedule. As you can see, you two will be taking center stage the majority of the time. That way you can see everything you need to, without it being strange that you are spending so much time here.” Han puts the glassware upside down to the side, then floats down the bar. He shoves a black bag at Chloe. “Your LAPD stopped by earlier to drop this off. Tools to control the cameras they set up.” He points to various corners, and while Chloe follows his gesture, she can’t see the surveillance perimeter. But that’s a good thing, because
then others can’t see it as well.

“You seem very nonchalant about all of this scrutiny of your club, when it’s very likely one of your workers committed the murder,” Chloe accuses Han, body itching with unease. Han waves a hand, eyes half closed.

“I can assure you, one hundred percent, that none of my compatriots is the suspect.” He turns to the singer. “Now, this is Isah, whom Sara spoke about before. He was our main singer, but is willing to step aside for this investigation. He is also in charge of that schedule I gave you, and in charge of arrangements. He will guide you through orientation.” With ease, Han leaves Chloe and Lucifer in Isah’s care, retreating down the stairs, where the crime scene used to be.

Isah’s stoney gaze sends chills down Chloe’s arms. His eyes are too wide, his lips too thin. But when he speaks, Chloe is overwhelmbed by a sense of ataraxia.

“Pleasure to formally meet you both,” Isah says through a thick Italian accent, extending a hand. Chloe takes it, but Lucifer audibly swallows before grasping the performer’s outstretched limb. “If you would please, I am going to introduce you to your backup band.” Hopping over the bar in a swift motion, Isah practically skips to the stage. A woman messes with a set of drums, while another man plugs in an amp to a bass guitar. Isah indicates the woman. “That is Gaby. Say hello, Gaby.”

Gaby stands, long black hair shining spectacularly with the movement of her head. “You don’t need to command me, Isah,” she says bitterly. Her voice is soft, with a modest accent European accent. Still, she nods to Lucifer and Chloe. “Hello.” After that, she turns back to her drums. She seems familiar, to Chloe, but she can’t put her finger on it.

“She’s our drummer, as you can tell,” Isah explains, and Chloe forgets her train of thought. “She speaks only when necessary. And here is Aza, our guitarist. He can play either bass or the normal instrument.”

After his intro, Aza looks up. Brown, spiky hair sticking up in various direction matches the light that fires in his eyes when he sees Chloe and Lucifer. He jumps down from the stage erratically, collapsing to his knees as if he was unsure of his own landing. Without a rest, he scrambles up, taking Lucifer’s hand and shaking it eagerly. Bowing, he says, “I’m honored.”

Unnerved, Lucifer’s face drains of color as he looks down to the shorter man. “Yes, quite nice to meet you.” He slowly removes his hand from Aza’s grasp, wiping it on his jacket. Narrowing his eyes, Lucifer leans down an inch. “Do I know you from somewhere?”

Isah cuts in, shoving Aza back up the stage. “He’s just excited to see someone else who is just as accomplished in many instruments, I am sure.” With a final push, Aza rolls onto the stage, yelping out in pain as he bumps his shin. “You are quite famous around here, Mr. Morningstar,” he explains. “But the rest of us are just capable of containing our emotions.” With a final glare at Aza, who cowers, Isah composes himself once more. “These two, along with me, will be your band. Whatever you wish to sing, we can play for you.”

“How is that possible?” Lucifer asks. He scratches his beard, a look of distraught marking his face. Within a second, it’s gone, so maybe Chloe imagined it.

Isah gives Lucifer his creepy grin. “Why is that important? We simply can, there is no reason to question it. Now…” Isah drops off. Him and Lucifer look to their lefts. Lucifer recovers in a second, but Isah’s face remains fixed to an unknown area for a moment longer. “Han should be ready for you now with your outfits. Please, see him downstairs.” With that dismissal, he climbs up the stage, and slaps Aza on the back before crouching to speak with him.
Wordlessly, Lucifer heads towards the stairs, Chloe trailing behind him. She examines his posture: straight as ever. His strides are long, like usual, and his face is regaining color. Maybe he just had a slight virus, and is recovering fine. No matter, he seems well now. It’s not as if he wants to talk about it anyways.

At the bottom of the stairs, Han greats Lucifer and Chloe by their stage names. Piles of clothes are splattered around the floor, with a few other worker bees organizing and whispering urgently around them. The outfits almost want to make Chloe walk away from the case, they are so vulgar with their flashing colors, shimmering rhinestones, and tasteless cuts. But she swallows her anger, and selects the best options. Lucifer does the same, not minding the ridiculous array of clothes.

After they are dressed, have makeup done, and are told about the general rules of the club, it’s almost time to open up the doors. According to Han, there is a line outside already, people excited and eager to try their daily special: Sublime Love, some sort of mix of citrus and a tame alcohol. Lucifer says he tried it earlier (when he did so, Chloe has no clue) and admits that it was good. Not as interesting as regular scotch, but good.

“Someone who knows exactly what they want! I like that,” Han says, giving Lucifer a double thumbs up. “Alright,” he puts a finger to his ear, concentrating. Lucifer’s eye twitches. “Isah just introduced you two. Go, go!” He pushes Chloe and Lucifer, who both stumble up the stairs from the force.

When Chloe opens the door, lights blind her eyes. Lucifer holds up an arm to guard his vision, grasping Chloe’s arm when she fumbles on her feet. She leans into his hold as Isah’s voice blasts over a loudspeaker.

“And here they are! Please join me in a warm applause!” The club erupts in clapping, as Lucifer helps Chloe navigate to the stage. He weaves around patrons as if he has a sixth sense, dodging all elbows while reaching the stage in the fastest route possible. In a blur, she’s lead up the stairs, hanging on to Lucifer’s hand. A microphone is shoved in her hand, the spotlight still shining on them both.

“So, what will it be?” Isah whispers behind them, hands ready at a keyboard.

Lucifer turns to Chloe, waiting. But she’s frozen, staring out at the crowd who stare expectantly back. Her mind goes to Hot Tub High School, the ridicule she faced afterwards, and the hard works she had to put in to regain respect. Mouth hanging open, microphone in front of her, only a breathy tone emanates from the speakers. The lull kills her. Do something! She yells to herself. Chloe Decker doesn’t freeze. And yet, here she is.

In the outskirts of her vision, Chloe can see Lucifer turn back to Isah, giving him a few instructions. She tries to make her feet move, to make the sweat stop forming on her face. But she can’t.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this in Mambo No. 5!”

Then a weird electronic beat picks up around her, and Lucifer puts his hands on both of her shoulders. He moves his body from side to side, forcing her to shimmy her shoulders with the music.

“One, two, three four five! Everybody in the car, so come on let’s ride to the liquor store around the corner!” Lucifer lets go to start dancing around the stage, waving his hand as if to get people to join in. The crowd cheers, recognizing the song. “The boys say they want some gin and juice, but I really don’t wanna a beer bust like I had last week.”

Gathering his weight, Lucifer jumps off the stage, landing perfectly on the floor as the crowd parts
for him. All eyes are on him, Chloe long forgotten as the base pounds in everyone’s ears. “I must stay deep, ‘cause talk is cheap! I like Angela,” he knocks his hip with a redhead’s, “Pamela,” he waves daintily, fingers wriggling in the air at another girl, “Sandra and Rita!” He circles, arms out, reveling in the people around him. “And as I continue, you know they’re getting—”

“Sweeter!” holding out the microphone, he lets the crowd finish for him.

Feet clamping together, he holds up both hands innocently. “So what can I do? I really beg you, my Lord,” Lucifer sends a death glare to the ceiling, “To me, flirting is just like a sport,” he sends a wink towards Chloe’s direction. She flushes red, but thankfully no one looks at her. He’s giving her a break. Before they’ve even started. The clarity of the situation strikes her, and a deep appreciation for having Lucifer as her partner. She spins, trying to make it seem like she’s dancing. She finds Isah, bouncing happily at the keys, keeping a close eye on Lucifer. He seems to be muttering under her breath, probably singing along as well.

“Hey, Isah,” Chloe gets his attention, holding her mic to the side so it doesn’t pick up her voice. “After Lucifer, here’s what you have to do.” She whispers to him some instructions, then leaves the stage to watch the clubgoers, hopefully finding some clues.

“A little bit of Monica in my life, a little bit of Erica by my side! A little bit of Rita is all I need, a little bit of Tina is what I see,” Lucifer makes his way around the dance floor as he belts the chorus. He kisses different men and women on their cheeks, slaps their arms and butts, thoroughly losing himself in the performance. “A little bit of Jessica here I am, a little bit of you makes me your man!” The musical interlude takes him off, and he goes all-out, spinning different girls, dipping a man after plopping a peck on his lips, even sneaking in a dab that makes Chloe cringe.

But she just snakes around the perimeter of the club, observing the partiers. The odds that the killer would return are high, she figures. The body was obviously a message, one that isn’t clear yet, so they would want to send another one, most likely soon. She scrutinizes those that hover closer to the edges of the dance floor, but they mostly seem like desperate men and women looking for someone else to grind against on a Friday night. No murders.

She eyes the tall tables, only large enough to fit two or three people at the precarious charis. One man, with slicked back blonde hair mixes a soda with a small red straw. He dresses similarly to Lucifer, in an impeccable suit and the nicest dress shoes Chloe has seen. He even has the same scruff, but his blue eyes reflect the thudding yellow lights, and his gaze doesn’t matched Lucifer’s pained expression. They look serene, mixed with a complacency that Lucifer never has.

But does he look like a killer? His calmness could suggest either way. This murder does seemed to have been extraordinarily calculated, but Chloe’s going with her gut. It couldn’t be him.

Her gaze falls to the inner mosh pit, where Lucifer is still dancing and singing with the patrons. Everyone looks insanely jealous when Lucifer moves on to the next person, but that’s to be expected with his affect on people. Most of them scramble to get his attention, begging to be lifted in the air in an elaborate dance move. Others try and grab his face to steal a kiss. Lucifer deftly dodges those advances, and Chloe’s blood settles as he actually shoves a beautiful girl away when she tries to hug his torso and not let go.

One girl stays about a yard away from Lucifer, not vying for his attention, but making sure to stay close. Chloe commits her details to memory: short, brown hair. About five foot six. Not twig arms, but possibly not strong enough to break a femur like on the victim. But the look on her face is determined, and she watches Lucifer so intently it gives Chloe a bad feeling.
“Fall in love with a girl like you, ‘cause you can’t run, you can’t hide, you and me gonna touch the sky!” The finishing lines of the song break Chloe’s concentration, and everyone in the club jumps up with glee, yelling “Mambo Number Five!” at the top of their lungs.

The last cord drone on, and applause breaks out in front of Chloe. Lucifer bows deeply in every direction, blowing kisses around him.

“Well, what an opener from our very own Samuel Redfield!” Isah takes center stage, snapping with one hand. “But I must ask, aren’t you already spoken for, Sammy?” Lucifer pauses mid-kiss to shoot a stare at Isah, daring him to ask that again. “This only leads me to my other question.” Ah. Here we go. Chloe closes her eyes, and takes a deep breath. Do it for the cover, Chloe. “Dear Esther, what do you think about Sam behaving this way?”

Isah crosses his arms, giving her a sad look. This was part of the plan. But the whole dance floor, everyone at the bar, even those at private booths turn to look at her. And it’s terrifying. But she needs to do it.

Well, here goes nothing.

Chapter End Notes

Lucifer! What a naughty Devil ;) You're supposed to be faithful to your 'girlfriend'!
“What do I think about my Sammy behaving in this way?” Chloe tries to aim her most sultry look at Lucifer, hooing her eyes behind the fake lashes that pull down her eyelids. His mouth is slightly open, jaw relaxed as he watches her. “This is what I think. Hit it, Isah!” She snaps, and the lights change from orange to deep purple, a spotlight creating a white halo around her heels.

A bass drum buffets the atmosphere, permeating in Chloe’s chest over and over. Holding the mic steady, she raises it to her lips.

“We should take this back to my place.” Trying to emanate Lucifer, Chloe walks around the edge of the dance floor, fingers brushing the arms and shoulders of others. “That’s what she said right to my face. ‘Cause I want you bad, yeah, I want you, baby!” She blows a kiss towards Lucifer, then winks at him. There are a couple laughs from the crowd, diminishing Chloe’s confidence. But maybe they just think her performance is good. That’s what she tells herself.

“Slow hands! Like sweat dripping down our dirty laundry,” like the red sea, people part for her as she approaches Lucifer at center floor. “No chance that I’m leaving here without you on me.” Reaching a hand out for Lucifer, he gives back a little happy, but bewildered smile. He extends his hand back out to her, hopeful. “I already know that there ain’t no stopping your plans, and your slow hands.” Just before they touch, Chloe spins, closes her eyes, and extends her arm to the ceiling.

“I just wanna take my time! We could do this baby all night.” Recovering, Chloe grabs an unsuspecting man close to her. She pulls him in, noses inches apart. “Cause I want you bad…” Taking the poor man’s hand, she jumps back into the chorus, slow dancing along with the song.

“Foul!” An outside force rips Chloe and the man apart. Lucifer steps in front of her. “No one else is allowed to dance with you, my dear.” His eyes are dark, anger for the random man still evident in his black irises. Joining their hands together, he pulls her close to start a slow dance. “Please, keep singing.”

The only sound in the club is Isah holding on to the melody. Everyone stares at them. “You got me know and I can’t say ‘no,’” Chloe finds herself continuing, despite being rattled by Lucifer’s behavior. He is either a great actor, or is truly agitated by her flirting with another man. “Wanna be with you all alone, take me home… Can’t you tell that I want you baby?” The darkness in Lucifer’s brown eyes fades away, leaving room for a warming light.
The surroundings disappear around Chloe and Lucifer, leaving only two of them. Only Chloe’s trailing voice, and Lucifer’s eternal eyes. The music fades around them, and all Chloe sees is the devotion on Lucifer’s face. He scans her own countenance, leaving her eyes for their final destination.

Gently, Lucifer takes the microphone from Chloe. Chloe stops breathing. “I can tell,” he says.

“Aw!”

In an instant, the club materializes around Chloe. Stunned, she takes a step back from Lucifer, breathing deeply. Some people hold their hands to their chests, others wipe water forming from tear ducts. But collectively, everyone seems touched by their performance and eventual display of love. Lucifer still looks at Chloe, like she’s his world, and she is more unsure of his motives. Smiling, she pulls apart from him completely, patting his shoulder affectionately.

“How does it feel, sweety?” Chloe slides a finger down Lucifer’s front, skimming the shirt’s buttons, picking back up her original performance. She goes to him, laughing, kisses him on the cheek.

“You’re a protective one, Sam,” she says once she pulls away. The warmth from before in Lucifer’s eyes has dissipated without a trace.

“Yes. You could say I am.” His voice is cold, but he maintains a nice smile, which only Chloe can tell is forced.

“How adorable! Please, our number one couple deserves some encouragement!” Isah motions for the crowd to cheer for them. Chloe curtsies, while Lucifer bows. “Now, they deserve a break. Until they return, how about—”

Chloe stops listening after ‘break’. Breathing a sigh of relief, she gives a tiny smile to Lucifer. “Well? Should we head downstairs?”

Miles away, Lucifer looks down at her. His emotions have retreated way from their private circle. “No. I’m going to get a drink. See you in a bit.” He heads to the bar.

Chloe watches him walk away from her. She hopes he isn’t injecting his own personal problems into the case again. That only makes her job harder. Or maybe the cover is taking more of a toll on him than she could have predicted.

Admittedly, she’s confused too. Her and Lucifer undeniably have a chemistry that’s been compounding for a while. Maybe this case, Chloe worries, will tip it over, forcing them to confront their feelings?

Shaking her head, Chloe finds the staircase downstairs. It would never work, she thinks. Lucifer is too closed off, too different. His lifestyle would never fit in hers, if they really tried. She knows it wouldn’t. There’s just always something remote about that man. But she still finds herself drawn to him. How could she not, after all this time?

She has to focus on the case anyways. That girl seemed like a good lead. Damn. She should have warned Lucifer about that.

Chloe eyes the door labeled NEST. Han had said that room was for workers exclusively, and even though she and Lucifer ‘worked’ for him now, she wasn’t allowed in there. But she wondered what was inside. In the end, she decides it doesn’t matter for now. Finding her phone, Chloe checks up on some messages on the couch. She sends an update to Pierce, inquires about Trixie to Dan, and reminds Maze not to leave her dishes everywhere so she doesn’t have to clean them early in the
morning when she gets back.

Twenty minutes later, Lucifer comes downstairs. He barely says a word in salutations, only sitting in a recliner a few feet away from Chloe.

“Are you feeling better?” Chloe ventures.

Hands interlocked over his knee, Lucifer stares at the opposite white wall. “I had hoped a few drinks would clear my mind,” he says. “But it seemed to have not worked.” He shrugs, as if so say oh well. “But if you mean in general, yes. I am used to this club’s…. Odd vibe, as the younger generation would say.”

“Yeah, there is a weird aura to this place,” Chloe agrees. But Lucifer just looks disappointed in her affirmation. Trying to think of something else to say, Chloe opens her mouth.

But Han emerges from the NEST room, two new outfits branching over his shoulder, with more instructions. After a quick change and explanation, Chloe finds her and Lucifer back upstairs, performing a rendition of *Shut Up and Dance*. Then another song goes by, then the next, and before she knows it, the night has transitioned to the next day with no signs up stopping. Even Lucifer’s energy drops after a while. He blames Chloe for it, saying her presence has made him weak.

“Well, I don’t ask you to hang out with me twenty-four seven!” She spits back at him, sleep depravity taking its toll. “Honestly, I don’t understand you! If you resent me, why work with me this long? You should just go back to your own parties to regain your stamina!” She has enough sense to drop the microphone so it doesn’t pick up their conversation.

Lucifer lowers his mic as well. “That’s not what I meant at all,” he says. His eyeliner has smeared, making it look like he has a black eye.

“Whatever. I need to get back home, so I can drive Trixie to school in the morning. I’m calling it.” After composing herself for a heartfelt goodnight, she heads down to clean herself up. Without saying goodbye to Lucifer, she drives back to her apartment.

In the morning, Chloe walks through her routine in a zombie-like state. She makes egg in bread for Trixie, thanks Maze for looking after her last night, and shuttles off to school, almost forgetting her daughter back at the apartment.

Right when she returns, Chloe flops on the couch, exhausted. Even after napping for an hour, her muscles barely listen to her neuron commands. It’s as if each cytoskeleton in ever one of her cells has stopped working, disallowing any movement anywhere in her body.

*This isn’t sustainable,* Chloe thinks. How do people do it, going out every night, partying to their heart’s content? Chloe couldn’t do it in college, and certainly can’t do it now.

But she has work to do. Leads to follow up on. Straining her back, Chloe draws herself up, reaching for laptop under the coffee table. Quickly logging into the police database, Chloe starts going through all of the video footage they recorded the night before. She sets up four of the video feeds on her computer screen, each taking up a quarter.

Most of the film is useless. The various points collectively give Chloe a perfect view of the entire club, but all she sees are people genuinely enjoying themselves. They drink at the bar, dance on the floor, sing from booths, spend time with friends at tables, or share baskets of fries in the background. Holding up her head with one hand, Chloe repeatedly taps the right arrow button, speeding through the video. Trying to find something, *anything* helpful for the investigation.
Then a familiar face walks up the bar in the top left of her screen. The short brown hair girl from before. Chloe pauses the video when she turns around to fully face the camera. Yes, it’s her. The one that had been staring keenly at Lucifer from the night before. She has a small, round nose and lip ring that reminds Chloe of all the bullies from her high school years. Or maybe she just reminds her of every girl she wanted to be like when she was younger.

Not anymore.

Taking a screenshot of the women’s face, Chloe runs it through the police database quickly. No pings come up, so she hasn’t been in the system before. That doesn’t mean she’s not a culprit.

Next, Chloe drags the screenshot into Google, hoping her picture might pick up some search results. True to its reputation, Google’s first link is to a Facebook profile. Chloe clicks it, and is taken to the home page of a girl named Courtney Varella. She graduated from USC with a degree in mathematics. No listing of recent employment. Her birthdate is on her profile without a year.

Chloe checks her photos. Apparently, this girl parties a lot. She’s been tagged in many other girl’s blurry photos, she is always holding a red cup, and is always wearing some nice dress in every picture. In one of the photos, Chloe notices a set up of lights she would recognize anywhere.

Lux.

Although it doesn’t say anything about the current case, a feeling of anger shoots through Chloe. This girl that has frequented Lux was also scouting out Ezra, the night of Lucifer’s performance? What are the odds.

Then panic surges in Chloe’s throat. If this Courtney has also been to Lux, then their cover has already been blown. She needs to let Lucifer know. But how does she start that conversation? When she left Lucifer, she had snapped at him. And Chloe knew it was unwarranted. Lucifer hadn’t reached out since she stormed out of Ezra, nor had Chloe.

Taking out her phone, Chloe drafts a text.

I’m sorry I snapped, she writes in her message. No. That doesn’t seem good enough.

Sorry about last night. Also, I think the killer is stalking you. Nope, that won’t cut it either. Besides, it wasn’t even the truth.

She settles with a simple Hey. Her phone makes a small blip noise as the message delivers. Within seconds, she gets a response.

Hello, Detective.

The text bubble appears, and Chloe waits as she watches the three dots flash black to grey, back to black. The bubble disappears. A few seconds later, there’s nothing.

He must have thought better.

Deflated, Chloe starts typing herself. Deciding to just be cordial, Chloe updates him on what she saw when he had sang last night, what on the footage, and highlights Courtney’s behavior. She also has been to Lux before. We need to make sure we haven't been made, she tells him.

If we see her, I’ll confront her, Lucifer responds.
No, that’s not what I meant. I don’t think that’s what we should do, Chloe warns. But Lucifer isn’t typing, and without read receipts, she doesn’t even know if he’s paying attention to her anymore. So she puts down her phone.

She makes lunch, a bowl of mac and cheese, not committed to being as healthy as Lucifer reminds her to be. Her eyes are drooping again.

Before she can slip into another deep sleep, Chloe emails Pierce with an update as well. Then she takes another nap, setting an alarm for when she has to start heading to Ezra.

When the alarm goes off, it doesn’t feel as though she slept at all. Her body still aches, her mind is still fuzzy, and Lucifer hasn’t texted her at all. She tries to not let it bother her.

Exiting her bedroom, Chloe sees Trixie and Maze playing Life on the living room floor. The coffee table has been shoved to the wall to clear space for the dangerous woman’s long legs. Maze twists the spinner, and cheers when she gets her number. “Give me a Life Tile!” she stretches to receive the game piece from Trixie. She sneaks a look under the tile, and Trixie scolds her.

“You need to wait till one of us retires!” Her daughter says, taking the tile from Maze’s hands and placing it in front of her.

“Fine. For you, little human, I will try and wait.” Chloe rolls her eyes, knowing how short Maze’s patience is. It’s likely she will try to look again in a matter of seconds.

Shuffling into the kitchen, Chloe grabs a nutrition bar as her dinner. Trixie perks up to the noise.

“Going back to the club, Mommy?” she asks.

Maze lifts up her chest. “I didn’t think I would ever witness Chloe Decker go out several nights in a row,” she says dryly.

Ripping off a piece of bar, Chloe speaks over the food in her mouth. “I’m not ‘going out’,” she uses air quotes. “I’m working. Besides,” she mutters under her breath. “I used to visit Lux almost every day, no one said a word about that.”

“That’s because we all know you went there looking for Lucifer,” Maze speaks up, shuffling her play money.

Chloe stares at the woman, Cliff bar halfway to her mouth. How did Maze hear her?... Whatever. She brushes it off, gives a kiss on Trixie’s head, and drives to Ezra’s.

Opening the door downstairs, Chloe sees Lucifer already there, talking to Han. He leans on the couch, his hand holding his entire weight. Beads of sweat form on his forehead, and he wipes them away without a second thought. His chest heaves. Chloe knows in the bottom of his heart that something is unwell with him. Why won’t he just take care of himself?

“Lucifer!” Everyone freezes, a side effect of Chloe using her policewoman voice. Lucifer stands still, eyes terrified as the short blonde struts up to him. He tries to stand up straighter, pretend he is fine. But now, Chloe can see straight through his act. She jabs a finger to his chest. “You, sir, are not feeling okay.” She holds up a hand. “Don’t try to deny it. And it’s okay. Esther can perform without Sam. People will understand. I will understand,” she says, placing her hand over his.

“Nonsense,” Han says. Chloe whips her head at him. Han, arms crossed, examines Lucifer. “You two must perform together.”
“Can’t you see something is wrong?” Chloe gestures to Lucifer, who tries to come up with a defense. He is again shut down by Chloe.

