# I Don't Do Love

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I Don't Do Love

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**Summary**

You're celebrating your last night as a 'single woman' when you find your fiance in bed with someone else. Enter Lucifer.

**Notes**

See the end of the work for notes.
"Whooooooooow!

My best girlfriends and I were piled into a limo, celebrating my last night as a single woman in Los Angeles. So far, there wasn't a bar all six of us hadn't hit up yet on one street but there was one just out of my reach that I was determined to make it to before the night was over: Lux. The bar that the Devil himself is supposed to own. Something drew me there but I needed to stop at the hotel room first to change out of my 'hooker heels' because they were killing my feet. The limo driver thought that we were all entertaining as hell with each drunken scream as one of us popped up through the sunroof. The long, black car pulled up to the front of the hotel, and I promised to be quick as I dashed barefoot up to my room. With a swipe of my key card, I stumbled into the dark room, laughing as I ran my hand along the wall to flip on the lights. Surprised shouts erupt from the queen size bed, and the head of my fiance, Liam, pops up with his hair a mess and a brunette woman next to him.

"(Y/n), sweety, what are you doing here?"

My heart shattered into a thousand pieces, scattering all over the proverbial floor.

"I, uh, needed to switch my shoes. My feet were hurting. I thought you were supposed to be with your friends?"

The woman next to him glared at me like I was the one that wasn't supposed to be there. I guess, in a way, I'm not. Biting back tears as I gathered my belongings to leave, I turned back to Liam one more time, chucking the engagement ring at him and bouncing it off the wall next to his head.

"You can keep the dress too. Hope you enjoy him."

"Don't worry," the woman purred in a nasally voice," I'll make sure he knows what it's like to be with a real woman."

Heat crept up my neck until it colored my cheeks and I held my head up, leaving Liam and the other woman alone. Tears rolled down my face as soon as the door closed, but I quickly wiped them away the closer I got to the girls. Of course, even drunk, they all had to be ridiculously receptive to my change of mood.

Alex, my Maid of Honor, immediately opened her arms when she saw my broken expression and cradled me as soon as I was back in the limo.

"I'm sorry, lovey. I knew something was wrong about him but you were happy so I didn't say anything."
My bridesmaids curled around me, and one of them murmured to the driver to keep the course to Lux.

"We're going to find you a better man," Brittney promises. "Maybe you'll meet the sexy owner of Lux."

A heavy sigh left my lips as I thought of the mysterious man, but it did nothing to repair my broken heart.

"Maybe."

Alex stroked my hair as the other girls all mentioned how I'd be better off without him, that he wasn't good enough, and that one of them would like to go after him with their baseball bat. Before I knew it, the limo was pulling up to Lux. The girls hooted and hollered like I was still getting married tomorrow, and it worked well enough that the bouncer let us all in, giving me a complimentary up and down look as I strolled by him in the tight, short and strapless red dress. My (h/c) hair was up and curled, framing my face and with the shadowy smear that's become of my eyeliner, it makes my (e/c) seem bigger and wider.

The bass from the music thrummed through my veins and vibrated through the soles of my flats. Brittney and Alex guide me up to the bar and order several rounds of shots.

The olive-skinned bartender tilts his head in my direction, giving me a smirky kind of smile.

"Are you a princess?"

"What?" He jerks his chin upward, and I remember I'm still wearing the bachelorette tiara. "Oh. This." I reach up, and pull it out of my hair, setting it on the bar top.

"I didn't know we had royalty in here tonight," a smooth, velvety, British voice breaks me out of my thoughts and look up to see a tall, brown-eyed man grinning down at me. He holds his hand out, and his fingers engulf my much smaller hand when they close around it. "Lucifer Morningstar. How do you do?"

*Oh my God, it's really him.*

Alex comes to my aid as I stumble over my words.

"She's a little ditzy right now because she just found her fiance, that she's supposed to be marrying tomorrow mind you, in bed with another woman."
Lucifer places a hand over his heart.

"Your poor thing. Drinks are on the house tonight. How does that sound, my dear?"

I stutter out a 'thank you' as he orders something strong, and I quickly take a large drink, loving the burn as it goes down my throat. Lucifer holds a hand out, and places the other on the small of my back, guiding me through the departing crowd to a long, curved, white leather couch. His hand doesn't leave my back until I sit down, but when it does, there's a burning, tingling sensation left behind. I'm focusing on the reflection of the strobe lights as they bounce through the amber liquid. Deep brown pools travel over my body, and a wicked smile shows off blinding white teeth.

"I never did catch your name."

"(Y/n)."

"My, your fiance must be an unintelligent man to throw away a beauty with such a name as yours. Sorry, ex-fiance."

Knocking my head back and finishing the drink, I grimace and roll my eyes.

"I wasn't woman enough for him."

Lucifer looks puzzled.

"You look woman enough to me."

A furious blush covers my cheeks from the compliment. He could have any woman he wanted sitting next to him but he chose me.

"I was, how do I put this delicately, too good for him."

His face takes on a curious expression as he ponders what I've said before it transforms into realization.

"Ohhhh," he breathes out.

"Yep." I pop the 'p' as I accept a drink from one of the waitresses. It's hard to see if my friends were still around, but I'm pretty sure they've left me to be alone with the Lux owner.

Lucifer leans forward, steepling his fingers as he braces his elbows on his knees.
"How would you like to make a deal with the Devil?"

"Do I end up dead at the end of it?"

He sits up, looking offended. "What kind of man, well Devil, do you take me for? You have done nothing to be punished. This deal would benefit you more than it would me. It'd be like a partnership of sorts." Lucifer scoots closer until your knees are touching. "Would you like to make a deal?"

I'm drowning in deep, chocolate pools and I don't care to come up for air.

"Yes."

"Lovely! Your wedding is technically still on for tomorrow, yes?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Good! Let's go get your dress and bring it back here!"

"Why?"

This man was an overgrown child with how excited he became.

"Because we're getting married!"

Of course, that's when the music just had to die down and the whole crowd turned to stare at me and Lucifer.

"People get married all the time! Go on, mind your business!"

The buzz started up again; no doubt talking to each other about mine and Lucifer's abrupt and upcoming nuptials. I tried hiding my face, as Lucifer gently pulled me to my feet and took us through the crowd. The brisk night air was refreshing as I stepped outside with him, and stopped in my tracks as I noticed his car.

"I've never been a fan of Corvette's or convertible's but damn, I am now."

Lucifer chuckles as he gets in, patiently waiting for me to come around. The car purrs when he turns the key over, and the wind blows through my hair as we speed through L.A. to get the dress.
I was right; my girlfriends were huddled in the bar and were definitely surprised to see me back at the hotel, especially with Lucifer in tow. To make things even more interesting, Lucifer tucked my hand into the crook of his arm and grinned brightly at everyone staring.

"Hello, there. You must all be (Y/n)'s friends. Lucifer Morningstar, how are you?"

He senses my hand shifting in his arm, gently patting it as if to say 'you're fine, keep it there' and shook all the girls' hands. They all stared incredulously at me like they were waiting for something to be said.

"Oh, how rude of me. You're all needed at the little chapel tomorrow. (Y/n) and I are getting married. We were stopping by to pick up her dress and then off to get our rings."

If this would've been a cartoon, their jaws would have hit the floor. They all exploded into conversation at once, saying things like: I knew you would've found someone better, Liam's family is going to be pissed, this is going to be the best wedding ever and of course all the little congratulations in between. It was overwhelming and I lightly squeezed the inside of Lucifer's arm.

"As lovely as it was to meet all of you ladies, we must go. See you all tomorrow."

With every step closer to the room, the unease in my stomach grew. I'd already faced Liam once with that woman and truly did not want to go for a round two. Lucifer could sense my hesitation, and held my shoulders as the two of us stood outside the room, dark brown eyes full of concern.

"Wait here. I'll get it. Should be obvious, right?"

I handed over the key card and pressed back against the wall. Offended shouts filled the room, with Lucifer's chipper tone talking them down and coming out a few moments later with my dress. Amazingly, it hadn't been damaged by the mistress or out of spite from Liam. The two of us snuck out a side door to avoid my friends, quickly loading into his car and head off to a jewelry shop that Lucifer knew. As he parked the car, with my hand resting on the handle, I paused and frowned, rubbing a thumb over the metal.

"Something wrong?"

"What's my end of the deal? What do I have to do for you?"

"Be my wife, my companion."

"That's it?"

"Even immortal creatures grow lonely."
Lucifer opened the door for me and held his hand out. It was warm like always; rapidly becoming a comfort.

The jeweler was a kind, older woman, gladly staying open later for her most loyal customer. I didn't want anything fancy or big, which is where Lucifer and I clashed. He wanted something that was glittery and shiny that screamed I was his wife. The two of us argued over rings until it was decided on a silver wedding set with three square cut diamonds on the engagement ring, and a single similar diamond on the wedding band with intricate black hearts designed into the bands. It was a little bit of me and Lucifer mixed together. I got lucky and didn't need them to be resized.

Once Lucifer paid for them, he slipped the black velvet box into his coat pocket for safekeeping. He was quiet on the way back to Lux, which seemed unusual for the normally chatterbox of a man. The club was still crowded with people as we made our way back inside with Lucifer, his fingers laced together with mine. A woman with a piercing stare followed us while we walked through the club, stopping at the piano. The spotlight immediately shone down on us, making my heart rate skyrocket when all eyes turned to me and the handsome man standing at my side. With a devilish wink, Lucifer lowered himself down onto one knee, pulled the velvet box out of his pocket and opened it, the bright light sparkling on the silver bands.

"(Y/n)," the smooth timbre of his voice rings out over the quiet club," will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

Genuine tears welled in my eyes, and I nodded my head, choking out a small 'yes'. The club erupted into applause, and Lucifer stood back up, slipping the engagement band onto my finger where another one had been just hours before.

"Kiss, kiss, kiss," the crowd chanted, and even though my face heated up hotter than Hell, Lucifer laid a gentle kiss on my lips that sparked something to life inside my heart. I placed my hands on his chest, stepping closer and kissed him back.

Lucifer pulled back first, something interesting glinting in those dark chocolate pools and a wicked grin on his face. "Well, my dear, seems there's a bit of fire hiding somewhere in there, eh?"
The woman with the fierce stare sauntered up to me and Lucifer, openly looking me up and down as I stood by my fiance. The strobe lights bounced off her almond-colored skin and reflected strangely in her dark eyes making her so much more intimidating up close.

"When were you going to tell me?"

"Ah, Maze, this is my fiancee. (Y/n), Mazikeen. Mazikeen, (Y/n)."

I wasn't sure if a handshake was appropriate or safe from the way she was eyeing me, so I stood quietly by Lucifer's side with a small smile.

"Hello."

"Hi," she responds, before addressing Lucifer again. "So?"

"It was last minute Maze. You know how I am."

"Since when have you ever wanted to get married?"

"Since a few hours ago. Now, if you don't mind, I'm going to take my bride-to-be upstairs to get to know her a little better."

Lucifer picks me up bridal style, taking me by surprise and a little squeak leaves my throat, much to the amusement of Mazikeen. He was by no means manhandling me, but from the look she was giving him, this was the gentlest that she had ever seen Lucifer be with someone.

"She's too pure for you, Lucifer."

"We shall see," he throws back, over his shoulder. I hang onto his neck, staring at his face as he carries me to the elevator that presumably goes up to his floor. When I think he's going to look at me, I shift my attention to the elegant interior of the elevator, feeling my cheeks heat up once more. "Is there something on my face or do you like what you see?"

I can't bring myself to answer him and keep my eyes downcast until the doors open up. A lavishly furnished penthouse greets us, decorated in somber colors and dim lighting. But one of the prettiest views in L.A. is what really catches my attention and Lucifer lowers me to my feet so I can walk to the window and gaze out. The tall man appears in the glass reflection by my side, holding a champagne glass with clear liquid. Thanking him quietly and taking it, I'm surprised that it's filled with water.
"I assumed you didn't want anything stronger after the exciting evening you have had."

"You were right."

He takes my hand, leading me to a sliding glass door and opening it so both of us could walk out onto the patio. Lucifer doesn't release my hand like I thought he would and I relish in the affection this man is giving me.

"Anything you want is yours," he says softly. "The only thing I can't offer you is love." Lucifer glances down at me, knowing I'm listening even while I stare at the city below.

"Why?"

"I don't do love, darling."

"Okay." This startles him. "The last man I thought loved me, well, you know what happened. At least you're being honest."

"Hmm."

"You said you wanted to get to know me. What would you like to know?" I turn to him, (s/c) skin glowing in the moonlight and the stars reflecting in (e/c) orbs. "I'm an open book so ask away." Lucifer was at a loss for words for once in his life because of my complete openness. When he didn't say anything, I returned to gazing at the city and started talking. "I didn't move here to be an actress, or a singer or songwriter. I moved here so I could get away from my family and hide. Los Angeles is huge and if I don't want to be found, I won't be. Liam was my college sweetheart, and we moved here together. He's probably going to trash my shit tomorrow when he gets back to our place. I was working but Liam wanted me to quit so I could focus on the wedding planning. See how well that turned out."

"He wasn't good enough for you."

I reached out for his hand and placed mine over his on the railing. "Thank you."

He pats the top of my hand with his other one and holds his arm out to usher me inside.

"Don't want you freezing to death before the big day."

I welcomed the feeling of his arm around my waist, stepping back inside the warm penthouse and trying to not let my nervousness show.
"I'm afraid I do not have night clothes for you to wear but I can offer you a shirt?"

"Oh, uh, thank you but I have nightwear in my bag. Where do you want me to sleep?"

"You can sleep in my bed. I won't be back up for a few more hours. Feel free to get into whatever you want. My house is now your house."

Lucifer tilts my head up, placing a scorching kiss on my lips before leaving me on my own. With nothing else to do, I make my way to Lucifer's room, attempting to avoid looking at the massive bed the best I can and head straight to the bathroom to change. Everything in my bag was meant to be for the honeymoon; lacy undergarments and silky nightgowns with stockings and garter belts to match. I stripped slowly out of my evening dress, removing every article of clothing and wanting to burn them all once they were on the tiled floor.

Originally, I had no intention of dressing up for Lucifer, but he viewed me differently than Liam ever did and I wanted to show him my appreciation. A black silky almost see-through nightgown paired with a matching black garter belt, thong and stockings were what I choose to wear for him. Now, if I was just brave enough to walk out of the bathroom and lay in his bed. Steeling myself and reaching for the doorknob, I walk back into the main part of his room and stand at the foot of his bed.

The blood red of the sheets did look inviting, and with how smooth my skin was from the pampering I'd received earlier today, it should feel amazing. So, I crawled from the foot of the bed, up to the head and bury myself under the sheets, surrounding myself in silkiness. Before I got too comfortable, I remembered I needed to grab my phone and charge it before the morning. Climbing out of the bed was hard; it was too damn comfortable. The smaller bag containing my phone and charger was left on the bar, but before I could leave the comfort of Lucifer's room and stand at the foot of his bed.

A dark-skinned man that stood as tall as Lucifer was who I saw first and he didn't look pleased with whatever Lucifer was saying. They hadn't noticed me yet and I could get my bag without being noticed. Things don't ever work out that easily though, do they? So, of course, I had to stub my toe on the damn leather couch and curse. Lucifer turns the corner and a pleased grin spreads on his face, his gaze traveling up and down my body. The other man, however, looked more than surprised.

"Well, hello there, darling."

"I didn't mean to barge in, I was grabbing my phone." I picked my bag up and pulled out the phone and charger. "Sorry."

"If we're through here, brother, then I will see you tomorrow."

"You cannot go through with this, Lucifer. This isn't what Father has planned."
"No, but it is what I have planned."

"Lucifer," he exclaimed.

"Good night, Amenadiel."

Amenadiel's eyes met mine. "He can't give you what you want, (Y/n)."

"Neither could the last man."

I walked away from both men, disappearing back into the room and curled up underneath the covers after plugging the phone in. Lucifer stayed out with Amenadiel for a few more minutes, and I watched the door until he came in.

"You should be sleeping, love."

"I can't." My eyes followed him around the room, not even bothering to look away as he strips down to his boxers. His suit hid the lean muscles underneath, revealing the perfect placement of black hair on his chest and the strip going down his belly and into his boxers. Noticing my blatant stare, he turns in a circle with his arms out, grinning. Everything about him is perfect. Until I see the scars on his back. "What... what happened?" It took everything in me to ask because I had my own scars too.

Lucifer was facing me again, and the grin hadn't left even with my question.

"I had my wings cut off."

"Wings?"

"Yes, wings. Big, flappy things."

"I thought the Devil didn't have wings?"

"Were you expecting horns and a tail instead? You're taking this surprisingly well."

"Why can't the Devil be real? It's almost like Hell on Earth right now anyway."

"Fair enough," he wandered into the bathroom for a moment, and I rolled over to be more in the center of the bed. It becomes too hot while waiting for Lucifer to come back out, so I kick the covers off and spread out, tucking a pillow under my chin. Lucifer had been quiet while opening the bathroom door, taking a moment to gaze at my unsuspecting form sprawled out on his bed. "You
look lovely, my dear." I pop my head up from the pillow, heat pooling in my core at the sight of Lucifer only in a towel. "Or should I say, sinful? Devil got your tongue, love?"

"Drop the towel."

"Your wish is my command."

He dropped it; his long, thick cock springing up from a thatch of black curls, looking swollen and heavy. There was no stopping the crimson flooding my cheeks as I looked at him, naked and aroused. Lucifer stepped to the end of the bed, leaned down, placed his hands on the mattress and started to crawl up to me. I was frozen in place on my side, breathing shallowly as Lucifer inched up my body. Almost as if on autopilot, I turned onto my back, letting him cover me with his body. He placed no weight on me, holding himself up on his hands and keeping his legs together between mine.

"Someone's eager," he purrs.

"What did she mean?"

Lucifer cocks his head sideways. "Who?"

"Mazikeen. What did she mean when she said I was too pure for you?"

"I'm the Devil, love. A blushing bride like you, well, taking your virginity is the ultimate sin."

He leans down, brushing his nose against mine and captures my lips in a sweet kiss, sliding his hands down to hold the end of my nightgown and shuffles the fabric up. Panic seizes me, and I break the kiss, eyes wide with terror and hold the edge of the nightgown where it's at. Lucifer is visibly startled, cradling my face in his hands and moves to lay by my side.

"I'm sorry," it comes out as a whisper, but Lucifer heard me.

The man's chocolatey eyes darken, briefly brimming with red, and I remember who I willingly climbed into bed with.

"What do you have to be sorry for?"

"For stopping you."

"Darling, if you are not comfortable with something I won't push it. I may be the Devil but consent is a requirement."
I roll to my side, facing Lucifer but keep myself curled up in a ball, drawing little patterns on the silk bed sheets so I don't have to meet his inquiring stare.

"I have scars too. Some are self-inflicted... and some... some are not."

The sharp intake of breath coming from Lucifer kept me from looking up at him, and I squeezed my eyes shut, willing myself to remain calm.

"Who?"

"An ex-boyfriend."

"Why?"

"Because..." I choked on my words, trying to get them out. "Because I... I wasn't being obedient. And he would... whip me for it."

Lucifer snarls, and I just about come out of my skin, tucking myself into my body further.

"His name?"

"Ian. Ian Everitt."

With a furied shuffle of blankets, Lucifer dashes out of the bed and into silky black bed pants, his bare feet slapping on the hard floor.

I gather my courage, pull on a pair of boy shorts underneath my gown and leave the safety of the bedroom, finding Lucifer standing with his back to me at his personal bar. If he hears me, he makes no indication of it and swallows his drink down in one swig. His impatience shows in the way his shoulders are hunched, and the tension in his arms. Lucifer is lithe in build, but no doubt if it came to a fight, he'd be able to hold his own. He tosses the short glass, letting it shatter where it landed and storms away to the elevator. Surprisingly, he holds his hand out to me when he turns around, and I quickly trot to catch up with him and take it. It's a quiet ride down, and as soon as the doors open, Lucifer is pulling me out with him.

"Maze!" he shouts, the sound echoing through the empty club. If she's here, there's no way she couldn't have heard that. "Mazikeen!"

"What?" she snaps back, appearing on a set of stairs.
"I have a job for you, dear Mazikeen. Interested?"

Her dark chocolate eyes light up with something I hope is never directed at me.

"Very," she purrs, climbing into a bar stool.

"I need you to find someone for me. An Ian Everitt."

"How shall he be brought in?"

"Alive but any way that you can."

"What'd he do?"

Maze and Lucifer's eyes slide my way, so I turn my back and pull the back of my gown up until it's bunched around my shoulders, exposing the whip scars lacerating my back. Lucifer's sudden touch makes my skin jump and causes goosebumps as his fingertips roam over the scars. I tremble under his touch, biting the inside of my cheek to try and hold back my sobs but did nothing to stop the tears trailing down my face. Liam never once touched the marks out of kindness, only making faces of disgust and revulsion each time he saw them.

"Wow," Maze breathed out, fascinated but appalled at what kind of person could do this.

Lucifer tries to free the fabric from my hands but I shake my head and turn around, showing that there was one more set of lacerations. I stared at the ground, my voice barely above a whisper. "In a drunken rage one night, Ian misjudged his swing and the whip wrapped around my side. Then, he got even more pissed off and made the other side to match." I finally allow Lucifer's gentle hands to pry the gown from mine, letting the material drop down and cover me again.

"I'll find him."

And like that, she was gone. Lucifer's arm slid over my shoulder, guiding me so we could return to the penthouse. I climb into the bed, burrowing myself under the sheets until only my head could be seen.

"Don't you look comfortable?"

I shrug.

"What's going to happen to Ian?"
Lucifer sighs, lowering himself down and resting his arms behind his head. "Maze will find him and then she'll bring him to me to be punished."

"You're going to kill him?"

"Tempting, but no."

"What do you mean by punish?"

Lucifer reaches over and pokes me softly between the eyes. "Don't you worry your little head none, (Y/n). Get some rest. Got a big day ahead of us." He claps and the lights go off, but I can't go to sleep yet. "You're thinking too hard." The lights from L.A. somewhat illuminate the room, and it lets me see Lucifer enough as he scoots down in the bed closer to me. His face is shadowed as he rolls to his side, with his back to the window, making him unreadable in the almost dark. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes."

His hot breath is what I feel first, then his lips slant tenderly over mine, and a slender hand cups my face while the other travels down my torso, stopping at the end of the edge of my nightgown.

"Still trust me?"

"Yes."

His hand continues its trek, and grips the bottom of my boy shorts, pulling them and the thong underneath down to my knees until I can kick them the rest of the way off for him. Lucifer begins the kiss again, more feverishly this time, teasing his fingertips back up my thighs and pausing, right at the edge. It was a whisper of a touch at first; fingers briefly gliding over my lower lips, to my thighs, then back to my pussy. When his tongue slides along my bottom lip, his fingers spread my folds apart. I open my mouth for him, and one fingertip circles my clit at the same time that his tongue sweeps inside, tangling with mine. Lucifer rotates between quick little circles and slow, lazy ones, drawing out the pleasure. He swallows down each of my gasps, rubbing his thumb along my cheek, never pushing for more or to go faster. When my slick starts to coat his fingers, he pushes his middle finger in to the second knuckle, soothing me when I tense up. A second finger joins the first, both of them slowly pumping in and out of my core while Lucifer's thumb rubs back and forth across my clit. The stimulation is overwhelming; I start rocking my hips with each movement of his fingers, whimpering against Lucifer's mouth and lock my hands on the back of his head. He curls his fingers in a 'come hither' motion, pressing against a spot I didn't know was there, and whispers, "come, my darling." The white-hot coil building inside me suddenly snaps, and I let out a keening whine, trembling in Lucifer's hold. He withdraws his fingers, making me feel suddenly empty and presses me into his chest.

"Sleep, love."
And this time, I listen.
Chapter 2

The sounds of a piano being played wakes me up, and I squint against the bright sunlight coming in through the windows. I tread lightly while leaving the room, not wanting to disturb who is, I assume Lucifer, playing. The tune is mellow and almost kind of sad, and when I reach the area where the piano sits, it is definitely Lucifer on the keys. He's into the music and seemingly unaware of my presence, but the corner of his mouth lifts up when I sit down next to him, mesmerized by the way his slender fingers dance across the keys.

"Do you play?"

"No. Can't play any instruments."

"Can you sing?"

"I'm a terrible critic to myself so I like to say no but other people think I have a nice voice." He looks at me expectantly.

"All along it was a fever
A cold sweat hot-headed believer
I threw my hands in the air, said, "Show me something"
He said, "If you dare, come a little closer"

Round and around and around and around we go
Oh now, tell me now, tell me now, tell me now you know

Not really sure how to feel about it
Something in the way you move
Makes me feel like I can't live without you
It takes me all the way
I want you to stay."

Lucifer started to play and surprised me by singing too.

"It's not much of a life you're living
It's not just something you take it's given
Round and around and around and around we go
Oh now, tell me now, tell me now, tell me now you know
Not really sure how to feel about it
Something in the way you move
Makes me feel like I can't live without you
It takes me all the way
I want you to stay"
His voice was melodic, and I almost forgot the next part from being so drawn in.

*Ooh, ooh, ooh, the reason I hold on*
*Ooh, ooh, ooh, 'cause I need this hole gone*
*Funny you're the broken one but I'm the only one who needed saving*
*'Cause when you never see the light it's hard to know which one of us is caving*
*Not really sure how to feel about it*
*Something in the way you move*
*Makes me feel like I can't live without you*
*It takes me all the way*
*I want you to stay, stay*
*I want you to stay, ooh*

It was hard not to look at him while he sang because he got so into what he was doing, and the tone was almost mournful. I cautiously leaned in toward him, wishing I could ignore the bubbling feeling in my chest, watching his hickory colored eyes fill in case he wanted to bolt. But instead, to my delight, he began leaning in too.

And then, the elevator dinged and with it came a short, petite, well dressed blond woman. Lucifer and I jumped apart and my head whipped around to see who it was. She stopped short and opened and closed her mouth a few times before she figured out what she wanted to say.

"Sorry, Lucifer, I didn't know you had company."

"Ah, yes," Lucifer chirped," it's about time you two meet anyway. (Y/n) this is Detective Chloe Decker, also my work partner. Detective, this is my fiancee, (Y/n)."

Chloe looked stunned for a minute.

"Fiancée?"

"Yes, and we're getting married later this evening so I won't be able to help you on any cases today."

"Oh. When did you get engaged?"

"Last night."

"Last night?"

"Yes. This poor dear caught her ex cheating and came here right after. She still wanted to get married
so I proposed." Lucifer picked my left hand up and turned it around to show her the ring. "You are more than welcome to come."

The look of disbelief would've been hilarious if so much information wouldn't have been dropped on her all at once. I was mortified and wished the floor would swallow me so that I could be out from under Chloe's shocked stare.

"I can put someone else on the case. What's your name, again?"

I go to get up and shake her hand but I remember that I'm still in my nightgown from last night. Way to go on first impressions.

"(Y/n) (y/l/n)."

"Come, detective, you don't think she's a criminal do you?"

"No. Not at all. Just... surprised you're getting married."

"Yes. Well, anyway, (Y/n) sweety you should probably contact your lovely bridesmaids and have them all come here to get ready, yes?"

"Yeah. Probably. It was nice meeting you, Chloe."

"Nice meeting you too, (Y/n). What time and where is the wedding?" I hear her ask as I try to gracefully walk back to the bedroom.

My phone was blowing up by the time that I reached it, with several messages from Liam's parents, sisters, and several other family members. Some offering their apologies for him being a little shit and several of them blaming me. Because him cheating was totally my fault. It was a toss-up between throwing my phone and letting it shatter or calming down and thinking rationally. As much fun as it would be to obliterate my phone, I still needed it and I don't think Lucifer would appreciate a chunk of the wall being taken out in the process. So, I sent out a mass text saying the wedding has been canceled to his family and a select few people I didn't want there while contacting my friends and family that the wedding is still on but with a different man. The only two bridesmaids willing to still come were Alex and Britney, and that was just fine. They were on their way to Lux as we speak. It was still early in the afternoon, so there was nothing to do but wait while the girls showed up. I slipped on a t-shirt, and sweatpants, tossing my hair up into a ponytail for now and went off to find a drink.

Margherita's have always been my friend, and Lucifer has everything I need to make one. I always wanted to bartend, but Liam didn't like the idea because I could 'attract the wrong company'. Seems like I did anyway without being a bartender. I make enough for the girls too and sip on mine while I await their arrival.
The chattering of my friends could be heard before the doors even opened and Lucifer swooped in with them, making them giggle and titter like their lives depended on it. With a quaint raise of his brow, Lucifer notices the drinks sitting on the counter.

"Did someone come up and make those for you?"

Alex scoffs. "She's a woman of many talents. Paints, draws, sings, and can make killer drinks."

"Really now?"

I shrug, taking a long sip. "So, my almost inlaws are pissed but I told them all off and the guest list has been cut in half."

"Good!" Brittney exclaims. "Serves them all right."

"Are you going to have any groomsmen?" Alex timidly asks Lucifer.

"Right. Um, I may have to call in a favor or two." He strolls away and I gather the girls up, ushering them to the master bathroom.

In a flurry of makeup, hairspray, curling irons, and straighteners, our hair and makeup is done. Alex and Brittney lounged in the plush leather sofas, but I felt restless and paced around. I realized I had no way to call Lucifer, Maze or even Chloe.

"Calm down, he'll be back," Alex called out, twirling her straw around in her drink.

I stop and frown at her.

"You think I'm pacing because Lucifer isn't here?"

"Why else would you be?"

"I don't know. Too much time to kill I guess."

"We could always go get our toes and nails done," suggests Brittney.

I chuckle and search around in my purse, pulling out a gold credit card and hold it between two fingers. "I do still have Liam's card."
They cheer and I dart off to Lucifer's room, changing into black skinny jeans and a flowy black shirt. My flats are the out in the open, and as I'm sliding them on and heading back to my friends, Lucifer comes back with Amenadiel and another man in tow.

"I have found my groomsmen."

The new guy looks around at Alex and Brittney, giving them a small but confident grin. Until he sees me with Lucifer, blue eyes widening.

"(Y/n)?"

I peer closer at him, my (e/c) eyes going wide as well.

"Dan?"

Lucifer steps back, attention switching back and forth. "You two know each other?" His fingers pointing at both of us.

"Dan... Detective Espinoza helped put Ian away..."

"Wait," Dan starts, holding out a hand and then pointing at Lucifer. "You're marrying him?" He narrows his eyes at Lucifer. "What's in it for you?"

"Companionship. Why is that so hard to believe?"

"Because there's always something in it for you." Dan walks closer, almost brushing Lucifer aside, staring down at me with concern. "Is Ian back? Did you come to Lucifer for safety? The LAPD can help you." His hands gently hold the tops of my arms, searching for anything that might be out of place.

Amenadiel stands by with his arms folded across his chest, looking slightly amused.

"I'm fine, Dan, I promise. If Ian is back, I don't know it." I glance at Lucifer, noticing that Maze hadn't shown back up from her hunt yet. "I'm marrying Lucifer because I want to and not because I'm being forced to."

"You're serious?"

"Of course."
"What happened to the other guy?"

Lucifer cuts in, putting himself between me and Dan. "Found in bed with another woman." He turns his back on Dan, putting his hands in the same place Dan's were a few minutes ago but holds them in a way that's much different. "You're looking quite lovely. Get cold feet and going to run away?"

I put my hand on his cheek, rubbing my thumb along the stubble.

"'Course not. We were going to get out nails and toes done. At Liam's expense."

A wicked grin curves his mouth and the low laugh he lets out sends through my core.

"Don't let me stop you, dear."

I lift up on my toes, ignoring everyone else in the room and give Lucifer a kiss. The tall man grins, loving the attention.

"Do you think Detective Decker would want to come?"

"Chloe?" Dan asks. "You know Chloe too?"

"We met earlier today."

"I can take you and your friends."

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

I step back up to Lucifer again, going in for a deeper kiss and then leaving him hanging as the girls and I follow Dan out. It was a bit awkward at first, and I had to keep from laughing as Dan, Alex and Brittney all stole glances at each other. Dan clears his throat as we walk through the empty club, and I look at him, waiting for his question.

"Has Lucifer done his 'eye thing' yet?"

"What 'eye thing'?"
"I guess not."

I flipped my shades down but still squint at the bright sun as we walk outside. Dan's car was parked out front, the silence overbearing as he drives us to Chloe's house. Detective Decker was more than surprised when all of us showed up, and even more so when I asked her if she wanted to come along.

"You're sure?"

"Yeah. Since I'm going to be married to Lucifer, I should get to know the people in his life a little better, right?"

"Uh, yeah, yeah."

A little dark haired girl comes through the front door followed by another dark-haired woman, immediately launching into a conversation of her own, speaking about a million words a minute.

"Mine and Chloe's daughter, Trixie," Dan introduces.

"Ah."

As Trixie rattles on, the other woman bounces up and holds her hand out, shaking mine warmly.

"Ella Lopez. I work for the LAPD too."

"(Y/n) (y/l/n)."

"Wait. (Y/n) as in Lucifer's (Y/n)?"

"Is that what I'm being called?"

"Everyone is talking about Lucifer getting married."

Trixie pops up between myself and Ella then, throwing her arms around my waist. "I'm glad Lucifer is marrying you."

I can't help but hug the little one back and smile down at her.

"Really?"
"Yeah. Now he won't be so lonely. Who are your friends?"

I introduce Alex and Brittney to Chloe, Ella, and Trixie, extending the invitation to get manicures and pedicures. The six of us pile into another car and head to the closest salon to pamper ourselves before the wedding.

Trixie has the most interesting stories to tell, and it does twist my heart a little bit to hear that Lucifer pursued Chloe for a while. I stare at my nails quietly, suddenly doubting the proposal. Chloe, Trixie, Brittney, and Alex are all carrying on but Ella, she's perceptive. She leans forward, catching my attention and gives me a bright smile.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah. Just thinking."

"Oh?" I don't respond quick enough, and it gives Ella all the answers she needs. "What you and Lucifer have is something completely different than him and Chloe. There might have been something there once but it never worked out." She reaches over and squeezes my hand. "I can't wait to see the way he looks at you."

My phone buzzes and I very carefully pry my phone out of my pocket.

*Having fun with the girls?*

*Yes. :)*

*Your nails are a delightful color.*
I look up, seeing Lucifer leaning against the doorway of the salon, in a newly tailored, almost all black suit. The only thing that isn't white is the bow tie tied neatly at his neck. He looks mouthwatering and every other thought leaves my mind as he struts through the salon. Every other woman and a few men have their eye on him but his eyes are only for me.

"Ladies," he greets us all cheerfully. "Child."

"Hi, Lucifer," Trixie pipes up.

"Enjoying yourselves?"

Alex giggles. "Very."

The men and women that helped us all with our nails, verify that everything is dry and we're good to go. As everyone else gets up to put their shoes back on and gather their belongings, I hang back. I try giving Lucifer a real smile as he admires the nail design but he sees right through it, holding my hands in his and peering down at me.

"What's the matter, love?"

"Trixie was telling us all about your crush on her mommy."

Lucifer's grin wavers but remains steady. "Yes, I pursued Chloe but... we are better partners than anything else. I won't break your heart, love. I will always be honest with you. Will you be honest with me?"

"Yeah."

"Tell me, what do you desire most?"

Whatever he was doing, pulled at my heartstrings and I couldn't not tell him how I felt. "I want to finally be enough for someone. That they will fall in love with me for who I am and not what they want me to be."

"You. Are. Enough. For me," he whispers, cupping my face and punctuating each word with a kiss. He tucks my hand back into his arm, stopping while I pay, and making us bow to the customers of the salon as I announce that all of their purchases are being paid for. He kisses the back of my hand, intertwining our fingers and takes us outside.

My dress was already in Lucifer's car, ready and waiting to be put on. Lucifer's arm snakes around my waist, standing tall and regal, staring down every man that dares to glance my way. My nerves
were getting the best of me, and I shuffled my feet back and forth under the heat of the sun.

"The last step is the chapel," I grin.

"I'm not wedding crashing, right?" Ella remarks.

"Everyone here is invited. It's not formal, so what you're wearing is fine. Alex and Brittney's dresses are already there."

They all wore matching grins, as they each nodded and headed to Chloe's vehicle. Lucifer walked around and opened my door for me, rushing around to his side and speeding off once I was buckled in. I couldn't resist reaching over and taking his free hand in mine, wondering how I got lucky enough to have him in my life. He gives me a wink, raising my hand to place a kiss on the back of it.

The drive to the chapel was over too soon, and the girls were immediately at my door, pulling me and my dress out, shooing Lucifer away. His answering chuckle is followed by girly giggles and then I'm inside and shoved into a tiny little changing stall. I strip down, handed my corset first, panties, garter belt and stockings next, trying not to fall on my face as I get them on. The door opens and I turn my back to get assistance buttoning up my corset.

"Lucifer is a great partner," Chloe murmurs. "He'll take care of you and make sure no one hurts you. I know Trixie told you about Lucifer's interest in me, but the way he looks at you is different than what it was with me, you know?" She pats my back, and I know from the look in her eyes that she means every word.

"Thank you, Chloe."

She smiles and steps aside so that Alex and Brittney can help me get into my dress.
The last thing I needed was my short white heels since my jewelry was already on and the garters around my thigh were in place, and I was complete. Then, it was waiting until five, when I could marry Lucifer. It was only a few minutes away, but it felt like it was going to take forever.

Trixie was filling in as flower girl and ring bearer with Chloe walking her down and the little girl
couldn't have been happier to do so. Ella was live streaming the whole thing for the LAPD, and whoever else wanted to watch. Which was a lot of people, apparently.

Ella came bursting with only seconds to go. "Were you expecting many people?"

"Just my family and friends that still wanted to come. Why?"

"You have so many well-wishers standing outside. It is insane." Momentary fear flits across my features and both Ella and Chloe catch it, and Ella momentarily shuts the live stream down. "Did I say something wrong?"

I wanted to tell them the truth, but I didn't want his name to tarnish today more than it already has by thinking about him.

"Nope," I grin. "Just nervous."

Ella smiles and turns the live stream back on, bouncing back out and waiting to catch the moment when Lucifer sees me.

"Spill."

_Damnit, Chloe._

"There's a guy that had abused me in the past that might come after me after he sees this. And no, not Liam. He's too much of a coward."

"What's his name?"

"Talk to Dan."

She was about to say something else but Trixie takes her hand and pulls her out the door. Alex and Brittney go next, and then for a few seconds, I'm left by myself. The doors are opened for me, and at first, all I see are my family members and friends. Then, my gaze lands on Lucifer, standing tall and proud at the other end of the aisle and I forget about everything else going on around me. My feet move on their own as they carry me to him, the hum of the people standing around me dulled to a muted buzz. I forget about the simple bouquet in my hands, the music playing in the background and even Ella's teary-eyed face in my peripheral as she records every one of my steps. Lucifer holds his hand out, and I pass my bouquet to Brittney to free mine, placing them in his.

"You look quite lovely, my dear," he whispers, leaning in.
"So do you."

The preacher began to speak, but I wasn't listening. I was too focused on the shine of Lucifer's glassy dark mahogany eyes, the way he had his hair slicked back and to the side somehow, and his brilliant smile that shines only for me. I remembered to speak when needed, and tried keeping my hand steady when sliding Lucifer's silver and onyx wedding band onto his finger. His voice was steady, and it carried smoothly throughout the chapel.

"Do you Lucifer, take (Y/n) to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"I do."

"Do you (Y/n) take Lucifer to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

"I do."

"By the power vested in me by the state of California, I pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss your bride."

With all the drama that he could muster, he steps forward putting his leg in between mine, wraps an arm around my lower back and bends me backward, pressing a scorching kiss on my lips. The chapel broke out into hoots and hollers and left me completely flustered.

"The reception will be held at Lux!" shouts Lucifer, tugging my hand and running us down the aisle.

Ella wasn't kidding. There were hundreds of people lining the streets. Lucifer may not be famous, but his favor granting and his nightclub have sure earned him a name in LA. On top of working with LAPD. The crowd dispersed, leaving a space for us to run through to get into Lucifer's car. He opened the door for me, giving me another kiss and then hurrying over to his side. He waves to the people as he speeds off; his Corvette towing a sign saying 'just married' and white streamers.

"Tell me, what's it like to be married to the Devil?" His tone is gleeful like this was something that happened every day.

"So far, it's pretty sweet."

Lucifer's laugh is contagious, and I join in with him, feeling like if I smile anymore, my cheeks are gonna tear.

There's a line already started for getting into the club, and a few of them point and snap pictures of us as we drive by.
The way Lucifer looks at me in my dress should be illegal, and though I was wanting to get out of it as soon as we got back, I decided I would stay in it a bit longer. Just too make him keep looking at me the way he is now. When we're inside, and by ourselves for a moment, he backs me up until I bump against a wall, pinning me there with his hips and his hands on my waist.

"I get to be the only one to take you out of this tonight," he purrs, nuzzling my neck and right below my ear. "Slip you out piece by piece." Open-mouthed kisses are replaced by nips, nibbles, and licks as he soothes each tiny sting. My hands are tangled in his hair, messing up his style, and the pants I let out are the only sounds coming from the deserted club. He pulls back, grinning at my flushed appearance. "Suppose we should stop in case our guests catch us in a compromising position, huh?"

I grumble, but before he can completely move out of reach, I pull him back down for a mind-numbing kiss and then let him go, patting his chest as he stares down with a pleased look on his face.

"Well, if that's the beginning for tonight, I can't wait for the rest."

He straightens his bow tie, and sweeps me into his arms, twirling around the dance floor in the spare moments before everyone else arrives. Lucifer was kind enough to move all the catering and the DJ to Lux, even making sure that there was something for the minors to drink. While we're dancing, our guests have come in, standing behind quietly and watching.

Dan walks up behind Chloe, offering her a glass of water.

"I never would have thought Lucifer of all people would get married."

Chloe nods, staring off into the distance at Lucifer grinning down at me. "Why would (Y/n) tell me to talk to you about someone who might come after her?"

"Remember a couple years ago we brought in a guy who had whipped his girlfriend bad enough it put her in the hospital?"

"Yeah."

Dan points to me, keeping his fingers gripped so tightly to the glass he's holding that his knuckles turn white.

"That was her?"

"Yeah. What's worse? He's out walking the streets."
"That's why she seemed panicked about the live stream. Do we know where the guy is?"

"He's off the grid. But, I have no doubt that he wouldn't see this even being under the radar."

They both go quiet, resorting back to watching Lucifer and I dance.

"I suppose I have to share you now, don't I?"

"For now."

The moment people realized Lucifer and I had stopped dancing, we were approached and bombarded by my family and friends. Married and single women alike called to Lucifer for a dance, and of course, he accepted and charmed them all.

At around eight, Lucifer opened up the club to the public since most of my family with kids had left. The gifts we had received were taken up to the penthouse and waiting for us after the club closed for the day. Even though I was desperate to be out of my dress, I loved the attention Lucifer gave me while being in it. The sly sideways looks, the whispers of breath as he leans in next to me, and the light, feathery touches as he brushes his fingers across my skin. Throngs of people approached us, wishing us well and congratulations, while some women glared from afar. Lucifer's arm laid lazily across my shoulders, stroking the bare skin and rested his hands on my knees across his lap as he talked to anyone who came by.

"If looks could kill, I would be dead several times over." Lucifer looked puzzled for a moment until I gestured with my chin in the general direction of the spiteful women. "They don't seem to be fans of mine."

"Don't worry about them, love. They're clearly jealous."

And just to piss them off further, Lucifer pulls me into his lap, and in for a mind-blowing kiss. I happily oblige him, forgetting about everyone else around us until someone clears their throat. He chuckles as I jump, and turn to face whoever interrupted.

Dan stands there awkwardly, and the strobe lights do nothing to hide the slight pink tinge to his cheeks or mine.

"Lucifer, we need to talk."

"Be back in a moment, dear."

Lucifer and Dan walk to a darker part of the club, far enough away that I can't really see them but
not enough that they completely disappear. The women that were glaring still hung around but kept their distance, and I refused to bow down and show fear while Lucifer was gone. The alcohol certainly helped me keep a stiff backbone.

The hairs on the back of my neck stood up, my anxiety spiked and the sudden feeling of something being totally wrong washed over me. My fear came true when the man I’d tried hiding from came into view, with that sickly smile on his face as he sat down next to me.

"Hello, (Y/n)." Hearing Ian’s drawl made me sick to my stomach, and there was nothing I could do but sit there and try to keep a level head. "Look awful pretty in that dress." I refused to look at him, refused to acknowledge him or realize he was there. I could see out of the corner of my eye that his black hair was still slicked back the way it had always been, and that mad glint in those piercing blue eyes had never changed. Perfect white teeth, the tan that makes the blue of his irises pop, and the pretty, rich white boy look that got him everything he ever wanted. A face that everyone believed was a good man, that no one would ever believe someone so pretty could hurt someone so badly. The face that showed me what a living hell was like for months. "Come on now, (Y/n). You're really going to be like that right now? I could take you away, and your new husband would never find you.” I finally looked over at Ian, and it made my stomach roll. "There's that pretty face."

"What do you want?"

"Tell your friend to stop looking for me, or I'll be coming back for you. I won't be as kind as I was last time."

Goosebumps covered my skin, my fight or flight response begged me to run and run far away. I met Ian's gaze with a level stare of my own, showing no fear on the outside.

"She's got her own agenda. You may have gotten in here tonight, but you will never take me away from Lucifer."

Dan and Lucifer begin walking back through the club, recognition flitting over Dan's face as he sees who is sitting next to me. I give away no indication that I know they're coming, keeping my sole focus on Ian. He must have sensed something, because the next moment Ian was turning and waving at Lucifer and Dan, before getting up and walking away. Dan splits off from Lucifer, looking to chase Ian through the crowd. Lucifer doesn't stop until he's by my side again and tucking me under his arm. He says nothing, agitation rolling off him in waves. Dan comes back with Chloe and Maze in tow, neither one looking pleased.

"Let's go somewhere better to talk," Chloe suggests.

The five of us fall into line as we head for the elevator, waiting until we arrive on the penthouse floor to begin saying anything. Lucifer immediately pours a drink for him and myself, but I wave it away or else I will drink myself dumb tonight to forget about Ian's reappearance.

Chloe sits down next to me, taking mine in hers.
"What did he say to you?"

Maze paces with deadly looking knives and I concentrate on her movements instead of Ian's face.

"He wanted me to call Maze off."

"And?"

"If she didn't stop trying to find him, that he would come after me."

Lucifer growls and throws his glass across the room, whirling around on Maze.

"If you would have done your job, he wouldn't have gotten through!"

"My job?! I was doing my job! You left her alone!"

The two of them were going to be at each other's throats if no one stepped in. Dan couldn't decide who he was more concerned about: me and Chloe, or Lucifer and Maze.

"What did you and Lucifer need to talk about anyway?" I asked Dan, catching his attention as his head swung back my way.

"Ian. One of the guards outside radioed in and said that someone of Ian's description came through but used the wrong name."

"You used me as bait?"

Lucifer's wrath quickly swung from Maze to Dan, who backed up very slowly with his hands up. "We had to see if it was really him or not."

"And yet, he still got away, douche!"

"What do we do now?"

Maze flips a blade in her hand and tosses it so hard that it embeds itself in the wall.

"I find him and play with him."
"How did he even manage to escape under your radar? You're a bounty hunter and one of the best."

She snarled and stepped my way, but an arm stuck out in front of her by Lucifer quickly stopped that. "I will find him and make him pay." And with that, she stormed away, grabbing her blade on her way out.

"Did he say anything else?"

"He won't be as kind to me as he was last time."

Dan scoffs. "Whipping you within an inch of your life is being kind?"

"All right, that's enough out of all of you," Lucifer snaps. "We'll discuss this later."

Chloe pats my hand, and Dan gives me a small smile as they leave. The ding signaling their departure echoes through the silent penthouse. Lucifer is disheveled; his hair is a mess, his bow tie slightly crooked and the top few buttons on his shirt are undone. I wanted to go to him, to comfort him, but I didn't know how or what to say or do.

"Lucifer, I can go. We can forget this ever happened." I stare at my hands, twisting my rings around my finger, waiting for him to say or do something. "I'm sorry." I contemplate taking my rings off, and letting him know it was okay, that I wasn't going to be hurt if he wanted to let me go.

He doesn't turn around or make any indication that he heard me. I leave him alone at the bar and head to his, well our bedroom to begin undressing. It was a bit of a stretch, but I could reach the zipper in the back of the dress and start pulling it down when another pair of hands stop me.

"I promised that I would get to be the only one to take you out of this tonight," he whispers, his five o clock shadow brushing my ear.

He slides the zipper down slowly, the backs of his knuckles caressing the bare skin until it reaches the top of my corset, goosebumps following the trail of his touch. He brushes my hair aside, kissing the tops of my shoulders, and guides the lacy straps down my arms. It falls down without a hitch, revealing the completely white set of undergarments I have on underneath. A pin dropping could've sounded like a bomb going off with how silent Lucifer became.

"Oh my, love. Look at you."

I hadn't turned around yet, so all he was seeing was what I had on from behind. Stepping out of my flats, and being careful not to trip on my dress, I face Lucifer, turning my head and gazing up at him.
"You are stunning, darling."

Nimble fingers dance along my spine and begin to unclip the pieces holding my corset together. I run my hand up the smooth material of his vest, concentrating on the way it feels and how warm he is underneath it. Half of my corset is undone when Lucifer stops, putting his hands over mine.

"I suppose it isn't fair that you're almost undressed and I am nowhere near. Care to assist me?"

"Yes."

My fingers slide down to the buttons of his vest, undoing them eagerly and reaching up to slide it down Lucifer's arms. He leans down for a kiss, momentarily distracting me as I pull his silky shirt out of his slacks and begin unbuttoning it from his throat. He works on getting his bow tie off, and then it's his cufflinks so we can get his shirt off. It's completely unbuttoned and the pause we take expresses our fears about the scars we bare. I reach behind me, unclipping the hooks in the corset as Lucifer pulls his arms through his shirt. We're on the edge of being exposed to each other; at the same time that I let the corset drop, Lucifer lets his shirt go. His scars may be on his back, where mine wrapped around my ribs, but they were his biggest weakness.

I step forward, placing myself between his legs, keeping my fingers laced with his. With a shaky breath, I move them to my scars, holding my breath as his large hands nearly cover them. Lucifer didn't move, and neither did I until I let out a breath. He could feel the ridges of each individual scar; some were thicker, some were thinner and several of them were laced over each other.

"I will find him and make him pay."

I wanted to touch Lucifer, run my hands over his entire back and not have anything hang between us. I was tired of hiding because of them, and Lucifer was the one man able to break down my walls and fears. But, instead of reaching up, I reach down and unbuckle his belt, sliding it out of the loops and dropping it on the floor with our quickly growing pile of discarded clothing. I kiss Lucifer's chest, popping the button apart and letting down the zipper, feeling his thick cock straining in it's clothed prison. His pants join the rest, and he steps out of them, slipping his arms around my lower back and picking me up. I wrap mine around his neck, keeping my (e/c) eyes trained on him as he carries me to the bed. He lays me down, immediately slanting his mouth over mine. I keep my hands occupied with anywhere that's not his upper back as he increases the demand of the kiss, opening my mouth and letting the sweet mixture that is Lucifer invade my senses. His hips grind down, putting pressure on my clit and purring when I whimper.

"Yes, love, make those little noises for me."

I can feel his grin against my cheek, his stubble rubbing on my skin as he goes from there, to my jaw, my neck, and collarbone, leaving kisses along the way. His hands cup my breasts, nuzzling his face between them and rubbed the pads of his thumbs over my nipples. I stroke my fingers through his hair, and let out a gasp when his mouth replaces a thumb.
"That's only the beginning, my dear."

He rotates his thumbs and mouth, murmuring his appraisal each time I make a new noise when he switches things up. Lucifer moves down from my nipples, holding me by my hips to keep me from escaping his attention, as his lips travel over my scars.

"Easy, darling."

"Lucifer..."

The way he moved his mouth over them was so intimate and gentle that it was like he was trying to erase the pain and memory of Ian with only pleasure and the memories of him. I lost track of every kiss, every promise of never hurting me, and every kind word spoken to tear down the walls I've created. Lucifer was worming his way into my heart, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. By the time he was done, I had forgotten every stressor from today and only knew the feel of his touch and the sound of his voice. Nips replaced kisses as he continued down my belly, stopping at the top of my garter belt.

My nerves skyrocket as Lucifer begins pulling it down, unclipping it from the stockings and tossing it to be forgotten. He lifts one leg up, sliding a stocking down, and leaves hot, open-mouthed kisses along each inch of uncovered skin. He nudges his nose between my legs, winking up at me when he discovers the wetness and pulls my panties off as well. He kept the garter around my leg, lovingly stroking his fingers over it as he places my leg over his shoulder.

"I think I might like this as a permanent attachment, what do you think, love? Wear short dresses to show it off, hm?"

"Whatever you want, my husband."

"I do like the sound of that."

He chuckles, slipping two fingers into my wet heat, and latches onto my clit, working his lips, tongue, and fingers all at the same time, but at different paces. Instead of rushing to get what he wants, he works me up slowly, using the right amount of pressure until my orgasm builds and finally crashes over me.

"That's it, love. Good girl."

His praise sends warmth through me and adds to the afterglow of the orgasm. He makes quick work of getting rid of his boxers, his long, lithe body covering mine but hovering too.
"I'll go as slowly as you want, darling. Your pace."

I can't find the words to say, so I just press my lips to his and hold onto his biceps. He reaches down, lining himself up with my entrance, pushing only the tip in and stopping. His hands cradle my head, resting his head against mine as he carefully slides in. When he pushes through the barrier, I let out a small whine and he immediately comforts me, rubbing my temple with the side of his thumb. What I wasn't expecting, was for him to fit so well inside me once he was fully sheathed. He was long, thick and altogether perfect.

As he pulled out and slid back in, the stretch to accommodate him caused me to run my hands up his arms and grab his back, right where his scars are. Lucifer let out a moan that was a mixture of pain and pleasure, scrunched his eyes shut and completely immobilized himself. I go to move my hands, but he shakes his head, still keeping his eyes closed.

"Don't. Move. Them," his voice is strained, but I don't dare remove my hands.

So instead, I rub them along the length of the scars, and lean up, kissing wherever I can.

"Don't hide from me, Lucifer. Let me in."

He opens his eyes, dark chocolate pools full of agony, fear, vulnerableness and... lust? His stare was so intense I almost don't move my hands again, but when I start from the top of his scars and go down, all other emotions empty out of his eyes except lust.

"Well, my wife, seems like you've found my sweet spot."

With a small snarl, he crashes his mouth onto mine, and adjusts his hips, grinding his pelvis against my clit. He keeps his thrusts long, slow and deep, dragging his cock along every crevice inside me, hitting each little pocket of pleasure.

"Lucifer..."

He speeds up from hearing his name, and the new pace mixed with his movements feels so incredible that I forget where my hands are and drag my nails down his back. Lucifer cries out, giving a particularly sharp thrust, his cockhead hitting a spot he hadn't yet.

"Lucifer... do that again."

"As you wish, love."

And he does over and over again until I'm coming apart underneath him and seeing nothing but stars.
My undoing sends him into his own release; his seed coating my walls and combines with my slick, making a very sticky mess between our bodies.

A tender kiss is placed on my forehead as he pulls out and heads to the bathroom, coming out a moment later with a warm and wet washcloth. I hold out my hand to take it but he shushes me, gently wiping away our mess from between my legs. He disappears when he takes it back, sliding into bed behind me a few moments later. I roll to face him, lightly scratching my nails through his chest hair, and tuck myself under his chin, hoping he won't push me away. One arm is under me, with his knuckles rubbing back and forth on my back and the other resting on my hip.

"Is this the time where you ask if it was good for me too?" The rumble in his chest from his laughter makes me smile, and I know that the awkward after first-time sex issue is over. "I didn't mean to touch them." The pressure of lips, on the top of my head, lets me know I'm forgiven but he still remains silent.

"No one has touched them before. It was unnerving and... refreshing. Consider yourself lucky, sweetheart. You're the only one who knows what the Devils weak spot is."

*But everyone knows what mine is...*

"Sleep, love. We'll need to retrieve your items later today and I'm sure your ex-fiance will make quite the fuss when you show up to do so."

"Yeah, I'm sure he will."

He welcomes me into his arms when I curl myself in closer, stroking the back of my head. I can feel his heartbeat under my fingertips, and the soothing motions of his chest moving from his breathing is calming enough that it begins to lull me to sleep. Right before I'm pulled under, Lucifer places another kiss on my head.

"What are you doing to me, (Y/n)?"
Chapter 3

My limbs are delightfully sore when I wake up but was disappointed when I noticed Lucifer's side of the bed was cold. I remembered the events of last night as I slide my hand over the sheets, and a slow burn builds in my belly, making me wish Lucifer was up here to do it all over again. Tugging one of the sheets loose and wrapping it around myself, I leave the bedroom in search of Lucifer. He's nowhere to be seen, but Amenadiel is sitting on the couch.

"Good morning, (Y/n)."

"Uh, hi, Amenadiel. Where's Lucifer?"

"He got called away on a case with the Detective."

"Oh. Right. Well, then. I'm... I'm gonna go get dressed and then I'll be back."

Amenadiel nods, and I scurry back to put on a change of sweatpants and one of Lucifer's shirts. The sleeves hang past my hands, and I have to roll them up in order to do anything. Amenadiel is still sitting in the same place and looks up when I walk back in.

"Lucifer said something about you needing to go and get your belongings today."

"Yeah. If there's anything that hasn't been damaged."

"I can go with you in Lucifer's place."

"Where are you two going?" Maze asks, suddenly appearing behind the couch.

"To get the rest of my stuff from my old apartment. If Liam hasn't destroyed any of it."

"Sounds boring. I'll leave you two kids to it."

And she's gone as quickly as she appeared.

"You were so against me at first so what changed? What did you mean that my marriage to Lucifer isn't what your father has planned?"

"Father has plans for everything. But, Lucifer consistently continues to defy him. He has a connection with Chloe and is meant to be with her. I just don't want to see you hurt."
"Ah. Hmm. You know what, I'm just gonna get my stuff on my own. Getting a moving truck in LA shouldn't be that hard."

I got up and hurried to the elevator before Amenadiel could say anything else but my name. I kept my head down, hating the constricting feeling around my chest and the pain in my heart. Lucifer said 'he doesn't do love' but why does it hurt so much? I shouldn't have expected anything considering I pretty much promised Lucifer the same thing. It didn't take long to find a decently priced moving company and took a cab to pick up a truck, heading straight to my old apartment. I don't see Liam's sports car in the parking spot, giving me hope that he isn't home. The moving company provided some boxes and there was more than enough for the small number of belongings I did have, but the biggest issue was going to be getting my dresser out. By myself. Downstairs.

"I could just leave it but what if Lucifer doesn't have room for my clothes? Or doesn't want to share his closet?"

A knock on the front door interrupts my monologue, and I'm more than surprised when I open the door and see Dan standing on the other side.

"(Y/n)? What are you doing here?"

"Packing my stuff to take to Lux. What are you doing here?"

"We got a call that this apartment was being robbed."

"Unless stealing my own clothes is a crime, I'm not doing anything wrong. My name is still on the lease. You can ask the manager."

Dan radios it in to his partner, and I let him in the apartment to show that I'm telling the truth.

"How much do you have left?"

"Just the dresser. I can replace everything else."

"Want some help?"

"That would be great. Thank you."

"Just your local tax dollars at work."

The quip made me smile, and Dan grinned back, following me into the bedroom to help me move
the dresser downstairs.

"I won't say anything if you take off with the tv," Dan whispers as I shut the hatch.

I pull a tablet out of a small box in the front seat. "I bought this for him as an early wedding gift so I'll take it instead."

"Fair enough."

Dan closes the door to the truck for me and leans on the open windowsill.

"You okay?"

"Yeah. Just tired after everything from last night. It just goes to show that a restraining order is only a piece of paper."

"We won't let anything happen to you."

"Why does it feel like you're the only one that means that?"

I start the truck, and back away, heading to Lux. It was a pain in the ass, but I got all of my stuff up to the penthouse, somehow being able to maneuver my dresser on a dolly without dropping it on myself. I wanted to be here when Lucifer got back but my heart called out for the ocean, and some time to myself. Changing into a bikini that made my curves look appealing and not floppy with a sundress to go over it, I leave Lux and seek out the beach.

The sun feels fantastic on my skin when I take the dress off, and I spread out on the blanket, plucking a book out of my bag, settling down to read. Eventually, everyone else around me left since the sun was setting, and I knew I should be getting home too but it was too peaceful to leave just yet. So, I sat up and set my book back in the bag, and pulled my knees up, laying my arms on them and rest my chin, watching the sunset.

"If Father did anything right, it was definitely sunsets."

"If this is another one of your 'I don't want to see you hurt' speeches, I will bury you in the sand. Angel or not."

That makes him chuckle.

"I might've thought that that speech was getting old so I skipped it. This time."
"Lucky me."

"Listen, (Y/n), no matter what Father's plans are for him, Lucifer has shown he is fond of you. There are very few people he truly likes, and he would protect you with his life." He sighs, sitting down next to me. "I came here on Lucifer's behalf. I said I'd come find you for him."

"Why?"

"It was either me or the entire police department." Speaking of the LAPD, Chloe and Lucifer come into view, striding across the sand in mine and Amenadiel's direction. "He's been punished enough by our Father. Don't punish him too."

"I'm not punishing anyone but myself for getting too attached to a man meant for someone else."

"There you are, love. Thought you might've been kidnapped. Looks like you're being held hostage instead."

Chloe kneels down, getting eye level with me.

"Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. Just tired from yesterday and moving stuff today."

"You're sure?"

"Are your detective senses tingling?"

"Nope. Just asking a friend how they're doing."

"Thanks."

"Anytime."

"Come, darling, let's go home."

I take Lucifer's hand, letting him pull me up, and can't ignore the pleased smile he gives me when he sees the whole bikini. I slip the sundress back on, gather the blanket and my book to shove them back in the bag, and walk in Chloe's footsteps through the sand to her car. As I walk with her, Lucifer holds Amenadiel back.
"What did you say to her?"

"I told her you and Chloe are part of Father's plan and I didn't want to see her hurt Lucifer. Because she will. She will end up hurt because of you."

"Why the bloody hell would you do that? Father's plans are not my plans. How many times do I have to repeat myself, brother?"

Lucifer storms off, leaving Amenadiel by himself in the sand. Chloe and I waited for Lucifer to reappear before leaving. The whole ride back to Lux was silent, and I did everything I could to hold back the heavy feeling in my gut and not let it spill out in the form of tears.

The club was in full swing when we arrived, giving me a chance to escape and head upstairs. I could feel Lucifer's presence as I made a drink, taking it with me to the bathroom to take a shower. I don't argue when he helps pull my dress off, or as he undoes the straps keeping my bikini pieces together. His clothes were already off, and doesn't push anything, or say anything either as he steps into the shower with me.

"Let me take care of you, darling."

I welcomed his hands on my body, even though on the inside I felt cold and numb, and let him take care of me. Lucifer was methodic as he washed and rinsed my hair and gently scrubbed my skin with the purple loofah I recently bought. The pampering was forgotten as he slipped his hand between my legs, two fingers seeking my clit and rubbing in slow circles while the other reached up and toyed with a nipple.

"Forget about everything else, love. Focus on what I'm doing."

His mouth was hot on my neck and throat as he tilted my head back to lay on him.

"Relax, sweetheart. I've got you."

The hand that played with my breast moved down to lift my right leg up, opening me up more for him. The two fingers playing with my clit were inserted, crooking and putting pressure on my g-spot while the heel of his hand rubbed on my clit. He worked me faster, nipping the spots he kissed.

"I chose you, (Y/n). Don't ever doubt that."

His words were my undoing, and I came, shuddering in his arms. He turns me around, pressing me against his chest and covered my mouth with his. I wanted to believe him but there were too many things between us for me to completely give in. He backs me up until I'm against the wall, lifts me up
by my ass and enters me in one swift motion.

"Look at me."