“I might have something that helps. Isah!” Han calls. The singer appears next to Han out of nowhere passing off a tall glass of a creamy substance. “Take this,” Han instructs Lucifer, holding the glass as if it buds from his palms. “It will make you feel better.”

With a shaky hand, Lucifer takes the glass. He sniffs it, squints at it. Before Chloe can give her ten cents, he gulps it down.

“Disgusting,” Lucifer says, smacking his tongue on the roof of his mouth. “What is that?”

“Our own divine concoction,” Han says smugly. “Wait a few minutes. It will work its wonders on you. While it does, let’s go over tonight’s details…”

Chloe only half-pays attention to Han’s instructions. She watches Lucifer as he grimaces once, clutching his stomach, before staring at his hands and then clears his throat. He draws himself up, color returning to his cheeks, his muscles bulging through his tight shirt again. Han was right. Within minutes, Lucifer looks better. No, he looks like when she first met him, the night of Delilah’s murder. Arrogance shines in his eyes, his mouth is set tighter, and his determination hardens. A sense of dread surrounds him. While he appears better, he looks like he is holding back something. Not pain, but something deep inside. Something dark, something dangerous.

Chloe shivers.

But the show must go on.

Lucifer and Chloe perform an interpretation of Time of Our Lives several hours into the night, hyping up everyone in the club. People jump up and down ecstatically, hands in the air, in what they consider dancing. The decibels in the room reach crazy levels when Lucifer shouts the line “shake that ass,” and Chloe has to restrain herself from punching Lucifer when he slaps her butt. (He doesn’t actually, but the club doesn’t know that, and they go insane, cheering Esther and Sam’s names in their new ship name: Samster.)

Towards the end of the song, Chloe spots Courtney near the back of the dance floor, staring at Lucifer again. A husky smirk grazes her features, and Chloe knows she recognizes Lucifer for who he really is. Chloe makes her way off the stage, towards Courtney. She waves Lucifer to follow her.

Courtney spots them, and starts to walk away. She maintains a normal pace, barely looking over her shoulder to check if they are still on her tail. They are, and her pace picks up slightly. Chloe does the same, reaching for Lucifer’s hand, to make it seem like the couple is just eager to find solitude.

Courtney makes a turn to enter the female restroom. The door slides shut, and Chloe is about to pull Lucifer. But a massive weight stops her, and when she yanks on her arm she thinks her arm might pop out of its socket if she pulls any harder.

She turns, and only sees Lucifer on the other end.

“C’mon,” she urges him, head cocking toward the restroom.

“I don’t want to disturb anyone’s privacy,” the man says, eyeing the bathroom.

“Now you’re acting all noble? Let’s go,” she tugs on his arm weakly. Wary, Lucifer finally follows.

Slamming open the door, Chloe spots two girls fixing their makeup in the mirror. With one look at
Chloe, they pick up their stuff and hastily exit. Courtney is nowhere to be seen.

Going from stall to stall, Chloe knocks the doors down, telling poor girls who are peeing to leave quickly, feigning a desire for a bathroom sex session with her dear Sam. Lucifer licks his lips.

At the last stall, Chloe slams her foot squarely on the door. It bangs open, and Courtney stands on the toilet, trembling.

“Get down,” Chloe tells her, hands grabbing her gun from the hip holster hidden under her dress. Courtney steps off the toilet seat, hands in the air. “You know who we are.” It’s not a question. But Courtney still nods.

Lucifer steps forward, body tense. “It seems like I have a secret admirer,” his voice contrasts his whole demeanor. Honey leaks in every syllable, as if he is meeting his lover. “Tell me, why are you here tonight?” He meets her gaze, and she melts.

“For you,” Courtney breathes. She reaches for Lucifer, who steps back to avoid contact.

“Why?” he growls. “If you’re here for me, why stay away?”

Courtney retreats into her own body. “I love you,” she whispers. “You’re magnificent. Every time I saw you at Lux, I desired you.”

Something flashes in Lucifer’s eyes. Chloe’s hand stays unwavering as her gun remains trained on Courtney. “You... desired me?”

“I’ve heard how amazing you are in bed!” Courtney admits, falling to the ground. Crawling on her knees, she grabs Lucifer’s pants. “Please, God, I need to experience that! Take me!” Courtney extends her arms out to either side of her body, waiting expectantly.

Chloe swears she sees red burst in Lucifer’s eyes. “You humans,” he spits, low. “So superficial. Sometimes I wonder why I ever stayed.” And he turns his back on Courtney, exiting the bathroom.

Courtney sobs, her head falling to touch the dirty floor. Chloe puts away her gun, crouches next to the girl.

“Hey. Get up.”

Still heaving, Courtney stands up with Chloe’s help.

“If you knew about Lucifer, why didn’t you say anything?”

“I know about how much he works with the LAPD, I assumed it was something like that, so I kept it to myself,” she says.

Chloe nods. “Well. We appreciate that. But you need to leave now. And don’t come back. We can’t have you accidentally blowing our cover.” Courtney nods, understanding. Ushered by Chloe, she leaves Ezra.

Rejoining Lucifer on the stage, she grumbles. “Well, that was almost a complete waste of time. We are back to zero leads after two days of annoying work.”

Lucifer nods in solidarity. “Hopefully something comes up, so we can find this cruel killer and bring him to justice. I want to crush his or her bones, just as they decimated our victim’s body.” A disturbing smile creeps onto his lips, and Chloe finds herself taking a small step away from him. As
the minutes pass since he took that weird drink only makes his demeanor become darker and darker. He looks better, but Chloe thinks his personality took a turn for the worse because of the weird liquid.

Trying to ignore the nagging feeling in the back of her mind, Esther and Sam return to center stage. Chloe makes several rounds in the club, but comes up with nothing. Again.

By the time Han actually closes down Ezra’s, Chloe’s frustrated, exhausted, and her hair is a mess. She changes while Lucifer is turned downstairs, grabs her backpack, and stomps up the stairs.

“I can’t wait to tell Pierce I’ve got no updates,” she rants to Lucifer. “He loves it when no progress is made on a case.”

“I’m sure he will not really care,” Lucifer comments.

The comment aggravates Chloe, but she holds in her anger. She can’t yell at Lucifer twice in two nights. Especially when it’s not his fault. Before exiting the stairwell, she turns to look down at Lucifer from her top step.

“Hey, thanks—” she begins, but then spots a red mark on Lucifer’s hand on the railing. Like a rash, his hand has turned bumpy, burgundy, and peeling. “Are you… are you okay?” She reaches out to look closer at his hand.

Lucifer withdraw his hand, holding it behind his other one. He squeezes it, a look of fear on his face.

“What happened? What is that?” Chloe demands.

Lucifer shakes his head. “Nothing, it was nothing, Detective,” he says quickly.

“Lucifer, you—”

“Ahhhh!”

The scream pierces through the door at the stop of the stairs, and Chloe lets the issue of Lucifer’s hand drop as she skips every other stair to reach the top floor. After opening the door, Chloe sees Sara, the worker from before, clutching her face in agony behind the bar. Chloe runs to her, Lucifer at her heels. When Chloe turns the corner of the bar, her heart stops.

A man dressed in one of Ezra’s uniforms lies on the ground, face devoid of any color. Chloe checks for a pulse at the neck.

Looking up at Sara, she shakes her head. “He’s dead.”

Sara bursts into tears. “Brother!” She falls to his side, hugs the still man’s hand. She holds it to her chest, presses her face to the man’s palm.

Chloe stands. “Brother?” The man’s skin tone is several shades lighter than Sara’s. But then she looks to Lucifer, who stares transfixed at the affair in front of him. His too has a brother that does not match his ethnicity. Maybe that was the case with Sarah.

“Sara! What is wrong?” Han and Isah run up, and both stop dead in their tracks when they see the man on the ground.

“Leo,” Isah whispers, crouching next to Sara. He wraps an arm around her waist, saline starting to drip down his cheeks as well. “I’m so sorry,” he whispers, kissing Leo on his forehead.
Han is speechless, standing alone. He looks like his spirit has been withered, that time is ending before him. He shakes his head, eyes glistening. “I can’t believe this. It’s too soon.”

Stepping away from the grieving workers, Chloe calls in the body to the LAPD. They inform Ella, and her team is on the way.

Chloe steps to Lucifer. He watches the Ezra family all be informed of their fallen comrade, and the atmosphere tangibly cools around them as everyone falls into a depressed state.

“This is awful. Right under our noses, the killer struck again.”

Lucifer’s eyes are slitted. “It appears so.” He offers nothing else, leaving Chloe to her own thoughts until Ella shows up.

Chloe paces around the club, letting Ella do her work in peace. But after a while, she can’t take it.

“So what is the cause of death?” She asks the forensic scientist.

Ella sits back on her ankles, ripping off her latex gloves. “I can’t figure it out,” she says, stupefied. She flips through a file to her left. “It’s like a complete opposite of the previous body. This one, there’s no markings, no broken bones, no internal bleeding that I can see. It’s as if… his spirit just left.”

Chloe finds a nearby chair, and sits next to Ella. She drops her head in between her legs. “That makes no sense. Why switch up your entire MO?”

Ella looks desperately at her. “I can’t answer that, Chloe. But I know you’ll figure it out.” She stands. “I’m sorry, but that’s all I got.” She places a comforting hand on Chloe’s shoulder, then departs.

Chloe wracks her brain for an explanation, but she comes up short. This case is unlike any other she’s been on. But usually she can overcome the challenge. This time, she can’t. And it crushes her.

She stands up shakily from her chair. With red-lined eyes, Chloe regards Han as he gathers Isah, Gabby, Aza, and the rest of his crew. They get together on the dance floor, each holding the hands of the next to form a circle. They lower their heads, and close their eyes, as if in prayer.

Despite the melancholy situation, Chloe can’t help her detective brain when it starts firing. She compares this situation to the one when Han had showed them the first murder. He had seemed nonchalant, as if he didn’t even care about the lost person. But this time, he’s taking this crime more than personal: it appears as if his very essence has been crushed slightly.

Noting that for later, Chloe lets the rest of the police force cover the rest of the scene. She needs her sleep.

In the mirror, he tries to control his emotions. Staring into his own eyes, they flash from brown to red erratically.

His jaw clenches. Lucifer doesn’t get it—in spite of him gripping the porcelain sink hard enough that it bends under his strength, he can’t make his eyes stop shifting. He can’t stop his hand from fluctuating to his devil form.

“That doesn’t even make sense!” He yells, grabbing his soap bar to throw it at the mirror. It shatters from the impact, and a million shards fall around him. Without a detective around, Lucifer just walks
He glares at his fists. His skin has turned red all the way to his elbows know on both arms. But even if he tries, he knows he can’t make his Devil face appear. It is still gone.

“I thought I had lost this form when I had gained my annoying appendages,” he grows to the air. A thought occurs to him.

With a clench of his back muscles, Lucifer summons his wings. The weight that suddenly drags him down is not welcome. But it tells him what is afflicting him is intermediate, only affecting him in a half-sense.

He makes the wings go away as he approaches his bar. Whiskey always makes him feel better. As the hard alcohol sinks down his throat, the irritation fades from his arms. But Lucifer knows it’s just a coincidence.

*What is happening to me?* He asks himself. His loss of self-command injures his pride. But there’s nothing he can do but sit in his own misery.

So that’s what he does, for hours at his piano. A painful ballad of misery exudes from the keys.

Until one thought occurs to him.

The Detective always makes him feel better. Makes him more human, less red.

After checking the time, Lucifer decides that it is a reasonable hour to text Chloe.

**How are you on this fine Sunday morning?** He texts her.

A minute later, his phone chirps.

**It’s already one o’clock. Aka the afternoon.**

Lucifer chuckles.

**Okay. How are you on this fine Sunday afternoon?**

**Finally relaxed, despite the horrid case we are on,** Chloe texts him.

**Relaxed? That sounds nice. Mind if I join?**

This time, it takes Chloe many minutes to respond.

**I’m planning on spending the day with Trixie.**

Ah. She doesn’t think he would want to partake in that. But he feels a desperate need to be in Chloe’s presence.

**That sounds wonderful. I’ll be there soon.**

He pockets his phone, ignoring the many messages he gets in the next few minutes. Gathering his jacket and keys, he takes the elevator to the parking lot. Exceeding the speed limit, he makes it to Chloe’s apartment in record time even with a quick pit stop.

Sensing the door unlocked, he walks right in, a liter of Diet Coke in his hand for the spawn.
“Knock knock!” He calls as he closes the door behind him.

“Lucifer!” Trixie’s high shout pierces his ears, and Lucifer overcomes the cringe that usually takes over his body. She body slams into his leg, but Lucifer absorbs the impact like a brick wall.

“Beatrice,” he greets her in kind. “So nice to see you. Here, I brought your favorite.”

A bright smile on her face, Trixie enthusiastically takes the bottle, carrying it with both hands. Although she’s grown, she still has trouble with the large bottle. Waddling to the kitchen with it, she twists the cap.

Chloe, from her spot on the couch, rises to approach Lucifer.

“Saying ‘knock knock’ does not count a substitute for actually knocking,” she mocks him, with the smile that was obviously passed down to Trixie.

“Some might say that,” Lucifer says mysteriously. He bends to peck a kiss on Chloe’s cheek, finding it come naturally to him. He sees her face turn slightly pink as he brushes past her shoulder. “So, how is my Esther up to?” He takes the seat next to where Chloe was, brushing his hand on the cushion to find the cold spot. Kicking off his shoes, he stretches his legs to rest his feet the coffee table.

“We were just about to watch The Greatest Showman. Trixie’s been wanting to see it, and it’s the first time we’ve been able to spend together for a couple of days,” Chloe says, stepping over Lucifer’s limbs to get back to her spot on the couch. She taps Lucifer’s feet as she passes him. “Nice socks. Red suits you. I’m surprised your feet aren’t hooved,” she jokes.

Lucifer gives her a chuckle. “Yes. Another abominable accuracy that will mark everyone’s perception of me until the end of time.” Shutting his eyes, Lucifer takes in the smell of Chloe’s apartment. A candle, lavender scented, flickers behind them. He tastes the scent of Chloe’s natural odor: one of nice citrus and clean laundry. It comforts him.

When he opens his eyes, he senses Chloe’s timid nature. He makes sure to give her his full attention.

“Yes?” It’s all he needs to say. Chloe will know what he means.

She bites her lip, rolls it under her teeth. Lucifer tries to not let it distract him, he wants to focus on what is making her manifest trepidation.

“Thank you for the soda, Lucifer!” Trixie breaks Lucifer’s concentration, bringing back a huge plastic cup full to the brim of Coke. Before she crawls up in between Chloe and Lucifer, her mother takes hold of her arm, rubbing her thumb on Trixie’s elbow.

“Do you mind getting me and Lucifer glasses as well, baby?” Chloe asks her.

Trixie lights up, and dashes back to the kitchen. Lucifer faces Chloe once more, who takes a deep breath as if to prepare herself.

“I’m sorry.”

Lucifer’s body twitches slightly back, surprised. He was not expecting that.

“May I ask why?”

Chloe blinks, turning to look at the black TV screen. “I yelled at you the other day. It was uncalled
for. I’ve been a bad friend, just because I’m letting this case get in my head. You don’t deserve that. So I’m sorry.”

I’m sorry.

Little does the Detective know, no one has ever said that to Lucifer before. Sure, maybe if someone released too soon for his liking, they muttered a quiet “I’m sorry.” But this sorry, it holds different weight. The strong Detective who wears her heart on her sleeve truly believes that she needs to apologize to the Devil.

How wrong she is.

Reaching out, Lucifer crosses the vast distance that is the cushion between them to take her hand. “Take it back,” he whispers to her.

“Excuse me?” Chloe blinks again, holding back a tear.

“You have nothing to be sorry, for, Detective. You are allowed to be stressed, you are allowed to experience unwanted emotions. Never be sorry for that. It’s what makes you humans so amazing to me. And please, always know, that I am… I am here for you.” It’s what she offered him, long ago, when he was struggling with sending his mother away from this dimension. Lucifer is happy to extend the same to his Detective.

A watery smile finds its way onto Chloe’s face. It’s one of the most beautiful things Lucifer has ever seen.

“Okay. I take it back,” she laughs away a tear. Untangling their hands, Lucifer brings wipes away the single stream of water with the bad of this thumb, cupping her face in his hand. She leans into his touch. “Thank you.”

If he wanted to, he thinks he could lean in. If he wanted to, he thinks he could tug Chloe centimeter by centimeter closer to him. If he wanted to, he thinks he could savor this moment forever.

He chooses the latter.

“So, are we going to watch The Greatest Showman, or should I go to my room?”

Trixie throws both Lucifer and Chloe back into reality. Slowly, Lucifer drops his hand from her face, and leans back into the couch.

“We are going to watch the movie, child. Here.” He pats the seat next to him. Trixie grins at him, puts down the two extra glasses of Coke, and jumps into the space next to him and Chloe. After shrugging to her mother, Trixie relaxes against Lucifer’s side. He wraps an arm around Trixie’s small frame, holding the small human close.

And if his fingertips brush Chloe’s shoulder, well, that’s just a plus.

They get through Hugh Jackman’s stunning movie (Lucifer is quite fond of the Australian). Then Trixie insists on watching Hercules, which Lucifer approves of, enjoying Hades in the film, commenting his humor actually matches that of the actual Devil. By the end of their movie marathon, Trixie has drooled all over Lucifer’s under shirt, and snores lightly against his chest. But he doesn’t mind.

After, he lifts her to carry her to her room. With Chloe’s help, they tuck her in carefully. Chloe kisses
her delicately on her forehead, and they close the door behind them.

Now, they sit by the counter, going over the case’s details.

“\l\lThis new body complicates things,” Chloe says, going through the photos sent from Ella. “It means we have to go about this case a different way. This killer, they are unpredictable, and somehow are able to strike right below our noses.”

Lucifer gives some sort of verbal agreement, shifting the photos around. The new body they found, just a simple bartender, lays on the ground in the photograph. His arms extend around him, as if he fell with grace. His face is calm, at peace.

“It is quite a change from before.” Lucifer checks his phone. “However it’s almost time to get to Ezra before the doors are opened. Shall we?” He gets up from his stool.

Scooting off her own stool, Chloe scans her own phone. “Dan said he would be here in about twenty minutes to take watch Trixie. How about you head over, and I’ll meet you there?”

“Perfect. See you then, Detective.” With a polite nod, Lucifer exits the apartment. He was right. Seeing the Detective, spending time with her, has left him feeling whole again. Fulfilled. He wriggles his hands on his steering wheel, enjoying the pale skin that greets him.

He parks a few blocks away from Ezra. Whistling, he strolls to Ezra, hands in his pockets.

Without a bouncer, Lucifer is allowed right into Ezra, bypassing the closed-off line with a simple smile. No one notices him—at least no one of great importance, as a few people waiting in line fawn over dear old Sammy. When he enters the club, no one is watching him, no one sees him, and for once, it’s nice. Appreciating the fleeting moment of zero attention, Lucifer quietly makes his way around the dancefloor, past the stage where some other musicians are playing some electronic music. He spots main band members, Isah and Gaby, talk heatedly in a dark corner of the bar, away from patrons.

“A romance between two talented humans starting to ignite?” Lucifer muses. He walks closer, curious to overhear their conversation. But as he draws nearer, his first impression fades away. Gaby’s brow is low over her eyes, glaring angrily at Isah. He gesticulates, trying to convince Gaby of something.

Lucifer gets near enough to finally pick up their conversation.

“Despite what you might think, Israfel, I am, and always will be, your superior. Call me Gabriel, or don’t talk to me at all,” the drummer spits at Isah in her smooth accent. “You don’t have any power over me here, anywhere, or elsewhere.”

Israfel?

Gabriel?

Something begins to click in Lucifer’s mind as Isah responds to Gaby’s irritated tone. Gaby’s shining black hair triggers a memory in Lucifer's mind. One of the Silver City, when he taught his siblings how to do tricks in the sky. As she performs a perfect loop in the air, her hair spins around, glittering in the stars he had crafted just for their alcove in heaven. Her silky voice, the inspiration for the Spanish dialect of human language, seals the deal.

How could he have been so blind?
His whole world crumbles before him, leaving only behind the painstakingly raw lie.

“Sister? Brother?”

Chapter End Notes

As always, thanks for reading! I hope this chapter is as okay as it seems in my head haha
Simultaneously, like they are connected by a single thought, Isah and Gaby stop and look at Lucifer. A second later, the music stops, and the players stare at Lucifer.

It’s all so clear now. He recognizes all of his siblings around him.

Han appears by his side, and Lucifer doesn’t question how he got there so quickly.

_Han._

_No._

“Haniel,” Lucifer greets him coldly. “Of course. I get it now. My headaches, the voices, the distractions. My absolute _nausea_ from simply being on the same plane as so many of you.”

“I’m surprised you made the connection so soon, brother,” Haniel says, arms breezily crossing in front of his chest.

“I’m surprised you made the connection so soon, brother,” Haniel says, arms breezily crossing in front of his chest.

“Honestly I’m disappointed in myself, brother,” Lucifer says sweetly. “I should have recognized you from your fashion choices. They always trigger my gag reflex, and this time has been no exception. It’s nice to see that not much has changed since I last saw you.”

A dramatic shift from his previous composure around Chloe, Haniel’s familiar scowl coats his face. “And I can see that you haven’t changed either. And here I’d hoped Ms. Decker would have inspired something nice within you.”

Lucifer bristles at the mention of Chloe. “What exactly do you mean by that?”

A small, strong hand stops his movement to approach Haniel. “Ezra’s is about to open. Can we take this downstairs?”

Teeth curling, Lucifer looks down at his sister. “I’m guessing Dad owns this place. Surely he can close it for one night.”

Gabriel cocks an eyebrow, a move he taught her to annoy Amenadiel. “Chloe should be here soon. Don’t you want to keep up the pretense?”
Knowing they had him there, Lucifer spins on his heel without a word, stomping down the steps to the white room. He feels his siblings—Gabriel, Israfel, Haniel, and others—follow him. Every stride of descension shoots waves of frenzy to Lucifer’s head, and his mind gets more clouded when they reach the lower floor. All of his sibling’s thoughts pass through his head as well, their conversations crossing over in his head. But he can’t decipher any of it, the waves coming in fuzzy as if his internal radio station is not correctly tuned in.

“Out of practice, brother?” Haniel asks snidely, noticing Lucifer clutch his temple.

Rubbing his head, Lucifer glares at the angel. “I guess I can’t ignore you all like I used to.”

Haniel waves a hand as Israfel and Gabriel take the couch as their seats. Other angels hold their position near the walls of the room. Lucifer and Haniel remain standing with a wide canyon between them. “I would offer that elixir from before, but now that you know, there’s no point to try and stay hidden.”

“Yes... what was that drink you gave me before?”

Haniel smirks at Gabriel, who sighs and explains. “It was a potion that brings you back to your roots. Your invincible satanism re-emerged, which also worked to dull your sensitivity to our own elegance.”

_Ah._ Well that explains his devil form returning for a short span of time.

Lucifer turns to narrow his eyes at Haniel. Oh, how he wishes he could flash red at him. That always struck fear into his heart. “Shouldn’t you be guarding that damned tree of yours?”

Haniel visibly wilts. “That’s part of the reason I’m here. The Tree is Life… it’s dying, Samael.”

Conflicting emotions collide within Lucifer. His knee-jerk response at his old name slams against the wind just kicked out of him from shock.

His breathlessness presents most prominently. “Dying? That’s impossible. Life is _literally_ in its name.”

“Yes, I know!” Haniel shouts, throwing his arm out. His outburst takes Lucifer back. His brother was always known for his cool demeanor, typically relaxed, enjoying the company of his sacred tree. But know Lucifer sees something else. Under the purple toga, beneath the layers of fabric, is someone who is scared. Terrified of what’s to come.

Haniel’s hands strain in the air, a visual aid in taking control of his emotions. “Brother, we need you to help us. We need you to fix it.”

Despite acknowledging Haniel’s frustration, Lucifer lets out a low growl. “If you stopped talking so generally, maybe I could say whether or not I can actually assist you.”

Gabriel steps up from the coach. “I’m the messenger. This should come from me.” Haniel nods, taking her place on the furniture.

Gabriel gathers herself, clearly preparing her words carefully before speaking them out loud.

Before she can open her mouth, Lucifer says dryly, “I hope you don’t mean for me to rejuvenate that poor plant. We all know what happened last time I got close to that stupid bush’s twin. Ended with the Fall of Man? You all recall that happening?”
His question has the desired effect. All the angels in the room look agitated. All except Gabriel.

“This is much more serious than just a plant,” she says. Haniel opens his mouth, and Gabriel holds up a finger. “Yes, it’s not ‘just a plant.’ But restrain yourself. The problem extends far beyond the Tree of Life failing. We don’t know exactly why, or how, but—”

Ping!

Holding up a finger, Lucifer checks his phone.

**Just got here. Where are you?**

_The detective._

When he looks up from his phone, Gabriel is the manifestation of agitation. “You dare interrupt me in one of the most dire of situations—”

“Chloe is here,” Lucifer exhales. “I need to get her out of here. Off of this case.” _Away from all of you_, he doesn’t say.

Haniel gathers himself off of the couch. “No. She stays. She must stay.”

Slowly and deliberately, Lucifer turns to stare down Haniel. A blazing fire and a stubborn tree face each other.

“She must stay?” Lucifer repeats, with an intonation that could inspire terror in even the most horrid of beasts. “Are you telling me she was _destined_ to be on this case?”

Murmurs pattern around the pair of angels as their siblings watch the standoff.

Haniel draws himself up, extending his trunk. “Perhaps.”

Wildfire storms into Lucifer’s vision. Not again. It happened again. _Not again_.

“Enough of this!” He shouts, impactful enough for all of his siblings, including the spectators, to step back, creating a perimeter around the fallen angel. “So all of this, this murder, this case, was just to get my attention? You killed, simply so I would come here?”

Gabriel steps in front of Haniel. “The first one was, yes, but Samael—”

“That is not my name!” Lucifer’s rage intensifies.

Gabriel swallows, his name hard to say. She had always been against his fall, against his rebranding. But the seriousness of the circumstance overtakes any objections she has to saying his new name. “Lucifer,” she begins. “Yes, we did set up a body for you to investigate.”

A strike of pressure hits the back of Lucifer’s eyes. “The first body. Which brother did you murder? Don’t deny it, I now realize I felt his divinity even if he was no longer in the body.”

Gabriel smiles softly, sensing his anger almost passing. “It was Duma. But he was returned to the Silver City the instance his body actually gave out. He is fine. But the second one—”

Lucifer shakes his head. “I still can’t believe this. While he is okay now, you still _killed_ to get my attention. I won’t help. I certainly will not fix some stupid problem you can figure out on your own.”

Color drains from Gabriel’s face. “Sam, you didn’t even let me finish. Please, brother, you’re the
only one—"

“No!” Anger resurfaces. “This was another selfish manipulation. I will not be used by Father ever again. And I will do everything in my power to get the detective as far away from here as possible.”

Sidestepping the stunned messenger angel, leaving the planted guardian angel, and ignoring the quiet music angel, Lucifer starts to flame up the stairs. Halfway up, a hand grabs his trailing limb. Lucifer makes a move to turn and reprimand whoever dared touch him, when the being speaks.

“My Lord, if I may offer some assistance?”

The meek guitarist from before holds his wrist, quickly releasing the devil. His hair is still spiky, but is now gray. Aza, if Lucifer recalls.

“My Lord?...” the mnemonic stirs up a memory. Aza looks up expectantly, waiting. His eyes reflect a dark purple, and another gear resumes work in Lucifer’s head.

“Azazel!” Coming down a few steps to properly greet his aide-de-camp, he grasps the angel’s forearm, scratching with his middle and index finger in their normal handshake. “I can’t believe I didn’t realize it was you before. I’m terribly sorry.”

“It’s okay, my King,” Azazel says. He bows once they release their hold. “We both know they had one of our siblings affecting your senses. I am pleased to finally speak to you. Israfel had been stopping me before.”

“Yes. I remember that,” Lucifer says. He simmers just at the thought of the angel of song.

“But now, I wish to be your right-hand-Grigori again. Please, allow me to help you with your detective.”

Lucifer considers Azazel. After Lucifer was sent to Hell, some of his siblings followed him. Not many. Barely any. But Azazel, he had fallen as well. He used to be a Watcher, but witnessing his brother be punished cracked him, and he spoke against Father. And that never went well.

But Lucifer had appreciated it. He had someone who understood, partly, what he was going through. Yes, Mazikeen was his main torture. His best friend. But Azazel had a deeper compassion for his struggles, his nightmares, his sorrows. Needing that in his new life, his new job, he had made Azazel his assistant, the second in command of Hell. Even in the Silver City, Azazel thrived on helping others. It was only fitting he did so still. He ran errands for Lucifer, gathered intel for new tortures, talked through difficult cases, and even sent messages to the Silver City for him. He tortured when Lucifer tired of the sport, he pried and made human lives worse in the afterlife, and he grew darker every day as well, even if he kept his timid nature. Most importantly, he was a companion he never knew he would miss, until he decided to fully stay in LA.

“I would love your help, brother,” Lucifer says, smiling. Azazel lights up, pleased. He nods.

“Here’s my idea.”

On the main stage, Lucifer spins Chloe, finishing in a low dip as the musical crescendos. He pulls her back close, leading her in a tango. Her chest melds into his front, his breathes come short and quick with effort. Chloe, on the other hand, is gliding over the stage, almost leading the dance herself. She smiles up him, her face coming far too close when she brings herself back up to a full stand.
“Thief!”

The shout breaks off the intense music. Azazel stands on the end of the dancefloor, pointing at a random man. The man, who holds a beer with one hand and a cell in the other, looks up, confused.

“What?”

“I saw you!” Azazel walks to the man, never letting his hand drop. “I know what you did. How dare you steal from this institution!”

“I didn’t do any—”

Azazel shouts, kicking the helpless human, who goes flying from the supernatural strength. Growling, Azazel pounces from all fours, leaping over a tall table. Glasses and drinks go flying, and Azazel lands on top of the man. He punches him again, and again. His ferocity reminds him of Mazikeen, and Lucifer is reminded who was actually Maze’s sparring partner.

Lucifer grabs hold of Chloe, bringing her even closer to his chest, acting as the shielding boyfriend from the horrid sight.

“I don’t think this case is safe for you anymore, Detective,” Lucifer whispers into her ear, clear in his proximity. “We should drop this act.” Chloe mumbles a shocked response, muffled by his ruffled outfit.

“Sorry, everyone!” Haniel floats in from the stairwell, Gabriel close behind him. She shoots Lucifer a dirty look. Haniel claps once, loudly, and one of Lucifer’s brothers, Zachriel, finds the strength to break apart Azazel from the bruised human. At the sight of Zachriel, Lucifer’s heart skips a beat. One of his more adoring siblings, Zachriel and him always had a kinship: they looked similar, despite a difference in hair and eye color as Zach was granted blonde hair and blue eyes. But right now, Zachriel is obeying Haniel’s every word, taking in every command, as he constrains Azazel under a tight hold.

The patrons are hushed, appalled by the behavior of Azazel, who grins wickedly, the taste of wrongdoing generating a high. Haniel looks to Zachriel, who nods. And Lucifer knows what he’s about to do.

Haniel raises his arms. “Please, everyone, close your eyes. Everything will be alright.” The women and men obey, succumbing to his melodious tone.

Lucifer turns Chloe, blocking her view of the angels. “Detective, please. This case is a dead end. Let’s go back to Lux.” A flash of light reflects off the mirror, and Lucifer knows the Memory Angel has done his duty.

Chloe pushes herself away from Lucifer.

“Why do you keep flip-flopping?” She demands from him. “First, you’re giddy about this case. Then you always seem like you’re going to throw up. Then you come over to my place, acting all calm, and now this? No, I’m not taking myself off of this case. If anything, it only makes me want to stay more.”

She walks around him and gasps. Lucifer turns, knowing what to expect. A pristine club, already clean by the grace of angels. The rest of the people are completely nonchalant, as if nothing happened. Because to them, nothing did happen.

“What? Wasn’t it…” Chloe points, finger limp, at the club. She shakes her head. “This place gets weirder by the minute.” She shoots a glare at Lucifer. “Which means I should investigate even more
so than before.” She struts away from him, posture sagging.

Well, damn. That backfired.

Chloe avoids Lucifer for a while. They don’t perform for another hour, so Lucifer frequents the bar. Some sibling he never met before makes a horrid gin and tonic, but he swigs it anyways.

Staring at nothing in particular, Lucifer sighs deeply.

“I had the strangest feelings your world’s not all it seems.”

Chloe’s otherworldly voice wafts into Lucifer’s ears. Turning in his barstool, he sees Chloe stand, alone in a spotlight. The microphone under her chin looks huge as she makes her figure small. Sadness coats her eyes, as she looks out into the crowd.

“So tired of misconceiving, what else this could have been.” As a tear forms in her ducts, she looks at Lucifer. She’s singing to him.

“I don’t even know if I believe. I don’t even know if I believe everything you’re trying to say me. Open up my eyes, and tell my I’m alive. This is never going to go our way if I have to guess what’s on your mind.”

She turns away from Lucifer, obviously trying to cover her tears in shame. She continues the brokenhearted refrain. It replays in Lucifer’s head again and again, and each time, it fractures his soul. I don’t even know if I believe. She’s done. She’s doubting him, his integrity, his intentions. He played too much with her, didn’t tell her enough about his true self, didn’t commit enough time to developing what they had. What they could have had.

She’d ask for him to talk to her repeatedly. She’d waited, patiently, for his explanation that never came.

He has to do something drastic to make her believe again. He stares at her until she finishes her song.

She leaves the stage, crestfallen. The crowd’s gaze follows her as she sits in the back of the club, disappearing to a darkened corner.

Hastily standing from his barstool, Lucifer runs up the stage, grabs Israfel, dragging him backstage.

“You. You always were jealous of me. The musical angel, second to none in melody… except to the devil.” Israfel struggles against Lucifer’s hold, but Lucifer had always been the stronger brother.

“Now, listen to me. You will play this one song for me, so I can prove myself to the detective. Then you will leave me, her, her daughter, Mazikeen, and anyone associated with me alone. Forever. Until the end of time. You, and all the other birds in this buildings. Understand?”

Israfel continues fighting Lucifer’s fist, but eventually gives up. He nods, not meeting Lucifer’s eyes. Throwing him down, they both return to the stage.

Waiting for Israfel to settle, and watching Gabriel reluctantly settle by her drum set, Lucifer clears his throat. The puzzled clubgoers pause their whispered conversations about the drama emerging on the performing couple, and instead look up to Lucifer.

But he only has eyes for a certain miracle. He spots her, sitting alone in a booth, eating french fries one by one.

“You know I want you. It’s not secret I try to hide.”
He sees her sit up straighter, identifying the song.

“I know you want me, so don’t keep saying our hands are tied. You claim it’s not in the cards, and fate is pulling you miles away, and out of reach from me.” Lucifer tries to put everything he has in this song. He knows emotions are hard for him, especially these human ones. He knows that he doesn’t communicate well enough for her. But he wants to try. Chloe is worth it. So he tries to communicate in the one medium he is an expert in. Music.

“You’re here in my heart, so who can stop me if I decide that you’re my destiny?” He hears Gabriel gasp behind him. She noticed his slight finger at Dad, cursing him for deciding his fate over and over again. But dammit, Chloe, even if she is a miracle, was not part of the plan. He is sure of it.

“What if we rewrite the stars?” He asks her, offering out a hand. She finally turns her head, and he sees her red-lined eyes. That is his fault. “Say you were made to be mine. Nothing could keep apart. You’d be the one I was meant to find.” He ignores the implications of the song, the meaning that makes his skin crawl, the connotation that his mother used to make him abandon Chloe before. Because now, he wants it to be true, not because his Father meant it to be, but because they want it to be true.

Azazel shuffles over to Chloe, holding a microphone to up her. She stares at it, and the hunched over servant, but takes it anyways. She looks back up to Lucifer, tears still fresh in her eyes.

Lucifer smiles slightly, nodding, asking her to continue. She knows the lyrics, he’s sure of it. Heck, they just watched the movie with her spawn.

She raises the microphone to her mouth, and stands shakily.

“You think it’s easy?” She starts. “You think I don’t want to run to you?” She walks slowly to him, and the crowd splits like the dead sea for her as she flutters through the verse. “We’re able to be just you and me within these walls. But when we go outside, you’re gonna wake up and see that it was hopeless after all.” Right below him, in front of the stage, she stares up at Lucifer, distant on his pedestal.

“No one can rewrite the stars,” she breathlessly sings, sweeping her arm around her. “How can you say you’ll be mine? Everything keeps us apart.” It’s no longer her singing—it’s her explaining herself through a song, just like he is. Each phrase echoes her own thoughts, word for word. “It’s not up to you. It’s not up to me. How can we rewrite the stars?”

Little does she know she asks the star maker himself. Kneeling down, Lucifer grasps for her hand, and she reaches out in kind, squeezing it.

“All I want is to fly with you,” he sings.

“All I want is to fall with you,” Chloe reciprocates, tears welling up.

“So just give me all of you!” They sing together, and Lucifer hops down the stage to stand by her side. He keeps hold her her small hand, finding it the only thing grounding him.

“It feels impossible,” Chloe says the lyrics, voice cracking.

“It’s not impossible,” Lucifer disagrees.

“Is it impossible?” Chloe asks again.

“Say that it’s possible!” Lucifer sings, almost shouting now. He looks pleadingly down at her from
his tall stature, begging her to continue, to rekindle their relationship. He desperately wants her to whisper the words that tell him everything will be okay. She only needs to continue the song. *She needs to continue.*

Chloe stares at him forever. She looks at their intertwined hands. In a cold motion, she removes her hand from his.

“It’s not possible,” she whispers, the microphone barely picking up her words.

Lucifer’s heart breaks.

The silence is deafening.

As Chloe walks away from him, leaving his hand empty, both humans and angels alike watch as Lucifer’s life exits the club.

It seems like hours pass, before Haniel walks up next to Lucifer. He puts a hand on his shoulder. “Wow. That was rough to witness.”

Lucifer shoves off the plant-lover with an aggressive shake of his body. “Get away from me.”

Dejected, Lucifer grabs his coat, and leaves Ezra’s as well.

The floor reverberates with the pounding music below his feet. Lux, going all out, is serving free drinks tonight until the next morning. The speakers are on full blast, deafening his workers. But Lucifer only feels it through the hardwood. Alone in his penthouse, he couldn’t find it within himself to take part in the festivities. Even though drinking used to make him feel better, no amount would intoxicate him, no amount would make him forget what just transpired between him and the detective.

No amount of forever could heal his heart.

At the piano, Lucifer hunches over, elbows on the piano cover, forehead in his hands. He had not seen the truth when it stood in front of him. That is the tune of his life—he hadn’t seen the truth about his life in the Silver City, he hadn’t realized his own mother manipulated him, he hadn’t noticed his own siblings in the nightclub. He he didn’t fully comprehend how truly, and *deeply,* he loved Chloe. Until it was too late.

The tears Lucifer had forced back down threaten to resurface. A few drops of water fall onto his piano, he hurriedly wipes it with one swift movement.

The elevator door dings, and Lucifer swivels in his seat, hope soaring to see a certain small blonde.

It’s only Amenadiel. His brother fists his hands at the side, body angled forward as he walks to Lucifer. Lucifer turns back around, assuming the same position as before.

“Amenadiel. I am in no mood to talk to you right now.”

“Too bad, Luci, because I need to talk to you. Guess who I saw just now?”

“I really don’t care,” Lucifer drawls.

Amenadiel slams his fist on the piano. Despite human mortality taking its toll on his body, he still holds considerable strength, damaging Lucifer’s piano. That makes Lucifer look up, eyes narrowed.

“Maze. She came to find me at my apartment.” He rests his hands on the piano top, arching his back
over the instrument. “And do you know what she told me?”

Lucifer rolls his eyes. “If I express my lack of intrigue in this conversation, will that make you stop talking finally?”

A twitch of his cheek is the only break in Amenadiel’s composure. “It was relayed to me that Chloe came home, slamming the door behind her, stifling in tears so her daughter couldn’t see her mother cry.”

The information only plunges Lucifer’s heart deeper into darkness, but he hopes Amenadiel can’t see the effect of his words. “And?”

“And, Maze discovered the cause after going through a conversation of ‘disgusting feelings,’ as she put it.” Amenadiel pauses, always going for increasing drama. “It was you, Lucifer. You finally broke Chloe with your detestable behavior.”

Lucifer rises now, arching his back of the keys, paralleling Amenadiel’s stance of resting his hands shoulder-length apart on the piano. The two brothers, almost identical in height, face off.

“Is there a point in you telling me this, Amenadiel?”

The fallen angel’s brown face twists, Amenadiel’s tired lines becoming ones of anger. “This is the last time that you hurt Chloe. It needs to stop.”

“Why does this matter to you, brother?” Lucifer challenges. “Is this what your destiny is now? To protect some human from the big bad devil?”

Amenadiel frowns. “Chloe is Mazikeen’s friend. I will protect those she is fond of. It’s the right thing to do.”

Lucifer laughs. And laughs. Clutching his stomach from the disingenuous sound, Lucifer backs away from the piano until his bar greets his back in a cold horizontal hug. Amenadiel’s frown deepens as he watches Lucifer. “What is so humorous?”

Smiling deviously, Lucifer looks at his brother. He just found the perfect sting in his brother’s fortitude. “Is this because you still have the hots for a certain demon? Even though you screwed her best friend?”

The provocation works. Letting out a roar, Amenadiel rushes at Lucifer, fist raised to hit his face. Quick as lightning, Lucifer catches his brother’s hand. They freeze, staring at each other. Menacingly, Lucifer inches forward, forcing his brother backwards. He starts to squeeze the fist, and it brings him joy to see pain strike Amenadiel’s face.

Tsking, Lucifer shakes his head. “Do you really think you can beat me, brother? I have my wings again; I can feel the energy they give me. While you... your wings molted, fell off, and what are you left with? Two ex-girlfriends and a touch of mortality.” Rotating his arm, Amenadiel’s body twists in the air, then flings backwards. He crashes down the stairs, into Lucifer’s small table by his favorite chair. He hears Amenadiel let out a small grunt from the impact.

“There is no significance in me besting you in a fight,” Amenadiel says, spitting out some blood. “If I can beat some sense into you, that will be enough.”

“Beat some sense into me?” Lucifer shouts. “Why am I the one that’s always on the wrong path? Why am I always the one to mess up? Why am I always the one who is suffering?”
Perching himself on one elbow, Amenadiel looks at Lucifer, one eye forced closed from injury. “Because you always cause yourself anguish, Luci. You have to see that by now.”

Stalking forward, Lucifer places a foot on Amenadiel’s chest. He pushes him down onto the ground. Amenadiel splays his arms to his sides, as if he was being crucified. How fitting.

“Everything that’s happened has been Dad’s fault. You know that He keeps insisting on meddling in my life, and it must end.”

Amenadiel glares defiantly up at his brother. “Or maybe that’s what you want to think, so you don’t have to be responsible for your own actions. That’s the way it’s always been.”

Lucifer stares down. Maybe his brother is right. Not completely, but partially. Without a doubt, Dad is manipulating him again. But perhaps he went about getting the detective off the case in the wrong way. Perhaps he is somewhat accountable for their disintegrating relationship.

Using Lucifer’s small lost train of thought, Amenadiel grabs his brother’s leg, and pulls him to the side. Flailing, Lucifer tumbles down on the remnants of his table. Spinning, Amenadiel takes a dominant position, knees on either side of Lucifer’s stomach.

He punches Lucifer squarely in the face once. Twice. A third time. Each hit Lucifer takes at full value, turning to face Amenadiel after a short recovery period. By the fifth impact, Amenadiel untangles himself from Lucifer, sitting on his heels, breathing hard.

“Why aren’t you resisting?” He asks, panting, hands on his knees.

Bringing a hand up to touch his face, Lucifer feels as if his cheekbone is starting to swell to the size of a baseball. “There’s no point,” he says. “Despite what is true, I appear to be designed for a life of torture. That’s what being the Devil is all about, correct? Well, I’m accepting that now.”

Amenadiel stands up. “That’s not what I wanted the outcome of this discussion to be.”

Lucifer laughs, and this time, it hurts. “You call this a discussion? My, I fear to know what sex with you must be like.” He holds up a hand. “Scratch that. I don’t even want to think about that at all.”

Amenadiel offers his hand. “Get up, Luci. You’re not the giving up type.”

Letting his eyes draw lazily around the living room, Lucifer looks at his piano, his chair, even his bar, before focusing on Amenadiel.

“I’m not giving up,” he says. “I’m accepting my fate. My fate of falling in every sense of the word. Falling from heaven, falling for Dad’s plans, and falling for a mortal.”

“Can I do nothing to help?”

Lucifer considers his brother. Could he help? Without any powers? Without any understanding, or sympathy for his situation?


Amenadiel retracts his hand, shoving it into a pocket. “All right. I will leave you. But don’t do anything stupid. And don’t hurt Chloe anymore.” He exits, taking the elevator down.

“I don’t think I have it in me to do that,” Lucifer says aloud, to no one.

He stays where he is, on the floor, broken wood pinching into his back, for several minutes. An
hour. If he tries to move, his arms barely listen. His legs spasm in complaint. His body is rejecting his soul, that know acknowledges its taintedness. Well. He can’t blame it.

He doesn’t know how long it takes, but Lucifer finally sits up, causing his head to feel as though it is imploding and exploding at the same time. He groans, pushing a palm into his eye. Ignoring the pain, Lucifer gets up slowly. He gathers the splintered table, tossing it into the waste bin. Now he has sawdust on his carpet. Mindlessly, he finds his vacuum. He goes over the same spot over and over again, discovering that the vertical movement of the cleaning tool comforts him.

An itch pops up in the back of his mind. An itch for sanitation. Succumbing to the urge, Lucifer empties out his supply closet. He changes his bed, throwing them into the washer, making sure to select the correct setting for her personalized silken sheets. Going through his dresser, he refolds all of his clothes, making sure each one is impeccably placed. In his walk-in closet, he checks for wrinkles, ironing out any kinks. Taking a glass cleaner, Lucifer goes over all of his windows, which requires a tall ladder for his wall-length ones that allow all the light he desires into his penthouse. He wipes down his bar stand, he washes his sink. He mops his floor. He does anything that will make his mind go blank. Anything to not think of Chloe.

“What in the world are you doing?”

From his squatting position as he analyzes his floor to make sure it is even, Lucifer looks up. A gorgeous young woman dressed in zig-zag leggings and a tie dye tank top sits on his railing on the patio, wind blowing through her dark red hair. Despite the fall to her death that would be imminent were she to slip, the woman looks exceptionally calm.

Because she is no woman.

“Azrael,” Lucifer greets his sister. She hops from her perch, and tosses her hair behind her shoulder. She shifts her weight from side to side in an exaggerated fashion as she walks. When she passes Lucifer, he smells her death scent that follows her wherever she goes: rafflesia and rotting flesh. It’s faint; so faint that it would only mildly disturb humans. But Lucifer is too familiar with the smell. He scrunches his nose as he rises from his athletic position. “Didn’t I ask to be left alone by the lot of you?” He asks her.

She walks to his piano, sliding her hand over the newly-polished wood. She notes the indent from Amenadiel’s fist, tapping the poor wood once. Her demeanor, usually so full of false jubilance, is somber. "We both know I wasn't in the building when you set that deal, and I normally don't associate with the rest of our siblings. Your agreement hardly applies to me."

Lucifer shows his teeth at her, eyes lifeless. "Tzippi, always with the loopholes." He draws closer to her, on edge. "Why are you here?"

Azrael looks around the penthouse, taking in Lucifer's living quarters. She seems to disapprove. “I’m here to do what our other siblings could not.”

“Which is what?” Lucifer asks, crossing his arms.

Her eyes snap up, and Lucifer is reminded of when she was just a fletchling, begging to tag along with Lucifer as he explored his talents. She was so vibrant, her hair a fierce red back then to match her personality. But then Father assigned her a job, that led to one of the same, and eventually she grew dark. But she fought back against the darkness, unlike Lucifer. It still took her in with its warm whispers, dampening her hair, her voice, her pure nature. She descended into falsehood, taking on a pretense of vibrancy with her clothes. But her eyes. They remained the same bright emerald color they have always been, the one part of her body that was not affected by their father.
“To ask you to simply listen to what we have to say,” she says.

Lucifer humphs. “So you are in on the plan too?”

Azrael sighs. “You can’t understand if you don’t have all the information.” But she considers. “I guess yes, in a sense, I am ‘in on the plan.’ But it’s so much bigger than that. I don’t have a choice. None of us have a choice.”

“I seriously doubt that,” Lucifer says, gathering up his cleaning items. Azrael follows him as he returns to the closet.

“Exactly. You won’t doubt this after you hear everything you need to know.”

“I’m sick of it, Azrael,” Lucifer says, his voice barely audible. “I’m done being a part of righteous plans, I am done trying to be happy, I am done with it all.”

She places a hand in the crook of his arm. “I know, Lucifer.” She was the only one he could speak this way to in the Silver City, and Lucifer is glad to see that hasn’t changed. “But I am afraid that it’s all not done with you. Please. I wouldn’t be here if it wasn’t extremely important.”