Dark chocolate pools filled with hot, molten desire blaze down at me. His stare is intense, and as much as I want to look away, I can't. His thrusts are slow and deep but become rough the longer that we hold each other's gaze. My legs were wrapped around his waist and my arms looped around his neck, putting us close together as he fucked me.

"I. Choose. You," he snarls, jerking his hips harder until I'm crying out with every thrust.

My hands slide down the back of his shoulders, digging my fingers into his scars. His answering moan is what I needed to hear before I succumb to my release. Lucifer kept going; this may have only been our second time together but it was different in a way I couldn't describe. It was like he needed something from me but he didn't know what it was.

"You. Are. Mine."

"I'm yours, Lucifer."

He growls, and empties himself inside me, collapsing down onto the floor with me in his lap. The water runs over us and hides the tears that flow down my cheeks.

*How is it possible that I feel so strongly for him after such a short time?*

We stay in that position until the water runs cold, holding onto each other with only the smallest words spoken or little kisses wherever we can reach with the barest amount of movement. When I start to shiver, Lucifer cradles me in his arms, turns off the water and carries me to bed. I want to curl myself up in a ball and keep away from him, but he has other plans for me; a strong arm wraps around my waist, pulling me to him as he curves his body around mine, making me the little spoon.

"Contrary to what my brother keeps telling you, I will never hurt you."

"I know."

"Then why were you crying, my dear?"

*How did he know?*

"Because my heart doesn't believe it."
"I shall have to prove it to you then. I am a man of my word."

Lucifer fell asleep before me, and when his grip loosened, I snuck out of bed, grabbed Lucifer's robe and curled up on the couch. I stared at the piano for a long time before getting up and sitting down on the bench. I lied when I said I didn't know how to play any instruments. I'd always loved the piano and learned how to play as soon as I was old enough.

When the rain is blowing in your face
And the whole world is on your case
I could offer you a warm embrace
To make you feel my love
When the evening shadows and the stars appear
And there is no one there to dry your tears
Oh, I hold you for a million years
To make you feel my love
I know you haven't made your mind up yet
But I will never do you wrong
I've known it from the moment that we met
No doubt in my mind where you belong

I was worried about waking Lucifer when I started to play, but soon forgot about everything else around me the more I got into the song.

I'd go hungry; I'd go black and blue
And I'd go crawling down the avenue
No, there's nothing that I wouldn't do
To make you feel my love
The storms are raging on the rolling sea
And on the highway of regret
The winds of change are blowing wild and free
You ain't seen nothing like me yet
I could make you happy, make your dreams come true
There's nothing that I wouldn't do
Go to the ends of this Earth for you
To make you feel my love, oh yes
To make you feel my love

As the last note faded, I listened to the possibility of Lucifer being awake but heard nothing. My heart pounded in my chest at the thought of him hearing me, feeling relieved and disappointed at the same time.

I can do this. I can hide how I feel from him.

The thoughts of hiding my feelings occupied my mind enough that I didn't notice the dark eyes gazing at me from the shadows in the bed or how his body shifted, allowing me to have the space that I sought from him earlier. He waited for my breathing to even out and deepen before dragging himself across the sheets and resuming our position when we first came to bed.
"Oh, my dear, now I see."

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In my sleep, Lucifer had managed to pull me into his side. It was like he wanted to show me that I didn't have to run and that I would always be by his side. Or him by mine. He was awake before me, and bed head sleepy smile combination greeted me when I opened my eyes.

"Good morning, love."

"Morning."

"What do you plan to do today?"

"Put my stuff away and then, I don't know. I don't have a job or any of my art stuff so read, maybe? What about you? Will Chloe need you today?"

"I've already told her I'm unavailable to her today. I am all yours."

"Oh. Okay."

Lucifer's heart warred with himself. He wanted to confess that he heard me singing but didn't want to rock the already unstable situation. He didn't want to scare me off, or quite possibly lose me. I'd become something solid and bright in his life, and he'd be damned to lose me before he got a chance to really have me.

My stomach growled before anything could start or bed said, giving me an excuse to get out from under Lucifer's curious stare and make some food. I snagged his robe again and headed to the kitchen. The words, barefoot and pregnant floated through Lucifer's head as he watched me move around the kitchen, pulling out the ingredients for omelet's.

"You cease to amaze me, my dear wife."

"Because I can cook?"

"Yes and no. It's rare to meet someone with so many talents. You're like an all in one package."

"Not really." Lucifer tilts his head, then steeples his fingers, waiting for an answer. "I can't have children."
"Neither can I. Being the Devil makes me infertile."

"So, no little spawns of Satan running around?"

"Very funny but no."

Lucifer walks around the counter as I'm sliding the omelet's onto plates, confining me between him and the marble edge.

"I like seeing you in my clothes. Awakes something... primal inside."

I swallow, the tendrils of desire unfurling at the close proximity of Lucifer's body to mine. He invaded all of my senses as he leaned down, nudging his nose along my neck and kissing along my jaw.

"You look good enough to eat, my dear. Shall I have a taste?"

Lucifer lifts me up on to the counter unexpectedly, chuckling when an undignified squeak leaves my throat and unties the strap keeping the robe together. My nipples peaked under his stare, and I squirmed, rubbing my thighs together.

"You're insatiable, aren't you?"

The elevator dings as he kneels, and before I can see who it is, he pulls me off the counter, putting me behind his back.

"My, my, Lucifer," Maze drawls, "are you hiding one of my knives or are you just happy to see me?"

"What do you want, Mazikeen? I was in the middle of something."

"Clearly. Was wondering if I could borrow your wife to take her shopping."

"You want to go shopping? Who are you and what have you done with the real Maze?"

I peek around Lucifer in time to see Maze roll her eyes.

"She's your wife and should look the part."
"You two are making it sound like I'm undercover or something."

"Of course not darling. If I'm dressed the way I am and you in clothes that might as well be rags, what ever shall people think?"

"I didn't think you cared about what people thought about you?"

Lucifer turns his back on Maze, placing his hands on my shoulders and lowers his gaze to meet mine.

"I don't care what they think about me, my dear. It's what they will think of you that I would have a problem with."

"Feeling a bit protective, are we?" I purr, sliding my hands up his chest.

"You two are going to make me throw up. I'll be downstairs."

"I'll be down there as soon as we're done," I promise her, keeping eye contact with Lucifer.

As soon as the doors shut, Lucifer is capturing my lips in a flaming kiss, pushing his robe off my shoulders and running his hands down the length of my body. I sidestep him when he tries to pick me up, and his questioning look makes me place a hand over his mouth when he goes to speak. He closes his eyes and groans when I slip a hand into his boxers, grasping his hard member and stroking it a few times. I take my hand off his mouth and use it to push his boxers off his hips, dropping down to my knees when they're pooled at his feet. Guiding his legs until he's backed up and leaning against the counter, I take his cock in my hand again, whirling my thumb around the weeping head. I've never liked the taste of cum, skipping past licking it and go straight to putting his cock in my mouth until the head bumps the back of my throat. I gag, and Lucifer immediately pulls me off, tilting my chin to look up at him.

"Don't hurt yourself trying to please me, love. I will be satisfied with whatever you'll do."

I nod, slowly slipping his cock back in my mouth, sliding my tongue on the underside of it as I do so, and wrap my top lip around my teeth while I begin bobbing my head. Lucifer's hands grip the edge of the countertop, straining so much that his knuckles turn white. It takes everything in him to not buck his hips like a madman into my mouth, or take control and plunge his hands into my hair to fuck my mouth. If any time has ever called for using supernatural strength to resist something, now would be that time. When he drops his head back on his shoulders, and his mouth opens to let out deep and sexy sounds out of his throat, it makes me unbearably aroused and wet. One hand grips his hip while the other gently play with his balls, rolling them between my fingers and in the palm of my hand. I've never enjoyed my name, but when Lucifer moans it, it sounds beautiful and absolutely sinful.
The thing I've come to love most about Lucifer is that he is not a quiet lover. The louder he gets, the
deeper I take him in my throat, until my nose is in his groomed curls. I know he's getting close when
he starts losing control; his hips have started bucking, one hand is in my hair, the other on the
counter's edge still and he's grunting with every thrust. With a growl and a loud 'crack!' of the
counter, Lucifer begins to come.

"FUCK, (Y/n)!"

I breathe through my nose as his hot seed spurts down my throat, my thumb stroking the inside of his
thigh until he starts to tremble; only then do I slide my mouth off his cock. Lucifer kneels down to
my level, pulling me in for a tender embrace.

"You will be my undoing, my dear."

"I'm sorry?"

"It is nothing you have to be sorry for," he chuckles. "I owe you a favor now, don't I?"

Before I can say anything, Lucifer is pulling me to my feet, picking me up and placing me on the
counter. He gives me a sultry wink as he kneels down, puts my legs over his shoulders and slides his
tongue between my soaked folds. I gasp, reaching forward with one hand to place on his head and
use the other to grip the countertop in a similar way that Lucifer had done not that long ago. I can
feel his grin against me, noticing the delightful tingle that it sends up my spine, and hold on for dear
life as he begins to make me feel just as good as I made him feel. That Devilish tongue of his sweeps
inside of me, swirling and licking in all the little sweet spots he can reach. My hips twitch every time
his nose bumps against my clit, so he does it over and over again until finally he snakes his hand
around my thigh, and uses his thumb to rub back and forth over it. He was keeping me on the edge
on purpose, drawing out my pleasure for his own wicked amusement.

"Lucifer, please. Please."

"As you wish, love."

He switches his mouth from my aching cunt to my clit, plunging in two fingers and settling for a
brisk pace. The noises that left me sounded neither human or intelligible the closer I got to my
release.

"Don't stop. FUCK, please don't stop."

"Wouldn't dream of it, darling," he murmurs.
Lucifer scrapes his teeth lightly on my clit and sucks it between his lips, using the tip of his tongue to flick against it while he keeps it trapped there. I'm panting, writhing, and moaning, and begging incessantly for Lucifer to let me come while the smug bastard grins between my legs. As I finally begin to feel my orgasm, Lucifer pulls his mouth off and replaces it with his throbbing cock.

"I'm selfish and wanted to feel you come on my cock," he purrs in my ear, jutting his hips just right to send me spiraling into a white-hot mess of pleasure.

I weakly wrap my legs around his waist, and lay my head on his shoulder, kissing the crevice of his neck as my heart tries to regain control of itself. His arms cradled my back, holding me close to him while he fucks me on the countertop, playing with the ends of my (h/c) hair. The coil in my belly starts tightening again, with my kisses turning to nips as I get a bit of energy back and start rocking my hips in time with Lucifer's. He gives, and I take. He takes and I give. What I don't expect, is for him to lay me on my back and hold my legs up and apart, eliciting new noises that are nothing but pornographic. The new position makes him feel thicker and he uses it to his advantage to fuck faster until we're both shaking and barely holding on. I succumb first, coating his cock in my slick while my wet heat begins milking Lucifer for all he's got. He collapses onto my chest, his hot breath coming out in little puffs onto my skin, with a grin on his face. My lower half is hanging almost painfully off the counter, thankfully being supported by Lucifer's body keeping me pinned where I'm at and his hands on my thighs.

"Maze is going to be pissed if I keep her waiting any longer," I chuckle tiredly.

"She never was one for patience."

Lucifer leans up and pulls out, and I close my legs quickly to keep our mess from getting any bigger. He's already got a damp washcloth and pries my thighs apart to wipe me off, ignoring my protests and the blush covering my cheeks. With his free hand, he helps me sit up and climb off the counter, my legs a little shaky as I land on my feet. I wobble over to my boxes of clothes, pulling out my favorite pair of girl boxers and comfy black bra to go with a well-worn pair of blue jeans and (f/b) t-shirt. Lucifer sits in the middle of the bigger couch with his arms spread out on the back of it, commanding the room in all his naked glory, watching me put my outfit on. I run my fingers through my (h/l) locks, trying to not make it so obvious that I was just ravished by Lucifer's neverending sexual appetite. With a little hop on each foot as I get my flats on, I'm ready to go with Maze. Lucifer smirks as I finally notice his stare, gritting my teeth to keep from grinning at him but failing horribly.

"If I come over there to kiss you goodbye, I'm never going to leave this place," I call over my shoulder at him while searching for my purse.

"Would that really be a bad thing?" he hollers back. "Looking for something?" I turn around, and my small purse is dangling on one of his fingers. He holds it above my head when I reach for it, and leans down for a kiss, pouting when I try to avoid it. "One kiss, darling and I'll let you have it."

"Fine," I pretend to be irritated, but his grin lets me know he sees right through it, and my own grin comes through when he plants his lips on mine. "Thank you."
"You're always welcome, love."

I scamper away from him, knowing that if I don't leave now, I won't leave and will end up either bent over, on my back or in any other way that Lucifer will want to put me. I wave goodbye to him, keeping eye contact until the doors separate us.

Maze is sitting in a barstool, wearing a knowing smirk on her face when I sit down next to her.

"Took you long enough."

"I know. He's... persuasive."

"You're driving."

She tosses me keys, and I follow her out to an underground garage with beautiful cars just waiting to be driven. A gorgeous, sleek, black 1965 Shelby Mustang outshines them all, looking like a beast ready to be let loose.

"How'd you know?"

"I didn't."

I couldn't help the girlish giggle I let out, and jog over to the car, sliding into the cool tan leather seat. The engine purred when I turned it over, sending goosebumps all over my skin. Maze rolled her eyes at my excitement, but I took it in good stride and drove the car out slowly, peeling the tires when I pull it out into the street. She cranks the stereo and guides me where we need to go. I'm skeptical of the first store she points out, knowing just from the look on the outside that it's going to be more than I've ever spent in my life.

"I can't shop here, Maze. I can't afford it."

She reaches into my purse and pulls out a slim silver card that is definitely not mine.

"Lucifer knew you'd try to back out so he slipped his card in." She points to my door. "Out."

The rest of the afternoon blew by with multiple dresses that I would've never picked out for myself being put on, and finding heels that I will most likely break my ankles in. Short dresses, long dresses, any dress in between. There were some I didn't approve of, but Maze knows Lucifer's tastes better than I do and they ended up in a bag with the others. She wouldn't let me look at the prices, or the totals at the end, and pushed me out the door and back to my car before I could object. Lingerie,
shirts, pants, skirts... you name it, Maze grabbed it.

Hours later, with more clothes than I thought I'd ever need, I'm finally home and dragging my exhausted body to mine and Lucifer's bedroom with bags and Maze in tow. I collapsed on the bed face first for a minute, and take out my phone to check messages I may have gotten through the day. There's a few from Ella, Brittney, and Alex and one from Lucifer.

*Got called away to help with a case. Feel free to come down to the station when you're done.*

"He wants you to come see him because he wants to show you off."

I switch to laying on my side and notice she's already holding an outfit out. A short black skirt, low cut white tanktop, and a blue jean colored button up shirt to go over the tank top are what she's holding out to me with a pair of smooth knee-high boots to go with it. With a groan, I drag myself up and change, not even caring that Maze is still in the room, and allow her to make the 'adjustments' she deems necessary, like tying the button up shirt at the base of the white tank top and leaving it open.

"He's either going to throw a punch at every man who even looks my way or he's going to want to fuck me in the interrogation room. Or both."

Maze just smiles.

Part of me balked at going to the station. The station meant cops and cops meant Chloe and Chloe meant... something that I could never compete with.

"I should introduce you to a friend of mine." I really wanted to ask, *you have friends?* but I didn't want my head to get ripped off and be used as a football. "She's a therapist and you've obviously got shit of your own that you're going through that someone like her could help with."

"Oh. Is it that obvious-"

"That you have issues about Chloe and Lucifer? Yeah."

"Well, let's go see him and then we'll go see your friend."

No music was cranked this time unless my hand nervously thumping on the wheel could've possibly been counted as a beat. Maze briskly walked ahead of me, keeping her head raised high as she walked by all the cops. She held a hand out as soon as she presumably saw Lucifer, continuing to walk down the stairs to greet him.
"(Y/n)?" Dan's face told me that I looked quite different in a good way from the last time I saw him and couldn't keep his eyes off me as he came down the stairs behind me.

"Wow. You look... you look amazing."

"I'm not wearing anything fancy. Can't look any better than I did in my wedding dress."

"It's not just what you're wearing. You look... happy. Here to see Lucifer?"

"Yeah. Why else would I be here?"

"Ian."

"Oh. No. It's been... quiet."

"Want me to walk you down there?"

"Yeah. Otherwise, I might walk back out the way I came."

Dan held his arm out, and I slipped my hand through it, resting it in the crook. My only focus was Lucifer and the way he held himself, towering over everyone else. He was a Devil among men, and how I managed to have him in my life, was beyond me. It wasn't in anyone's plans, but it'd take a force like no other to remove me from Lucifer's life. Or he mine. Maze caught my eye and nudged Lucifer who turned and looked in my direction. A momentary storm of jealousy and irritation flickered on Lucifer's face when he noticed me holding onto Dan, but replaced it quickly with a blinding smile.

"My, my, look at you, darling."

Dan smartly let go, mentioning a quiet 'see you later' to me as he approached Chloe. Lucifer held my arms at the elbows, and I held his in the same way, staring up at him with a bashful smile.

"I take it you approve?"

"Very. Did you pick this get up out?"

"I had help with it all. Seems I have no taste in clothing."

"You don't," Maze puts in.
"We came to stop by and then we're going to go see Maze's psychiatrist friend."

"Linda is wonderful. Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. I just have some...", I glance at Chloe, "issues to work on that a professional might be able to help me with." Of course, Lucifer had to be perceptive right now and caught my trail of vision. "I'm all right, really." He had gone from jovial to concerned, and I stood on my tip toes to kiss his stubbled cheek. "I l-, uh, I'll see you later, okay?"

Maze raised her eyebrows at my almost slip up, and I bit the inside of my cheek, put my head down and walked away. Her heels clacked behind me, but I didn't stop until I was out the precinct doors and in the car.

Even after I had gone, Lucifer still stared in the path that I left.

"Everything good?" Chloe asks, breaking Lucifer out of his trance.

"Yes. Fine. Why?"

"Sounded like (Y/n) was about to say something else. Must've heard her wrong."

"Yes. Must have."

"Do you need to go?"

"I'm... I'm not sure."

"If there's something the two of you need to work out, you can go."

"Right," he draws the word out, only half listening to what's being said.

Chloe keeps talking to him, but he doesn't hear a word she says, much to Dan's amusement.

"Lucifer!"

"What!" he snaps. "I'm sorry, detective. You were saying?"

Dan starts laughing.
"You have it bad."

"Have what?"

"You're in love with her," Dan begins.

And Chloe finishes with, "and she's in love with you."

Lucifer straightens up, pulling himself to his full height and straightens his tie. "You both are foolish. Like I told her before I married her, I don't do love. If you don't need me anymore today, I have somewhere to be. Detective, Dan." Lucifer turns on his heel and strolls out the same way I did.

"Yeah," Dan scoffs. "Not in love at all."

Chloe just shakes her head and turns back to the case file on her desk.

~~~~~

I pace outside Linda's office, berating myself for almost making the second dumbest decision of my life.

"Will you quit it?" Maze snarls, leaning against the wall.

Before I can say anything back, the door opens and Linda's previous patient comes through with her following behind. Her large glasses, short blond hair and kind face make me instantly relax, and I know this is someone that I can definitely trust.

"(Y/n), right? Come on in."

"I'll be here," Maze sings out, bored.

No sooner than when Linda closes the door behind me, does Lucifer show up, marching up and acting like he was going to go through the door when Maze puts a hand out to stop him.

"Leave her be. She'll be fine."

He sits in a chair with a huff, biding his time until he can either go in or I come out.
"Dr. Linda Martin. Tell me about yourself."

"Well, uh, I'm (y/a), recently married to the Devil himself, and feeling a little lost with it all, honestly."

"You... you're married to Lucifer?"

"Yes. I thought Maze would've told you who I was."

"No. She said that she had a friend that needed to talk to me."

"Why would she keep that I'm Lucifer's wife from you?"

Linda squirmed in her seat and refused to meet my eyes for a few seconds. "When I first met Lucifer, we... he... instead of money for sessions we had sex." Her face flushed a brilliant red as she finished her sentence.

"Ohh."

"If you don't want to finish your session, I completely understand."

"It doesn't bother me. Sex is sex. Unless it's with Lucifer. Then, it's..."

"Mindblowing?" We laugh together, and I nod. "Shall we continue?"

"Yes."

"You said you were feeling lost earlier. Want to explain?"

"If you've seen Lucifer before, you know that he's got a connection to Chloe. He married me because he's lonely, but what if he chooses her? What about when the day comes that I'm not enough for him? He's told me once that I am and that with Chloe they're only partners but if he and Chloe are in God's plan, who am I to him?"

"Have past relationships made you feel like you weren't good enough? Stemming from parental relationships or romantic?"

"I've never been good enough for anyone. I tried my hardest for my parents and they always treated me like I couldn't do anything right. I was always second best or a joke to my boyfriends in high school. Until I met Ian and then... he beat me when I wouldn't give it up to him. I went to college and
met Liam but then the night before our wedding, he cheated on me. So, yes, past relationships have made me feel this way."

"I see. And you don't think you're enough for Lucifer, even though he has said so himself?"

"I'm not part of God's plan for him. I have no choice about not being enough for him. I'm not Chloe."

"How long have you loved him?"

"I- what?"

"Lucifer. How long have you loved him?"

"I'm not in love with Lucifer. I can't be."

Linda knows I am. She can see right through my lie. Dan probably knows. Chloe, Maze, hell, all of LA could know. But Lucifer won't.

"You don't want to tell him, do you?"

I look down at my hands, sighing and twist my wedding band around my finger.

"No. I don't."

"How are you going to keep it from him?"

"I don't know."

Lucifer knocks on the door and pokes his head through a second later.

"Hello, doctor. May I come in?"

"If (Y/n) is okay with it."

I nod, and scoot over on the couch, letting Lucifer sit down next to me. His arm wraps around my shoulder, pulling me close enough that you couldn't wedge a piece of paper between us. Linda notices Lucifer's relaxed demeanor, and the way I shift every time he does. She noticed everything; the way my face would color when he'd point something out that he liked about me, or how I'd smile
up at him because of something he said. I couldn't deny it when I didn't speak, but I was completely and irrevocably in love with him. It was hard for her to tell with Lucifer because when he wanted to, he could keep every emotion shut down except for the one that he wanted people to see. An hour passed by a lot quicker with Lucifer joining us, and soon we were standing up and saying goodbye. I'd already scheduled another appointment with Linda two weeks out, and promised I wouldn't miss it.

"Let's get you home, love."

*Home. For how long?*
Chapter 4

Lucifer kept my hand in his as he drove us back to Lux, mentioning that he had sent Maze back with the Mustang and that for a few hours, we'd have the penthouse to ourselves. I nod, stuck in my thoughts of what I'm going to do with having Lucifer's complete attention. There's the obvious, with his insatiable sexual appetite, but what if he doesn't want that? What if he wants to talk to me, or do something else?

The staff was already setting up for tonight's crowd, and the first bartender I met the night I became engaged to Lucifer, approaches him and me when we walk in.

"Bad news, boss. Ralene, the other bartender, called out so now we're one short."

"I can do it. I took bartending classes in college."

The man looks at Lucifer.

"You're in charge behind the bar, Davis."

Davis smiles. "All right. Let's see what you can do, (Y/n)."

Lucifer hovered in a bar stool nearby, and even though I could feel his eyes on me with my back turned, I was able to focus on learning the ropes behind Lux's bar and keep up with the recipes for certain drinks. I was quickly making friends with Davis, and a few of the other staff and the title of being Mrs. Lucifer Morningstar was melting away to let me just be (Y/n) to them. Soon enough, the doors were opening for the first throng of club goers to come through and as the thudding of the bass kicked in, I forgot about everything else that didn't have to do with bartending. Every once in a while, I'd catch Lucifer prowling around, keeping an eye on the male patrons and their attention on me while politely shutting down any interested women that approached him. I thought he was going to intervene when a very drunk man drenched me with his drink, but I handled it by sitting the man down at a stool and giving him water while having Davis call him a cab. I shouted that I'd be back after I changed, and hurried out from behind the bar to get up to the penthouse.

I was puzzled when I couldn't find my recent purchases, knowing that I had them on the smaller couch with full intentions of putting them away but they weren't there. Lucifer's closet has to be their hiding place, and lo and behold, there they are. All hanging and waiting to be picked out. Now the issue was just picking something out. I tossed my top shirt and white tank into the hamper in the corner, standing there in the middle of the enormous closet with my hands on my hips. I didn't want something too flashy, but something I could wear that would let me blend in with the rest of the crowd. A black dress with crystal sequins that came to mid-thigh stood out among all of the items in the closet, so I took it off its hanger and held it up to my body as I looked in the mirror. I smiled,
knowing that this one would be perfect for tonight.

I shimmied out of my skirt, kicking it up with my booted foot and throwing it with the rest of my discarded outfit. The support inside the dress allowed me to release my breasts from my bra, but now the only issue was getting it zipped up.

"Lucifer? Are you up here?"

There's no answer.

I search for my phone, hoping he has his on him and shoot him a message.

Need your assistance with something. Can I steal you for a minute?

Ding!
On my way to save the day.

I'm twisting and turning to make sure that I actually look decent in the dress when I hear Lucifer calling for me.

"I'm in here!"

"Well, hello darling. Don't you look ravishing in that little number? Need help taking it off?"

"The opposite actually. I need help zipping it up." I turn around and move my hair out of the way for him.

"This dress does wonderful things for your bum, might I add."

"Thank you."

He places a kiss at the base of my neck when he finished zipping it, catching my eye in the tall mirror. "Do you feel what you do to me?" he whispers, keeping his mouth close to my ear as he presses his erection against my ass. "Can you feel how badly I want to take you right here and make you watch as I make you come undone around my cock? Hmm?" Color fills my cheeks at his words, but I can't bring myself to look away from his hungry gaze reflecting back at me. He rests his chin on my shoulder, reaching around to pull up the front of my dress and slip his fingers into the side of my thong. I grip onto the back of his neck and his other arm that's locked around my waist as he teases my clit with feather light touches and swirls of his fingertips. My eyes start to close but his voice has me opening them. "Don't look away. I want to see you see yourself as the goddess I know you are. The angel for this Devil." He begins applying more pressure, speeding up his movements until I'm trembling in his arms, and on the edge of falling into the abyss of pleasure. His eyes flash red, and I come with a quiet moan and a shudder, only standing on my feet because of Lucifer's arm around my waist. "Look at you, darling. Face flushed with desire, ample breasts heaving, your body trembling from the effects of my touch. Beautiful. Do you have to go back down there to serve those animals?"

A tired chuckle leaves my lips.

"I was enjoying myself."

"I could tell."

I wobble a bit as I turn around, wrapping my arms around Lucifer and hug him. His lips are soft on the top of my head, and he returns my hug.

"Let's get you back down there before they lose control of the place, huh?"
Lucifer played the piano while I served drinks, sending winks and flirtatious smiles my way whenever we made eye contact. The club had filled up while we were briefly gone and kept me busy the rest of the night. I was happy and exhausted by the time the place closed down, and barely made it out of my dress before collapsing on the bed and passing out, curled up next to Lucifer.

~~~~~

While he was called away on cases with Chloe, I kept myself busy by painting with the easel and supplies that mysteriously appeared overnight or by helping keep inventory of the supplies Lux needed. I hadn't seen Amenadiel for a while, which was fine because I really didn't want to suffer through another one of his speeches, occasionally popped around the city with Maze or stopped into the precinct to see Lucifer and say hi to Dan. I kept to the less risque outfits and dresses while I bartended, but dressed up when I went to the precinct to see Lucifer. I didn't like the attention from the other men but loved the smile he gave me each time he saw me walking down the steps. Each night after I'd visit him at work, he'd take me and ravish me anywhere that he could as soon as we got up to the penthouse. Two weeks flew by, and it was time for me to see Linda again.

"Hi," I greeted her as I walked in, smiling.

"Hello!" she chirped back, return the smile. "You're looking much better than you did last time. How are things?"

"They're... great, actually. I've started bartending at Lux, and painting whenever I'm feeling creative. I'm keeping busy."

"And things with Lucifer?"

My smile grew wider.

"Amazing."

"What do you think has changed?"

"I don't know. Nothing between us is really that different. He sings while I bartend. I visit him at the police station."

"What about your insecurities with his relationship with Chloe?"

"He makes it a point to show that I am the more important woman in his life without being rude about it to Chloe. Jesus, I sound needy. But, seriously, what other way is there to be reassured about who you are in someone's life if not shown how important you are? I thought I was getting better
I rest my elbows on my knees and cover my face with my hands, feeling the frustration build up all over again.

"Does Lucifer know how you feel about him?"

That got me to look up at her.

"He told me the night we got engaged that he 'doesn't do love'. How do you think that would go? He'd shut himself off from me and that'd be that. Lucifer is the best thing that's happened to me. I'm not going to ruin that by telling him the truth of how I feel."

"How long has it been since you've had a night off?"

"About two weeks."

"Maybe a night apart from Lucifer would do you both good."

"How?"

"Other than Lucifer going to work with Chloe, he has not been separated from you, right?"

"Well, yeah."

"If he's away from you for a couple hours, maybe he'll see how much you really mean to him. Time makes the heart grow fonder."

"Hmm. Well, what are you doing tonight?"

"Me? Uh, nothing."

"I don't have many girlfriends, and I know it's been a while since Maze has seen you so why don't we all go out? Me, you, Chloe, Maze, Ella? Just have a girls night? Unless it's unprofessional."

"The Devil himself is my client. I think we've passed that."

So, plans were made and a group text was sent out. We'd all meet at Lux and then go from there. Davis was more than happy to hear that I'd be taking a night off and going out. Maze was already up
at the penthouse, waiting with a dress she's picked out.

"Shower, makeup, dress," she barked out the orders, sipping on an amber colored drink.

"Yes, ma'am."

I rushed through the shower, blow dried my hair, fluffing it up and leaving it down. I applied enough makeup to make my (e/c) pop and left it at that, not really needing anything more. Slipping into a barely-there thong, I walk out to the bedroom to put the dress on, stopping short when there's a man that shouldn't be there on the bed.
"I see you've made yourself quite comfortable with this new man."

I cover my breasts and wonder how the hell Ian got past Maze in the other room.

"What do you want?"

"To remind you that I can get to you any time, anywhere that I want and there's nothing that husband of yours can do about it."

"Why? Why won't you leave me alone?"

He gets up, sauntering over to me and pushes me against the wall. Using his brute force, he tears my arms away from my chest and pins them painfully above my head.
"Because, (Y/n), even though you're married to some other man, you'll always bear my mark. There's nothing he can do to take those away."

He let's go of me and simply walks out the door. I scramble over to the bed, quickly slipping into the dress and hurry out to the living room. Maze isn't there, and neither is Lucifer or anyone else. Lucifer should've been the one I sought, but I called Dan instead.

"(Y/n)?"

"Ian was just here."

"Shit. Where?"

"Lucifer's place. In his bedroom. He was waiting for me when I got out of the shower."

"Is he still there?"
"No. He's gone."

"I'll be right over and bring back up. Does Lucifer know?"

"Not yet."

"You need to tell him."

"I know. I'm supposed to go out with everyone tonight. I'm not going to let Ian ruin that. Just... just wait until later, okay? I'll let you know when I'm gone."

"Okay."

I hung up, took a moment to collect myself, slipped on a pair of strappy heels and headed down to the club. I hadn't even had a chance to look at myself in the mirror so I had no idea how I looked in the dress.
I turned heads as I walked by, only having eyes for the women I'm supposed to be spending time with tonight. Arms wrapping around my waist has me shrieking and freezing in the grip of whoever has me. My first response is to try to tear myself apart from the person holding me, which shocks Lucifer.

"Easy, love. It's me." He turns me around, cupping my face and searching my eyes for whatever could have spooked me. "Are you all right? You look like you've seen a ghost."
I hold his hands with mine, closing my eyes and nuzzle my face into one of his palms, willing my heartbeat to slow down.

"I'm sorry. You startled me. I was so focused on getting to the girls that I didn't even realize you were close by."

"All is forgiven. Now, let me look at you."

He holds me out at arm's length, raising his brows.

"I have half a mind to not let you out. But, I know that you need this. Just promise you'll come back to me tonight."

"I promise. Always."

He places a gentle kiss on my forehead and guides me to the people I was looking for.


Lucifer presses his lips to my temple. "I'll leave you ladies to it. Enjoy yourself tonight, darling."

I didn't let go of his hand until he was out of reach, slowly returning my focus to the women before me.

"Finally," Maze exclaims. "Let's party!"

Five shots of Tequila are lined up on the bar, and we each grab one, hold it up in a toast and shoot them down. I grimace as the alcohol burns down my throat, and I slam my shot glass down. I can still see Ian's face when I close my eyes, and I signal for another round but whiskey this time. Chloe and Ella exchange questioning looks as we down those ones too.

"Okay, so," I begin, holding onto the bar for support. "We've got an Uber driver outside with a car big enough for us all. You ladies pick. I'm along for the ride."

Several bars later, I'm hanging onto Ella, giggling like crazy and telling her how pretty she is. Maze is recording everything, Chloe is laughing and Linda is sitting back and enjoying the show. We've stopped at Chloe's house, letting her, Ella and Maze out. I bid them good night, daintily taking the bottle of water out of Linda's hands. I've started sobering up but not enough to support myself, and it takes Linda and surprisingly Amenadiel to help me get out of the vehicle. I miss the shared look between them as Amenadiel shifts the shared weight of my drunk ass completely to himself to let
Linda get back in the car. He waits until she's gone to guide me into the club, where Dan and Lucifer are sitting on a couch.

"I can't believe he's my husband," I murmur to the angel. "I'm in love with him, but can't say anything because I don't want him to reject me."

Amenadiel stops, frowning, and looks down at me.

"You're in love with Lucifer?"

I give him a goofy grin. "Completely and stupidly in love with him. You know, you really need a nickname."

"I do?"

"Yeah. Cause your name is a mouthful."

"What would you call me?"

"Dee."

"Dee?"


He grins and continues our walk to Lucifer and Dan. There's no smile on Lucifer's face to greet me, but I was so happy to see him that I didn't notice. Amenadiel carefully lowered me to the couch, and I immediately tucked myself into Lucifer's side, inhaling the wonderful scent that is only him. His arm comes up and over the back of the couch where it was resting, motioning for the angel to sit down on the other side of me and then wraps it around me. He continues his quiet conversation with Dan, stroking his thumb on my skin.

"Luci, I'm tired. Is it time for bed yet?"

They all looked surprised when I shorten Lucifer's name.

"Soon, love. When were you going to tell me about your visitor?"

"Was too scared."
"Why?"

"Didn't think you'd let me leave."

"She's right," Dan comments. "You wouldn't have let her go."

"He loves me too much." Lucifer's heart twists and the men around him fall silent. "Time makes the heart grow fonder, huh?"

"Get her up to bed, Lucifer. We'll talk more tomorrow."

"Right," he murmurs, scooping me off the couch and disappearing into the crowd.

"When is he going to realize it?" Dan asks in disbelief.

"When it's too late."

"What do you mean by that?"

"There's something coming and it's not going to end well. Did you know that she's in love with him?"

"Yeah. It was obvious the first time she came to see him at the station. But, he keeps denying it."

Dan and Amenadiel stare off at the path that Lucifer and I blended in with as he carried me away.

~~~~~

Lucifer strips me out of my dress and into a nightgown, tucking the covers around me. He sits in a chair next to the bed, steepling his fingers and rests his chin on them, watching me get comfortable in the bed. I wasn't quite asleep and could sense Lucifer there.

"Come to bed, baby. Please?" He doesn't say anything, only taking my hand as I reach out to him. "The bed is too big without you."

"I'll join you shortly, love."

I kept my eyes open as long as I could, drinking in the image of Lucifer brooding in the armchair.
with the moonlight shining on him. I wanted to heal him, but how was I supposed to do that when he wouldn't let me in his heart? Without needing to be awake, I knew that Lucifer would leave the room as soon as I was asleep. It broke my heart, but he warned me that he didn't do the whole love thing.

As sure as sin, Lucifer left the moment he heard my soft snores, wandering outside to the patio, staring down at the city below him.

"Is this a game to you, dad? Putting a darling creature in my life only to take her away from me later? I knew you were cruel but didn't take you to be sadistic."

Lucifer padded quietly through the room, heading back down to the club, leaving me to sleep in peace.

~~~~~

I woke up, alone in the large bed, only being greeted with a glass of water and some pain reliever tablets on the bedside table. It helped alleviate the pain from my hangover but did nothing to relieve the hole in my heart from Lucifer's deliberate absence. Putting myself on autopilot, I showered and choked down what food I could just to make sure I could have enough energy for the rest of the day. I sat in front of the easel, staring at the blank white canvas but not feeling any sort of creative juices flowing. So, I grabbed a few of my favorite books, blanket and headed out to the couch, dropping them down before heading to the bar. It was tough to decide if I wanted something sweet or something strong, so I choose one of each. My phone rang as I sat down, and I almost hit the ignore button, feeling antisocial.

"Hey, Dan."

"You sound terrible."

"Thanks."

"Do you remember anything from last night?"

"Just getting plowed at different bars. After the last round of shots Maze ordered for us, everything is a blur. Why?"

"So, you don't remember coming back to Lux at all?"

"No. What did I say?"

"After Lucifer asked you why you didn't tell him about Ian showing up, I said that he wouldn't have
let you go out and then you mentioned that it's because he loves you too much."

"Fuck my life. That explains why I've been by myself all day. What should I do?"

"I don't know. I can't help you with that."

"Well, thanks for the heads up. I'll talk to you later."

I don't give him a chance to reply and hang up, dropping my head into my hands.

\textit{I don't know what to do. I didn't say I loved him but he's disappeared like I thought he would if I did.}

I growled and socked a pillow next to me. Taking a book and both drinks, I stomped into the bathroom, deciding a long bath would do me some good.

\textit{I can be independent in this marriage. Shouldn't be that hard. I'll just change myself a little bit. I'll stay affectionate, and loyal, but I won't go overboard with it. Lucifer wants a companion without love and that's what he'll get. I can do this. I... I can do this. But damn, I don't want to.}

Taking my time to scrub away everything from last night, gave me a chance to get out of my head and focus on the task at hand. It's not like I was truly dirty, but it let me feel like I was starting over. Everywhere I wanted to be shaved was done so with care, making sure that every inch of my skin was smooth.

Instead of bartending tonight, I was going to perform. The thought of singing in front of everyone gave me goosebumps, but maybe by doing so, I could be seen as more than just the pretty thing on Lucifer's arm or the hot bartender. Finishing both drinks while I drained the tub, I wrapped a fluffy black towel around myself, and sauntered into the closet, immediately finding the dress I had been looking for. It was long, loose, and flowy and a pretty shade of olive green with a slit in the leg that went almost all the way up to my hip. Thin straps crisscrossed my back and held my breasts in just the right way, showing off a modest amount of cleavage. The material felt like water on my soft skin and combining that feeling with the lightheadedness from the drinks made me feel like a force to be reckoned with.
I was going to hold my head high tonight and sing. Whether Lucifer was here or not. There was still
time before the main crowd showed up, which meant I could sneak down, talk to the DJ and settle in
somewhere before anyone can really take notice.

Maxwell was the DJ for tonight, and when he saw me gliding through the small crowd that had
already formed, he gave me a grin and a giant hug as soon as I was close enough.
"Hey, sis!"

We were close in age, and from the moment I met the lanky, ex-military man, I knew we would be great friends. His brown hair was cropped short, making him look older than his twenty-three years of age, and his brown eyes were full of mischief and laughter tonight.

"What can I do for you?"

"I have a request."

"Your wish is my command."

"One of my favorite movies is Burlesque and I want to sing one of the songs from it."

He guided me up to the booth, bringing up the soundtrack on his laptop, nodding in approval when I pointed out which one I wanted.

"Need a spotlight?"

"Yeah."

"Any special occasion for this?"

"Just something I want to do."

"Got it."

I accepted a headset mic from him that allowed my hands to be free while I sang, and flitted back and forth between the bar and the couches near the piano. It was hard not to constantly look for Lucifer, but I managed it, and with the drink I was sipping on, he became a gentle reminder of why I was doing this. Even if he wasn't here.

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"Is everything okay?" Chloe asks Lucifer, noticing how unusually quiet he was being.

"Fine, fine. Why do you ask?"
"No reason." *It's now or never,* she thought to herself. "Where's (Y/n)? She usually stops by when you're working."

"Curing her hangover. Which you seem to not be affected by."

"So, everything is fine?"

"Yes." Chloe squints at him, and he gives her a look of his own back. "What?"

"You're avoiding her."

"I am not."

"You've been moody all day, your phone hasn't gone off once, and you haven't been your normal chatterbox self. Spill."

"Ooh, what are we spilling?" Ella chirps, bouncing up to join the conversation.

"Nothing is going to be spilled because there is nothing to be spilled."

Chloe and Ella know there's something up now because of the agitation that's clear in his voice.

"You're grumpy because (Y/n) hasn't been by, aren't you?"

"No!"

Ella can't hold back her grin from Lucifer proving their theory was right.

"So, what'd she say?"

"That he loves her too much," Dan interrupts, much to Lucifer's dismay.

"Since when has my love life become a concern of all yours?" he growls.

Ella's mouth is dropped open and Chloe's eyebrows are raised.

"Wait, wait, wait," Ella holds a hand up, trying to put the pieces together. "(Y/n) said *you* love *her* too much but yet *she's* the one not here?"
"Ian paid her a visit before she left with you ladies yesterday," Dan says, straightening everything out. "Lucifer asked why she didn't tell him, and she replied that she was too scared to. When he asked why its because she knew that he wouldn't have let her leave because he loves her too much."

Chloe points a scolding finger at Lucifer.

"You're punishing her because you're too scared to admit that she's right?"

"They're both in love with each other," Ella whispers. "But, you're pushing her away in case she doesn't love you but she does, which means she's feeling rejected and that's why she hasn't told you the truth yet."

"She isn't in love with me! She would have said so by now."

"No, she wouldn't have," Dan argues back. "Because she knew you'd react like this."

"If all of you think you know so much, let's go ask and see that I'm right."

Lucifer storms away, terrified that he's going to be right but for once, begging to be wrong.

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"It's almost time," Maxwell reminds me, his voice coming in clearly through the mic.

"I know."

"You good?"

"Fantastic."

The lights dim, and the spotlight beams down at me from my position on the couch. I'm laying flat on my back, with one leg crossed over my bent knee, an arm above my head and across my stomach with my eyes closed.

_Sweet love, sweet love  
Trapped in your love  
I've opened up, unsure I can trust  
My heart and I were buried in dust  
Free me, free us_
You're all I need when I'm holding you tight
If you walk away, I will suffer tonight

Lucifer, Ella, Dan, and Chloe come in midway through me singing, and they all look at Lucifer, wondering who's voice it was they were hearing. But he wasn't looking at them; he was staring at me.

I found a man I can trust
And boy, I believe in us
I am terrified to love for the first time
Can't you see that I'm bound in chains?
I finally found my way
I am bound to you
I am bound to you

Lucifer was frozen to the spot, not hearing the murmurs from his LAPD colleagues, too entranced by the sound of my voice and the way I looked spread out on his couch.

So much, so young, I've faced on my own
Walls I built up became my home
I'm strong and I'm sure there's a fire in us
Sweet love, so pure

I catch my breath we're just one beating heart
And I brace myself, please don't tear this apart

"I was wrong," was all he says to them before he begins walking in my direction.

I found a man I can trust
And boy, I believe in us
I am terrified to love for the first time
Can't you see that I'm bound in chains?
I finally found my way
I am bound to you
I am bound to

I reach my hand out, with my eyes still closed, clasping onto the fingers that connect with mine.
When I'm gently pulled to my feet, I open them and they widen as (e/c) meet dark chocolate. He nods for me to keep going, and I barely recover in time to catch the next lines. He pulls me to him, twirling us around slowly as I continue to sing.

_Suddenly the moment's here_
_I embrace my fears_
_All that I have been carrying all these years_
_Do I risk it all, come this far just to fall, fall?_

_Oh, I can trust_
_And boy, I believe in us_
_I am terrified to love for the first time_
_Can't you see that I'm bound in chains_
_And finally found my way_
_I am bound to you_

Lucifer bends me backward as I belt out the last lines, his eyes full of something indescribable.

_I am_
_Ooh, I am_
_I'm bound to you_

He lowers his mouth to mine, pressing feather light kisses down before taking control and pulling me back up tight to his chest. The crowd clapped and whistled, shouting at their appraisal and some for an encore.

Dan, Ella, and Chloe separate themselves from the rest of the people, wearing a combination of shock, awe and wonder on their faces.

"That was amazing!" Ella exclaimed, pulling me away from Lucifer and into a tight hug.

"Thank you."

"You're so welcome."

Lucifer snakes an arm around my waist, feeling calm and content with me being back by his side. He wasn't going to admit how deep his feelings ran, but for now, this was enough.

"Glad to see you two have worked things out," Dan chuckles.
"Time makes the heart grow fonder."

"Indeed it does," purrs Lucifer, smirking down at me.

"Awww, you two lovebirds."

I blush, placing my left hand on his chest and gaze up at him.

"Are you going to be singing anymore tonight?"

Ella's inquisitive nature makes me grin.

"No. That was it for tonight. Everyone sees me as Lucifer's arm candy or the hot bartender. This was my chance to make a difference."

"Oh, you made a difference all night," she brags. "You would not believe how many people recorded your performance."

"As long as they all keep their filthy hands to themselves and you're in my bed at night, you can perform to your heart's desire."

I couldn't ignore the delightful promises about being in Lucifer's bed every night, but there were things we needed to work out. Most likely in bed. It's obvious to Lucifer how I feel, but what about tomorrow? Will he switch back to shutting me out? Or will he finally let me in?

"Why don't we all go sit?" I suggest. "Unless anyone needs to get home."

"I need to get back to Trixie. You were amazing, (Y/n). You should do that more."

"Thank you. I'll see you later?"

"Yeah, yeah."

"I'm gonna go with her. I haven't seen Trixie in a while."

We wave goodbye to them, and Ella bounds up, looping her arm through mine.

"Someone has been bragging about your paintings. Can I see?"
"Of course."

I press a kiss to Lucifer's cheek, and trot away with Ella, listening to her chatter about work, my performance, and random little things that make me giggle along with her. She waits patiently on the couch, enjoying a fruity drink I concocted for her, while I bring out each of my paintings one by one. There's only six and they're all different sizes and themes. Two flowers, two ocean, one attempt at the city skyline and the largest one: wings.

"Wow. What are you going to do with them?"

"I'm not sure. Why?"

"Have you ever thought about selling them?"

I scoff. "Like any of these would sell."

"You're in L.A. Of course, they would sell. I'm sure with Lucifer's connections he could probably get you your own gallery too."

I sit down next to her, staring at them.

"I never thought about anything like that."

"That one will probably go for the most."

She was pointing at the black and white painting of the wings.

"Why do you say that?"

"It's Los Angeles. The city of angels. Wings. You know?"

"Ah."

"Or is it more of a metaphorical painting for you? Wishing you could have wings and fly away from your problems."

_Something like that. Lucifer cut his off so I've never seen them but I could only imagine._
She leans over, hugging me tightly and I reciprocate, _finally_ feeling like I've made a friend.

"Promise me you'll think about doing a gallery or something?"

"Okay. I promise."

Ella squeezes me before letting go, and then bounds away, calling out that she hopes to see me at the precinct later. I lean against the back of the couch, crossing one leg over the other while swirling whiskey around in the glass and gaze at the paintings.

"How did you know about my paintings?"

I didn't need to see Lucifer to know that he was there. He quietly padded up behind me, placing his hands on my shoulders.

"You get so focused that you forget everything around you."

"Hmm."

"(Y/n)?"

"Hmm?"

Lucifer sighs deeply, removing one of his hands from my shoulders to run in through his hair.

"I am... I'm sorry."

"You were scared, so you ran. It's fine."

He walks around the end of the couch, sitting himself down beside me. His tie is undone and hanging loosely around his neck, his usual jacket and vest nowhere to be seen and he's barefoot. Lucifer is the definition of disheveled.

"I shouldn't have left you like that."

I finish my drink, only casting sideways glances at Lucifer.

"Do you want me to stay?"
His head jerks like I've struck him.

"Of course, I do. Why wouldn't I want you to?"

"You... abandoned me when I made the comment that you loved me too much. I can sleep in the other room and try to not be so affectionate or..."

Lucifer kneels down in front of me, holding my face in his hands.

"Darling, if I wanted you to go, I would have said something."

A traitorous tear escaped, hitting his thumb and he gently wiped it away.

"I don't know how to act with you anymore, Luci."

"Just be you, love. That's all I want."

How can I be myself when everything I do shows I love you?

"You make it sound so easy."

Lucifer slides one arm under my knees, and the other behind my back, effortlessly picking me up to carry me into the bedroom. I curl myself up in his arms, putting my head under his chin and breath in his unique scent. He sets me on my feet next to the bed, running his hands over my back, his mouth hovering over my shoulder.

"It is easy. Don't change who you are for me. I... adore you just the way you are." Lucifer unzips my dress, dragging it down slowly with his knuckles brushing against the skin he exposes. "I can't get enough of you, my dear." His lips graze past my ear, his breath a whisper. "What are you doing to me?"

When my dress is pooled at my feet, I whip around, crashing my mouth against his. I kick my heels off, holding onto his tie for balance and begin undoing the buttons on his shirt. He removes my bra and shoves my underwear down my legs until I can kick those off as well. His pants are next, and when he tries to take control, I shake my head. He lets me guide him to the bed, scooting up to the head while we somehow keep our mouths attached. I nip his bottom lip, making my way down his body, placing light love bites everywhere until I reach his cock. Without warning, I take him in my mouth, bobbing slowly and sucking him down as far as I could. Lucifer groaned, clenching the sheets in his hands but kept himself as still as he could. His cock swelled in my mouth and I pulled off, shivering when I hear him growl. He doesn't remain unsatisfied for long, because I slip my body up his, bracing myself with one hand on his chest and the other holding his cock poised underneath
"Show me," Lucifer commands softly.

I sink down onto him slowly, gasping as he fills me inch by inch until our bodies are connected. His eyes are wide, seemingly mirroring my own. It doesn't feel like I'm breathing, because I'm too scared to move even the slightest bit but Lucifer's reassuring touch on my hands on his chest soothes me. Slowly, I sit up, linking my fingers with Lucifer's until I'm sitting all the way up and Lucifer's cock is buried impossibly deeper inside me. We both sigh, not wanting to rush through this feeling and new, to me, position. I roll my hips, releasing a small moan. I do it again, and again, and again but leisurely, savoring each feeling. Lucifer's satisfied sigh makes my heart sing, and when he cradles the side of my head in his hand, I nuzzle into it, closing my eyes. I move the hand that's still linked with mine to my hip, holding it as he begins guiding my movements. There was an unspoken demand to be more intimate, so Lucifer rises to his knees, cupping my ass. I link my hands behind his head, moving my face close to press my cheek against his stubble.

"Faster," I beg, and he obliges, thrusting up as I come down.

I toss my head back, exposing my throat and he attacks it, scraping his teeth along every sensitive spot before doing the same thing to my jaw. With a strong arm locked around my lower back, and a hand dropped between us to stroke my clit with his thumb, Lucifer fucks me faster and harder, rapidly bringing me to my release.

"Lucifer!"

He crushes me to him, shouting as he spills himself inside me. I run my fingertips over his scars, feeling each ridge and bump to the damaged skin. I kept myself wrapped around him, the two of us remaining there, silent and only speaking through body motions. Lucifer lowers himself down until he's flat on his back, kissing the top of my head over and over again. I sighed contently, but shift myself off Lucifer to lay beside him with my face pressed against his chest. Letting my breathing even out and deepen, I pretend to fall asleep, hoping Lucifer would say something. To my delight, he does.

"When will you say it, my love? I know it's there, burning on the edge of your tongue. Are you too scared or too stubborn? Father knows only someone like you could bring the Devil to his knees and beg to hear the words he feared for so long."

_I'll say it when you do._

Chapter End Notes

How's everyone enjoying this so far? Too much smut? Not enough of something else? I love the responses I've been getting from all of you.
Chapter 5

It wasn't exactly a declaration of love, but it stuck with me the next few days. Lucifer and I started performing together every night whether I was working behind the bar or not. People seemed to love hearing us sing 'Stay with me' the most and we'd do it at least once a night. Our friends from the precinct, Linda and even Amenadiel almost always came to watch us perform, showering us with support.

But, when the music was over and the lights went off, Lucifer and I seemed to drift apart. It got bad enough I started sleeping on the couch. He wanted to hear me say 'I love you' but he was doing a funny job of showing it. No one seemed to catch on until Chloe showed up early one morning and found me there.

"(Y/n)? What are you doing out here?"

"Oh. Uh, nothing. Couldn't sleep last night and came out here so I didn't wake Lucifer up."

She gave me a look that side she didn't believe me.

"Right. Well, I need you to come in."

"Do what now?"

"I need you to come down to the station."

"Why?"

Lucifer comes strolling out of our room, fixing the end of his sleeves. "Been naughty without me, my dear?" He leans over the back of the couch and kisses me.

"No. I don't even know what I did wrong."

"Your ex-fiancé is dead."

My stomach drops to the floor.

"What?"

"Liam was found dead this morning in a dumpster with his throat slashed and his... junk smashed."
"I'm gonna be sick."

I rushed to the bathroom, throwing up everything from the night before. Lucifer holds my hair away from my face, rubbing my back and hands me a towel to wipe my mouth once I was done.

"Why are you in here?"

Lucifer looks surprised.

"Why wouldn't I be?"

I shake my head, moving around him to get to the sink and wash my mouth out. He leaves me by myself to get changed, and I ride with Chloe to the station, neither one of us talking the whole way there.

"So, are you going to tell me what's going on?" she asks when we park.

"Shouldn't I be asking you that?"

"Answering a question with a question."

"Oh come on, Chloe."

"We can either has it out here or we can do it in the interrogation room."

"Fine! Since the night I made the crack that Lucifer loves me too much, we... we haven't slept in the same bed since then. Yes, we perform flawlessly together but that's as far as it goes. I don't know what went wrong. I haven't said those three little words but what if I did? Do you think it would've made a difference?"

"I don't know. I can't really answer that for you. Lucifer is..."

"Enigmatic?"

"Yes."

"I just don't know what to do."
"You'll figure it out."

"Let's get this over with so I can go... home. Or wherever."

Chloe places a hand over mine.

"If you need somewhere to stay away, you're more than welcome to at my house. I'm sure Trixie would love a sleepover."

"Thank you. I, uh, might take you up on that offer."

We get out of her car and make our way to the station. There are no cuffs on my wrists but I feel like there might as well be with as many dirty looks and accusing stares as I'm receiving. I ignore them all until Liam's mother walks up and slaps me across the face. Dan darts behind her, slaps some handcuffs around her wrists and drags her back a few steps.

"This is your fault! He would be alive if it wasn't for you!"

The sting of her slap is still buzzing on my cheek, but I soon forget about it from the fire in my veins, boiling my blood because of her accusations. I march up to her, getting right in her face, not caring about the venom in my voice.

"Why don't you ask the hooker he had in our hotel room bed the night before the wedding? I was with my husband all night the night that Liam died! Remember who it was that cheated on who!"

The screaming match had attracted the attention of several officers and other LAPD employees, but I wasn't going to back down until a firm hand gently grasps my upper arm. I knew the touch was Lucifer's and from the fear in Liam's mom's eyes, he had to be doing something to intimidate her.

"Refrain yourself from harming my wife next time or your punishment will be severe."

That tone sent shivers down my spine but they were not shivers of fear. Oh no, these were shivers of complete carnal desire. I let him guide me backward, and he, Chloe and I head into the interrogation room.

"I wasn't lying about where I was last night. You can look at Lux's tapes and pull in anyone off the list. Including Dan. He was there watching us perform."

Chloe sticks her head out and calls for Dan. I don't hear what they say but from the assertive nod she makes, Dan must've confirmed my story. She sits back down, giving Lucifer a questioning look as he stands in the corner.
"Do you know anyone that would want to hurt Liam?"

"No. He may have cheated but he was honestly a decent guy. He worked hard, kept out of other people's drama, donated to charities, and did non-profit things all the time."

Lucifer scoffs, and I close my eyes, clenching my jaw. "No, I do not forgive him for what he did to me, because if it wasn't for him doing that... I wouldn't be here. But, I'd much rather feel the pain of finding him in bed with another woman than the pain I'm dealing with now," I add, with a whisper.

Lucifer didn't hear me, but Chloe did.

"Since people have proven your whereabouts, you're free to go. My offer is still on the table."

"I'll get a hold of you later."

"Lucifer," Chloe's voice stops the Devil. "I need to talk to you next."

Liam's family is nowhere to be seen, but as soon as Dan sees me, he gets up from his desk and rushes over.

"Are you okay? That sounded like it hurt. There's no mark now though."

"I'm fine. Can you take me to Lux before Lucifer gets out so I can pack a bag?"

"You're leaving him?"

"No. We just need some time apart. Chloe offered to let me stay at her place. Gonna have a girls night."

"Yeah. I'll get my keys and we'll go."

Lucifer opens the door as I'm walking up the stairs with Dan, closes it, and whirls around angrily.

"If she loves me so much why is she running off with your ex?!"

"Okay, one: if you're worried about (Y/n) cheating on you with Dan, not gonna happen. They are friends. That is all. Two: she's been sleeping on the couch! How do you expect her to feel when you shut her out?"
"I've been waiting for her to tell me she loves me. I assumed that if I pushed her away, she would snap and just come out and say it."

"Maybe she wants you to say it first."

"Why me?"

"Maybe it's because she feels like if she says it first, you will only say it because it's what she wants to hear. She has to hear you say it first."

"Why!"

"So she knows you truly love her. Don't wait until it's too late. She's good for you. And even if you don't believe it, you're good for her too."

"I hope you're right, Detective."

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Dan followed me upstairs, opening and closing his mouth like a fish out of water when he sees the disaster that's become of mine and Lucifer's place. Bottles smashed, tables and chairs upended, the bedroom destroyed. It was like a tornado was let loose inside.

"Did Lucifer do this?"

"No. I... I don't think so. He couldn't have had time to do this. Lucifer was right behind Chloe and me when we left."

"Stay there. Don't move and don't touch anything." Dan took out his phone and called Chloe. They were on the phone for a few minutes, but I was too stunned to hear anything they were saying. His hand on my shoulder makes me jump, and I whirl around, thinking I was going to face my worst nightmare. "Hey, it's just me. Did you and Lucifer get into a fight before you came to the station?"

"No. We don't fight. We have to talk to each other before we can fight."

"What are you talking about? You both always look so happy." I leveled him with my best 'bitch face' and his mouth formed an 'O' as it dawned on him. "You're putting on an act. Why?"

"He's waiting for me to say those three little words."
"But, you don't want to say them because..?"

"He'll say them in return because it's what I want to hear. I want to sit. Can I sit on the couch, please?"

"Yeah, sure."

I curl up on the end of the couch, trying to make myself as small as possible.

"So much for me going to Chloe's house. Whoever did this obviously knows where I'm at and I don't want to put your family at risk."

"We'll find the person that did this and killed your ex before they get to you."

I wanted to say 'I know', but there was a nagging feeling in the back of my head that said 'no you won't'. If the destruction of Lucifer's penthouse and the death of Liam was anything to go by, Ian was reminding me that no matter where I went or who I was with, he was going to be there. There were two options: I could leave without letting anyone know so Ian didn't have a chance of finding me, or I stick around and pray that the LAPD finds him before he gets to me. Chloe, Ella, Lucifer and two other officers come out of the elevator. All their eyes widen when they assess the damage, but Lucifer could care less, beelining straight to me. (E/c) meet dark brown as I look up. His hands cup my face, rubbing his thumbs along my cheekbones making him the complete center of my attention.

"Are you all right?"

"I don't know."

"Are you hurt?"

"No."

"What do you need?"

"Take me away from here."

"As you wish, love."

Chloe and Dan fill in the other officers about everything that had gone on before and after our home was invaded, only asking me for confirmation of what they just said. I could feel myself becoming numb; emotionally and mentally shutting down to prepare for whatever losses are coming my way.
Lucifer guiding me to my feet and leading me to the bedroom to begin packing bags to go to his other house makes it feel like I'm on autopilot or like I'm watching myself from the outside in. When Lucifer finds me standing and staring blankly at the clothes in my dresser, he takes me to sit on the bed, and packs for me. I don't remember how I got through the apartment, down to the club or into the underground garage and couldn't muster up the excitement of seeing the Mustang again. It was less obvious than the Corvette and allowed me to lay down in the back seat.

Lucifer was getting worried; he didn't know how to deal with anything like this. He could see that I was shutting down. He saw it in my eyes and the way I seemed to age a few years but mostly in the way the bubbly glow that surrounded me disappeared. To hell with the bags, he could go and get those later. His first and foremost concern was getting me into the house and bringing me back out of the zombified shell I was put myself into.

"Don't hide yourself from me, my love," he murmurs as he carries me through the lavishly furnished house.

Floor to ceiling windows cover the back walls, giving an incredible view of the ocean, and are a stark contrast to the white walls and marble floors. Everything was in pristine condition but was stocked with anything Lucifer or a guest could need. The house was obviously not used as much as his penthouse, but it was a place very few people knew about which meant it was also much safer than most other places we could've gone. Lucifer considers sitting me on the couch, but it was a beautiful day and the sun could do us both some good so he takes me out to the porch and lays me in a plush lawn porch lounge chair. The warmth of the sun helps, and Lucifer can see it bringing slight life back into my eyes.

"Don't hide inside yourself, darling. Tell me what's going on, please."

"It's Ian."

"What? How do you know?" Lucifer's phone rings at that moment, and he lets out a frustrated sigh before answering. "Hello? Yes, hi, detective. What? When? All right." He glances at me before looking out at the ocean. "No. No change. Yes, I will keep in touch."

"Who died now?" He opens his mouth but I cut him off. "Don't beat around the bush, Lucifer. Just tell me."

"No one died. Your friends were attacked. They only suffered minor cuts and bruises but will recover."

"What message did he leave for me?"

"How did you know?"
"He's a psychopath and a sociopath. He wouldn't have left them alive if he didn't want them to tell me something. Let me guess. 'Come out, come out, wherever you are?' Was that the message?" Lucifer's silence confirmed my guess. "The body count is going to rise until he finds me."

"So, what? Are you just going to waltz right to him? Make yourself the sacrificial lamb? Damning how anyone else feels about it or you?!"

"People are going to continue to die if I don't!"

"If you think I won't handcuff you to the bed to ensure your safety you are bloody wrong! You are my wife and it is my job to protect you even if it means protecting you from yourself!"

"Giving myself over to Ian would mean keeping you safe too, Lucifer."

"I'm the Devil, love. He can't hurt me."

"He always finds a way."

We could've argued until we were blue in the face, but Lucifer let it drop.

"You have never seen my Devil face yet you do not doubt me."

"I've seen your eyes. Your strength is unmatched. I'm realistic. You said you don't lie, so I believe you."

"The Detective has seen all the same things you have but is still in disbelief."

"That's her problem."

"I'll leave you alone while I go retrieve our bags."

I don't move the whole time he's gone, just stay curled up in a ball on the chair, watching the waves roll continuously over the beach. The house is silent without having a piano to play, or hearing bass thumping from below. Just the sound of the crashing waves, seagulls and the occasional beachgoers voices drifting up to us. I stay in the same position in the chair on the balcony until after sunset, fighting with my emotions about what I should do. Lucifer doesn't come back outside, opting to remain in the house to give me space until I want to go to him. He doesn't look up as I come into the bedroom, just pulls back the covers and holds an arm out, wrapping it around me and tucking me into his side when I scoot onto the bed.

"I know you're scared, love. But, if for some Dad forsaken reason that bastard gets to you, there will
be Hell to pay. After all, no one knows better than the King of Hell on how to inflict pain and punishment. And no one messes with my Queen." I 'hmm' in response. "You have quickly become my world, my... everything. After Father cast me out, I thought I was incapable of being loved. But, here you are, proving me wrong."

Being by his side didn't feel intimate enough after his confession. I wrapped my foot around his leg and moved it away from his other one, and between his spread legs, curled back up and laid my head on his chest.