Lucifer examines her sparkling eyes. Azrael has never lied to him before. She always respected him, even after his fall. She actually talked to him post-rebellion, a result of their jobs being closely related. If there was any sibling still aligned with the Silver City that he trusted, it was Azrael.

He nods. “Okay. I’ll go with you.”

With a flap of crimson, the two angels are swept away.

“This is lovely.”

“Isn’t it? I rented out the entire restaurant for the night. We will be completely alone.”

“Wonderful.”

In a huge dining hall, Chloe and Lucifer sit across from each other at a table at least ten feet long. She sits on one end, him on the other. Ten courses of food decorate the setting in front of her: five types of meat, two seafood dishes, three vegetarian options, and two salads. Red and white wine glasses have all been opened, ready to be poured to their heart’s content.

Chloe looks from side to side. There are no other tables set up, and she can barely see the walls, the room is so large. The background fades to black before anything is discernible.

“Where are we?” She asks Lucier, tugging on the dark red tablecloth.

Lifting a glass, Lucifer hides a smile by taking a sip of wine. “Why, Hell, of course.”

If she had been taking a bite of food, Chloe would of choked. “What? Hell?”

“Of course. Where else would we be?” Lucifer throws Chloe a bewildered smile.

The more she thinks about it, the more it makes sense. Nodding, Chloe plays with her salad. “Oh, right. Hell.” She blinks. “But how did we end up here?”

Lucifer’s chair scratches on the hardwood floor as he rises from his seat. As if the floor moves for him, he floats over to Chloe, and takes her hand.
“I dragged you down, of course.”

Chloe stares at him, eyes wide. “What? That’s not possible. You’re a good person. I know you are.”

Lucifer cocks his head to the side. “Is that what you truly think?”

Yes.

No.

She removes her hand from his. “I don’t know,” she says. “You’ve always been off. You make sketchy deals. You act weird all the time. You’ve admitted to smoking at crime scenes, evidence. But sometimes you make me feel special. And yet…”

Lucifer doesn’t say anything, a blank expression on his face.

“I can’t say if you’ve ever been one hundred percent honest with me.”

Like the Cheshire Cat, Lucifer grins wide. “And there we have it! How about—” He drowns his last words, gasps, and grabs his neck. He stumbles back into the darkness, becoming shrouded in ash.

Jumping from her chair, Chloe follows him.

“Ahhh!” Lucifer screams at the top of his lungs, a piercing yell unlike anything Chloe has ever heard. He grabs at his face, his neck, his arms. He flounders in pain, back and forth, until the spasm passes. He looks to Chloe, not breathing.

And then his face bursts into flames. His hair erupts upward, doing nothing to light up the dark abyss they find themselves in. His entire body joins in, becoming one giant man-sized flame, shifting from cold blue to hot red repeatedly.

Instinctively, Chloe reaches for him. But the fire is too intense; it’s heat too repulsive. Flinching back, all she can do is watch as Lucifer writhes on the ground trying to put out the flames. It feels like minutes, or maybe hours pass before it extinguishes.

And what’s left is no man that Chloe knows. Blistering flesh, scarred tissue, and peeling skin covers the body in front of her, a thousand times worse than anything she’s ever seen. It’s still, unmoving, as if stone was painted disgusting red and left on the floor. Remnants of clothes still smoke, lone strands of gray disappearing above.

She approaches, timid and scared, one foot at a time.

The body gasps, crimson chest rising and falling violently. Chloe jumps away, covering her mouth as it rises to its all fours, supporting itself on all fours.

“Chloe,” it rasps, extending out a twig arm.

Collapsing to the ground, falling to her knees. “Lucifer,” she responds in kind. How can that be? How could he have survived that?

“How could he have survived that?”

“Help me,” he begs, choking on his words. Inching forward, he crawls to her.

“I don’t understand. What happened to you? What’s going on? Why did this happen?” Chloe’s mind is bursting. A truth lies in front of her, but she doesn’t want to accept it. She can’t accept it. She won’t accept it.
Her clothes stick to her, her body sweating in the consuming heat of the room. She turns in place, looking for a place to run, but the table is gone. The space is still endless. All she can see is her, and Lucifer. Or what’s left of her partner.

Rising in her bed, Chloe takes deep breaths.

She’s just in her room.

Falling quiet, she finally hears Trixie’s soft snores. It was just a nightmare. Just a dream. It meant nothing, implies nothing.

Hugging her body, Chloe’s hands come away drenched, the sweat consistent with her vision. Shaking, she rises from the bed to hop in the shower and cleanse herself, both body and mind.

Fully dressed, and trying to ignore the nagging temptation in her mind to dissect her dream into pieces, Chloe heads to the precinct. Pierce is demanding updates on the case, once again very invested in her career after weeks of not caring at all.

Walking through the office, Chloe notices the outstanding difference of the atmosphere around her desk due to the lack of a particular club owner. Where he could be, Chloe doesn’t know. And frankly, she doesn’t care. After days of emotional turbulence, she needs a clear head.

“Decker! Get in here,” Pierce calls, standing in his doorway. He disappears into his office, not waiting for her response.

Holding in her grumble, Chloe walks to Pierce’s room, standing in front of his desk. He sits at attention, fingers folded on his desk.

“So, how is the Ezra case going? I heard another body showed up.”

Chloe nods. “Yes sir. Another body, different method. We aren’t sure of the cause, the body seemed to not be harmed at all. Ella is looking into discrete poisons, but it isn’t looking good.”

Pierce takes in this information with a face of stone. “Fine.” He stands, crosses his hands behind his back. “And what of Lucifer? Is he sticking with this case?”

Chloe turns her head, avoiding eye contact. “I’m honestly not sure. He wanted me to drop it earlier today, and—”

“What?” Pierce rounds on Chloe. “He asked you to stop investigating?”

“Essentially,” Chloe says, eyeing Pierce’s tense body up and down. “He said it was too dangerous.”

Pierce points a finger at Chloe. “That’s nonsense. Don’t listen him. Continue to work the case until I say otherwise, Lucifer has no sway in this. You both must remain on this together.”

As Chloe nods once more, Pierce looks pacified as he relaxes back into his seat. “Good. Dismissed.” He swivels, hiding his features from view.

Without a word, Chloe leaves. She’s glad Pierce agrees with her, that she’s tough enough to stick with this case. But his attitude throws her off.

Back at her own desk, Chloe shuffles paper, reminiscing about her poor plant. She organizes her space a bit, and notices she is out of staplers. On her way to the supplies closet, Chloe walks by Dan’s desk. The image on his computer stops her in her tracks.
“Dan, why are you still investigating Kurt Gunter? I thought that case was a open-and-shut,” she jabs a finger at Kurt’s mugshot from the Country Club.

Dan rubs the back of his neck, letting out a groan. “Yeah, it is. I know Kurt is our guy, but he lawyered up pretty quickly. So I’m trying to find anything that will make the evidence indisputable.” He flicks through files on his computer, then flicks his computer mouse to the side. “I think I’ve been staring at this for too long, my mind going crazy.”

“Here,” Chloe shoves Dan from his chair. “Let me look. I need a break from my own case, this will do me good.” She clicks through his photos: of the golf ball, the impact site. The file on Kurt. She shifts through each one, scans the entire image each time. Her breath catches when she moves onto the next photo.”

“Dan, what is this?” She asks him, not taking her eyes off the computer screen.

Dan leans in. “That’s the photo of the bystanders you had me take when you first arrived at the crime scene, when I first thought our murderer was still there. Turns out I was wrong, there’s no trace of Kurt at the scene at all.”

Scrolling the mouse, Chloe zooms in on a couple. There’s no way. But the image is as clear as day.

“Chloe? What’s wrong?” Dan asks her.

Not blinking, Chloe rises from the chair, balancing on Dan’s outstretched arm. “I have to get to Ezra’s. Now. I’ll see you in a bit.”

She barely registers Dan’s reply as she dashes out of the precinct, almost forgetting to grab her badge and gun from her desk.

The two people in that photo were two people she’s seen before.

One was initially a possible suspect, the blonde haired man from the bar that could be Lucifer’s twin if she didn’t know any better.

The other was Gaby.

It can’t be a coincidence.

She checks Lucifer’s GPS location, praying that he hasn’t turned it off. Chloe swears under her breath when his dot blinks right on Ezra’s coordinates. Whatever is going in this case, it’s related to Lucifer. They asked for her and her partner specifically. They are adamant about them working on the case. They were present at two murders. And then Lucifer wanted her off the case.

Lucifer might be walking right into a trap.

Turning on her sirens, Chloe speeds onto the highway. She wishes that her last words to him won’t be a twisted version of some stupid song.

She has so much more to say to him.

Pressing further on the pedal, she accelerates to find Lucifer.

Chapter End Notes
Just a warning, I have even *more* exams coming up (count 'em: four exams... so sad). So the next chapter might take a little while.

Note, I did some research about angels, so hopefully I got all the names and associations correct. Lucifer's nickname for Azrael, Tzippi, means bird (in a sense).

Thanks for reading :) I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Come chill with me on tumblr (beans-shadow) if you want, that would be fun!
Chapter Summary

Chloe rushes to save Lucifer.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took me so long; this chapter was difficult to write, even after I finished all of my midterms (and the no-writing paid off, actually, I did very well on all four of my exams). I hope it's alright, a lot and just a little happens in this sequence.

Jogging on the sidewalk, Chloe checks her phone one last time. The tracker blinks back at her straight and true, accelerating her heart rate.

A notification slithers down from the top of her screen. It’s Maze, claiming everything is okay at home with Trixie. With a flick of her thumb, the message disappears, doing little to comfort the rock that is beginning to settle in her chest. It’s barely four in the morning, and Lucifer is at Ezra’s, which, by the looks of it, seems to be completely shut down. The lights are off and the typical line of patrons is nonexistent. The entire block seems to have been put to sleep, as if under some dark spell.

Approaching the front door, Chloe’s brain starts working at a faster pace. She shouldn’t enter so conspicuously. Slipping to the side, she finds a side door unlocked. With a breath of relief, Chloe enters the club, walking into the kitchen area. Completely clean, Chloe can feel the air being sucked cold by the metal as she steps by with her gun drawn. Her combat boots are silent against the marble floor, the only sound the shallow intakes of her breathing.

For an institution that should have been open during these hours, or at least a bit before, the state of building is off-putting. Something’s wrong. There should at least be a few employees hanging around. So where is everyone?

Chloe sweeps the room until she reaches the double doors that lead to the club’s main dancefloor. Light pokes through the windows of the large doors from the other side. Back flat against the divider, Chloe inches forward to peek.

She gasps, but keeps her reaction in.

Whipping her head back, Chloe tries to reign in her emotions. She needs to keep a clear head. Just because she saw Lucifer’s back, in front of perhaps a dozen other people, obviously surrounded, and outnumbered, doesn’t mean he’s in immediate trouble. He’s gotten out of worse, she knows. Or she can only assume.

She looks again.

Lucifer’s back muscles contort his suit jacket as he folds his arms across his chest. He taps his foot,
anxious. Just by his stance, Chloe can tell he’s irritated. Not scared at all. Good. That’s good.

She places some pressure on the door. With a sound, it pushes open. She waits a second, then pushes it farther until there is a big enough gap to slip through. Crouched, she crawls into the larger room, scrambling behind the bar to stay out of sight. The muffled voices clear up.

“—glad that you showed,” someone says in front of Lucifer. Her partner scoffs.

“Yes, it’s quite dandy of me to present my magnificent face to you all. Now that you are all here, can you explain what exactly is going on?”

A redhead steps from the crescent of gorgeous people. She places a hand on Lucifer’s arm. He doesn’t even flinch from her touch. A spark of resentment fires within Chloe, which she pacifies when she remembers how he treated her just a day ago. How she treated him.

“Gabriel isn’t here yet, and I think she wants to do most of the talking.”

*Gabriel.*

That must be Gaby, Chloe thinks. Which only leaves…

The door to downstairs bursts open, and Gaby walks in, and Chloe feels as though she can’t look away from the woman. She exudes confidence, dominance, and obedience. Behind her, a small Lucifer walks behind her… except he’s blonde, with piercing blue eyes that light up the dim room. He stares at Lucifer with a dead expression, as if he can’t believe he’s even in the same room as him.

Chloe’s arm muscles tighten at the sight of the man from the photo. Even with his resemblance to Lucifer, Chloe cannot summon up any mercy for him. Before, she had brushed him aside as a suspect. Now, he’s her primary target.

Lucifer straightens. “Zachriel,” he says, nodding to his doppelganger. Raising a hand, he almost makes a move to reach out to the man. But without any response from the blonde, Lucifer stops himself, retracting back to his personal space, stepping away from the redhead.

“Let’s get this over with, so he can just abandon us again,” Blonde Lucifer—*Zachriel*—spits out, taking a spot in line with the rest of Lucifer’s interrogators.

Lucifer’s head snaps to him. “I never abandoned you, Zach,” he grits out. “You know that as well as I.”

A woman steps forward. “Really? Then how do you explain—”

“Miniel, now is not the time,” Gabriel says. The meek woman bows her head, backing back in her place. “We need to explain as quickly as possible, time is of the essence.”

Tilting his head, Lucifer looks at Gaby. “Those are rare words from immortal beings.” He steps closer to the line, almost timid. “What’s going on?” Real concern laces his voice, reminding Chloe of when he told her her father would be proud of her achievements. Would John be proud now, of Chloe practically spying on her partner? Because despite her initial hunch, it seems Lucifer isn’t actually in danger. No. Chloe’s resolution hardens. This situation could spiral downwards quickly. It’s good she’s here.

Head down, Gaby’s hair blocks her face. All the pride she radiated disappears in a second, leaving Chloe empty and longing. Softly and reticently, she says “The stars, Samael. The moon. The twilight, cosmos. They’ve all been blown out.”
Scrunching her nose, Chloe can’t decipher what Gaby could mean. It just seems like nonsense to her.

But Lucifer visibly freezes. He takes a step back, shaking his head. “No. That can’t be.” He looks around the semi-circle. “Is this true?” The lack of reply must confirm it for Lucifer, as he holds up a hand to his forehead. He looks to Hans, who Chloe finally recognizes in the sea of stunning faces. “Haniel, I’m assuming this has to do with the Tree of Life dying?”

The club owner nods. He steps forward with a hand wave from Gaby. “It was the first marker, a leaf falling. But then it stopped bearing fruit. After Father sent a few of us to investigate, this is what we discovered.” He raises a hand hesitantly, and with a nod from Lucifer, taps his middle finger on the center of Lucifer’s forehead. Without seeing Lucifer’s front, Chloe can’t see his reaction. She isn’t following any of this. Tree of Life? Like from the Bible? What has Lucifer gotten himself into?

Lucifer gasps loudly, fighting for air, and Chloe’s attentions snaps to him. He leans forward, resting his hands on his knees. Looking up at Haniel, he speaks, but now she can’t understand a word he is saying. Everyone around him murmur replies, seeming to agree with what he says, or at least affirming his statements. Gabriel almost growls, then spits out a series of syllables similar to Lucifer’s sounds that quiets everyone.

“Yes, all of that is true. And now that you’re all caught up, you must see why were are here.”

Lucifer turns around, hands across his chest once more. Chloe slides further behind the bar to remain hidden. But she can still hear him. “Yes. I guess you are recruiting help. It’s what you ask for before.”

Chloe hears Haniel’s beseeching voice next. “No, Lucifer. We are pleading you!”

There’s a slap, and Gabriel’s stern voice speaks. “We are not pleading. We are telling you, Sammy, that you are the only one who can help us.”

There’s a dark laugh. “Really? I’m the only one? How could that be possible? Sammy doesn’t even exist anymore.”

“Quit playing around! You are the Demiurge, Samael! You have the power to repair these ruptures, to sow together the seams of the Universe that have frizzled to the point of no return.”

“Michael is the Demiurge as well, why don’t you ask him? I’m sure he will be more than happy to assist, he lives to help Father, unlike me.”

“Michael is holding everything together right now, and if he stops, everything will crumble. He’s the reason we are able to be here. To ask you. You’re our final hope.”

There’s a scoff. Chloe desperately wants to turn the corner, but she can’t risk Lucifer spotting her.

“Me? The Devil, a final hope?” He laughs again. “You all do not see how ironic this is?”

“Yes, very ironic,” Haniel grits out.

There’s a moment where nothing is said. Chloe assumes a stare-off is happening, and takes the chance to peek. Her hunch was right, as Lucifer has planted himself squarely in front of Haniel and Gabriel.

“And what if… I say no?”

He is met with deafening silence. Zachriel’s hand twitches, the only movement in the mass of people.
Gabriel waves her hand, and all of her people fade away in a straight line, her included. “That is not an option.”

Lucifer shrugs. “Maybe that is true. Besides, only humans have choices, right? Options? But I’m beginning to think I can force options to arise. That’s what making a deal is all about.”

“No.”

Gabriel’s entourage chant the word together, the phrase almost a force itself that pushes Chloe’s hair back.

“You will help us, Lucifer. There is no other way.”

“Oh?” Lucifer takes a retreating step. “And how do you mean to stop me?” He turns to exit the club.

In a flash, Lucifer is surrounded. Chloe can’t discern the movement quick enough, but somehow Gabriel, Haniel, Zachriel, and everyone else formed a circle around Lucifer in less than a second.

Lucifer shakes, and a surge of fear overtakes Chloe. But then a sound emerges from within his body. It’s almost identical the sound from her dream, and when Lucifer looks around him, a dark shadow creates across his face a frightening demeanor. He continues to make the horrid laugh.

“Truly? You angels mean to intimidate me into saving the world? The irony just gets thicker and thicker.”

“It doesn’t have to be this way,” Chloe can’t tell who is speaking now. “Just do what we want. It can be easy.”

“Easy?” Lucifer repeats. “Nothing is easy in our family. Nothing is simple, nothing is ever smooth. So I guess it does have to be this way. Let me go, or suffer the consequences.”

His words obviously rattled the crowd, but they remain firm. Gabriel’s voice reaches out. “It’s all of us against you, Sam. We can overpower you.”

Lucifer’s whole demeanor changes. Like a hound raising its hackles, his shoulders haunch, his spine arches through his dark shirt. Fists clenched, they hold back to restrain themselves from punching through solid cement. When he speaks, it’s metal grating on metal. It’s a withheld explosion, a constrained rage.

“When has that ever been true?” In a flash, Chloe falls back with a force of light. She can hear inhales of fear, and she scrambles to get back to her feet to see what happened. What she does see, she can’t believe. Chloe’s mind feels like it’s disintegrating, turning to mush and expanding at the same time. It can’t be real, but the euphoria she’s experiencing is unlike any other. The intense flood of feeling mixes together, exciting her entire body. She can barely stop herself from shouting out, whether in pain or pleasure she does not know.

She tries to stay aware. To stay focused. There are bodies everywhere. But his wings. The blinding white. The magnificent white. They are too amazing. Too awful. Too inspiring. She’s already addicted to their exuberance, the reverence they implant within her soul. She can’t look away.

Eventually, it becomes too much. Their light overpowers her, and Chloe topples over behind the bar, drool pooling to the side.
Lucifer cannot believe what’s happening. After his life was starting to align, starting to actually become a home, his Father had to go and screw up everything again.

“It’s all of us against you, Sam. We can overpower you.”

What?

That ridiculous statement triggers a resentment so deep within Lucifer he does not know how he contains himself at first. All of his frustration, anger, disappointment, neglect come flowing to the surface of his consciousness. He fists his hands, representing a physical example of his state of mind.

“When has that ever been true?” He growls out, dropping his voice to the octave that even prompted fear from his demons. With a shrug of his shoulders, he releases his wings. His siblings all step back. Dear Old Dad must not have told them of his recent gift to his favorite son. They had assumed, without his divinity attachment, they could defeat him. How wrong they were.

Diving down, Lucifer flattens himself on the floor, extending his wings to full length. On one arm, he spins, knocking all of the angels off of their feet. They land on their backs and faces. Straightening back up, Lucifer pulls on his muscles, creating gusts stronger than hurricanes. Glasses crash to the ground, tables turn over. His siblings become plastered against the walls, fighting against the current.

After a while, he lets them fall ungracefully to the ground.

“Let me ask you something. Why not ask Amenadiel for help? He’s here too. He might have been able to figure out an alternative to his horrid idea of yours to come to me.”

“It has to be you!” One of his family members shouts. At the same time, someone says. “Really? We had not felt him,” one admits.

Lucifer laughs, a dark, cold laugh forged from years spent in the underworld. “That’s because he’s human now. But, oh, he would love this redemption arc you’re offering me.” Quick as lightning, he’s in front of Zachriel, wings outstretched threateningly at the neckline, feathers touching skin. “Here’s another question. Why go through this whole scheme? Why not just ask me to help?”

The angels tremble. “We did.”

“No.” Lucifer twitches his wings ever closer to his brother. “You didn’t ask. You constructed this whole lie, with the intention of forcing my hand before you even begged the question. Why?”

Zachriel obviously do not have the answer. “It… Father told us to do it this way, and we listened.”

Another dark chuckle. “Yes. ‘Father told us, and we listened.’ The same old tune. I don’t forget it, but I don’t wish to hear it again. Well, I’m not going to play a part in Dad’s little game. I believe I’ve made that clear over and over.”

He drops Zach, letting the angel collapse in front of him. “You are all despicable. Now, and I won’t say this again, leave. Me. Alone.”

Desiring to depart as quickly as possible, Lucifer abandons his Corvette, taking to the skies to return to Lux instead.
The drool is thickening on her cheek, yet Chloe can’t move. Her body has been immobilized by life itself, by death itself. How can someone be everything, and yet nothing she ever thought? How can her life be a lie? How can the man she thought she loved, despite the odds, despite everything, was everything she stood against?

Was that even true?

She can hear a scuffle, shouts of anger. Her hair flaps around her face, and when it sticks to her lips, she can’t bring herself to move it. Her eyes remain transfixed to the ceiling, not even looking at the wooden ceiling.

How much time passes, she does not know.

More time passes. How long will always be a mystery.

Eventually, her eyes close and she falls into a deep sleep.

* 

* 

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“She saw everyone?”

The voice almost wakes Chloe. But her dream was so peaceful. She had been wrapped in warm white, soft white, the breath of a familiar figure warming her heart. So she keeps her eyes closed, in a half state of awareness.

“How did she not explode?”

The voices mean nothing.

“Idiot. Can’t you tell she’s the miracle Dad spoke of?”

Nothing is as important as The Wings.

“This is bad. Oh, this is really bad.”

Nothing is bad in a realm in which The Wings exist.

“No. This is good. We can use her against him. She’s the key that Father used to speak of.”

Wait. They’re talking about her. She should do something.

Stirring, Chloe tries to sit up. But a hand gently pushes her back, and she would so much rather fall back asleep then listen to the voices any further.

“It’s all, right dear miracle. Stay still. Everything will be okay. Everything will be perfect. Just relax, and dream…”
Chloe lets the voice pull her back into her slumber, a smile on her face.

* 
* 
* 

_Huh?

With a gasp, Chloe sits up in her bed. Searing pain courses through her head, forcing a grimace to emit through gritted teeth. Overcoming the discomfort, Chloe opens her eyes to examine her surroundings.

She’s at home.

Light glitters gently passed her blinds, illuminating her bedroom. Not at all how she left it before, Chloe’s room is completely clean, the pile of laundry folded and tucked into the corner; her pillows are extremely fluffy, and there even appears to be an extra set she does not recall purchasing; there is a glass of water on her bed stand, standing on a coaster meant for the living room.

“Ah. You’re awake. Welcome back.”

The soothing voice does nothing to pacify the fight-or-flight instinct in Chloe. Ignoring her headache, Chloe rushes to get out of bed, sweeping her hand under the pillows for her gun. She comes up short, so instead she grabs the pencil by the water glass, extending her weapon towards the location of the sound.

She can see the shoulder of a man on the other side of her doorway. With a turn of the next, she sees the profile of her trespasser’s face. A strong jaw like Lucifer, but a nose more elegant.

“Looking for this?”

The man raises a hand, and Chloe’s eyes widen at the sight of her gun.

“I’m warning you, put that down or—”

Chloe’s threat stops as the man finally turns around.

She drops her pencil, not registering when it hits her foot.

“You, you’re…”

The man, _not_ Lucifer, but almost Lucifer, smiles. He’s dressed in well-fitting dark blue jeans, nice dress shoes, and a patterned red button-down shirt. It’s something similar to what Lucifer would wear, but slightly off. Too off-brand, too casual, too welcoming. “Yes. I am Zachriel, one of Lucifer’s brothers. You’ve come to that conclusion yourself already, correct?” The blonde man, strikingly beautiful, twirls the gun on his pointer finger.

Chloe just stares back with a dead expression, mouth open, tongue almost hanging out.

Everything is spilling back into her mind. Clutching her stomach, Chloe stumbles backwards with
the impact of overturned repression. Chest constricting, Chloe remembers the life-shattering event that might lead to a broken heart.

Lucifer, with a shrug of his shoulders, flipped Chloe’s world upside down.

With a shrug of his shoulders, he tore apart everything Chloe thought she once knew.

With a shrug, her mind almost crumbled.

But she’s still standing.

Fighting tears, Chloe glares at Zachriel. Angel or not, Chloe will not ever back down.

“Lucifer’s brother, huh? I can see who got the sense of style in the family.”

Zachriel laughs, and Chloe’s reassured it’s nothing like Lucifer’s. “Trust me, in the Silver City, Samael wore the most outrageous stuff. Everyone else thought it was to make Father angry, but I truly believe he enjoyed the attire he picked out.”

Father. Swallowing, Chloe tries to comprehend how one could so lazily mention their father when the said father was God.

Swiftly, Chloe picks up her pencil to point it at the blonde. “What are you doing in my house? Who let you in?”

Zachriel raises an eyebrow, glancing at Chloe’s weapon. “Do you really think you could overtake me with a writing implement?”

“I don’t know what to think anymore,” Chloe spits. “All I know is that you’re intruding. You’re going to have to leave.”

Zachriel takes a step closer, and Chloe retreats. Her heel hits the wall behind her, marking her cornered. In an odd movement, Zachriel raises his hands in a surrendering motion. Noting the dresser next to him, he places the gun down.

“There’s nothing to be afraid of, Chloe Jane Decker. I am not here to hurt you. You asked who let me in? No one, I let myself in. Me and my siblings, we returned you here after the unfortunate incident at Ezra’s.”

Arm shaking with anxiety, Chloe refuses to lower her own weapon. “Why would you do that?”

“Because, Chloe Jane Decker, my family needs your assistance.” Zachriel holds out a hand, palm up, expectant. “Please, let us speak. As equals.”

Chloe almost snorts. Equals? That’s literally impossible, if she’s understanding anything correctly. But she also knows when she’s at an impasse. She never truly thought she could fight off an angel. So, with a wilting of her muscles, Chloe places her pencil in Zachriel’s hand.

His long fingers curl around the pencil. “Great.” He smiles at her again, blue eyes mesmerizing. “Follow me.”

Trailing behind the angel as he exits her room, Chloe looks around her apartment. Both Maze and Trixie are gone. She checks her watch. Three o’clock, so not weird for them to be out. Wait—

“It’s Thursday? But I thought…” It had only been Monday when she’d followed Lucifer to the club.
“Yes, you slept quite a while after you experience a Revelation. We made this so to accelerate the healing process. Although you are most likely feeling some residue effects, you are doing much better than otherwise without me and my siblings.”

Chloe shakes her head. She doesn’t want to try and get all of the implications in that statement, *that they have been in her place for a long time, that they were keeping watch on her.* “But what about my daughter? What about my job?”

“Do not worry, Chloe Jane Decker. Everything is taken care of. The Demon agreed to take care of the child after much negotiation, and your boss agreed to give you a week off for sickness after we explained what had happened.”

Zachriel takes the single chair, waving for Chloe to take the couch.

As she complies, Chloe asks, “What? Pierce just let me have free time? Why? And who is a demon?”

Zachriel looks out the window. “He realizes how important our mission is, and the demon is your roommate, of course. But that’s not what we should talk about.” He turns to Chloe, intense. “Like I said, I need your help.”

Pierce, how he could possibly be involved, and who the heck is this Demon Roommate falls from Chloe’s mind. “Yes. You said that.” Trying to keep composure, Chloe runs her hands down her pants to dry off the beads of sweat forming. It’s still hard to keep her concentration, so she fixates on the last word. “Help. I find that hard to believe. I’m just a human, right?”

Zachriel’s eyes unfocus, as if he is withdrawing into his own consciousness. “I suppose it is a bit unbelievable. But it’s the truth. That’s been our goal, me and my sibling’s goal, the entire time we have been on this planet. To get help. It’s in our establishment’s name, Ezra’s. Ezra means help, in the Hebrew tongue. And that is what we seek.”

Nodding, Chloe decides to trust an angel’s knowledge of language. “Alright. But you didn’t answer my other question. I’m just a human. How could I help?”

Shifting back to the present, Zachriel smiles at Chloe. “You simply need to tell Lucifer to fight for us. To help us, I mean,” he quickly corrects. “That is all. Just go to him, command him, and it shall be so.”

“What?” Chloe scrunches up her eyebrows. “Why would I tell him to do that? And how would that help? If Lucifer’s made up his mind, I doubt I can do anything to change that. He’s pretty stubborn.”

“Yes, he is.” Zachriel’s smile does not waver. “But I think he will be more… compelled, if you instruct him instead of us. Can you do this? You would be one of the first humans to ever refuse an angel’s request.”

“I guess I can do it…” Chloe relents, frowning. “But once I tell him why I’m asking him, he won’t like it.”

“Oh, you won’t tell him that,” Zachriel chuckles, rising from his chair.

“What? Why?”

“Because,” Zachriel says, “you won’t even remember this conversation ever happened.”

Zachriel approaches, too fast for Chloe to react. He extends two fingers at her, and presses her
forehead roughly. Chloe’s head whips back, and everything turns black.

When she comes again, Chloe is standing at Lux’s front doors. Blinking, she looks around, finding no one else in the near vicinity. Looking down at herself, she finds herself wearing a normal shirt and classic jeans, as if she was simply going out for a stroll.

But that’s not why she’s here.

She’s here for answers.

And something else, although she can’t quite name her other reason for visitation. She’s sure it will hit her in a bit.

Making her way into the building, Chloe rises with the elevator. It clunks loudly when she reaches the penthouse’s floor, the doors waiting for the direction to widen and let her see Lucifer for who he truly is. The doors feel like a separation that extend for eons. If she would return to the ground floor, she could turn her back from confronting the truth. The doors hold her back from the lies Lucifer has told. She could stay safe, feign ignorance, if she chose to turn away.

With a press of a button, she tears down the wall.

But Lucifer is nowhere to be seen. He’s not at the bar, sipping on a drink in wallow. He’s not resenting at his piano, performing a ballad of feelings. He’s not smoking off the balcony either. Where could he have gone to? She knows he’s here, from his GPS location. So where is he hiding?

Chloe isn’t left to wonder for long, when she hears a loud swear coming from the bathroom.

“Bloody shedim... they could be anywhere by now...”

As if Chloe journeys to a far off mountain, every step she takes somehow does not draw her any closer to Lucifer. He looms in her mind, encouraging her to flee instead of approach. But a tug in her mind keeps her moving forward. She needs to see him, needs to confront her; the urge is so strong, it’s almost an animalistic instinct keeping her on target.

Eventually, the mountain appears for her. Hair ruffled about in a black-stained white t-shirt, Lucifer leaves the bathroom in a grumble. His brown eyes widen at the sight of Chloe, giving her full awareness of smudged eyeliner.

“Detective! I was not expecting you… are you alright? You look like you were caught in a gust of wind whilst you made your way over.”

Chloe brushes a hand through her hair, finding the bun barely holding in any of her blonde strands.

“Yeah, I’m… I’m fine,” she says. Preoccupied, Lucifer brushes past her to open a closet door she never noticed before full of cleaning supplies. However instead of a mop, he pulls out freaking katana instead.

As Chloe flinches back from him, Lucifer looks around widely, as if expecting a burglar. “I am pleased to hear that you’re faring well. But this is not a great time to visit, Detective. I would be happy to catch up later, but for now—”
“I know, Lucifer,” Chloe blurs. She slaps a hand over her mouth at once, but the words are out there. Why didn’t she lead up to that confession? Lucifer never affected her before, and he isn’t now. And yet, for some reason, she still finds herself almost babbly.

“Pardon?” Lucifer looks at her quizzically, still distracted. He walks around his penthouse, opening the cupboard beneath the sink, and checking under his couch.

“I know, Lucifer,” Chloe repeats, the chant playing in her head. *You know. You know. You’ve seen them.* “I’ve seen them,” she says, following her script.

Popping his head over the couch, Lucifer slows down is erratic search. “You’ve… seen them?” he asks. “Care to elaborate?”

Chloe motions to Lucifer’s shoulders, gesturing enthusiastically in the air. “Them!” She walks to Lucifer loops around him. “Those things! You know…” she swallows. She can’t say it out loud, or else that’s it. No going back.

But Lucifer doesn’t seem to be getting it. “If you’re talking about my lack of usual attire, I apologize for my casual apparel at the moment. But I’m expecting something that I don’t want to be in my normal clothes for.” He pivots, following Chloe as she continues to circle around him, trying to get a good view of his back. But dammit, she can’t see anything if he keeps turning with her! “Detective, are you sure you are all right? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” Lucifer reaches out, comforting her with a touch on her arm.

“I haven’t seen a ghost!” She yells, jerking her arm from his grasp. “I’ve seen your goddamn wings, Lucifer!”

The two feet of separation between her and Lucifer becomes an ocean of deceit. The air palpably cools as Lucifer takes in her words.

“Oh my God, you have wings,” Chloe grabs her temples, the headache returning. “Oh my God, oh my God…” She backs into the couch, flopping onto the cushions

*Please, stop saying that,* Lucifer whines, swiftly taking a seat beside her. “But… how could you know? How did you see them?”

“So you don’t deny it?” Chloe asks. “Oh my God, so this is all really real…” some part of her soul that had been gripping with tenacity to the idea everything was in her mind fumbles, and the hold is broken. “You’re really an angel,” she whispers, crawling off the couch. She stumbles to the ground, but never takes her eyes off of Lucifer. Sad eyes watch her as she scuttles away until she reaches a good distance. But is there even a distance that could keep you safe from an angel?

“No, I am no angel,” Lucifer says, placing his sword down on the couch carefully. “Detective, do you just want to see my wings again? Or do you want to actually have a talk? If it’s the latter, please, I would love to speak to you as partners, not different beings. Nothing has changed.”

Chloe stares up at Lucifer, hovering over her small self. Yes, they are partners. But… “How can you say nothing has changed? I know you’ve always lied to me about who you are. And now *everything* is different! And you still lie!” Chloe’s voice raises with every syllable, trying to cover her tears that melt down her cheeks.

Lucifer slides off the couch, slowly approaching her. On his knees and eye level, he says appeasingly, “I have never lied to you, Chloe. I am not an angel.”

“Then what are you?” Chloe’s voice wavers as he gets closer.
Lucifer’s gaze turns down, almost ashamed. “The devil, of course.”

Chloe watches Lucifer stop advancing towards her, as if his admittance sucked all of his energy. He looks anywhere but at Chloe.

“The Devil?” She repeats.

“Yes,” Lucifer says, misery woven in his tone. “And know you know everything, and I didn’t even get the chance to show you myself. I am truly sorry, Chloe, for the supposed deception.”

She isn’t sure what to say. Her mind is elsewhere, exploring all the memories that add up to this moment. Her shooting Lucifer in the leg. Him disappearing without a trace. Catching bullets. Shying away from churches. His explicit telling her of the fact he is the Devil. It was all true. She just refused to see it.

As she weaves down her psyche, Lucifer seems to draw a conclusion of his own. “You know everything, and yet you sought me out. You never said… why are you here, Detective?”

Mouth open, Chloe finds herself staring back at Lucifer’s dark eyes. His weird hypnotic trick isn’t working on her, but the question still jumpstarts her brain. Why is she here? She wanted to confront him. But there’s something else. A duty she needs to fulfill. Ascending from her gut, the command rises through her throat. If she doesn’t say it, she will choke; Chloe knows this as she knows the Earth is round.

“I’m here to tell you to go—”

Gragghharraahhh!

The very space in front of Chloe tears apart, emitting a sound so horrid and otherworldly Chloe flings backwards in a sharp yell. A monster from the depths of the plane clambers out of the rip, darker than any black Chloe has ever seen. Just the sight of the twisted being startles her gag reflex, its movements mercurial and abnormal. It appears to taste the air, and without any eyes it locates Chloe.

The black monster, dripping some sort of sticky tar makes its way to Chloe, lanky limbs moving about like a dung beetle. She cries out in fear, trying to stand and run away, yet finding her footing unsteady.

“Stay back, Chloe!”

In a blink, Lucifer snatches his katana and starts swinging it at the demon. It growls at Lucifer, turning away from Chloe. With a swift stroke, Lucifer expertly cuts the demon in two, and it explodes, sending goo into the air that evaporates into miniscule sparkles within milliseconds.

“Be on the watch, more are sure to come,” Lucifer warns Chloe. “You should get out of here, now.”

“What was that?” Chloe asks, using a nearby chair to finally stand.

Lucifer shakes his head. “Disgusting phantoms of a dark realm. Not angels, not demons, not humans, they are entirely different creatures that feed off of dying Space. They are a result of what my siblings warned me about… Chloe, you must leave!”

Nodding, Chloe turns to go, but finds herself stopping. Something is holding her back. The need to talk to Lucifer, again, is too much. She throws a distressed look at her partner. “I can’t!” she wails. “I need more from you. How long have you been on Earth?”
Lucifer returns her gaze with an afflicted one of his own. He clearly is not comfortable with the situation, weird demon-things aside. He was never one to talk about feelings with, and now that Chloe is demanding answers, she isn’t surprised he is resisting.

“Chloe—”

The sound of ripping dimensions erupts again, and three more demons crawl out of the dark space of nothingness. Mouths (or what Chloe assumes are mouths) open to emit shrieks of fear, showing many layers of jagged teeth.

“Ahhh!” With a battle cry, Lucifer spins his katana in the air above his head, wielding it with such expertise Chloe is almost mystified.

But a gurgling sound cuts her out of it, and just in time she dodges the attack of a phantom. An all sixes, it doubles in size right in front of her, drool dripping from its mouth, burning into Lucifer’s stone floor.

“Take this!” Lucifer stabs Chloe’s assailant in the chest, and it erupts, disappearing like the others. Lucifer glistens in sweat as four more phantoms attack. In one motion, he takes down two, but the final pair split in opposite directions. With a shout of fury Lucifer leaps over his piano in pursuit.

Chloe watches helplessly as he chases the phantom, which leaps out at him in surprise. It catches him on his sword arm, biting hard, and Lucifer’s face contorts in pain as he lets go of the katana. Waving his arm in the air, the phantom keeps crunching on his flesh, and Chloe sees bits of skin and blood fly through the air.

In a desperate try, Lucifer kicks at the dogmatic phantom, trying to peel it off. He misses.

With a wary glance at Chloe, who stares in horror, Lucifer shrugs his shoulders.

Chloe is blown away as the wings return to bless her. She smiles in their aura, the light they breath into her.

The divine illusion is shattered, however, when Lucifer takes his wings, and folds them in front of him. With a scrunch, his wings pierce the phantom, slicing it in half. The lower body falls to the ground, vanishing before it hits the floor, and the mouth that clutches at Lucifer’s arm dissipates to leave a bloody arm.

No angel would ever use their wings for such an atrocity, right? Chloe wonders. Only the resourceful, smart partner she grew to love would do such a thing.

The blood from Lucifer’s arm is pooling at a rapid pace at his feet. “Lucifer, let me take a look at that arm.” Chloe steps to get to him, the feeling to instruct him gone without a trace.

“Chloe, watch out!” Lucifer shouts, pointing behind her. Spinning, Chloe watches at the last phantom sprints at her, gargling.

It seems that with the celestial state of mind gone, Chloe’s training kicked back into place. Grabbing her gun, Chloe quickly unholsters her weapon and fires at the phantom dead-one. It flies backward with the impact, falling into death just as the others did.

Breathing in and out, Chloe’s arm remains steady as she stares at the spot the phantom once was.

“Good reflexes, Detective.”

Chloe turns, finding Lucifer clutch his arm at a steady stream of blood falls to the ground. He smiles
at her, as if he was proud.

But all Chloe can focus on is Lucifer’s injury. “Lucifer! Let me help you.” She rushes to him.

“No! Stay away.” He stumbles away from her.

“What? Why?” His rejection squeezes her heart.

“You’re the reason I’m not healing. I’m sorry Chloe, but I can’t talk now. We can’t talk, I’m not ready. You’re not ready. I must go.”

This time, Chloe is ready for the appearance of his wings. She braces for the desire that is surely going to overtake her, that will leave her dumbfounded.

But no such thing happens. Instead, she finds herself hoping for Lucifer’s swift recovery as she watches his wide wings flap against the setting sun on the horizon.

Chapter End Notes

Stay tuned for more.
(Usually the title is obvious, but this time it's from Marshmello ft. Khalid - Silence)
Lost On You

Chapter Summary

Split up, both Chloe and Lucifer think about the repercussions of their confrontation.

Chapter Notes

So I like rewrote this chapter a lot, merged it with the next one, and then changed it up a bit. But I'm still not 100% confident about this chapter, so I hope it's alright!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Like droplets of his broken soul, Lucifer’s blood falls from his arm to the depths below him. As the red liquid descends into the sky, his wounds spike in a heated pain, marking the range of the detective’s influence. In a second, the pain is gone.

If only it were that easy for his internal injuries as well.

Even with angel wings, Lucifer finds it surprising he can drift so easily with a heart as heavy as his, with a mind in as much turmoil as his. In the past week, the detective has shunned him, his siblings have tried forcing him, and the detective has confronted him.

How did she already know? She came here, after days of no word, of no response. She showed up at his penthouse without any prompting on his part, ready to question him. Ready to cross-examine him, as if he stood on trial.

What had happened that would change her mind in a matter of a few sunrises? He had begun to worry about her, but thought perhaps she just needed space. His continued intrusion wouldn’t help, and after his confrontation with his family, the rest time was welcome.

Oh.

Of course.

Oh, shit.

Lucifer flaps his wings hard, noticing that with his realization, he dropped in altitude. After regaining his course, he yells out in frustration, the clouds absorbing his roar. Pounding fists in the air, he slaps at the water vapor, finding the lack of resistance a perfect match for his chance at ever explaining himself to the detective. Because what could he say, now that his irritating siblings went ahead and opened the detective’s eyes to the world’s worst horror?

Now, all of his agency has been stripped away from him. All of his fears were coming true. She believed everything different, their relationship tilted. She had been reserved, closed off, even afraid. She toed around him, scared of an outburst, maybe even death.

And oddly, he felt her subconscious, fighting an intense battle. After years of working together,
perhaps they had forged a stronger bond than even Lucifer can understand. He felt it; her desire to see his wings. But there was a deeper pull, deeper than the id within humans. She wanted to tell him something. She had fought against it, but he could sense it. It was there. Something inside her changed since she saw his wings, and there was no going back.

But what was it?

*I’m here to tell you*…

Those were her last words, before the horrid demons from another space ripped through time, and through his loft. The beginning of what seems like a message.

A message. That’s what her itch was—a message she needed to get out of her. No matter her surroundings, no matter what she wanted to say, that’s what was forcing its way into her interaction with him. Like an obsession, her thoughts must have been constantly bombarded with the urge to spill whatever was in her subconscious.

No.

The second realization hits him, and Lucifer’s glide wavers.

He’s well versed enough in scripture to recognize the symptoms of a prophet. And that’s exactly what Chloe was experiencing. And being the miracle that she is, she must have been beating it, focusing on him instead. Until he offered her no way out, no escape, and cornered her into admitting her mission.

Should he turn around? Maybe he should listen. He slows down his pace, dancing with the idea. She’s probably still in his apartment, taking in the blood and broken furniture that he left after a swift exit. He should go back—her syndromes might be getting worse, heightened by the fact she failed at her task. But what if he doesn’t want to hear what she has to say? What if by now, she’s forgotten? If he goes back, and the detective is just standing there, she might demand a long sit-down. And what would he say? There’s nothing left to be explained.

He continues on, racing against the sun.

He needs to forget about her. That’s the only answer. That’s the only way out he can see. He can escape from his life in LA, from his responsibilities, from Mazikeen, from his siblings, from his Father, if he just keeps flying and forgetting.

Fly and forget.

Forget and fly.

Just fly.

It won’t work. But one can try.

The clouds are starting to turn pink as dusk approaches. They take the shape of Lucifer’s inner thoughts. Fire blazes to his left, consuming all life in its path. To his right, the grace of a holy being looms over its subjects, commanding them with every whisper of wind. He flys harder. But the images surround him. A form, many miles away, shows up in his vision. A weeping humanoid, crying in front of an indiscernible object.

Lucifer feels a droplet of rain fall on him. What a moment for pathetic fallacy.
Swerving, Lucifer ascends higher into the clouds, hoping to escape the level of precipitation. As he skirts the skies, he exits the lower level saturated in moisture.

“Lucifer! There you are.”

Looking over his shoulder, Lucifer groans in aggravation when he spots Angel of Death’s trademark blood colored wings. Her hair flames in the wind, as if her skull is bathing in fire. She looks simply electrifying up in the air, but all Lucifer can focus on is his broken trust.

Throwing his voice behind him, he shouts out, “How many times do I have to tell you? I wish to be alone. In solitude. That means by myself.”

“I know, but… will you slow down?” Lucifer can hear her fighting against the air currents, throwing a curse or two around.

“Why would I do that,” Lucifer spits back, taking a dive. He hears Azrael shout behind him, but the chase is on. He doesn’t want to talk. He doesn’t want to think. He doesn't want to feel. Is that too much to ask?

Gaining speed, the clouds turn from fluffy matter to vibrant streaks. The skies turn into a raceway, the beacon of the sun their target forever out of their reach. The tips of Lucifer’s wing singe from the friction against the air molecules, a little favor he asked personally from Dad. He wanted to feel his work when he glided through the stars, and of course Father was happy to oblige. Anything for his favorite son.

“Oof!”

Tugged back suddenly, Lucifer grunts out as Azrael gains a hold on his foot. Kicking backwards, Lucifer shoves off his shoe as he flaps his wings with more power. Pushing against his shoelace’s knot, Lucifer murmurs a heartfelt goodbye to his loafers, and they come loose. Free again, Lucifer zooms ahead, wings rejoicing from the escape.

“Dammit, Lucifer!”

“Watch your tongue, Azrael, G-." He stops himself.

"Say, it, Lucifer," Azrael snarls, right on his tail.

Lucifer doesn't look back, instead watching the scenery around him. "Never."

He senses Azrael on his right, gaining ground steadily. "You think it's such a taboo, when humans say it all the time. Go ahead. Finish your threat."

Gritting his teeth, Lucifer spits out, "God might be listening."

"See?" Azrael flaps her wings harder. "Was that so hard?" With a wave, she falls behind. "Besides, he won't be listening to anything that you have to say."

Turning in the air, Lucifer scans the sky for Azrael, gone from his sight. “What do you mean?” He asks, until his throat starts to constrict. He slows down mid-air, clutching at his neck. He tries to breathe in, finding it useless. But he doesn’t need to breathe; hell, there’s barely enough air this far up in the atmosphere to survive.

Pain shatters on his spine as Azrael’s knee comes in contact with his back. Arching through the pain in the air, Lucifer starts to fall, still trying in vain to catch a gasp of air. His head feels as though it’s
deteriorating, decomposing from inside out.

In his blurring vision, Lucifer can see Azrael nose-dive next to him, loop around, and ascend back up at him. Her first raised, she approaches him at blinding speed. But he’s helpless, only able to close his eyes as her attack hits him square in the jaw. Lucifer twirls in the air, now plunging like a deployed bomb. His wings, splayed out, tug on the wind all around him, pulling him against the falling trajectory that would only result in a catastrophic crater.

A hand appears in front of his face. And with a snap, Lucifer is fine.

Spreading his wings out, Lucifer stabilizes himself. Chest heaving, he takes deep breaths, staring at Azrael.

“You… you didn’t.”

She hovers in front of him, arms crossed. “Oh, yes, I did. Because you seem incapable of standing still.”

Lucifer can feels his eyes flash red. His sister actually used her abilities on him? She broke their unspoken rule, and the betrayal simply plunges the dagger in his heart farther in. “And why would I? I listened to you all. There’s nothing I can do. And now the one relationship I cared about on Earth is lost to me forever. There’s no point to staying still any longer. At least let me enjoy my last moments in this Universe.”

Azrael glares at him. “No, there is something you can do, you just refuse to help out, as usual!” She flaps her wings effortlessly.

“I won’t be helping, I would be fixing your mistakes! Which is not my job!”

“It’s none of our jobs, but it’s our duty!” She slaps her chest to accentuate her point.

“Not mine anymore, Azrael! It hasn’t been for millions of years.”

Azrael’s green eyes ignite. “Whatever happened back then has no impact on your duty. No matter what you say, you can never abondon the holy mission that our Father bestowed upon us at our creation.”

“I can’t? Who are you to say I cannot?”

“Someone who understands you, Lucifer!”