"I don't want anyone else getting hurt because of me, Lucifer. I'm not worth it. Ian will stop at nothing until no one until I'm dead, he's dead or we're both dead."

The smell of copper, the tangy taste, and the sight of dried and clotted blood overwhelms Lucifer's senses as he imagines my dead body mangled and laid out carelessly in some cold and unforgiving place, discarded like everyday rubbish. The call for the most horrendous punishment possible calls to Lucifer's soul, demanding screams of the punished as payment to soothe his needs. His body trembled underneath mine, shaking with rage that I mistook for fear. Where there was tenderness on my mind, there was carnal passion and the desire to dominate on Lucifer's. Without the need for words, I turn to lay chest to chest with Lucifer, pulling myself up until I can reach his mouth. He growls, captures my lips with his and rolls us over. He's hot, needy, demanding all of my attention and in complete control.

When he's kissed me breathless, leaving my lips swollen and red, he begins to suck dark marks on my neck and throat. There's nothing I can do but writhe and moan underneath him while he marks his territory on my skin. With a particularly sharp bite to my collarbone, I cry out, but instead of it concerning him, he continues albeit getting rougher. Preternatural strength allowed Lucifer to tear my shirt apart, his mouth immediately attacking every inch of uncovered skin as his hands deftly reached behind my back and undid my bra. I slipped my arms out of what used to be my shirt and my bra straps, discarding them off the side of the bed. The urge to cover the scars across my ribs must've shown on my face because Lucifer growled, took his tie off and tied my hands together, looping the material through the slots of the wooden bed frame.

"Do not hide yourself from me, wife. Your body is mine to worship and I want to see every. Single. Inch of your beauty."

He held me by my rib cage; his long fingers digging into my back while his thumbs rubbed over each ridge and bump. Each time he moved them, his eyes seemed to grow darker and brighter at the same time, filling with immense hatred for Ian and the pain he's caused. Lucifer suddenly gets up, hurriedly tearing his clothes off and crawls back up the bed, his focused stare intense and predatory. There was nothing I could do but watch as he rips my jeans and underwear off and down my legs, tossing them carelessly behind him. He kneels between my legs, swiping one finger through my soaked folds and makes a satisfied sound low in his throat when he discovers how ready I am for him.

"This all for me, darling?"
"Yes. Only you. Only ever you."

Lucifer nestles his cock in my folds, rutting against my clit as he pulls my lower half up onto his thighs, holding me there by my knees. When he's had his fill of teasing me, he lines himself up and slams home in one go, throwing his head back and letting out a groan that vibrates through his whole body. There's no adjustment period this time; Lucifer pulls almost all the way out before ramming back in, setting a breakneck pace. I could do nothing but hold on as Lucifer took what he needed from me, but to push him further, I link my feet behind his back and lift my hips, allowing him to hit that sweet spot. He shuddered from the slight change of position, closed his eyes and bared his teeth, grunting with every thrust. My back arched off the bed as my orgasm rolled over me like a tidal wave, sucking every ounce of energy out of my body, making me feel as limp as a wet noodle after. Lucifer chased his release, gripping my legs so hard that he began to leave bruises. With a roar, Lucifer came, filling me with his seed. He doesn't give himself a chance to rest after, immediately untying my wrists and wraps them around the back of his neck for me.

As he looked down into my eyes, with our bodies still joined, he seemed to wordlessly beg me to say the phrase we've been denying each other for so long. I opened my mouth, willing to lay everything on the line and finally ready to say it when his phone goes off. The moment is gone and there's nothing that can bring it back. My limbs are noticeably bruised and sore as he pulls out and leans over to answer the infernal device.

"What?!" he snaps. He listens to whoever is on the other line, making noncommittal noises to whatever they're saying. "Don't do anything else. I'll be there as soon as I can. I'm sorry, love. There's a slight emergency at Lux that needs my attention."

"Go take care of it."

"We need to talk when I get back."

"I'll be here."

All he's missing is his tie, but he leaves it with me, folding my fingers over it when I try handing it to him. I was expecting a chaste goodbye kiss, but there's more to it when his lips linger on mine. Then, he's gone. Keeping his tie in my fist, I curl up with it pressed against my heart, and listen to the sound of the waves crashing onto the shore.

As Mazikeen continues her hunt, her prey turns to predator, getting a rare drop on the demon and temporarily takes her out. He hacks into her phone, discovering the location of his true target.

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The 'emergency' was nothing more than a hoax to pull Lucifer away from (Y/n) and the longer he was away, the angrier he became. He hated waking the detective up so late, but this was an issue that
he needed outside assistance with. The bastard hunting his wife was alluding every tempt to thwart him. Maze wasn't answering her phone, the police couldn't catch him and (Y/n) was completely alone. Taking a moment away from dealing with the circus that had taken over his club gave Lucifer a chance to call the only other person he knew who could protect his wife.

"Brother, I need your help."

~~~~~

"Lucifer, stop, please." I swatted at the hands pulling at me, trying to flip me to my stomach or my back but I remained steadfast in my curled up position. "I know you wanted to talk, but please let me sleep." I was grabbed once more, pissing me off enough that I sit up and twist to snap at Lucifer, finding that it's not my husband sitting on the bed.

Before I can even think about getting away, the intruder has me by the throat and pressed into the bed. The tie that Lucifer used for pleasure became a weapon that wrapped around my throat, replacing the gloved hand that was just there. I tried pulling at it, but my attempts were useless because whoever was here, was stronger than I could ever wish to be. Handcuffs were slapped around my wrists, rope around my ankles and the tie tied too tight around my neck and topped off with a bow like I was some twisted Christmas present. The sun had just begun to rise, revealing Ian's sickeningly charming face inches away from mine.

"My gift to you is your life. Make a choice and use it wisely. Submit to me within twenty-four hours, or people start dropping like flies." He lifts his hand, hovering it in the air. "Oh, and if you're smart enough to make the right choice, don't tell anyone what you're doing. Wouldn't want any extra collateral damage now, would we?" Ian swings his hand down hard enough I heard it whip through the air before my world went black.

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"(Y/n)?" Amenadiel called out, hearing his voice echo in the silent house. There were no sounds of another person and it worried the angel, slightly fearing the wrath that he knows all too well from his Devil of a brother. "(Y/n)!

My name being called rouses me from my forced slumber, and I feat that I've either gone into a coma or Ian had taken my sight when nothing but pure darkness greets me. I can hear Dee shouting for me, but I can't do anything except whimper because of the throbbing headache in my temples if I try anything else. I was gagged with something, preventing me from replying to Amenadiel. His voice gets louder and then quieter as he searches through the house, going from room to room. There's no holding back my muffled cries, and it's what the angel was finally able to hear to locate me locked in the smaller closet in the master bedroom, tucked behind some of Lucifer's less worn suits. I was relieved for many reasons, but mostly that I still had my sight as the colors came flooding into the tiny space when Dee opens the door.

As Amenadiel takes in the bruises on my neck and throat, my hands and ankles bound together and
the pure fear in my eyes, he finds himself wishing he was at full power to use his angelic wrath on
the waster of human that did this to me.

Dee pulls the gag, that I've realized is a blue bandana, away from my mouth, and I suck in deep
breaths of air, not caring about the snot or tears running down my face. The pleading in my (e/c)
must've shocked the angel into movement because before I can open my mouth to ask him to get me
out of here, he's reaching down and picking me up. The handcuffs bite into my wrists, and the ropes
around my ankles dig in deeper to the already tender and red flesh, making the sores worse. I can
barely swallow with how tight the tie is around my throat, and part of me wished that Ian would've
just gone ahead and killed me because this seemed a worse fate than death. Dee set me down on the
bed, making quick work of the ropes with a knife that could've only come from Maze.

"I'll be right back to get something for those sores."

Using my hands the best that I could since I was still in handcuffs, I pulled a sheet up to make me not
so indecent in front of the angel.

“Lucifer, you need to get here.”

“I am on my way, Amenadiel. Is she all right?”

“No. She’s... words can’t describe. You’re going to need to bring Chloe as well.”

“When I get my hands on that bastard—”

“I know, Lucifer. Right now, (Y/h) needs your focus. She needs the love of an angel, not the wrath
of the Devil. So, please, calm down before you get here.”

Amenadiel hangs up, grabs the antibacterial ointment and walks back to the bedroom.

“He can’t see me like this, Dee.”

“There’s not enough time for you to get cleaned up before he gets here.”

“I need to get away. I don’t know how I’m going to do it but if I don’t get to Ian within a certain
amount of time, he’s going to go on a killing spree. More people are going to die because of me.”

Tears fall down my face once more, dripping onto the sheet and staining the deep red with dark
spots.

“If you think Lucifer is going to let you out of his sight now, you’d be out of your mind.”
The angel applied the ointment generously, coating the sore flesh with enough of it until it was like a second layer of skin, and wrapped both ankles with bandages to keep the ointment from coming off. He helped me adjust the sheet, tucking it around my body similar to that of a toga, chuckling when he noticed the similarity too.

“All you’re missing is the ivy to go around your head.”

“Better than a crown of thorns, I suppose.”

The conversation doesn’t have a chance to advance, because the pounding of multiple sets of footsteps can be heard, announcing Lucifer and Chloe’s arrival. Maze and Dan are also with them, adding to the people that are at risk of getting hurt because of me. Lucifer’s furious gaze lands on the tie first, regret filling those beautiful coffee brown pools.

“What do you need from me?” Chloe asks softly, sitting down by my feet.

I lift my hands from my lap, holding them up for her to see the handcuffs. She pulls a set of keys from her pocket and flips through them until she finds the right one, quickly unlocking the cuffs and freeing my wrists. I try to rub the soreness away, but all it does is make it worse.

The tension in the room gets too high, and everyone turns on each other, save for me and Chloe.

“How have you let a human allude you, Mazikeen?!”

“Maybe if the cops weren’t being so obvious about wanting to catch him then maybe I could do my job!”

“This is our fault?! You’re the bounty hunter! I thought you were the ‘best’?!”

“I am the best!”

Lucifer scoffs. “Yes, you’ve proven that, haven’t you?”

Amenadiel tries stepping in the middle of the three of them, but Lucifer snaps on him, then Maze snaps at Lucifer, Dan at Maze and the whole thing starts all over again.

“He gave me an ultimatum!” I shout, silencing all of them. “I go to him within twenty-four hours, or he starts killing again.”

“No,” Lucifer snarls. “Do not even think about it.”
“I already have.”

“Does all of this mean nothing to you then?!”

“It means everything to me! Can’t you see I’m doing this because I love you?!”
Chapter 6

The stunned silence that follows my declaration of love is overwhelming. I can tell Chloe is biting back a smile because the corners of her eyes are crinkled, she’s covering her mouth and her eyes are as big as saucers. It’s amusing, but I wish I would’ve been able to tell Lucifer how I feel under less stressful circumstances. Maze looks like she’s gonna be sick, Dan’s standing close to the door, probably thinking Lucifer is going to bolt and Amenadiel is waiting expectantly for Lucifer’s response.

And Lucifer... well, if the Devil could go into shock, this would be the time. When his vision begins to clear, and clarity comes back into this eyes, he takes a step back, sending the rest of the room into action. Dan moves closer to the door, Amenadiel stretches a hand out, Maze leaves the room and Chloe scoots closer to me, giving me a look that says she’ll stay with me when Lucifer runs. But, he doesn’t.

“May I have a few moments with my wife?”

Everyone visibly relaxes and gives Lucifer and I some space. He doesn’t move any closer, but kind of paces, taking a few slow steps before turning and taking a few more. His jaw keeps clenching and unclenching like he’s fighting with himself to say something but doesn’t know how to say it.

“I didn’t blurt it out like that to justify giving myself up.”

“Did you do that?”

Without him even looking in my direction, I knew he was talking about his tie around my throat.

“No.”

“His mockery of me is going to be his undoing,” Lucifer growls, kneeling on the bed in front of me. I flinch without meaning to when he brings his hands up to my neck, and a flash of red irises warns of just how angry he is. “Should have taken this with me last night.”

“He would’ve found something. There was nothing you could’ve done.”

Lucifer drops the tie onto the floor, and gently rubs the bruises with his thumb, erasing some of the fear with his touch. He moves closer, placing one knee between my legs while bracing most of the weight onto his leg on the floor, leans forward, tilts my chin up and kisses the marks of hate to replace them with the feeling of love. His stubble grazes my throat, making me gasp from the ticklish sensation and I reach up to bury my fingers in his soft hair.
“Did you mean it?” he whispers against my skin, his breath blowing over the tender spots.

“Yes.”

“Say it again.”

“I love you.”

A euphoric feeling floods through Lucifer, reminding him of the power he used to feel as an angel. It becomes a high, and he begs for me to say it over and over again, his breathing becoming ragged each time I do. Lucifer lifts his head, brushing his lips across mine, cupping my face in his hands and strokes the pads of his thumbs across my cheekbones.

“Say it once more, darling.”

“I love you... Lucifer.”

He sighs like the weight of the world has been lifted from his shoulders and presses his lips to mine, tangling those talented fingers in my hair to bring us closer together.

“You are the love of my life, my darling wife. Let me and the others protect you.”

“Okay.”

“You mean it?”

I open my eyes, staring into those endless brown pools. “With every bit of my love for you, I mean it.”

Lucifer brings his other leg up onto the bed and pulls me into his lap, undoing the sheet toga Dee had wrapped me in. He just holds me there, with my head tucked under his chin and his arms around me.

“What are we going to do? No one can find Ian. Unless...”

“Don’t,” Lucifer warns.

“What if it’s our only option?”

Lucifer hated the thought, but using me as bait may be our only chance of taking Ian down. He slides
me off his lap and wanders to the big closet to pull out a shirt and a pair of his boxers.

“No point in having a full outfit on if it’s all going to come off later, eh?”

The promise of what Lucifer has in store for me later sends curls of desire through my core, and I grin while getting into his clothes. He takes my hand, and we walk out to the living room where everyone else has gathered.

“And here I thought the sight of the two of you before was bad. Now it’s just gross.”

Leave it to Maze to ruin a moment.

“Well, I’m sure I can make it up to you by being used as bait so you can get the bastard.”

“Keep talking.”

“You can’t be serious,” Dan argues. “It’s too dangerous.”

“Not if we do it right.”

“You’re insane.”

“All the best plans are.”

“You aren’t helping, Maze!”

As much fun as it was to watch Dan and Maze go at each other’s throats, we needed to stop them before she decided to use him as a punching bag. Chloe, the seemingly appointed mother of us all, holds a hand up and Dan backs off, sitting down on the arm of the couch, folding his arms across his chest.

“Ian has come after you on his own each time, right?”

“Yeah. He doesn’t like working with other people. Never has.”

“He knows you don’t want more people to get hurt so he’d believe that you’d be going to him on your own, right?”

“Yes...”
“Did he tell you where to meet him?”

“No.”

A phone starts ringing somewhere and it takes me a moment to realize it’s mine. I dash to the bedroom and pull it out of a bag, answering it almost too late.

“Hello?”

“Since you’re answering your phone, I assume you’ve been freed.”

“Yes.”

“Have you thought about what you’re going to do?”

“Nobody else needs to get hurt because of me.”

“Good girl. Always knew you were smart. Now, I know that bounty hunter, your husband, and the two detectives have probably tried convincing you to not come to me, but what choice do you have?”

“I’ve never had a choice. It’s always been what you wanted.”

Lucifer and Chloe have come into the bedroom so I hold out a hand, telling them to be quiet.

“I’m surprised you haven’t asked me the million dollar question.”

“You hate being asked anything.”

Ian laughs. “Beauty and brains. You really are the total package, (Y/n). Even now more than in the past without that pesky virginity in the way.” My face flushes at the memory of my first time with Lucifer and then soured by Ian’s mockery. “Are you alone?”

“Yes.”

“Very good. Now, do you remember the house we went to our first party at in high school as a couple?”
I shudder, remembering the first time Ian hit me because I denied him getting in my pants.

“Yes.”

“Good. Meet me there at midnight and we will take the next step.”

He hangs up, leaving me with the feeling of absolute dread.

“Where does he want to meet?”

“At a house close to here.”

“When?”

“Midnight.”

The clock on my phone clicked to twelve p.m.

“We’ve only got twelve hours to plan and take him down.”

“I suggest you and your team get to it then, detective. Last time my wife was used for bait, he got away. They say third time’s a charm and this is time number four. Make it happen.”

I wasn’t sure who was more surprised to hear Lucifer be so snappy: me or Chloe.

“Uh, right. We’ll be in contact within a couple hours.”

I stay in the bedroom, listening to Lucifer dismiss everyone from the house and waiting until he finally comes back. There’s no need since there’s no one else here, but Lucifer closes the bedroom door anyway. Lucifer starts removing his clothes but when he gets to his boxers, I ask him to wait.

“I need... want... can we lay together for a little bit? Please? I just need to be close to you right now.”

“Okay.”

I scoot back so he can get on the bed next to me, and lay my head down on his chest, wrapping my legs around his.
“Ian... Ian and I met when we were juniors in high school.”

“You don’t have to do this, (Y/n).”

“But, I do. I have to.”

“(Y/n), love-”

“Please, Lucifer. Let me explain.”

“All right.”

“I was always one of those girls who was shoved to the back and looked over.”

“I find that hard to believe. Sorry. Last time.”

I kiss his chest and continue. “That was until Ian decided to take a liking to me. He was the perfect gentleman during school hours. We were the perfect couple. Straight A’s, homecoming king and queen, all that jazz. But, after the lights went out on the field and the school week was out, Ian would turn into a monster. He had my parents believing that his parents said it was okay that I could stay the weekends with him. In my own room, of course. No. That’s not what happened at all. Ian was emancipated and had loads of money that he won from his parents. He constantly had people of all kinds in and out of that house. Screwing, doing drugs, selling drugs... It didn’t matter. The town we came from made it easy to pay off certain cops so we were always let off with a warning. I suffered a year and a half of his abuse until I was finally able to get a restraining order against him. I had enough credits to graduate early, so I did. I got my diploma, applied for colleges and universities anywhere and everywhere and meet Liam sometime in the middle of all the chaos. He was moving to LA, and we were both accepted into the same college so I packed my bags, said goodbye to my family and left everyone behind. Did I have my scars yet? No. Those would come later. Liam and I settled in, I changed my appearance and threw myself into my school work. I secretly counted the days when I knew that the restraining order was going to be over, and became reclusive for about a month before and a month after. Liam did everything he could to support me, but I could tell it was taking a strain on our relationship. And then the night I finally felt comfortable enough to leave our apartment was the night that Ian got a hold of me. He thought I was sleeping with Liam and didn’t believe me when I said no. He tied me up like he did today, and whipped the shit out of me. Liam came home to find me bleeding all over the place, called the cops and the ambulance. Dan was the first officer on the scene and helped as much as he could to catch Ian. But by then, the bastard was long gone. Liam proposed to me when I came home from the hospital, but it was more out of pity than love. I settled and didn’t think anything was going to change. I accepted what was happening, even if it meant I would never truly have any happiness. And then, I met you.”

“I don’t think Hell will be punishment enough for him.”
“I’m sure you’ll come up with something. If...”

“No. No if’s.”

“If something goes wrong, just know that I love you. And don’t take it out on anyone. If everything goes right but something still happens, don’t punish anyone else. Including yourself.”

“No promises.”

“Promise me.”

Lucifer shifts his head so he can look down at me.

“Fine. I promise.”

“Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me until you’re back in my arms tonight.”

“Would you care if I went to sleep? I didn’t get enough last night and I’m sure I’m gonna need energy for tonight.”

“Sleep, my love. I won’t leave you.”

Lucifer turns over on his side, cradling my body against his, forming a protective shell around me. I kiss the base of his throat, listening to him hum happily after, and close my eyes. It doesn’t take long for me to drift off, surrounded by Lucifer’s warmth and the sound of his breathing.

“I love you, my dear.” He glances up at the ceiling. “For once in my lonely life, I pray that nothing happens to you for fear of the wrath I would invoke on the world around me.”

~~~~~

Back at the LAPD, officers were gearing up and going every detail to bring Ian down. Unbeknownst to them, there was a mole in their midst, reporting back to the man that never worked with a team. Dan had his suspicions that someone was working against them, picking up on the tells that he himself had used while working dirty a few years back. There wasn’t time to alert Chloe, so he kept his head down and waited for the right moment. Dan could only hope he could tell her in time.
Lucifer let me sleep for most of the afternoon, barely even moving to keep me as comfortable as possible. His fingers traced the marks around my throat, wincing at the yellow-green color that makes a macabre choker.

“You’re thinking too hard,” I chuckle, raising my head to expose more of my throat for more of his touch.

“If there was one thing you could wish for and have come true, what would it be?”

“Wow. That’s deep to ask someone when they’re barely awake.”

“What’s the first thing that comes to mind?”

“Having children with you,” I blurt out, my mouth incapable of listening to my brain.

Lucifer’s eyebrows damn near got lost in his hairline.

“Children? With me? Really?”

“I have no idea why I just said that.”

“Dad would have a field day. I suppose he’d have to care enough first.”

“It’s not even possible anyway. I can’t have kids and you said you’re infertile. Plus, I’ve seen the way you are with Trixie.”

“It’s not like no one doesn’t have any fun while trying,” he smirks, rolling his body on top of mine.

I giggle, squirming underneath him when he rubs his stubble on the skin above the unbuttoned section of my shirt.

“I do love that sound. But, I happen to love this sound more,” he whispers and sucks on my nipple through the shirt.

I suck in a breath through my teeth and moan, feeling Lucifer’s grin around my nipple.
“Yes. Those little noises.”

Before we can do anymore, Lucifer’s phone rings and interrupts. He groans, and glares at the device before picking it up and answering.

“You’re interrupting me.”

I can hear Chloe stutter on the other end.

"I-I’m sorry?"

"What do you need, Detective?"

"We’re ready to discuss the plan. Is (Y/n) ready for us?"

I nod, and he relays the message.

"I’m on my way with Dan and two other officers. We’ll debrief the two of you when we get there."

"Take your time, Detective." Lucifer hangs up and grins. "Where were we?"

~~~~~

Dan pulls Chloe into the interrogation room after Lucifer hangs up.

"What’s wrong?"

"There’s a mole."

"What? How do you know?"

"I just do. What are we going to do about him?"

"Act like everything is normal. One officer with you, one with me."

"What if something happens on the way there?"
"Get Trixie somewhere safe, and make sure (Y/n) and Lucifer don't leave."

"Got it."

"Let's go."

A text was sent to Ian, alerting him of Chloe and Dan's suspicions.

**I'll take care of it, was all that was sent back.**

Chloe, Dan, and the two officers departed from the precinct in two separate cars, keeping the act that they didn't know there was a mole in their midst. The young officer with Chloe was sweating bullets, swallowed nervously and kept his answers short when asked something. He constantly checked his phone, but the closer they got to Lucifer's place, the calmer he began. Chloe was about to ask him something when her car was t-boned by another vehicle.

Dan hit his brakes, jumping out after barely getting it parked to check on Chloe but was knocked down by two shots to the chest. Thankfully, he was wearing his bulletproof vest but it still temporarily took him out, along with the officer with him. Dan could only watch as Ian got out of another car, smirking the whole time as he walked up to Chloe. One of his cronies walked up to Dan, pointing a gun down at his head. Ian shook his head no, took an unconscious Chloe and carried her to the car he came out of, and that's when the whole world went black.

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"Lucifer, wait. I want to do this just as much as you do but can we just take a moment? We really need to talk about everything. And Chloe is going to be here any moment so there's not enough time anyway."

"What do we need to talk about?" he grumbles, pushing his head underneath my shirt and rubbing his stubble against my soft stomach.

I giggle and push on the top of his head, trying to squirm out from under him. "Lucifer, please? Come on, love. I really need to talk to you."

He sighs, pulls his head out from under my shirt and lays on his side, raising his brows expectantly.

"Well?"

"I said I love you."
"More like shouted, really."

"Lucifer..."

"Right, right. Yes, you said you loved me. Who doesn't?"

I sigh sadly, accepting that I love him but also that he won't say it back.

"Never mind, Luci. I need to get dressed for when Chloe gets here."

"(Y/n), darling, wait."

"No, it's fine. I get it."

My phone pings.

Change of plans. I need you to meet me at the diner by the beach. Without Lucifer. Someone is following him.

When?

Ten minutes.

I'll be there.

"I'm meeting Chloe by the beach. You don't need to come."

Without saying anything else, I text for an Uber driver, get dressed and walk out.

~~~

"And now we wait," Ian chuckles, flipping Chloe's phone up and down in the air. Ian and Chloe sit in a car parked on the street in front of the diner, waiting for (Y/n) to show up. "What? No, 'you won't get away with this' or any other cliche line?"

"You're not worth the wasted breath."
"Ouch."

Chloe scoffs.

"You know what the best part about tonight is going to be?"

"I don't care."

"Making him choose." That got her attention. "See, after we get my sweet girl, I'm going to take the two of you back to a place and we're going to have some fun. Once I get bored, I'm going to put you both somewhere, separated of course, and make him choose without letting him know who is where."

Chloe's heart sank.

~~~~~

Dan woke up in the hospital, immediately trying to tear the IVs out of his arm. Nurses rushed in to stop him but he fought, insisting on being let go.

"You've suffered a concussion. You shouldn't be going anywhere."

"I'm fine. It's not the first time I've been hit in the head."

The nurse looked at him scoldingly, huffed and released him. Dan was dressed, out of the hospital and headed to Lucifer's house within ten minutes. Traffic was a bitch, but he arrived in record time.

"Lucifer!" Dan pounded on the door until Lucifer answered.

"If you're looking for my wife," he snarls, "she's not here. She's left to go meet the detective."

"(Y/n) left to go meet Chloe?"

"Yes. I cannot make it simpler for you."

Dan's face pales and Lucifer gets the feeling that something is very wrong.

"She wasn't meeting Chloe."
"I beg your pardon?"

"Chloe was in the car ahead of me after leaving the station. Her car was hit and Ian kidnapped her before one of his goons knocked me out. Where was she meeting Chloe?"

"All she said was 'by the beach'."

A diner Chloe likes to go to a lot pops up in Dan's head.

"We gotta go."

Lucifer and Dan run back down to Dan's car, turning on the sirens to get there faster.

~~~~~

Where are you? I'm here.

I look around for Chloe but don't see her or her car. An arm wraps around my waist, and I suddenly realize that the whole thing was a setup.

"Keep walking, (Y/n) or Chloe will die."

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because it's fun and no matter what your friends do, they can't catch me."

"You're a twisted son of a bitch, you know that?"

As soon as we walked across the street, Ian backhanded me and held me against the car by my throat.

"Don't talk about my mom like that."

He yanks the door open and shoves me in the back next to Chloe, slamming the door before getting into the driver's seat. Ian drove around for a while, running his mouth about how much fun he was having with teasing the shit out of Maze, Lucifer, and the LAPD. He thought he was invincible because he hadn't been caught yet. I knew we'd arrived at where we were supposed to be when the old beach house came into view, and dread filled my stomach.
What used to be a grand place to stay, had become run down, graffitied and abused by the weather. The vibrant blue faded, windows were shattered and bits and pieces of the staircase and porch had broken apart.

"Welcome to my humble abode."

A brunette man had come out of the house, standing on the front porch and leaning against the railing like he had been waiting the whole time. There wasn't enough time to plan anything with how quickly Ian got out of the car and pulled me out first, zip tying my wrists before dragging me to the other side and doing the same thing to Chloe. Then, he connects us together, leading us along like we were a pair of dogs. It was like going through memory lane as we walked up the steps to the two-story house, but every piece of it was horrifying to recall. The walls I put up to keep most of it out, came crashing down, and every horrid thing Ian had done to me came back full force. I fought back, pulling on Chloe to get the upper hand on Ian's weight by combining ours, but the other guy came down and dragged us the rest of the way up.

We were tossed into the living room, falling hands first to keep from busting our faces open and shuffled around to sit as comfortably as possible.

"Anything you're even thinking about doing to Chloe, do to me."

"You don't get to call the shots here," Ian snarls back.

"Chloe got in the way. It's me you want. Come on, Ian. Do it!" The other guy swiftly kicked me in the ribs, attempting to shut me up. It hurt like Hell, but it didn't work. "Is that the best you got?" Instead of going after me again, he went after Chloe. "NO! You fucking prick! It's me you want!"

"Keep talking, and I'll continue beating her."

Somehow, I pretzel my body to mostly wrap around Chloe's.

"Why are you doing this?" she whispers, while Ian's back is turned.

"Because you have Trixie. I don't have anyone. Like that. I know you're a cop and can handle some crap, but I've dealt with this before and can do it again. I'm not sure you can."

"He might kill you."

"It's always been out there. It was going to happen one way or another."
"What do you say, John? You take one, I'll take the other?"

John, the brunette, eyes Chloe greedily, but his focus eventually finds it's way to me.

"I want her. The other one is too old."

"Well, what are we going to do with her then?"

"Kill her?"

"NO! Please, Ian. Don't kill her. She's got a little girl! Take it out on me. She's weak and won't be able to take it like I can."

"(Y/n), don't. I'll be okay."

John leans down, pinching my chin between his thumb and forefinger.

"Oh, dear. You have no idea what you're in for."

John drags Chloe and me to our feet, down the hallway and stops in front of a bedroom. Ian cuts her loose from me, pushes her into the room and zip ties her to the wire bed frame. He ties a bandana around her mouth, muffling any noises she could make and leaves her, closing the door behind him. John guides me by the zip ties around my wrists, and into the bedroom next to Chloe's, tossing me onto the bed. I recognize the bedroom as Ian's old one and know that inside the small coat closet next to the door, hangs his favorite toys. Ian grins when he catches my line of sight, opens the closet door and drags the back of his fingers over each one.

"They miss you, (Y/n)."

"Well, I don't miss them."

"Don't be rude," he growls. "Now," Ian turns, and grabs the heavy flogger, twirling it around in his hand," let's have some fun!"

John flips me onto my stomach, tears the back of my shirt open and rips my bra apart. I hear the whip before it comes down on my skin and bite down on the thin pillow in front of me to muffle my cries.

~~~~~

Lucifer and Dan weren't having any luck finding where Ian had taken (Y/n) and Chloe. The cameras
didn't provide anything, and neither did any witnesses.

"What about a tracker on the detective's phone?"

"It's been disabled."

"Well, what good is having one if it can be turned off?!"

"We're going to find them, man."

"What if we're too late?"

"What happened before I got there?"

"She wanted me to tell her I love her. But, I didn't. I've only recently come to know what it's like to be loved. How am I supposed to say it back?"

"I can't help you there. You gotta do what you feel is right."

"What if it's too late?"

"It won't be. As soon as we find them, you tell her."

"Right."

~~~~~

Tears streamed down Chloe's face as she listened to my cries from her room and screamed through the gag, hoping and praying anyone would hear her.

The blood from the wounds on my back soaked into my torn shirt ran down my sides and pooled in the sheets on either side of my body. I was shaking so hard my teeth chattered, but Ian and John didn't care as they poked and prodded at my wounds, laughing each time my body jerked. My hands were still zip tied, but they were also attached to the metal bed frame to keep me from trying to get away. My skin felt like it was on fire, but numb at the same time, making me feel I was floating. When I quit reacting to their touch, they started plan B and tugged on my pants. I was too weak to fight, taking the fun out of it for them.

"I'm bored," Ian whines. "Let's call him so we can see him suffer."
Our rooms were set up like a game; depending on who was chosen, the other would disappear into a trap compartment below the bed until removed by either one of the deadly duo. Ian and John walked across the street to the house they were renting a room out of and made the phone call.

~~~~~

Lucifer's phone began ringing, and he answered immediately.

"Hello?"

"You'll find the one you want the most in the room of your choosing." Ian prattled off the address and hung up.

Dan and Lucifer loaded up in a squad car, with Dan alerting all other officers that they have the location.

"When I find him, I'm going to rip him limb from limb and beat him with them until he's a bloody pulp."

"Get in line."

"He's got my wife."

"Did you forget that Chloe used to be mine? And she's the mother of my child?"

"No. How could I?"

The rest of the ride was silent, both men hoping to find the women safe and sound.

~~~~~

The police sirens broke me out of my fitful sleep, reminding me of just how much pain I was in. I could hear Chloe making as much noise as possible, but I was too weak and exhausted to do the same. Thundering footsteps matched the pounding in my head as the LAPD flooding into the house. By no one's fault, they reached Chloe first, triggering the trap that hides me. I land hard on the dirt floor underneath the floorboards, the wind getting knocked out of me. The sound of them scouring the house was muffled, but I could hear Lucifer shouting for me as clearly as if I was standing next to him. I wanted so badly to call out for him but had no energy to do so.

"She's here!" Chloe screamed, as soon as the gag was removed from around her face. "Keep
looking!"

Lucifer was becoming frantic.

"(Y/n)! Sweetheart, answer me!"

Chloe, Dan, Lucifer and the officers that followed searched through the entire house, but could not find me even though I was right beneath their feet. Chloe’s defeated cries broke my heart. It wasn't her fault they found her first. Ian deliberately set it up this way.

Lucifer's shouts turned to roars, and from the banging noises coming from all around the house, it sounded like he was trying to tear it down from the inside out.

"She's not here, Lucifer," Dan says, softly. "We'll keep looking."

"You're bloody fucking right you will!"

*I never got to tell him I love him one last time.*
Hours after Lucifer left with Dan and Chloe, Ian and John came back for me. The blood on my back was clotted and crusted over, making it almost impossible for me to move without it becoming even more painful. With the slightest shift, some of the tears open back up and not long after, I can feel the blood begin to trickle.

"Would you look at that?" Ian smirks, sickeningly admiring his work.

"Yes. It's quite the sight."

"She needs to be patched up so she doesn't bleed out," a third voice says.

"You're the doc, Robert. Just get it done so we can go back to what we were doing before."

I was given a crude wash down to clean my wounds and stitched back up without anything to numb the feeling of the needle and thread going through my skin to pull it back together. A single tear slid down my face once 'Robert the doc' was finished stitching me up. Ian kneeled down, getting eye level with me.

"Still think it was a good idea to offer yourself instead of the cop?"

"I would do it again in a heartbeat."

Ian scoffed, rolled his eyes and walked away.

"Put shit on her back to make sure she's scars as little as possible."

"This is going to take weeks to heal!"

Scuffling can be heard behind me, and Robert suddenly came into view with a split lip from the punch to the face Ian served him, landing harshly on the floor.

"Figure it out or you'll be tied next to her."

The door slammed behind Ian, leaving Robert and me in the room.
"Were you the one that ratted us out to him?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because he has something important to me too. I do what he wants, he lets her live."

"Does anyone at the station know?"

"No."

"Help me and I'll help you."

"I can't."

"Yes, you can. Get the stuff you need to heal me and we'll get out of here."

Robert nods, picks himself up off the floor and goes on a search for Ian and John. There's nothing else for me to do but sleep, and I could only hope it would help heal me faster.

*If only Dee still had his wings.*

~~~~~~

The penthouse was a disaster. Bottles of alcohol smashed, papers littered the floor, chunks of brick everywhere from Lucifer punching the walls... The only thing that remained untouched from Lucifer's wrath was the piano; it was the only thing that he felt could connect him to her. No one and nothing could console him, no matter who tried or what he tried doing himself. Feeling powerless was another first for the Devil and there was nothing more that he wished for than being able to do something other than wait for news from the police officers. He lounged on the long couch, his white button up missing buttons and halfway untucked from his pants, his vest and tie nowhere to be found, looking the definition of distraught and disheveled. Lucifer stared at her paintings displayed on the couch opposite him, with only one receiving his direction attention: the wings. The snowy white was a complete contrast to the pitch black paint used in the background.

"How could you know?" he whispered.

The elevator dinged open, revealing a slightly nervous Linda.
"Lucifer?"

"I have no need of your services today, doctor."

"I'm here as your friend."

"Go away. I wish to be by myself."

"You're dangerous on your own right now."

Lucifer flew up from the couch, hurtling the bottle toward what used to be the shelf holding the other bottles. Linda didn't even flinch as he did so, standing ramrod straight while facing the angry Devil.

"Lucifer, she will be found. You not keeping a level head isn't going to bring her back any faster."

His iris's blazed with hellfire and his lip curled in a menacing sneer as he spoke. "That's where you're wrong, Linda dear. I have quite the level head at the moment. I have been plotting that bloody bastard's fucking death since the moment I realized he had taken her away from me. You see," he chuckles darkly, "I have imagined every. Single. Way I am going to tear him limb from limb and use his insides as the noose that ends his pathetic life. I am going to watch with glee as the light fades from his eyes. And when he realizes exactly where he's going? I will be there waiting for him, ready to do the same thing over and over again for eternity."

As Lucifer finished his speech, Linda had paled considerably. The reminder that this was not a man she was standing in front of, but the enraged Devil himself, hell-bent on tearing apart the city of angels to find his wife. She was petrified and used the one move that she could to bring the more than usual homicidal Devil back down to his senses.

"If (Y/n) could see you now, how do you think she would feel?"

As if waking from a dream, Lucifer blinked and looked around him at the disarray that had become of his home. Rage and melancholy warred within him, making him exhausted and irritable.

"She would be content because at least she'd be with me."

"What if she came home right now and saw this mess?"

"What does it matter?! She's not here to do anything about it! MY wife may never come back!"

"You shouldn't give up hope, Lucifer. She's survived an ordeal like this before, she can do it again
and still come home to you. You've got to have faith."

"Faith? FAITH?! Are you out of your bloody mine?! When has faith gotten anyone anywhere?! Dear ol dad has to care first before faith works in anyone's favor."

"What if this is your father's way of testing how much you love (Y/n)?"

A sinister growl is all the warning that Linda needs to get out of there and fast. After the doors safely enclose her away from Lucifer, she shivers, hearing the inhuman roar coming from the penthouse.

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Robert changed my bandages every so often, applying ointment to prevent infection under the close supervision of either Ian, John or both. With Ian's less the honorable associations, he was able to secure certain drugs that kept someone numb but awake at the same time, using them as the worst form of torture. I couldn't feel shit but was conscious of everything going on. They gave me the bare minimum of food, and kept me barely hydrated, using catheters to not have to help me to the bathroom. They took turns giving me a crude sponge bath, always making snide remarks about how much 'prettier' I was becoming with every pound that I lost.

Each day they became more brazen, poking at each wound and giggling like children every time I whimpered. When my stitches came out three days later, the real fun for them began. I was released to be moved, and the neglect and malnourishment had made me weak, so I was in no state to fight back. Robert gave me a sympathetic look with the hope that we'd be able to get out quickly fading from his eyes. We weren't allowed to be alone, having become suspicious to Ian and John because I didn't fight him like I did them. The whips weren't brought back out, but other tools and utensils were used in their stead.

The only reprieve I get is watching the sun set and rise through the shabby window and the peace in the darkness. Every day, I prayed to get my opening to be able to escape and find Lucifer, but none ever came. Even though I could see the days pass by, I lost track of how many there were. Robert hadn't left the house at all either, so not even he could tell me what day it was.

I grew suspicious when Ian and John didn't bother me for a day. Robert had cleared me the day before, saying that my wounds had almost completely healed. I could only imagine the scars that were gonna be there. Would Lucifer even want me once I made it home? If I made it home... The momentary peace, while Ian and John were gone, was quickly diminished after they came back, loudly crashing in through the house and shouting happily. They sounded drunk, and I knew that it was only a matter of time before they made their way into my room.

"No!" Robert yelled, trying to block them out. "Leave her alone!"

Ian grabbed him by the front of his shirt and tugged him aside, damn near breaking down the door when trying to come in. He almost falls over his own feet once he gets it open, and chuckles
mirthlessly when his blurry gaze lands on me. I don't bother trying to look over my shoulder.

"Normally, I like a little fight in my girls but hey, I like 'em tied up too."

I mentally shut down as Ian pulled the blanket down from over my back, purring as he views his handiwork and rips the thin material the rest of the way off. Goosebumps covered my skin from the exposure of the cold air, along with the disgusting feeling of Ian dragging a finger up my body from my heel all the way up to my neck.

"This is gonna be fun."

I squeeze my eyes shut as I hear him unbuckle his belt, and begin mentally shutting down once the rest of his clothes drop to the floor. The last thing I remember is Ian taking the restraints off my ankles.

~~~~~

"It's been five days, Detective!"

"I know, Lucifer. We're doing everything we can to find her."

"Really?!" he snarls, slamming his hands down on the interrogation room table. "Because it seems like I'm the only one breaking down doors and searching for every lead! Why has no one gone back to the house you were both at?!"

"The original owners have come back and claimed the house! There's nothing we can do without a warrant!"

"Then find a bloody reason!"

Chloe could see that Lucifer was unraveling, and as much as he denied it, he loved her so much it was driving him insane to not be with her.

"You need to go home, Lucifer. We're doing all that we can."

"It's not good enough," he snaps, storming out.

Chloe collapses into a chair, her hands covering her face as she breaks into sobs, wishing she could find (Y/n) before it's too late.
Lucifer sits at the piano in the dark, a cigarette resting in an ashtray with wisps of smoke coming off it, twirling around in the air before disappearing, and a glass half full of whiskey next to it above the ivory keys. His long fingers glide across them without making a sound, needing to play but no song comes to mind to relieve him of this pain.

While I gaze at the moonlight, miles away from the love of my life, a song floats through my mind, reminding me of him.

As if by magic, Lucifer begins to play and sing.

Am I out of touch?
Am I out of my place?
When I keep saying that I'm looking for an empty space
Oh, I'm wishing you're here
But I'm wishing you're gone
I can't have you and I'm only gonna do you wrong

I begin humming the song, tears streaming down my face as I wish to be with Lucifer, sitting next to him at the piano and singing with him.

Oh, I'm going to mess this up
Oh, this is just my luck
Over and over and over again

I'm sorry for everything
Oh, everything I've done
From the second that I was born it seems I had a loaded gun
And then I shot, shot, shot a hole through everything I loved
Oh, I shot, shot, shot a hole through every single thing that I loved

His voice gets louder as he pours his heart out into the song, filling the void while imagining me sitting next to him, sharing his glass of whiskey.
The urge to sing became too strong and disregarding the repercussions of doing so, I start to sing, not knowing that Lucifer is doing the very same thing miles away.
Lucifer's fingers take on a life of their own as he plays, not even thinking as the song takes over him.
Am I out of luck?
Am I waiting to break?
When I keep saying that I'm looking for a way to escape
Oh, I'm wishing I had what I'd taken for granted
I can't help you when I'm only gonna do you wrong

Oh, I'm going to mess this up
Oh, this is just my luck
Over and over and over again

I'm sorry for everything
Oh, everything I've done
From the second that I was born it seems I had a loaded gun
And then I shot, shot, shot a hole through everything I loved
Oh, I shot, shot, shot a hole through every single thing that I loved

Robert hears me singing, scooting closer to the door to hear me better, praying that the two of you get the hell out and soon. The cops hanging around are making Ian and John nervous, and he knows that they'd both much rather take everyone down with them than go quietly. One could only hope it doesn't come down to that.

In the meantime we let it go
At the roadside, we used to know
We can let this drift away
Oh, we let this drift away
At the bayside
You used to show
In the moonlight
We let it go
We can let this drift away
Oh, we let this drift away

And there's always time to change your mind
Oh, there's always time to change your mind
Oh, there's always time to change your mind
Oh, love, can you hear me?

Maze prowled around outside, watching for any signs of movement when she hears my voice come through. She grins, knowing that her gut was right about me still being inside. Where, she doesn't
know, but hearing me is enough to spur her into action.

I'm sorry for everything  
Oh, everything I've done  
From the second that I was born it seems I had a loaded gun  
And then I shot, shot, shot a hole through everything I loved  
Oh, I shot, shot, shot a hole through every single thing that I loved

Tears streamed down Lucifer's face, begging his Father for my return.

In the meantime we let it go  
At the roadside  
We used to know  
We can let this drift away  
Oh, we let this drift away  
At the bayside  
You used to show  
In the moonlight  
We let it go  
We can let this drift away  
Oh, we let this drift away

And there's always time to change your mind  
Oh, there's always time to change your mind  
Oh, love, can you hear me?  
Oh, let it drift away

Slow clapping from outside caught my attention, and as I struggled to see who it was, Maze pops up with a wicked grin on her face. She uses her demonic strength to pull the window open and a cool breeze floats through the stuffy room.

"Maze!" I cry out softly. "I'm so happy to see you."

"Can't tell," she smirks. "You done playing hide and seek?" She spots the restraints, her already dark eyes getting darker and I'm thankful the blanket is pulled up to my shoulders to prevent her from seeing the extensive damage Ian has done to my back. She pokes her nails through the window screen and yanks it out, sliding through the open window into the room. When she reaches for the blanket, I shake my head.
"Maze, no, don't!"

Too late.

"They did this to you?"

"Ian and John did. Robert had nothing to do with it. They've got his girlfriend. Get him out and get her and then come back for me. Please? I'll be okay. Help him first!"

"Lucifer will kill me if I don't come back with you."

"They won't kill me. It'll be too easy and boring."

"Fine. Where's this Robert?"

"Somewhere in the house."

She sneaks through the room and out into the hallway, grabbing an unsuspecting Robert from the shabby couch and holds a hand over his mouth while dragging him back to my room. His eyes go wide when he sees the open window, and vigorously shakes his head when he realizes what's going to happen.

"You two are idiots," Maze snarls, and tosses him through the window before he can have a chance to object. "I will be back."

"They might have moved me by then so please be fast."

She jumps out next, replacing everything back to the way it was before. Hope begins to dawn, and I fall into a peaceful sleep, despite not being able to curl up comfortably.

~~~~~

Chloe jolted out of her sleep when she hears the pounding on her front door and grabs her gun while rubbing the sleep out of her eyes.

"Decker!" Maze shouts, hitting the door harder. She almost hits Chloe in the face when it's opened, but the detective ducks just in time. "I found her."

Chloe lets out a breath of relief before Robert steps into the doorway, his shoulders hunched and looking down at his feet.
"What is he doing here?!"

"I can explain," he interrupts. "Please."

Robert and Maze are ushered inside, and the detective gives him a look that says 'you've got thirty seconds'. He explains that Ian kidnapped his girlfriend to get to him so Ian could have a rat inside the police station to keep tabs on whatever was going on with me and the LAPD's plans to bring him in. Robert didn't mean John until the day her and (Y/n) were brought there.

"They whipped her pretty badly. Ian knew I was an army medic and had me stitch her back up before... before they did some other pretty awful stuff to her."

"Lucifer is going to kill them," Maze points out.

"I don't know what they're going to do to her once they realize I'm not there."

"We're going to get to her before they can do anything else." Chloe rushes back to her room to get her phone, and puts in a call to the station, relaying the address of the whereabouts of Robert's girlfriend. "Officers are en route to get her."

Robert collapses, relieved that everything was finally being taken care of. As soon as one of the patrol cars show up, Robert was out the door. It was four a.m. and the sun was beginning to rise which meant it was only going to be a matter of time before Ian and John rose as well. Chloe called Dan, and they and their team got ready to take down the deadly duo. The only person that was missing was Lucifer.

"He is going to be fucking furious if you don't call him," Maze growls, not wanting to be a part of the wrath that's going to follow if they leave him out.

"We have to," Chloe argues. "We want this to go down with as little to no casualties as possible and if Lucifer is a part of this, people will die. And then we'll have to send him to prison for killing someone."

Maze scoffs. "You're gonna send Satan to prison? Yeah, okay."

"Stay here with Trixie, please. And do not call your boss."

"Whatever."

Chloe leaves, joining Dan in a car and praying they get there in time before too much more is done.
"Where is he?!" Ian comes crashing through the door, searching for Robert. He grabs my face roughly, almost breaking my neck when he turns it to look at him. "Where the fuck did he go?!"

"I don't know! I've been in here all night! I can't even move!"

"He had to have gone out the window," John murmurs, walking over to inspect it. "There's no way she wouldn't have woken up from him sneaking out."

"I've been too tired to stay awake. I didn't hear anything."

Ian roars and stomps to the closet, pulling out the whip and lashing the shit out of me once again. I can't do anything but scream and jerk against the ropes binding me. The front door is kicked down, and above the sounds of my pain, the shouts of 'LAPD, come out with your hands up!' could be heard. I'm in such intense pain from the recent lashings that I'm dry heaving but it eventually turns into full-blown retching of whatever they fed me last night. The blanket is barely covering me, and Dan just about drops to his knees when he sees the bloody mess before him. I'm not even conscious at this point, and nothing Dan is doing can rouse me.

"We need a medic!"

He brushes the hair out of my face, refusing to look at the splintered mess of my back. Chloe appears in the doorway, her hands covering her mouth in shock.

"Oh, my God." She sprints forward and places two fingers against the pulse point on my neck, making sure I'm still alive. "It's faint. We're gonna lose her."

The ambulance pulls up just then, with the paramedics rushing up into the house.

"Go with her," Dan urges.

Chloe follows my unconscious form out as I'm carried away on the stretcher, and climbs in, holding my hand while the medics hook me up to everything. We're a few minutes away from the hospital when shit begins to go down.

"No. No, no, no. You gotta hold on, (Y/n)."

_The whole light at the end of the tunnel is complete bull shit. It's nothing but darkness. I wander around, searching for anything or anyone to end my loneliness._
"Hello?"

"It's not your time," a voice booms.

"I'm... I'm really dead?"

"Yes."

"But, I'm not supposed to be?"

"No."

"I can... I can go back to Lucifer?"

"For once, his defiance is for something good. Go back to him."

I suck in a deep breath of air, feeling the electricity shock my heart, and I look around wildly, trying to get a grip on my surroundings.

"Hey, hey, hey. You're okay. We're taking you to the hospital. You're gonna be all right."

"Where's Lucifer? Why isn't he here?"

"We were waiting to call him when you got settled."

"Call him now! Please! I need to see him."

Maze had already beaten Chloe to it and an enraged Devil was pacing by the emergency room doors when we arrived. The doors were barely opened when he was pushing himself inside, snarling whenever a medic tried getting in the way. He followed us in and had to be held back by Chloe as they pushed me down into the surgery hallway. The lacerations were so awful that more than stitches were going to need to be used, and I needed to be put under to do so.

~~~~~

When I woke, I was laying on my back with every kind of tube and ivy hooked up. Lucifer looked horrible but so handsome at the same time. His normally slicked back hair was a disaster, sticking up in different spots like his mythical horns were trying to come through. There was no fancy suit today either. Just a rumpled, long sleeve button up and black slacks. His lower half was in an
uncomfortable looking chair and his top half rested on the bed next to my waist. I ran my fingers through his hair, dragging them back up his scalp, and he finally stirs, blinking those long eyelashes as he realizes I'm awake.

"Hi, Luci."

He crushes me in his arms with a tight hug, putting pressure on my back but finally being in his grip makes me forget about the pain for a little while. Plus, the drugs help too.

"I thought I'd lost you."

"It wasn't my time."

Lucifer leans back, holding my face tenderly in his hands.

"I love you, (Y/n). I really, truly. Love. You."

"I love you too, Lucifer."

"Are you all right?"

"The doctors... they... they, um... they found something."

"What? What did they find?"

"We're... you're... I'm... We're having a baby, Lucifer."

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo, I really debated about putting in the last part but it felt right.

What do you think?
"How is that possible?"

"Might've been something your dad did. I don't know either. I didn't think I could have children. But, I guess when you're married to and sleeping with the Devil himself, everything is off the books."

"Right."

The tone of his voice took away the bit of hope that I had that maybe he'd want the baby too.

"If you don't want me anymore, I'll understand. But-" His mouth crashes down on mine, silencing any fears or doubts, and when he places his hand over my belly, splaying his fingers out there, I knew everything was going to be all right. "Lucifer, are you sure?"

"You're everything I never knew I wanted, love." He nudges me over on the bed, trying to fit his long length comfortably in the small space. "Get some sleep. I will be here when you wake."

He lays on his side and I mirror him, tucking my head underneath his chin to get as close as possible. His heart beats strongly in his chest, and the sound is so reassuring that I lie there listening to it for a few minutes.

"Shouldn't you be sleeping?"

"I'm trying but I feel like if I go to sleep that this will all be a dream."

Lucifer climbs out of the bed, and I panic but he quickly reassures me by sliding underneath the thin blankets.

"When you wake up, I'll still be here."

"Promise?" He slants his mouth over mine, a whisper of breath floating across my lips before they connect with his. "I missed you so much, Luci. I never thought I'd get out."

"I know, love. I may have to beg the Detective's forgiveness for being so harsh with her."

"I hope she kicks your ass for it."

He grins, rubbing his nose against mine.
"She just may."

The closeness of Lucifer's body against mine awakens the desire for his touch, and without saying a word, Lucifer immediately knows what I need. His slides his hand down the front of my hospital gown, grazing his fingers against my lower lips but as soon as he dips one digit in, my heart rate skyrockets. A nurse comes rushing in, soon figuring out what's going on when I only respond with a thumbs up when she asks if everything is okay. With a chuckle, she leaves us.

"Well, I guess we're going to have to wait for that aren't we?"

I groan, butting my head against his chest before getting an idea of my own. He understands when I slide my hand down his stomach, rubbing at the bulge straining against the smooth material of his pants, and gently squeezing the outline. A shudder racks his body, and he wraps his arms around me to pull me closer as I undo his belt, button, and zipper, carefully freeing him from his fabric confinement. Lucifer sighs with satisfaction as I enclose my fist around his cock, slowly pumping him. I lean forward, nipping and sucking little marks on his neck, throat and along his jawline, reacquainting myself with every spot on him.

"Ohhhh, how I've... mmm... missed you, my love."

"I missed you too. Every. Day."

He groans as I tighten my fist and pump harder, swirling my thumb around the leaking tip to spread the liquid there around. Lucifer's breathing becomes ragged as he bucks into my hand, holding onto me closer, soft little grunts whispering against my lips as he pressed his against mine.

"We... are going to... make a mess in this bed..." he pants, shuddering a little.

"Who cares?"

Lucifer's lip curls up in a grin, and he slams his mouth down on mine, thrusting harder and chasing his release. He lets out a muffled moan as he cums, spilling onto the blanket and covering my hand. His dark eyes are half-lidded and a lazy smile covers his face, feeling more relaxed than he has in almost two weeks.

"You know, for someone who swore he 'doesn't do love', you fell awfully fast."

"That's what the devil does, my dear. I fall." Lucifer scrunches up the thin, bottom layer blanket and spreads it between us to cover the wet spot before shuffling us around so he can zip his pants. "And you," he murmurs, placing a kiss on my forehead, "need to fall asleep so we can go home in the morning."
"Home."

"Yes, love, home."

"Finally."

It doesn't take long after that for me to fall asleep, curled up protectively in Lucifer's arms.

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In the morning, Chloe knocks on the door, tentatively opening it. There's a faint recognition in the back of my mind that someone is in the room with me and Lucifer, but I'm too happy and comfortable to completely wake up and face the day.

"Hey," she whispers, noticing Lucifer watching her as she comes in. "How is she?"

"Recovering."

"How bad..?"

"She will heal. It will take some time, but she will be okay."

Chloe's eyes filled with tears. "I'm so sorry, Lucifer. If I could've traded places with her, I would have. Trixie would've been safe with Dan-"

"She's pregnant."

Her mouth drops open. "What?"

"She's pregnant, Detective. With my child."

"Ho-how? I thought you said you were infertile?"

"Seems dear ol' dad has a few tricks up his sleeve."

"Does anyone else know?"
"Just us."

"What are you going to do?"

Lucifer narrows his eyes. "What do you mean 'what are you going to do'?"

"Your penthouse is not suitable for a baby, Lucifer."

"Why not?"

"It's above a club, for one. For two: it will be impossible to baby proof."

Another knock on the door signals the arrival of Dan and Ella. They come in; Dan peering cautiously at my back and Ella without her usual smile. Ella has colorful 'get well' balloons and Dan has a bouquet of daisies he picked up from the little shop downstairs in a crystal vase that he sets down on the movable hospital table. There's a fierce protectiveness in Lucifer's eyes that the trio was beginning to recognize as he stared back at them, with his arms wrapped securely around me.

I blink up at him, finally coming to my senses as I hear the combination of voices. He notices, and grins, rubbing a thumb across my cheek.

"Good morning, love. You have some visitors."

He helps me turn so I can sit up, and puts himself behind me with a pillow between us to have something soft against the stitches in my back.

"Hey, everyone."

Ella rushes forward first, gently bear hugging me as best as she could before backing up to let Dan in, who does an awkward one-armed bro hug thing because of the careful stare Lucifer was sending his way. Chloe hangs back, almost swaying with uncertainty before she looks up at me with those blue eyes full of tears. My vision goes blurry as I tear up too, and choke on a sob, holding my arms open for her.

"I'm so sorry," she cries, embracing me.

"It's not your fault." She pulls back, chewing on the inside of her cheek, and I held her hands tight, keeping her attention. "I'm here, okay? I'm here. Where's Ian and John?" Lucifer's chest rumbles with a low warning growl. I lay my hand on his knee, drawing soothing circles with my thumb to calm him down. "Chloe, it really isn't your fault. They set it up that way for you to be found first."

"I'm here, okay? I'm here. Where's Ian and John?" Lucifer's chest rumbles with a low warning growl. I lay my hand on his knee, drawing soothing circles with my thumb to calm him down. "Chloe, it really isn't your fault. They set it up that way for you to be found first."
"B-but, why?"

"Because it was a game to them. They wanted to hurt as many people as possible and they achieved it. Where is Ian?"

"He's here at the hospital. John was shot and killed but Ian survived."

Pain erupts through my chest, sending my anxiety and heart rate skyrocketing.

A hospital is nothing for Ian to break out of. Even with armed security guards and then he could find out the room I'm in and come for me all over again... And the baby... Lucifer's voice keeps me slightly anchored, but the terrorizing thought that Ian could probably waltz in at any time had me in a cloudy slight of mind. I could feel his arms around me, his whispered breath close to my ear and blowing across my cheek as he spoke in soothing tones. It was like I was underwater, and trying to break through the surface.

"C'mon, love, come back to me. I will protect you and the little one."

The baby... the baby...

I blink slowly a few times, hearing Lucifer's low murmuring first, then the beeping of the monitors and lastly, the quiet chattering of my friends. Looking down, I see Lucifer's hands splayed widely across my belly, so I link my fingers through his, grounding myself to the feel of his hands under mine.

"That's it, love. Welcome back."

"I want to go home."

The sound of me speaking brings the trio to attention, and they look up with Dan and Ella's eyes grew wide when the notice where mine and Lucifer's hands are connected.

"No way," Ella laughs.

Before they can say anything else, a nurse comes in.

"Are you feeling good enough for an ultrasound?"

"Yes."
"We can do it in here if you'd like or we can take you to another room."

"In here, please."

"Okay," she smiles, and patters away.

And then, two very surprised sets of eyes are pinpointed on me.

"Ultrasound? Baby? What!" Ella squeaks, rushing back over and hugging you.

"Congratulations," Dan adds, giving another hug as well. "When did you find out?"

"Last night. It's quite the surprise to both of us."

Dan's crystalline blue eyes look over my head to meet Lucifer's. "Is this your year for surprises or something?"

Lucifer gives him a haughty glare.

Despite the testosterone filling the room, Ella ignores it and pulls a chair up close to the bed.

"Names? Hope for gender? Baby shower?"

Other than the baby possibly being a God provided miracle, my mind is completely blank to any of Ella's questions.

"Uh, I have no idea."

Before I can be bombarded with any more questions, the nurse comes back in with a machine.

"If you could excuse us all for a moment." The trio mentions they'd all be waiting outside before leaving Lucifer and me with the nurse. "If you'll pull your gown up, we can get to seeing the little one." I do as she asks and gasps as the cold jelly hits my exposed skin. "Sorry, should've warned you." She moves the wand around until a heartbeat fills the room. There's a tiny white spot amongst all the black, and I hear Lucifer's sharp intake of breath. "And there it is, your baby. Would you like a picture?"

"Yes, please. I would love one."
She clicks away on the keyboard and a few seconds later, a picture is printed out and handed to us. My belly is wiped off and she gathers up the equipment, mentioning the ob should be in shortly.

Lucifer's hands join mine, holding them as he holds the picture too.

"For two people that can't have children, well, we're certainly having one."

"Yes, it seems that way."

Even though I hadn't been awake for very long, I yawned and stretched as carefully as I could. I'd almost forgotten about the stitches in my back but a slight twist had me wincing.

"I'm going to fall asleep before the doctor gets here."

"You need to eat before you go back to sleep, love. You and the baby need it." Lucifer pulls himself out from behind me and stretches once he's standing on the floor. He bends down and kisses the top of my head, rubbing his hand across my lower belly. "I'll be back, my dear."

Ohhh, but Lucifer wasn't just going for food. He was going to pay someone a visit and put the fear of the devil in him.

Lucifer made his way down the winding halls of the hospital, searching for the bastard that did me wrong. He had his wife and child to protect now, and even if he couldn't kill the prick himself, he could make Ian see what he's going to deal with before he gets to Hell. The security guard that was supposed be outside Ian's door wasn't there, much to the Devil's glee and it was easy enough to sneak him inside.

"Hello, Ian," Lucifer grins wickedly, flashing flaming red pupils at him.

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I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep without Lucifer close by no matter how much I tried. It didn't take much to get out of my room, even though it was awkward to move around with the iv pole. It could just be my paranoia about Ian being in the hospital, or I'm being impatient, but it shouldn't be taking Lucifer this long to get back. There's something crackling in the air and I don't honestly know where I'm going, but it feels like I'm getting close with how thick the air is becoming. I could hear Lucifer's voice mixed with Ian's, and as I got closer to the end of the hallway, I could see my husband standing at the edge of the bed, holding onto the footboard with his teeth bared and eyes lit up. Ian was like I'd never seen him; for once in his greasy, miserable life, the slimy and charming bastard was cowering. It sent a surge of pride through my chest because it was my husband that was showing him what true fear meant. Lucifer's face distorted a bit, but then it went away and two enormous white wings burst out from his back. Ian began screaming and trying to turn himself away from the sight, but I couldn't take my eyes off of Lucifer. With a wicked grin, and a shrug of his
shoulder's to make his wings disappear, Lucifer walks out but stops short when he sees me standing there with wide eyes.

"What are you doing out and about, love? You could've fallen and hurt yourself." I keep walking to him and throw my arms around his neck when I get close enough, pulling him down to kiss him. He responds with fervor, nipping my bottom lip and holding me tight against his body. "You saw them, didn't you sweetheart?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to see them again?"

"Please?"

"Come, my dear. Let's get you back to bed."

It's a slow walk, but we make it and almost immediately, Lucifer is gently laying me on my back, after closing the blinds, ravishing my skin anywhere he can reach. It doesn't take hardly any time for him to get my hospital gown off, and my body calls out to him as I laked underneath his lithe body. It's late, so hopefully, no one interrupts, and with Lucifer's help, I get his clothes off and tossed carelessly to the floor. I notice the scars on his back are gone as I run my hands down and cup his perfect ass. His throbbing cock rubs between my folds and against my clit until I'm jerking below him.

"Luci, please. I need you."

"As I need you, my dear."

With a shift of his hips, Lucifer slowly slides in, groaning at my walls tightening like a vice around him until he's bottomed out. We're both panting, both our bodies readjusting to the feeling of being connected again.

"Oh, how I've missed you, Luci."

"I know, darling. I know."

He pulls almost all the way out, and thrusts back in just as slowly as the first time, repeating the move over and over again. His hands cradle my face since he can't wrap them around my back and we stay like that, memorizing each other's bodies all over again. When he juts his hips sharply, rubbing the tip against that wonderful sweet spot, I shudder and moan, digging my nails into his back.
"Do it again, please."

So he does, harder and quicker until I'm moaning loud enough that he kisses me to muffle the sounds. I break apart from the kiss, looking straight into his eyes.

"Show them to me."

He moves his shoulders, and the giant wings come out again, twitching above him. They're so big that the tips reach the floor, and as I start falling off the edge, I bury my hands in them, making him cry out and tumble into his release with me. He braces himself on his elbows, shaking under the pressure of trying not to collapse on top of me but I guide him down anyway, stroking my fingers through his hair as he rests his head on my chest. His wings lay flat, covering most of his naked body and drooped down on either side of him. I giggle, and Lucifer shifts his head to look at me.