“Understands me?” Lucifer shakes his head. “I thought you understood me! That’s why I listened to you before. That’s why I trusted you before. But once our siblings cornered me, had me trapped, what did you do? You helped them. Then you went ahead and used Chloe to get to me! You barely understand me and my sorrow.”

“Understand it?” Azrael clutches her hands together, her entire body shaking in the air. Her wings lengthen out, an instinctual intimidating tactic. “Lucifer, I am living it. Our siblings are dying left and right, Father is ordering us around like crazy, and you’re fixating on the fact that we manipulated your poor detective? If you just for once got your head out of your feathered arse, you could see that we need your help, and you’re only making things worse!”

Lucifer flaps closer to Azrael, his eyes matching her intensity. “But how could you do this to me? Azrael, I trusted you! You, out of everyone!”
Turning her cheek, Azrael avoids Lucifer’s eye contact, but he could see them start to water. “You should have thought about that when you threw away my blade. I’ve been searching for it everywhere, and what conclusion I was left with? That mother was very happy with it wherever you sent her off to.” With a swipe on her hand, her blade appears in her hand, glowing with emotion. “And guess who was to blame for all of that, even after I got it back? Me! So yeah, I’m pretty fed up with you!” She swipes at Lucifer, almost slicing open his shirt. “Maybe I helped my family so they could actually talk to you. I’m sorry, Lucifer, for doing what I think is right!” She faces him, shoving his chest to create some distance between the two of them.

“What you think is right?” Lucifer looks at her, aghast. He can feel his hair wave around, curls loose from the air battle. “How is any of this right?”

“It’s not!” Azrael yells, grabbing at her head. “That’s my point. If we do nothing, everything will disrupt. We’ve already lost so many of our brethren… how much more can you bear?”

“You keep saying that…” Lucifer side-eyes Azrael. “But Haniel said Duma returned to the Silver City upon his death.”

Shutting her eyes, the Angel of Death finally sheds a tear. “Yes, Duma was staged. But the second body, Leo, was a victim of the Collapse. And we got word of Remiel dying when he was just at home, after a mission.”

Remiel… gone?

Lucifer processes this information. Remiel was always so bright, so happy… to think of him gone, just like Uriel, simply obliterated… The same with Leo. He remembers the empty vessel, lying in Ezra’s. So different from the first murder, as his soul has simply been a victim of the “Collapse,” as Azrael seemed to refer to it. And it must be farther along then he previously thought.

So be it.

He fixes his sister with a determined gaze. “I don’t care about that anymore.” His voice falls, inflection leaving his body. “You all can burst into nothingness for all I care.”

All he can hear is the wind singing past his face as the two angels stare, equally disappointed, at each other. Lucifer, the abandoned angel, and Azrael, the saddened warrior. Her emerald eyes turn dark, eyebrows arching in sympathy.

“ I know you don’t mean that,” she says.

Lucifer shakes his head. “No, I do.”

“Everything you love will be gone,” she stresses. “Including your detective.”

The look Azrael gives Lucifer pierces him to his core. As if he exits his own body, Lucifer can see them glide in front one another. His white wings spread out behind him reflect more red onto the clouds above and beneath them. They look like two inkbolts, one black and white, the other red, upon a woven tapestry of love. Everything around them, his Father made out of devotion. Everything around him, Lucifer helped create. Could he really let that all go? Could he really sentence all of this to nothingness? Could he do that to Chloe?

“All…” Looking back to Azrael, he sees her walk towards him, despite not being on the ground. Gliding to him, Lucifer holds his breath as she brushes her hand upon his cheek. And when she opens his mouth, he is transported.
“When you get older, plainer, saner, will you remember all the danger we came from?”

She sings to him, closing her eyes, unable to keep in her emotions. They crush over Lucifer like a tsunami, and he too is overwhelmed by her mental state.

“Burning like embers, falling, tender, longing for the days of no surrender, years ago… and will you know?”

Tears form in his eyes. Because he knows how much he loves Azrael. He knows how much she loves him. And he knows how much he’s hurt her. He owes it to her, to his family. To the world. To the Universe.

He knows what will happen if he agrees. But he’ll do it.

His last act for his detective.

When Azrael opens her eyes, saline dripping on her cheek, Lucifer gives her a sad smile. His reaches up to cover her hand, pulling it from his face. With his thumb he brushes the tear from the corner of her eye.

“I would burn down cities for her.”

Azrael nods. “So save the Universe for her.”

Lucifer nods back, turning to look below them. The Earth pokes faintly through the mist, the brown soil of life begging for salvation.

“I’ll do it.”

The last Chloe sees of Lucifer is his black shoe, disappearing from her view as it slips behind a lonesome cloud wandering the Los Angeles skyline. He disappears from her, away from their feelings, and away from the conversation she so desperately needs to have with him. Gone are her intruding thoughts that persecuted her mind when she needed to focus on the task at hand; gone is the scratch in her mind that made her unable to ask the question she needed to bring up. But now, Lucifer is gone, again.

Her whole body feels as though it’s going through a withdrawal. Lifting her arms takes an incredible amount of effort. On wobbly legs, Chloe makes her way to the the booth, reaching below the counter for a whiskey. Popping off the lid, she takes a small swig, grimacing against the burn that travels down her esophagus. But it brings her back to reality.

Her reality.

A reality full of a devil. That her partner is the devil.

But, what Lucifer said… that nothing has changed… he always says the truth. And that was the truth, wasn’t it? It’s not like his behavior would change. Just her perception of him, and why does that need to change?

Because he’s been lying since the moment you met him, Chloe’s brain yells angrily from inside.

But no, that’s the lie. From the very beginning, Lucifer was honest with her. From the very beginning, he was frank with her. It was simply Chloe that was in the wrong, for not taking Lucifer’s grand claims at full value.
She stares down at the alcohol in her hand. His erratic mannerisms start to make sense in her head. But without context, she can’t paint the entire picture. Why did he have to leave like that? Probably because he couldn’t stand another rejection from her. Chloe tosses the whiskey to the side, resting her head on folded arms. How could she accept him, if she didn’t know everything? He should have at least given her another chance.

The elevator door alerts her of someone’s approach. Lifting her neck, Chloe hopes that it’s Lucifer. But why would he come back that way, when he simply flew away before?

He wouldn’t. That’s very clear as someone else walks through the lift doors. He resembles Lucifer, except his hair is too bright, his clothes too clashing.

The man looks directly at Chloe, smiling.

“So, did it work?”

His smile stays fixed on her as he walks to the edge of the bar. But Chloe just stares at him, face contorted in confusion.

“What?”

Now the man’s smile falls from his face. Squinting, he leans in closer to her. Why does he seem so familiar?

With a gasp, the man stands back. “What? How did you… you fought it. That’s impossible. My techniques are flawless.”

Strands of memory start to thread together. Chloe remembers this man. She scoots off the barstool to face him.

“Care to explain?” Chloe asks.

The blonde turns away from her, clasping his hands behind his back. Looking out of the wall windows, he says, “You are the miracle, I suppose. If you can fight off Lucifer’s abilities, why not mine?” He lets out a laugh, one empty of any joy. “How did Gabriel not realize that? What an idiot.” Downcast, he looks back at Chloe. “Well, we all are, now. And we are all doomed.”

Holding her ground, Chloe widens her stance, anticipating a confrontation. “All of you. You mean all of Lucifer’s family.” Memories of this man in her bedroom fade back into her mind. Zachriel, that’s his name. But she’s faced the devil. She can face an angel. “Why? Why are you all doomed?”

Zachriel spins around, spreading his wings out. The golden feathers knock Chloe’s whiskey from the bar, but neither being flinches when it crashes to the ground. Chloe stares at Zachriel’s blue eyes, trying to ignore the glowing wings.

“Because you didn’t tell Lucifer to save us all! All you needed to do was order him to help us. And he would have. But you couldn’t even do that!” As the angel gesticulates, his wings follow the movements of his arms. Humans are worthless and good for nothing.”

“Why would he listen to me?” Chloe asks, spreading a hand over her heart. “Since I’m just a ‘worthless’ human.”

Zachriel fixes Chloe with an electrifying look. He looks crazed, depressed, and exhausted. The blue in his irises are dulled to the point they verge on turning grey, drained of energy. “You’re not just a human, Chloe Jane Decker. You are so much more, especially to Lucifer.”
Blinking once, twice, does not help Chloe take in the angel’s statement. *You are so much more to Lucifer.*

“You have influence on him, human.”

*I have influence on him?*

As much as she wants to believe it, Chloe shakes her head. “No. How do I know you’re not messing with me again? Getting into my head?”

Zachriel frowns. “Lucifer is not the only angel who believes that to lie is to commit transgression. If you want, I can provide examples.”

“What? Examples?” Chloe backs away. “I’m not sure—”

“Please, sit.” With a brush of his wing, Chloe is thrust backwards, landing squarely on her butt on Lucifer’s couch. With a leap, Zachriel touches down in the open area in front of Chloe. He waves his wings in the air, spinning his hands around in intricate circles. A glow of gold follow him around, gleaming in the light.

“Since he’s met you, everything Lucifer has done, he did for you.” With a brandish, a scene erupts in front of Chloe.

Lucifer, sitting in front of the old paparazzo Nick, questioning him. After fixing him with a glare, the scene dematerialized, fixing itself into the scene of Nick and Josh facing off one one another. She remembers walking in on them, and Josh shot, she yelled out—

But now, she can see what happened. How Lucifer appeared right next to her in a split second. Time slows, she sees Nick’s gun fire, and she freezes. But Lucifer looks around, plucks the bullet out of the air, tucking it in his hand. As Lucifer shows Chloe the bullet, Zachriel sticks his head through the golden image.

“That was your doing. Lucifer stripped the bullet because of you. Even back then, you were changing him.”

“What is all of this?” Chloe asks, but Zachriel slips back behind a curtain of shimmering gold and the scene changes.

Chloe stops breathing. The warehouse is still prominent in her memory, when her baby girl was kidnapped by the bastard Malcolm. The all-seeing camera pans to her, hiding, hair everywhere. Without any sound, Chloe can tell when the gunshot goes off, as her whole body recoils. The camera switches to where Lucifer confronts Malcolm, and Chloe covers her mouth with a hand as she sees her partner fall to the floor, staring up at his murder. Malcolm leers over Lucifer, teasing him with some coin. Lucifer’s arm falls to the side, and this chest stops moving.

“Did he… did Lucifer…”

Now, Zachriel sits next to Chloe. He places a soft hand on her shoulder, and the scene pauses. “Yes. He died. He died, trying to protect you.”

“But, how?” Chloe’s mind is reeling as tears form in her eyes.

“Just wait.” Zachriel motions to the illusion, and Lucifer breathes again. “It helps to be Dad’s favorite.” He stands to watch Lucifer rise from his pool of blood. “You know, that wasn’t the only time he died for you.”
Chloe rasps out a quiet “What?” She doesn’t how she should react. Lucifer died more than once for her? The look of pain on Lucifer’s face proves that it wasn’t pleasant for him to die, to be resurrected. And he went through that again? Willingly? “Wait, please, I don’t think—” Chleo tries to stop Zachriel from continuing.

“Let’s skip over the other one, shall we? I want to show you a personal favorite of mine.” Zachriel strikes his arm through the gold mist, and the particles distribute to form another image. A broken down church, almost falling apart from the inside. Lucifer faces off with a man smaller and stockier than him, yet still quivering in a small amount of fear. He warily points at a dagger in his opponent's hand.

As the two small golden figures keep talking, Zachriel looks at Chloe. “Do you know who that is?” He points at Lucifer's foe as a fight breaks out between the two of them. At first, it looks like Lucifer has the upper hand, until he goes flying back from a kick, crashing into the benches of the church.

“I, I…” How could she possibly know?

Zachriel tuts. “That, my dear, is Uriel, one of my brothers.” Now Maze shows up, and the two begin fighting.

“Maze?” Chloe asks, thrown off by the sight of her roommate. She knows Maze had a history of showing up to save Lucifer, but seeing her take on another angel scares her.

“Of course, Mazikeen. She would take any opportunity to take on an angel. She would go back to hell as a hero to her fellow demons.”

_Fellow demons..._ Chloe’s eyes widen.

**The Demon Roommate.**

Before she has a chance to fully comprehend that, Uriel defeats Mazikeen as well, and Zachriel’s commentary resumes. “Uriel threatened to kill you. So you know what Lucifer did?” When Chloe looks at Zachriel, there is bloodshed in his eyes.

Chloe forces herself to watch what happens next. Lucifer, after grabbing the blade from the ground, runs up to his brother, and stabs him in the heart. Chloe gasps.

“He killed him. He killed our _brother_ for you. Lucifer didn’t just send Uriel back to Heaven, or even to Hell. He wiped him off of the face of his Universe.” He growls, looking at Chloe. “For you!”

Standing from the couch, Chloe flees to the other side of the room, away from the trembling angel who is trying to contain his fury. She can’t imagine how he feels; his brother killed his sibling for someone much lesser than them. She wouldn’t believe it, if her reality hadn’t already been overturned thrice the past week. So she does believe it. She believes Lucifer, she believes Zachriel. But the question is, why? Why did Lucifer do that for her?

Chloe can hear it in her head, in her heart, as all the pieces fall together.

_All I ever wanted was you._

_I'll never get to heaven, 'cause I don't know how._

The truth rings in her mind. The song pounds in her chest, as if the waves are coming from somewhere else.
Let’s raise a glass or two

To all the things I've lost on you, tell me are they lost on you?

Just that you could cut me loose

After everything I've lost on you

Is that lost on you?

Falling to her knees, Chloe clutches at her shirt. She feels it, because Lucifer feels it. Without a
doubt, Chloe knows this. All of his actions were lost on her, since she didn’t know everything. But
now she does, and now she understands. She knows how deep their love for one another is, how
deep their love grew, even though neither one of of them dared admit it to each other.

Sweat beads on Chloe’s forehead, trailing down her loose hair. Zachriel approaches her.

“I have so much more to show you, Chloe Jane Decker.”

Chloe shakes her head, not looking up. “No.”

“Pardon?” The angel crouches down in front of her. “Did you just say ‘no’ to a divine being?”

She doesn’t need courage for this. She doesn’t need to summon any strength. Because her hatred for
this angel gives her enough energy to tilt her head up and give him the dirtiest glare she can muster
up. “Yes, I said no to a divine being, and it’s apparently not the first time that’s happened.”

Unsteady, Chloe climbs to her feet. “I need to hear all of this from him. From Lucifer. This isn’t
right, you telling me all of this.”

Zachriel crosses his arms over his chest. “Ah, but if I don’t tell you, you’ll never know. Since now,
Lucifer must do his part for the Universe.”

The ominous wording chills Chloe’s core. “And what is that?”

“Save it, of course. And in the end, he will die.”

Die.

The word reverberates in Chloe’s ears, repeating for an infinite amount of time. “Die?” The scenes
Zachriel showed her are far from her mind. Instead, they are replaced with ones she experienced
herself. What she knows of Lucifer. Their awkward embrace, after Lucifer told her her father would
be proud of her. She can still feel Lucifer tilt his head down on hers, and the sigh he let out when she
squeezed him. Just recalling that smile he gave her as he spun her around after she jump-started his
sit in lights up her world. She remembers the fire that marked the mood of the burger and fries
Lucifer picked up for them, laughing at forgetting the ketchup. She remembers the way Lucifer’s lips
felt as the breeze of the waves wafted over them. That look he gave her, when he whispered this is
real, isn’t it? was full of so devotion, she can’t imagine anyone else ever looking at her like that
before.

“No.” Chloe shoves Zachriel to the side, barely managing to slip around him as his unearthly tether
makes him immovable.

“It’s too late, Chloe Jane Decker.” Zachriel swoops around her, stopping her hand before she presses
the button to call the elevator. “By now, he’s probably agreed. He’ll already be on his way to the
battle. The djinn are pretty excited about the end of the Universe. Hopefully Lucifer really can save
us all.”

“He can’t,” Chloe whispers, tears forming as the pain of Zachriel’s grip on her wrist merges with her breaking heart. “Not before I tell him how I feel.”

Zachriel’s eyes narrow. “I cannot allow that.” He grabs Chloe, dragging her away from the elevator. “Please do not resist, it will only make this harder on you.”

“Get! Off! Of! Me!” Chloe yells, scratching against Zachriel.

Like she shocked him, Zachriel lurches away, releasing Chloe. She drops to the ground, breathing hard, as Zachriel stars down at her, eyes wide with fear.

What?

There’s no time to think about it. She scrambles to her feet, hurriedly presses the elevator button, and examples into the elevator. Zachriel starts moving again. Snarling, he reaches out to grab at Chloe. But she holds up a hand, shouts, “Stay!” In the middle of his frenzied attack, the angel freezes. His foot extends in the air, but he still holds up, as if Chloe paused a movie in an action sequence. His wing feathers don’t even move in the slightest, truly stopped in time.

The two state transfixed at each other, until the elevator doors start closing around Chloe. With the ding of descent, Chloe feels Zachriel be released from her hold. The angel bellows from above.

“Get Cain over there NOW! She shouldn’t be able to control him. Yes, now!”

The shouting retreats from her hearing perimeter, but the fear does not leave her. Yet it does not hold her back.

She needs to get to Lucifer.

He never thinks to turn of his GPS tracker, does he?

Chloe forces a laugh up as she races across the desert highway. Without minding the speed limit, she almost tops 100 miles an hour. But when the tracker directs her off of the road, she slows down a tad, switching to four wheel drive. The car grumbles at her, disliking the rough terrain, but she presses on. Lucifer’s phone is still here, but him? Maybe he’s already gone.

But then Chloe sees a speck of white in the distance. Pressing down her foot, the car’s engine roars, bringing her closer to what she assumes is Lucifer. Closing in on the speck, Chloe finally recognizes Lucifer’s stance. But his clothes throw her off. The white was from his sparkling outfit, reflecting the desert sun. Instead of his normal suit, he wears what looks like armor, but none like she’s seen before. Wrapping around his body, the material moves on it’s own, enveloping Lucifer in a layer of protection.

Close enough now, Lucifer turns at the sound of Chloe’s vehicle. He exposes his hand which grips a flaming sword.

Bang!

Chloe lurches as her car spins around. Looking around, Chloe sees Lieutenant Pierce just a few yards away from Lucifer, pointing his gun directly at her car. He shot her damn tire. Why the hell is her boss here? And how did he get here? He definitely wasn’t there a split second ago.
But nothing will stop her, not even Pierce.

Leaping out of the vehicle, Chloe stars to sprint to Lucifer, leaving her radio to blast her music.

“For you, I would cross the line. For you, I would waste my time.”

“Lucifer!” She yells. She needs to convince him not to do this.

Bang! Bang! Chloe shouts out, raising her hands to protect her head from Pierce’s bullets. Any rational person would stop running, would freeze. But Chloe isn’t rational anymore. She isn’t going to be scared by a few stray gunshots.

“Cain, stop that at once!” Lucifer’s voice rings out across the desert scene, filling up the empty landscape. The sword’s light extends further.

“For you, I would lose my mind.”

Pierce shakes his head. “Can’t, Lucifer. I was told to stop Chloe from getting to you. No matter what.” He shoots more at Chloe who tries to dodge his aim.

With one step, Lucifer is next to Pierce. “I will not let you hurt her!”

Pierce laughs as he changes his magazine. He raises his gun to Lucifer. “With her here, you’re vulnerable. Are you willing to risk your life for hers?”

Chloe continues running, almost running out of breath.

“What do you think I was about to do?” Lucifer asks back. Nonetheless, he seems to be subdued by Pierce, shoulders falling in defeat. With a slash of the blade, Chloe watches as a tear in the space in front of Lucifer forms, just as it did in his penthouse.

He turns back to Chloe, who now runs with all the might she can summon. She’s so close, just another twenty yards…

“I’m sorry, Chloe,” Lucifer says. Crouching, he gets ready to jump. Pierce watches, a satisfied smirk on his disgusting face.

“No!” Chloe shouts, desperate, reaching out for Lucifer.

Just as he is about to jump through the tear, Lucifer freezes, muscles still flexed. He looks down at his body, panicked.

“Don’t do this, Chloe!” Pierce warns her, aiming his gun at her, and she stops in her tracks, just feet away from Lucifer. “Release him, or suffer the consequences.”

Lucifer looks at Chloe, straining against his own muscles. “This is you? How are you doing this?”

“I don’t understand, what do you mean, release him? Why are you even here, Marcus?” Chloe
pleads. Nothing is making sense.

“He’s not Marcus, Detective. He’s Cain, Earth’s first murderer,” Lucifer says, spitting at Pierce’s feet. “And he’s probably made a deal with my Father for something.”

Pierce nods his gun at Chloe. “If I can keep you away from Lucifer, I can finally die. Before, all I had to do was assign you guys that stupid case your siblings made up. But now, it seems things have gotten more complicated. So don’t make it worse, Chloe.” He smiles patronially at her.

That does it.

“They say she’s gone too far this time.”

“I’ll do what I want.” Faster than ever, Chloe grabs her gun for its holster, and shoots Pierce squarely in the head. He flies backward, gun going off into the air, and flops backwards.

Not caring for the consequences, Chloe springs to Lucifer, who still remains fixed in his crouch. She caresses his face, runs her fingers down his armor, brushes back his hair.

“Chloe, why are you here?” Lucifer’s voice sounds so pained, so torn down, she can’t stand it.

“I couldn’t just let you leave,” she says, watching his eyes turn dark.

Lucifer shakes his head. “You must despise me by now, I don’t get it. Why return?”

Chloe steps back as if she was just punched in the gut. “Despise you? Of course I don’t! I—”

“Let him go.” Chloe hears the command from above. Looking to the sky, Chloe sees Zachriel descend, another female angel by his side. “This is the only way, Chloe Jane Decker. Let him go.”

“I refuse to believe that!” She shouts. “I just killed my boss for him, I’m not just going to give him up!”

“Technically, you didn’t kill him. Cain will wake up in a moment. But we need to leave.”

Chloe points her gun at Zachriel. “Why would I listen to you? Every time I do, something bad ends up happening!”

“Because even worse things will occur if you do not let him go,” the female angel informs her. “Now, you must let my brother go, and then make him come with us.”

“Make him? Why make him—” Chloe starts.

“Because look at him now!” The angel gestures to Lucifer, who looks to the ground, pissed off. “Your presence is already starting to change his mind! So before he does something stupid, just make us go.”

“No,” Chloe whispers, even as she releases Lucifer. He falls to the ground, catching himself on all fours. “I know what you have to do. What has to be done. But I won’t let you.”

The angel bristles, stepping towards the couple. “You little—”
“Make the decision yourself, Lucifer.”

Like the words startle him, Lucifer looks at Chloe, eyes sparkling. “Make the decision? Myself?”

Chloe drops her gun to the ground, letting the tears finally fall. When was the last time she’s cried this much?

“Save the universe, Lucifer, but only if you want to.”

“Chloe,” Lucifer whispers, on his feet. He takes a step to her, but is stopped by a hand on his shoulder. The female angel nods.

“Well, Lucifer?”

Chloe looks at Lucifer one last time, tears streaming down her face. His face seems shattered, eyebrows arched up in concern. “Chloe… You would really let me choose on my own? How are you doing this?” Her heart breaks, as she realizes that he’s never been offered such a deal before. She wants nothing in exchange for his freedom, and he doesn’t recognize where such a gift comes from.

“Isn’t it obvious, Lucifer?” Chloe asks him. They stare at each other, Chloe trying to read Lucifer’s face, trying to convey her meaning.

But he doesn’t get the chance to respond. The siblings pull Lucifer away from her, leaping into portal. Chloe feels as though her soul is torn away from her, lost in the hole in space as well. She lets out a lost wail as Lucifer’s wings fall from view, and the portal closes.

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Ten minutes later, Pierce—or Cain, Chloe supposes—wakes up, rubbing his head, complaining of a headache.

Chloe doesn’t speak to him.

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An hour later, Chloe lays on her back, staring up at the darkening sky. Cain, a yard away from her, sits silently next to her.

“I’m sorry for shooting at you. But it was for God. For the good of the Universe.”

“It was for your own greed.”

They fall silent again.
Two hours later, Cain speaks up again.

“I don’t think he’s coming back anytime soon. You should go home, be with your family.”

“Like you understand anything about family,” Chloe spits back. “And what if he does come back?”

“I don’t even think he’ll survive the battle,” Cain says.

Chloe looks to the stars instead of responding. She gasps, as the Milky Way dims until it fades into nothing. One by one, other stars go out, without warning. The temperature gets colder and colder, dropping drastically with every second.

Cain shivers. “Too late, I guess. The universe is ending. Seems like he failed.”

Chloe shakes her head. “No. No he didn’t.” But she’s having a hard time convincing even herself, as her eyesight gets worse with every source of light disappearing. Her fingertips start to turn blue, and she wraps them under her armpits.

And then, suddenly, with little spurts and sparks, the stars return. They flash brightly upon arrival, then darken until they reach their original glow. Marcus snorts in indignation when Chloe gives him a see? look, choosing to watch the sky instead.

It takes an entire hour for the sky to be refilled again, but the Milky Way is back, Chloe can find the Big Dipper, and Cain claims that it looks identical to before, having memorized the star maps centuries ago.

Maybe the overall picture is the same, but the stars. They look different.

Chloe guesses only she could notice.

Chapter End Notes

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PS, song no. 2 is "Don't Blame Me"
Chapter Summary

Lucifer is gone.

Chapter Notes

Heyyy! Sorry it's been a while. School and such. But here it is, the finale! I hope you all enjoy :) 

Chloe isn’t sure how long she lays there, the cold ground sucking the remaining heat from her body. The stars twinkling in the light keep offering flattering promises of Lucifer’s return, but with every passing minute, Chloe can’t help but feel her hope slip away along with the time she can spare, just waiting.

“Hey. Decker.” Chloe feels a shoe nudge her shoulder.

“Huh? What?” Sputtering, Chloe flails her arms about, smacking Pierce—Cain—in the leg. Pushing her hair out of her face, Chloe blinks sleep out of her eyes, groaning as she realizes she must have nodded off.

Cain stands above her, giving Chloe an unfortunate angle of his underchin. “I admit that it appears that Lucifer must have saved us all, but he’s not returning. It’s time to face the facts. You need to go home, Chloe. Staying here isn’t going to solve anything. It’s time to accept Lucifer’s final gift to the Universe, and move on.”

Maybe it’s the cold. Maybe it’s the flickering light from the sky that hits her eyes so they start to tear up. Maybe it’s her exhausted body. Whatever it is, Chloe allows Cain to help her up, guide her to her car, and buckle her in the driver’s seat. Silently, he takes shotgun, giving her a moment to gather her wits before she wordlessly turning off her radio and take the car out of park.

The ride is slow and lurchy, thanks to Cain having popped one of her tires with a bullet. Cruising along the desert floor, Chloe’s vision blurs around her, a lack of road not inspiring any focus on her part to guide them back to civilization. The darkness reflecting off the sliver of a moon turns to consume her, so much that Chloe has to stop for a moment just to catch her breath. Deep inhales, slow exhales. When Cain moves to pat her back, Chloe flings up a hand, silently daring him to touch her without permission again. He retreats.

By the time they reach a real road, the tears are flowing without anything holding them back. The dam of concealed emotion, of retrain withheld is torn down along with her other half, and Chloe feels helpless. There was nothing she could have done, except let him go. She slams the steering wheel, the only release of frustration she allows herself in front of someone so unworthy of her presence.
When the first traffic light appears in the distance, Chloe’s cheeks are stained with water, soaked in layers of salt and tears. She feels dry inside. What else is there to do, but do as Cain said? So Chloe dumps him off at the precinct without a word, and drudges home, her flat tire angrily screeching along the asphalt.

Back at her apartment, Maze holds Trixie to her chest on the couch, both of them wide-eyed at Chloe’s disheveled return.

“Mommy!” Trixie pounces from from Mazikeen’s arms, rushing to envelope Chloe’s legs. “Are you okay? Maze told me you were sick, and when she finally let me see you you were gone…”

Chloe brushes Trixie’s braids to the side. “I’m perfectly fine, Monkey. I’m sorry to have worried you. Everything is alright.”

Trixie looks up, her brown eyes wide. “What’s going on, Mommy? You don’t look good.”

Chloe closes her eyes. “I’ll explain in the morning,” she settles on after a pause. God, how am I supposed to explain anything to her? She wonders. “But it’s late, sweety. Say goodnight to Maze, and we’ll sit down during breakfast. Okay?”

Trixie nods, obedient, sensing something off. She scrambles back to peck Maze on the cheek, then rushes into her bedroom.

With a sigh, Chloe settles on the couch next to Mazikeen, a good yard in between them.

“So. You’re a demon.”

Maze’s eyes widen slightly, but she quickly recovers. “I guess Zachriel spilled all the beans.”

Chloe nods, not trusting her voice.

She feels Maze shift, and Chloe tries not to flinch when she tells herself a demon is scooting close to her on a couch in their shared apartment.

“Do you… feel differently about me now?”

Turning her face, Chloe lets her hair cover her expression.

“What does it matter? There’s no way for you to have told me, and me believe you. After all that I’ve experienced these past few days, you hardly seem any better than Lucifer’s true family.” Righteous fury sparks in Chloe’s heart. She turns to face Mazikeen head-on. “You both abandoned him in a time of need, you both just let him sacrifice himself for the greater good. You didn’t help at all. That’s the not the Maze I know. What happened?”

Expecting her aggression to be reciprocated, Chloe is surprised to see Maze deflate under Chloe’s accusation.

“You try fighting against three angels, equipped with demon-killing weapons, and see how you behave. Besides, what was I supposed to do? Go to Lucifer, convince him not to save the Universe? Hell may be my true home, but it’s still part of this universe. I figured I could help by making sure Trixie was taken care of. Zachriel told me the rest would fall into place.”

“And that happened to include Lucifer never returning,” Chloe whispers.

“Yes.” Maze doesn’t look away as the unbelievable happens: Chloe sees a tear form in her eye. A
single drop of water falls, the demon’s lone offering to Lucifer. “It did happen to include that. And I wish I could have taken his place. But that would have been impossible.” She looks down at her hands. “No matter what scenario I played in my head, the ending was always me left alone in Hell. But that’s what he would have wanted.”

“What he would have wanted? Does this mean you’re going to be leaving?” Chloe watches, mouth agape, as Maze stands abruptly. “Right now?”

Brushing off her leather pants, Maze sighs. “Well I have to make sure everything is in order at Lux before I go. Then Gabriel promised a speedy trip back down via one Angel of Death. Hell functioned without its king present, but it won’t fair well with him…” Maze swallows. “Gone. Someone has to oversee it.”

Chloe stands up, blocking Maze off from exiting. “So that’s it? After everything, you just get up and leave? No goodbye? No farewell? Just a walk out?”

Maze looks at Chloe, up and down. And for the first time, Chloe sees that Maze is broken. Lucifer is gone, and Maze is lost.

“Yes,” Maze whispers, eyes dull. “Give my regards to everyone, including Dan.” Sidestepping Chloe, Maze gathers her coat, and moves to the door.

“Wait!”

The demon turns around slowly, as if the world is without meaning. “What, Decker?”

Chloe rushes around. “At least let me help you pack and stuff…” She runs into Maze’s room. Trying to not think about all the sex toys laying around, Chloe starts shoving intimidating clothes into a duffle bag.

“Decker…” Maze walks into her room, shaking her head. Chloe doesn’t listen, simply continuing to feverently pack everything she can get her hands on. “Chloe!” Maze grabs Chloe’s wrist. “That’s enough. I’m going back to Hell, not on a vacation. I don’t need to bring anything.”

Trembling, Chloe shoves a tiny shirt into the bag. “Well, can Hell wait one more day? Please.” She resorts to one last beg. “You can’t just leave. Trixie deserves better.”

Now Chloe feels like the unearthly being, as Mazikeen stares at Chloe. She feels as if she is a specimen under a microscope, being analyzed and pushed about as scientists try in vain to understand her. “We all did.” Yet she still takes the bag from Chloe’s hands, placing it carefully on her dresser. “You’re taking all of this much better than Linda did,” Maze says in bewilderment, her back to Chloe.

“What? Linda knows about you? About Lucifer being the Devil?” Chloe sputters at this news. “And she kept it from me? About the Tribe?” Chloe holds her head in her hands. “Does Ella know? How is this possible? This is all too much, my life is such a mess…”

Maze starts shepherding Chloe from her room. “Ella doesn’t know anything. Lucifer, impulsive as always, showed Linda his true self. But that’s a conversation for another time.”

“Another time?” Chloe turns just as Maze ushers her to the door. “So that means you are staying?”

Looking to the floor, Maze watches dust flutter across the wood. “For now. But Hell needs me, Chloe.” She shuts the door in her face.
Chloe hugs her body tight. “Yeah. And I just need someone to talk to.”

But who does she have now? The one person she wants to talk to is gone. Simply gone.

Who else is there?

Chloe spends the next hour laying on her bed, drifting in and out of consciousness. She plays conversations in her head, making up dialogue with Lucifer, trying to guess his snarky responses, his snide comments, his endearing support and understanding. But it just deepens the void in her chest.

Wait. Amenadiel.

Remembering him, Chloe sits up in bed, speed dialing the angel. The phone under her cheek, Chloe wriggles in apprehension. She was never close to Amenadiel, he was always more Dan’s friend. But he could provide some much needed insight and help to whatever she was going through. Maybe even supply answers.

But the dial tone goes dead after just a few rings, and the line cuts off.

Crying out, Chloe tosses her phone across her bed. Collapsing, she folds on herself, tears overflowing in her palms, falling into her lap. She can’t think of anyone else to reach out to. She can’t come up with a single lead to understand any part of her revelations.

She’s so alone.

So alone.

She cries herself to sleep.

“Well, he would have wanted to entrust his home to the person he cared about the most. That’s you, Decker.” Maze hands Chloe the deed, and with that motion, Lux is under Chloe’s control. She’s thrown back to that first day, when Lucifer was smoking arrogantly at the piano as she interviewed him about Delilah. How little she’d known then; how much her life has changed since.

“I don’t know the first thing about running a business,” Chloe says once she returns to reality. Maze rolls her eyes.

“You think Lucifer did?” She walks away, setting a few other things in place. Chloe chuckles at the truth in Maze’s statement.

The leather folder’s golden lettering shimmers in Lux’s dark lighting. It reminds her of Lucifer; a beacon in the dimness. Although everything around here was built to remind her of Lucifer. Dammit. She thought she could hold it in, but as her eyes start to hurt, Chloe breaks her word to Maze.

“Decker, I said no more crying. What’s done is done.” Maze removes the deed from Chloe’s hand, placing it on the bar for later.

“Easy for a demon with no feelings to say,” Chloe spits out. Maze freezes, all of her muscles on edge. Chloe immediately sees her mistake. “I’m sorry, Maze. I didn’t mean that.”

Maze makes her way to Lucifer’s bedroom in just a few steps, thanks to his weird open-concept floor plan. “I know,” Maze says. She touches Lucifer’s silk bed sheets, as if remnants of him can be collected for safe keeping. With just a look, Chloe can see she is forgiven. Maze beckons her over, and the two women stand in front of Lucifer’s ugly painting of a mermaid.
Brushing her chin, Maze seems as if she’s actually pondering the artwork. Then she nods to herself. “I think I’m going to take this with me back down, if that’s okay with you.” She removes the painting from the wall without waiting for Chloe’s response, revealing the safe behind it. After a few digits, the sound of a lock opening hisses throughout the room.

Chloe touches the necklace that hangs down her chest. “This is where he kept this; my birthday present.”

Hand on the handle, Maze glances at Chloe. “This is where Lucifer keeps… kept all of his most prized possessions.”

She lets Chloe absorb that information as she finally opens the safe. Stacks of dollar bills, Euros, Pounds, Rubles, Shekels, and other forms of currency line the safe. How much is in there, Chloe cannot even begin to guess. Shoving all of the money to the side as if it were worthless, Maze reaches in the back, hefting out a cardboard box about the size of a briefcase. She delicately places it on the bed. Chloe retreats, afraid of what it could contain.

With a fingernail, Maze tears the packaging tape that sealed the box. With a slow hand, she lifts the side flaps. A glow emanates from within the box as she uncovers what is inside. Her face lights up, a sad smile. A hand dives in, and when it emerges, so does a feather.

Turning to Chloe, Maze offers her the feather. “You should take these as well. He’d want them in safe hands. Hands that cared about them.”

Not understanding, Chloe approaches to look inside the box. Dozens and dozens of white, weightless feathers hug each other tightly, gripping to the comradery they have in one another’s divinity. She touches them with her fingertips, and they feel like clouds, and they sing to her. She looks to Maze. “Why? Why does he have this?”

Maze plays with the feather in her hand. “It was always a messy process to cut off his wings when they kept returning. Feathers and blood everywhere; he cleaned up the blood, not his molting. He may have thrown out the appendages, but for some reason he felt the need to keep the ones that fell off.”

“Hold on. He cut off his wings?” Chloe challenges.

She’s met with another sad glance. “There’s so much you still don’t know, Decker. But I’m really not the one to tell you all of this. I hope one day it all makes sense to you.” She twirls the feather in between two fingers. “Or I hope it doesn’t, because that means you’re somehow still involved in this mess. But anyways.” She returns her feather to the box, then pushes it into Chloe’s hands. “This is yours now. And that’s it. I have other business to tend to, but I’m sure you’ll do great. I’ll be back to say goodbye before I go.” She nods at Chloe, and gathers her long coat draped over the piano.

Chloe watches, dazed, as Maze waits for the elevator, uncomfortable in Lux. The lift announces its arrival, and she walks into the small compartment. Chloe rushes to stand before her as the doors close in around her.

“He’s not gone.”

“What?”

Chloe hugs the box. “Lucifer. He’ll return. I know it.”

Now Maze doesn’t even try to hide the pity in her eyes. “No, Decker. I don’t think he will.” And the
It seems Maze is right.

No matter how optimistic she tries to be, every night when Chloe goes to bed, she can’t help but feel the ever-consuming grief that threatens to knock down her walls and suffocate her in her sleep.

Because even though in the morning it’s a new day, and the sun is shining, and Chloe tries to remind herself who ignited the stars, who saved her, many times, and who wouldn’t be defeated by the some ‘end of the Universe,’ she can’t help but feel helpless. Her cop instincts tell her that after a kidnapping, there’s only a certain time window for when it’s possible to find a missing person. Then all is usually lost. That small window has certainly shut for this case, but there’s no precedent for a missing-in-action angel. The unknown is what keeps her up at night, what keeps her going, and what kills her.

She knows Trixie can sense it within her. When Maze came by, a week after handing her the deed to Lux, Trixie stood by Chloe the entire time. The only second she let go of her mother’s hand was when she hugged Maze for the last time, and the demon left. But she’s just a child; she doesn’t deserve to have all of Chloe’s worries dumped on her. So she just kisses her forehead and sends her off to school.

Linda turns out to be a lifesaver. In her office, during Lucifer’s normal hours, Chloe goes on and on about how she can feel Lucifer out there. Linda nods, familiar with all forms of grief. They talk about Lucifer’s eccentric behavior, they laugh about most of it now makes sense, in hindsight.

They mostly cry.

It feels good.

Lux does well, even under Chloe’s direction. The old employees help out a lot, but before she knows it, Chloe is actually pretty dang good at running bar. She ends up cutting her time at the precinct in favor of sitting at her favorite piano, fingering the notes to Heart and Soul. Detective work has lost its charm, without a partner to help her solve cases. Without her partner to guide her, to believe in her, to be supportive of her. Even with Pierce finally gone (without a trace, so mysterious), Chloe can barely walk to her desk.

She can’t bring herself to change anything about Lux, and the bar seems to be stuck in time, never altering in the slightest. Even the penthouse is exactly the same. The alcohol remains untouched, his bed is perfectly made, the furniture is spotless.

Chloe sits on Lucifer’s couch, leafing through some magazines that uncovers the deeper secrets of the TV show Bones. Lucifer’s handwriting marks the pages in black sharpie, contributing to the fan theories and observations, connecting dots that are nonexistent.

A loud tearing noise startles Chloe. She tosses the magazine in the air, leaping off the couch. A dark claw mark scratches right above the porch overlooking the city. Chloe steps forward carefully, reaching out a hand. She feels cold air, sucking her into the void.

Suddenly, a maimed hand extends from deep within, shaking with the effort. It grabs at air until it finds the wall, and drags the rest of the body out of the void.

Chloe loses all of her breath. “Lucifer?”

His disfigured body lifts itself from within the tear, his second arm finally joining the other. Chloe
tries to help, guiding him over the porch fence. Lucifer’s wing gets stuck on the other side of the rip, and when he finally comes loose, he topples over, falling onto the ground in front of Chloe. Chloe falls to her knees, turning Lucifer upright, holding his head in her lap. His wings splay around her, and blood soaks from under the feathers onto her pants.

“Lucifer?” She repeats, brushing matted, sweaty hair from his face. He looks horrible; the armor that used to shine white is soaked in blood, burns, and other transgressions. Pieces have fractured, phasing in and out of this world, and the skin beneath peeling and purple. His eyes are shut tight, fighting against the pain. Grimacing, Lucifer twitches in her arms, unable to stop himself. “Lucifer, please say something,” Chloe begs. It hurts her to see him like this; every groan elicits a sharp wound in her soul.

“He can’t hear you,” a voice tells her from above. Looking up, Chloe sees Zachriel, looking almost as torn up as Lucifer does. Another figure emerges from the hole, the female angel that dragged Lucifer before. Then another angel, one that bears an even more striking resemblance to Lucifer than Zachriel does, emerges as well. They all wear the same armor now, each in a different color. Zachriel’s deep blue armor compliments his golden feathers; the female’s is gray, just as her wings; the stranger wears black as night armor, even though his wings seem identical to Lucifer’s.

“Who are all of you?” Chloe asks, tears flowing. The angels fly down hastily, folding their wings in as soon as they touch ground. They cry out as crunching sounds accompany the movements.

Zachriel motions to the female. “This is Gabriel, you met her before. And this,” he motions to Lucifer’s look-alike with a scratched hand, “is Michael.” Michael. The name sparks meaning in Chloe’s head, but she can’t make connections at the moment. Zachriel crawls to the couch, pulling himself to a sitting position. Gabriel just keels over, breathing hard, and Michael finds a wall to support himself.

Chloe swallows. “Okay. And why aren’t you helping him?” She cries, looking back down to Lucifer. He shivers in her arms, forehead beading in sweat.

Michael looks pained. “There’s nothing we can do, his injuries are too severe, too deep. He’s been marked by infection. If we were to touch him, we’d be caught as well. It’s beyond my scope. I’m surprised we even made it back here, he almost lost all strength several times.” Michael holds his hands in front of his body, as if to restrain himself from attempting to reach out to Lucifer. When he talks, his eyes don’t leave his brother. Chloe wonders if he sees himself, in pain, undergoing torture, when he looks at Lucifer.

A convulsion takes Lucifer who gargles in his suffering. Chloe tries to keep him at bay, prevent him from lashing out and hurting himself further. “Then why can I touch him?” Chloe asks.

There’s no answer, and when Chloe takes her eyes off of Lucifer, she sees the three angels looking perplexed at each other. Michael finally turns to her from his wall. He rests his head against the cool surface. “I have no idea. Maybe you being the Miracle has more than one meaning.”

Chloe shakes her head. “Miracle. That’s about the third time I’ve heard that now. What exactly does that mean?”

Michael’s closed his eyes, almost nodding off. “You’re different, Chloe. You always have been. Especially to Lucifer.” With a groan, he stumble in front of Chloe. He kneels down, fighting through pain, to get closer to Lucifer. To see someone that looks like Lucifer moving and talking disorients Chloe who tightens her hold on Lucifer. “You might have a chance to save him. We’ll leave him here, so you can take care of him. I would help, but like I said, I shudder at the consequences. So instead, my Father needs us.” He picks himself up, nodding to Gabriel and
Zachriel. They stand up, clustering together.

“You’re going to leave me with him?” Chloe asks. “I don’t know the first thing about angel care!”

Michael smiles at her, kindness and understanding shining. “No, but you seem to have a good intuition for taking care of a Devil. Fatherspeed be with you.” Michael closes his eyes, and with a shout releases his blinding wings. He extends his arms outward, and spins them in a circle. He opens to stare at Chloe one last time, gives her a slight nod. Then he claps, and a flash of light forces Chloe to blink. When the spots disappear from her vision, she finds Michael and his siblings have vanished as well.

And now she’s by herself, with a dying angel in her arms. His shaking has subsided, but only to be replaced by shivering. His teeth chatter loudly, his hands balled up to white knuckling themselves. Apologizing, Chloe slowly sets Lucifer’s head on the ground to rush to his bedroom. She seizes several pillows and sheets, putting together a makeshift sleeping area around Lucifer. He’s much too heavy to carry, she’ll have to make him as comfortable as possible as is. Once she makes sure he’s secure under blankets, she sets to work on his wounds. His body might function differently than humans, but she has to work with what she knows.

Snagging the first aid kit from behind the bar, Chloe cleans all of his cuts, burns, and scrapes. Pus oozes out, Lucifer hisses in sharp pain from alcohol rub, but doesn’t resist. All the time, Chloe hums calming tones, trying to give Lucifer something else to focus on. But she’s not even sure he’s aware of what’s happening around him, he might still be stuck in that other dimension in his mind.

It takes her about half an hour to check his entire body before she can start applying bandages. No expert, she struggles with the dressings, Band-Aids are sticking everywhere, and she doesn’t have any gels for the burns so she finds some aloe vera to apply. Deciding she’s done all she can on that front, she finds the mop to clean up all the blood that’s spread across his marble floor, and scoop up all the feathers that he’d shed.

Eventually, Lucifer stops making noises. No hurumphs of annoyance, pain or otherwise. Worried, Chloe checks on him but he’s still breathing. He seems to have fallen asleep.

Covering a broken smile with a shaking hand, Chloe finally lets herself breathe deeply. Despite his ragged appearance, Lucifer looks eons younger asleep on his penthouse floor. She can even almost fool herself into thinking he simply drank too much at an extravagant party downstairs.

Checking her watch, Chloe lets out a small oh when it shows her the evening is nearing. She steps to the side but not out of eyeline of Lucifer to quickly call Dan. She asks him to watch over Trixie, and simply saying Lucifer’s back does the trick.

Returning to Lucifer, Chloe lets herself take him in one more time. Then, with a pleasant sigh, she tucks herself in under the covers to snuggle next to his large body. She stays off his wing, finding it slightly difficult but not wanting to injure him any further.

She remembers something he said, what feels like decades ago now. I quite enjoy being the small spoon.

She tries wrapping him in her limbs, draping her around his chest, curling a leg around his. It’s hard, as he’s on his back, but she’s content.

Resting her cheek on his abdomen, Chloe breathes him in. Her nose is overpowered with sweat and blood, but the hint of a fresh spring day sizzles underneath. His delightful smell.
“Thank you for coming back to me,” she whispers to Lucifer. She falls asleep next to him.

Her body feels moist. Shifting in her rest, Chloe is met with what feels like vibrations under her body. Eyes bursting open, Chloe removes herself from Lucifer, sleeves coming off damp in his sweat. Lucifer shivers uncontrollably, his skin like ashen granite.

Covering his forehead with the back of her hand, Chloe gasps when she almost burns herself. Lucifer’s on fire. She throws off the covers, and rushes to dampen cloths in cold water. She places a cool towel on his forehead, wipes him down, and replaces the with thinner layers. She finds straws and tries to get Lucifer to drink, but nothing stays down. When he starts choking on the water, she stops forcing him.

Not sure how else to help, she paces around. She turns up the heater. She changes his sheets a second time when they saturate. She paces some more. She checks her phone, and Dan tells her Trixie is doing fine. She wishes she could call Mazikeen, but she never got the number to Hell. Maybe Linda? She shakes her head. She’s not that kind of doctor.

So Chloe just waits around, until she notices Lucifer stops shivering, and instead starts kicking his legs. He growls annoyed, and Chloe drops to his side. His fever has subsided, finally. Gathering more pillows, Chloe sits Lucifer up, tipping the glass of water into his mouth. He gargles, but gets some liquid down, which Chloe tallies as a success.

Dozing off again, Lucifer closes his eyes still upright. Laughing, Chloe rubs his cheek with a delicate thumb. It comes away salty, sticky, and dirty.

“That won’t do,” Chloe tuts.

Collecting a bucket, a loofah, and small cloths, Chloe settles to get started on giving Lucifer a whore’s bath. But his armor is still fixed to his body, now discharging an unpleasant smell. Unable to figure out how to remove his still flickering angel amor, Chloe finds a pair of scissors that for some reason gets the job done. After giving herself a moment to gape at his chest speckled in burns and scrapes, she gets to work.

Stretching out his first arm, Chloe wipes him down with pure water to get ride of the dirt. She hadn’t been sure where his fight had taken place, but she’d assumed it was with the stars, and his skin had become more tan in the process. She finds that outcome had been false, when the water comes away darkened and brown, and Lucifer’s skin returns as pale as has always been. It’s still red from high degree burns unhealed and scratch marks that look suspiciously not from humans. Chloe shudders, moving on to his next arm, then his legs. She doesn’t even give a second thought to his nakedness; she’s seen it all before already, and he needs her. Her one job is to take care of Lucifer right now.