"What's so funny, darling?"

"Could you imagine if someone walked in just now?"

"As hilarious as it would be, it would not be good if humanity saw divinity in its purest form. Had an atheist steal my wings once, you could say he had a change of heart about religion."

I snorted. "No one else truly believes you're the Devil?"

"No! They think I'm lying." I run my hand over the top ridge of his wing, feeling it flutter and twitch under my touch. "No one has ever touched them before."

"I like it. I know it's all real but it's so surreal at the same time."

Lucifer 'hmms' and pulls out, reminding me of the delicious ache between my thighs, and scoots up beside me, tucking one wing behind him and lays the other across the top of me like a protective shield. The thin blanket is pulled up over our lower halves, and even though we were both naked in a hospital room bed, I couldn't have been happier.
Chapter 9

The ob/gyn, who surprised Lucifer by being a man, came in early the next morning and passed on some information while I slept and much to Lucifer's amusement, scurried off once the Devil gave him a certain look.

"You know he was just doing his job, right?"

"Yes, but his eyes were wandering, (Y/n). I couldn't have that while you were sleeping."

I roll my eyes and continue eating my fruit-filled breakfast. Lucifer was only in his pair of very wrinkled slacks, leaving his chest bare and pressed against the open spots in the back of my gown as I resumed his position from the day before, and sat behind me. It hadn't even been two weeks that Lucifer and I were separated, but I needed the man like I needed air. Which would probably sound super clingy if he wasn't the exact same way. Finishing my breakfast, I dropped the plastic bowl onto the hospital tray and curled up against him on my side, holding one of his large hands in mine.

"I can't wait to go home and be in our bed."

"Me too, love. Except my reasons for wanting to get you home and into bed are completely selfish and not the least bit innocent."

I turn my head to look up at him, grinning in a way that says 'I want that too', and Lucifer looks down, brushing those soft lips against mine.

"Did you ever think it was going to be this way?"

Soulful chocolate eyes filled with affection, and he smiles, brushing the back of his knuckles across my cheek.

"No, my dear, I did not. But, I am so very glad it has become like this."

There's a knock on the door, and the male doctor that was working comes in, grinning brightly.

"Are you ready to go home?"

"You have no idea."
"Everything checks out, and you and the baby seem to be doing fine. Stitches will need to come out in a few days so you'll need to make an appointment to have them removed. No strenuous activities that'll pop them out, but that's about it for what you shouldn't be doing. You'll need to schedule an ob appointment as well. Any questions?"

"Can I go home now?"

He laughs, and hands me some papers to sign, quickly leaving after. The need to stretch is overwhelming, but I still can't, so I settle for the thought of a warm shower at home. Lucifer hands me a bag, and I take it, curious of what's inside.

"Ella picked out a going home outfit for you. Your other clothes couldn't be salvaged.

"I need to send her a thank you card."

He helps me into the soft jeans and a baggy t-shirt, glowering at the stitches littered across my back when I can't see his face. Even my shoes are gone, replaced with a comfortable pair of sandals so I don't have to bend over and lace anything up. Lucifer holds his arm out to me, so I slip my hand into the crook of his elbow while I carry my balloons from Ella and the daisies from Dan in the other. The nurses wave goodbye, with a few of them admiring Lucifer as we walk by, and then we're outside in the warm sunlight, strolling to Lucifer's car. It feels like the smile is never going to leave my face, but knowing that I'm getting to go home with my Devil of a husband and begin a new chapter of our lives, well, I'm okay with that. Lucifer seems to feel the same way, because every time he looks at me, his grin gets bigger until we're both laughing giddily by the time we pull up to Lux. I don't get the chance to open my door before Lucifer does, picking me up from the seat and carrying me inside, despite my protests. He does frown a bit until I rub a finger between his brows and remove the wrinkle forming there.

"You've lost weight, darling."

"I didn't notice. I'll be gaining it back and then some because of the baby."

He notices my somewhat sad tone, turning his head sideways to figure out why. Being with Lucifer for this long has shown me he's not as shallow as a lot of women made him out to be, but that fear is still there in my heart.

"What's troubling you, darling?"

I focus on the walls of the elevator instead of meeting his stare.

"I won't be as thin as the other women once I start to show and then I'll have more stretch marks and... and what if you don't want me anymore because I won't be as beautiful?"
A solitary tear slides down my face and Lucifer brushes it away before reaching the stop button to halt the elevator. He sets me on my feet, kneels down and lifts the bottom of my shirt up, and presses a kiss to my lower belly.

"You mean this beautiful body that will soon show signs of the life of our child growing within it?" He nuzzles his nose and slight beard against the same spot, speaking lowly. "I cannot wait to see you swollen with my child. The marks that will show will only be evidence of our love, not something you should be ashamed of, my dear."

There's no stopping the tears now, and Lucifer wipes them all away, laying a gentle kiss on my lips. He gets the elevator going again, and when I expected to be greeted with a quiet penthouse, I'm instead surprised with shouts of 'welcome home' by all of our friends. I turn to Lucifer, shocked.

"Did you do all of this?"

"With some help from our lovely Ella."

Everyone is here: Dan, Chloe, Trixie, Ella, Linda, Maze, and Amenadiel, who hang back a little; Maze looks amused but Amenadiel looks wary and concerned. It's so much easier to hug everyone now that I'm not in a hospital bed. I hold onto Trixie the longest after she whispers how excited she is about the baby. We all gather around the couches, with Lucifer passing around drinks before settling down beside me with an arm around my shoulders and a hand holding one of mine.

"Are you two going to stay here?" Ella asks, glancing around the penthouse.

"We haven't really thought about it. Everything has happened so fast."

"How are you dealing with things?" Linda, ever the therapist.

"I'm dealing, honestly." I look over at Lucifer, calm settling over me as his eyes meet mine. "Now that I'm back home, I can move forward."

Small conversations continue until I yawn, and I try to wave it off so I can keep talking but everyone encourages me to go lie down. They say their goodbyes, and I promise to come have a real sleepover with Trixie and Chloe before they leave. Amenadiel sticks around, and I know that he and Lucifer are about to have a conversation that will ruffle one or both of their feathers. Dee refuses to meet my eyes, whereas Maze just rolls hers, throwing her legs up on top of the bar counter while lounging in one of the bar stools. I have a feeling she's going to be playing referee to the angel and the devil.

"Amenadiel doesn't look happy."
"Does he ever? Lie down, love. I'll be with you in a moment."

He doesn't close the door, reassuring me that I won't be locked in here by myself and he'll be able to hear me if I get a nightmare. His comforting scent is all around me, and it takes no time at all for me to fall asleep.

"Out with it, brother. I know you're dying to give one of your speeches."

"A child, Lucifer? What were you thinking?"

"What was I thinking? Really? I am supposed to be infertile and my wife is supposed to be incapable of having children as well but here we are."

"This isn't supposed to happen. Father made angels the way He did so we could not have children!"

"Dear ol' dad is the one who made this possible! How else could you explain it?!"

"It's true," Maze remarks. "If Lucifer could get women knocked up, there'd be hundreds of little Satan spawns running around."

"See?" Amenadiel looks on in disbelief. "Apparently a child is in his plan for me."

"Since when are you so eager to go along with what Father wants?"

"Since it makes my wife happy, brother. You have called me selfish for millennia and now that I am no longer being that way, you are going to call me out on it?" Lucifer scoffs. "I thought the best thing to happen to me was leaving Hell. But now, I see that it's finding something that I thought didn't exist for me." His statement surprised the angel. "If you don't have any further eloquent speeches for me, I wish to lie down with my wife, lest she have a nightmare and I am not there to reassure her."

Lucifer turns his heel and strolls away, leaving Amenadiel speechless.

"Told you he changed."

"All I ever wanted was for him to go back to Hell like Father wanted. Now? I just want to see him happy."

Maze scoffs. "You both have changed."
"Is wanting to see my brother happy so wrong?"

"You both have gone soft."

Amenadiel shakes his head, and sits down on the couch, staring at the sky.

"Do you think this is really my Father's plan? Giving Lucifer a child?"

"You're asking me about your Father?"

Amenadiel rolls his eyes.

I open my eyes, and to my horror, I'm back in the hellhole with Ian leering over me. But, this time, I'm on my back, my belly is twice it's size and Ian is holding a blade about two inches away from my skin.

"No. No, no, no."

"I always loved the game Operation."

Leather cuffs kept me spread eagle on the ratty mattress, making it impossible to move in any direction to get away from the edge of the blade. As the tip of the knife got closer to my skin, I held my breath while tears streamed down my face.

"Ian, please don't hurt the baby."

"Oh, I don't intend to hurt the child. Just you."

Ian lowered the blade, dragging it down from the top of my belly. I screamed, begging for him to stop but my cries fell on deaf ears.

Back in reality, they echo through the penthouse, alarming Lucifer, who had been dozing off, along with Amenadiel and Maze.

"(Y/n)!" Lucifer rolls from his back to his side behind me, moving my sweat-soaked hair away from my face. "Baby, wake up, please!"

I let out another blood-curdling scream, curling in on myself to protect my child.
Lucifer looks to his brother, fear etched across his face.

"What do I do?"

"I don't know."

Lucifer suddenly has an idea, and scoops me into his arms, dashing out to the living room. "Don't let her hurt herself." He then goes to the piano, beginning to play a song that had been on his mind since I had been taken away from him, begging that it would help free me from my nightmare. His talented fingers begin dancing along the keys, his hypnotic voice carrying out over the silence of the penthouse.

Guess it's true, I'm not good at a one-night stand
But I still need love 'cause I'm just a man
These nights never seem to go to plan
I don't want you to leave, will you hold my hand?

As Ian carved into my skin, something began to come through the nightmare and the longer it went on, I recognized it as Lucifer singing.

Oh, won't you stay with me?
'Cause you're all I need
This ain't love, it's clear to see
But, darling, stay with me

The pain started to fade, freeing me from my own personal hell.

Why am I so emotional?
No, it's not a good look, gain some self-control
And deep down I know this never works
But you can lay with me so it doesn't hurt

Ian's blade no longer cuts into me, merely bouncing off like it was made in rubber.

Oh, won't you stay with me?
'Cause you're all I need
This ain't love, it's clear to see
But, darling, stay with me

The room I'm trapped in slowly begins to fade and my breathing returns to normal.

Oh, won't you stay with me?
'Cause you're all I need
This ain't love, it's clear to see
But, darling, stay with me

My eyes open, and the first thing they land on is Dee kneeling in front of me, his frown turning into a bright smile as soon as he sees I'm awake. He places a kiss on my forehead, and shifts to let Lucifer into my view.

Oh, won't you stay with me? (Oh won't you stay, won't you stay)
'Cause you're all I need
This ain't love, it's clear to see (This ain't love, no, no)
But, darling, stay with me

His eyes were closed and his head was thrown back as he finished the last lyrics. I missed the sound of his voice, even if it was full of sadness, and hoped we could go back to performing together. Definitely not the best idea to go back to bartending but that doesn't mean I can't go back to singing while Lucifer plays the piano. My brain and heart were at war as I gazed at Lucifer sitting on the piano bench; my heart told me that I was at home and safe with my Devil of a husband, but my brain argued back that if I was going to keep having nightmares, I should let Lucifer go until I could pull myself together. The only medium I could come to was going and seeing Linda as soon as possible.

Lucifer notices that I'm awake when I sit up, quickly coming over and pulling me into his lap, uncaring that he almost stepped on his brother.

"You had me worried, darling."

"I'm sorry."

"There is nothing to be sorry for. Your wounds cannot be healed in a day, love."

My heart screamed stay but my mind begged go.

"Are you sure?"
"Yes, of course, I am."

"Ugh," Maze mock gags, "get a room."

Lucifer smirks, sending me a wink. "Gladly."

"Wait, wait," I laugh. "I haven't been able to talk to Amenadiel or Maze yet."

"They can come back later."

"Luci."

"Fine, fine."

Lucifer scoffs as I throw my arms around Dee's neck, holding onto the angel for a moment.

"I missed you."

He squeezes me a bit, before releasing me.

"I missed you too."

I clear my throat and take Lucifer's hands into mine while gathering the courage to ask Dee something that had been bothering me.

"How do you feel about this?"

Dee's eyes grow wide, and he too has to clear his throat, sending Maze a side glare as she tries to keep her chuckles to herself.

"I was... unsure about it since Father made us so that we can't procreate but I've come to accept maybe this is in His plan to help Lucifer grow up."

"Excuse me-!"

Dee smiles at his brother's outburst.
"However, I think this is developing into something good for the both of you."

"Yes, a little spawn of Satan is a good thing. Congratulations, you're carrying the antichrist." My heart plummets and it must have shown on my face because of her next words. "Did you really think that this was going to be a normal baby?"

"I hadn't thought about it, to be honest. But, it doesn't mean I'm going to love it any less." I look down, rubbing my lower abdomen, biting back tears. "He or she is a miracle."

Dee shoots Maze another dirty look before patting my leg and leaving. The demon follows, giving an unapologetic shrug. When the doors close with a ding, I let go of Lucifer's hands and head to the bathroom.

"Love, please don't shut me out," Lucifer says through the door. "I know this must seem scary but I promise you I will be there for you."

The gauze covering my back begins to itch so I strip my shirt off, attempting to reach around and pull it off, but grow too frustrated, bursting into tears. Lucifer slowly opens the door, rushing in when he sees me on the floor with my knees pulled up to my chest and head in my arms.

"Sweetheart," he croons, tilting my chin up to look at him. He wipes the tears away with his thumbs, giving me a small smile. "There's my beautiful girl. What's the problem?"

"My stitches itch and I can't reach the bandages."

He kneels behind me, tutting like a mother hen, carefully peeling the tape holding everything together off, and trying to keep his cool as he assesses the partially healed damage.

"He's lucky I didn't rip him limb from limb."

"Nope. You only sent him spiraling into madness. Fair enough."

Lucifer chuckles.

"How does a shower sound, my love?"

"Like Heaven."

Lucifer helps me strip my remaining clothes off, undresses and turns the shower on, holding a hand out to me. We step in, and I sigh at the feeling of the water splashing onto my skin. My Devil stands
behind me, his arms wrapped around my front and his head resting on my shoulder.

"Don't fret over Mazikeen's words, love. I doubt dear ol' dad will let our child have too much power."

"Are you sure you are ready for this?"

Lucifer's hesitation had me on edge.

"I didn't think I was ready for any of this."

"But?"

"I don't know, love."

And there was the God's honest truth. Lucifer could deal with being married, but a child? Nope. His Father knows that I love him with all my heart, but apparently this is something I'm going to have to do on my own. It killed me to think about having to leave him, but for a while, I suppose that's what I'll have to do. Now, the question is: where will I go?

Chapter End Notes

And we are back at Lux!

I'm sorry this one is a bit shorter, it has been a living Hell (no pun intended) to put out.

I, as I am sure most of you are, am HIGHLY disappointed with Fox for canceling Lucifer. There's a petition going around on Change.org to get it renewed, and there's always Twitter using #SaveLucifer and #PickupLucifer. Hopefully, we can change things and get him and the rest of our favorite people back!
Lucifer's affections were hard to ignore in the shower, especially when he'd murmur what he was going to do with me once my stitches come out. Oh, it was so hard to resist. He carried me from the shower to the bed, gently patting my back dry to not risk infection and apologizing each time I hissed in pain. I tried laying on my side with my back to him, but he wasn't having any of that and bunched me up into his arms, laying me on his chest.

"You've been awfully quiet, love."

"It's been a long day, Luci."

He tilts my chin up, raising his brows and give me a concerned look.

"Are you sure?"

_Don't cave, don't cave, don't cave._

"Yeah. I'm okay."

Lucifer strokes my cheek with the pad of his thumb with a sleepy smile on his face.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

_Is leaving still a good idea?_

I gazed up at him, watching those ridiculously long eyelashes slowly close over his chocolate brown pools as he fell asleep. I didn't move, listening to his heartbeat until his arms slid off and thumped lightly on the bed. For a minute longer, I laid there, debating about actually leaving or not before sliding out of bed and carefully walking around the room, packing a bag. I had no idea where I was going to go, but I know I had to go somewhere. Maybe Lucifer will forgive me. With a feather light kiss on Lucifer's forehead that lasts a moment longer than I intended, I'm gone and walking out of the bedroom to the elevator, praying that he will stay asleep.

_Why do I feel the need to run even after Lucifer said he'd be there for everything? Because he's not ready for any of this. Yeah, sure, the baby isn't here yet, but what is he going to do when he or she is_
LA is a big place, so it shouldn't be that hard to hide from the Devil, his demon, and his angelic brother. Right?

It was late, but I hoped that Chloe was still up as I called her.

"(Y/n)?"

My voice cracked. "I'm sorry for calling you so late. Can I come over?"

"Yeah, yeah, of course. Are you okay?"

I hail a cab, give the address to the driver and try to choke back tears.

"I'm... I'm fine."

"Is... Is Lucifer okay?"

"Yeah, he's okay. He's asleep."

"We'll talk more when you get here."

"Okay."

I knocked on Chloe's door, bursting into tears as soon as she opens it. She ushers me inside, sitting down with me on the couch and pulls me into a hug.

"So, what happened?"

"Lucifer isn't ready. Which sounds like a terrible excuse but then Maze said some things too and I got overwhelmed and tried ripping my stitches out."

"Wow."

"So, now I don't know what I'm going to do because I left and I have no money and nowhere to go. Plus, I'm slightly terrified that Lucifer is going to send Maze or Amenadiel after me. Moreso, Maze than Dee."
"Why didn't you talk to him?"

"What was I supposed to say? We didn't even think this was even possible. Chloe, I don't know what to do."

"Do you still want to be with him?"

"Of course!"

"Then, why aren't you?"

"Because it's easier this way."

"When it's real, it's never easy."

"Easy for you to say. You don't even believe he's the Devil. I've seen his wings. I've seen his red eyes. Hell, I'm sure you've seen evidence that he's not human and can't explain it but you still don't believe him. He's never once lied to you, you know?" Chloe's mouth opens and closes like a fish out of water before she closes it and just stares. "I want to be with him, but it's better this way."

"You think he's going to let you go? Just like that?"

"No. I know he won't. Which is why I need to leave and go somewhere he or Maze or Dee can't find me. Or won't think to look for me."

"No one is staying at the beach house right now."

"Wouldn't he think to look there?"

"He shouldn't."

"You know you're going to have to lie to him, right?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you'll be able to?"

"His parlor trick doesn't work on me. I'm the only one who can lie to him."
"What about Dan?"

Chloe grimaces.

"I don't know."

"What if you didn't tell him either? I know this is a lot to ask but I have to be away. I'll find a job and pay for everything myself while I'm there. Do you think your mom will care?"

"No. She's never there. Are you sure you don't want to try and talk things out one more time with Lucifer?"

"Yeah, I'm sure."

"Will you be okay by yourself?"

"Yeah. I'm going to get a burner phone so I can call you if anything goes wrong."

She nods, looking like she was arguing with herself about letting me leave, and then gets up to pull a key off a keyring to hand to me. I give her one last hug and walk out the door, hailing another cab. There was a lot running through my mind as we drove through the streets, but none more than the reoccurring thought of how Lucifer is going to react once he realizes I'm gone. I pay the driver with the last bit of money I have and exit the car, walking up the steps to my temporary home. It was silent except for the sound of crashing waves, and I welcomed it, securely closing the door behind me and seek out the bedroom I'd be staying in. Chloe's old room was the biggest, and after putting away what little I brought with me, I collapse onto the big bed, praying Lucifer would forgive me.

~~~~~

Lucifer stretches, expecting his hand to brush against my still sleeping body, but gets confused when there isn't one next to him.

"(Y/n)?"

He throws on his robe and walks around the penthouse, calling my name. My phone is still sitting on the bedside table where I left it last night and buzzes there while Lucifer tries calling me. He finds it, becoming concerned.

"Perhaps she went to the detective's."
Lucifer quickly gets dressed, going down to the garage and heads straight to Chloe's, hoping to get some answers.

Chloe hears his car pull up, and composes herself as he comes up the stairs, repeatedly knocking on her door until she answers.

"Good morning, Detective. Is my wife here?"

"No. Is she not at your place?"

"No."

"Huh. Well, why don't you come in and we'll try to figure this out."

Seeing Lucifer this concerned made Chloe doubt my plan for a second, but maybe Lucifer will say something to help her understand why I left.

"Have you tried calling her?"

"She left her phone there."

"Maybe she's out window shopping."

"The Mustang is still parked in its spot. Do you think she left me?"

Chloe's heart cracked a little at the sadness in his voice.

"Maybe she got scared of something. Did you or Maze or Amenadiel say something she might've gotten upset about?"

"I told her I don't know if I'm ready for a child and Maze was being Maze last night with her usual snarkiness. She might have said something upsetting. Where is she?"

"I don't know, Lucifer. Give her some time. Maybe she just needed some space. I'm sure she'll come home tonight."

"I do hope you're right, Detective."

Chloe pats him on the arm, feeling horrible about lying about my whereabouts but knows that he and
"Let's get to work," she suggests, knowing there would be a stack of cases to choose from today.

While Lucifer and Chloe solved cases, I went on a search for places close to the house for work. Mostly waitressing and cashiering, but nonetheless, it was money earned that would allow me to take care of myself and the baby. LA was a huge place, and it would only be by pure coincidence that Lucifer, Maze or Amenadiel would find me wherever I was hired. I trusted Chloe not to say anything and hoped she could keep her silence before I went back to him. I purchased a burner phone like I promised, sending Chloe a quick message to let her know I had done so.

How is he?

Worried. Maybe you should come back.

Not yet.

What are you going to do if he asks me to put out a missing persons report?

Damn. I hadn't thought about that. Will you let him know I'm okay and that I still love him?

Yes. Really consider coming home early.

I will.

I tossed the phone on the bed next to me, laying down and curling up while waiting for a call saying that I've got an interview for one of the several jobs I've applied for. I missed Lucifer. I missed his smell, his touch and the sound of his voice as he talked or sang. It was almost enough to make me pack my stuff back up and head home, but then my phone rang. I had an interview tomorrow for a waitressing job.

I have an interview tomorrow.

Where?

Restaurant on the wharf.
For what?

Waitress. Please keep Lucifer and everyone else away from here if I get it.

I'll try. No promises. It's one of Dan's favorite places to eat.

It was early evening, but I was exhausted and succumbed to sleep after setting an alarm for the morning.

~~~~~

Lucifer stayed up all night, slowly polishing off a bottle the longer he waited for me to come home. He grew angry at first, wanting to throttle Maze for saying what she had to me but then it turned to sadness when he realized he must've made it sound like he didn't have enough faith in himself to be able to take care of and support me and the child. By the time Maze came around, he was a disheveled mess. Empty bottles littered the floor surrounding the chair he lounged in, his clothes were wrinkled and his usually slicked back hair completely wild.

Maze scoffs.

"How the mighty King of Hell has fallen."

"I'm not in the mood tonight, Mazikeen. Thanks to myself and you, my wife is in the wind."

"She needed to hear the truth. Did the two of you really think the child she's bearing would be normal?"

Lucifer rose to his feet, eyes blazing.

"Was it really your call to say those things to her?!"

"Don't get your panties in a twist, Lucifer. The two of you are so co-dependent that she'll be back before the end of the week."

"For your sake, I hope so."

"Pull yourself together. You're immortal. Women will come and go just like they have before."

"I have no desire to be with anyone else."
"That's a first."

"If you're finished, you can go."

"Not a problem. The self-pity is stinking up the place."

Lucifer collapsed back into his chair, resuming his vigil until I come home.

~~~~~

The interview went flawlessly, and even though I didn't have any prior experience, I was hired almost immediately. They liked my personality but I had a feeling they were more than curious about my last name. I should've given them my maiden name, but it just felt wrong to do so. My first shift was in a couple hours, so I went home to get some rest before starting my new job but a nap would have to wait.

Dan rises to his feet when he sees me, shoving his hands in his pocket and giving me what I can only describe as a 'concerned dad' look.

"Hey, Dan. Chloe told you where I was, huh?" He doesn't say anything, so I sigh and continue. 
"Look, I know I'm probably going to get a whole 'is this the right thing to do speech' and then you're going to try and convince me to go back so, just save it please."

"I'm not going to give you a speech or try to convince you to go back."

"You're not?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I think this will help kick Lucifer in the ass."

I laugh and walk up the steps to meet him, opening my arms for a hug.

"I miss him."

"I know."
"Does he miss me?"

"He was even more obnoxious at work today than usual. I'm back to being Detective Douche again."

"I am so sorry." I let him go, and we walk into the house, sitting on opposite ends of the couch. "He's going to be pissed when he finds out you know where I've been this whole time."

"That's why I'm hoping you'll be back before that happens."

"I don't think I'm going to come back that quickly. Lucifer... he just isn't ready. And the penthouse? Ha. That's not even a good place to raise a kid and I don't think he will ever leave it, you know? I love him with everything I am, but some part of me is saying he will never give up the bachelor-esque style of living. Sure, it's easy to be married. But, when you add a child to it? Well, maybe I'm meant to do this part of my own."

"He's different than he used to be."

"Amenadiel says its because he's growing up." We laugh a little before becoming serious again. "He's the greatest man I've ever known and I'm not sure what I would be doing if it wasn't for his spontaneous proposal."

"Lucifer isn't the only man out there."

"I'm not divorcing him."

"So, you think things will work out?"

"I don't know. I just know for right now, maybe some space will help Lucifer realize what he wants while I prepare myself to have this baby. I just hate how much my heart hurts being away from him."

"Well, maybe he'll come to his senses sooner rather than later."

"Maybe."

"What time do you have to start work?"

"Six."
"Want some company until then?"

"Okay."

Dan and I talked for the remainder of the afternoon until it was time for me to get ready and then he walked me to work. Chloe wasn't kidding when she said this was his favorite place to eat. As soon as we walked through the door, shouts of hello and other greetings rang out.

"Good luck tonight."

"Thanks."

"Want someone to walk you home?"

"You don't have to do that, Dan. I'll be okay."

"Chloe and I will feel better if someone is with you."

"Fine, fine. You win."

My shift passed by rather quickly and Dan was there at eleven on the dot, waiting outside in his car until I was off. I was too tired to have much of a conversation and crashed as soon as my head hit my pillows.

~~~~~

A month flew by and soon I could go through a whole shift without feeling completely exhausted by the end. The stitches finally came out, and eventually, I had full use of all the muscles without feeling strained. My first two days off in a row I mostly slept, ate a little and stayed in bed. With my first paycheck, I started picking up little gender neutral items until I find out the gender of mine and Lucifer's child. The first appointment went well, and I discovered I was about twelve weeks along, which meant in about a month and a half, I'd be able to find out what we were having.

Chloe or Dan picked me up every evening after work and usually stayed for a few minutes after to talk. Every time, I asked how Lucifer was doing and would get the same answers of 'he misses you' or 'he was a bigger asshole than usual today' and every night, I was asked to come home.

The first time the baby kicked, I was by myself and forgot how excited I became, calling out for Lucifer to come and feel it. But, then I remembered I was alone and burst into tears after calling Chloe to tell her the exciting news. Her and Trixie stayed with me that night, doing different things to get the baby to move.
"What are you going to do tomorrow?" Chloe asks, enjoying a root beer float with me.

"I don't know. Sleep? Feels like I'm never getting enough now."

"You'll be feeling that way for the rest of your life. To the mom life," she toasts, raising her glass to clink against mine. "But seriously, what are you going to do?"

"I thought about going to Lux. It'll be busy with it being a Saturday night and will give me a chance to see Lucifer without being noticed."

"And what if he does?"

"I don't know."

"Want me to go with you?"

"No. It'll be obvious then."

"Dan has Trixie tonight. I can stay if you want."

"That would be great. It'll be nice to talk to someone who isn't trying to cop a feel, return their food or get my phone number." I twirl my wedding ring around my finger, thinking of Lucifer. "I thought it would hurt less to be away from him the longer I'm gone, but all it does it make me miss him more. He's not... he's not cheating on me, is he?"

"He won't even let other women near him. Once he's done his thing on a case, he walks away." That made me feel a little better. "Do you want me to call him?"

I look up at her, giving her a small smile and vigorously nodding my head. "I need to hear his voice."

Chloe dials Lucifer's number, putting him on speaker phone.

"Detective?" I cover my mouth, tears filling my eyes as I hear the tiredness in his tone. "Is everything all right?"

"Everything is fine, Lucifer. I was calling to check on you."
"Calling to check on me? Why would you need to do that?"

"Because I know how much you miss her and I wanted to know if you were okay. Also, I saw how concerned you became on the case today."

I raise my brow and Chloe holds up a finger, waiting for Lucifer's response.

"Concerned? The bad guy needed punishing. It's what I do, Detective."

"You know that's not what I mean. I saw how you were with the pregnant woman after we got her free from the murderer."

*Lucifer's silence hung heavy.*

"Yes, well, it was what anyone would have done."

"Is it?"

"I don't know what you're getting at, Detective. Yes, it is."

"Lucifer, you're my friend and don't have to lie to me."

*Glass shatters in the background. "What do you want me to say, Chloe?! That I miss my wife and our unborn child? That every day they're not here, it feels like the hole in my chest grows bigger?"

The choked sob I was holding back is a little too loud when it escapes, and I know that Lucifer heard me.

"You're with her, aren't you?"

"No-"

"I can tell when someone is lying, even if it is over the phone. Darling, if you can hear me, please come home. Ignore Mazikeen's words. Everything will be all right. Please, love, I miss you."

I get up as quietly as I can, and rush to the bathroom, throwing up the contents of my stomach. Chloe must've hung up with him because she's holding my hair back soon after.
"I'm sorry. I didn't even think of the effect it would have on you."

I cry into my folded arms, feeling my heart crack as Lucifer's words replay in my head over and over again. She helps me up, walking with me to the bedroom so I can curl myself underneath the covers. I fall into a fitful sleep, hearing Lucifer's voice as he begs me to come home and I call out to him in my sleep.

My horrid sleep leaves me grumpy in the morning, and I almost back out of going to Lux but Chloe convinces me that I need to. She helps me pick out simple jeans and shirt outfit that'll help me blend in with the crowd, promising that there's no way Lucifer would be able to pick me out from any other woman there tonight.

"I'm not sure if that's supposed to make me feel better or not."

"It'll let you see him without him seeing you. If that's what you still want by the time you get there."

"We'll see."

It's quiet on the way to Lux unless you count the relentless pounding of my heart. There was a line wrapped around the corner, meaning it was going to take forever to get in. Luckily, I know another entrance and can get away with using it. Chloe and I sneak around, and slip into the club, unnoticed by everyone else. The throbbing pulse of the bass vibrated my feet, and it was like all my worries washed away for a moment as I took in the familiar surroundings.

"Home."

Maze was nowhere to be seen, but that doesn't mean that she couldn't be lurking around amongst the other clubgoers. The only person I had eyes for was lounging in his usual spot on the leather couch, looking like a barely held together disaster. His eyes swept across the club, landing on everyone and I knew from the way he was searching that he was looking for me. The familiar pull that connected Lucifer and I was tugging at my heart, and it was taking everything I had not to run over there, straddle his lap and beg for forgiveness. Women would occasionally wander up to him, but he would wave them off, much to my amusement. Those familiar coffee-colored eyes wandered around once more and connected with mine.

"Oh, shit," I murmur, grabbing Chloe's arm. "We gotta go."

"Did he see you?"

Lucifer's tall frame can be seen moving through the crowd.

"Yes."
I hated running away when my heart screamed to go to him. Chloe and I make it out the door and to her car, peeking into the rearview mirror to see if he came outside.

"What's got your panties in a twist?" Maze snarks.

"She was here. (Y/n). I saw her."

"Why would she come back? She's been gone a month."

"I don't know. But, I saw her belly. My... my child is growing and I am not around to see it. Why won't she come home?"

"She's carrying the spawn of Satan. That'd make any woman run away."

"I don't think that's why Mazikeen. But, I'm sure your influence isn't helping any."

"Was she with Chloe?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because that means that Dan also knows where she is and we both know he can't keep a secret. Want me to beat it out of him?"

"No. I'll take care of it."

~~~~~

I dreamed of Lucifer that night, but instead of welcoming me home, he shut the door in my face with blazing red eyes. My pillow was wet with tears the next morning.

~~~~~

Lucifer was sitting and spinning in Dan's chair, only stopping when he sees the owner of said chair walking towards him, looking quite irritated.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Entertaining myself while waiting for you to arrive."
"Why?"

Lucifer lifts himself out of the chair, towering over Dan.

"Because you know where someone I love is."

Dan's face pales considerably.

"I... what?"

"You know where (Y/n) is, don't you?"

"No."

"Chloe tells you everything so that means you must know."

"No. I don't."

"Really?"

Chloe walks up then, saving Dan from being completely grilled by Lucifer.

"Hey. What's going on?"

"Oh, nothing. Looking for something that Dan here knows where is but refuses to help me find it. Or her, I should say. I know you're not going to give her up either, Detective, so I won't bother."

"She'll come home when she's ready," Chloe says softly.

Lucifer lets out a deep sigh. "Is she all right? Not having any problems with the baby?"

"No. She's fine, Lucifer."

"Well, I suppose that'll have to be enough for now."

"I, uh, I'm going to go do something somewhere else," Dan stutters, quickly walking away from Lucifer's unamused stare.
"I saw you and my wife at Lux, Chloe. Is it not enough that you refuse to tell me where she is that you must bring her home and then take her away before I can beg for her to stay?"

"I'm sorry, Lucifer. This is what she wants."

"I want my wife and child to come home."

"I'll tell her that."

"I'd rather tell her myself."

"I know."

~~~~~~

My temporary home was beginning to be filled with things for the baby, starting from the spare room and spilling out into the living room and my bedroom. Trixie keeps saying it's going to be a girl, but Chloe and Dan think it's going to be a boy. Yes, the gender is a big deal, but what about the part about the baby being part devil/angel? Will it be born with wings? Horns? Lucifer doesn't have horns, but he does have his devil face. Will the baby be born with that? The ultrasounds haven't shown anything abnormal so far, so maybe whatever will be different will show up after I've given birth.

Work was getting to be slightly difficult with the bigger my belly became, so my manager was kind enough to move me to hostess instead of waitress. I got compliments constantly about how 'beautiful' and 'glowy' I looked and received many laughs after when I mentioned that it was probably from the sweat. What I wasn't expecting, however, was an unexpected visitor at my job. I gave the familiar greeting, not looking up until I'd gathered all the menus and stopped midway through my sentence.

"Linda."

"Hi, (Y/n). It's been a while. How are you?"

"Busy."

"I can see that. Do you have a moment to sit and talk with me?"

"Uh, sure. Right over here. Jaymie, I'm going on break."

The other hostess nods, and Linda and walk to the next free table.
"You look amazing. Pregnancy becomes you."

"Thanks. It's definitely been interesting."

I rub a hand across my belly, feeling the little one's kicks following my hand.

"How are you really feeling?"

"Terrified. Alone. Sad."

"Why?"

"You know the truth about Lucifer. How could I not be terrified? I know it's my fault I'm alone, and that I feel sad because of it."

"Why haven't you come to me?"

"You know how Lucifer is. If he had any idea that I was coming to you, he'd be there. I know I'm not giving him a chance to be ready for any of this and I don't know how to fix it."

"Let him come to you."

"How?"

"He will find a way. Now, when do you find out what you're having?"

"Friday."

"Are you excited?"

"Yes!"

"What are you hoping for?"

"I don't know. It would be funny to have a girl just to give Lucifer a run for his money. Okay, I'm really hoping for a girl because I'm not sure if I could handle another Lucifer running around."
Linda and I both laugh, making me feel better than I have in weeks.

"I'm assuming I'll see you again next week?"

"Most likely."

We hug as my break ends, and I wave goodbye as I go back to work. I missed Lucifer more than ever and hoped he felt the same.

~~~~~~

The rest of the week came and went, and suddenly it was Friday, with the butterflies and baby doing somersaults in my belly. Today is the day I find out what Lucifer and I are having.

Chloe knocks on the bedroom door, opening it once I give the okay.

"Are you ready?"

"More than ready. I can't wait to find out what I'm having."

"Are you sure you don't want Lucifer to come?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

I'm bouncing with excitement as Chloe drives us to my appointment, listening to her tell me all things that Lucifer, Maze, Trixie, and Dan have been up to. I feel bad for Dan once I hear that Lucifer tried cornering him, and decided I'd have to make it up to him later by sneaking him an extra piece of pie.

The waiting room is packed and the time crawls by as I wait to be called back.

"(Y/n) (Y/l/n)?"

I jump (ish) to my feet, trotting happily after the nurse. I'm itching to get through all of the pre-ultrasound stuff over with, and the nurse can tell, laughing as I shuffle back and forth. Finally, we're taken to the ultrasound room. The door opens to the dimly lit room, and a familiar figure sits in one of the chairs next to the examination table.
"Hello, love. Are you ready to find out what we're having?"

Chapter End Notes

How’s everyone feeling about this so far? Next chapter will go farther into the reunion and will have some smut. :D what do you think the baby's gender will be?

I still can't believe Lucifer got canceled. Every chance I get, I'm posting #savelucifer on Twitter. Even members of the Supernatural cast are banding together to try and save our beloved Luci and our other favorites. Let's hope something can be done!
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I could have cried. In fact, I did.

"Lucifer!"

He unfolds his long frame from the chair, closing the distance quickly with large steps, and wraps his arms around me.

"Oh, how I've missed you, darling. Why did it take you so long?"

"I was scared."

"There's no need for that now, love. Everything will be all right."

He takes my hand, walking with me to the table and helping me up, all while giving me the most loving and adoring looks possible. I didn't let go of his hand and barely looked away from him, fearing that if I did, he would disappear.

"All right," the technician chirped happily, "are you ready to see what you're having?"

"Yes."

Lucifer squeezes my hand and winks suggestively when I lift my shirt up, then his soft brown eyes grow wide when he sees my belly for the first time. He holds his hand over the bump, wiggling his fingers like he was scared to even touch me. As if our son or daughter could sense he was there, a little foot makes itself known close to where his hand hovers.

"Oh," he gasps, resting it right over the same spot, just in time to feel the little one kick. "Hello, baby."

The tech squirts the freezing cold gel onto my stomach and moves it around with the wand until a picture appears, with our baby soon after. There's no visible wings or anything that would suggest our child isn't human, and I let out an inward sigh. She moves the wand, taking measurements while getting a few good shots of the little one's face, hands, and feet.

"All right, little one, let's see what you are."
The baby shifts, almost like it was trying to run away from the camera, but put itself in the right position to reveal it's gender.

"Congratulations, you're having a boy."

I start to laugh, and then the tears started rolling down my face.

"I'll give you guys a minute," the tech murmurs, quickly wiping the gel off my stomach before leaving.

I slide off the table, putting myself in Lucifer's lap and wrap my arms around his neck.

"Of course your Father would give me two of you."

Lucifer lets out a choked laugh, tightening his arms around me.

"Congratulations, you two."

I'd completely forgotten about Chloe. She hugged me with tears in her eyes and hugged Lucifer too. The tech came back in and printed off the pictures of mine and Lucifer's son. We scheduled the next appointment once we were taken to another room, and as we walked out, it felt like I was floating on air. Lucifer's grip tightened on my hand the closer we got to Chloe's car, and I could feel the tension radiating from him with every step. I can see warring emotions on his face, and the way his smile doesn't reach his eyes.

"I guess this is goodbye for now?"

He looked so devastated at the thought, but my heart couldn't stand to be apart from him any longer.

"Can I come home?"

Lucifer's face broke into a wide grin, and he carefully picked me up off my feet, crushing me against him.

"I thought you'd never ask. Detective, we will be by later to pick up (Y/n)'s things. Now, if you'll excuse us, we're going to make up for lost time."

He set me down, opened my door, and hastily drove us away. My nerves thrummed with excitement and a surge of desire, knowing that in just a few minutes, I would be getting ravished like no other from a very neglected fallen angel. And I was going to enjoy every single minute of it. His hand
squeezed mine repeatedly, and his smile grew wider every time he looked at me. I couldn't keep still in my seat; I squirmed under each sinful look sent my way until I was pretty sure that my seat was damp underneath me.

"Problems, love?"

"If we weren't in the middle of the street, I would be attempting to straddle you."

"Promises, promises," he purrs, raising my hand to kiss the back of it.

"Just take me home, Luci."

"As you wish."

Lucifer broke speed limits, but being a part of the LAPD has its perks as we didn't get pulled over no matter how many officers we passed. He barely had the car parked before he was out, opening my door and scooping me up into his arms.

"Hold on."

I wrap my arms around his neck, eyes growing wide when his glorious wings come out and I realize why he said what he did. In a blink, we were no longer in the parking garage but in our bedroom, staring out over the city.

"No matter how many times I've seen it, it still takes my breath away."

"I've heard that once or twice before."

His low town has the sparks rekindling, but before I can come back with a witty remark, his soft lips are claiming mine, shutting down any other thought I may have had. I reach up and bury my hands in his hair, molding my mouth to his as we hungrily reclaim each other. He kneels, lowering us down to the bed and carefully hovers his body over mine without us once losing connection. He's, of course, got too many layers on when all I want is to feel his bare skin underneath my fingertips. Our hands combine to strip him of his clothing until he's left shirtless and in his slacks. His skin is hot to the touch, and he hums in delight as I run my hands down his chest, scraping my nails through the smattering of ebony curls.

"Oh, love. How I've missed your touch."

"I'm sorry, Luci. I thought by staying away that I was doing the right thing."
"Sshh, now, sweetheart."

I start to protest and confess about how very wrong I was, but Lucifer silences me with his mouth on mine. It was strange to run my hands down his back and not feel scars there anymore and I could only wish my skin was just as flawless as his now. His hands tease the bottom of my shirt, and I'm quickly reminded of the first night we were together with how I panicked about him seeing my scars then. I feel the same way now, and have double the marks as what I did before.

"Despite my seemingly shallow appearance, I am not with you for your beauty, (Y/n). Please don't hide from me."

I let him pull my shirt up, kissing every inch of skin he exposes especially over my ever-growing bump. He chuckles with delight when he sees just how much my breasts have grown, quickly undoing my bra and tossing it aside.

"Ohhh," he purrs, rubbing the pads of his thumbs over my nipples. "My, my."

I moan when he wraps his lips around the right nipple, sucking and teasing it into a hard peak while teasing the other with his thumb and forefinger. They were so sensitive, and Lucifer's touch plus his wonderful stubble had me so wired that I could've spontaneously combusted from the pleasure alone.

"Luci, please. I need you inside me."

"So demanding."

The strain in his voice told me that he's feeling the same way I am and it wouldn't be long before I got what we both wanted. He helped me sit up and stand, both of us taking a minute to stare at each other before we attack each other with lips and hands, frantically trying to get our pants off. My scars were momentarily forgotten as I gleefully watched Lucifer's cock spring up from his silky boxers and bounce against his stomach. Heat pooled between my legs at the sight of his leaking tip and the urge to lick it was overwhelming so I kneeled before him and licked a strip from the base to the tip. His whole body shuddered and it was obvious that it was taking everything he had not to shove his cock down my throat.

"Oh, how I've missed the feeling of your hot mouth around my cock, dear wife."

I stroke what I can't fit in my mouth, bobbing my head and rubbed my tongue on the underside of his throbbing shaft. Despite his persistent pats on my shoulder, I keep going until his spills himself down my throat with a throaty groan. His cock is still hard as he pulls out of my mouth, lifting me off my feet by under my arms and places me on my back on the edge of the bed. I feel his breath fanning over me before his mouth latches onto my clit, with his tongue only flicking out once to send me into my undoing. His powerful arms hold my thighs down, not letting me loose until I'm whimpering and begging to be released from the onslaught of his wicked tongue. Red irises dance with mirth as he stands up, only giving me a moment of preparation before he's sliding home and buried to the hilt in
"I have an incredible memory but I don't remember you being this tight."

"You talk too much," I laugh, making me clench around him.

He growls, pulls back and slams in, shutting me up with a giant smile on my face. My fists are wrapped in the sheets above my head as Lucifer fucks me, satisfying both our desire and healing the pain from our separation. I spared a half-lidded glance at my devil of a husband, and let out a breathy moan when I take in his ragged appearance. His ebony locks are a mess, sticking up in little tufts here and there, his head thrown back and his brows pushed together in lustful concentration with his mouth slightly dropped open. It was such a wonderful and arousing sight that when my eyes met his, I blushed and giggled because of being caught.

"See something... you like?"

He dropped a hand from my thigh to my clit, rapidly rubbing his thumb up and down on it until I'm quivering in his hold.

"Let go, my love. I want to hear those sounds I have missed so much."

At his bidding, I let out a sinful wail as I cum on his cock, drenching our thighs from my release. I'm a shuddering, jellied, and boneless mess but my dear Lucifer was not done with me yet.

"If you think I am going to let you go that easily, love, you are sorely mistaken."

Lucifer leans down and kisses the top of my bump while scooting my body back farther onto the bed, still inside me. He gently rolls me to the side once I'm up to the pillows, straddles my lower thigh and lifts the other one up, holding it to his chest. The new position makes his cock feel bigger and deeper, hitting that sweet spot with no effort at all. I have to resist biting down on the pillow to stifle the noises I'm going to have no control of letting out. I pity any of the employees that are working downstairs getting ready for tonight. His wicked grin said that he was thinking the exact same thing but without the pity. Once he began moving, I knew there was no stopping him, (not that I'd want him to anyway), until he was completely finished. Long, deliberate strokes of his cock against my inner walls had my toes curling, and pornographic sounds escaped my throat.

"Lucifer!"

"Yes, call my name!"

And I did, several more times in that position and then again when he had me on my hands and knees. When he came, he shouted my name for all of Heaven, Hell and Earth to hear and collapsed
next to me, panting but with a shit eating grin on his face. I lay crooked beside him, with my bump between us. As our hearts calmed down, our son's foot pressed against my belly, showing off to his daddy.

"Hello, little one."

His little foot followed Lucifer's hand, and I fell asleep to his fingers being dragged all over my skin.

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"Wake up, my wife. We need to retrieve your stuff and bring it back home."

I open one eye, squinting at him as he stands at the side of the bed.

"I'm not sure I can move at this point. I don't think I even want to move."

"Was it my bed or me that you missed more?"

I open both eyes and sit up to fully face him.

"I missed you, Luci. Every day and every night." He leans down on his hands and I peck him on the lips. "Never once did I not miss you."

"I missed you too. Now, come on, up you go."

I groan, and slide myself off the bed, my bare feet padding along the cold floor on my walk to the bathroom. I hear Lucifer suck in a sharp breath as he truly sees my scars for the first time. Tears well up and my chest constricts while I think of how awful I must look to him, and quickly dart to the bathroom before letting the tears fall. It breaks Lucifer's heart hearing my cries and he surprises me by joining me in the shower. He moves my hair away, gritting his teeth at the pale lines crisscrossed over my skin and does the one thing I didn't expect him to do: he kisses them.

"There's nothing we can do to cover them up right now, however, once our son is here, there are options." His lips ghost over them as he speaks, causing little sparks everywhere they touch. "I am not ashamed of your scars, love and neither should you. It shows you survived."

"What are those options you were talking about?"

"What else do people come for in LA besides sex, drugs, and fame?"
"Tattoos?"

"Exactly."

"Hmmm." An image popped into my head, and I wondered what Lucifer would think. "What about wings?"

"Wings?"

"Yes. Like yours."

Without even needing to look at him, I know he's smiling. He brushes his palms down my sensitive nipples, sparking the lustful beast inside me awake. He hears my sigh, rubbing his palms over them again, and then squeezes my breasts while kissing my neck. I reach behind me, and take his cock into my hand, stroking the throbbing member. The touching and teasing become too much for my already spiked hormones, so I lift my leg onto the small lip and slide Lucifer's cock between my legs, rutting against it.

"My, my. It is true about pregnant women. You're even more insatiable than before."

He shifts his hips, slipping his cock inside me and gently pushes me forward by the middle of my back. I brace myself with my hands on the wall in front of me, spreading my feet a little to give Lucifer better access and push my ass against him when he takes too long to start.

"Impatient, are we?"

That first thrust after he pulls back is always the sweetest when there's nothing more that you want besides to be fucked senseless, and the following thrusts just get better. I could tell he was holding back because previous times in the shower were much rougher than this. The railings on either side of the shower gave me an idea, so I leaned back and placed both feet on the small lips framing the shower floor and held onto the railing with both hands, resting my head on Lucifer's shoulder. His eyes blazed with desire, love and tender affection as they met mine, and a bit of wonder filled them as they traveled down my body. He framed my belly with both hands for a moment before trailing one of them below it down to my clit, and the other up to a breast, playing with and tweaking a nipple. With a low growl, he begins fucking me again, this time a little harder with the new leverage and captures my mouth with his. In no time, I was coming apart for him, my moans muffled as Lucifer kissed me. He came soon after with a small groan, hugging my body to his. We lazily washed each other down, with loving strokes and stolen kisses whenever we could get them. By the time we got out, the sun was setting.

"Are you two done fucking like rabbits?" Maze calls out, sounding slightly impatient.

I laugh, sending Lucifer out first while I changed into one of his shirts and a pair of my favorite
"Not quite," I hear him reply. "We're merely on a break."

"Gross."

"Missed you too, Maze."

Her sleek brows raise when she takes notice of my bump.

"I don't think any of your dresses are going to fit."

"No. But, his shirts will."

Lucifer lets out a sound similar to a purr, filled with male pride.

"You two are sickening."

"At least they're back together," Amenadiel says, stepping out of the elevator. He smiles and opens his arms when I speed walk to him. "It's good to see you home, (Y/n)."

"I'm glad to be home."

Since coming back, I can't stand to be apart from Lucifer more than a few minutes so when I get within arms reach again, he sits me on his lap in his favorite chair.

"So, prince or princess?"

Ah, yes, I forgot about the technical title our child would have.

"Prince," Lucifer brags, looking smug.

Dee meets my gaze, and looks like he's sharing the same thought: there's going to be two of them we have to deal with? I laugh, and shrug, turning my head to press a kiss to Lucifer's.

"How long have you been home?"

"Only a few hours. Lucifer surprised me this morning at my ultrasound appointment and we haven't
been separated since."

"You must be slacking on equipment for your spawn-"

"Child!" Lucifer corrects.

Maze rolls her eyes. "- child, because I don't see anything here for him."

"That's because we never made it back to Chloe's old house to pick any of it up. I do have quite a bit."

"You were buying things for her while she was playing single?"

I narrow my eyes, hating that she thinks I was using him when we were apart. "I was working so it was me buying what I needed for our son. Lucifer didn't even know where I was. If he did, I would've been brought home sooner. The only people that knew where I was, were Dan, Chloe, and Linda."

"They're not the only ones," Dee says softly. "I knew where you were."

"How?"

"Father."

"Really? Dear ol' dad told you where she was but he can't tell me why he's allowed this?"

"I'm sorry, Luci. I don't have those answers for you."

"Why would you, brother? Dad only seems to answer you."

"It's not his fault, Lucifer. At least, I was being watched out for. You can't be mad at him for that."

"I know."

"I'm going to call Chloe and let her know we won't be making it out tonight."

He pinches my butt as I lift myself out of his lap, leaving him with his angel brother and demon. I grab my phone and dial Chloe's phone number while searching for a comfortable place to sit, missing my rocking chair.
"Hey! What happened to you guys?"

"Ha. Do you really want to know?"

"Oh. No. You can keep those details to yourself."

"I'm sorry we didn't make it back. We got carried away and lost track of time."

"You've been apart for a while. Doesn't surprise me."

"I still have the key so if you're all right with it, we'll go out and get my stuff tomorrow. I'll put it back under the mat so you can have it back."

"Yeah. Okay. That sounds good. When are you having your baby shower?"

"Oh. Um. I have no idea. Hadn't really thought about it. I don't even know anyone here."

"Maybe I can get some people here at the precinct to throw in or something."

"You can do that?"

"Sure. We do all kinds of fundraisers, so why not?"

"That would be amazing." I yawn, trying to cover the sound but fail to do so. "Ugh. Sorry."

"Don't be. There's a life growing inside you. Not just any life either. Lucifer's child. That's tiring in itself. You're going to be sleepy. And emotional. And horny. Very horny."

"I'm discovering that."

"Get some rest. I'm sure Lucifer is going to try and keep you up all night."

Shouting erupts from the living room.

"Speak of the Devil. I gotta go before someone kills someone."

"Bye."
I hang up and go to investigate.

Maze is in Dee's face, Dee is standing there with his arms folded and Lucifer is laughing, lounging in his chair.

"What's going on?"

"They're fighting over who gets to be our son's guardian."

"I was going to ask Chloe to be his godmother. She's the only one with any kind of experience with children."

"Chloe?" Maze snarls. "Really? You're going to put a human in charge of the son of Satan if anything happens to the two of you? I'm a demon. I'm going to be able to protect him from anything or anyone."

"You? Really? You have no idea what it's like to take care of anything. There's a reason why we're called guardian angels. Not guardian demons."

My son kicked at the sound of Lucifer bursting into laughter, and I gasp, rubbing the spot where his little foot just appeared. They all swing their heads in my direction, with Lucifer flying to his feet, cradling my stomach in his hands.

"Are you all right?"

"He heard you laugh and let me know he was listening."

Maze and Dee looked on curiously and their eyes widen when Lucifer drops to his knees, lifts my shirt up and kisses my bare skin.

"Does he have a name yet?"

"No. We haven't had a chance to talk about it."

"Are you going to name him after one of your heavenly siblings?" Maze says, in a mocking tone.

Amenadiel rolls his eyes at her, most likely not for the last time tonight.

"No, Mazikeen, I am not." His son kicks again, right where his hand is. "Hello, my son. Making
your presence known, aren't we?"

I share a fond look with Dee over Lucifer's head, seeing the brimming curiosity in his eyes.

"Lucifer."

"Yes?"

"Move over a sec."

"Why?" he pouts.

"Because Dee wants a turn."

"So?"

"Luci..."

"Fine, fine."

He begrudgingly moves away, but not too far, reminding Amenadiel that he is allowing him to touch me because he wants to.

Damn male pride.

Dee kneels down like Lucifer did before him, holding a hand centimeters away from my belly.

"He can hear you."

"I don't know what to say."

"You're not giving a speech, brother."

"I know that."

Our son pushes his foot out, and Amenadiel laughs, placing his palm over the top of it. I can see him stretching; his little hands, knees, and elbows pushing against my skin.
"It's like you're seeing this for the first time."

"I've always watched from afar but never interfered." His chocolate eyes held a childlike wonder in them. "Never been close enough to feel life growing underneath my hands."

"Can you hear anything from him?"

Amenadiel closes his eyes and rests his forehead on my belly.

"He's strong and will be a handful."

"Is there any sign of him being... angelic?"

Dee smiles. "You mean like being able to tell if he has wings? Or powers?"

"Yes."

"When Father made Lucifer human enough to create this child, he did not pass on any of his angelic traits."

"So, he won't have wings?"

"No."

I sigh in relief, before looking a bit ashamedly at Lucifer.

"Sorry."

"No need for apologies, love. One Devil is already enough. Now, you, away from my wife."

Dee backs away, and I lower my shirt, moving toward Lucifer to get back into his lap.

"You have people waiting for you downstairs."

"Let them wait. My wife is back home. Lux will be here another night."

"We will be down there tomorrow night for a reunion performance. That'll satisfy them for the time
"Ever the people pleaser, my dear."

"It's not them I'm looking to please."

"You two are sickening. I'm going to go get drunk to get those images out of my head now."

Maze turns on her heel and leaves, with a mortified Amenadiel following close behind.

Lucifer picks me up bridal style, and carries me into the bedroom, slowly unbuttoning my shirt.

"I do love how much these have grown."

"That makes one of us. They're heavy and they hurt." He nuzzled his scruff all over my skin, but suddenly it wasn't sex I was interested in. I was starving. "Lucifer, wait."

"What is it, love?"

"I'm starving."

"What do you want to eat?"

"Anything."

"Okay."

He buttons my shirt back up, and we head downstairs, sneaking out the side door. We buzz around town in the Corvette, hitting up and every restaurant we pass until I had satisfied every craving our son was making me feel.

The club was packed and still going strong when we came back, but they paid us no notice. That was until a throng of women approached Lucifer, not even noticing me attached to him.

"Lucifer, when are you going to come back to us? We've missed you."

Are they serious right now? He's still got his wedding ring on.
With a tug on my hand, Lucifer pulls me to his side.

"Sorry, ladies. My wife and child need me. Now, if you'll excuse us."

They sneered in my direction but I ignored them, feeling my chest swell with pride as Lucifer wrapped his arm around my waist and dragged me away. While my hunger was sated, my sexual appetite was not. We'd barely made it into the elevator when I was pushing him up against one of the walls, and tearing at his pants to release his cock. His head thuds as he throws it back, smacking it on the elevator wall when I take him into my mouth and grips the railing like he was holding onto it for dear life.

"Ohh, how I've missed that sweet mouth of yours," he praises me, letting out a throaty groan when I lick from the base to the tip.

The doors ding open, and I rise to my feet, pulling Lucifer by the hand and then straddle him in the closest chair, food left forgotten on the bar countertop. I hungrily claim his mouth, nipping his bottom lip and run my fingers through his hair, mussing up his slicked back style until it was a wild mess. Moving my lips from his, I kiss and nip along his jawline, go down to his neck and throat and suck hard in a few spots, making sure they were clearly visible to anyone and everyone. We're both panting as I carefully slide off his lap, pulling his pants and boxers down to his ankles and then strip my own off before resuming my position in his lap. My belly is almost too big to ride him sitting up, but we make it work. I curl the corner of my lip up in a smug grin as I hear him suck in a sharp breath when I lower myself onto his cock, and rest there for a moment, readjusting to his ample girth. I lean back, resting my hands behind me on his knees and begin to rock my hips, moaning in delight at the friction between our bodies. His large hands hold my hips, guiding me on his cock, squeezing every once in a while to show he's feeling pleased. I'm getting tired, so I pull myself off and turn around, sitting backward in his lap with my head resting on his shoulder.

"Let me take care of you, my love."

He nips my lower lip, lifts his hips and slides his cock back into my pussy until he's bottomed out. Nimble fingers make their way down to my clit, rubbing small circles as he begins thrusting slowly and deeply, with his other arm wrapped around my ribs over the top of my bump and lace my fingers through his, needing the connection. He works his fingers faster, matching the pace in time with his hips until I come, crying out his name. He lasts for a few more thrusts, and pumps his hips one last time, coating my womb with his seed. We sit there for a couple minutes, just touching and caressing each other in the quiet while the club thumps below us. When I trust my legs enough to hold me, I climb off his lap and wobble to the bathroom to clean myself up, curling up in the bed after. Lucifer brings the food into the bedroom, leaving me to sort it out while he cleans himself too and comes back out, looking satisfied. I smirk when I see the red and purple marks on his neck and collarbone, hiding it behind a styrofoam container of egg flour soup.

"Needed to make a point, did you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."
He chuckles, and kisses my temple, joining me in eating our treasure trove of food. When we've had our fill, I start cleaning the containers up but am stopped as I try to leave the bed. Lucifer gives me a look, and I stay in the bed while he takes everything out to dispose of it. Sleep beckons me, but I can't bring myself to close my eyes until Lucifer is back in the room. He slides between the covers next to me, laying a hand on my belly.

"Have you thought of any names?"

"I have."

"Oh?"

"I was thinking Matthias Luken. Matthias means gift from God and Luken means light. Matthias Luken Morningstar." Lucifer is quiet for longer than I had expected and I worry he doesn't like the name. "Unless you had another idea for a name. Then, we could do that. I thought a somewhat normal first name would work and a unique middle name that's similar to yours but if you don't like it we can chan-"

Lucifer puts a finger to my lips, surprising me.

"It's perfect."

"You think so?"

"Yes." He rubs his hand over my stomach, gazing down lovingly. "Matthias Luken Morningstar. Our son, our little prince."

Chapter End Notes

This chapter did not want to be completed I swear! Let me tell you what, I NEVER imagined this story to be as popular as it is and could not be happier with how much you all love it. It has been so much fun reading and replying to all of your comments. It really keeps me going some days.

P.S. What do you think of the name?
Chapter 12

A strong, nauseating smell rouses me from my sleep, causing me to rush to the bathroom and hurl all the contents of my stomach into the porcelain bowl. My retching is loud enough that Lucifer hears it from the kitchen and hurriedly comes to my aid, pulling my hair away from my face and soothingly rubs his hand up and down my back. When there's nothing left, I sit back on my haunches and wipe away the tears that always comes with throwing up.

"Are you all right, love?"

"I am now. Are you cooking something?"

"Yes, I was. But, taking your reaction, I'm assuming our son doesn't approve."

"Sorry, Luci."

He kisses my temple and helps me to my feet. "Don't apologize, love. It's not your fault about our son's choices."

I rinse my mouth, and spit out the remnants of my sickness, wiping my mouth with one of the small, soft towels hanging by the sink. I craved fruit and walked naked through the penthouse in search of some.

"And the mighty beast hunts it's prey," Lucifer chuckles, watching as I scour the fridge.

Thanks to pregnancy hormones, I am now hungry and pissed off. I shoot him a glare after finding a massive bowl of mixed fruit and storm away back to the bedroom with a scowl on my face. He's thoroughly confused, wondering what he could have possibly done wrong, even more so when he sees me stabbing the chunks of fruit. Lucifer lets me eat in peace, hovering close by at the edge of the bed in case I get sick again. The fruit soothes my cravings, for now, but my irritation at Lucifer's 'beast' comment is still stinging me. Irritation turns to anger but then that anger turns to lust and I'm pulling Lucifer backward, carefully swinging my leg around him to straddle his lap.

"I need you. Now."

"As you wish."

Lucifer lies flat on his back, holding my hips as I lift myself onto my knees and push his silky sweatpants down, freeing his cock. I sigh as I sink down onto him, taking a moment to savor the feeling of being so deliciously full before beginning to rock my hips, grinding my clit against his pelvis. He takes one of my hands in his, kissing my palm before releasing it back to me. I brace
myself on one hand as I rock harder on his cock, holding one of his against my cheek with my free
hand, occasionally turning my head to place a kiss to his palm or fingers, sometimes muffling a sharp
cry as his tip brushes against that sweet spot. With his feet flat on the floor, he's able to use the
leverage to piston his hips every time I come down on him. I dig my nails into his chest, shudder and
cry out as I come, soaking his cock and thighs with wetness. He's gentle as he rolls us, momentarily
pulling out to reposition me on my back and then he's sliding back in, holding my legs against his
chest as my feet rest on his shoulders. I throw my head back, my mouth dropping open in ecstasy at
the new position, gripping the sheets so tight that my knuckles turn white. Lucifer nearly drops to his
knees when he comes, holding tightly onto my legs.

"Who knew a human like me could wear down the Devil himself, huh?"

Lucifer laughs and kisses my belly when he sees Matthias's foot press against it, wincing when he
pulls out.

"You are very special, my dear."

"I guess we should get dressed so we can go pick my stuff up, huh?"

"Oh, but I'd prefer to spend all day in bed with you."

"I know. But, we need that stuff for Matthias."

"Yes, the little prince. Already so needy, aren't you?"

I shake my head, chuckling quietly. We get dressed, and head downstairs, hand in hand. Lucifer
pulls a set of keys out of his pocket, and somewhere in the parking garage, a vehicle beeps. I look up
at him curiously. He makes a face like he was trying to figure out what to say.

"After... after you left me, I dared to hope that you would come back and with our child. So, I
purchased a vehicle that would be big enough and safe enough for him. Come." He takes my hand,
and we walk, in search of the vehicle.

When he said 'vehicle', I thought maybe a sedan or a classy car. What I was not expecting, however,
was a monstrous black suburban.

"Wow."

"What?"

"It's... massive."
"Yes. Do you like it?"

"It'll definitely be safe enough. And we'll be able to bring everything home in one trip."

Lucifer opens my door, giving a slight bow.

"Milady, your chariot awaits."

I laugh and kiss his cheek as I climb in, carefully placing the seat belt around my bump. I can't help but hold his hand as he drives us to Chloe's old house and hum along with the music. There's a motorcycle parked alongside Chloe's car, and for some reason, the sight of the sleek machine gave me chills. Lucifer notices and raises a brow, but says nothing as we climb out. There's a masculine voice mixing with Chloe's inside, which does nothing to relieve the uneasy feeling washing over me. Something familiar but painful echoed through my soul as if whoever was in there with Chloe had been close to me many lifetimes ago.

"Maybe we should wait until her visitor is gone."

"The detective won't mind. We'll only be a minute. Our son needs his belongings."

He gently tugs me forward, announcing our arrival by stepping loudly up the stairs. Chloe opens the door and gives me a giant smile. Her eyes are wild, her cheeks are flushed and she's slightly giggly as she ushers us inside.

"Lucifer, (Y/n), this is Captain Marcus Pierce. Marcus, this is Lucifer and (Y/n). Lucifer is my partner and (Y/n) is his wife."

Marcus comes around the corner, my eyes meet his and something inside me awakens. It was horribly painful and I had to cover my mouth to muffle my gasp, even though a single tear trickled down my face. Matthias kicked once, reassuring me he was still there.

"Love?"

"I need to lie down or... or leave." Without waiting for anyone, I start to make my way to the bedroom but Marcus is in my way, so I turn on my heel and head back to the truck.

All it takes is for me to disappear, and Lucifer is pushing Marcus up against the wall, his teeth bared and coffee brown eyes filled with rage.
"What did you do to her?"

"I've never met her before!"

"She knows you!" Lucifer's grip on Marcus' neck gets tighter, and it becomes increasingly difficult for him to breathe, let alone speak. "What. Did. You. Do. To her?"

"No... thing!"

"Lucifer, let him go! He's never lived here before!"

Lucifer released his hand, and Marcus dropped to his feet, gasping for air.

"Marcus, I'm so sorry. He's overly protective of his wife. She was kidnapped a few months ago and they've barely been apart since then."

"It's all right," he chokes out. "I understand."

Lucifer growls, and brushes past him, using his anger to fuel how quickly he removed everything from inside the house. When he was carrying the last of it, he stops and stands between Chloe and Marcus.

"Detective, if you need me, I will be at home with (Y/n)." He meets Marcus's stare with a sneer and leaves.

"You've never met her before?"

"No."

"She knew you."

"That's impossible."

"Lucifer didn't seem to think so."

"What's up with his name anyway? Gimmick or something?"

"I don't even question it anymore."
The further I got away from Marcus Pierce, the better I felt. I've never had that reaction when meeting anyone. Not even the first time I met Lucifer. Something cold and cruel about Marcus’s soul called out to me, reviving the one instinct that has never left me: run. But this time, I was running right to Lucifer. Because if anyone could protect me, it would be him.

I glance at him every once in a while, catching him looking at me but there's no loving smile in response; just a tick in his jaw showing his irritation. My heart sank as I worried that his irritation might be directed at me. When we finally pull into the garage, he finally speaks.

"Go on upstairs, love. I'll bring everything up."

I open my mouth to object, but a quick glance my way tells me he's not in the mood to be argued with. Chloe's ringtone sounds in my pocket, but I silence it, not needing to be reminded of the mysterious Marcus that has come blazing into my life. As if things couldn't get more complicated, a modelesque blond woman sits at a bar stool with an unamused Maze keeping her company. The demon doesn't look any less pleased to see me but now I'm caught between continuing my walk or greeting this other woman. Too bad Maze makes the choice for me.

"Where's your husband?" she calls out.

The blond woman's delicate brows raise.

"She's Lucifer's wife?"

It takes quite the effort to not roll my eyes.

"Yes, I'm Lucifer's wife. Were you expecting someone else?"

"You're so... normal."

I squint and flick my eyes in Maze's direction as she visibly tries holding back a laugh.

"Again. Were you expecting someone else?"

"No. No! Lucifer is such an... interesting character that I assumed he'd have someone that was more..."
"Beauty than brains?"

"Yes. Exactly."

"Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you. Other than snagging the most eligible bachelor in LA, there is nothing interesting about me."

"You're married to the man who claims to be the Devil. How is that not interesting?"

I shrug. "Is there something I can help you with or do you specifically need Lucifer?"

"I'm here for something only your husband can help me with, I'm afraid."

"I'll go find him. What's your name?"

"Oh. How rude of me. I'm Charlotte Richards." She holds her hand out, grasping mine warmly but somewhat tightly as if to see if I am a threat or not.

"(Y/n) Morningstar."

Charlotte releases my hand, and I turn to begin the search for my devilish husband, but he appears as if on cue. He looks more relaxed, making curious about what he could have done but it's explained when he leans down for a kiss with the taste of whiskey on his lips. If I could drink, I would too. So much has happened in the short time we've been married, and I can only wonder how much our relationship can take before one of us gives up. I pray that it never happens, but Lucifer's life has changed dramatically in the few months I've known him and it makes me worry about just how much he can take. The alcohol enhanced light in his eyes fades a little when he takes notice of Charlotte standing a few feet away.

"Mu- Charlotte! What can I help you with?"

Was he about to call her mum?

"I'd like to talk to you about an issue I've been having." Charlotte glances my way and then at Maze. "In private, if we can."

Lucifer hesitates at first, but I take his hand, squeezing it lightly.

"I need to lie down." Wrapping my hand around the back of his neck, I pull him down for a rather rough kiss before letting him go. "It was nice meeting you, Charlotte."
"You as well."

If anyone would know about Lucifer's strangeness with Charlotte, it would either be Amenadiel or Linda who would know. Once I reach the bedroom, I dial for Linda but she doesn't answer.

_Deep, if you can hear me, I need to talk to you._

~~~

"She's spunky," Charlotte comments, as soon as I'm out of earshot.

"Yes. Yes, she is."

They're silent for a moment, with Lucifer downing more alcohol in a single swallow.

"Why won't you tell me about my missing memories? You are the one person who could help me and yet you refuse. Why? Were we a couple? Did we break up?"

"NO! That was not the case at all!"

Charlotte huffed, frustrated, and left, her heels clicking on the club's linoleum floor. Maze chuckles, watching the lawyer stroll off.

"Could you imagine if you would have told her she was once possessed by the goddess of creation? Ha! She would have lost her mind!"

"Yes, well, that is exactly why I didn't tell her."

Amenadiel goes wandering by, completely ignoring the devil and demon, clearly on a mission as he heads to the elevator.

"You're not going to follow him? You know he's going to go see your wife."

"I know that."

"Aren't you curious as to why?"

"My son."
Lucifer's mighty wings burst from his back and he's gone in a blink.

--------

I pace back and forth, letting Amenadiel's words sink in.

"Yours and Lucifer's mother, the goddess of creation, used to inhabit the body of Charlotte Richards?"

"Yes," he sighs, his soulful eyes keeping track of my movements. "Please sit. The stress is bad for the baby."

I carefully plop down next to him and rest my head on his shoulder.

"I feel so confused."

"About?"

"Lucifer and I haven't been together very long, but I feel like I should have known about this."

"Known about what, love?"

"Your mother."

"So, you caught that slip-up, eh?"

"Yes," I sit up, rub my face and look at Lucifer. "I'm sorry. Today has been ridiculously overwhelming. Your situation with your mom was before me and I shouldn't have reacted the way I did. You know so much about me but I still know nothing about you. Well, other than the obvious."

"Our mother wreaked havoc anywhere she went."

"And screwed Detective Douche."

"Dan!"

"Right. Dan."
"It's probably for the best that you didn't meet her, (Y/n). She was adamant about coming between Lucifer and Chloe."

Right. The whole fated, star-crossed lovers thing.

"I think after all that we've been through, we know now that it's better to stick together than to be separated."

I lift myself off the couch and wrap my arms around Lucifer, inhaling his unique scent. It's soothing, and it relaxes me. He kisses the top of my head, and rests his hands on either side of my bump, feeling around for Matthias. When he kicks his hand, Lucifer grins and leans down for a tender kiss, with a whisper of whiskey still left on his lips.

"Are you ever going to tell her about what really happened?"

"She's human. Can't expose her to heavenly divinity."

"I've been exposed to it and I'm still sane."

"Not everyone is like you, my dear."

I hum in agreement.

"There is one issue that needs to be dealt with."

Oh no.

Dee raises a brow.

"And that would be?"

"My dear wife's reaction to the newest police Captain."

The thought of Pierce had me shivering.

"See?"
Dee squinted like he'd be able to figure out what my problem was by just looking at me.

"I don't want to talk about him. There's something about him that is completely unsettling."

Lucifer holds his hands up.

"All right, all right, love."

"Anyway, I'm going to start setting things up for Matthias. Don't kill each other."

They wait until after I'm out of earshot to begin speaking again, in low tones. As I'm unpacking, I find a few extra things in the boxes that weren't in there before. Namely, a few very beautiful maternity dresses.

By the time Lucifer joins me in the room, I've already put all of Matthias's clothes away with mine in the giant closet and partially set up his crib. I'm bent over and screwing together the frame when he strolls in.

"My, my. You've been busy."

I grin but keep working. Until I realized I've unwittingly boxed myself in. Then, I spin around in circles and try to figure out just how the hell I'm going to get on the outside of the crib.

"Need some help, love?"

"Please?"

Lucifer scoops me up out of the crib with one arm behind my knees and the other across my lower back.

"I love having you in my arms."

"I love being in your arms."

"Sit, love. I will finish this."

I curl up on the bed and watch Lucifer finish the crib, standing up proudly when it's completed, with the blankets, sheets, and pillows all in it too.
"Who knew the Devil could be so good with baby furniture."

"I am good with my hands."

"Yeah, you are."

He pounces, bracing himself on my side as to not put pressure on Matthias, and grins wickedly before his lips descend on mine.

"I'm ready to start performing again."

"Are you sure, love?"

"One hundred percent."

"Wonderful. But tonight, you won't be singing."

"Um, why not?"

"Because I'm going to be singing to you, my dear."

"Really now?"

"Yes. Now, let's get ready for tonight."
"Are you sure I look okay in this?"

I twirled around in the mirror, trying to see myself from every angle.

"Darling, you look stunning. Please don't doubt that."

"What if people think I'm just fat?"
Lucifer's iris glowed red for a second. "Then, they shall have me to deal with."

Matthias kicked as if to say that he would back his father up.

"If you say so."

Lucifer reaches out and stops me from twirling around again by putting his hands on my shoulders while I'm facing the mirror.

"Look at yourself from my eyes, my love. The way you hold your head proudly makes my knees weak but other areas hard." He winks, the scoundrel. "And these," he purrs, outlining my breasts and curves, "are very lovely. But, none of those things compare to this." Lucifer weaves his long fingers through mine, placing them over my belly. "Don't you see how beautiful you are?"

"Yes."

"Good."

Lucifer holds his arm out for me to slip my hand into the crook of it, and smiles down at me, patting the back of my hand. Our rings catch together, catching our attention as well.

"I do love seeing that too. Reminds me that you are all mine."

I trace the top of his wedding band with my finger, feeling the same surge of pride run through me. How I managed to snag the most eligible bachelor in LA was still beyond me, but hey, I did it and he's mine.

Lucifer's suit tonight matched my dress, and as we descended in the elevator, I couldn't help but admire how well we both looked together. When the doors opened, I was half tempted to step back inside but Lucifer guided me on, nodding to everyone he passed.

Murmurs of that's not his kid, is she seriously wearing that, and he could do so much better floated passed us. I tried ignoring it, but there was nothing I could do to block it out. Maze nodded to us, glaring at the men and women that dared to step too close to either one of us as she poured drinks. Lucifer sat me on the couch, strolling over to the piano and began to play, a hush falling over the crowd.

What would I do without your smart mouth
Drawing me in, and you kicking me out
Got my head spinning, no kidding, I can’t pin you down
What’s going on in that beautiful mind
I’m on your magical mystery ride
And I’m so dizzy, don’t know what hit me, but I’ll be alright

Tears filled my eyes as Lucifer's beautiful voice rang out, echoing throughout the quiet club.

My head’s under water
But I’m breathing fine
You’re crazy and I’m out of my mind

Any doubts anyone may have had about him choosing me were gone because again, another woman walked up trying to catch his attention but he steps around her, keeping his eyes on me.

Cause all of me
Loves all of you
Love your curves and all your edges
All your perfect imperfections
Give your all to me
I’ll give my all to you
You’re my end and my beginning
Even when I lose I’m winning
’Cause I give you all, all of me
And you give me all, all of you

Matthias moved at the sound of his father's voice, stretching as if he was trying to get out to him.

How many times do I have to tell you
Even when you’re crying you’re beautiful too
The world is beating you down, I’m around through every move
You’re my downfall, you’re my muse
My worst distraction, my rhythm, and blues
I can’t stop singing, it’s ringing, in my head for you

Lucifer kneeled in front of me, my eyes glued on his, making me feel like it was only the two of us in the whole world.
My head’s under water
But I’m breathing fine
You’re crazy and I’m out of my mind

’Cause all of me

Loves all of you
Love your curves and all your edges
All your perfect imperfections
Give your all to me
I’ll give my all to you
You’re my end and my beginning
Even when I lose I’m winning
’Cause I give you all of me
And you give me all, all of you
Give me all of you

Lucifer reached out, rubbing my belly as he finished the song.

Cards on the table, we’re both showing hearts
Risking it all, though it’s hard

’Cause all of me
Loves all of you
Love your curves and all your edges
All your perfect imperfections
Give your all to me
I’ll give my all to you
You’re my end and my beginning
Even when I lose I’m winning
’Cause I give you all of me
And you give me all of you
I give you all, all of me
And you give me all, all of you

It was deathly quiet for a moment before the whole crowd erupted into applause. Lucifer egged on by the people, pulled me to my feet and to him for a smoldering kiss. As the bass from the music started up again, one person remained clapping but slowly.

"The devil really has gone soft," Pierce laughs.
Lucifer's upper lip curls.

"Pierce. To what do we owe the pleasure of your appearance?"

"Wanted to see what the excitement was about. Have to say, I'm slightly disappointed."

"Well, that makes two of us."

"Lucifer, I'm tired. Can we go back up?"

"I'll join you. Be easier to talk."

Marcus had us cornered, so we could only nod and let him follow. Amenadiel wandered through the crowd, joining us at the last second while Maze watched on from the bar. I wedged myself between the angel and my husband, chuckling inwardly as the mental image of each of them being on my shoulder. The tension grew higher with every second we were in there and none of us could've been happier when the doors opened. Marcus stepped out first, while I walked between the brothers. I hated feeling skittish, but Marcus certainly made me feel that way.

"I'll let you boys talk."

I lean up, peck Dee on the cheek and then turn to Lucifer for a kiss. I nod at Marcus, but his arm snakes out and wraps around mine.

Memories of a greener earth, a very small family and a man that looked at me the same way Lucifer looks at me now flooded my mind. And Marcus... Marcus was there but he was... different. He looked the same but he wasn't as cold and calculating as the man that has a hold of my arm now.

Lucifer pushing Marcus away from me breaks the bond, and Amenadiel rushes forward, catching me as I collapse to the floor.

"What did you do to her?!"

"Woke her up."

Lucifer snarls, grabs Marcus by the throat and pulls his fist back.

"Wait!" Lucifer turns. "Don't... he's my brother."

Marcus grins. "Hello, sister."
"Hi. Cain."
Lucifer drops him like he'd been burned, looking back and forth from Cain and myself.

"Sister? You're his... sister?"

I had to press the heels of my hands against my eyes from all the pressure of the memories flooding my head. My brothers, sisters, parents...

"She's Abel's twin. The first girl born. When she was old enough, mother and father gave her the choice of me or Abel. She chose Abel."

"And you killed him for it," I say, softly.

"Now you're with the very being that convinced mother to eat from the fruit that got her and father kicked out of Eden."

"You're the father of murder, Cain! You killed our brother because you were jealous."

"I am the eldest! You should have been promised to me."

"It was my choice!"

"Even after Abel was dead, you still didn't choose me."

"How could I? You're a murderer, Cain. You always have been, you always will be. It's not like you've been punished for it. You still look the same."

Marcus laughs coldly. "Not been punished?" He yanks his shirt sleeve up, revealing a thin, round circle on his upper arm. "God cursed me to walk the Earth for eternity because of what I did. Seems like he's done the same thing to you."

"If there was a mark of a curse on her body, I would have found it by now," Lucifer remarks.

Heat floods my cheeks and I bite back a grin.
"If I've reincarnated, I wouldn't know. All I remember is this life now. I was born, grew up, went to school and now I'm here with a child of my own growing. I can't say that I feel sorry for you."

"You've truly damned yourself, sister. Sleeping with and being married to the Devil himself? I guess that's the price to pay for killing yourself when given the choice of me or Seth."

Flashes of a jagged blade piercing my skin burns through my chest, and I lift my shirt, gasping when I see what I used to think was a birthmark. Right where it's hurting is a small patch of skin that looks like a giant freckle right below my sternum. Everything started to feel so wrong.

Dee felt me tense, and picked me up, sending a glare in Cain's direction as we walked by.

"You need to leave," Lucifer snarls.

"I'll be back," Cain warns, locking eyes with me before turning and heading back the way he came.

Dee sets me on the edge of the bed and leans on the wall across from me.

"(Y/n), you have to stop stressing. It's not good for the baby."

"I normally don't agree with my uptight brother, but I will this time. He is right, love."

"Believe me when I say I'm trying. But, what am I supposed to do?"

"Don't think about it."

I scoff at Amenadiel.

"You really think it's that easy? I just found out that I am the sister to the father of murder and my parents are Adam and Eve. There's not really any books on how to handle that. I go from being a normal woman to someone who is as old as time itself."

Lucifer kneels between my legs and takes my hands in his.

"There was nothing normal about you, my dear. It takes someone extraordinary to go through what you have and not only survive but thrive as well."

"Not to mention dealing with the devil himself and carrying his child."
Lucifer cocks his head and glares at his brother over his shoulder.

"I cannot tell if that was a compliment or not."

Amenadiel shrugs.

"We just dealt with Ian and now Cain? He's immortal and will never stop until he has me. Either in this life or the next."

"He's not the only immortal, you know."

"What if he founds out about your weakness?"

"What weakness?"

"Chloe."

"What about the Detective?"

"She's your weakness, Luci. What if he finds out and uses it against you?"

"Only you, Mazikeen and Amenadiel know about that."

"He's not stupid. He will find out."

"Then, we shall deal with it when it happens."

His carefree attitude about his selective mortality was infuriating but he was right.

"Fine."

"Cain will not be any different than anyone else we've had to deal with. We'll just have to get a little more... creative."

"You mean like breaking his curse?"

"Precisely."
"Lucifer, Father gave him that for a reason."

"My wife and child are more important than Father's plans for that bastard. If He has an issue with it, He can tell me Himself."

The idea of meeting God face to face was somewhat unsettling, and I hoped it wouldn't come to that. Hell, I'd barely missed meeting the goddess of creation herself, and after hearing what she'd done to Linda, well, I'm glad I missed out on that. Matthias rolls, and stretches sending slight pains under my ribcage. I gasp and rub my hand over what feels like his butt, trying to get comfortable.

"Are you all right, love?"

"Yeah. He's just stretching. There's only so much room in there and he still has time to grow. It might be because of the dress too."

"Let's get you out of that then."

I kiss Amenadiel goodbye on the cheek and sigh in relief when Lucifer unzips me, letting the dress fall to the floor. He releases my breasts from the strapless bra, leaving me only in my underwear.

"Might as well rid you of those too," he chuckles.

I step out of them once he drags them down my legs to my ankles and slides back onto the bed.

"I know you're on vacation from Hell, but I'm thinking we need a real vacation. Away from everyone."

Lucifer grins and nods while stripping down.

"I wholeheartedly agree with you, love. Where do you want to go?"

I ponder my options while curling up to Lucifer and place my head on his naked chest.

"I don't know. I've never really gone anywhere. I just want to go somewhere that we're not going to be bothered for a while."

"I know. I'll take you anywhere you want. I just want you to be happy, my dear."

"What about you, Luci? What about your happiness?"
"I have happiness right here in my arms."

I press a kiss over his heart and nuzzle my face into the crook of his neck.

"I love you, Lucifer."

"I love you too, my dear."

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"Oh my God, look at you!"

Ella's voice rang out through the precinct, catching me off guard as I stand by Lucifer and Chloe. Unfortunately, it caught the attention of Marcus as well, who strolled right up. The smile didn't reach his eyes as he stuck his hand out, pretending last night's events never happened.

"Marcus Pierce. We got off on the wrong foot the other day."

Lucifer, the master at pretending, grins back and clasps the police chief's hand tightly.

"Lucifer Morningstar."

Marcus's chilling stare meets mine as he turns to me.

"Lucifer's wife, I presume? I didn't get a chance to introduce myself."

I hesitantly take his hand and hold myself still as he places a kiss on the back of it.

"Yes," I say slowly, and pull my hand out of his. "(Y/n) Morningstar."

Marcus raises a brow.

"She's fond of her last name," brags Lucifer, raising his chin smugly.

"Right. Decker, I got a call about a new case. Are you coming?"

"Y-yes," she stutters, trying to hide her excitement about being addressed by the captain as she
follows him.

I'd forgotten about Ella until she touched my shoulder. I shriek and whip around.

"Whoa! Sorry!"

Matthias kicks in protest from the sudden movement, making my breath leave in a whoosh.

"Wow. Must be a strong kiddo already. So, how about that new Captain, huh? All the ladies are swooning over him. But, he looks like he only has eyes for you and Chloe."

"He can look all he wants but I only have eyes for one man. Chloe can have Pierce."

Lucifer can only smirk and makes a low, satisfied sound in his throat as he leans down to press a kiss to my temple. Ella takes my hold and leads me into her lab, sitting us down at a clear spot.

"So..? Gender? Names? Baby shower? Come on, details!"

A slender hand makes its way across my bump and I smile, sliding my hand over the top.

"Matthias Luken Morningstar."

"Biblical. Original. I like it. Combination of gift and light."

"As for the baby shower... Chloe said she wanted to throw it for me. I'm not in charge of any of that."

"Decker's holding out on me? Pssh. I thought we were closer than that."

"I think she's been a bit... distracted."

"True that."

Dan walks in carrying a folder, briefly glancing up once before his eyebrows raise and he refocuses on me.

"Hi. Wow. Look at you."
It was so good to see Dan again that I leap up before he can get to me and hug him the best I can.

"I missed you."

"Missed you too, kid. Glad to know things are getting back to normal around here. Maybe now he won't be so grumpy."

"If everything is back to 'normal', I suppose I get to call you Detective Douche again?"

Dan rolls his eyes as Lucifer grins.

"No," I argue back, "that's rude."

"Fine, fine."

Dan clears his throat and holds up the files in his hand, before passing them on to Ella.

"Details of the case that Chloe and Pierce headed out on."

She nods and starts looking over it.

"How are you doing?"

"Being pregnant is definitely an adventure but I seem to be doing pretty well. It helps that I've got the best man by my side too." At some point, that smug look on Lucifer's face is going to disappear but apparently now is not that time. "I don't know what I'd be doing without him."

Lucifer leans down and kisses the top of my head.

"I don't know what I'd be doing without you either, darling."

"It is still too weird to see you settled down, man."

Charlotte Richards walks in just then, and everyone but Ella notices the awkward silence.

"I was looking for the Marcus Pierce but he seems to be out."

"Solving cases, I'm afraid," Lucifer replies, a mite stiffly. "Off with the Detective."
"I thought you were her partner?"

Lucifer tenses briefly, and I wonder if he was jealous over Marcus's apparent romantic intentions toward Chloe.

"I am. I have decided to take some time off to be with my wife. If the detective needs me, she knows where I am."

Without meaning to, I yawn and choke back a laugh as Dan does the same thing.

"I'm sorry. I'm so tired all the time."

"You've got nothing to be sorry for. I remember Chloe being that way with Trixie. She's been asking about you, by the way. Wondering when you're going to have a sleepover."

"I miss her. When Chloe gets back, have her give me a call." I slide off my stool and startle Ella when I touch her, and hold my arms out for a hug. "I'm falling asleep in the chair so, I'm going to go home and take a nap."

"Of course! I'll talk to Chloe about the baby shower details. I'm so excited for you!"

I squeeze her tight before letting go, and peck Dan on the cheek on my way out. Lucifer and Charlotte are already standing outside the lab, looking like they were having a heated discussion. It stops when I come out and the lawyer gives me a curt nod as she goes back in.

"Come on, love. Let's get you and our son home."

Lucifer holds his arm out and wraps it around my waist, guiding me out of the precinct.

"When are you going to tell her?"

"Tell who about what, love?"

"Charlotte. When are you going to tell her that she's not really crazy?"

"When the time is right. I've already seen what pure divinity is like when exposed to a mortal. An atheist turned believer."
"What did he see?"

"My wings."

"I've seen them too. I'm not crazy."

"You're unique, darling. The daughter of Adam and Eve."

"True."

Lucifer and I climbed into the suburban and headed back to Lux. It was still taking some getting used to that I had an entire life before this one and one of the oldest lives at that. The ride home was quiet, and I could see Lucifer glancing at me every once in a while like he was going to ask something but never did.

"I'll be up in a bit, love. Need to oversee a few things."

He presses his lips to mine, and I make my way up to the penthouse while he wanders around, making sure things are in order for the club's opening tonight.

The bed looks inviting, but the rocking chair in the corner of the room beckons to me. I promise myself only to sit in it a few minutes, long enough for Lucifer to come back up, but I fall asleep to the soothing motions.

"Come on, love. That can't be comfortable."

I blink sleepily at Lucifer.

"Hmm?"

"You fell asleep in the rocking chair."

"Oh."

Matthias stretches, and a little foot presses against my belly.

"Can't be that bad if we both took a nap."

He helped me up, but traded me places and sets me sideways on his lap.
"Am I different to you now?"

"Why would you be?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm still reeling from dealing with the truth of who I am. Or was. Whatever."

"Sweetheart, you were always different to me. Many women and men tried and failed to get me to let them stay. But, none of them compared to you."

"Thanks, Luci."

"You are more than welcome, my dear."

"Did you mean it? About the vacation?"

"Of course. Just say the word and we'll go."

"Let's go. Right now. Maze and Dee can take care of the club. Chloe is getting cozy with Mar- Cain. Please, Lucifer. While we've got time before Matthias comes."

"Okay."

"Really?"

"Yes."

I let out a squeak of happiness and climb off his lap, immediately beginning to pack a bag. Lucifer moves behind me, doing the same thing. There was an excitement in the air, and every time Lucifer and I caught each other's look, we chuckled like children. With an extra bag for an emergency in case Matthias decided to come early, we were packed and ready to go.

"Mazikeen!" Lucifer yelled as we stepped out of the elevator.

A very disheveled looking man jumps about a foot in the air from behind the bar and fumbles around. Maze pops up a moment later with a shit eating grin on her face.

"You're interrupting me."
"You can resume your... playtime once we leave."

"Leave?"

"(Y/n) and I are taking some time away before my son comes. I am leaving you in charge. If there are any problems, contact Detective Decker."

"Problems like what?"

"Lux burning down. Robbed. Natural or supernatural disasters." Maze nods and her grin gets bigger as the wicked wheels in her head start turning. "If you're going to have orgies, keep them out of my penthouse and do not host them during club hours."

She says nothing but only laughs a little.

"Go. Have your fun before you become parents."

We needed no further encouragement and did our best not to run out of the club. Lucifer opened the door of the Mustang for me and tossed our bags in the back before getting in and driving us away. We drove away from the sun, and headed out of LA, searching and searching for somewhere we could hide away in for a while.

A sign for Volcano came up, and something just clicked. Lucifer followed the signs to the campground while making the calls to properly rent the sprawling cabin. It felt so good to get out of the city and breathe the fresh air. Even Matthias seemed to notice and became quite a bit more active as I got out and stretched, smiling in the last little bit of sunshine before it went down for the night. Lucifer presses a kiss to my temple and takes my hand as we walk up the steps, then surprises me as he scoops me up in his arms and carries me bridal style into the cabin.

"I have you all alone," he purrs. "What ever shall I do with you?"

"Whatever you want."

His smile awakens the dormant lust filled monster inside me.

"I do like the sound of that."

He kicks the door closed behind us, and we take a moment to gaze around at our surroundings. The cabin is absolutely beautiful inside. There's a fireplace and lush looking furniture in the living room and the kitchen set up is a dream come true. As I'm admiring how it looks, Lucifer has quite another idea of what to do with all the surface areas.
"I'm going to take you on each one of those counters, couches, every bedroom, and bathroom in this place."

Wetness soaks my panties, and I lift myself up to kiss Lucifer, tangling my fingers in his slicked back hair.

"Take me now."

He growls, and quickly walks across the room in a few large strides, depositing me underneath him on the biggest couch.

"Only because you asked so nicely."

Lucifer carefully positions my legs on either side of his hips, pushing them forward slightly and puts himself between them, staring down at my belly.

"You are so beautiful growing our child."

Those magical hands pull my stretchy maternity pants over my hips and up my legs until they're stuck between our bodies. I laugh as he shuffles back to pull them the rest of the way off and tosses them carelessly somewhere in the expansive room. My underwear is soon to follow, along with my shirt and bra. The cool air brushes across my nipples, making them instantly perk and while Lucifer slides a hand between my legs, he lowers his mouth to one and greedily sucks on it. My sensitivity is ridiculously high, so I moan loudly at the feel of his mouth on me. He teases his fingers in and out of my heated core, grazing his fingertips against my g-spot every time he pulls them out.

"Luci, please. Ah! I need you."

With a devilish grin, he leans back and starts unbuckling his belt and unzipping his slacks. I can see his cock straining against his silky briefs, no doubt red and swollen with the need for release. It took a second, but I sit up and stand in front of Lucifer, unbuttoning his shirt for him and kissing each inch of exposed skin. Being with him now was like being with him for the first time all over again. Just us, one on one. What was frantic became sensual as Lucifer leaned down to kiss me, running his hands up and down my sides as I tenderly drag my fingers down his chest. He backs us up until my legs hit the couch, and carefully lays me down, tossing my legs over his shoulders. I have to hold onto the armrest behind my head to keep from coming off the couch as Lucifer dives between my legs, taking no time at all to work me up.

"Ohh, Lucifer!"

He hungrily laps everything up as I cum, shuddering underneath him. Coffee brown pools blaze with lust as he looks up at me, and enters me in one swift move, baring his teeth as my cunt squeezes his
cock. I groan as I try to reach for him, but my belly is in the way. Lucifer leans down, his back bowing as he reaches his mouth to mine, knowing exactly what I need. He's devouring me, body and soul, with every move of his mouth against mine until there's no him, no me and just us. His thrusts are smooth and deep, shoving my body up against the armrest with every push of his hips. My legs are wrapped around his waist, keeping his body against mine so I can feel everything between us, needing more and more every time.

"I love you, darling."

"I love you too."

Lucifer empties himself inside me as I clench around him, milking him for everything he has. He shifts us so his back is against the couch and my back to his chest, reveling in the afterglow of our lovemaking.

"Do we have to go back?" Lucifer sighs, and I could tell the answer was going to be no. "Before you say anything, just imagine it. You, me, Matthias somewhere quiet and peaceful. I know you love Lux and I do too, but don't you deserve a break? A real break?"

Lucifer rubbed a hand over my belly, deep in thought.

"What if I purchase somewhere isolated like this that we can come to anytime we want? I still manage Lux, but we have somewhere else to go to?"

"You'd really do that?"

"Yes. I've heard a penthouse is not the place to raise a child."

I laugh and pull his hand up to kiss the back of it.

"Get your rest, my love. I am not done with you yet."

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the delay. Juggling working, writing and home life has had my hands tied and creative juices running low.

I still can't believe how popular this fic is and I am trying to keep it exciting and intriguing for all of you. Thank you for all of the comments and kudos. It has helped keep me going and no this is not the last chapter. I'm going to try to keep it going as long as I can. Much love to all of you!
Lucifer kept his promise and took me on every surface of the house. What really made it a feat was he did it within the first twenty-four hours of us being here. As Lucifer and I curled up with each other, Chloe was playing a dangerous game with Marcus.

As we lay in the master bed, I run my thumb over the curls on his chest, listening to his heart pound away.

"Do you think the club is still standing?"

His chuckle rumbles through his chest.

"I do hope so."

"What are we going to do if my... brother starts looking around for me?"

"I won't let him get to you or our son. I would rather go back to Hell than to lose either one of you."

I wish it was that simple. Lucifer and Cain may be somewhat close in age, but Cain was the first murderer. Though Lucifer may have his own tricks, they seemed like a fair match. However, Cain had no weaknesses whereas Lucifer had three. Being around Chloe made him mortal, but he loved me and loved Matthias.

"Dearest, please don't doubt me. I will protect you and Matthias from Cain."

"I know, Luci. It just scares me. He has no weaknesses. Sure, he can die. But, he comes back. What if he gets to you while you're around Chloe?"

"Bulletproof vests, luv."

"Those don't go well with your suits."

His sudden laugh echoes around the room.

"Sometimes we have to make sacrifices for safety."
"You're the devil. You shouldn't have to worry about safety."

"I know. Sleep, my sweet. We will talk more in the morning."

~~~~~~

"Any word on (Y/n) and Lucifer's return?"

It had been a week since the couple had left, and it was making Marcus antsy. Chloe stopped sorting through paperwork and looked up at the captain.

"No. But, I'm sure we'll be told when they're going to be returning. Do you need Lucifer back?"

"He's only a civilian consultant. Why would I need him back?" His rather gruff response surprised Chloe but was soon forgotten. "That doesn't matter. What are your plans after your shift?"

The detective was falling hard for the captain, and she couldn't help the smile she gave him.

"Dan has Trixie so I'm free."

Marcus returned the smile, knowing he had Chloe right where he wanted her.

Ella buzzes by just then, waving goodbye as Marcus and Chloe both watch her.

"Where do you think she's going?"

"Looking as happy as that? She's probably going shopping for the baby. Ella's been on cloud nine since (Y/n) came back and really started to show."

"Do you believe it?"

Chloe pauses and looks up at Marcus.

"Believe what?"

"That Lucifer is the devil?"
"There... have been a few things I can't explain with him but being the devil? No. I don't believe it."

If Chloe was that confident that there was nothing supernatural about the club owner, she would be completely blind to everything about him. And that suited Marcus just fine. He'd bide his time, and wait for his sister to come back while deciphering all of Lucifer's weaknesses.

~~~~~~

Lucifer and I spent two days in the cabin before I started to become stir crazy and convinced him to take us out so we could explore our surroundings. We were an hour and a half away from Sacramento, which is where Lucifer wanted to go, but I wanted to be in the woods with the fresh air and nature. I wasn't quite ready to go back to the concrete jungle that is Los Angeles.

"Where do you want to go then, love?"

I had a giant map sprawled out on the table, leaning over it. There was only one place catching my eye, and it was a National Park everyone knew about: Yosemite.

"Please?"

"How could I say no to you, darling?"

He leaned down and kissed my temple, and folded the map up as I made my way to our temporary bedroom and packed a small bag of extra clothes to take with us. I was ready, but Lucifer was not.

"We might have to wait a day to go. I'm afraid I don't have the necessary hiking attire. Please, don't be mad at me."

"Oh, Luci. That's nothing to get mad over."

"I know you don't want to go back to the city quite yet but I do need to purchase the right clothing."

"I should probably do the same thing. Make it a little easier while packing all this extra weight around."

Lucifer cradles my belly between his hands, grinning as Matthias chases one of his hands.

"You look so lovely with the extra weight. I do love seeing you round with my child. Creates a certain... prideful feeling within me, you see. Makes me want to keep you constantly like this."
His confession makes me shiver, and I wonder how fiercely protective he's going to be once Matthias finally gets here. Lucifer wants more children? The thought is delightful and terrifying at the same time.

"Mmmm. Before I indulge more on that, we should get going so we can prepare for our adventure tomorrow."

I slip my shoes on and waddle my way outside to the car with Lucifer in tow. He sets the GPS on his phone to Modesto, putting us at approximately an hour and a half away. I get comfortable in the passenger seat, holding onto Lucifer's hand and hum along with the playlist he has going. Before I realize it, I'm fast asleep while listening to Lucifer sing along to something by Frank Sinatra.

**Flashback:**

"(Y/n)! Come play with me!" a very young Cain shouted happily, running along the riverbank. "Come on!"

I watched as a much younger me raced after him, giggling and splashing through the mud and water. His dark hair bounced around his face, and the cold, murderous look in those blue eyes wasn't there. It made me feel much older as I realize how much we both have changed. Another dark-haired boy joined us, immediately drawing my attention away from Cain.

"Abel!" I cried out, tackling him to the ground, and partially rolling us into the river. "Where have you been?"

"I was helping Father with the offerings to God. I can play now."

Cain stomped over to us, looking quite angry.

"She was playing with me first, Abel. Go back to Mother and Father."

"I can play with both of you." I pull Abel up and wrap my arms around both their necks. "You're my brothers. Please, don't fight." I push back from both of them and run off, yelling over my shoulder. "Whoever can catch me gets to play with me the rest of the day."

That spurred the boys on and the two gave chase, pushing and tripping each other. I saw my mother and father pause what they were doing as I bolted by them, laughing and waving as I go by. Mother's belly was swollen with another of my siblings, and I was excited to see if I was going to have a sister or a brother. I climbed up a tree, waiting to see who reached me first.
A few feet away, Cain and Abel tussled on the ground, with Cain on top and landing blows to Abel's face. Blood dribbled out of my twins nose and he tried holding his hands up to shield himself but Cain was not slowing down. With a final swing, Cain knocked Abel unconscious and left him in the dirt.

I was growing bored and was about to give up when Cain showed up underneath the tree, shouting for me. He looked up and grinned, before climbing the tree to sit on the same branch.

"I win. I get to play with you until supper."

I lean against him, resting my head on his shoulder.

"Do you think it'll be like this forever? Me, you, Abel, mother, father and the new baby?"

"Your head is in the clouds, sister. Of course, it won't be like this forever. We have to grow up and have babies too. Populate the Earth like God wants."

"What if I'm the only girl? I don't want to have all the babies."

"God won't let you be the only girl."

"But, what if I am?"

Cain shrugs. "You'll have to have all of our babies then."

The thought was heavy on my young brain but Cain made me forget as he nudged me a little too hard and I almost fall out of the tree. He chuckles but holds his arm tightly around my shoulders. We stay in the tree like that until the sun begins to set, and then make our way back to our tiny home. Everything was peaceful until I see Abel, face bloodied and bruised as he sits by the fire next to Mother. Cain stiffens as I gasp and reaches out to hold me back as I dash over to my twin.

"What happened to you?"

Abel glances up at Cain. "I tripped over some branches on my way to find you. I will be okay, (Y/n)."

The rest of the night I stayed close to Abel, and when it was time for sleeping, I curled up with him underneath the large fur blanket with my back to Cain. My elder brother became a little colder that night, and it would only get worse as we got older.
"(Y/n)? Come, love. Wake up." I slowly stirred, looking around slightly confused at my whereabouts. "Are you all right? You kept talking in your sleep."

"I'm remembering things. I'm not sure if I like being so aware of what my life used to be."

"What have you seen?"

"The first time Cain and Abel fought over me."

"Who won?"

"Cain. It was the beginning of the dark path he would soon travel down. Abel's face... Oh, my twin. I was too blind to see that he couldn't have hurt himself that badly just by falling on some branches."

"Love, you didn't know. You were innocent of your brother's violence."

I wept from the brutality of Cain's actions, the loss of my twin and everything else that happened because of Cain.

"What if there was something I could've done?"

"Dear ol' Dad has a way of doing things that we have no control over. There's nothing you could've done differently to change who Cain would become." He wipes my tears away and tastes the salt on my lips as he presses his against them. "He may be here now, and immortal, but if he hurts you or our son, I will see to it that he dies continuously in the most painful ways I can think of. Come now, love. Wipe those tears and let's see what kind of mischief we can get into." I let out a wet chuckle and brush my tears away with the backs of my hands, giving Lucifer a smile once I'm done. "Ah, there she is. My lovely wife."

"You're cheesy."

He laughs and exits the car, running around to open my door for me.

"But, you love me."

"I do."
"Let's see how much money we can spend. Shall we?"

~~~

Hours later, Lucifer and I leave the mall with bags in each of our hands and stupid grins on our faces as we walk out to the car.

"Aren't you worried we spent too much?"

"I own a club in LA, luv. Money is currently not an issue."

"It's not like you can sell your soul to the devil for more."

He winks as he lowers his half of the bags into the trunk of the Mustang and takes mine from me, putting them away as well. The rumble of the engine always gives me shivers, and lately, it's not only done that but spiked my arousal anytime I've felt it's vibrations. Lucifer raised a brow as he noticed my fidgeting.

"What? This car does things to me."

He bursts into laughter and sets a hand on my leg, rubbing his thumb along the inside of my thigh and drives us back in the direction of the cabin. The closer we got, the more he moved his hand until he was cupping my mound through my maternity pants, drawing his fingers in little circles around my clit until I was clawing the seat and his arm in anticipation. No sooner did Lucifer stop the car, was he out and running around the front of the Mustang and opening my door, pulling me to my feet and hungrily devouring my lips, his cock rock hard against my thigh.

"I must have you now," he growls, pushing my pants off my hips and picks me up, holding me against the back door of the car.

He makes quick work of unzipping his pants and freeing his cock, ignoring that his expensive slacks had dropped into the dirt at his feet. In a swift movement only Lucifer can do, he pushes my underwear aside and enters me, filling me to the brim.

"I will never tire of that feeling." I mutter, breathily.

He makes a humming noise in response, and shifts his hips, grinding his pelvis against my clit in the best way. Lucifer rests his head on my shoulder and begins pumping his hips, keeping them at an angle that hits all the right spots every time. I bite down on my lip from a particularly hard thrust so Lucifer pulls it out from my teeth, and rubs his thumb across it.
"Don't hold back those lovely noises, luv. There's no one around for miles."

He does it again, and I toss my head back, crying out to the heavens.

"That's my girl."

His words are my undoing, and I unravel around him, clenching his cock like a vice until he cums. He slams his hand down on the roof of the car, accidentally leaving a hand-sized dent in it. The fire in Lucifer's eyes still hasn't dulled, even as his chest heaves and it shows in his smile that he is truly satisfied. He slants his mouth across mine in a gentle kiss as he pulls out and lowers me to my feet. I'm too tired to fight getting my pants back up, so I kick my shoes off and slip my sock covered feet out of my pant legs, walking back to the house in my shirt and underwear.

"Almost barefoot and pregnant," Lucifer laughs, walking behind me.

He brings our discarded clothes in, but the bags are momentarily forgotten as we strip the rest of the way and join together in the shower once more.

I collapse onto the bed, exhausted and sated, quickly falling asleep in Lucifer's arms.

"How are things at Lux?"

Lucifer's voice wakes me a short time later, and I look around groggily until I see him standing out on the balcony with his back to me. It was still surreal to not see his back marred with scars, and he occasionally twitches his shoulder blades as if his wings are bothering him. I can't hear most of what he's saying but there's one sentence he mutters that has me holding my breath.

"And Cain? Has he been snooping around lately?" He nods his head as he listens to Maze on the other end, with his jaw sometimes ticking. "No. No one else knows we're here. Even letting the detective out here would be too risky. I'm going to keep her away from him until I can find a way to end his miserable existence."

I make it obvious that I'm awake, letting my feet slap on the hardwood floor as I come up behind him and wrap my arms around his waist, pressing my bare skin against his. He hangs up and turns around, setting his chin on the top of my head.

"Have a good nap, love?"

"I was until you left."

"Had to make sure my club and our home was still standing."
"Has anyone been asking about us?"

"The Detective, Ella, and Dr. Linda. They send their love and hellos, by the way. Now, enough about them. How about we fix dinner and while you're eating, I bring in our treasures and prepare for our adventure tomorrow, hmm?"

"Okay."

I throw a robe on and follow him downstairs, sitting down in the living room in one of the giant recliners as he begins cooking. He hums as he moves from the counter to the stove, and soon the cabin starts to smell delicious with whatever he's making. I tilt my head in surprise when I hear the oven door open and close, and burst into laughter when he comes into view. He's got on a 'Kiss the Cook' apron on and absolutely nothing else.

"Oh, Luci. That look definitely suits you."

He spins in a slow circle and startles me when he lets loose his wings.

"Now, how do I look?"

"Stunning."

Lucifer leans down over the back of the chair and kisses my forehead, shuffling his shoulders to put his wings away.

"Chicken Alfredo casserole. Something filling and warm for the night. It'll be done in half an hour, which gives me plenty of time to bring our spendings in and love on you."

"You're insatiable."

"You love it."

"I really do."

With a smirk, he kisses me again and saunters off, tossing the apron behind him as he goes. Because he's Lucifer and because he can, he grabs half of the bags and flies them into the house before flying back to do the same thing. It only took him two trips, but it was still funny to see him pop in and out. He piled everything on the floor of the living room and then stalked toward me, eyeing me like I was his next meal.
"Now, we have fifteen minutes before the timer goes off. What am I going to do with you?"

"Whatever you want."

He grins and kneels down between my legs, tugging on my robe strap until it comes apart and lets the material fall to my sides, exposing my naked body underneath. Matthias's foot presses against my belly as if to say 'hey I'm here!'. Lucifer nuzzles the slight beard he's started to grow against the baby's foot, murmuring lowly to him. All sexual intentions were forgotten as Lucifer talked to his son, keeping his mouth close to my swollen belly and speaking softly. The timer goes off and Lucifer reluctantly gets up to pull dinner out of the oven. I move over to the couch and curl up next to Lucifer, the two of us eating in comfortable silence. We're both too full to do anything after we're done and resort to going through our purchases.

Lucifer puts on a fashion show for me as he struts his stuff in his new hiking gear. Well, hiking boots, I should say and buck ass naked. I'm laughing until my sides hurt and tears are streaming down my face. Our clothes are pretty plain and boring, but it's the stuff for Matthias I'm most excited for. Blankets, clothes, little toys. It's like Christmas has come early. My eyes grew wide as it dawned on me that Lucifer and I will be spending holidays together.

I zone out as Lucifer is talking to me, somewhat scaring him because of the expression on my face. He closes the gap between us in three long strides and cups my face, staring into my eyes.

"Love? What's wrong?"

"What?"

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, sorry. I was realizing something."

"What's that?"

"Holidays."

"What about them?"

"We're going to be together for the holidays, Luci." Fear flickered across my thoughts for a moment. "It's not... This isn't too domestic for you, is it? I know you're used to a completely different life and all..."

"I've never been so happy in my life, luv. Please, don't doubt that. Now, I'm going to take all of this
stuff up to our room and then we're going to take a bath so we can be fully rested for our adventure, all right?"

"All right."

He gathers everything up, and I follow him upstairs, my robe flowing behind me like a cape. I head into the bathroom as he puts everything but our clothes and hiking gear for tomorrow in the corner, and turn on the water, slowly lowering myself into the tub as it fills up. Lucifer is naked by the time he comes into the bathroom and sits behind me, his long legs on either side of me and his feet wrapping around mine. The soak in the tub feels great after being in the summer heat and there's nothing better than laying against Lucifer's chest cooling off. I only move to turn the water off, and just relax in his arms, listening to his heartbeat.

"Do you miss it?"

"Miss what, love?"

"Heaven?"

His sigh rumbles through his chest and water drips onto my head as he lifts his head to rub his hand over his stubble.

"Sometimes. But, I prefer Earth."

"Do you want to go back?"

"Maybe. I haven't thought about it lately. You and Matthias have been on my mind the most."

"Mmm. What about... what about when I die? Do you think I'm going to go to Hell?"

"There is absolutely no reason why you would go to Hell, sweetheart. Even if I have to personally escort you to the Silvery City myself and burn the pearly gates down. I will not see you suffer for eternity."

"But, what if your father doesn't let me in? I know he brought me back because he thinks I'm good for you but what if that was only so you didn't raise Hell?"

"Then, I will find a way to keep you alive with me until the end of time."

The water started getting cold, so Lucifer helped me out and delicately dried me off with a towel. His
teasing and ticklish touches made me laugh, but when I yawned, he curled up behind me and held me with an arm slung over my belly, stroking it with his thumb.

Cain, Abel, and I were all seasons old enough to begin helping with the small farm we had and each of us had our duties. Cain hunted with Father, while Abel harvested fruit and vegetables with Mother and I while I would also chase little Seth around. The darkness in Cain grew with each passing day when he saw how close Abel and I kept becoming. Cain prayed every day for God to be happy with his sacrifices but He was silent until Abel offered his up. The only time Cain was peaceful was at night when he would sneak into my hut and lie down with me.

"Let's leave Mother and Father and start our own farm somewhere, (Y/n). We can do it. We don't need them."

"They need us, Cain. Father relies on you to help him hunt and I help Mother with Seth."

"Let Abel deal with it. He's the favorite."

"Mother and Father love us all."

Stormy blue eyes flash angrily but instead of overreacting, Cain just huffs and leaves my hut.

He doesn't speak to me the day after, or the day after that, only sending me heated glares and dirty looks. Even Abel tries to repair the rift between Cain and I but he only receives a mean right hook to the face and a fat lip. God punishes us by sending a torrential downpour the next day, flooding our crops and turning everything to muck and mud, setting us back for supplies to last us through the winter. Father and Cain get into an argument, but we are forgiven when Abel makes a worthy sacrifice to God and our crops are restored. Cain is banished from our home for five days and no matter how much I beg Father to change his mind, he stays firm in his decision.

Abel replaces Cain while he's gone but it does nothing to alleviate the pain of my older brother being temporarily banished. Things go on for the time that Cain is gone but it's clear that things aren't the same without him. Abel helps Father when he struggles to hunt, and I try to balance chasing Seth, helping Mother and doing my own chores.

On the sixth morning, Cain appears at the edge of the forest as the sun rises, looking like a specter as the fog whisps around him. He's barechested and wrapped in a fur that he didn't leave in. He hadn't even been gone a week, but there was something harder about him that wasn't there before, and though he greeted everyone warmly, the coldness I feared would take hold in his heart was solidified in his eyes.
I awoke before Lucifer, and snuck around the cabin, getting myself ready for the day. I was midway through making breakfast when Lucifer comes down, his hair a mess, stubble a little longer than yesterday and a pair of silky black pajama pants slung low on his hips.

"Mmm," he purrs, "looks delicious. And I wasn't talking about the food." He nuzzles his face into my neck and I laugh, trying to shove him away.

"Quit it or I'm going to burn your pancakes."

He pouts but as I flip the last one and slide it onto his plate, I rise to my toes and kiss his pouty lips, making him smile. He carries both of them to the table, and I have to remind myself to eat slowly so I don't choke because of my excitement for today. I'm practically bouncing in my seat as I wait for Lucifer to finish, and gather the dishes as soon as he's finished. My enthusiasm is infectious and in a matter of moments, Lucifer is completely ready and we're out the door for our adventure at Yellowstone.

I can hardly contain my excitement as we make the two and a half hour drive, humming and singing along with every song that plays on the radio. A thought occurred to me about halfway through our trip and I try holding back a giggle but Lucifer and his keen hearing hears it anyway.

"What's so funny, lovely?"

"Are you actually going to hike or are you going to fly us around everywhere?"

Lucifer makes an offended face.

"How dare you."

I burst into laughter, knowing that I'd called him out.

"Aww, Luci don't be mad."

"Not even my siblings ever had enough courage to do that."

"Do what?" I ask, feigning innocence.

"Very funny, sweetheart."

I reach over and rub his thigh, dragging my nails up until they graze his half hard cock, immediately
getting a reaction. He sucks in a sharp breath and shifts in his seat, adjusting his pants while sending a sly look my way. It's not possible to lean over to him for anything else, so I deftly unbuckle his belt and pull his zipper down, freeing his cock from its fabric confinement.

"My, my. You've-" he groans as I stroke him softly- "gotten brave, haven't you? Public indecency."

"You can get us out of it."

The noise he lets out was like a prideful growl, and he thrusts his hips up, gripping the steering wheel until he knuckles turned white. The black of his pupils almost completely swallows up the coffee brown of his irises. He frantically searches the surrounding areas until he sees a pull off, and turns, putting us in some shade. Lucifer yanks off his seat belt and slides himself between the seats until he lands in the back with his pants down around his ankles.

I have to get out of the car and meet him in the back, kicking off my shoes and pulling my pants and underwear down. Shuffling on the seat until I'm next to Lucifer, he helps lift me up until I'm positioned over his cock and then I slide down on him, dropping my head back onto his shoulder when he's completely sheathed inside of me. Lucifer gasps, and leans his forehead down on my shoulder, giving us both a moment to adjust. I squeeze his thigh when I'm ready, and he wraps an arm below my belly before beginning to thrust upward. I laugh as the whole car starts shaking from the force of his thrusting, but it quickly turns into moans as he shifts his hips and it hits the spot that makes me see stars. With a small movement of his hand, he rubs my clit and brings me to orgasm. I clench around him and he finishes soon after with my name falling from his lips. Even though we're both sweating and panting, nothing has changed our mind about still going to Yellowstone.

"You'd think we were a couple of teenagers."

"Teenager isn't quite the term I would use for us, but yes, love, you would think so."

I pull myself off Lucifer and gingerly rest myself down on the seat, using a napkin to wipe myself off. When I can't reach my clothes, Lucifer leans down to help and between the two of us, I'm dressed again and ready to go. Lucifer and I exit the car at the same time, and get back in, pulling back out of the spot we were hidden and head in the direction of the park.

I flipped through the stations until one song in particular stuck out as we breezed along on the freeway, and it reminded me of the possibility of what Lucifer and I could've become had he not proposed to me that night.

*Picture perfect memories*
*Scattered all around the floor*
*Reaching for the phone 'cause, I can't fight it anymore*
*And I wonder if I ever cross your mind*
*For me, it happens all the time*

Lucifer raised his brow at the change of music but said nothing.
It's a quarter after one, I'm all alone and I need you now
Said I wouldn't call but I lost all control and I need you now
And I don't know how I can do without, I just need you now

I could hear him humming with the chorus and hid a smile, continuing to sing.

Another shot of whiskey, can't stop looking at the door
Wishing you'd come sweepin' in the way you did before
And I wonder if I ever cross your mind
For me, it happens all the time

Hearing Lucifer sing along to a country song was surprising, to say the least, but he has the voice to sing along with anything. In my mind, I could see us singing this song in two different places if he had decided not to want me that night. Or maybe that was just hopeful thinking.

It's a quarter after one, I'm a little drunk, and I need you now
Said I wouldn't call but I lost all control and I need you now
And I don't know how I can do without, I just need you now

Matthias rolled and stretched in response to hearing us sing, and I poured my heart into the last bit of the song.

Whoa oh whoa

Guess I'd rather hurt than feel nothing at all
It's a quarter after one, I'm all alone and I need you now
And I said I wouldn't call but I'm a little drunk and I need you now
And I don't know how I can do without, I just need you now
I just need you now

Oh, baby, I need you now ooh ooh

"I feel like it has been ages since I've heard that beautiful voice of yours, my dear." He lifts my hand up and kisses the back of it.

Lucifer makes one last turn, and my eyes light up. We were finally here. Yellowstone National Park.

The mountains took my breath away and I was eager to get out of the car, but Lucifer kept driving, following a few other cars up a winding path. We'd barely stopped and parked before I was out and standing, staring at the waterfall before me.

"Glacier Point is what this one is called," Lucifer tells me, coming to stand next to me with his arm around my waist.

The sun is hitting his face just right, and I can't help but wonder what he would look like with his wings out and on full display. I can't see his eyes because of his sunglasses, but he turns his head to look down at me and tilts it.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"
"Certain curiosities, you might call it."

He hums in agreement as he understands where I was going with it and leans down.

"I'll find a private spot just for you, luv."

My skin tingles with excitement.

"I hope you do."

We stand for a few more moments and then get back into the car, making our way back down to the parking lot. Lucifer and I had printed out a list of trails to walk that'd be easy enough for me to walk without putting out the risk of straining myself. I took pictures of anything and everything along the way, said hello to strangers and tried identifying the wildflowers and trees along the way.

We hiked along the Mirror Lake loop, and the Lower Yosemite Fall Trail, stopping at the end of that one to eat before making our way to the Bridalveil Fall Trail and the Cook's Meadow Loop. We spent so much time in Yosemite, but yet it felt like we didn't see a whole lot of it. The Park was enormous and even though my mind was awake and alert, my body was starting to get tired. Along the last bit of trail before we got to the parking lot, we managed to get a moment alone, so we went off trail a little bit until we knew we weren't going to be seen.

"I want to show you something."

Lucifer scooped me up, holding me bridal style in his arms, and brought out his wings, flying us to where he wanted to go. He set me down but held onto me in case I lost my balance, and turned me in the direction he wanted me to stand. I gasped as I saw the waterfall turn to a flaming orange color as the sun set and then Lucifer shuffled his shoulders and his wings burst from his back, catching the last of the sun's rays. He spread them out wide and proudly, letting the tips flick back and forth a bit to stir up the air around us.

While I was falling more in love with my husband, Cain and Chloe were falling in love as well. As Chloe went to say those three little words, breaking Cain's curse, Lucifer kissed me in the setting sun.

Chapter End Notes

Here are the links if anyone wants to see what the cabin really looks like and the Yosemite Park page I used for a source:

https://www.nps.gov/yose/index.htm
I truly didn't mean to skimp on details about Yosemite, but not having been there really made it hard to write a detail even with the astounding pictures I found.

I know this chapter took a while, so I hope it's not too disappointing for all of you lovely fans.
I was too tired to stay awake for the ride home and crashed not even five minutes after leaving Yellowstone. The next thing I know, I'm being woken up by my car door opening.

"Luci?"

"We're home, love."

"Home?"

"The cabin."

"Mmm. When are we going home?"

"Whenever you want."

"Do we have to go back?"

He chuckles as we slowly walk to the cabin, immediately heading upstairs. I crawl onto the bed, fully clothed and lay on my side, blinking slowly at Lucifer. He kneels down on my side of the bed, resting his face on the edge and stares back at me.

"What's on your mind, love?"

"I'm really happy here. I miss everyone but I'm truly happy here. It's so peaceful."

"I know. But, we have to go back sometime. All the things we need for Matthias are at Lux."

"Let's buy a place and have someone move it all for us."

Lucifer presses a kiss to my forehead, letting out a low chuckle.

"Sounds like someone wants me all to themselves."

"Maybe. You are mine anyway. Can we stay here a little longer?"
"Of course. For all I care, you can have your baby shower here and we will go back right before you go into labor."

"Really?"

"Yes. I mean it. Now, let's get you undressed and into something more comfortable."

"Comfortable? What's that? I'm the size of a house."

"Your body is a vessel for our child, love. There is nothing more beautiful."

Lucifer gently pulls me to my feet and helps strip me out of my hiking clothes. I opt to be naked, and get back on the bed, holding my arms out for Lucifer to join me. His long legs entangle themselves with mine, and he tucks my head underneath his chin.

"Sleep, sweetheart."

"Mmm."

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Lucifer's phone going off the next morning wakes me up and as I roll over to answer it, I suck in a sharp breath. It keeps ringing but it was my whimper that startles Lucifer.

"Love? Are you all right?"

"Yeah, I'm just sore."

His phone starts going off again so he growls before answering it.

"Yes?" Once he hears he voice on the other end, he puts it on speakerphone. "She can hear you now."

"You need to stay away from here," Maze warns.

"What? Why?"

"Marcus. His mark is gone. Curse broken. He has Chloe where he wants her, so all he's waiting for
now is to find where you're at."

I look at Lucifer with wide eyes and cover my belly protectively with my arms.

"He will not get to you, love. Cain is now mortal and I will end him."

"You're forgetting something," Maze snaps.

"And what's that?"

"You are just as mortal as he is when Decker is near."

"I will be fine."

Lucifer hangs up and begins pacing angrily, running his hands through his hair until it's a spiky mess.

"I'm so tired of running. First, it was Ian. Now, it's my brother. Thousands of years later. It's exhausting."

Something in my voice must've startled Lucifer because he was instantly kneeling down in front of me, staring up at me with a pleading look in his eyes.

"Please, don't do anything rash, sweetheart. I can't bear the thought of losing you and our son. You both mean too much to me. Please."

"I'm not going anywhere. I just don't know what else to do. Cain is not going to stop until he gets what he wants. We both know this. We can't let him know that we know. It will only end badly that way."

I jerk back a bit as Lucifer abruptly stands up and starts pacing again. Every few steps I'd see his irises burn that hellfire red before returning to their normal brown. I couldn't stand to watch him anymore, so I painstakingly make my way to the bathroom to soak in the large tub. I submerge myself until only my head and most of my belly are above water, floating there and thinking about how this is all going to be resolved.

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"Hey, has anyone heard from (Y/n) and Lucifer lately?" Ella popped her head into Pierce's office as he and Chloe talked.
"Um, no, not lately," Chloe replies.

"We're supposed to be doing a baby shower soon."

"Baby shower, huh?" Marcus grins, pretending to be interested.

"Yes, sir."

"Does that mean they're coming back?"

"I don't know. I haven't heard anything from them in a while. The time's running out before he gets here."

Something flashes in Marcus's blue eyes.

"Should you report them as missing then?"

"No," Maze interrupts. "I talked to Lucifer and (Y/n) not that long ago. They're both fine."

"Oh, good," Ella sighs. "I was starting to worry. Do you know where they are?"

Maze glares at Marcus and speaks while looking directly at him.

"No. I don't. They want to be left alone."

Chloe and Ella step back from the line of sight of the captain and the bartender.

"Is that really wise? She's close to giving birth. Shouldn't she be coming back in case the baby comes early?"

The demon curls her lip up in a snarl. "She knows what's best and Lucifer will be there to take care of her."

"Really? A man like Lucifer? He owns a club and has never been around children."

"People can change."

"Men like him can't."
Maze takes a step toward Marcus so Chloe steps between them, attempting to keep the peace.

"Maze, you know your boss better than we do. Marcus, Lucifer is a great man. He has changed a lot and come a long way since (Y/n) came into his life. They are going to do what they feel is best for them and their son. We will hear from them soon, I'm sure. Okay?"

Ella stands back, watching the intense interaction go down. Marcus's protectiveness of (Y/n) seemed a little... out of line, and somewhat suspicious. It's almost like a need to know where she is.

"Stay away from them," warns Maze, pointing at Marcus.

He gives her a level glare, raising his chin like he was taking it as a challenge. Maze walks out and Ella follows closely behind, pulling the demon into her lab as soon as she can.

"Tell me I'm not the only one who thought that was weird."

Maze scoffs. "You're just now noticing that?"

"Are they in trouble?"

"No. But, he will be if he goes searching for them."

"I can't go see them, can I?"

Chloe comes in and shuts the door behind her.

"Mind telling me what that was about?"

"He needs to stay away from Lucifer and (Y/n)."

"Why?"

"Because he's a threat to them. He doesn't care about Lucifer. All he wants is to get to her."

"They've never met before so how could he want her?"

"You really believe that, Decker? Look, we've got four months before the child is due. We need to
"keep them safe until he gets here. Lucifer will stop at nothing if anything happens to her or that kid."

"They're not returning anytime soon, are they?"

"No. He's keeping her tucked away until he feels it's safe to come back."

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"Love? Are you all right?"

I hate ignoring Lucifer but maybe right now it's better if the two of us remain separate to think of how we're going to deal with the new Marcus situation.

"I'm fine. I promise."

I needed someone to talk to but couldn't run the risk of Cain interfering. Amenadiel was almost unreachable at this point, Chloe was under his thumb and Ella would get too excited just from personally hearing from us.

"Dan."

I get out of the tub, wrap a fluffy towel around myself and exit the bathroom to search for my phone. He surprisingly answers on the first ring.

"Hello?"

"Dan! Oh, God, it's so good to hear your voice."

"(Y/n)? I thought you fell off the face of the earth. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. But, there's something I need your help with. Where are you?"

"I'm at home. Why?"

"Do you think if you left you'd be followed?"

"No. What's going on?"
"No one knows where we're at. Can you positively make it out here without being tracked?"

"Yes."