The soap stage takes longer. Chloe scrubs him down in small circles, scavenging all the lingering dirt the first rinse missed. Once or twice Lucifer grunts in displeaser, his limb twitching away from her, but Chloe’s grip keeps his limbs close to her body, and she makes sure she’s more careful as she continues. She finds his hands free of callouses, the only imperfection the harsh burns on the palms. Otherwise, they are as soft as she can imagine. Once she rinses him off again and dries him completely, she applies another layer of aloe to his hands and other burns, then moisturizes the top of his hand. She gives him a light massage, hoping it will relax him in his slumber.

Then she moves on to her next task.

The wings.
They’re still splayed out around Lucifer, bursts of light penetrating from the red-soaked feathers. Refreshing her bucket of water, Chloe criss-crosses her legs next to his right wing. It’s the most battered, the most dulled.

One by one, she washes each feather. She rubs it down with the sponge, soaks it in water, pats it dry, moves on to the next. Rinse and repeat. The process is exhausting, but she’s not sure how else do get the job done. She wishes she had the strength to pick up Lucifer and drag him to his shower, but that solution remains out of her reach. The feathers sing in her hands, each one whispering out a different tone, a different key, a different octave. They harmonize together when they are cleaned, rejoicing in their renewal.

When she finishes up scrubbing all the feathers, they look scruffy, like a dog just leapt out of a bath. Rummaging through Lucifer’s toiletries, Chloe finds a large comb with a pointier end. Using that side, she tries to mimic a bird using its bill to prune itself. She resets the feathers in their rightful places, eyes twinkling as light bounces off like fluorescence off of the like-new feathers. They fall perfectly against one another, complimenting each other, loving one another. They shine in a rainbow of colors, shining iridescence.

She can’t help herself from reaching out, and stroking them. When her hand sinks into the wing, Chloe lets out a deep sigh. She’s in awe of them; not like when she first saw them, she doesn’t think. This is different. It’s a respect, an appreciation. These wings are what allowed her to understand Lucifer. What probably saved them. And she loves them for that.

“C...Chloe?”

Lucifer rasps out her name. It almost sounds foreign, his throat is so cracked. Chloe looks up, removing her hand from his wing. She crawls sit closer to his head, still resting on the pillow.

“Lucifer,” she breathes. “Yes, it’s me. I’m here.”

"No, don’t…” he grimaces, fighting hard to swallow. Chloe’s heart breaks.

“Don’t?” She whispers. “You want me to go?”

Lucifer shakes his head, eyes closed. “Don’t stop…” his head lulls to the side.

Chloe looks at her hands, the nods determined. She carefully reaches out to Lucifer’s wings again, this time stroking the arches. A hint of content smile briefly appears on his face, but he falls back into a deep sleep. Chloe continues massaging his wings, happy to know it isn’t hurting him.

About an hour later, Lucifer speaks up again. “You’re really here.” Again, Chloe looks up from his wings. His eyes are just slivers, as if his lids are loaded in lead. “I thought I had dreamt you.”

Chloe smiles up at him. “Nope. I wouldn’t leave you.” She grabs the glass of water. “Can you drink?” When he nods, she tilts water into his mouth. He slurps it up like a dying man, taking in every drop. She has to refill the glass three times before she shoves it away. He looks around him.

“How long have I been down here?”

“Just two days,” Chloe says, placing the cup into his sink. “Your siblings saw you off.”

Lucifer laugh-growls. “Like Hell they did. I’m sure they just deposited me, unsure what to do after I saved their asses.” He clutches his side in pain.

“Lucifer! Are you okay?” Chloe returns to him.
He nods. “Yeah, I think so. Can you help me to my bed? This mattress of sheets is impressive, but I think I would prefer my Spanish comforter.”

Chloe laughs. He must be feeling better if he can joke like that. “Of course.”

With a lot of effort on Chloe’s part, she lugs him off the ground, almost tossing him into his bed. His wings drag behind him, forcing him into an awkward position on his side. But he doesn’t care, in fact, Lucifer snuggles in under the covers, looking much happier. His eyes start drooping again, and when Chloe tries to start conversation again, he doesn’t follow, doesn’t even respond correctly.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Lucifer finally starts snoring softly, mouth open to let drool slowly seep out. Chloe pecks him on the forehead. He smacks his lips happily, nudging his head farther into his pillow.

Then he reaches out, dragging Chloe down on the bed with him. At this point, she’s sure he’s not aware of what he’s doing. He’s still unbearably naked, but he must not have noticed as he lacked to mention it. Yet he still pulls her near him, this time taking the role of the big spoon. Beet red, Chloe stares at the opposite wall, embarrassed on Lucifer’s behalf.

But even if he were conscious, he wouldn’t care, would he? Ignoring the fact Lucifer’s just Lucifer, he’s an immortal being that’s been alive how long? Nudity must be nothing to him. No wonder he is the way he is.

So Chloe smiles, acknowledging that in his sleep, Lucifer wanted to snuggle with Chloe. She shuts her eyes, and joins in on his rest.

She wakes to the feeling of a light touch by her head. Lucifer graces her hair with his fingers, his breath moving her golden strands. She maintains her breathing pattern, pretending to stay asleep to observe him.

“What a wonder,” he says, almost too quiet for her to hear. His voice sounds a lot stronger, more like his usual self. He sighs, relaxing his muscles, melting back into the bed. “I know you’re awake, Detective.”

Chloe twitches. “Oh,” she says sheepishly. Turning in bed, she faces Lucifer who supports his head with interlaced hands. His wings are gone, the burns have all but subsided, the cuts and bruises almost nonexistent. Do angels heal faster, or something?

“You look better,” she says instead, concealing her question.

“I feel a lot better,” Lucifer admits, looking the ceiling. His open admittance fills Chloe with more relief than her own observations did. Lucifer tries to sit up, and there’s no twinge of pain that flutters across his face. He does grab his side, but quickly scratches at his stomach.

Getting out of the bed, Chloe pulls up the covers to conceal Lucifer’s bare body. “Can I get you anything? Are you hungry? Thirsty?”

Lucifer’s eyes travel around the room. “A scotch would be nice.”

Chloe puts her hands on her hips. “Lucifer, I don’t think alcohol is a good idea right now. It won’t help you heal. I’ll make some eggs or something.”

In the kitchen area, Chloe can hear Lucifer mutter under his breath quite loudly. Something about overprotective and mother mode. She ignores his childish protests, wondering how such an old being
can still behave like a spoiled brat.

After setting up an entire breakfast in bed platter, Chloe pulls up a chair to watch Lucifer consume his food. She made them in his favorite way—sunny side up—and served them with a side of toast. He soaks up all the spilled yolk left on the plate at the end, smiling broadly with the last bite. Smacking his fingers, he burps.

“That was delicious.”

Turning slightly red, Chloe takes away the dishes to dump them in the sink. When she returns to his bedside, Lucifer’s forehead has creased as he looks at the wall across from him. Chloe waves a hand in front of his face, but he doesn’t react. He’s far away, somewhere else. She gasps when she notices his eyes have turned golden red.

Chloe tries to re-ground him. She places a soft hand on his shoulder. “Lucifer?” No response. She shakes him a little harder. “Hey, Lucifer.” He leaps out of his daze, flinching away from her touch, putting up a hand to defend himself. His eyes are wide, full of a fear she’s never seen before on him. She backs away, hands in a surrender position. “It’s okay, Lucifer. You’re home. Home.” She tries to convey she doesn’t only mean the physical location.

He stares at her for a while longer, a bit too long, before he blinks and his eyes return to their usual brown. Shaking his head, Lucifer grabs the sheets to cover his chest.

She knows what he was just re-experiencing. “Do you want to talk about it?” Chloe ventures. She’s not sure she could even understand, nor sympathize with anything he could say. But what else can she offer?

He shakes his head. “I wouldn’t know how to convey it to you,” he says. One eye scrunches, and Lucifer looks up at Chloe. “Why are you here, Detective?”

The question has no emotion behind it. He’s getting ready for something; what, Chloe doesn’t know.

“To take care of you,” she answers, palms out placatingly. “And to just be with you. You’ve been gone so long, Lucifer. I had thought…” She clutches the forearm of her right limb. “I thought you were dead. Or existentialized.” That’s not even a word. “Gone,” she simplifies. “I can’t bare to leave you alone right now.”

“Oh.”

The idea that someone would want to be with him just to be with him seems so foreign to Lucifer. He looks slightly dazed, eyes turning inward to understand what she said.

Chloe takes the chair next to his bed again. “So, is there anything you would like to do today? I don’t think you should move around much. But we can watch TV, play a game—”

“Let’s just sit for a while.” Lucifer, despite his improvement, still looks wiped out. His hair is languid on his skull, falling over his eyes. His skin is blanched.

“Okay,” Chloe agrees. She twiddles her thumbs. Lucifer just sits there, enjoying being in this reality. “So.” He looks at her. “There’s a bunch of questions on my mind.”

Lucifer deflates, shoulders hunching over his abdomen. “I bet there are,” he says. “But I lament, Detective, I am too tired to answer questions about divinity right now.”

Chloe bristles. “Lucifer, we have to talk about it at some point. You can’t just expect me to accept
“I expect you to scrounge up the very last detail of my history, my family, and the such,” Lucifer interrupts. “I just really don’t have the mental capacity do help you in that regard at the moment.”

Turning off her defensive mode, Chloe now feels ashamed for ever getting aggressive. She doesn’t know what Lucifer went through just to return to Earth. She’d already accepted him as the Devil weeks ago. A few more days to have a deep conversation about it won’t kill her.

A few more days turns into another week. Now Chloe doesn’t have an excuse to stay at Lucifer’s, him being perfectly mobile and able-bodies again. But she insists on visiting every day, to make sure he’s taking care of himself, make sure he isn’t getting into any more trouble. Either during her lunch breaks, when she leaves work early, or when Dan takes Trixie out for the evening she stops by. And every time she checks out his penthouse, nothing ignites her detective senses. Lucifer doesn’t say anything, but she knows he’s getting more and more agitated each time she turns up.

When the second week comes around, when Chloe exits the elevator, Lucifer turns from outside on his balcony. In an odd out-of-character display, his wings are flourished around him, basking in the Los Angeles dusk. The sun shining from behind him lights him up, rays shooting all directions around his body. He really does look angelic. But something is off. Chloe squints at his wings. Not out of admiration. Do they seem more dim?

Swishing his tumbler, Lucifer conceals a frown behind a sip of alcohol. “You didn’t need to come, Detective.”

Joining him by the railing, Chloe rests her weight on her elbow. “Is that the way you’ve decided to greet me tonight?” She teases him.

Lucifer answers her with silence, turning back to watch the downtown traffic below. His demeanor reaches out to tighten her throat a bit. “Lucifer, is something wro—”

“You shouldn’t be here, Detective,” Lucifer says, his voice taking a turn to something primal. Threatening.

Shifting off the railing, Chloe crosses her arms. “Excuse me? And why is that?”

She sees his knuckles go white as he clutches his glass. How does it not shatter under his grip?

“Detective, please, just go. You shouldn’t be here,” he repeats, turning to block her view of him with a layer of feathers.

His dismissal thuds in Chloe’s heart. “Since when have you returned to calling me ‘Detective?’ What happened to my actual name?”

The feathers rustle. But Lucifer’s voice doesn’t speak up. Frustrated, Chloe reaches out to grip one of his wings. The moment her fingers brush their tips, Lucifer spins around, arching over her. She backs away, suddenly very aware she could have angered one of the most powerful beings in the Universe.

“How do you keep returning, Chloe?” he uses her name like an insult, like it hurts him to form its sounds and syllables. It hurts more than when he only said ‘Detective.’

Hand over her heart that pounds like a racehorse, Chloe whispers up to the angel. “For the same reason as before.”

The answer bewilders Lucifer, who backs down slightly. Chloe takes the chance to breathe a bit.
“What do you mean?”

It’s her turn to turn away, to gaze at the looming buildings across the street and beyond. “You asked me a similar question, before. When you… when you left.”

Quiet, Chloe knows Lucifer is recollecting the moment.

“No.”

Shocked, Chloe sees Lucifer finally crush the glass in his hand. Blood drips through his fingers. She gasps, but he doesn’t allow for more of a reaction. “You need to go, Chloe. You have to leave.”

Chloe stands her ground. “No.”

A deep growl. “Detective.”

“NO.”

“Hate me if you must, but I will force you to leave if you do not cooperate!” Lucifer leers over her, shouting at her face.

“So that’s it.”

Her curt response surprises Lucifer out of his performance. “What?”

Biting her lip, Chloe retreats a little inward from the balcony. The distance to the concrete below had started to give her a headache. “You’re trying to push me away. Why, Lucifer? I won’t let you do this, not again. You’re not getting rid of me that easily.”

Rubbing at his side, Lucifer grimaces. “Astute as always, Detective.”

Chloe points at him. “Stop calling me that!”

Front completely gone, Lucifer smiles affectionately at her. “Of course. Right. Well, I tried.” Clasping his abdomen, Lucifer falls backwards, his wings not assisting with a soft landing.

Shouting out, Chloe is next to him at once. “Lucifer?” He groans. “Dammit, Lucifer, tell me what’s going on!”

His body shakes on the ground in a chuckle. “I didn’t want you here to see this. I didn’t want… not after you’d already mourned…”

“Already mourned? What do you mean?”

His chest rises up and down in ragged motions. “I was indeed getting better, but there is something inside of me… deep within me… that has risen once more. And it’s taking me back down.” He grunts, now hugging his stomach with long arms.


But he nods. “Yes. Your efforts were noble. But I’m dying, Chloe.”

Promptly, Chloe starts crying. “This can’t be happening,” she breathes. “Not now. I just got you back. I can’t lose you, not again, Lucifer!”

“It’s okay, Chloe,” Lucifer says, trying to soothe her. “We were always meant to say goodbye.”
Chloe shakes her head. “Don’t say things like that,” she tells him, bending down to rest her forehead on their interlaced hands.

She feels him place a shaking hand on her back. “I never wanted to hurt you, but it seems I can’t stop.”

“You’ve never hurt me,” Chloe responds. “And this will pass. Tell me what to do. I’ll help.”

“There’s nothing to be done, Detective. Time is all it will take, and not that much.”

Sitting back up, Chloe can feel the trial of mascara that marks her cheeks. She wants the tears to go away so she doesn’t have to look at Lucifer through an ectoderm of saline.

“Please, don’t let that be true,” Chloe whispers.

Muscles start shutting down under her fingers, relaxing as whatever is consuming Lucifer starts expanding. “It is,” he says, voice raspy. “I’m sorry, Chloe Decker, for all the pain and chaos I’ve caused in your life.” Whatever pain Lucifer is in, it’s unlike any human pain. There’s no cries, no whimpers. But it gets worse, and he closes his eyes as blackness starts surrounding him.

“Take it back.”

Chloe cups his face, peering over him, a watery smile looking down at him. “Take it back,” she whispers. “You have nothing to be sorry for, Lucifer.”

Comprehension unfolds in his eyes as the memory of the two of them, sitting on Chloe’s couch, fills each half of the pair with warmth. The same words Lucifer spoke to Chloe so long ago.

“All the pain, all the chaos you’ve brought into my life has been worth it. Without it, I wouldn’t have met you. If I never experienced it, I never would have you in my life, and you have been a gift. Everything you’ve had me experience, had me become aware of, has been worth it. So take it back, Lucifer.”

He smiles back up at her, reaching up a withering arm. “Are you sure?” he asks as she reaches out to meet his extended hand.

“As sure as I have ever been about anything. I love you, Lucifer.” The declaration spill out of her without warning, but it doesn’t feel forced, or wrong. She’s known it for so long, wanted to tell him for so long. She wishes she could have said it sooner. Given them more time.

“And you, Chloe, you are the only one I’ve ever known in my years of existence that has truly given me the option to choose my own fate. You have the ability to bend me to your will, but you’ve always let me take my own. I never have, and never will love anything as much as I love you.”

His hand in hers goes lax, and she lets it fall to his side. His breathing is becoming shallower and shallower. She crouches over his body, rubbing his hair from his eyes, touching his forehead with hers.

“Please, no. Please, don’t go.” She’s crying more than ever before, more than at the desert, more than when she sobbed herself to sleep, more than when she broke down in Linda’s office.

With all the strength he has left, Lucifer touches her arm. “You’re a miracle, Chloe. Never forget that.” He stills under her. Darkness falls around her, and Chloe realizes night had snuck up on her, but his wings had kept their space illuminated. No longer. The feathers fade, until they become ordinary.
She’s not going to accept this. Not again. No way.

Standing, Chloe grits her teeth. Zachriel! She shouts. This has to work. He has to hear her, right? That’s how praying works?

There’s a slender flash of light, and Chloe pivots to see Michael hover in the air above Lucifer. Not the angel she was calling upon, but she’s not disappointed as she does hold a high degree of resentment for old Zach. Michael looks elegant in his renaissance-inspired attire, adorned in all shades of white.

“Brother,” he whispers. He lands gracefully next to Lucifer’s body, his matching wings folding nicely behind him. He kneels, brushes Lucifer’s scruffy cheek with the back of his forefinger.

“Bring him back.”

Michael glances up from his brother. There’s no trace of remorse in his eyes, no tears. Chloe sees acceptance, and yes, sadness. But nothing remotely close to what a brother should be feeling.

She repeats her demand. “Bring him back.”

Michael stands.

“My brother has fulfilled his redemption. This would not have been possible without you.” He bows his head at Chloe. “Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me,” Chloe stalks over to the angel. He looks too much like Lucifer, even with his buzz-cut hair. “Bring. Him. Back.”

Michael sighs. “I cannot, Chloe Jane Decker.”

“Like Hell you can’t,” Chloe yells at Michael. “If you don’t, I swear I’ll make your life miserable.”

Michael has the guts to look at Chloe with a smirk. “How would you even begin to do that?”

“Like this. Bow to me!” Chloe commands, hoping this will work. Eyes wide, Michael falls in front of Chloe to his knees.

Michael shoots daggers from his eyes. “You dare compel the Demiurge?” He spits at her. The magnitude of her actions hits Chloe, but she doesn’t care.

Chloe imagines that if Lucifer was feeling the way she is, his eyes would be fire red. “I do, and I am. Now, I say, bring Lucifer back!” She tries to shove her will on Michael’s.

Michael cries out, screaming and screeching like a bird caught in a predator’s trap. “I can’t!” He grits through his shouts. “Release me, I cannot!”

Reeling back in her authority, Chloe removes the command. She’s not sure how she’s doing this, or how she did it before, but there’s no time to question it. “Tell me why.”

Panting, Michael explains. “Lucifer is the other half of the Demiurge. The one that fixes. Restores. I did not gain those abilities with his passing. They were returned to my Father.”

One, two, three steps, and Chloe’s standing directly in front of Michael. She presses her index finger on his large nose. “Then tell your Dad to bring Lucifer back. I won’t take no for an answer.” With a
wave of her hand, she releases Michael completely.

He recovers with speed, returning to his feet. “This was not part of the plan,” Michael informs her. “Lucifer has finally reached the place he belongs, where my Father has guided him. And you want me to overturn these declarations?”

Chloe tilts her head to the side. “Have I stuttered at all?”

“No,” Michael answers, confusion in his voice. “But I cannot ask for audience with my Father, He is the one that summons us. And I cannot overrule Him, nor change His mind. That is not the way.”

Chloe folds her arms. “Well, maybe it’s time you guys joined us in the 21st century. Go to your dad, and tell Him if He doesn’t return Lucifer to me, I’ll make all of His children wish they had become the devil.”

Michael turns pale. And then with a quick flail of his arms and a clap, he’s gone.

Not more than ten seconds pass before he returns, behind Chloe. She stumbles to face him, disoriented at his apparitions.

Michael stands as still as a statue, limbs glued to his side. Then he opens his mouth, and Chloe is thrust to the ground with an overwhelming force. A voice speaks in her head. It sounds just like a child, an elder, a thousand voices, and none. It’s Him.

*You wish for my son to return to this world?*

Chloe tries to speak, but she can’t move. So she thinks. *Yes.*

*My son has already been redeemed. His part in this world is over, completed. The Universe will never again be in peril, never again need him. Yet you still wish for his return. Why?*

*Because I need him,* Chloe answers.

*Your prayer is heard, my child. You have done what many would have called impossible. But if anyone deserves this, it is my son, Samael. Take good care of him. I trust that you will, my Miracle.*

A bright, warm light blankets Chloe. She’s blinded by a sensory overload. It fills her nose, her lungs, her brain. She might explode, and then—

Both her and Michael are let go of their religious hold. Chloe feels normal once again, and she can see Michael had experienced the same thing by his mystified look. He shakes himself out of it, turning his attention to Lucifer. “Brother!” He exclaims under his breath.

Mimicking Michael, Chloe watches Lucifer. He still lays lifeless on the floor. Something should be happening, right?

Lucifer’s chest rises abruptly, a serrated breath being sucked in to his lungs. Chloe smiles. Lucifer lifts himself from the ground, looking around. “Michael?” He asks, spotting his brother. He sees Chloe. “Chloe?!” With that, Chloe rushes him, crushing Lucifer with a fierce hug. “What happened?”

Although he looks immensely relieved, Michael’s retort clashes with his countenance. “It pays to be the favorite, Sammy.” But there’s no menace behind the words. Wings appearing around him, Michael circles his hands in the air, then claps, and he’s gone.

Chloe shoves her nose in Lucifer’s chest. “I’m not letting go for a while,” she informs him,
squeezing him harder.

Lucifer hums. “That’s very fine by me.”

They stand, gazing at the glittering sky above them. “Want to go for a flight?” With a nod, Lucifer unfurls his wings, and they’re off.

Holding her bridal style, Lucifer takes her a tour of the cosmos. They skim the troposphere, away from the pollution of the city. The farther they go, the more excited the stars around them become. They get brighter and brighter. Soon enough, as Lucifer glides more inland his wings are reflecting the starlight, speckling in the visible electromagnetic spectrum. With one arm looped around Lucifer’s Chloe, extends the other, feeling as though she could reach the stars, dip her fingers below their surface like she could a lake.

During the flight, Lucifer tells Chloe stories. What some stars mean to him, which ones humans have named, and which ones are actually planets. He explains to her of their supernatural powers, and how Lucifer’s own state of mind shaped their creation. He even hovers for a moment, and with a vigorous flap of his wings, Chloe witnesses a cluster of stars flurry together, then spring apart, exploding in matter.

“A new star for the one that matters the most in this Universe.”

Chloe is stunned from what she just saw. Lucifer just moved the stars for her. He really can do anything. And he’s choosing to be with her. Whispering an intimate thank you into his ear, she kisses his neck.

They find a secluded hill with a single tree to sit under and continue admiring the constellations. Resting on the trunk, laying side by side, Chloe nudges Lucifer.

“It’s possible.”

Lucifer peers down at Chloe from his high stature. “What?”

Grinning, gazes up at the constellations. “How do we rewrite the stars?” She sings, motioning to the endless sea of light above them. Now, she knows this is more possible than she ever imagined. With Lucifer by her side, with the Morning Star, with the Light Bringer, anything is possible.

Lucifer lunges down to plant a kiss on Chloe’s temple, catching on.

“Say you were made to be mine,” he continues.

“Nothing can keep us apart,” Chloe admires Lucifer’s eyes, not breaking contact as she moves to straddle his hips.

Supported by his sturdy hands, Chloe lets herself be drawn closer to his radiating body. “Cause you are the one I was meant to find,” they sing together. “It’s up to you, and it’s up up to me. No one can say what we get to be.”

They share a smile, one full of memories, full of meaning, full of devotion that no other lovers can achieve. “Why don’t we rewrite the stars, changing the world to be ours?”

Chloe’s head becomes mush as Lucifer closes the distance to kiss her. She melts into him, bringing a hand up to wrap into his hair. Lucifer’s hands fall down to her bottom, lifting her into the air, trying to get her as close to him as possible. He holds like she weighs nothing, kisses her like she’s everything. They breathe as one, loving each other as equals, both desperate for a future that they
know is within their reach.

When they break away, they both stare dazed at the other.

Chloe beams at Lucifer. “The stars really are beautiful,” she compliments him.

He matches her smile with one of his own. “And we can make them whatever we want,” he promises. “Together.”

Together. He’s offering all of him to her. Chloe knows this as she knows she loves Trixie with all her being. He’s all in, ride or die. It’s not something he would half-heartedly do. And neither would she.

“Together.”

Chapter End Notes

*We're all in this together...*

That's all, folks! Thank you for reading this fic. As always, it means so much to me that people decide to read things lil ol me wrote. It's mind-boggling, really.

HAGS!

uhhh oh yeah this is my tumblr: beans-shadow

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!