I rattle off the address for him, triple check that he won't be followed and hang up. Finding comfortable clothes wasn't a problem, and it was simple enough to get into them without needing assistance. The bath relaxed my muscles enough that they weren't screaming at me, which made it easier to walk down the stairs. Lucifer is lounging in the large leather recliner, nursing something from a short glass. He looks up when I come into view and sets the glass down, immediately wrapping me up in his arms.

"I love you."

"I love you too. We have a visitor coming."

Wariness fills his eyes.

"Who?"

"Dan. He's the only one that I knew that wouldn't be followed."

Lucifer nods, and pulls me down onto his lap, cradling me like a small child.

We make small talk as we wait for Dan to arrive, and when the mood strikes us, we slow dance in the living room to a melody Lucifer is humming.

My stomach growls, interrupting our dance and we both laugh. Lucifer takes my hand and leads me into the kitchen, helping me sit in one of the tall chairs at the island. If he was any other man I'd be worried about him burning himself, but he was Lucifer and impervious to anything unless of course, Chloe was around. But, it's only me so I'd say he was safe. What he does surprise me with, however, is when he pulls out one of his ties from his silk pants pocket and wraps it around my eyes so I can't see what he's cooking. It's ridiculously arousing and I have to shuffle my thighs several times, much to his amusement.

"I will have to remember that for later," he promises.

I can hear him moving around the kitchen and the sizzling of whatever he is cooking in the pans, giggling every once in a while because of the sounds of appreciation he makes.

"Who knew the Devil could be domesticated?"
Something changes in the air, and then Lucifer's hands are roaming all over my body, teasing me until I'm whining and then all touching stops. I feel like I'm going to fall out of my chair but grip it tight enough that I stay.

"What the hell!"

"That's for calling me tame."

"I will get you back for that."

I can hear his smirk.

Lucifer continues cooking and occasionally brings something over for me to taste. The way the senses are heightened when one of them is blocked is mind-blowing and he always seems to leave me waiting for more. With the clicking of the stove knobs being turned off and the noises of food being put onto plates, I know he's finished. I may not be able to see him but I can feel how close he is, just because of the strong connection we have with each other. Plus, his body heat is constantly rolling off of him making it easier to know exactly where he's sitting depending on how near he is to me.

"Open," he commands softly, and I do, jumping a little when his fingers touch the bottom of my chin.

The flavors jump on my tongue as he puts the edge of the fork in my mouth, and I open my mouth further to try and have more. I start laughing after I finish the first bite, and can only wonder how Lucifer is looking at me.

"I didn't lace it, I swear."

"I was just thinking how funny it would be if Dan were to show up right now. We'd probably embarrass him and make him leave before we got to talk to him."

"I should feed you slower then."

"Luci."

"Fine, fine."

He keeps feeding me, and every once in a while brushes his hand somewhere that stokes the fire in my belly even more. I eat every last bite he feeds me, but when he's done, it's not food I'm hungry for anymore. Lucifer cleans up our dishes and puts everything in the sink, and is quite surprised when he
turns around to find me right behind him.

"Clever girl sneaking up on me like that." He goes to keep talking but my hand over his mouth quiets him.

I carefully lower myself to my knees and pull on his pants until I feel them drop to his feet, grinning when I realize he has no boxers on. I ghost my breath up the inside of his thighs and listen to him suck in a breath as I take his already weeping cock in my hand. It takes everything in his power to not grab me by the back of my head and take control and instead lets me set the pace for him. I give little kitten licks to the tip of his cock, smirking when I feel his thigh jump underneath the palm of my hand. When I take him in my mouth, I wrap my free hand around what I can't take and slowly begin bobbing my head, remembering to cover my teeth with my lips to not hurt him. His hands are clawing into the countertop and will most likely leave indentations there. I hold my tongue out and rub it along the underside of his shaft, making sure to hit all veins along it. Knowing we're under a time crunch because Dan could show up at any time makes this even more fun, and I pick up the pace until I feel Lucifer's cock begin to swell, telling me that he's on the edge. I pull back as he lets out a drawn-out groan, and grin as he gasps. Taking the tie off, I toss it at him and saunter away, pretending like nothing just happened.

"Bloody hell, (Y/n)! What the hell was that for?!!"

I sink down onto the couch and flip through my book, picking up right where I left off.

Lucifer shuffles his pants back up and storms into the living room with a wild look in his eyes. But, as he goes to say something, Dan knocks on the door.

"Might want to hide that," I sass him and laugh as he goes up the stairs, grumbling along the way. I open the door, and my smile can only get bigger as I see my friend standing awkwardly on the porch. "Hi, Dan."

"I'm not interrupting anything, am I?"

I chuckle and shake my head.

"No. We were just finishing lunch. His turn to do the dishes. Come on in."

Dan glances around like he was waiting for Lucifer to pop out and yell 'boo!'..

"Wow. Nice place."

I motion for him to sit down, and it takes him a moment to realize what I'm doing because he's still gazing around the cabin. He grins as he sits, finally starting to relax.
"Want anything to drink?"

"Sure."

Lucifer comes down the stairs as I go into the kitchen and when no shouting happens, I assume he's managed to not give Dan any shit. Yet. After handing out the drinks, I tuck my legs underneath me at the end of the couch so I can face Dan while talking to him.

Dan clears his throat and shifts in his seat.

"So, what's going on?"

"Marcus Pierce is a threat to my wife and child."

"Is that why you haven't come back yet?"

Lucifer rests on the arm of the couch behind me, so I reach up and take his hand in mine.

"Partly."

"Partly?"

"It's been because of me too. I haven't wanted to go back to the city. I miss everyone but it's been so nice since it's just been the two of us."

Dan nods and stares down at his drink for a moment or two.

"Why is Pierce a threat to you?"

Lucifer's jaw twitched and his hand squeezes mine.

"He's a part of my forgotten past. And now he's trying to reclaim what's his."

Dan's brows raise.

"You? He's trying to reclaim you?"
"Careful with your tone, Detective."

"No, no, I didn't mean it like that. Pierce is older than you so how... how could he think he has a claim on you?"

Flashes of Cain's rage flits through my mind and I try to hide my shiver but it doesn't go unnoticed.

"Our families are... old fashioned and I was promised to him."

"An arranged marriage? I didn't think those existed anymore."

_You have no idea..._

I give him a few moments to let everything sink in, and hold onto Lucifer's hand for support. Part of me desperately wishes I could tell Dan the entire truth but he would never believe me. Plus, I wouldn't want to lose my friend to madness if we exposed Lucifer's wings to him. Divinity and all that.

"I know we can't stay out here forever because all of Matthias's stuff is at Lux."

Dan nods, still in thought.

"What about a safe house?" he suggests.

Lucifer scoffs. "We are not hiding."

"We, well I am kind of doing that already. But no. I don't think it'd work."

"How long do you have left?"

"Four months."

Dan and Lucifer hash things out between the two of them but they don't come up with anything better than hanging out here or going somewhere else until it's time for Matthias to come. Thinking about everything was giving me a headache.

"Ella is still going on about throwing you a baby shower."

I grin and chuckle, imagining Ella running around with blue banners and having tons of games and
prizes and everything else she could possibly imagine for this.

"Is ridiculous that I want to have it at home?"

"Why would it be ridiculous, love? That's your home."

Dan nods in agreement.

"My suggestion? Stay here a little while longer and then come home when you feel like it. Simple as that. Just don't tell anyone when you're coming home. Hell, bounce around but check in with me so I know you're still alive."

"It's not the same as hiding so I think that would work. What do you think Luci?"

"I think it'll work just fine, my dear."

"Well, Dan. Do you want to go stay for dinner and then go home in the morning?"

"Sure. Sounds good to me."

Lucifer cooks dinner for us and for the first time in a while we feel relaxed. The men drink while I sip on apple juice, occasionally cracking jokes at my expense. I stay as long as I can but eventually I pass out on Dan's shoulder while the three of us are watching a Three Stooges comedy. Lucifer carries me up to the bedroom, and I wake up briefly to his smiling face.

"Go back to sleep, love."

While I'm sleeping upstairs, Dan helps Lucifer pack all of our extra belongings and loads them in his truck.

"Thank you, Dan."

"If it wasn't for her, I'm not sure I'd even be doing this. But, you're welcome."

"Safe travels, Detective."

Dan nods and gets into the truck, waving goodbye. Lucifer watches him go until he can't see the taillights anymore and then goes back inside. He lays down in the bed behind me, laying his arm over my stomach to rub his hand over it. Matthias shifts under his hand and his daddy grins at the feeling of his son.
"Luci, where's Dan?"

"He left last night. Took our extra things to Lux so we can travel lightly while we move around."

"Where are we going to go?"

"How about south? Or towards the coast?"

"The coast sounds good. I've never been to Santa Cruz or San Fransisco."

"That's where we shall go then."

With everything already loaded into the Mustang, Lucifer and I took one last walk around the cabin and then got into the car to start the next part of our adventure.

Three hours seemed like the blink of an eye while we were driving to Santa Cruz. Once we arrived there, Lucifer scouted a house for us to rent until we were ready to go home. We found a two-bedroom house right on the coastline, that was open and everything I could've wanted in a temporary home. When Lucifer contacted the management company, we agreed to a month to month lease in case we decided to go back home early.

After unpacking everything, Lucifer and I relaxed on the back patio listening to the ocean and basking in the sunlight. We clinked our glasses together, enjoying our newfound freedom. We were going to relax today and explore around tomorrow. Lucifer promised me a trip to the Boardwalk, and even though I couldn't ride on most of the rides, I could at least walk around and go on the Ferris Wheel.

"Have you ever had sex on the beach?"

I shift so I can look at Lucifer in my beach chair and laugh.

"Are you talking about the drink or actual sex?"

"Dealer's choice."

"Neither."
He arched a brow.

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Don't look at me like that. It's still daylight out."

"Only for a short while longer."

I couldn't help but smile, and the curl of desire in my belly only grew stronger as the sun went down.

Before I could protest, Lucifer already had a blanket and was scooping me up and taking me down to the beach.

"Luci, you're ridiculous," I giggle.

He grins, sets me down on my feet so he can throw the thick blanket down on the sand and then pulls me to him for a toe-curling kiss. His hands go straight to my bathing suit top, and quickly unties it, chuckling as it slowly floats to the ground. He's already shirtless, so I get to run my fingers over his chest and down his toned abs, with that sexy trail of hair that disappears into his shorts tickling my fingers. His cock is hard and straining against the fabric, just begging to be let out and touched. Lucifer pushes my shorts down as I reach into his and grasp his cock, listening to him gasp and groan when I start to stroke him. I will never get tired of listening to that sound and knowing that I am the one that can pretty much bring him to his knees makes me feel quite powerful. He growls with impatience and picks me up to lay me down on my back, taking his shorts off in the process.

He lifts my legs onto his shoulders and buries his face between them, immediately finding my clit and sucking on it.

"Lucifer!"

I feel him smile against my skin, and then he plunges his tongue inside my pussy, using his devilish talent to curl it so it presses against that spot that makes me see stars. He resumes sucking on my clit as he inserts two fingers and works them quickly until I'm bunching the blanket up underneath me from squirming around.

"Luci, please!"

Lucifer chuckled, curled his fingers and pressed them once, twice, three times until I come, screaming his name for anyone close by to hear.

He kisses the top of my belly and lies down on his back, taking my hand in his as we gaze up at the
stars and I catch my breath. Once my breathing has gotten back under control, I roll to my side and hook my leg over Lucifer's hips and use the leverage to pull myself on top of him. I gaze lovingly down at him, admiring how much sharper his jaw looks and the way the stars light up his eyes.

"I love you, Mr. Morningstar."

"I love you too, Mrs. Morningstar."

I lift up on my knees, hold Lucifer's cock underneath me and slowly sink down onto him until our bodies are flush with each other. My long (h/c) hair brushes Lucifer's thighs as I drop my head back, making him twitch a little. In response to the sensation of my hair against his skin, Lucifer raises his hips. I gasp and mock glare at him before lifting up to start riding him. He holds my hips, not to guide me but to just feel me moving. The steady pace isn't enough, so I brace myself on my hands on his chest and rock faster, grinding my clit against his pelvis as the tip of his cock hits that wonderful sweet spot inside me. I can feel his cock swell, and push myself harder until my legs are trembling and I'm making sounds I've never heard before but hope to again. Lucifer releases a growled shout as he comes, and his seed coating my womb triggers my climax. Because of the size of my belly, I can't collapse onto his chest like I used to, so he brings his knees up for me to lean back against them while we both come down from the euphoric feeling.

"Now you can say you've had sex on the beach," he laughs.

"Mmmm hmmm."

"Time for bed, love."

His words barely register as I'm too happy and satisfied to move from his lap, only realizing what was going on when he picks me up off him and he brings his wings out. He lifts me up, holding me bridal style in his arms and flies us back to the house. I'm laid down in the bed, and the covers drawn over me as I doze off.

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry for the long wait! Things have been absolutely hectic in my home life and had created MAJOR writer's block and Luci was fighting me every step of the way. I know this chapter was pretty mellow as most chapters go but things will start heating up soon!

All of you have been incredibly amazing while waiting for the new update and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for that.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

I am SO SORRY for taking so long to get this chapter out. It has been one HELL of a month.

Got a new job, lost the new job, had to let go of my horse (which absolutely broke my heart), suffered a mental setback from losing him, my best friend got married and one of the guys that broke my heart in high school was a groomsman and just registered my little guy for Kindergarten.

Needless to say, I have been exhausted in every freaking way imaginable and not all of it was in a good way.

And that's not including how many different times I stopped and started this chapter. I knew everything I wanted to happen but I could NOT get it written down no matter what I did! The first time I really made a breakthrough with my writers' block MY COMPUTER CRASHED AND I HAD NOTHING SAVED! Oh, I was SO angry! Luckily, I remembered most of what I had down and made a few adjustments which led to the finishing of this chapter.

I hope all of you can forgive me and are pleased with how everything is going!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lucifer pulls on a pair of his silky sweatpants and steps out onto the back porch.

"I know you're there, brother. Enjoy the show?"

"Don't be crude, Luci."

"What do you want, Amenadiel?"

"Pierce is growing restless."

"Tell me something I don't know already." Lucifer and Amenadiel stand at the edge of the patio, staring out at the ocean. "I finally fall in love with an incredible woman, brother, and now someone else is trying to take her away. Not just her either, but our child. My child."

"Then, do something, Lucifer."

"What would you suggest, Amenadiel? He is her brother. Whether the sibling bond is millennia old or not. As much as I'd like to remove his head from his shoulders, I cannot do it without hurting my
wife." Lucifer sighs. "I've never felt like this in my life."

"Felt like what?"

"If I don't do something, then he will come and I will lose both the greatest gifts I have in my life."

"We won't let that happen, Luci. You and (Y/n) have too many people that would fight for you."

"Including yourself?"

Amenadiel raises his brows and looks truly shocked.

"Of course that includes me! You may be the rebel son but she is truly good for you and I do not want to see you lose her or her lose you."

"Even if it means going against Father's wishes?"

Amenadiel hesitates, glances up at the clear night sky and then shrugs.

"I want to see you happy, Luci."

And then, he's gone.

Lucifer remains outside a moment more before retreating inside to the warmth of his bed. I shift as I feel him settle in behind me, and smile as an arm is slung over me and wrapped around my protruding belly. It doesn't take long for me to fall back asleep once I hear Lucifer's breathing even out.

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Years have passed since Cain's banishment but the warmth has never returned to those beautiful blue eyes. Mother and Father have had more children, stacking the responsibilities on top of the four of us elder children. One night, Mother and Father tell Seth to watch over the small children, so that Cain, Abel and myself can talk.

The three of us sit side by side, with me in the middle, in front of our parents. We're well into our adulthood now and are allowed to share wine with them.

"My children," Father begins, his voice still rich and strong despite his showing age, "we called you three in here to discuss serious matters." Instinctively, I take Abel's hand, much to the dismay of
Cain. "(Y/n), my daughter, it is time for you to chose."

"Chose what, Father?"

"Whom you shall carry children for and whom you shall take to be your husband."

Cain lets out an undignified snort.

"You're letting her choose? I am the eldest. She should be with me."

Mother sighed sadly and Father's gaze hardened.

"I will not take her choice away for your own selfish reasons, Cain."

This infuriates the eldest son, and with one last look in my direction, he storms out of the tent. It hurt me to have him be so angry, but I fear that Cain's ability to love was extinguished once Father sent him away.

"Do not choose me because you feel you have to, sister," Abel whispers. "I will not be offended if you choose Cain."

I look to Abel, feeling my heart swell for the way he would sacrifice his own happiness for mine.

"I see your mind has been made?"

The night holds its breath as it awaits my answer. Abel's eyes grow bright when I look at him.

"Yes."

Outside, rage and wrath like the young Earth had yet to see was brewing.

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Lucifer and I walk hand in hand down the boardwalk, eating from huge cones of cotton candy. He's got some of the sugary treat stuck to the side of his face, so I lift up on my toes and lick it off, much to his surprise. Couples walking by laugh at our childish antics, but we're unaware as we stroll along, too occupied with the feeling of being happy and out in the open.

"Can you win at any of the games?"
"Of course I can."

"Have you ever played any of these?" I take his silence as he never has and can't hold back the grin. "Show me what you've got."

We wander up and down the game booths until he finds one that he deems good enough. The game attendant instructs Lucifer on how to play, and I have to squeeze his arm to let the young man continue. Lucifer picks up one of the balls and tosses it in his hand a few times, before hurling it as hard as he can. Hilariously, it only bounces off the top of the first can without knocking it over. I burst into laughter when Lucifer's jaw drops.

"What the bloody Hell?"

He's so shocked by finally losing at something that he's just standing there with a haughty glare on his face. I take the balls out of his hand and with the right curve, I toss it and knock all three over. I pick out the large stuffed elephant and hug it close to me as I proudly walk away.

"What was that!"

"Nothin'," I feign innocence, hiding my face behind the elephant. "Just playin' games."

"And here I thought I was the Devil."

"You are."

Lucifer wraps an arm around my waist and tugs me in the direction of the Ferris Wheel.

"Hold this for my wife, will you?"

The girl running the machine blushes when Lucifer winks, and then we're up in a carriage. I've always been afraid of heights, and clench onto Lucifer's hand the higher up we go but then when the ocean comes into the view with the lights from the boardwalk glittering on the dark waves, my breath is taken away.

"It's beautiful."

When I look at Lucifer, I blush because he's not looking at the ocean. He's looking at me.

"It is, isn't it?"
I gently push his shoulder to hide my growing embarrassment.

"You're ridiculous." He leans forward and kisses my forehead. I'm used to the constant affection from him but this was a bit different. "What was that for?"

"Do you remember what I said to you when I proposed?"

"You said a lot but I remember most of it, yeah. Why?"

"I am a selfish Devil and proposed because I was lonely. But, if I could do it all over again, I would because I love you dearly."

"I love you too. But, you don't have to. I know you love me." I take his hand and hold it with mine on my belly. "Obviously. Are you worried about something?"

He smiles in a sad sort of way and nods.

"For the first time in my life, I'm worried that I'm not going to be enough."

"Enough?"

"To protect you and our son. From... your brother."

Amongst the blissfulness of what feels like another honeymoon, I'd sort of forgotten about Cain.

"Luci, you are enough. I promise." I cup his face in the palms of my hands, staring into his brilliantly colored brown eyes. "We'll find a way to put a stop to him."

"Even if stopping him means killing him?"

"Yes."

"Will you forgive me if I do?"

"Yes."

The Ferris Wheel ride is over and so is the more serious part of our conversation. Lucifer tips the ride controller and takes back my giant elephant while taking my hand. We continue walking through the
Boardwalk, looking at each of the rides that people screamed and laughed on. My feet are hurting, and I'm ready to go home. Lucifer senses it, and we head home.

As soon as my head hits the pillows, I'm out. Thankfully, no flashbacks plagued my dreams.

~~~~~

"They moved."

"What?!" Pierce throws a coffee mug across his house. "Where?!"

"I don't know. The cabin is empty. Looks like they've been gone for a few days."

"Find her."

"Will do, sir."

Pierce tosses his phone onto the nearby counter and runs his hands down his face.

"I get she's your sister, but why the obsession?" Maze asks, leaning against the doorway. "Brotherly love? Or jealousy?"

"You know, breaking and entering is a crime."

Maze rolls her eyes and holds her hands out.

"Arrest me then." When Pierce doesn't move, she smirks. "How many times must I warn you? Leave them alone."

"My sister does not belong with Lucifer."

"She doesn't belong to you either."

"That's your opinion. I have mine."

"Lucifer will kill you if you harm her or that kid."

"I will not hurt her. That's not what I want."
"And what do you want? To live happily ever after? You may be her brother, Cain but she will not bow down to you. If you care for her, where were you when she was being whipped and beaten?" Maze takes a step forward, her dark eyes narrowing. "You have Chloe. Why isn't that enough?"

"Because now as a mortal man I can grow old with her. I needed Chloe to fall in love with me so my curse could be broken. I can finally live out my life and die with her as I was meant to millennia ago."

"You are not who she wants, you idiot."

"I'll make her see she's made the wrong decision. Again."

"Good luck with that."

Cain turns around like he was going to walk away from Maze but she pulls out a blade and throws it past his head, narrowly missing his ear, and smirks as it embeds itself in the wall in front of him.

"Do you mind?" he snarls, keeping his back to her. "I have to pay for that to be fixed now."

"Stay away from her or I will kill you myself."

Cain lifts his head and tilts it just enough so he can see her out of the corner of his eye.

"Getting soft on me, demon? I thought you hated her because she took your precious boss away?"

"I still hate her. I happen to hate you more. Plus, you'll be taking away my boss's happiness. No one likes an angry Lucifer."

Cain waves her off and exits the front room, disappearing into another part of the house.

*****

Lucifer nuzzles his scruffy face underneath my chin until I wake up, grinning like a madman. I pretend to be asleep until he nips my earlobe and then I burst into laughter and try to roll away from him.

"I'm up! I'm up!"

His chestnut brown eyes are filled with humor but darken as he glances down at my mouth and
notices how close it is. I recognize the look and close the distance between us, melding my mouth to his while tangling my fingers in his hair. His hands move straight to the bottom of my shirt, pulling it up and disconnects our mouths long enough for him to get it over my head. Lucifer trails his mouth all over my exposed skin, and I gasp loudly when he takes a sensitive nipple between his lips and sucks hard. He pulls his head back with a strange look on his face and then squeezes the tender bud between his fingers.

"What is it?"

"You're producing milk."

Lucifer dips his head back down and sucks harder, drawing more of the pearly white liquid out. He moves to the other one, giving a delightful little laugh as he discovers it too is leaking. It's slightly embarrassing but the moment he latches on again, the feeling is gone. Lucifer raises himself up to his hands and knees, with one hand on one side of my body and the other next to my head, and gazes down at me.

"You're beautiful, love. Do you know that?"

"Quit it. You're making me blush."

He chuckles, and leans down once more, connecting his mouth to mine. I can feel his cock straining against his sweatpants, just begging to be let out, so I reach down and push the band of his pants down until I free it. Lucifer moans against my mouth as I wrap my hand around his cock and slowly pump him, grinning when his hips start to move. He shuffles his legs around until his pants come off, and quickly gets to work on removing mine. I'm bounced around on the bed until Lucifer gets my pants off, and then he's back hovering over me with a pleased look on his face.

"How do you want it, sweetheart?"

Sitting up, I grasp Lucifer's shoulders and slant my lips across his until I get him underneath me. He smirks as I position myself over his cock but then his mouth drops open in a groan when I tease my wetness over the tip. I sink down onto him, and a shiver of delight runs down my spine once he's fully sheathed inside me. There's not much I can do except hold his hands because of how much my belly has grown but it's enough. I cradle one of his large palms against my cheek as I start to rock my hips, turning my head every once in a while to place a kiss in the middle of it. The need to drag it out and savor each little gargle and moan coming out of Lucifer was forgotten soon enough as I felt the urge to move faster come over me. I lean back and brace my hands on Lucifer's muscular thighs, letting him take control of how hard he wants to thrust. And good God does he begin to move. One hand grips my hip while the other dips between our bodies and a talented thumb starts to roll over my clit until I'm a quivering mess above him.

"Lucifer don't stop!"
"Wouldn't dream of it, darling."

He presses harder, and with a scream I cum, soaking his cock and the inside of my thighs.

"Good girl," he purrs.

My eyes droop a little as I sit on him but they widen in surprise when he shifts and lays me on my side.

"Sorry. I'm so tired."

"It's all right, love. Let me take care of you."

"Mmmm."

Lucifer lays his body behind mine, and lifts my leg up, sliding his cock in with one smooth motion. His hand cradles the side of my head against the pillow and uses the other to hold my leg over his hip. His thrusts are quick and deep, hitting that delightful spot inside me with every stroke of his hips. I didn't need to beg him to go harder or ask for him to hold me tighter as he did so. He did it all on his own and gave me everything I wanted and more. His mouth latched onto my skin where my neck and shoulder meet, and when he bit down hard enough to have me feel his teeth, I come undone all over again. I clenched around Lucifer's cock, and it was enough to send him spiraling into his own release. He softens inside me but doesn't pull out, keeping us connected as we fall asleep.

A few days passed uneventfully, and it wasn't until I realized that I had a doctors appointment that Lucifer and I left the house. Things had been peaceful around our little home and we hadn't felt the need to leave. But, now we had to and even though it was an appointment for Matthias, I felt reluctant to go out.

Lucifer could sense my growing tension the further we got away from the house and held my hand, stroking the back of it with his thumb.

"I won't let him get to you, love. I promise you."

I kiss the back of his knuckles in appreciation.

"I know."

"After the appointment, what do you want to do?"

"Anything, as long as I'm with you."
"Always, darling."

As usual, Lucifer gained many stares as we sat in the waiting room of the doctor's office. I laughed several times as women blatantly checked him out, even with me sitting right next to him. Was I jealous? Not at all. Because it's me that gets to go home with him at the end of the day. Not them.

"(Y/n) Morningstar?"

My name was called, and I stand up with the help of Lucifer.

"Ladies," Lucifer makes all of them giggle with that charming smile of his.

We're led to the ultrasound room, and I eagerly get up onto the table. Matthias squirms around, making his presence known as his feet and hands can be seen pushing against me. I'm excited to see him again and can hardly hold still as the cold gel is placed on my extended belly. The sound of Matthias's heart can be heard as soon as the scanner was placed against my belly, and soon the image of his body comes up on the black and white screen. Lucifer grins proudly and squeezes my hand.

"He's going to be a big boy," the technician murmurs.

"The men in my family tend to be rather large," Lucifer brags, and I roll my eyes.

The technician takes several pictures, measuring Matthias and taking notes of it all. I'm sad to see his picture go away when she removes the scanner, but I know that I will see him and hold him in my arms soon. I space off a bit during the post-ultrasound appointment, barely listening to anything the doctor had to say.

"It's still some time away, but have you thought about your birth options?"

"Uh, what?"

"I see that your son is growing a bit ahead of schedule, and there may be a possibility of needing a cesarean if he grows too big." The blood drains out of my face as I think about Matthias needing to be cut out of my body. "However, bigger babies have been born naturally. It all depends on how much stress it puts on you and him."

That makes me feel a bit better but it sticks to the back of my mind. I schedule the next appointment after we're done and groan when I notice it's only two weeks from now.

"Something wrong?"
"I'm going to have to start coming in more often."

Lucifer chuckles and wraps his hand around my waist.

"I know, darling. But, it's to make sure you're both healthy. Now, let's have an adventure, shall we?"

"Where are we going?"

"I have a few places in mind."

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Those 'few places in mind' Lucifer had turned out to be going to the Mystery Spot and reveling in the wonders of the place.

"I think your dad created this place just to fuck with people."

Lucifer laughed loudly.

"I would not put it past him."

After we were done, we sat in the car for a moment, debating about what to do.

"What if we spend time at the beaches? Take a day for each one? Collect little bottles of sand to show Matthias when he is older?"

"Sounds fine with me, darling."

From the Mystery Spot, we traveled south down to Rio Del Mar State Beach and spent the whole day there. We left the next morning and headed north to Seacliff, collecting shells and sand along the way. The more time we spent away from the house, the easier it was to forget about Cain and his mad desire to pursue me.

We spent a week away from the house just from traveling up the coastline and ended our trip at the Natural Bridges State Beach.

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"Ohh, it feels good to be home," I sigh, curling up on the bed next to Lucifer.

"That it does, love."

"How long have we been here now?"

"About three weeks, I believe." The fabric of the pillow ruffles as he turns his head. "Why?"

"Maybe we should move again."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. Are... are you okay with moving again?"

"As long as you and my son are safe, that's all that matters to me." He leans over and kisses me on the forehead. "We'll look in the morning."

After spending a week away from our little house and not really having any downtime, I was wide awake in bed. I try to sneak a glance at Lucifer and see that he's awake too. We burst into laughter, and I use the opportunity to kiss him.

"It's a perfect night out," I hint, and feel his grin against my mouth.

"That it is."

Lucifer scoops me up and I grab the comforter from the bed and the throw blanket on the back of the chair on our way out. The ocean breeze feels amazing and the moon and stars are out in full, making for an exceptionally romantic night.

I toss the comforter down and then I'm being laid down on top of it. I can't help the giggles that escape when Lucifer rubs his whiskered face all over me.

"Please don't shave that off."

"As you wish."

I'm helped to my feet, and as soon as we're both standing, the clothes start coming off. Lucifer kneels in front of me and kisses all over my belly before he somewhat disappears from my view. I can't reach his head because my bump is in the way so he reaches up and links his fingers with mine for
balance as he sucks on my clit. One hand snakes down my thigh with his fingernails lightly dragging across my skin until they're slipping through my wet folds. Two fingers pushed into my core and gently pump in and out, stoking the embers deep inside me until I feel like I'm going to be consumed by the flames.

"Ohh, Luci! Don't stop, please!"

With a smirk, that I cannot see but can definitely feel, Lucifer crooks his fingers and has me shattering around his fingers. He catches me as I sink to my knees and crushes his mouth to mine for a heated kiss.

"Turn around, love."

I happily oblige and slowly bend over until I'm on my hands and knees while Lucifer leaves a trail of open-mouthed kisses down my spine. He grips my hip with his left hand and positions his cock at my entrance with his right before pushing in. I smile up at the moon and stars when he bottoms out, never tiring of the incredible feeling of being filled so well. Lucifer pulls back until only the tip is left in and then he drives himself back in antagonizingly slow. He does it over and over, with his cock head bumping into the soft spot that makes me see my own stars until my wetness is dripping down my thighs and soaking his pelvis.

"Are you going to come for me, darling?" Lucifer thrusts roughly, leaving me breathless for a moment. "Tell me wife, are you?" He does it again and I let out a small moan while shaking my head yes.

How Lucifer can be so gentle and rough at the same time is obviously a God-given talent, and it's not until I'm screaming his name to the Heavens that I realize I've come again. Lucifer's pearly white wings burst from his back as he cumms, filling my womb with his seed.

We lie down facing each other, breathing heavily and grinning like fools.

"You've really turned me onto outside sex. I love you."

"I love you too."

I get as close to him as I can and rest my head on his chest. Lucifer covers us with the blanket to shield us from the wind and cold. The combination Lucifer's heartbeat and the ocean behind us soon lulls me to sleep.

The next morning Lucifer finds us a house in San Francisco and calls the real estate agent to set everything up. We haven't accumulated much since we moved in, so everything fit into the Mustang. The hour and a half drive go by in a flash, and it doesn't help that Lucifer was driving like, well, he
was after himself. The two bedroom house came fully furnished, and it took us less than half the afternoon to unpack.

We celebrated by ordering Chinese food and I introduced Lucifer to blanket forts. We wasted no time getting settled in our new house, and the first thing the following morning, we were out exploring. Of course, Lucifer's first choice was to go to Alcatraz but I had my worries with how far along I was and having to deal with seasickness. Just in case, we found safe medication for me to use, and then off we were, going to Alcatraz.

"I personally tortured some of these men when they came to Hell," Lucifer murmurs as we walk through the empty cell blocks.

"Are they still there?"

"Oh, yes. Once they arrive in Hell, they never leave."

I shudder, imagining being stuck there for eternity.

"Don't worry, you'll never end up there. Even if I have to fly you to the Silver City myself."

"Thanks, Luci."

"You're always welcome, my dear."

Once we reached the mainland again, we went straight for Golden Gate Park to have a picnic.

"I'm glad I found someone who enjoys the museum as much as I do."

Lucifer smiles around his can of soda.

"I have another surprise for you then."

"Oh?"

"You're a fan of Disney, yes?"

"I'm sorry. Have you met me?"

He laughs and nods.
"Yes, I have. That's why after this we're going to the Walt Disney Family Museum."

"Walt Disney has a museum?"

"Yes."

"Let's go!"

And we do. In fact, we stay until they close with Lucifer's promise to bring me back every time there's a new exhibit.

"Would it be weird if I wanted to make a list of things I want to do around here?"

Lucifer looks up from his phone.

"No. Why would it be weird?"

I hold up the notepad with my list.

"Because I did it already?"

He chuckles and joins me on the couch.

"See? This is why I love you. When do you want to start knocking things off?"

"Tomorrow, because I'm enjoying the lazy day with you." I curl up in his lap against his chest and close my eyes. "How are things at Lux?"

"The place is still standing and all my employees are fairly happy under Maze's command."

"I bet she's enjoying that. Do you miss home?"

Lucifer gazes up at the ceiling and purses his lips, thinking about his answer.

"Yes. But, it's like I've been on a real vacation since we've left."

"If I could straddle you, I would but, uh..," I laugh and rub a hand over my bump, "it's kinda hard to
do at the moment. Anyway, what would you think about going home in a couple weeks?"

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I think it's time to go home. It's getting closer to when Matthias is due and I want to be there when he comes, you know?"

"I know, love."

I kiss him, momentarily surprising him but he catches on quick enough and responds eagerly.

"We're going home," I giggle, a little breathlessly. "Should we tell anyone?"

"No. Let's surprise them all."

"Okay!"

He growls a little as he kisses me again and leans me backward on the couch.

~~~~~

Lucifer and I spent most of the next few days in the Redwoods, at Ocean beach and the aquarium. I lost track of how long I would stare at the marine life in the tunnels. All the colorful fish and the sharks that would swim right up to the glass before going up and over. We hiked for hours underneath the Redwood trees, gazing up as the sunlight filtered through the treetops and listening to the birds' songs. There were a few times where we enjoyed other outside activities and almost got caught, adding to the excitement. We would end most nights walking along the beach at sunset and would bring back a pocket or two full of seashells.

I was fearful for my next appointment but Matthias had only gained another ounce which made giving birth seem a little less intimidating but not by much. We were recommended to start a birthing plan and put a hospital bag together in case Matthias decided to come early. She didn't think that would happen but, babies can be unpredictable and could come any time they wanted.

We spent the rest of the afternoon shopping for things that needed to go in the overnight bag and probably spent too much time trying to pick out which outfit Matthias should wear at the hospital and which he should go home in.

"I'm not ready for this. I know they have painkillers that can be given but what if it hurts too much?"

"I'll be right by your side, sweetheart. I promise."
"I know. I'm just... scared."

"You'll be all right."

"Are you sure? As soon as he's in your arms, you're going to forget all about the pain you've endured."

"How do you know?"

"I've been talking to Chloe about it. She sends her love and Ella does too."

"I can't wait to see them."

"Two nights, love. We've got two nights until we're home."

I curl up closer to Lucifer and run my fingers up and down his chest and stomach, smirking when his stomach muscles twitch every time I drag my fingernails through his happy trail.

"Are you sure you'll be all right for a night by yourself?"

"Yeah, I'll be okay."

As Lucifer dozes off, I stay wide awake. I feel restless, and on edge, but not in the kind of way that Lucifer could usually solve for me. Sometime in the middle of the night, I finally fall asleep and dream of nothing but darkness.

Lucifer wakes bright and early the next morning and makes breakfast and brings it to me while I'm still in bed.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

He kisses my forehead and goes to retrieve his before climbing back in next to me.

Even though we were only going to be separated for less than twenty-four hours, I still wished that the day wouldn't go by so fast. But, soon it was time for Lucifer to leave. "I'll be back for you tomorrow, my dear. All right?" He cups my face in his hands, dark brown eyes searching mine. "You sure you'll be all right?"
"Yes. We will be fine."

Lucifer pulls me in for a scorching kiss before gently setting me back down on my feet. He gets into the car and waves goodbye as he drives away.

"Well, buddy, just you and me now."

I go back into the house and strip the blankets off the bed, taking them into the front room and throw them all onto the floor to make a big nest-like pile. I never ever thought I would have something like this with someone like Lucifer but here I am, sitting on the floor and eating ice cream while pouting and watching romantic movies.

"It's only a night," I say to Matthias, pulling my shirt up to watch him move. "We'll be okay, right?"

A little foot makes an appearance, making me grin.

I finish the ice cream and set the empty container aside before curling up in the blankets. I try fighting sleep, but my eyelids grow too heavy.

~~~~~

Thunder threatened us as it loomed in the distance but looked like it wasn't going to get any closer. Bright blue skies shone overhead as Cain and Abel made their sacrifices to God.

"Why does he never favor mine?!" Cain bellows, turning to Abel. "Why must he favor you?!"

"I do not question God. Why should you?"

Fury flashed in Cain's eyes.

"Come, brother. Let's go to the field and talk."

Abel blindly followed Cain into the field, where Cain struck him down with a heavy rock. Cain stared down at his brother's body and watched as his blood soaked into the ground around him. He left his brother there and walked back to the village.

"Hurry, sister!" Seth shouts, carrying water from the river. "You move too slow."

"Only because you are bigger than I am, Seth."
I carried water in pails next to my younger brother, feeling light and happy. Abel and I were to be joined as Mother and Father were in two sunsets time, and I couldn’t want for anything more. Our crops and flocks were flourishing and no bad weather or disasters had ruined anything. I shouted for Cain when I saw him strolling across the field, looking wrathful. But where was Abel?

The grass was indented from Cain’s path but there was one small area where it had not risen again. Dread filled my belly and I felt I had no control over my feet as I went to the spot Cain had left. The dread turned to a stone when I saw my brother’s body lying so still, surrounded by the cheerfully colored flowers and grass that danced in the breeze. Dropping down to my knees, I touch Abel's face and reeled back as I felt how cold it was. I rested my head against his chest and sobbed loudly as I realized there was no heartbeat. My brother, my best friend, was dead.

"Mother! Father!" I screamed as loud as I could, clutching Abel's body to mine.

Their footsteps got louder until they were standing before me, shocked at what they were seeing. Father took Abel out of my arms and carried him back to our village as Mother and I held onto each other, following close behind him. My siblings all cried out when they saw Abel in Father's arms, crying out to God and asking who would do this. But, God did not need to provide an answer because he was standing with us. Cain bore no tears nor showed any sorrow for what he had done.

Leaving Mother, I lunged and struck Cain's face with an open hand. I then began to strike him with my fists until Seth pulled me away.

"Why?! Was your jealousy that great?!"

Emotionless steel blue eyes met my tearful (e/c) ones.

"I am the first born. What he had should have been mine."

I struck him again and went into the small hut that Father had taken Abel into. I remained there with him for two days and two nights until Father had made his decision of what he was going to do with Cain.

"Permanent banishment. Leave and never return again."

Cain made no sound to object to the verdict. I left the hut to see him go, with tears still staining my face. I thought I would be free of the monster that had become my brother, but he had other plans. Cain reached out and grabbed my wrist tightly, attempting to take me with him. I fought back, pulling and trying to remove his hand. Mother and Father did nothing to stop him, and soon I could no longer see them behind me. It was as if life ceased to exist before and after us. I couldn’t bear the thought of spending the rest of my days with Cain, so with movements quick enough that he could not expect, I grabbed his dagger and plunged it into my heart.
"You will never be free of me, sister."

I wake up with a scream, clawing the air around me as I readjust to my surroundings. Matthias kicked at being woken up, reminding me that I wasn't completely alone.

"Daddy will be here to get us soon, baby boy. We can make it that far, right?" I could see that the sun wasn't up yet, and sighed. "Guess we're up for the day, huh?"

What little items that remained here with me needed to be bagged and packed, but even that didn't take very long. I made breakfast and sat on the porch swing to watch the sunrise as I ate, counting down the hours until Lucifer would be back.

The night before:

As soon as Lucifer arrived back at Lux, he was greeted warmly by his staff and Maze. Chloe, Dan, Ella, Linda, and Amenadiel all showed up soon after, with all saying how happy they were to see him back. The biggest question, of course, was where was I?

"She's still at our house in San Francisco, waiting for me to go back and get her. I called you all here tonight to help me with something." Lucifer went on to explain that he needed their help finishing the added on room in his penthouse that he had constructed for his son. "I need it painted, furniture moved in and the main area to be decorated as a surprise. I want my wife to feel safe coming home."

He clapped his hands and everyone got to work, going well into the night until everything was completed. Lucifer passed out as soon as his head hit the pillows, his exhausted mind not even giving his heart enough time to miss his wife.

When he woke up the next morning, he felt as if he hadn't gotten any sleep at all and he just blamed it on the very few hours of sleep and the workout from the night before. With a wave goodbye to the vendors bringing in alcohol and a message left for Maze, he was gone again and on his way to pick us up.

I'm on my way, love. Be there soon.
The text from Lucifer made my heart soar, and I paced impatiently as I waited for him to arrive. A knock on the door had me waddling/jogging to it and yanked it open excitedly. My heart stopped when I realized that it wasn't Lucifer on the other side.

"Hello, sister. It's good to see you."

I love you, Lucifer.

I sent the message out as Cain stepped forward and grabbed me by the throat. My phone dropped to the ground and buzzed with the reply from Lucifer.

I love you too.

"Time to go."

~~~~~

Lucifer pulled up to the curb, and sprinted up the walkway, shouting my name. But, all that greeted him was the echo of his voice as he opened the front door. Everything he left behind was piled by the door, waiting for him. He looked down when he stepped on something and it broke beneath his foot. It was my phone, with the unopened text from him. He crushed it in his hand, and tossed it across the house, letting out a furious roar. The fires he created in Hell raged through his veins, his eyes blazed with the power of his wrath and his Devil face came forward, glaring at him with his reflection.

"I'm coming for you, Cain."

Chapter End Notes

My goal is to reach 300 kudos? Do you think we can do it? Share this with your family, friends, coworkers, ANYONE who you think might like Lucifer. IF I reach 300, I will release a special chapter based on a request!
I open my eyes and groan. *Big* mistake. The brief glimpse I got showed that we were still traveling.

"Great. You're awake."

This time, I slowly open my eyes but squint from the bright sunlight. My head hurts, my throat hurts, my *heart* hurts.

"Why'd you have to choke me?"

"It was the only way I could get you to come with me without putting up a fight."

I rubbed my hand across my throat, wincing when I pressed too hard.

"You could've killed me! *And* Matthias!"

"I would never do anything to put either of your lives in danger."

I finally open my eyes all the way and raise my brows at him. "Are you serious? You *choked* me until I passed out, you asshole! You haven't changed at all! How is that possible?" I start coughing because of the yelling and contemplate being stubborn when Cain holds out a water bottle. "I'm not saying thank you," I snarl, after taking a drink.

"Wasn't expecting it."

"I'm still not choosing you."

It was dangerous to piss him off in such an enclosed space but it was necessary to get it out there in the open. Cain's grip on the steering wheels was making his knuckles turn white and his jaw was tight with anger. I felt pretty satisfied about shutting him up, but the quiet made me think and when I think, my mind immediately goes to Lucifer.

"You're thinking about him."

I roll my eyes and look out my window, refusing to answer him.
Who else would I be thinking about?

"Where are we going?"

"Oregon."

"I'm sorry, did you say Oregon?!"

Cain smirks and glances at me from the corner of his eye.

I can't find anything to say and resort to staying silent.

Hours go by like this and it's not until I can't stop twitching in my seat that Cain finally pulls over to a rest stop. I get out when the car is barely stopped and rush as fast as I can to the bathroom to relieve myself. As I'm sitting there, I think about how it's been a long time since I've been in Oregon, but I still have no clue as to where I'm at. Therefore, there's no possible chance I can escape from Cain. I rub my hands over my face as I sit there, and sigh.

A knock on the stall door startles me.

"Are you okay in there?"

I finish taking care of myself and stand up on wobbly legs, managing to pull my pants up without falling on my face and exit the stall. A young woman around my age is washing her hands and smiles at me in the mirror.

"Yeah, I'm all right. Just tired."

"Where ya comin' from?"

"California." A brief thought crosses my mind and I hesitated before asking. "Can I borrow your phone real quick?"

The woman nods and pulls her phone out, handing it over to me. Thankfully, I'd memorized Chloe's number and send her a one worded message: Oregon.

"Thank you so much. If the number replies, tell them that's all I know."

"Are you being held against your will?"
"Yes."

"(Y/n)?" Cain calls through the door.

"I gotta go. Thank you again."

I turn before she can do anything to stop me and almost get smacked in the face by Cain.

"I was worried."

I brush by him and keep walking to the car. I don't say anything when he gets in and go back to doing the same thing that I had done before. Cain tries several times to get me to talk to him, but when he doesn't get any responses back, he gives up.

Eventually, we stopped for food and I only ate to keep my energy up in case I had a chance to run and to keep Matthias safe. It was fast food but it was better than nothing at this point. A few blocks away, Cain pulled into a hotel that had a Vacancy sign up and got us a room. He led me to the room, and since I had nothing with me, I went to the bed and laid down.

"You're not a prisoner, (Y/n) but it'd be wise for you not to leave. You and I have a lot to discuss. I'm going out to get us some things until we get to where we need to go."

Yeah, cause that's not cryptic.

The door closes and as the silence weighs down on me, I fall into a fitful sleep.

~~~~~

Lucifer sits in the dark, nursing a glass of scotch and occasionally glances at my things sitting in the corner. But, every time he does that, he has to fight back the rage and pain that comes with it.

The elevator dings but he doesn't stop. It's not until Chloe's hand comes to rest on his arm that he looks up.

"I got a message earlier. I came as soon as I could."

Hope flickers in his eyes, but quickly dies out.

"What did it say?"
"Oregon."

Lucifer raises his head, confusion clearly written on his face. "Oregon? Why the bloody hell would he take her there?"

"I don’t know. That’s all I got. I called the owner of the phone and said she’d talked to (Y/n) for a few moments before she had to go. She said (Y/n) looked stressed but appeared unharmed."

Relief flits across Lucifer’s face but then he seems to sink further into himself. He takes a long drink from his glass and glares at it when he sees he’s emptied it.

"We will find her and your son. Marcus will be brought to justice for kidnapping them."

Lucifer scoffs and gives Chloe a sarcastic smile.

"Do you truly want to go after them to save them or is it revenge you’re seeking, Detective? I’ve heard tales of your humiliation."

"I’m not rising to the bait, Lucifer because one, you’re drunk and two because you’re angry and scared."

"Angry? Oh, no, Detective. I am absolutely furious. My wife was finally ready to come home and before we could get resettled, in swoops her horrid brother and kidnaps her and my child. No, I am not angry at all." Because of Lucifer’s inebriated state, he was completely unaware of releasing his wings as he stood up and towered over Chloe during his mini-speech. "So, tell me again Detective, what your true intentions are."

But, Chloe is too distracted at the sight of the pearly white appendages twitching behind his back to respond. He follows her line of sight and growls, shuffling his shoulders to make them go away.

"It’s all true, isn’t it? You’re... you’re Lucifer."

"Yes, I’ve been telling you the truth the whole time!"

"And Amenadiel, he’s..."

"My angelic brother, yes and Charlotte Richards was possessed by my mother, the goddess of creation."
"God Johnson?"

"My father in that poor fool's body. All of it was true."

"But, I thought your wings were cut off?"

"Ah, yes. A cruel trick because of your dear Marcus. Or should I say, Cain?"

"Cain? As in, Cain and Abel?"

"The one and only."

"Wait. You said (Y/n)'s brother... Cain is her brother?!"

"Congratulations, Detective. You're finally catching on."

Chloe glares at him and sinks down onto the leather couch, revisiting all of her memories with Lucifer. The things she couldn't explain, all the times he told her he was the Devil; it all came rushing back.

"I told you, I've never lied to you." When she doesn't say anything for a few moments, Lucifer sits down next to her and holds out a drink. "Here, to help process." Chloe takes it with a nod and takes a large mouthful of the bitter liquid. "Penny for your thoughts?"

"How is (Y/n) Mar- Cain's sister? I've seen her birth certificate. She's my age."

"Reincarnation. Apparently, my Father couldn't let the first daughter of his creation stay dead."

"First creation? Oh, right. Adam and Eve." Chloe finishes her drink and Lucifer pours more scotch. "Nothing makes sense anymore. If he's her brother, why would he want to kidnap her?"

"For the same reason most people do things, selfishness."

"Why?"

"That's a story you'll have to ask my wife for when we get her."

~~~~~
For a brief moment, before I opened my eyes, I thought I was back home with Lucifer. And then the happy little bubble I was in popped.

"How'd you sleep?"

I glare at my brother as he reads his book and roll over.

"He won't find you so you might as well get used to being around me."

Matthias stretched and rolled, and I rubbed a hand over the little bulge of his foot.

_Daddy's coming, baby. We'll be home again with him soon. I hope._

Cain rises from his chair and sets his book down on the side table before walking over to a pile of bags sitting on the floor.

"I bought you a few things. Vitamins, food, clothes. Didn't know what you wanted or needed."

"I don't need anything from you."

Cain pinches the bridge of his nose, trying to keep calm.

"I'm trying to be nice."

"Yeah, well I'm not. So, feel free to quit trying."

That pushed him to snap. He grabs my feet and flips me over before yanking me by my shirt to sit up and gets in my face. We're so close that I can see my reflection in his crystal clear blue eyes.

"Get used to this, (Y/n) because _nothing_ is going to change! Lucifer isn't coming for you and you will never see him again. Understand?"

I nod my head and agree with him because I know he's wrong. Lucifer is coming and he'll be bringing Hell with him. I just pray that all of his make it out alive. Cain knows Lucifer's literal weakness is Chloe, so if Chloe comes with him when they come for me, Lucifer will be just as mortal as Cain. _That's_ what terrifies me. I know that if it comes down to it, _I will_ choose Lucifer over Cain, whether he was my brother at one time in my life or not.

"Thank you." Cain releases my shirt and I scoot back, keeping my knees tucked against my body to
"protect my son. "Are you hungry? I bought microwavable food."

"Sure."

"Pizza?"

"That's fine."

As soon as Cain gets far enough away from me, I slide off the bed.

"Where are you going?"

I roll my eyes and point to the bathroom.

"I'm pregnant. Which means I have to pee. A LOT. Okay?"

Cain holds his hands up in surrender. "I'm sorry. The last time I was around a pregnant woman was... Mother."

Not wanting to rehash those memories quite yet, I scurry into the bathroom and shut the door behind me. I slide my back down the door and cover my face with my hands in frustration. If I can't even go to the bathroom without him jumping, how am I going to get out and away from him? The need to actually pee pulls me to my feet.

"Need help?"

I hold back a groan as Cain talks to me through the door, and dry my hands off before opening it. I shake my head and head to the bed, wishing I could get out of here. I'm handed little pizza bites on a paper plate, and grind out a small thank you to keep the peace.

"Why Matthias?"

The question caught me off guard and I paused with a pizza bagel thing halfway to my mouth. I eat it as quickly as I can without choking and then try to figure out why it's so hard to answer him.

"It means gift from God. Why?"

"Why would you name him that?"
"Oh, let me see. He brought me back to life when I died because of a psychotic ex-boyfriend and let me have a child with the fallen angel himself. And I like the name! What's it to you?"

Cain shakes his head in disbelief.

"After everything that's happened to our family, you're picking sides with the Devil who caused it all and his father that kicked Mother and Father out of Eden because of him?"

"Your family, Cain. I died, remember? The minute my heart stopped was the moment I stopped being part of that family. I can name my son whatever I feel like because I feel grateful for the life I have. The second chance, I've been given. How many other people can say that?"

"Your husband tricked Mother into eating the forbidden fruit!"

"I don't care, Cain! You killed our brother! Lucifer has never once hurt me or forced me to do something I didn't want to do. Which is more than I can say for anyone else in my life."

"Do you really think that Lucifer chose you because he wants you? It was his out from Chloe and what God wanted for him. You were just convenient."

Anger burned in my chest and thankfully kept the tears at bay.

"Fuck you, Marcus."

I rose from the bed and made a beeline to the door when he stepped in my way. I swung and my fist connected with his face. His head turned a bit from the impact of the blow and in the split second that he was distracted, I got out the door and away. I can hear his footsteps behind me, thumping loudly in the hallway.

"(Y/n), stop."

I keep walking and pick up the pace, getting out the front doors and into the public before he can reach me. A group of women are ahead and with a quick glance behind me, I shuffle forward faster until they can hear me.

"Hey, excuse me?"

One of the women turns around and her eyes widen when she takes in my appearance.

"Do you need help?"
"Yes. There's a strange man that's been following me. Can I join you until I can get somewhere safe?"

"Of course! Come on and get between us."

I introduce myself to all the ladies and they introduce themselves, looking back every few minutes until they say Cain has disappeared. Hopefully, back to the hotel. We continue walking until we reach their cars. When they start piling in, I realize how somewhat foolish my plan was. I have absolutely nowhere to go and don't even know where I'm at.

"Thank you, ladies for keeping my wife safe while we cooled down from an argument," Cain's voice was as smooth as honey as he stepped up beside me and wrapped an arm around my waist. "We're moving and it's been quite stressful on the both of us."

There are a few moments of tense silence when I don't say anything, but then I sigh and play along.

"It's true. I'm sorry if you feel I lied to you. I just needed a few minutes of space. Thank you for walking with me."

Cain kisses the side of my head and there's collective aw's from the car.

"Come on, sweety, let's go home."

I reluctantly wave goodbye and have to resist pulling away from him while we walk away.

"So, your plan was to what? Runaway and then get yourself stranded with no ID, no money and nowhere to go? Smart, (Y/n)."

"I wouldn't be having to deal with those issues if you hadn't kidnapped me because I'd still. Be. Home!"

Cain moves his hand from my back to my upper arm and wraps his large hand around it, squeezing a little too tight.

"The only home you're going to have is with me. Get. Used. To. It."

I yank my arm out of his grasp as soon as we're back in the hotel room and poke him in the chest.

"I don't want to 'get used to it'! I want to go home to my husband and my friends and get ready for when my son is born! That is what I want to get used to. Not being dragged around to wherever you
want to take me. Let me go home, Cain. Please."

"No," and with that, he storms out.

I let out a yell of frustration and kick the tablestand a little harder than I meant to because it falls over and the drawer pops open. I recognize the curled chord that's dangling outside of it and I snatch it out of the drawer and scramble to plug everything in. My heart pounds in my chest as I dial Lucifer's number, praying that Cain doesn't come back while I'm on the phone.

"Hello?"

"Lucifer!" I sob, trying to keep my voice low.

"(Y/n), love? Is that you?"

"Yes, Luci it's me."

"Where are you? Mazikeen, call the detective!"

"Medford but I don't know how long we'll be here. I just wanted to say I love you. I... I have to go before he gets back. I love you, Lucifer."

"I love you too but don't go yet. Stall him until we get there."

"I'll try to do what I can but can't promise..." the door opens and my eyes widen with fear once Cain realizes what's going on. "I love you!" is all I can get out before the phone is ripped out of the wall and thrown onto the floor where it splinters into a thousand pieces.

In his rage, I'm expecting something to be thrown in my direction or to be struck but all Cain does is pack. When he's finished, he yanks me to my feet and drags me out the door. His hand stays linked with mine as we check out and then we're on our way out of the hotel and to the car. It's very, very tempting to take off when he gets in and buckles but it's getting harder to move around quickly the closer it gets to me giving birth. Giving up is not in my nature but to keep Matthias safe, it seems I will have to play along with Cain's psychotic dream.

"Have a nice talk?"

"I was saying goodbye."

There's a surprising pause and I can see out of the corner of my eye that he's turned his head to stare
"Really?" disbelief is clear in his tone.

I shrug and lean against the window.

"It was the right thing to do, I guess. Now he and Chloe can be together. Like they were meant to be." Cain's a brave man when he reaches out and touches my hand. I jerk it away, holding out a finger as a warning. "Just because I've said goodbye doesn't mean you can touch me. Not... not yet."

"I can respect that."

I turn away from him a little more and close my eyes, hoping to stop the tears but they roll down anyway, dripping down the window.

It's a long ride to wherever, and I doze off somewhere along the way, dreaming of home.

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Maze sits at the bar downstairs, gazing into her glass as she swirls the amber liquid around. Amenadiel walks by but stops midstep when Maze shakes her head.

"I wouldn't go up there if I was you."

"Why?"

"He's in a mood."

"What happened?"

"(Y/n) called."

Amenadiel squints. "Why is that a bad thing? Does he know where she's at?"

"He knows where she was at but she's gone now. So, he tore the place apart because he didn't get there in time."

"Why not?"
"He was waiting for Decker."

"I'll do some damage control. Before he kills someone."

"You do that," Maze toasts to him.

"Luci?"

The angel is met with a ruby-eyed glare from the dark corner of the penthouse.

"What do you want, brother? I am in no mood for visitors."

Amenadiel throws caution to the wind and moves closer to Lucifer but stays out of arms reach.

"I heard about (Y/n)."

"Watch yourself, Amenadiel."

"Is this your plan? Drink and mope while you wait for her to be dropped into your lap? She's pregnant with your child, Lucifer. Sitting around and sulking isn't going to bring them back any sooner."

Lucifer is on his feet in a moment and holding Amenadiel against the wall by his throat. Dee doesn't put up a fight because he knows that Lucifer is more angry with himself than with him. Lucifer drops him after a moment and goes straight to the bar, pouring himself a large portion before downing half of it.

"You have your wings, Luci. You could've flown there and had her back before Cain even got back. Why did you wait for Chloe?" The heartbroken look on Lucifer's let's Amenadiel know everything that he feared. "It was an excuse, wasn't it? What are you so afraid of?"

"I've lost her twice now. Is this Dad's way of saying I don't deserve her? That she belongs with Cain now that he's back in her life?"

"I guess if you're going to give up that easily, then yes. Maybe you don't deserve her." Lucifer polishes off his drink but as he goes to refill it, Amenadiel takes his glass. "She has a pure soul that attracts the worst of humanity."

"So, she only fell in love with me because I'm the worst of them all? Is that it?"
"No. It's the opposite. You may be the fallen one, the dark prince but you were Father's Lightbringer. She helped you regain your wings, Luci. Don't you think that means something?"

"Don't tell me you think her getting taken all these times is a test of faith."

"Well-"

"I said, don't."

"What do you want me to say, Luci?"

The bottle Lucifer was clutching is thrown against the far wall and his wings burst from his back, flared and twitching angrily.

"I don't know!"

The elevator dings and out steps Maze and Chloe. They have to step delicately around the shattered remains of Lucifer's items and Chloe gives him her 'disappointed motherly' look until he huffs.

"I may have destroyed a few things. Are you going to berate me about it?"

"No," she replies, "because I know you're scared."

Lucifer opens his mouth to scoff but shuts it.

"I suppose you have a plan then?"

"Not a genius one," Maze snarks, but looks off in the distance like she hadn't said anything.

"No. But, that's why we're going to need back up." She motions for them all to follow and walks back to the elevator. "I recruited some friends."

The club was empty per Lucifer's request, so it was obvious who her friends were. Dan sits on the large leather couch while Ella spins around in a stool a few feet away. She jumps up when she sees them and dashes to Lucifer, throwing her arms around the reluctant devil.

"We're going to get her back. I swear to God."
"Don't swear anything to Dad. He doesn't care."

Everyone but Ella rolls their eyes and her arms tighten around him before she lets him go. They sit around each other in a semi-circle and wait for Lucifer to come back from the bar.

"All right, Detective. What's your plan?"

"We're going to send your brother in as a decoy."

"How are you going to find them? We have no way to contact her or track him."

"That's where we come in," Ella motions to herself and Dan. "I have old... friends from my past that are still in our northern neighbor that owe me favors."

"I've got friends in police departments that can put the word out on the down low and get back to me about it. As soon as we hear from them, we can send Amenadiel up there."

"How long will it take?" Lucifer asks, sounding a little hopeful.

"We don't know," Chloe responds. "And we don't know if Marcus will trust Amenadiel either. If things go sideways, we'll get (Y/n) and your son out of there as safely as we can. But, we need your cooperation, Lucifer."

"What do you need me for? You all have everything figured out."

"Lucifer quit feeling sorry for yourself," Maze snaps, sending him a glare. "Decker is trying to do everything she can to help and you're being whiny."

"I apologize, Detective. You have my full cooperation."

"Good. Now," Chloe looks to Amenadiel, "let's get your story together about why you've abandoned your brother."

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Cain and I travel for a few hours, only stopping at every rest stop because of me needing to pee until we come to a house in the middle of nowhere. We're surrounded by woods and mountains, with no sign of civilization for miles.

"You loved the cabin, so I bought this house. Somewhere similar to our home with Mother and
Father. You know, to get to know each other again."

"We can't live here, Cain. I'm so close to having Matthias. What if something goes wrong?"

"I'll drive us to the hospital. It's the closest thing to us. I made sure of that."

Reluctantly, I get out of the car with him and he grabs our bags before walking ahead of me to let us into the house.

It's larger than what I expected on the inside and filled to the brim with expensive and ancient looking items. I'm half afraid to touch anything. I can hear Cain rustling around in the kitchen and since I have nothing to put away, I wander around the front room and get close enough to the belongings to study them. Some of them are recognizable from what I remember in my classes from high school and some of them are so strange I can't even imagine when they'd be from.

"I've collected something from every life I've had. Most people think I'm an artifact collector. If only they knew." Cain steps beside me and hands me a glass. "It's lemonade."

"Thank you."

He begins by explaining the time periods and the lives he lived with every piece. I could hear it in his voice when he missed a certain life, and when he didn't.

"Do you have anything from..."

"The beginning? Yeah. I do."

He walks over to a tall cabinet, and opens it, pulling out a mahogany box. When he unlocks it and lifts up the lid, I let out a gasp and cover my mouth. Nestled inside the black velvet is the bone dagger that I'd killed myself with the first time he tried taking me away.

"After you died, I carried that dagger around everywhere. I carved out your grave with it and almost buried the blade with you but it was the last thing I had of you and couldn't bring myself to do it."

Flashbacks of that day had me squeezing my eyes shut and pressing the heel of my palms against them.

"Remembering is a bitch, isn't it?"

"I need to lie down."
With a hand against the small of my back, Cain guides me to the bedroom. I climb under the covers and lay down, begging the world to swallow me up and take me away. I pray to God that he'll help his son find a way to me and take me home before Matthias got here and finally rid me of Cain's dysfunctional way of thinking that we were meant to be together. My tears soak the pillow as I fall asleep, not knowing that my prayer was already being answered.

"(Y/n)?"

My eyes open in surprise when someone touches my arm. Cain's blue ones are right in front of my face so suddenly that my automatic response is to swing because he'd startled me. He ducks in time but he was clearly surprised.

"Good morning to you too. I made breakfast so do whatever you do in the mornings. It'll be waiting for you in the kitchen. There's a dresser full of clothes for you and clean towels in the bathroom."

"Thanks."

Cain backs up slowly and leaves, closing the door behind him.

I try to take as much time as I can showering and getting ready to face the day with Cain, but no matter how much I drag it out, the ending is still the same: he's gonna be out there waiting for me. So, with a deep breath, I leave the bedroom and head to the kitchen.

Bacon, eggs, sausage, a giant bowl of fruit and hashbrowns rest on platters on the marble top island. Orange juice fills a clear glass pitcher to the brim, making me ridiculously thirsty. My stomach growls, apparently seconding the motion that I really need to fill up before I pass out from not having anything in my system.

"I didn't know what you liked so I made a little bit of everything."

Grabbing the empty plate, I start piling something from every platter onto it until all the food threatens to spill over. Cain chuckles when I sit down but gets up when I do.

"Sit and eat. What did you forget?"

"Orange juice."

He pours me a healthy portion and sets it in front of me before returning to his seat and continuing to read the paper. I take my time eating, savoring every bite because it really has been cooked to perfection. I lean back in the chair when I'm done, completely full.
"How was it?"

Cain folds the paper a bit at the top and peers over it at me.

"Good. Thank you. Now I need a nap."

Slowly but surely, I get out of the chair and waddle back to my room to lay on the bed. As soon as my head hit the pillows, my eyes began to droop but I couldn't go to sleep. So, I stared at the bland pale blue wall across the room and tried to imagine what it would be like if I was at home in LA with Lucifer at Lux. That nagging little voice in the back of my mind began hissing old doubts about Lucifer and Chloe, I quickly squash it down, refusing to give into it.

Midway through fighting to get some sleep, I get back up and walk in circles, hating the restlessness. I knew it was to be expected because of being so far into my pregnancy but it didn't make it any less easy. A knock on the door momentarily halts my pacing but I resume and call out to permit entry.

Cain's brows raise when he looks on as I switch from circles to going back and forth of the length of my room and I growl out a 'what'.

"I could hear your footsteps from the other room. There's a trail that loops around the house through the forest. Pretty flat, so it won't be a strain on you."

"Can I walk by myself?"

"No."

"I'll pass then."

Cain rolls his eyes and closes the door behind him.

I wouldn't mind a stroll through a woods but I don't want to be babysat while trying to get the unease from underneath my skin. It was like an itch that I couldn't reach and it was driving me crazy.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, and Cain left me mostly to myself. I'll give the man one thing: he definitely knows how to cook. It was one less worry I could get off my chest.

Five days passed like this. I'd get up, shower, eat breakfast and return back to my room in between meals. Cain and I would exchange few words to keep the atmosphere civil and as least stressful as
possible. When the house got quiet at night, I'd sneak out to the covered front porch and sit in the swing, gazing up at the night sky. I swear I could see every star and find most constellations. The milky way was absolutely brilliant out here and it was one of the only consolations I had while being my estranged brother's captive.

"I have to go into town to get supplies. There's no phone and I'm taking the only car. Stay in the house while I'm gone."

I give him a sarcastic thumbs up and go back to reading my book. "Like there's anywhere I could go anyway," I snarl, once he's outside. Matthias stretches and I rub my belly, feeling him push against my skin. "I know, buddy. I miss daddy too."

With Cain being gone, I was free to do what I want. Which meant I could leave the house and stretch my legs. Grabbing a backpack, I stuff some water bottles and fruit into it and leave the safety of the house. I pause at the bottom of the steps and go back into the house to grab the dagger that ended my life so long ago.

"Better to be safe than sorry. Who knows how safe these woods are."

I strap the dagger to my belt and waddle down the stairs, taking my first steps out of the house since I got here. The sunlight filtered through the trees, and I smile up at the clear blue sky, feeling slightly bittersweet at the temporary freedom I've found.

The path is easy enough to find and even easier to navigate like Cain said it would be. I can hear birds and other little forest critters inside the massive forest, singing and carrying on with their lives. I can still see the house if I look through the trees but have no intention of going back so soon. Up ahead there's a break in the trees and a small clearing with a shallow creek that runs through it. It's good enough for me to take a quick break in and I refill my water bottle with the clear water before sitting down on the grass. I eat a banana and then use my backpack as a pillow and lie down to soak up the sun.

"I thought I heard that someone moved in next door."

The new voice has my eyes shooting open and I struggle to stay calm as I meet the brilliant green eyes of a stranger. The sandy-haired man holds up his hands to show that he means no harm and holds one out to help me sit up. Something familiar thrums through my veins at the contact, but it's more familial than attraction.

"I'm Ezekial. I know it's strange but my family is into old-fashioned biblical names."

"(Y/n)."

Ezekial sits cross-legged in front of me, the sunlight twinkling in his already bright eyes.
"Ovens about done, ain't it?"

I chuckle and rub my hand over the top of my bump. "Yeah, I've got about six weeks to go. Even though I feel like I'm going to burst if I sneeze," I add, slightly embarrassed. "Do you live close to here? C- Marcus said there was no one close by."

"I live about half a mile away but like to walk the trail that connects our two places together. Is he your husband?"

I inwardly grimace at the thought.

"No. My brother. He's really... protective."

Ezekial smiles like he knows what I'm talking about. "Does that mean you're a single mother?"

"No," I snap, a little quickly and a little more harshly than I intended. "My brother thinks that it's better for me to be away from my husband but I disagree. Being here is... it's nice but it's not home."

"Where's home?"

I think of home fondly; the thrumming bass from the speakers below the penthouse, the cacophony of voices, and the constant noise of traffic. It made me homesick even more than I already was feeling.

"Los Angeles."

Ezekial's blond eyebrows raise.

"You're a long way from home."

"Yeah. You could say that."

Ezekial's hands have been moving the whole time and I finally focus on what he's doing. I hadn't even noticed the daisies when I first got here and was completely mesmerized by just how many there were. Tiny white and yellow flowers everywhere. And now there's a crown of them in Ezekial's palms. He motions for me to lean toward him and then places the ring of daisies on my head. I feel ridiculous but for the first time since arriving here, happy.

"You look really cute like that."
The compliment is sincere and it makes me blush but it made my heart ache even more. All I wanted was to be home.

"You know you'll get back there, right?"

"What?"

"Home. I can tell by the look on your face. Look," he pauses, and runs his hand through his hair," I know you don't know me from Adam but if you really need to get back home, I'll help you."

I was at a loss for words and plucked several daisies from the ground before I could look at Ezekial again. The little flowers are scooped out of my hands, making me face the music.

"You don't have to do that."

"You're miserable here," he replies, flatly. "That can't be healthy for the baby."

I shrug.

"We get by. It's not like we're starved or abused by Marcus. We're just being... gently held hostage."

My name is called, though faintly heard through the trees, has me attempting to get to my feet before Cain comes crashing through the forest like an angry bear. Ezekial holds his hand out and I graciously take it as he helps me stand.

"Think about it and meet me back here as soon as you can. I'll come back here every day and wait for you."

Cain's shouting was getting closer, and I nervously glance at the treeline. But, as I turn to say yes to Ezekial, he was gone. I spin around looking for him but only come face to face with Cain.

"I told you to stay in the house!"

He grabs my arm but I yank it back out of his grip, forming my fingers into a fist.

"Don't grab onto me like that."

"Why'd you leave the house?"
I gesture around me like I was stating to obvious. "It's a beautiful day and I was feeling cooped up." I pick my backpack up and deliberately smack my shoulder into his while going by. "If you want me to stay inside, chain me up."

Mossy green eyes watch curiously from the shadows as I angrily stride back to the house. Giant black wings sprout and take their owner away.

"(Y/n), talk to me," Cain pleads from the other side of the door. He'd been at it for almost an hour but at least he's respecting my privacy by not kicking the damn thing down. "I'm sorry I grabbed you."

I ignore him and curl up further beneath the blankets, pretending the outside world doesn't exist for a little bit.

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Amenadiel and Lucifer sit in the penthouse living room after Chloe, Dan and Ella have all left, sipping on scotch.

"Think he'll believe you?"

Amenadiel shrugs.

The brothers are visibly startled when Ezekial appears before them, his enormous black wings flared out to the sides of his body. Amenadiel stands immediately, clasping his brother in a hug and grinning widely. He steps back, and the two eye Lucifer warily as he slowly rises from his chair.

"Well, Zeke, what have we done to have you grace us with your presence?"

Ezekial can hear the anger and sarcasm in his brother's voice, and he bows his head slightly in apology.

"I'm sorry for turning my back on you, Lucifer."

"Yes, well, it's all over now isn't it? Why are you here?"

"Because I've been with the wonderful woman that is your wife. The child that grows within her... it's a beautiful thing, isn't it?"

Before Ezekial can react Lucifer has him bent back onto the bar with his arm pressed onto his throat.
"Lucifer, let him explain!" Amenadiel pleads, pulling on Lucifer's arm.

"Explain. Quickly."

"Father sent me here to Earth to protect her until there's a safe way to get her back to you. He told me to tell you that sending Amenadiel won't work and will only send Cain further into hiding with her. Brother, please, I mean her nor your child any harm."

Lucifer lets him up and takes a step back. "She's one of Father's prettiest creations, is she not?"

Ezekial grins and nods. "That she is. I have something you need to see." He reaches out and presses his hand against Lucifer's forehead.

The memory of (Y/n) sitting next to him in the field surrounded by daisies and wearing the crown fills Lucifer with pride and joy. He sees through his brothers' eyes how much his son is growing within his mother and the healthy glow she has about her. Then, the memory is gone and Lucifer is back in his penthouse without his wife and child.

"Cain is not hurting her. He keeps her inside the house."

"How was she able to meet you then?" Amenadiel asks.

"He left. So, she took advantage of him being gone to go outside. That's when I introduced myself. I promise you, I will get her out of there and away from him, Lucifer."

"How?"

"I know how to drive a car. Cain doesn't know that I'm around so once I get her to fully trust me, I can get her away. Can you trust me?"

"I have no choice on the matter, do I? It's either lose her to him or trust someone else to bring her home."

"Trust me to do this for you, Lucifer."

"If any harm comes to my wife or child, I will be taking it out on you in the worst way possible."

Ezekial bows his head and with a flap of his ebony wings, he's gone.
"I need to reach the Detective."

~~~~~~

I don't join Cain for dinner that night and wait until I hear him go to bed before sneaking out to the kitchen to make food. I wanted to reach out to Ezekial but I didn't feel like traipsing into the woods in the middle of the night and end up hurting myself or Matthias. Sleep that night was fleeting, and it left me feeling restless again.

I took my breakfast into my room the next morning, refusing to speak or even look at Cain. I do the same thing for lunch but when it comes to dinner time, I'm trapped as soon as I reach the kitchen. Cain wraps a hand around my upper arm and drags me to the closest chair, sitting me down roughly. I go to stand up, and he holds a length of rope in front of my face.

"Stay or I'll tie you down."

I have a feeling he'll make good on his threat, and remain in my seat even though I was seething and ready to rip his head off his shoulders. He places dinner down in front of me, staying there for a moment to test if I was going to get up or not and then leaves to serve himself. I may have to stay here to eat but that doesn't mean that I have to speak to him.

"You're being childish."

"Says the one that won't let me go outside when we live in the middle of nowhere and I have no place to run to."

"I told you that you can go outside when I'm here. It's for your own safety."

"I was safe. I had the dagger with me."

"You took the dagger?"

"My blood was spilled on it so it makes it mine."

Cain was enraged and it gave me the chance to get up and take my dinner into my room.

Days pass with the same routine of me taking meals to my room and Cain sticking around. I could tell that he was dragging it out to not leave the house to pick up more house supplies and groceries but soon we were down to the bare essentials.

"If you're going outside, stay close to the house," is all that's said before he's gone.
I take the same supplies as last time and head into the woods, back to the clearing to wait for Ezekial.

"(Y/n)?"

I turn on my heel and face my newest friend. He hugs me and I wrap my arms around him, still confused about the familiar feeling when I touch him.

"How much longer do we have?"

"I don't know but he almost didn't leave at all. We're not speaking so it's making him edgy. I have to get back to the house. It'll be easier for us to meet at night." I hold my lower back as a cramp strikes. "I'm running out of time to get home."

Ezekial gently takes my hand in his.

"There's something I have to tell you before you go."

"Okay?"

He shifts his shoulders in a way I'm all too familiar with and a pair of ebony wings burst from his back.

"You can take me back. Why aren't you taking me back?"

"It's unsafe to fly you with how heavy you are into your pregnancy. I'll meet you tonight, in your room. I promise you, I will get you back to Lucifer."

"I'll see you tonight."

Walking back to the house took my mind off the cramping in my lower back and the overwhelming feeling that I'm so close to being home. I sat on the porch swing until I grew tired of it, and went back inside to my room. Sleep was going to become less frequent now that my body was preparing itself for labor, so I laid down to take a nap.

I sleep through Cain coming back and right up to dinner. I eat a little and then go back to my room to sleep.

"(Y/n). (Y/n):"
I open my eyes to see Ezekial standing at the side of my bed.

"Hey, Zeke."

"How long do you think it'll be before he leaves again?"

I groan as I sit up, and shrug. "Could be one week or two, depending on how quickly we go through food."

"I'll come back every night to check on you. Keep the peace with him until I can get you out. Okay?"

"Sounds good to me."

I close my eyes and listen to the sound of fluttering wings as he leaves, snuggling down into the blankets.

I do my best to make peace with Cain by coming out to eat with him and only going outside when he goes. Ezekial comes to my room like he promised, and checks on Matthias each time.

Cain becomes confident in keeping me secure in the house, slowly leaving for longer periods each day. I'm not in active labor yet, but it's not safe for me to go all the way to the clearing anymore and resort to hanging out in a small garden Cain created that's close to the house.

What really kills me is the number of baby items that keep appearing. I accept them graciously, keeping up the appearance to keep him confident.

"I'm going into town for a few hours today. Need to be prepared for when the boy comes."

"Okay."

I watch Cain's car disappear down the drive and then yell for Ezekial. He shows immediately, and picks me up bridal style, carrying me to the car he has parked in the woods. My nerves are singing with excitement as I lock myself in the passenger seat, and stare out the window as Zeke begins our long journey to take me home. In my head, I repeat we're going home over and over, still feeling like this last part is just a dream and I'm still stuck in that house with Cain.

We have to go through town in order to get to the freeway, but having my hood up, hat on and a pair of sunglasses should be enough to keep my identity from being recognized. People are nosey though, and stare in as we're stopped at an intersection. I make no eye contact but a growing sense of dread starts unfurling in my belly.
Word spreads through town that I've been spotted with another man and it takes no time at all before it reaches Cain. Rage fills the old man and he drops everything he's doing to make it out to his car, following the street right out of town until he makes it onto the freeway. He drives like a madman, almost colliding with other cars several times in his effort to get to us.

Zeke hands me a phone, with one number in it.

"Call him. He's been waiting to hear from you."

With a press of a button, I call my husband. It only rings once and then Lucifer's voice comes across loud and clear.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Luci."

"(Y/n)?"

"It's me, love. Zeke and I are on our way. I'm coming home. We're coming home."

"I'll be waiting for you."

"We won't have much time for a celebration. Matthias is getting ready to come out any day. I've had Braxton Hicks for a couple weeks now."

"Everything is ready for the two of you to come home. I've missed you, sweetheart."

"You mean you don't miss your bachelor life? Endless booze and babes filling your bed?"

"I still have the booze. But, there's only one babe I want keeping my bed warm. And you're still hours away."

"I'm on my way, Luci. We're going to be there-"

I'm abruptly cut off as a car rear ends us, slamming my face into the dash and then the seat belt locks around my body. I can barely hear Lucifer over the ringing in my ears, but we're still moving despite the impact. Zeke picked up the phone and hands it to me, but everything is all fuzzy.

"Something is wrong," I mumble, holding my head. When I pull my hand away, it's red and sticky.
"Zeke?"

He reaches out but before he can touch me, we're blindsided. Cain has rammed into us and we're propelled into traffic where we're hit again. Lucifer is screaming on the phone, and everything is starting to become blurry.

We're at a standstill in the middle of the freeway right over the California border.

"I can't heal you because I can't get my wings out. Hold on, (Y/n). Stay with me."

"Lucifer..."

The pinching in my back is getting stronger, but something isn't right.

Cain comes around to Zeke's side of the car and pulls him out, immediately beginning to beat the poor angel. There's nothing he can do without exposing heavenly divinity to everyone on the freeway and takes the beatings. He stops when sirens can be heard getting closer and runs to my side of the car. There's no strength in me to fight him as he reaches for me, but then a flash of white light rips him off. There's a flurry of motion outside but everything is so unfocused that I have no idea what's going on.

Gentle hands pry me out of the car, and I know they're not Cain's because of the way I'm being handled. An oxygen mask is placed over my face as I'm loaded into the ambulance and something pokes into my arm.

I murmur Lucifer's name over and over until I'm pulled under.

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Lucifer's scream echoes through the penthouse as he listens to the sirens and voices through the other end of the phone. He can hear them talking, hear her saying his name until there's nothing but silence.

"Lucifer?" Zeke's scratchy voice grabs his attention before he hangs up. "I'm sorry. I tried. He came out of nowhere. The paramedics are taking her to the closest hospital and life flighting her to Los Angeles. She's in labor and they don't know if she's going to make it."

Lucifer's heart was breaking but there was something more pressing on his mind.

"Where is he?"
"He's on his way there."

"I'm going to end his existence," he snarls. Zeke is pleading with him to not do anything but Lucifer has already hung up.

Mazikeen leans on the bar, twirling her knives around. "So," she smirks, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to let him come to me."

"What if he doesn't?"

Lucifer wasn't looking at Maze anymore; he was staring over her shoulder at Cain.

"Oh, but Mazikeen, what if he does? Hello, Cain."

~~~~~

Several people were talking as they surrounded my hospital bed making it hard to focus on what they were saying. My head still feels fuzzy but the clarity of the pain racking my body was becoming unbearable.

"Something's wrong," I mumble, drawing the attention of the nurses and doctors.

"We're prepping you for a c-section. Your son is coming but you're not dilating because of the damaged sustained from the car accident. Do you have any family you can call before we take you back?"

"Chloe Decker. With the LAPD."

I'm handed a phone, and make the call to Chloe.

"I was on the way to you. The call came over our radio. I'm sorry, (Y/n) but I can't reach Lucifer. I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Okay."

I was trying to be brave, but being alone without Lucifer and not knowing if Matthias and I were going to make it was weighing heavily on my mind. The minutes ticked by slowly as I was hooked
up to machines. Then, there was nothing else to do but to be taken to the OR. Chloe and Dan were running down the hallway when they see me, and the nurses escorted Chloe and me while Dan went to the waiting room.

~~~~~~

Lucifer and Cain were going blow for blow, destroying everything in their path in the process. Both were bleeding profusely, but neither was giving up the fight. Maze got in a few blows of her own, helping wear down Cain.

"Chloe may not be here to make your mortal, but I won't stop until I rip the wings from your back and your heart out of your chest."

Maze laughs wickedly.

"That's not going to happen anytime soon. Chloe's with (Y/n). Who is going to give birth any minute."

Lucifer lets out a determined roar and uppercuts Cain to the chin, sending him flying backward into the bar. Cain staggers back to his feet, but Lucifer is on him, slamming his fists into his face.

Chloe held my hand as the doctors and nurses hurriedly worked on me to get Matthias out, reassuring me that I'm doing great and that they were almost done. I wanted to see what was happening but at the same time, I didn't. All I wanted was to hold my son in my arms and share the moment with Lucifer. Chloe leaves my side for a moment, and a gasp leaves her lips.

"He's beautiful."

Before he can be handed to me, rapid beeping starts going off.

"What's going on?"

"She's losing too much blood."

"Chloe?"

"You're going to be all right."

As Matthias took his first breath, Lucifer shoved a broken piece of bar stool into Cain's chest and he let out his last.
Sooo, let me know what you think.
Lucifer watched as the life left Cain's eyes. A huge weight lifts from his shoulders and he drops to his knees, relieved that it's finally over. Blood covered his hands, wrists, and was splattered all over his face and neck.

"Are you happy now?"

Lucifer's eyes flash as he glares at Maze.

"No, Mazikeen, this does not make me happy. How am I going to explain this to my wife?"

"I don't know. Not my problem. Going to the hospital to see her and your son might be a start."

"What?"

"Matthias was born a few minutes ago. I got the call from Chloe. (Y/n) is still sleeping. She lost a lot of blood during the c-section."

Lucifer rose to his feet, heading straight for his bedroom to wash and change.

"Don't forget her bag," Maze calls.

Lucifer spins on his heel, goes back into the bedroom, grabs the bag and rushes back by.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of this mess."

But, Lucifer was already out the door and on his way to the hospital.

~~~~~

Beeping.

What is with all the fucking beeping?
A hand taking mine into it has my eyes opening and I'm greeted with glorious dark brown orbs looking back at me. Tears roll unwillingly down my face and I laugh, so happy and relieved to see him.

"Luci!"

"Hello, love."

I try sitting up too fast and wince at the pain in my abdomen. Lucifer stands and helps me sit all the way up before he sits down next to me.

"Take it easy."

I scoot over and hold my arms out, to which Lucifer grins and moves backward until I can put my head on his shoulder. I can feel his heartbeat under my hand, and I close my eyes, enjoying a few moments of peace. Something hung heavily in the air between me and Lucifer, but I wasn't going to pry until he was ready to say whatever it is.

"Cain... I'm sorry, love. It was either me or him." I breathe out a sigh of relief and cling to him a little tighter. "If you want me to go, I'll understand."

"Why would I want you to go? Cain..." the door opens and I trail off as Chloe enters with a tiny little blue bundle in her arms. "Ohh. He's really here."

Chloe hands Matthias to me, and I gaze down in wonder at his beautiful little face. He looks so much like Lucifer with his tufts of dark hair and brows. He was so perfect that I couldn't help but let out a chuckle. It wakes Matthias up, who stares back at me with soft brown eyes that match his dad's. He stretches and starts to whimper, suddenly filling me with fear that I've done something wrong.

"What did I do?"

"Nothing." Chloe reassures me. "He's probably hungry. Lucifer, move."

He moves into the chair beside the bed and watches curiously as Chloe helps me hold Matthias in my arms and feed him. I can't help but stare down at him while he's nuzzled to my breast, with his little hands moving around and eyes staring right back. He reaches up and grasps my finger when I hold it out for him and in that moment, I realize I will love him more than I will ever love anyone else in my life.

"He's so perfect."
His mouth pulls off with a little pop and a little milk drools out from his bottom lip as he dozes off.

"Now, you need to burp him so he doesn't get a stomach ache."

I nod and try to hide my yawn.

"Here, love. Let me take him while you rest."

Lucifer tenderly removes Matthias from my arms, and I watch in wonder while he carefully places our son against his shoulder and pats his back until he lets out a little burp. Slight jealousy flares for a brief moment as Chloe helps Lucifer adjust Matthias in his arms. I wished I was strong enough to be helping Lucifer as he takes his first few steps into fatherhood, but I was bedridden thanks to my now dead asshole of a brother.

Once Matthias was secured safely in Lucifer's arms, Chloe pats his shoulder and leaves the three of us alone. Lucifer rocks back and forth, humming to Matthias while he sleeps. It's a picture perfect moment, but I don't have anything to take said picture with.

"I don't want to put him down."

I blink back awake and let out an 'hmm?'

"I don't want to put him down. Ever. He's... he's beautiful. And perfect. How did someone like me help create something like him?"

"Because, Lucifer," I yawn, and widen my eyes to stay awake, "you're a good person, devil, whatever, too. If your dad didn't want you to have either of us, you wouldn't have us."

I meet Lucifer's eyes and give him a look that dares him to argue with me before closing mine. The humming resumes, not only soothing Matthias but me as well until I'm pulled under to dreamland.

Lucifer gently lowers himself down onto the daybed and lays Matthias down on his chest as he stares out over the city. He checks for anyone that might be coming in and then releases his wings, using them to protectively wrap Matthias inside. A peace he hasn't felt in quite a long time settles over him as he listens to his son breathing.

~~~~~

I wake a few hours later when a tentative knock sounds on the door. Lucifer is on the window bed with his wings out and as my sleep addled brain wakes up, I realize I can't see our son. Tawny eyes blink back at me and with a shuffle of his shoulders, his wings lift and reveal Matthias sleeping peacefully on Lucifer's bare chest. It's a sight to see; the sun is setting and it highlights the brightness of his wings while throwing a shadow over Matthias. It was the perfect contrast.
With a gracefulness I could never possess, Lucifer stands with both his arms wrapped around his son, hides his wings and opens the door for our guests. When he backs up, a group of balloons is the first thing I see, followed by Trixie, Chloe, and Dan, who's holding a colorful arrangement of sunflowers and roses.

"Where's the baby?" Trixie asks, bringing me a stuffed elephant.

I point to Lucifer and he looks at me like I've offended him. Trixie bounds up to him and attempts to get a peek at our son but Lucifer turns away from her, peering at her from over his shoulder.

"What do you want with him, child?"

"I want to hold him."

"Isn't she too small to hold him?" Lucifer gasps horrified. "Look at how tiny he is!"

I give Chloe a pleading look and with a quiet chuckle, she guides Trixie and Lucifer to the window-seat. Lucifer tentatively sits down and cradles Matthias in his arms before transferring the tiny baby to a very excited but cautious Trixie. Her eyes grow wide as Matthias is placed in her cradled arms, staring down at him in wonder.

Dan leans his hip down onto the bed next to me.

"How are you doing?"

"I'm sore, exhausted, feel like I've been sliced open... But, I'm good. I'm alive, Matthias is alive and here. Lucifer and I are together. I'm ready to be approved to go home and be in mine and Lucifer's bed."

Dan hums but then clears his throat. "I've got some bad news."

Lucifer's head snaps up. "Spit it out, Daniel," he growls, rising and taking two giant steps to close the distance between him and I. "What is it?"

There's a pause as Dan glances at Chloe and Trixie. Chloe understands the message and brings Matthias back to me before persuading Trixie to go down to the gift shop with her for another gift for the baby.

"Marcus Pierce listed you as his next of kin," Dan explains. "He passed away last night from a motorcycle accident. I didn't even know the two of you were related. Makes sense why he
kidnapped you and was so weird around you."

I use the distraction of Matthias holding onto my finger to not respond right away.

"Am I supposed to take care of the funeral?"

"LAPD is going to take care of it all because he was our chief. You've been through something traumatic and we don't want to add any more stress to you. It'll be taken care of."

I instantly feel relieved but have to cover my mouth because of the sudden sob that unwillingly bursts out. Dan panics, and for a moment fears Lucifer was going to pummel him into the sterile hospital floor. My crying upsets Matthias but Dan jumps to the rescue and offers to soothe the little guy while Lucifer carefully climbs into the bed next to me and pulls me to his chest.

"Shh, sweet love. He's gone. He can't hurt you anymore."

"I know. Oh God, I know. I just want to go home."

"Soon, darling. Soon."

Matthias had fallen back to sleep in Dan's arms as soon as he started rocking in the rocking chair, holding tightly onto the detective's finger. Lucifer remained on the bed with me, occasionally kissing my temple and murmuring 'I love yous' or 'it'll be all right' into my hair. Chloe and Trixie came back, with a little stuffed rocking house that played 'you are my sunshine' when it was wound up.

When it was time for Matthias to eat, Dan brought him back to me and took Chloe and Trixie down to get some lunch. Lucifer refused to eat until I did, and by the time the lunch tray was brought around, I was starving. Lucifer took care of Matthias while I ate and it was a wonder to watch him become more confident and comfortable every time he handled our son.

Eventually, the little family left, leaving Lucifer, Matthias and I to cuddle on the hospital bed together. We watched the sun set, not really needing to say anything as we laid there and took turns staring at Matthias sleeping peacefully in my arms. The rest of the evening came and went and other than nurses coming in to check on mine and Matthias's progress, we were left alone. As soon as Matthias was laid into the hospital bassinet, Lucifer was back in bed with me.

I'm almost asleep when Lucifer starts talking.

"Will you marry me?"

My eyes shoot open and I crane my neck to look at him.
"What?"

"Will you marry me? Again?" I'm too confused to say anything, so he chuckles and then continues. "It's almost our anniversary and I wanted to know how you would feel about marrying me again. But, having the wedding we want."

"Lucifer, I... I would love to marry you again. Nothing would make me happier."

My fallen angel leans over to press a kiss against my lips and then slides out of the bed. Before I can protest, he's back and holding my wedding ring out to me.

"I thought I'd lost this."

Lucifer slides my ring onto my finger and kisses each of my knuckles. "I held onto it, hoping that I'd get you back before it was too late and that one day, I'd be able to put it back where it belongs. And now it is." The sight of my ring back on my finger fills Lucifer's chest with pride. "I love you, (Y/n)."

"I love you too."

Lucifer turns onto his side, shielding me from view with his body and holds me tightly to him. The safety of it lulls me into a sense of security and in no time, I'm asleep while holding his hand.

Matthias wakes up occasionally through the night, needing to be fed or to be changed, and through it all, Lucifer is an absolute dream. Nurses come in every few hours to check on the both of us and to change out the fluids in the IV or the bag attached to my bed. The pain meds were helping to block most of the discomfort of the catheter, but every once in a while, I'd move and be reminded of it. Or the stitches in my abdomen.

Lucifer had his back turned to me as he was laying Matthias down in his little bassinet and caught me staring sorrowfully at the wound.

"What's wrong, love?"

I dropped the blanket and pushed it off my abdomen while pulling my hospital gown up with my other hand. The dark stitches stood out against my pale skin, and the stain from the iodine made it look like some kind of macabre painting.

"I have so many scars. They're so ugly."
"No," Lucifer growls, tilting my chin up to look at him. "They show what you've survived. What you've overcome. And this?" he points to the incision. "This shows how our son was brought into this world. It's the sign of a mother."

Lucifer covers my body back up when the door starts to open, and whirs around. It's only Amenadiel, but when he leaves the door open behind him, someone else comes through.

"Zeke!"

The blond angel grins brightly and nods a greeting to Lucifer before coming straight to me.

"Hello, darling," he purrs, lowering himself down for a hug. He takes my hands in his and makes a serious face. "I am so sorry for not being able to protect you better. I beg you, please forgive me."

"Why would you think I was mad at you? Cain... Cain was psychotic and would've done something with or without you around. You've been forgiven this whole time." He flashes me a blinding smile and kisses the backs of my hands.

"All right, that's enough of that," Lucifer snarls.

Zeke winks and pats Lucifer on the shoulder as he walks by to see Matthias.

"She's all yours, brother mine."

Dee is more cautious than his angelic brother, but when I hold my arms out, I'm rewarded with a smile and a hug.

"Hey, Dee. Been a while."

"Yes, it has. How are you feeling?"

"Drugged. Tired. Alive."

"You and your son being alive is all that matters," he agrees, casting a watchful eye over at Zeke. "I'd offer to heal you but I think it'd be a little suspicious to the human doctors in the hospital."

"Yes, well, you can always perform that little miracle once we get home, brother."

For someone who hasn't been Earthside for very long, Zeke is quickly catching on to anything thrown his way. Matthias cooes at him as Zeke sways his body back and forth, speaking in a
language I don't understand. Dee sits down in the chair next to the bed, Lucifer scoots me over so he can be closer to me and we all watch Zeke with our son.

"He's so perfect," Zeke says, almost to himself. "Are you sure he's yours, Lucifer?"

Lucifer growls low in his throat, but a hand on his thigh calms him down.

"Zeke is only kidding, Luci. Matthias is perfect because he's yours. I merely gave birth to him."

"The fallen angel falling for a human. It's poetic."

I curl up to Lucifer, enjoying the feel of his heartbeat under my hand. The nurses said I'd be here for another day or two to make sure that no infection flares up with my incision. Matthias was perfectly healthy and had all the nurses fawning over him every time they'd come in.

Zeke and Dee became familiar sights the next two days, keeping me company while Lucifer showered or went to go get himself food. If they weren't there, Dan and Chloe usually were. Flowers and cards were brought in constantly by different members of the LAPD, Max from Lux and a few other employees too. The room was filled with so much love from everyone and it really made me feel special.

"Will you be all right for a few minutes?" Lucifer asks, putting on his black jacket.

"Yeah. We'll be fine. Huh, buddy?"

Matthias is looking around, his dark eyes wide open and his little pink tongue darting out every once in a while. His tiny fingers are clenched around mine as he rests against my bent knees. Lucifer kisses me on the lips before kissing Matthias softly on the top of his head and chuckles when his son turns to look for him.

"I won't be gone very long."

"Okay."

I watch him leave and continue to talk to Matthias after he'd closed the door behind him. A few minutes later, the door opens again, but an unfamiliar face looks in. I feel like I should be on alert, but for whatever reason, the gray-haired man doesn't feel like a threat.

"Mind if I come in?"

"Not at all."
Bright blue eyes twinkle at me from bushy gray eyebrows, and a faint smile can be seen in the space between the thick beard and mustache. He leaves the door open, showing that he's not a threat.

"I don't mean to be rude, but do I know you?"

"We've met once before, but I don't think you remember. It was very brief and you were in a lot of pain."

"Do you know my husband?"

"Yes. Quite well, actually."

"He'll be back in a few minutes if you wish to see him too."

The man sits in the chair Amenadiel was in only a few hours before and stares curiously at Matthias.

"You're good for him, (Y/n). It makes me happy to see that."

I was suspicious at first because he knows my name, but then I remember it's on the whiteboard by the door.

"May I?"

"Hmm?"

"May I hold your child? I promise I know how to hold a baby. I've held quite a lot of them."

The man stands and cradles his arms as I carefully transfer Matthias from my arms to his. He sits back down, keeping eye contact with my son.

"You know my name, but I don't know yours."

"You can call me-"

"Dad?"

Lucifer was back and I didn't even hear him come in. I swiveled my head back and forth between the two men. There was no way this man was really-
"Hello, my son."

Holy shit.

If looks could kill, Lucifer's father would be a smoldering pile of ash. Thankfully, they can't and Matthias was still safe in a living pair of arms.

"What are you doing here?" Lucifer snarls, stepping further into the room and closing the door behind him.

"Can't a father visit his son that's recently become a father himself?"

"No. You can't. Any other father can. You don't do anything without something in return. Tell us and be gone."

Lucifer's bluntness does nothing to waver the smile on God's face, and he looks back down at Matthias.

"The only thing I want is your happiness, Lucifer. What you have now is not what I had planned for you, but this is working out better than even I could have seen.” Piercing blue eyes meet mine, and a warmth spreads through my body. "She is more perfect for you than Chloe could have ever been.” Lucifer is completely unreadable at this point but he I can tell he's listening intently. "I am sorry for what you have suffered through, child, but I assure you it was horribly necessary for you to get where you are now."

"Why?" The word comes out more venomous than I meant it to but I need to know.

"A soul like yours is absolutely unique. I tampered with my own creation to see how it would play out. You were given a hard choice at a very young age and I couldn't bear to see you sitting around for eternity in limbo. So, I plucked you out of there, gave you to a couple that I knew would raise you to become who you are now and let you take control of your life after you'd become an adult."

My fists clench in absolute rage and I have to bite the inside of my cheek to keep the tears at bay. Lucifer's eyes grow hot when he sees my distress, but for the sake of Matthias, he remains silent and comes over to comfort me.

"Ian? Cain? All that was for your own twisted amusement?"

"I was not amused by any of it, (Y/n). You must understand that."
"The cruel father as always," Lucifer snarks. He runs his fingers through my hair, and it's hard to tell if he's doing it to soothe himself or if he's doing it to soothe me. "You bring a whole new meaning to 'what doesn't kill you makes you stronger' Dad."

"No matter what the two of you go through, you will become stronger after the event occurs."

Chills run down my spine and I have a feeling he wasn't just saying it to say it. There's something else coming our way and I hope we will be strong enough to overcome it. Matthias whimpers and I realize it's about time to feed him again. God rises from his seat, gently pressing a kiss to Matthias's forehead before handing him back over to us. He pauses at the door and looks directly at Lucifer.

"I'm proud of you, Samael. You've grown up."

Lucifer is uncharacteristically quiet, though his fingers are still running through my hair. The only sign I have of him not being completely zoned out is when I catch his eyes moving when I pull my breast out to feed Matthias. With his free hand, he strokes over Matthias's dark hair as he feeds, but says nothing.

Since Lucifer wasn't going to talk first, it was left up to me. "He answered so much but left me with so many more questions."

"Yes, He's quite good at that."

"Luci?"

Lucifer peers down at me, his deep chocolate brown eyes staring like he was truly seeing me for the first time. He lowers his head and slants his mouth across mine, capturing my lips in a hungry kiss. Matthias's unlatches from my nipple with a small 'pop', reminding us we weren't alone in the bed.

"Let me, love," he murmurs when I go to move Matthias to my shoulder.

I hand him a spit rag, and he lays Matthias chest to chest on him to burp him. Energy thrums through my veins, as I wait to hear the release of air from our son and it comes soon enough. Lucifer lies him down in his bedside cradle and is back on the bed with me in the blink of an eye.

I turn on my side to allow more room for us both to fit onto the bed, and run my hands underneath his shirt and up his toned belly. His happy trail tickles my fingertips, and Lucifer smiles against my mouth in return.

"I can't wait to get you home," he whispers, his lips moving against mine with every word spoken.
"Make love to you in our bed. Listen to all the little noises I love to hear come from you as I bring you to completion over and over again." His fingers tangle in my hair, keeping our faces close together. "I love you, my darling wife." He gives me no chance to respond because he slips his talented tongue between my lips as I go to tell him I love him too.

I undo the buttons on his shirt until he's completely open and bare-chested. It takes strength I didn't know I had to pull away from his tempting mouth and move my lips to kiss his jaw, throat and across his collarbones.

"Scoot up," I command softly, and he quickly obliges.

I nuzzle my face into the crook of his neck, sucking lightly at the crevice until moans are rumbling in his chest. Moving carefully to not pop a stitch, I kiss from one side of his chest to the other and grin when he sucks in a breath as I swirl my tongue around each nipple.

"Minx," he growls.

My fingers reach the top of his pants, but Lucifer's hands on mine stop me from going any further.

"Sorry, love. That's going to have to wait until we get home."

Lucifer shifts uncomfortably, adjusting his cock straining against his pants.

"I hope we get to go home soon."

Lucifer cradles me against his chest, tucking my head underneath his chin and wraps his arms around me.

"You will. I promise."

Lucifer strokes my back until I fall asleep, his eyes never leaving his snoozing son.

We sleep through the night and wake early the following morning when a too chipper nurse bounces in. With her cheery tone, she asks to examine me and after a few minutes, she announces that I get to go home today. Her eyes lingered a little too long on Lucifer's half-naked body and a pointed look from me has her scurrying out the door to get the release papers for me and Matthias. She comes back with the thick stack and goes over how to take care of my incision, and when to contact my doctor. The catheter and IV's are removed and she leaves soon after, not once sending an unwanted look Lucifer's way.

Lucifer changes into fresh clothes and gets Matthias ready after he's done.
Zeke pops in, sporting that bright familiar grin and scoops Matthias out of his cradle.

"Take care of your wife, Luci. I've got the babe."

It's been three days since I've been on my feet and I hate how wobbly I feel as soon as I put them on the freezing cold floor. Lucifer holds my hand and wraps an arm around my waist to help me walk to the bathroom. He grabs my bag on the way there and sets it closest to the door once we get into the bathroom.

I'm stripped out of the hospital gown and stand naked for the first in front of Lucifer since giving birth. His eyes darken, but he behaves himself as he assists me in getting into clean clothes so we can go home. Getting into my nursing bra and shirt was easy enough but it was stepping into my pants I was worried about.

Lucifer kneels at my feet and slips my foot through the opening of one pant leg before repeating the same thing with the other. He pulls the sweatpants up to my knees, and it makes me blush when he looks up at me from between my legs. He doesn't need to rise to be level with my abdomen, and the tingling up my spine only grows double when he kisses up my incision. But, the strangest thing happens. For every kiss placed, a section of stitches fades away to reveal a scar that looks months old instead of brand new.

Lucifer's eyes light up, and he quickly shuffles my pants up my legs until they sit on my hips. I'm pulled by my hand out of the bathroom, and dragged over to Zeke where I'm traded for Matthias.

Zeke is just as confused as I am.

"Spread those wings of yours and see if she's healed."

The ebony appendages come forth and then Zeke places a hand over my heart. He closes his eyes, standing completely still for what feels like hours. When he opens them, a delighted grin spreads over his face.

"She's healed, Luci. But, it's the strangest thing."

Well, that doesn't sound good.

"What is it? Come on now, we don't have all day."

"It's like... like she was touched by Father himself."

"She was."
Zeke's eyes widen. "Father... Father was here?" Lucifer and I both nod. "Wow. I knew you were special but... wow."

"If you're done ogling my wife, I'd like to take her home now. I suppose we'll see you and Amenadiel there?"

"A homecoming party? I wouldn't miss it." Zeke winks at me and then with a flap of his mighty wings, he's gone.

Lucifer gathers our things, sending a message out to Max to pick up the balloons, flowers and other little gifts brought to us after we leave. I buckle Matthias securely into his car seat, but Lucifer carries him for me. Checking ourselves out went smoothly, and then we were stepping into the bright LA sunshine. Even with carrying Matthias, Lucifer still looked the part of the gorgeous club owner. But to me, he'd never looked more attractive. The sun glinted off of his wedding band as he held his hand out to me, and we walked to the black suburban that Lucifer had driven here after dealing with Cain.

I wasn't surprised to see that the base for the car seat was already buckled into the backseat, even though it was one of the things I didn't have the chance to do before being taken away. It clicked into place and after checking over it several times, I was satisfied that Matthias wasn't going to go anywhere. He's sleeping soundly with his little mouth hanging open while the tiny musical sheep hanging on his car seat handle plays soothing noises.

I couldn't get into the front seat quick enough, and lean over to press a chaste kiss to Lucifer's seat before I buckle in. He chuckles and pulls out of the hospital parking lot. I'm too excited about finally getting to go home that I don't say anything, and stare out the window to see if anything has changed. LA has thankfully remained the same and soon enough, we're pulling into Lux's underground garage. Lucifer is out before I am, and grabbing Matthias and our bags before I even open the door.

I take Lucifer's hand again, practically skipping next to him as we enter the back entrance to the club. There's no one downstairs, making it a quick trip to the elevator. I'm bouncing with excitement as we ride up to the penthouse, and jump back in surprise when the doors open.

"WELCOME HOME!"

I grin from ear to ear and then blush because Lucifer pulls me in for a scorching kiss in front of everyone.

"Welcome home, love," he purrs.

Chapter End Notes
Who is ready for some long overdue smut?

Fair warning: SMUT and singing ahead!
Before we get started, I just want to apologize about how LONG it's taken to get an update out. It has been one HELL of a roller coaster these past few weeks. I'm FINALLY getting used to my new job AND the shift that I've started. My brother and sister in law lost my niece at 30 weeks and was absolutely devastating for everyone. And the worst part is that they had to go through all of this by themselves in Kansas where my brother is being stationed. They'd been able to come home for about two weeks to give them some time to get away and heal. And then after that, we lost one of my uncles unexpectedly from health problems. It's been one disaster after another, but things seem to finally be calming down as we head into the holiday season.

And to add the cherry on top, both of my sister in law's, who have been terrible to both myself and my son, are BOTH pregnant. So, dealing with that has rushed the pain from losing my niece and the suffering of my own miscarriage (to which one sil said she was happy for because therefore I wasn't ‘stealing her thunder' while she was pregnant with her first child) has made my depression come back quite fiercely. Trying to write while having no inspiration whatsoever and being exhausted every way possible has NOT helped this chapter come out any faster.

Again, I'm sorry how long it's been getting this out, but I promise there are DEFINITELY more chapters to come.

Lucifer carries Matthias through the crowd of people as they swarm around me repeating 'welcome homes', 'you look great' and 'it's good to see you'. Amenadiel and Zeke hung back, chatting with Dan and Chloe while Linda, Ella push forward to get to me before anyone else did. Ella squeezes me, and I held on just as tightly.

"I prayed for you," she whispers. "I prayed for you and Lucifer that you would come back to him. You and the baby."

"Thank you."

She lets go, and I have to wipe away the tear that had gathered at the edge of my eye. Then, she's off, bouncing away to find Lucifer and Matthias. I admire my devil of a husband while he's standing proudly next to his son, paying polite attention to the throng around him while keeping an eye on me. He winks, and I feel the familiar tendrils of desire awakening.

"You've changed him," Linda mentions, looking back between the two of us. She smiles and rubs her hand up and down my arm. "It's good to see you home. I didn't think it was possible for someone like Lucifer to age but I think he did in the time you were gone."
"How bad was it?"

Linda sighs. "It wasn't pretty. He was..."

"Drunk?"

"A lot. And... very angry. He placed a lot of blame on himself for you and his son being taken."

Oh, Luci.

"You know how he is."

I nod, not much more needing to be said about exactly how well I know my devil of a husband.

Our guests stay for a few more hours; each of them wanted a turn (or a few turns) holding Matthias, constantly cooing over him and how little he was fussing. It wasn't until I couldn't stop yawning that everyone started saying their goodbyes, eventually leaving the penthouse silent.

Lucifer follows me into Matthias's room and leans against the doorway as I lay our son in his crib. I wind up the zoo animal musical toy that hangs above him and stands there gazing down at him for a moment. A large hand that can only belong to Lucifer slides along my lower back until it hooks onto my hip, keeping my body close to his. He presses a kiss to my temple, letting his lips linger there for a moment before pulling away and sighing contently.

"I love you," I whisper to him.

"I love you too. Now," he growls, "it's time to show you how much I love that you're back home with me."

Lucifer spins me into his arms, drops to his knee and hoists me over his shoulder, carrying me fireman style into our room. I let out a happy squeak as he drops me onto the bed, and then laugh as he pounces, making me bounce an inch or two off the thick mattress.

"Wait! Baby monitor!"

Lucifer chuckles and rolls his shoulders, his wings flaring out behind him. He flaps them once, disappears and then is back with the baby monitor. It looks so small in his giant hand and makes him look even more domesticated. I laugh, and he tilts his head, curious.

"You've got that look on your face, love." He sets the baby monitor on the stand next to the bed and lies down on his side facing me. "Tell me." I lean into his touch when he places his hand on my
cheek and close my eyes. "Oh, how I've missed you, darling."

I grin, and sigh, happy and finally at peace before opening my eyes.

"I've missed you too, Luci. It's so good to be home."

The backs of his knuckles brush my cheek, and his thumb rubs across my lips before he leans down, stealing a kiss. I don't want it to end yet, and wrap my hand around the back of his neck, pulling him closer. There's hesitation on his end, so I release him, feeling concerned.

"Lucifer, what's wrong?"

He reaches out again but withdraws his hand.

*It's like he's afraid to touch me.*

"I never thought I'd get to hold you again in our bed," he finally confesses. "I... I thought I'd finally lost you."

"But, I'm here. Matthias and I are both here. Luci, we're not going anywhere. You'll be lucky if I even decide to leave the penthouse to go down to the club."

Lucifer chuckles, and then nuzzles his beard against my face. I burst into laughter from the ticklish sensations on my skin, and it spurs him on. He uses the thicker hairs on his chin to get to every sensitive spot he can reach until I'm squirming underneath him and begging him to stop unless he wants me to pee the bed. We're both laughing so hard that we're panting, and have forgotten about everything except for being in each other's arms again. The softness that I was afraid had disappeared from Lucifer's eyes was still there, making my heart swell for the love I have for my fallen angel and the best way I know to show him is to connect our mouths for a passionate kiss.

I sigh against his lips, finally feeling the connection that I've been denied for months now. Lucifer rolls me to my back, and hovers over me, tangling his hands into my hair to deepen the kiss. His tongue swipes at my lips, and I eagerly part them for him, sucking on his tongue as it enters my mouth. He groans, dipping his hips to grind his bulging erection between my legs and grins when I moan softly for him. I can tell by Lucifer's movements that he wants to take it slow, but I need him and I need him now.

So, I reach underneath us and tug at my shirt, only stopping the kiss when I have to pull my shirt over my head. I stretch my neck to reconnect us but Lucifer has pulled back, straddling my hips and stares down at my half-naked torso. He tenderly runs his hands over my belly before leaning down and places a kiss above my belly button. There are new stretch marks, but Lucifer makes me feel so beautiful that I can't bring myself to try and cover them up. After a moment or two of staring a little
longer, he slides his hands up my torso, cupping my breasts that are still locked away in my bra and winks as they threaten to spill out.

"These have gotten larger," he chuckles. And before I can respond with a smart ass comment, Lucifer buries his face between them, rotating sucking on the inside of each soft globe. His hair and his beard tickles my skin in more of a sensual way than a funny way and combined with him leaving little marks on my skin, I'm more aroused and desperate for his touch than ever.

Unclasping my bra and tossing it somewhere in the room makes Lucifer very happy and he quickly sucks a taut nipple into his mouth, sucking hard. Of all kinks to have, Lucifer's just had to be lactation. There's relief as he suckles on my breasts, taking some of the aches away because of milk build up.

My squirming has finally broken his concentration on my breasts, and then it's a flurry of clothes as we rip them off each other. Lucifer pulls me to my feet and holds me at an arm's length away. His hungry gaze makes the heat burning inside me rise to the surface, turning my skin pink as he looks me up and down. I can't help but do the same thing to him, but stop when I reach his cock, standing proudly against his belly. I go weak at the knees and lunge forward as Lucifer leans down and captures his lips with mine as I wrap my hand around his cock. He moans, long and deep, when I slowly stroke up and down, remembering when to squeeze and when to touch him softly. It's like being with him for the first time all over again.

"Easy, love."

I'm too caught up in the moment of being with him after being kept away for months, and drop to my knees, bringing his leaking cock to my mouth. I lick his slit, lapping up the drop of precum there before wrapping my lips around the head and sucking lightly. Lucifer sucks in a breath between his lips, hissing it out as I take him more into my mouth. His hands bury themselves in my hair and by the tightness of them on my scalp, I can tell that he's trying his hardest not to lose control of himself and fuck my throat. What I can't fit into my mouth I wrap my hand around and use the other to fondle his sac, rubbing my thumb over his balls.

"Fuck, sweetheart. You have to stop or I'm going to-"

Lucifer comes with a shout, his seed spurting down my throat. His hips jerk as I suck him dry and he sags to the floor when I release him. He throws his arms around me, and kisses the side of my head, breathing hard.

"Oh, how I've missed that naughty little mouth of yours, love."

I burst into laughter when he scoops me up in his arms off the floor and tosses me onto the bed, crawling up and stopping between my legs.

"My turn," he warns me and then lays flat on his belly.
His talented tongue swipes up through my folds and flicks my clit with the tip of it, making me jerk and clench the bedsheets. I'm already soaking, making it easy for Lucifer to slip two fingers inside me, crooking them and pressing them against my g-spot. I buck my hips, clawing at the blankets around me as he pumps them in and out while sucking on my clit, bringing me hurtling to my release. Everything goes white as my orgasm takes over, and my body twitches with the aftershocks, even as Lucifer pushes me toward another one. I'm moaning from the oversensitivity, but Lucifer ignores my pleading, gently coaxing my body for another release of absolute ecstasy.

"No, no, Luci. I... I can't!"

His laughter vibrates against my pussy as he replaces his mouth with his fingers, dipping his tongue into my dripping hole. He rubs two fingers in rapid little circles on my clit, and uses his free hand to reach up and twist a nipple between his thumb and forefinger. The overstimulation was exactly what he was working toward, so I come again, becoming a boneless, panting mess on top of our huge bed. His mouth and chin glisten with my slick, and a devilish smile greets me as I look at him with half-lidded eyes.

"I love you, Luci."

"I love you too, (Y/n)."

Lucifer covers my body with his, sliding the tip of his cock through my folds before pushing himself inside me. He slides home, buried to the hilt, and it's like my body had never forgotten that Lucifer was a perfect fit, even if my mind had. He touched in all the right places, stretching me and filling me until I feel so full that it's like I'm going to burst. I hitch my legs around his waist, digging my heels into his butt and wrap my arms around his neck.

"Fuck me, my devil."

Chocolate browns briefly flash crimson and then Lucifer is pulling his hips back before thrusting back in swiftly and smoothly. I toss my head back into the pillows, letting out a long, guttural moan as Lucifer hits that tingly spot buried deep inside me. Lucifer quirks his head, asking if I'm okay and I nod, lifting my hips to urge him on. He moves his arms from bracing himself to being wrapped around my back, holding our bodies tightly together. Our pelvis's grind together, his smooth skin rubbing deliciously on my clit with every push and pull of his body.

I'm more than surprised when Lucifer rolls us over and puts me on top, jutting his hips up as I come down. I cry out but regain my balance and start riding him like I've never ridden him before. As I slam down, he pushes up and it all happens so fast that I never even feel my next orgasm coming. I explode around Lucifer, shouting his name for the heavens to hear. When I go limp on top of him, Lucifer shuffles and sits up. I didn't think it was possible to get us closer together, but in this position, it does.

My legs are wrapped around his back, my arms around his neck while his legs provide the support
underneath me and his hands held my waist. Our foreheads rest against each other as we share
breaths, and it's now that I'm ready to take it slow. I rock back and forth, listening to Lucifer's sharp
intake of breath every time I sink all the way down on him. My nipples brush against his chest hair,
adding to the sensitivity. Lucifer dips a hand between us, rubbing my clit and whispering how he
wants to feel me clench around him again. This time, it builds slowly and burns deep, lighting up
every nerve from my toes to the top of my head. I tighten so much around Lucifer's cock I'm afraid
I'm going to hurt him, but with the moan he lets loose lets me know it's doing all the right things to
him. As I'm coming down, Lucifer crashes his mouth against mine and spills himself inside me.

I lose track of how long we sit there like that, just breathing and relishing in the afterglow of our
lovemaking. Eventually, I start to doze off in Lucifer's lap, curling up and snuggling against his
chest. Lucifer stretches out, tucking me underneath his chin and I promptly fall asleep shortly after.

The sound of Matthias's cry makes me bolt upright in the bed, but before I can even put my feet on
the floor, his cries have tapered off. Lucifer's side of the bed is still warm, meaning he must have
been up when our son woke. I can hear him singing, so I pull on one of Lucifer's baggy shirts and
sneak over to Matthias's room, hoping to catch a peek of a special moment.

Matthias looked even tinier in Lucifer's arms cradled against his bare chest as he swayed back and
forth, dancing in the silence. Then, he starts to sing.

"I remember sayin' I don't care either way.
Just as long as he or she is healthy I'm okay.
Then the doctor pointed to the corner of the screen and said
Ya see that thing right there, well you know what that means."

I recognize the song and am surprised to hear that Lucifer not only knows it but has the lyrics
memorized as well. I never thought that I would ever hear Lucifer singing a country song, but I don't
think there's a better one that he could've picked. His voice is absolutely beautiful, and the horny side
of my mind instantly wonders what he'd look like wearing a cowboy hat and nothing else.

And I started wondering who he was going to be
And I thought heaven help us if he's anything like me
He'll probably climb a tree to tall and ride his bike too fast
End up every summer wearin' something in a cast
He's gonna throw a ball and break some glass, in a window down the street
He's gonna get in trouble, he's gonna get in fights
I'm gonna lose my temper and some sleep
It's safe to say that I'm gonna get my payback, if he's anything like me."

I zone out, thinking way too much and way too hard about the devil in a cowboy hat but come back
in time to hear Lucifer finish the song.
"He's gonna love me and hate me along the way
Years are gonna fly by, I already dread the day
He's gonna hug his momma, he's gonna shake my hand
He's gonna act like he can't wait to leave
But as he drives out, he'll cry his eyes out
If he's anything like me
There's worse folks to be like
Aw he'll be alright, if he's anything like me."

I accidentally let out a chuckle, letting the lyrics really sink in. If Matthias is anything like Lucifer, we are in serious trouble. Lucifer's eyes light up when he hears the sound and very gently lies Matthias back down in his crib. Soft footsteps pat on the floor as Lucifer approaches, and then his smirking face greets me.

"Well, what's a pretty little thing like you hiding out here in the dark for?"

I wrap my arms around his waist and stare up at him, smiling.

"Waiting for a handsome devil like you to come sweep me off my feet."

He bends down, scoops me behind the knees and begins carrying me to the bedroom but has a sudden change of mind and makes a beeline for the giant black leather couch. I try to sit up when Lucifer sets me down, but he hooks his arms around my thighs and pulls me back down. He's kneeling between my legs and kissing his way up my thighs, starting at my knees. His whiskers tickle my skin the closer that he gets to my dripping center and soon I can feel his hot breath blowing over my swollen lips. I'm aching for him, and he damn well knows it. His beard does wonderful things to add to the sensations, and I can't decide if I like him more with his stubble or with longer hair more. And then he dips his head down, licks a long stripe through my folds and I'm gone.

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The sound of the piano being played rouses me from my sleep, and after finding another of Lucifer's shirts, I drag myself out to the living room. I yawn, rubbing my eyes with the heels of my hands and blink a few times to finish waking. My husband is clearly in front of me but our son is nowhere to be found.

"Where's-"

"Asleep, love. I fed him, changed him and put him back in his crib for his nap. No worries."
"What time is it?"

"Close to eleven. You were tuckered out, darling." He winks, and I feel a rush of heat in my cheeks. Lucifer rises from the piano bench, strutting over to me and presses a kiss to my forehead. "I love that I can still make you blush."

I hear Matthias whimper from the baby monitor, and rush into his room, excited that he's awake.

"Hi, baby boy," I croon, looking down into the crib.

Matthias stretches and opens his mouth in a yawn, his tiny tongue poking out. I pick him up and kiss him carefully on the top of his head, before laying him down on the change table. He squirms a little, but changing him goes smoothly. My breasts are swollen and heavy from going so long without feeding him, even with pumping in the middle of the night and I'm grateful that Matthias is hungry. I rock him back and forth in the rocking chair, humming softly to him as he suckles, staring up at me with his gorgeous brown eyes.

"It's gonna be me and you today while daddy goes to work. What should we do today, buddy?"

"Actually," comes from the doorway, and I glance up to see Lucifer finish tying his tie, "I have time off, courtesy of the police department. And the detective pushing for it."

Matthias's mouth pops off my nipple, and some drool rolls down from his mouth. I wipe it away, place him against my shoulder and pat his back until a wet burp leaves him. Lucifer and I move around each other as if we'd been doing this for most of our lives until Matthias is dressed and ready for the day. Lucifer had taken a shower while I was feeding our son and takes over so I can do the same.

I feel refreshed the moment I step out and pick a comfortable t-shirt and jeans to wear. The nursing bra is something to get used to, as well as the pads I put in to soak up leakage. I rush through the rest of getting dressed, slip on my flats and meet Lucifer back in the living room.

Matthias is in his car seat, buckled and ready to go with his bag packed and sitting next to him. He still looks so tiny, and I have to remind myself that he's only three days old. Lucifer picks him up, I take the diaper bag and Lucifer's hand and we head to the elevator.

Maxwell and some of the other Lux crew are downstairs, prepping the club for tonight. Their heads pop up when they hear us arrive, and Max is the first one to rush forward and crush me in a bear hug.

"Good to see you home, mama Morningstar. You performing anytime soon?"
"As soon as we have a sitter for Matty, I'm down here."

They all grin, showing their excitement. I'm excited too, and cannot wait to be singing with Lucifer again.

After a few more minutes of talking to Max and the others, we say goodbye and head straight out the door. Lucifer doesn't say a lot as he's driving, just holds my hand and glances back every once in a while to check on Matthias.

"I thought you said you didn't have to work?"

"I don't, love. We're visiting."

Even though Cain had died in Lux itself, I hadn't thought about him since Dan had come to the hospital. But being back at LAPD was forcing all the Hell I'd gone through because of him back to the surface. I move around on autopilot the closer we get to walking inside, and by the time we actually make it to the doors, my back is ramrod straight. Lucifer takes Matthias's weight off my hands and grins proudly as we walk through the station. I hear a few 'aww's' and 'he's so cute' as we pass by the employees, but all I can respond with is a fake, plastered on smile and a small 'thank you'.

Ella's shriek of joy momentarily disperses the gray cloud hovering over my head and before I can react, I'm being swept up in an Ella hug. I squeeze her back, holding on to show her how much I've missed her.

"I'm so happy to see you guys! Shouldn't you still be in bed though?"

"Painkillers," I lie smoothly.

"Nice," she laughs, nodding her head.

To distract myself, I take Matthias from Lucifer, setting him down and unbuckle him to carefully pull him out of his car seat. He whimpers for a brief second at being disturbed but goes back to sleep. Ella holds her arms out so I pass him off, grinning when she starts talking to him even though he's snoozing. Lucifer slides his hand across my lower back, gently tugging me to his side. The comfort of his touch helps relieve some of the anxiety of being back inside the station.

When Ella motions her head for me to follow, I kiss Lucifer on the cheek and weave my way through the people as she leads the way to her lab. I close the door behind me and lean my hip against the table.

"I know that look. What's up?"
"I can't lie to her. She knows me all too well.

"Being here stresses me out. It reminds me too much of... of Marcus and everything he did. I know I'll never be completely free of those memories because Lucifer enjoys being Chloe's partner and of course, all of you work here. And avoiding this place is out of the question too, you know?" She nods, her big brown eyes full of understanding. "So, I'm going to move past this the best that I can."

"Have you thought about going to a therapist?"

"I do. Well, I was. I'm going to go back to her soon."

The lab door opens, and Lucifer strolls in with Chloe and Dan right behind him. I hug Dan quickly, but when Chloe opens her arms, I walk into them and hold on, resting my forehead on her shoulder. She tightens hers, telling me without speaking that she's here for me. A second-hand touches my shoulder, lightly squeezing and in his own way, Dan says the same thing. I let her go, and wipe the brimming tears away.

"It's really good to see you guys."

"How are you holding up?" Dan asks, folding his arms across his chest. I laugh and he chuckles. "Yeah. I get it."

"No, things are getting better. We, and I mean Lucifer-" who objects to the statement- "are adjusting to the parent life pretty well. I'm back home."

"Cheers to that!" Ella whisper-shouts, glancing at Matthias to see if he's still asleep. "Speaking of, are you going to sing again?"

"As soon as we find a sitter for our son," Lucifer replies, taking Matthias from Ella.

Chloe's scrolling through her phone, and then shows us a promo ad for an up and coming musician.

"This is two weeks away. If you snag him now, Lux will be booked. And maybe you can use that as your return to the proverbial stage."

It was a brilliant idea that's for sure. So, why not?

"Call him, Luci. Let's do this."

"It's not too soon for you?"
"No. I need this."

Lucifer grins and leans down, placing a kiss on the top of my head. We trade; his phone for Matthias. He steps out of the lab with his phone up to his ear already, and my nerves of excitement trample all over the ghost of my anxiety.

"We will come see you every night!" Ella promises, doing a little dance.

Chloe and Dan nod but the mini celebration is short-lived when the door opens and it's not Lucifer that comes through. It's Charlotte Richards.

"Am I intruding?"

"N-no," Dan stutters, and we all swivel our heads to see the detective blushing. "What can we help you with?"

"Oh, nothing. Saw Lucifer out in the hall and assumed the missus and child would be here. And I was right. How are you, (Y/n)?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

"Is this Lucifer's son?"

I know she meant no harm saying it the way she did, but it still irked me that she said 'Lucifer's son'. Yes, there's still some unfinished business between the two, but I'm standing right here holding Matthias.

"May I?"

I almost tell her no but then I remember she's got a couple kids of her own. She cradles Matthias expertly in her arms, speaking softly and in a sing-songy tone. In his slumber, he wraps a hand around her finger bringing a smile to her face.

"What's his name?"

"Matthias," Lucifer answers for me, rejoining us in the lab. "Matthias Luken Morningstar. Our up and coming star is booked. Two weeks from today."

Lucifer wraps his arms around me and I bury my face in his chest, grinning into the soft material of his shirt. He lays his cheek on the top of my head, rubbing his hands on my back.
"Now, we need to find a sitter."

"Ugh! We can't find anyone! And we live in Los Angeles! It shouldn't be this hard!"

Lucifer chuckles as he plays with Matthias in his lap. He's sitting lengthwise on the long leather couch, with his knees propped up and our son resting against them. He's been singing off and on to him, grinning every time he gets a reaction. Which isn't much other than little bubbles coming out of his mouth and eyes growing wide when Lucifer makes a sudden noise.

"Mommy is a might bit protective, isn't she?"

I mock glare at him, before sinking my head into my hands.

"Love, why don't you come play with little Matty and I'll scroll through your choices. You've been staring at that thing for hours."

"No, no. I'll find someone. I'm being picky. That's all."

An hour later...

"All right, fine! Your turn."

Matthias has fallen asleep in his rocker with the 'twinkle twinkle little star' playing softly, so it's easy for Lucifer to rise off the couch and set the book he'd been reading aside to come stand behind me and peer over the choices of sitters I'd picked out.

"These women are more than qualified to care for our son while we're downstairs." Lucifer spins me around in the chair and raises an eyebrow. "What's the problem, love?"

Of course, he'd have to see right through me...

When I sheepishly look away, he goes 'ahhh' and kisses my forehead.

"You're worried that I'll either seduce them or they will try to seduce me. I promise you, my dear wife. You are the only woman I want warming my bed." He glances over at Matthias, a wicked grin curling on his lips. "Now, about warming my bed."
Yeah, needless to say, we didn't choose a sitter right away.
"Luci?" I call out from the bedroom closet, trying to find an appropriate dress. "Is the sitter here yet?"

"Not since you asked five minutes ago, love," he replies, his voice much closer than I expected. Matthias is tucked against his chest in a baby carrier, his bright eyes staring at everything around him. "Everything will be fine."

"I know."

"Then, tell me, why are you staring at your clothing like it's going to take a bite out of you? What you're wearing is fine."

I make a face at him and laugh before gesturing to my half-naked body.

"I'm barely wearing anything. That's not the first impression I want to give this girl. I want something that says mom, but wife of the hottest club owner in LA."

Lucifer straightens, standing taller and puffs his chest out.

"That rock on your finger certainly helps. And it should be obvious that you're a mother by the child. Don't you think?"

"Yeah, I know."

Bending down, I grab a pair of blue jeans and a dressy purple shirt, topping it off with a black pair of flats.

"All right. How do I look?"

"You look beautiful as always, love. I promise." We hear the elevator ding and I nervously smooth out a nonexistent wrinkle. "Let's go meet her, shall we?"

When we get out there, however, we're not met with the woman we were expecting to meet.

"Charlotte?" I ask, in disbelief. "What are you doing here?"
"I'm here to babysit. You should've heard the things that girl was saying about Lucifer!" I'm speechless. And beyond pissed. "I'm sorry. I know this must be frustrating."

"It's not your fault." I look to Lucifer, who shrugs. "What do we do now?"

I lower myself down onto the piano bench and put my face into my hands. The musician is rap artist is supposed to be here any minute to begin the preparation for the show coming up and now we have no one to watch Matthias.

"I can take care of him," comes Charlotte's suggestion. I must have given her a strange look because she quickly adds, "I have children, remember?"

Right. No longer the mother of creation. Only a normal, human mother.

"That sounds lovely, Charlotte. Our guest should be arriving shortly."

Lucifer passes Matthias over to her, and she immediately starts cooing at him and making mom noises to him. I explain to her that the meeting shouldn't take that long, where all of his things are and if he gets hungry, there are bottles of milk in the fridge.

"Go, go. I have the sweet little boy."

Lucifer tugs on my hand, and reluctantly, I leave Matthias with Charlotte.

"He will be fine, love."

I'm not doubting Charlotte's ability to take care of him anymore but now I'm feeling guilty about having left him at all.

Lucifer tilts his head, eyeing me and I avoid making eye contact with him at all. He squints, so I pretend to focus on the buttons on the control panel. The doors open, but before I can get ahead of him, he takes my hand and leads me to a dark corner of the club. He cages me in with his arms on either side of my head and his body shields me from view.

"I know that look."

"What look? This is my face."

Lucifer raises his brow. "You're a terrible liar, love. Spill. Or do I have to" - he lowers his face, rubbing his scruff along my jaw, planting kisses in the burning trail it leaves behind - "coax it out of
Oh, it was so tempting to let him have his way. The light in his eyes dances in that mischievous way that says he's ready to play. Damn the devil is hard to resist. But, I'd much rather not be caught in a compromising position when our guest shows up.

"Could you two possibly keep your hands off each other for five minutes?" Maze snarls, her arms folded across her chest.

"No," Lucifer snarks back.

I let out a surprised squeak when he pushes me up against the wall and kisses me roughly, but quickly give in to his talented tongue. Before we get too carried away, I have to stop him even though I'm dying to keep going. Between Lucifer and my post-pregnancy hormones, I'm going insane.

"You're a fun sucker, Mazikeen."

She raises a brow at me.

"I'll try to keep him under control," I promise her, trying not to laugh.

It was almost time for the musician to arrive, and as Lucifer gathered drinks for everyone, I settle down on the couch near the center of the club. Lucifer and I have been married just shy of a year, going through what felt like Hell for most of our relationship. We missed holidays, my birthday, and everything else in between because of Cain and Ian, but this year I'm determined not to miss out on anything with him. Not only because of having our son but because he deserves it and I do too. We deserve our happiness. We've fought for our happiness, dammit and by God, I'm not going to give it up without a fight.

The doors open as Lucifer is walking back to me, and a man that stands taller than Lucifer strolls in with two guards behind him. As he gets closer, it dawns on me exactly who the artist is that Lucifer has hired.

"Tuff Capone? You hired *Tuff fucking Capone*?"

Lucifer frowns at me as he sets the drinks down on the table.

"Yes. Is he a poor performer?"

"No!"
"Then, what's the issue?"

He was getting closer, and keeping my voice down was getting harder.

"Because I won't be able to perform next to him! I'm no one!"

There wasn't any more time to discuss it because he'd arrived in front of us, towering over Lucifer.

We exchange pleasantries, or at least I attempted to while mumbling like an idiot, and Lucifer invites him to sit down to begin discussing how the club was going to host a small concert. Tuff's eyes drift over to me every once in a while as I sat quietly next to Lucifer, not sure if I should be offering any suggestions or opinions.

"Are you the one that's going to be doing a few songs with me?"

"Uh, just, uh, one? I think? Don't want to steal your spotlight."

He chuckles. "Nah. I can share. I knew I was going to be sharing it already. Any song you want to do?"

The first song that popped into my head is my favorite, but I'm not sure how Lucifer would react to it.

"You don't own me."

Lucifer's eyebrows raise.

"Of course not, love. No one owns you."

I laugh and confuse him. "The song I want to do. It's called You Don't Own Me." Staring down at my hands, feeling a little embarrassed, I mumble, "it's my favorite."

"Shall we get started?" Lucifer asks eagerly.

A temporary stage will be built toward the back of the club, directly opposite of the bar to allow for better seating and it'll be the first thing people see when they walk in. Who wouldn't enjoy a drink and a killer show? I'll use the stairs that lead down into the club, following a set path that I'll walk down until I reach the main stage where I'll join Tuff. Lucifer will have a front-row seat off to the left, opposite of where the stairs will be so he's not in my direct line of sight as I come down. If I fell, I'd never be able to show my face in Lux again.
Lucifer and a contractor talk a few feet away, leaving the rap artist and I by ourselves. I'm watching Lucifer speak animatedly while gesturing around the club when Tuff sticks his hand out. I jump in surprise, and he smiles apologetically.

"We haven't been properly introduced. By the look on your face, you know who I am but I don't know your name. Mine's Tucker, but you can call me Tuff if you want."

I take his hand and shake it, catching Lucifer's head tilting from the corner of my eye.

"(Y/n). Morningstar."

"Yeah," he laughs. "I assumed you were something more to Lucifer than just a performer with how close you the two of you are."

"He's very... protective."

Tuff nods. "I can see that. You're a beautiful woman. He's a lucky man."

I'm beyond flattered, but I only have eyes for one man and he's walking this way, territorial-ness flashing in those dark brown pools.

"Building begins tomorrow," Lucifer announces, pulling me to his side and plants a kiss to my temple. "Shouldn't take more than a few hours to do, then rehearsal. Reconvene tomorrow?"

A knowing smirk dances across Tuff's lips as he holds his hand out to Lucifer.

"Of course. I can't wait. Thank you for asking me to perform in your club, Mr. Morningstar. Mrs. Morningstar."

Tuff walks away, with his two bodyguards appearing out of nowhere, following him out of the club. No sooner than they walk out of the doors, Lucifer pins me to the nearest couch.

"He was making eyes at you, love."

Ohhh, territorial Lucifer is so much fun!

"He knows who I belong to. I am the Mrs. Morningstar."

I switch us around and straddle Lucifer. He grins wickedly, letting me have the control, completely
surrendering himself to me.

"Tuff can look but he cannot touch. I am yours and only yours, Luci. There is no man on Earth, in Hell or in Heaven that can take me away from you. They may try, but they will never succeed. I. Am. Yours, Lucifer Morningstar." I cup his stubbled jaw in my hands, and lower my mouth to his, but keep my lips a whisper away. "I love you."

"Oh, how I love you too."

"My God, you two are like animals!" Charlotte exclaims. "Can't you keep it contained like normal people?"

I chuckle and slide off Lucifer's lap. "We are far from normal, Charlotte." Lucifer slips his hands into mine as he rises to his feet, lacing our fingers together. "I tried normal once, and it almost killed me. Twice. Where's Matthias?"

Charlotte tugs the baby monitor off her hip. "He's sound asleep."

"Thank you, Charlotte. We'll take it from here."

She hands the monitor over to Lucifer, but as she's walking away, I call out to her.

"I know we haven't gotten along very well for the most part, but if... if you're up and willing for it, I'd love for you to watch Matthias on the rare occasions that both of us decide to leave him." Her delicately manicured brows raise ever so slightly. "I'm serious."

"I know. I'm... surprised. You and I, we need to have a ladies night. Soon. Take the time to clear the air. Yes?"

I give her a genuine smile.

"Yes."

"Lucifer has my number. Call me when you need me. My schedule is a little more open these days."

"I'll put it on speed dial."

The corner of her mouth turns up, and she leaves, the echo of her heels trailing after her.
Lucifer snakes his arms around my waist, resting his chin onto my shoulder.

"We have a few minutes, what ever shall we do with our time?"

I turn in his hold and run my fingers over his stubble.

"I have a few things in mind."

There's absolutely no one in the club, which Lucifer graciously takes advantage of and walks me backward until my back hits the bar. He lifts me up by my hips and sets me on the bar top, instantly pressing his lips to mine. I throw my arms around his neck, deepening the kiss and wrap my legs around his waist. I can feel his cock straining in his pants, begging to be let out.

"I should've worn the skirt, dammit."

Lucifer's sinful chuckle sends the familiar tingles up my spine and he resumes kissing me, silencing anything else that might come out of my mouth. I'm pulled off the countertop, thrown over Lucifer's shoulder and carried to the elevator.

"We're going to improvise," he laughs.

"I like improvising with you."

He sets me down on my feet, and pushes me against the elevator wall, hiking one of my legs onto his hip, grinding his bulge against my core.

"I cannot get enough of you, luv. You're so... intoxicating."

"You're not so bad yourself, my Devil."

The doors ding open and I'm dragged to the closest couch, bent over the armrest and my jeans yanked down to my ankles. Lucifer's hands roam over my lower back as he pushes my shirt up before they travel back down and cup my ass.

"Oh, how I want to drag this out for you, my dear. But, I'm afraid we must make this quick. Our son has unprecedented timing for interruptions." I laugh but it turns to a moan as Lucifer moves my panties to the side and slips two fingers into my aching core. "So wet for me, love."

I hear him undo his zipper, and with one hand on my lower back, he pushes the tip of his cock in. His groan is so satisfying I almost come right then and there, but he pulls back out before I can combust and then slams back in. Any other time, I'd want him to take it slow, drag out every little
feeling possible, but I need it hard and fast in the way that only Lucifer can give me.

"Please!"

The couch scrapes against the floor a little as Lucifer pistons his hips wildly, repeatedly plunging his cock into my depths as we chase our pleasure together. His cockhead brushes my cervix in a painfully pleasurable way, bringing me closer to release with every bump. With a surprising slap on the ass, I come undone, screaming his name into the leather material. His thrusts stutter as I clench around him, following me into the abyss of satisfaction a few moments later. He braces himself on his hands on the armrest to not crush me underneath his weight as he rests his upper body on my back.

As I open my mouth to announce my discomfort, Lucifer pulls out and brings me to the couch with him. Having baby wipes on nearly every surface of the penthouse is convenient because it makes it quite easy to clean myself up. I kick my pants off, put the baby wipes back on the coffee table and lie down on my side with my back to the back of the couch, resting my head on Lucifer's bare thigh.

"I want a nap now."

Lucifer's eyes are closed, and his head is leaned back onto the top of the couch. The corner of his mouth quirks up, and he hums in agreement, stroking his fingers through my hair.

"Take a nap, love. I'll take care of our son when he wakes."

"You sure?"

"Mmhmm. Sleep, sweetheart. We've got a busy few weeks ahead of us."

If today is anything to go by, I'm in for one hell of a fun ride with Lucifer. He's quite possessive, and not afraid to display his dominance in front of Tuff, and I'm quite curious to see how much the two are going to push each other's limits and butt heads. Rolling over, I put my back to the room and hold Lucifer's arm to cuddle with.

"Don't let me sleep too long."

I can't see Lucifer's rebellious smirk and doze off as I wait for him to reply.

The sound of the piano rouses me from my nap and I quickly wake when I realize it's dark outside.

"Lucifer!"
He grins from his place on the bench in front of the piano, Matthias by his side in his little rocker. Lucifer's foot is rocking it back and forth as he's playing, our son staring up at him with infantile fascination.

"Yes, wife?"

"You let me sleep too long!"

"I most certainly did not," he argues back. "I let you get the rest you needed."

My breasts are aching and swollen from not feeding Matthias for a few hours and as I approach, he takes notice and gurgles happily. I lift him out, cradling him and talking softly to him. His beautiful brown eyes are wide with wonder as he looks around, his tiny pink tongue darting out every once in a while in that cute baby way. Lucifer rises from the bench, and stands behind me, wrapping his arms around mine, cradling Matthias as well.

"I never thought I could have this happiness that the two of you have given me."

"Neither one of us would be here without you, Luci. You've allowed yourself to have happiness. Give yourself some credit."

Matthias whimpered, telling me that he's hungry and I gladly sit down to nurse him. The aching goes away as he nurses, his tiny hand resting on my breast as he stares up at me.

"I'm thankful that I don't have to leave him. I'd be heartbroken every time I'd have to drop him off with someone else so I could go to work."

I switch him to the other breast, instantly feeling better. Matthias suckles, his eyes slowly closing until he drifts off and then his mouth comes off with a little 'pop'. After tucking my relieved breasts into the nursing bra, I lift Matthias to my shoulder and pat his back until I hear him burp.

Lucifer's been walking around with his phone up to his ear talking quietly to someone. His dark eyes watch as I place Matthias back in his cradle, and hangs up soon after.

"Take out sound all right with you, love?"

"Perfect."

"Dance with me."

"All right."
I'm sure we made quite the pair; Lucifer in one of his expensive pair of black slacks and a smooth, grey, opened, button up long sleeve shirt and me: t-shirt and panties. I catch our reflection in the glass of the bar, and chuckle quietly.

"You know, I don't know what I'd do without you," Lucifer murmurs.

"You'd be fine. You have Maze, Lux and all the beautiful women you could want to keep you busy. I don't know what I would do without you. If it wasn't for you... I don't know where I'd be. I wouldn't have Matthias and I'm not sure I'd even be alive. You... you saved me and I'll owe you the rest of my life for that."

"Oh, love." Lucifer wipes away the single tear that drifts down my cheek, looking down at me with the softest I've ever seen his gorgeous brown eyes be. "I'm sure you'd have found another... partner and had loads of little minions running around. The perfect life."

"My life would be mundane without you, Lucifer. I've done and seen so much since you came into my life. I'd thank Liam if he was still alive because if it wasn't for him cheating on me, I would've never come into Lux."

Lucifer spins me out and slowly pulls me back in, grinning widely as he holds me against his chest.

"I suppose I should check if dinner is here, yes? Wouldn't want my lovely wife going without."

Reluctantly I let go of him, and he saunters off to await the arrival of our dinner. Not knowing how long it would be before he came back up, I decided to take a shower, carrying Matthias in his cradle into the bathroom with me. I've gotten used to the scars wrapped around my ribs, but the ones I'm still trying to accept are the ones on my back. I hate looking at them, and actively avoid the mirror when I can. I stare until the mirror becomes fogged up with steam, and then I get in. I'm not sure where the pity party has come from, but the ball has already started rolling and I can't quite get it to stop. Looking at my scars certainly hasn't helped any. Being so engrossed in my thoughts, I don't hear Lucifer come in and step into the lavish shower behind me, jumping when his hands are suddenly on my hips.

"Are you all right, love?"

"Yeah. Been... thinking."

"About what? Me? I knew it." I laugh softly, but the tone doesn't make Lucifer feel any better. Carefully he maneuvers himself in front of me, and because I'm looking down, he crooks his finger and tilts my chin up for me to look at him. "What is it, love?"

"I'm... I'm having a sad moment. That's all, Luci."
"Tell me, darling." He rubs his thumb along my cheekbone, deep brown eyes full with concern. "What has you so sad?"

"Stared at myself too long in the mirror. I'm... I'm so flawed, Luci and you're so... so fucking perfect. What's going to happen when I get old? You're going to remain like this for eternity. I'm-" Lucifer silences me with a kiss, wiping away the tears with the backs of his knuckles. "What are you going to do when I die?"

"Oh, my love. You've got so much time left. I promise you, I will never leave you and we will figure it out when it comes. Now, why don't I show you exactly how much I love you?"

Lucifer sinks to his knees before me, lifts my left leg and kisses up the inside before resting it on his shoulder. I lightly grasp his hair, and hold onto his shoulder for balance, as his lips press feather light kisses everywhere but where I want him to.

"Luci, stop teasing. Please."

"Remain quiet, love. Wouldn't want to wake our son, would we?"

I look down to see him give me a wink and then throw my head back as that devilish tongue of his delve into my folds, searching for the little nub he loves to tease oh so much. With my leg on his shoulder, it's easy for him to slide a long finger into my warmth, and quickly he curls it, making me gasp.

"Shh," he purrs.

Another joins the first, and the delightful pressure of the smooth pads of his fingers against my g-spot combined with the kitten licks of his tongue against my clit has me biting the inside of my cheek to not let out a sound and disturb Matthias's nap. Lucifer knows exactly what buttons to press, and he's using them as his own piano, trying to make me sing for him. With a light scrape of his teeth, I come, shuddering and sagging against the shower wall. Lucifer rises to his full height, a smug grin on his face.

"Feel better, darling?"

"I'm about to," I growl at him.

He raises his brow, challenging me. Bracing both my hands on his chest, I push him until he backs up against the shower wall. I lift myself up on my toes and inch my face closer to his as if I was going to kiss him. Lucifer leans forward and it's then that I put a finger on his lips. Curiosity has filled my Devil's eyes, but he lets me remain in control, the hunger only growing when I drag my finger from his lips, across his jaw, down his throat, stopping right above the tip of his cock where it
stands tall against his belly.

"Teasing the Devil, are we?"

"More like tempting the angel."

Without breaking eye contact, I wrap my hand around Lucifer's cock, and rub my thumb over the slit, watching as his eyes flutter shut and his mouth drops open in pure bliss. I stroke him slowly, keeping my fist loose near the base and then tighten my grip the closer I get to the tip. It drives him crazy, and every time I start over, his breathing gets heavier. When I've driven him nearly to the edge, I lower myself down in front of him and surprise him with licking a stripe from base to tip. In his shock, Lucifer slaps the walls to the sides of him, cracking the rock. Being reminded of Lucifer's power gives me an incredible rush, increasing tenfold because I'm the one who's made him lose control. And I haven't even started yet. Slipping my mouth over his cock, I slowly begin bobbing my head, letting my tongue drag along his length with every movement. I take him as deeply as I can, remembering to breathe through my nose as it brushes against his smooth pelvis. Fondling his balls adds that extra little bit to push him over the edge, and with his fingers digging into the cracked wall, Lucifer comes with a groan, spilling his seed down my throat. I pull off his still hard cock with a 'pop', grinning up at him.

"If I wasn't a fallen angel before, I am now." I place my hands in his, and he helps me to my feet, a wide, satisfied grin on his face. "I believe you are the only one to ever bring the Devil to his knees."

"I'd gladly do it again. Over and over if he asked."

"Oh, ask I shall. However, I ask something else of you now."

"What's that?"

"Ride me?"

"Gladly."

With a swiftness only Lucifer could provide, I'm picked up and swung onto Lucifer's back, and with his hands-free, he carries Matthias into his bedroom and places him in his crib. With me still attached to his back like a spider monkey, we head our own bedroom.

Lucifer tosses me on the bed, and I scramble up, meeting his lips with mine as he lies on his back in front of me. I straddle him, my mouth never leaving his, and sink myself down onto his cock.

"Luci, sit up."
He obeys and sits up, keeping his legs extended behind me. I groan as his cock shifts inside me, the position bringing us closer and much more intimately. A knowing look crosses over Lucifer's face, and I feel him cross his legs behind me.

"Is this what you wanted?"

"Yes."

Lucifer's arms wrap around my back, and his mouth immediately attaches to my neck as I move on his lap until I'm seated perfectly. My clit rubs on his pelvis, sending tingles up my spine before we've even started moving. There's only one thing missing from this but Lucifer gets the hint when I slide my hands down his back from his shoulders, dragging my nails up his shoulder blades where his scars used to be. His wings appear, so I eagerly bury my hands in the divine plumes and begin rocking my hips, riding Lucifer's sinful cock. We breathe together; as he exhales, I inhale and vice versa, our lips barely brushing against each other. I lean back, and his lips immediately find a nipple, sucking and swirling his tongue around the sensitive bud. The harder he sucks, the faster I rock and one of his hands comes between us for him to rub his thumb on my clit. His wings fold around us, the tips of the feathers running everywhere they can along my skin. With a flick of the tip of the longest plume across my nipple, I come, clenching tightly around Lucifer's cock.

"Yess, love. Come for me."

I sag in Lucifer's arms and let him take the reins. He spreads his wings out to his sides and lies back, cradling me against his chest and then lies the pure white appendages across my back.

"Hold on, my dear."

I clutch onto his shoulders, holding on as he digs his heels into the bed and plunges his cock in over and over. I have my face buried in the crook of his neck, muffling my cries as he hits my g-spot repeatedly. Lucifer's hands are gripped bruisingly tight onto my hips, holding me in place as I'm impaled on his cock. A purple splotch is left on Lucifer's neck as my teeth clamp down, tasting the sweetness of his skin mixed with his sweat and cologne, feeling the hot coil of my impending release tightening in my belly. Lucifer hisses through his teeth, his cock swelling as he gets close and his moans getting deeper with every stroke along my velvet walls. With one last thrust, Lucifer empties himself inside me and releases the hottest moan I've ever heard come from him, triggering my climax.

"I... can't... move..."

Lucifer's chuckle rumbles in his chest, and then a cool breeze flows across my back as Lucifer puts his wings away. I'd forgotten all about our food until my stomach rumbles. Loudly. It's hard to decide between leaving the comfort of Lucifer's body or getting up and feeding myself. Lucifer decides for me and shuffles us around so he can retrieve our food. I love watching him walk around; it's not even a walk, but a strut and I don't think he realizes he does it half the time. His long, lean body commands the attention of whatever room he walks into, and his height certainly doesn't hurt any since he towers over most everyone as well. Even Cain couldn't compare to him.
"Take a picture, love. It'll last longer."

I've been caught staring as I lay on my stomach, basking in the afterglow and grin, unashamedly.

Lucifer sits on the bed, setting the food in front of him and feeds me every other bite. I feel like a cat that got the cream; sated, satisfied and sharing a meal with my husband the fallen angel.

The rest of the night goes like that: feeding each other, making love, taking turns with Matthias until it was time to finally settle in.

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Tuff had shown up a week early, giving us time to not only build the set we're going to use inside Lux but rehearse over and over again and Lucifer shut the club down until opening night, taking the pressure of getting things out and putting them away before opening time.

It wouldn't be a success if I didn't fall on my fucking face at least once, right? Ha. That was only day one. I tripped walking down the stairs, only managing to catch the railing instead of tumbling down the entirety. Lucifer and Tuff both rushed up, but after managing to wave them off, I walked back up and started over. There was a tense staredown between the two men for a brief moment, but the shine of Lucifer's wedding band reminds him of my choice.

Costume designers, make up artists, dance instructors... so many people flooded in through Lux's doors. I had become used to our crowd of clubgoers, getting familiar with our regulars and our employees. But all these new people had me on edge. Thankfully, Charlotte was there to save the day with Matthias since it felt like I was never going to get a break trying to get this all right.

The night before the show:

We run through the main song one last time, performing flawlessly. The spotlight fades, putting Tuff and me in momentary darkness. Tuff's arm is wrapped around my waist, and my hand is on his chest, the two of us staring at each other as the song fades out.

"Are you ready for tomorrow?" he asks, letting go. "Not gonna be us anymore. I have some advice for stage fright if you need it."

Instinctively, I look for Lucifer as the lights come back on, and meet his eyes from across the club as he sits at the grand piano.

"He'll be somewhere I can see him as I'm coming down the stairs. I think I'll be okay for stage fright. Thank you though."
"No problem."

Tuff and his backup singers/dancers gather around, going through their set as I make my way to Lucifer. I'm stopped several times by people getting last opinions on my outfits and make up for tomorrow night, telling them all that nothing has changed since the last time they talked to me. Finally, I get to him and sit down, resting my head on his shoulder.

"I'm excited but so ready to be done, you know?"

"I am quite familiar with the feeling, my dear."

As Lucifer and I sit on the bench making small talk, Tuff approaches somewhat cautiously. He pulls a card out of his pocket and hands it to me. It's got his name and phone number on it.

"If you want to keep performing and go on the road after tomorrow's show, gimme a call. If these people are as attached to you as everyone says, you could get big in no time, traveling all over the states and the world."

"Thanks."

Tuff nods, and strolls away, followed closely by his posse.

I dare to glance at Lucifer and catch the end of a fiery gaze as he looks at me from the corner of his eye.

"I'm not going anywhere, Lucifer." But, instead of throwing it away, I put it inside the piano. "Out of sight, out of mind."


"You and I both know I'd much rather remain here, with you dear husband, than be out and traveling. I've done enough of that recently, don't you think?"

Lucifer drapes his arm around my shoulders, tucking me into his side, shooting glares at anyone who dares come near.

"I have the feeling of utmost regret for not purchasing the ring with a giant rock on it."

I chuckle, and hold my left hand out in front of me, gazing happily at my wedding ring.
"I dunno, Luci. I rather like this one. I don't need something flashy. But... oh, nevermind."

I slide off the bench, and saunter away, holding back a laugh as I hear Lucifer's footsteps rapidly approaching from behind. I make it to the bar before he catches up, sitting on a stool but remain facing the shelves of alcohol until I'm spun around. Lucifer's arms shoot out on each side of me, his long fingers gripping the bar top, effectively caging me in.

"Now, my dear, that wasn't very nice of you. Finish your thought."

Crossing one leg over the other, deliberately brushing my foot across his crotch, I lower my head and pretend to be bashful of what I'm about to say. Completely falling for the act, Lucifer crouches in front of me and raises his brows.

"I was going to say I would wear something flashy on special occasions if it makes you happy."

Lucifer puts his hand over his heart, making an 'I feel so touched' kind of face.

"For me? Truly?"

"For you? Anything, my Devil."

"Lovely."

"You two are disgusting," Maze complains, appearing from behind the bar. I lean my head back until I can see her upside down, and stick my tongue out. "Promises, promises."

"Get your own wife, Mazikeen," Lucifer retorts, guiding my face back to his so he can lay a big ol' kiss on my lips. "She's spoken for."

And in a caveman move, I'm picked up, tossed over Lucifer's shoulder and carried to the elevator.

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"Why am I so nervous?" I shout to Charlotte from the closet. "I shouldn't be nervous!"

Charlotte's face appears in the doorway, giving me a complimentary once over as I search for nonexistent wrinkles in my shirt and black slacks. Of course, there's none but my nerves have me doing stupid shit at the moment.
"You know he's going to go crazy seeing you in that, right?"

I look up at her, frowning.

"Really?"

"Yes."
"I hope so. All right. I'm ready."

I give Matthias a kiss as I pass by, grinning as he waves his arms in legs while he's in the baby carrier attached to Charlotte. I go unnoticed as I come out of the elevator, spotting Lucifer seated at his piano and our friends gathered on the white half circle couch closest to him. Tuff raises his head from his spot on the stage, meeting my gaze and smiles reassuringly at me. No one can really see me from where I'm standing, hidden in a spot at the end of the ledge as people come in. There were only so many seats that could be filled, and as soon as the last person comes in, the lights will dim. My nerves aren't getting better, so I focus on Lucifer, wondering what his reaction will be. For the most part, he hadn't been paying all that much attention to the song itself, but me walking down to Tuff and dancing with him. So, the endgame will be quite interesting after Lucifer sees it all put together.

The lights dim, and I let out a whoosh of air, fumbling with the bow tied around my waist. The sound check woman comes up to me, places the headset on my head, adjusting it until it's perfect and then turns it on before speaking into her own, announcing that we're ready.

The opening notes of the song starts, giving me my cue.

*You don't own me*

Their heads swivel around hilariously because they can't see me yet.

*You don't own me*

However, I'm quickly forgotten about when Tuff comes out on stage, making the crowd go wild.

*Woah, let's go*  
*But I'm Gerald and I can always have just what I want*  
*She's the baddest I would love to flaunt*  
*Take her shopping, you know Yves Saint Laurent*  
*But nope, she ain't with it though*  
*All because she got her own dough*  
*Boss bossed if you don’t know*  
*She could never ever be a broke ho*

A black fedora like hat helps shield half my face, adding a dramatic effect as I begin descending the stairs.
You don't own me
I'm not just one of your many toys
You don't own me
Don't say I can't go with other boys

I can see everyone's stares as I come down, but there's only one that I'm interested in seeing. I feel him before I see him, but those eyes hold something dangerous as we meet as he takes in my complete appearance for the first time.

Don't tell me what to do
And don't tell me what to say
Please, when I go out with you
Don't put me on display

Tuff has his hand held out as I reach the bottom, and the crowd finally gets a good look at me as I raise my head to look at him, his grin matching mine.

You don't own me
Don't try to change me in any way
You don't own me
Don't tie me down 'cause I'd never stay

Tuff walks backward, leading me to the stage with him. I'm amazed that everything has gone so smoothly so far, bringing the thrill that I've always loved while performing. I'm a nobody, but tonight... tonight everyone is going to know my name.

Don't tell me what to do
And don't tell me what to say
Please, when I go out with you
Don't put me on display

We reach the stage, Tuff pulling me to his chest as soon as we're standing where we're supposed to. We dance, using the music and the lyrics to act out the conversation between the two people in the song.
R-r-r-really though, honestly
I get bored of basic bitches
She’s the baddest, straight up vicious, texting her asking her
If she’s alone and if she’d sent some pictures, she said no (what)
Well goddamn, she said come over and see it for yourself
Never asking for your help, independent woman
She ain't for the shelf
No, she's the one
Smoke with her till the weed is gone
Stayin’ up until we see the sun
Baddest ever, I swear she do it better than I've ever seen it done
Never borrow, she ain’t ever loan
That's when she told me she ain't never ever ever ever gonna be owned

I spin away from him, pretending to ignore what he was saying. He comes up behind me, places a hand on one shoulder and gently turns me around, giving me a pleading look.

I don't tell you what to say
I don't tell you what to do
So just let me be myself
That's all I ask of you
I'm young and I love to be young
I'm free and I love to be free
To live my life the way I want
To say and do whatever I please

I walk away from him, shaking my head because he doesn't understand what I need.

Hey hey (you don't own me) oh, no
Oh no no
Hey no no no
Don't you, don't
You don't own me
Na na na na
You don't own me (easy)
You don't own me

We 'make up', and come back together at the end of the song, with my hat covering our faces as the lights fade away. I hadn't noticed until now that the crowd had gone quiet until everyone burst into applause and rose to their feet for a standing ovation. Of course, an encore was called for, but one song was one song. The rest of the night belongs to Tuff. We hold hands and bow before we back
away and disappear into the back area.

Lucifer and our friends are back there, and Tuff quickly says hello before going back out on the stage as the next song starts. I've barely gotten anything out before I'm being dragged away, back out through the club until we've reached the bar. People try catching our attention, but it takes nothing for him to wave them away. With a hand underneath the bar counter, something clicks as it unlocks. Lucifer takes me to a hidden door on the side of the alcohol shelf and pulls me through.

"So this is where you keep all the good stuff!"

Expensive bottles and casks line the walls, and an inviting looking bed rests in the corner.

*Ohhh.*

Lucifer's hands on my wrists are like shackles, and his cock presses into my backside as he walks us to the bed.

"I have never seen you in that light before, my dear. Made me feel... *jealous.* I don't like feeling that way, love. So now, I'm going to punish you."

An unholy amount of arousal floods my system at his words, and I wonder exactly how far he's going to go with it. I laugh a little nervously and turn around to face him before he can set me on the bed.

"What about our friends? They're waiting for us to go back to them."

"They can wait," he snarls, and then his mouth is on mine, his hands on my shoulders pushing me down onto the bed.

Lucifer straddles my hips, and grasps my wrists, putting them both above my head while he nuzzles all the sensitive spots on my neck and throat.

"This outfit is rather lovely on you, my dear. I won't ruin it... this time. Leave your hands where they are."

Not touching Lucifer is the biggest punishment he could inflict upon me and he knows it. Agonizingly slow, Lucifer unties the black bow from around my waist and unbuttons my shirt, kissing everywhere. He nips the space between my breasts, sucking on each nipple in turn before making his way down to the tops of the slacks I was dying to have removed. I raise my hips, begging him to touch me.
"Patience, love."

I have no patience though.

Lucifer hooks his fingers into my belt loops, pulling on the soft material until he gets them down to my knees.

"Oh, you naughty girl," he murmurs, discovering that I'm not wearing any panties. "You knew you'd have a reaction from me didn't you?"

"I had hoped."

With a chuckle, Lucifer yanks them off and fits his hips between mine, grinding against me. He reaches between us and undoes his belt, button, and zipper, pulling his cock free.

"Now, my little temptress, I'm going to fuck you quickly and you cannot come until after the party." He plunges his cock in and pauses. "Oh, and you can't touch me so keep your hands where they are." With a smug grin, Lucifer lets his wings loose.

I whine, but my cries quickly turn into moans as Lucifer does good on his promise. He knows exactly which ways to swing his hips, and how to position me to get the best feeling for both of us. My walls begin to clench around him, so he slows down. I groan and flex my fingers above me, dying to touch those pearly white wings.

"Luci please."

"Oh not yet, love."

Lucifer picks up speed again, chasing his release while keeping me tottering on the edge.

"Luci."

Being the cocky devil that he is, he begs me to say his name again. It's so tempting to hold out, but with a simple shift of his hips, I cry out his name again. Hearing it called out in the throes of passion pushes him over the edge. I'm so close it hurts, and Lucifer's seed warming my insides does nothing to alleviate it. He pulls out, and fixes our clothes, then pulls me to my feet for a scalding kiss.

"Such a good girl, my darling. Now, let's join the rest of them, shall we? I have a surprise for you."

Lucifer takes my hand and leads us out of the hidden room, unnoticed. We barely make it back to the private room without anyone stopping us, and thankfully, all of our friends are still there. Maze raises
a brow, hinting that she knows what we were up to but everyone else seems to be oblivious.

Bouquets of flowers filled the room, topped off with bottles of champagne on the black marble countertops. Being greeted with hugs by everyone made the momentary frustration of not getting off not so painful, but I still ache with need. Ella gives me the second biggest hug since she's met me and Linda gives me a single yellow rose.

"You look amazing!" Chloe tells me. "How are you feeling?"

"Tired. The boys keep me up all the time.

We share a knowing laugh, and I give Dan a hug before I see someone standing off a bit from everyone else. I throw my arms around his neck for a tight hug before leaning back and grinning.

"Dee!"

"Hey, (Y/n). Good to see you."

Before I can reciprocate the words, I'm pulled away.

"Who knew you had it in you," Zeke laughs, extending his arms for a hug. "I'm surprised my dear brother didn't rip you off the stairs the moment he saw you."

"Me too."

Champagne flutes are passed around, but before anyone can make a toast, Lucifer and I are being herded back out onto the stage. The spotlight finds us, and Lucifer waves to everyone, always the charmer.

"If it wasn't for Lucifer Morningstar," Tuff says, "I wouldn't have had the pleasure of performing in front of all of you in this beautiful club. I also want to thank him for loaning me his wife for the opening song. I couldn't have done it without either one of you."

I become flustered under the attention and turn my cheek to allow a kiss from Tuff. He and Lucifer shake hands, and then the mic is in Lucifer's hand.

"As many people don't know or remember, today is mine and my lovely wife's one year anniversary. We came together in an unorthodox way and have had many trials put in our paths, but she's always had faith in me to make things right. She's given me a son, and now, I want to give her everything the way I should have the first time. So! Without further ado," Lucifer gets down on one knee, and slips his hand into his suit jacket pocket, pulling out a black velvet box that an over the top diamond
ring is inside and holds it out to me, "(Y/n), will you remarry me?"

Chapter End Notes

If anyone has any fan art that they've created, or want to create send it to my tumblr gabrielsgumdropgirl. I'd love to see what you've come up with!
I know and I am terribly sorry that it has been THREE MONTHS since my last update. I know people go longer than that without updating but lemme tell you what, working my job is sucking the creativity out of me. It's been stupidly hard to write ANYTHING.

So, this chapter is a bit of a filler before we get to the good stuff. It's fluffy, there's smut, there's rejoicing and all around good feelings.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Yes!"

Our crowd bursts into applause, and after Lucifer slips the ring on my finger, he pulls me in for an over the top kiss.

"I'll always say yes, Luci."

"I would certainly hope so."

"When I say always," I murmur against his lips, holding his face in my hands, "I mean always."

I kiss him again, and then hold my hand up for everyone to see, smiling so hard that it hurts my cheeks when they explode into another round of applause.

Tonight has been absolutely exhausting, so with a final bow with Tuff and Lucifer, I take my leave and head to the MVP room to join our friends.

"They finally released you, huh?" Dan laughs, handing me a bottle of water.

"Never for too long, Daniel," Lucifer replies, snaking his arm around my waist. "Too many wandering eyes."

"I don't think you have to worry about anyone taking her away from you, bud. She's been smitten with you since day one."

Ducking my head to hide my embarrassment, I bite my lip and nod. It's completely true.
We chat with our friends until well into the night, saying goodbye to Chloe first since she had to get back to Trixie, and then Linda, Ella, and the angels. Dan hangs around with us, coming up to the penthouse where Matthias is sleeping peacefully and Charlotte's watching whatever is on the tv this late at night. She looks over at us from the couch when the doors open, and quickly rises to her feet.

"Good party?"

I pull a bottle of champagne from behind my back and hand it to her.

"To thank you for watching him. We couldn't have done this without you."

Charlotte accepts the bottle and grins as she and Dan make eye contact. I knew Dan had been feeling lonely lately and knew that Charlotte would be more than enough to keep him happy and well occupied.

"Why don't you two get outta here and share that?" I suggest.

Dan clears his throat, his cheeks becoming a little pink on the edges, much to mine and Lucifer's amusement. He holds his arm out for Charlotte, ever the gentleman and she sends a wink my way as they walk to the elevator together. We wave them goodbye and wait for the doors to close before bursting into laughter.

"Oh, it's so good to see him becoming happy again."

"Charlotte may not be my mum anymore but those are mental images I did not need."

Reaching down I squeeze his ass, laughing when he jumps. Taking advantage of the distraction, I walk backward and making a 'come hither' motion with my finger. Lucifer begins stalking toward me, so I turn on my heel and dash to the room. Before I can even get inside the room, I run face first into a solid chest. The cool air swirling around tells me he cheated and used his wings to get here ahead of me and looking up, I confirm that my suspicion was right.

"Cheater."

"Only when it comes to beating you to the bedroom, love."

And with that devilish smirk that he loves to use on me, he scoops me up and tosses me over his shoulder. I try to keep my laughter quiet as he drops me on the bed, and drags his stubble all over my face, neck, and throat. I wrap my arms around his neck, and lift my chin, exposing more skin for him to love on.
"You're like a birthday present. All tied up for me to unwrap."

"What are you waiting for?"

A whimper comes over the baby monitor and stops everything on its tracks. I shuffle under Luci, but he climbs off first, holding a hand out.

"I'll take care of him, darling. But, I want you just like that when I get back."

I stayed like that, listening to him comfort little Matthias. I yawn, and close my eyes, only intending to sleep for a few seconds before Lucifer comes back into the room to finish what we've started.

Lucifer puts Matthias down in his crib, still humming to him and waits for a moment to make sure his son remains sleeping. When he's in the clear, Lucifer darts back to his bedroom, only to find his wife asleep in their bed, still in the same position he left her in. He pulls the covers over his sleeping wife, and climbs into bed with her, pulling her to his body before curling his arm around her belly.

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The sun's rays warm my skin as they filter in through the windows, peacefully waking me up from sleep. With a start, I realize that I slept completely through the night. Bursting from the bed, I run to Matthias's room but find he's not in there. It's deafeningly quiet in the penthouse, which only worries me more. My bare feet slap against the floor as I run back to the bedroom and grab my phone, calling Lucifer.

"Hello, love. How did you sleep?"

"I slept, uh, great, Luci. Um, sweetheart? Where are you? And our son?"

"Work, of course. Helping the Detective."

"You're at the station?"

"I certainly would not take him out where criminals could harm him. What kind of father would that make me?"

"I've never doubted you, Luci. Do you want me to meet you there or should I wait for you to come home?"

"The Detective is incredibly busy, love. I won't be leaving her anytime soon."
"All right. I'm on my way."

"Take your time. We're not going anywhere."

"I love you."

"And I love you."

After hanging up with Lucifer, I strip my clothes off from last night and change into a simple t-shirt and jeans. Toeing on my favorite pair of tennis shoes, I grab the keys to the Mustang on the way out and hop into the elevator. The club is blissfully quiet and the staff did an incredible job on the cleanup. As I pass the piano, I notice a bouquet of yellow roses sitting across the keyboard and a note on top of the pretty wrapping covering the stems.

(Y/n),
Thank you for being a wonderful performance partner. I had a great time sharing the stage with you. In case you change your mind about going on tour, here's my personal number.
-Tuff

It's a nice thought, but I want to stay home with Lucifer and Matthias. Life on the road doesn't sound appealing compared to life here at home in LA with my friends and family. Tucking the note into my back pocket, I head to the club's parking garage and find the Mustang. She roars to life, the purr echoing around the garage and with a grin, I drive her out into the bright sunlight and onto the road, heading straight for the police department. It feels so good to drive her again! I crank up the stereo, roll the window down (yes roll, not the automatic buttons), and push the gas pedal down a little more. As much fun as it is to drive through LA, it comes to a stop all too soon.

I don't see the Corvette or the SUV, making me worry that Lucifer has already left or has gone out on a case with Chloe. Once I'm inside the station and down the stairs though, I breathe a sigh of relief. Lucifer is holding Matthias, swarmed by a mass of women, much to Chloe's annoyance since they're all standing around her desk and Dan's amusement. Lucifer towers over them and when his eyes flicker toward the stairs, catching me in his line of sight, they light up. I lean against the railing, looking amused at his swarm of new friends.

"Excuse me, ladies," I hear him say, "but my wife is here."

And boom! They all scatter.

I burst into laughter and Chloe graciously takes Matthias from Lucifer as my Devil makes a beeline for me. He stands on the step just below mine, so he's looking up at me, with the most adoring look on his face. Leaning down I place a chaste kiss on his lips, smiling as he tilts his head up.
"Hello, Luci."

"Hello, love."

"I see you have a fan club."

Lucifer shrugs. "I know who my number one fan is."

"Damn straight," I laugh.

I take his offered hand and walk down the stairs with him until we reach Chloe's desk. She's playing with Matthias, with Dan standing behind her and looking over her shoulder down at our son. Dan's blue eyes flick up to mine as we stand there with them.

"He's the quietest baby I've ever been around," he murmurs.

"And attentive," Chloe adds. "He watches everything and everyone."

"He's got his father's curiosity."

Lucifer grins proudly, and I pat him on the chest, which hilariously puffs out further. I swear he's like a Tomcat sometimes. Just gotta scratch him behind the ears and he's putty in my hands.

Even though I know Lucifer would never stray from me, seeing all the women surrounding him and our son has made me feel quite possessive. As we sit and talk to Chloe on the other side of her desk, I run my hand along Lucifer's thigh, grinning to myself each time the toned muscles jump. I can see him eyeing me from the corner of his eye as he talks to Chloe about different cases, and I feign interest as well while keeping an eye on Matthias dozing in the Detective's arms. I can feel his cock hardening in his slacks, much to his barely concealed horror, and am beginning to feel a bit cocky. Lucifer is powerless to do anything to me because we're in the police station, and he knows it. His stubbled jaw ticks every once in a while and his nostrils flare each time I scrape my nails against his erection.

"Detective, will you excuse us? My wife and I have something to discuss about the wedding."

Chloe can see right through the lie and rolls her eyes. "If you get caught, I know nothing."

Lucifer and I try to nonchalantly make our way through the station and then duck into a storage closet when no one is looking. Lucifer pushes me against the wall, unknowingly knocking a few things around on Ella's shelves on the other side, and mashes his mouth against mine. We fumble with each other's pants until Lucifer's are down around his ankles and I've got one leg in and one leg
out. My back is pressed against the wall, and with a leg wrapped around Lucifer's waist, Lucifer sinks himself into me. Lucifer latches onto my neck as he pumps his hips, muffling his groans. Digging my nails into his shoulders spurs him on, and I have to bite the inside of my cheek to keep from screaming with pleasure. Lucifer rips my shirt open, exposing my bra. He pauses a moment with a wicked smirk and pulls on cup down. I hiss because of the fullness of them, and Lucifer immediately sucks it into his mouth. The relief is immense and soothing and of course, Lucifer's kink is mildly satisfied. He pulls the other cup down and repeats the same amount of attention, twirling his tongue around the sensitive bud. Between Lucifer's ever pistoning hips and his sinful mouth, I come harder than I ever have before. Lucifer moans and empties himself, his hips stuttering for a few seconds until he stills completely. The noises from the station come roaring back, and in the moment, we burst into laughter.

"Suppose we should get back, shouldn't we?"

Lucifer gently drops me back to my feet and we right our clothes. My shirt is ripped, and all the buttons are popped off, which creates a bit of a problem.

"Well, uh, now what?"

Lucifer pulls off his jacket, and although it's warm outside, it covers the torn material. He pops his head out of the closet for a second and then pushes it the rest of the way open so that we can sneak out. We don't run into anyone the whole way back to Chloe's desk and no one seems to have noticed that we were gone.

Chloe is distracted with Matthias, who's dozing peacefully in her arms and glances up at us when we sit back down.

"Feel better?"

Lucifer takes my hand and brings it up for a kiss to the back of it.

"Much better, Detective."

"Any progress on the wedding plans?"

I burst into laughter and cover my face with my free hand. Chloe laughs too making it not feel so awkward.

"We really do have plans. I'm not sure where to start anymore. Last year was so scrambled that I don't remember what I decided on, so it's like starting from scratch."

"Isn't that what you should want though? A wedding that's completely your own?"
Chloe does have a point, and the thought of Lucifer and I picking everything out to the smallest detail makes renewing our vows ten times better. There's a certain male pride flowing from Lucifer, and though I have yet to confirm it, I think that knowing that this will be what he wants as well is making him happier too. We married in the beginning out of loneliness, but now we're remarrying out of love. And I couldn't possibly ask for anything better than that.

"Darling?"

"Hmm?"

"The Silver City can't have you yet. Come back down to Earth."

I roll my eyes and grin because of Lucifer's quip at Heaven and kiss him on the cheek.

"I was thinking about how lucky I am to have you."

"And I you, love."

Dan walks by and makes overly dramatic fake gagging noises. "Get a room."

"Already did, Daniel."

The Detective makes a face at us over his shoulder and keeps walking. It's hard not to laugh at the horrified expression on Dan's face, but I end up laughing anyway, watching him shake his head as he makes his way to his desk.

"All right, Luci. Let's get Matthias home and let Chloe get back to work without you distracting her. I'm sure she can get more done without you hanging around."

When Lucifer isn't looking, Chloe mouths 'thank you' and I give her a big smile back. With the promise of getting together again and having a mom date, because Trixie has been begging her to see Matthias, we leave the LAPD and head back home to Lux.

"Wait. Luci, I thought we were going home?"

"You'll see, darling."

My interest is definitely peaked the further out from the main part of the city that we get. We pass a sign for Santa Monica thirty minutes later and keep going.
"You're really not going to tell me where we're going?"

"My lips are sealed, love."

"The suspense is killing me, Luci."

Lucifer grins at me and brings the back of my hand up to my hand for a kiss.

"I certainly hope not."

We continue driving for a few more minutes, my curiosity continuing to peak until we stop in front of a house. My heart skips a beat, and I hold my breath a little bit as I take in the beauty of the outside. I look between Lucifer and the house, not wanting to get my hopes up.

"Seriously, Lucifer, what is this?"

"It's our home. You said you wanted somewhere close to Lux but somewhere to raise our son, so while you were... away... I bought this. For you. For us. For our family. Somewhere to come home to after the wedding."

I unbuckle and throw my arms around his neck, holding on tightly. I never thought Lucifer would ever leave Lux, never thought we'd be able to have this and here we are with everything we could possibly dream of.

"Thank you." I pull back and kiss him hard, happy tears wetting my lips. "I love it. I love you."

"You're welcome, love. Now, let's go see the inside."

Of course, Lucifer had already seen the inside, having bought and set everything up mostly by himself.

He hands me the keys to the house before we get out, and gets Matthias out of the backseat so I can walk freely about the house, exploring. We walk up the three steps at the beginning of the cobblestone path leading up to the house, and I admire the manicured lawn and the trees and bushes planted strategically around the yard with flowers here and there to add splashes of color to the mix. A tree with a swing is in the corner of the yard, and images of pushing Matthias on it when he's big enough to sit in it flashes through my head. The porch swing attached to the rafters of the front awning demands my immediate attention so I sit and swing on it for a few seconds, feeling like a little kid again.
Bouncing to my feet, I unlock the door and push it open, trying to take everything in at one time.

The front room is an open space, with white and grey furniture to make the area seem bigger and lighter. The large couch is against the left wall, with two end tables sitting on each end, and a flat screen tv is directly across from it, hanging on the cream colored wall. The bay window provides most of the light, without needing a single lamp turned on yet. A square, soft brown coffee table rests in front of the couch, ready to be put to use.

To our right is the master bedroom, which we'll explore thoroughly once we're completely moved in. I take a peek in though and see a replica of Lucifer's bed at Lux sitting against the back wall and two doors on the left side of the room.

"One is for the master bathroom, and the other is a closet," Lucifer informs me, before moving us on to the next space in the house.

The counters and the breakfast bar makes a u shape for the kitchen with a pantry and fridge making up the back wall, with the stove sitting in the 'bottom' of the 'u' and the sink in the middle of the breakfast bar. Black marble countertops stand out against the mostly white background, but everything is so evenly spaced that nothing looks out of place. After scanning over the large items, I notice the smaller ones against the back of the countertop. Microwave and blender between the fridge and stove, decorative ceramic cookie jars in the empty counter space, and a dish/utensil drying station next to the sink. The cupboards hanging above the counter are also black like the countertop below.

The round dining room table is only a few steps away, waiting to have dishes placed on it and people sitting around enjoying the meal in the four chairs already there, but the line down the middle of the table says that it can be extended to allow more room. The chairs and the table itself matches the end tables and the coffee table, making them all a complete set. Even the desk sitting in the corner in front of the window matches.

"I really feel like an adult now," I laugh, opening up the door next to the desk and seeing the washer and dryer. "This place is amazing, Luci. I love it so much."

"You haven't even seen all of it yet, love."

Naughty thoughts pound away in my head about all the places Luci and I can christen and I want nothing more than to immediately move into our new home. But, we've begrudgingly promised everyone that we'd wait until after the wedding.

The guest bedroom is tidy and set up perfectly for anyone that would come and stay with us, and I have a feeling that we're going to start seeing a lot more of Chloe and Trixie once we get out here.

The second bathroom is at the very end of the hall and already filled with everything that's needed.

"And last, but very not least," Lucifer announces at the door right before the bathroom "our son's
Lucifer pushes the door wide open, and my jaw drops. Against the right wall sits a beautiful crib, and upon closer inspection, I realize it's one of the versions that can be made into bigger beds the older that Matthias gets. A changing table that matches the oak crib is in the corner, right up against the crib so there's little transition when it's time for a change. In the other corner is a perfect rocking chair that I already can't wait to sit in and rock Matthias in while he nurses or is trying to go to sleep. An oak dresser that goes with the other furniture in the room is up against the back wall, underneath the large window that the backyard is viewable from, with the top covered in picture frames just waiting to be filled. One is, however, and it's the picture we got when we found out that Matthias is a boy. And then, of course, the best part is all the different toys that are in shelves and cubbies along the rest of the wall without blocking the closet. I open the closet doors and see just how much effort Lucifer has put in to putting this all together. It's filled with clothes, diapers, wipes and more shelves for holding clothes and apparently shoes.

Lucifer's been carrying Matthias around this whole time while I've been exploring our home and sets him down so I can throw my arms around his neck and plant my lips against his.

"I love this so much, Luci. I love you. What did I do to deserve you?"

"Let's not think of that right now, love. Enjoy the moment."

Lucifer picks Matthias back up and the three of us head toward the front of the house.

"We'll come back soon, love. The house isn't going anywhere."

"Is it bad that I'm not ready to return yet?"

He gives me an impish grin, and I know immediately where his thoughts are headed. He leads me by the hand into the master bedroom, setting a still sleeping Matthias down near the head of the bed.

We strip each other down, trying to stay quiet even though I can't stop the giggles and then I'm being tackled onto the heavenly bed. There's no need for foreplay; Lucifer is hard as a rock and I'm already soaking wet for him. He scoots me up to the head of the bed with his hips against mine, framing my face with his large hands and kissing me within an inch of my life. I'm breathless when we part and have to suck in a lungful of air when Lucifer sinks himself into me with one smooth thrust. My toes curl, my back arches and my walls tighten almost painfully around his thick cock.

He begins a swift and brutal pace, taking from me as much as I give to him and returning the favor with earnest. His thrusts are deep and drawn out to get the most pleasure possible for both of us and somehow manages not to repeatedly slam the headboard against the wall. My legs are wrapped around his hips and my ankles locked behind his back, pushing him as deep as he can go. He's loving this just as much as I am, and it shows in the grin on his face. With a growl, he connects our mouths again and quickly dominates my tongue, making it an elaborate dance only we can feel.
Lucifer flips us around so I'm on top without missing a beat, and pistons his hips upward every time I come down. The slap of our bodies echoes through the room, and every once in a while I have to glance down at Matthias to see if we've woken him up. So far, we haven't. I've lost count of the orgasms I've had and can feel Lucifer on the cusp of his own release, so I change tactics. Instead of lifting myself up with my knees, I spread them out so our bodies are flush against each other and start grinding my pelvis against his, with my hands braced on his chest, creating the friction against my clit that I need to fall over the edge one more time. Lucifers clashes his teeth together and lets out a low growl as he comes, his hips stuttering and his cock twitching with its final spendings. I collapse against Lucifer's chest, both of us panting hard and our hearts pounding in sync.

"Fuck I love you," I tell him, and we both burst into worn out laughter.

Lucifer gently pulls me off him and leaves to go to the bathroom. I hear him turn on the water, and he comes back with a damp washcloth. He swats my hand away when I try taking it from him, and cleans the stickiness from my thighs with the utmost care. It's almost more intimate than the sex we just had.

Matthias begins to whimper, finally rousing from his nap, and Lucifer slips his silk boxers on, waving me off again when I try to get our son.

"Get yourself dressed, love. I've got him."

I pull my clothes back on, wincing a bit when I brush my fingers against my hips and feel the bruises that Lucifer has left on me, but smile nonetheless because they were out of passion and not abuse. Very different from the ones I've suffered from before at the hands of other men.

Lucifer has Matthias on the changing table and is finishing up his diaper when I come around the corner into his room. Who knew that the Devil would make such a good father? I lean against the doorframe and watch him interact with his son, talking quietly to him and making hand gestures that capture the four-month old's attention. It's hard to believe he's getting so big already. Lucifer puts Matthias back in his clothes and grins at me.

"We're all set to return to Lux, love."

"Good. Let's get back so we can get a jump on wedding planning. We may not be getting married on the original date, but that's the idea, isn't it? Making our own future together."

Lucifer nods and wraps his arm around my waist as we take Matthias back to his car seat in our bedroom, and regretfully leave our lovely house behind.

"We'll be back soon enough, my dear," Lucifer promises. "It's in good hands while we're gone. I have the best cleaning crew to take care of it while we wait for our time to come home."
"Good."

He presses a kiss to the back of my hand as he drives us away and back towards the busy city of lost angels.

Chapter End Notes

I threw together a bit of a timeline if anyone had been confused about it. I know I skipped over the holidays, but there will be plenty making up for it.

(Y/n) got pregnant soon after she married Lucifer in March, which puts Matthias being born in November and everything else falling in between. With the exception of the concert that happened 'yesterday' in their world.

Still following? :D good!

I can't wait to hear from you guys and again if you have any fanart feel free to submit to my Tumblr dm: Gabrielsgumdropgirl.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

DEFINITELY an update!!

Chapter Notes

Okay SO! Here are a quick few things!

1) I couldn't wait to give this chapter to you guys. You've waited long enough.

2) I'm going to try and stick to my once a month updating plan as to not put too much pressure on myself and still manage to give all of you quality content

3) How many of you have seen Season 4? Cause oh my God.

4) I hope no one gets offended at the time skips or the lack of detail for some of the things with the vow renewal. I didn't want to focus too much on it because what comes after is a little more important and you'll understand why. I just HAD to get where I needed to with it.

5) This one is extra long because you're all worth it and I love you. :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As soon as Lucifer, Matthias and I get back into LA and up to the penthouse, we begin on our plans for the wedding.

A sense of euphoria seems to have settled over Lucifer and I as we dive head first into everything. We had decided that Lux would provide the catering, and an old florist friend of Lucifer's would supply the flowers. Last time, the wedding was more of a spectacle than personal, but this time was different. After everything we'd been through this past year, Lucifer and I didn't have to pose as a happily married couple. We truly were now. Only a select few family and friends would be there, and the location was somewhere only known to them. Everything down to my dress and Lucifer's tux was someone Lucifer, Chloe or Dan knew personally that they knew wouldn't leak anything to any of Lucifer's fan club. Or anyone that would run right to someone that would want to come after Lucifer. We've dealt with enough.

Charlotte has been an absolute angel (haha, not literally Dee) with Matthias, and knows every time I need a break or to hold onto my son when it all gets overwhelming. Of course, Lucifer is there in the best way he can be too and we've spent many a night tangled in each other's arms and the sheets after it feels like the world is dropping everything onto our shoulders. I try not to call him too much while he's trying to work with Chloe on their neverending cases but sometimes, I just need to hear his voice. We're putting ourselves under pressure for the wedding, and even though we can push the
date back, neither one of us want to. A month is long enough to wait for us to be remarried.

Matthias is already down for the night, and I'm sitting in bed with rough sketches of how we want the tables set up scattered across the top of the comforter. Lucifer's pulled a few strings and gotten us a beautiful section of California beach to call our own for a few hours.

My devil of a husband walks in from being in the bathroom with nothing but a towel around his waist and his wings out, trailing along the floor behind him. I glance up, giving him a brief smile during my concentration and then look up again, dropping the pen from my hand. His lovely chocolate eyes light up with mischief as he turns around slowly, holding his hands out to his sides.

"That sight will never get old," I murmur appreciatively.

Forever the King of drama, Lucifer flares his wings out to their full length, jutting his chin out proudly. I laugh and it makes him grin in return before putting the gorgeous appendages away. He gathers up the papers despite my protests and puts them in their dedicated folder on the bedside table before climbing into bed and wrapping his arms around me. He always smells so good after a shower, and it's so easy to simply relax.

"What's left to do, love?"

"Pick up my dress, your tux, Matthias's tux and figure out how we're setting everything up on the beach. Oh and our vows."

He hums, and it vibrates through his chest. I run my fingers over his heart, feeling the sparse chest hair he keeps tickling my fingertips.

"I love you," he says suddenly, before pressing a kiss to the top of my head.

"I love you too, Luci. So very much. I don't know what I'd do without you."

His arms curl tighter around me and I can feel him struggling with the words he wants to say.

"I think you would be just fine without me, love. You are the most resilient, stubborn and persistent woman I have ever met and somehow, I know that you would make it through whatever would happen. You and our son." Something worries me at the back of my mind, but I brush it off as stress from wedding planning. "Do we have anything planned for tomorrow?"

"No. Not that I know of. It's the weekend. Oh, and we've got two weeks left until the wedding."

"Perfect."
Strange for him to say but I brush it off as his quirkiness and cuddle up closer to him, falling asleep a few minutes later.

The morning light greets me as I'm facing the windows on my side, with Lucifer having left sometime before. Not too long ago since his side of the bed is still warm though. Piano notes begin filtering through the penthouse, so I dig my way out of the comforter and pad as quietly as possible until I can see Lucifer. Sitting next to him on the bench is Matthias, in the bright blue Bumbo chair that helps him sit upright now that he's almost five months old. He stares up at his daddy with wide eyes, swaying gently back and forth with the music. Lucifer grins at him and hums softly, getting a happy gurgle from Matthias in return.

"Soon you two will have a whole show of your own," I laugh. "Lucifer and son. I can see it now."

Lucifer chuckles and picks Matthias out of the little chair before coming over to me and pressing a kiss to my forehead. I take the happily squealing infant from his daddy's arms, laughing as his legs kick out.

"We wouldn't be complete without mummy, would we little prince?"

The elevator doors open unexpectedly, making me jump and to my surprise, Chloe and Trixie both holler out their hello's. Trixie comes running up, a wide grin on her face as Matthias takes the finger she's holding out. I give Chloe a one-armed hug and she laughs at the confused looks I keep giving Lucifer.

"When was the last time the two of you went and did something?" she asks, raising a brow. When I take too long to answer, Chloe nods. "That's what I thought. I'm going to take little man here for the night, while the two of you go and have some fun."

"Oh, Chloe. You don't have to do that."

She holds a finger up, shushing me. "I've got this. Plus, Trixie will keep me company."

"Anyone home?" Zeke calls out, grinning broadly. He looks like he's tanned, making the blond of his hair and the green of his eyes stand out more than usual. "Ah, (Y/n), my favorite adopted sister." He acts like he's going to hug me but swoops in and takes Matthias out of my arms, holding him at arm's length above him while singing the *Circle of Life*. "And the best nephew ever."

Chloe sends a quizzical look my way and I mouth *I'll explain later* to her.

"Not that we mind, but what are you doing here Zeke?" I ask.
"I'm helping Chloe out tonight. Lucifer asked me to. Have to say, I won't mind the change in company." He winks at Chloe who blushed, much to my amusement. "The car seat is loaded into your car, Detective."

"You've had this planned, haven't you?" Lucifer has the gall to look sheepish when I turn on him. "That's why you asked if we had any plans for this weekend."

"I have no idea what you mean," Lucifer feigns innocence, slowly reaching behind him to grab the diaper bag. "Everything is in there and I am sure you know how to take care of a child, Detective since your offspring is still alive."

Chloe and I both roll our eyes but she accepts the bag from Lucifer anyway with a grin.

"Behave," she warns Lucifer. "I don't want to get a call that I have to pick either of you up."

Lucifer points a finger at himself. "Me? Never." He puts a hand over his heart and gives her an offended look.

"I'll keep him on his best behavior," I promise her. I give Matthias a kiss on the head and laugh when Zeke leans down for a kiss too. Lucifer lets out a low, warning growl when he comes back for and then has the audacity to wink at his older brother as he kisses my forehead. "You're playing with fire, Zeke."

"Always am when it comes to our dear Luci. We'll take good care of the little prince."

Zeke makes a show of dancing to the elevator with Matthias giggling away in his arms and sends us a salute as he, Chloe and Trixie enter the elevator.

"What are we going to do with that brother of yours?"

"Hopefully hook him up with the Detective," Lucifer says flatly.

I burst into laughter and turn around, sliding my hands up his chest. "I don't think we're going to have to pressure them. Did you see the way she was looking at him?"

Lucifer takes my hands from his chest and into his own, turning me around to press his chest to my back, swaying us gently from side to side.

"Much like how someone looks at me, I presume," he murmurs in my ear. "I think he looks at her the same way I look at you, my dear wife. As long as it stays that way, I won't have to rip the wings from his back." He spins me outward before bringing me back in slowly, his dark eyes glittering in the sunlight coming through the windows. With an arm across my back, Lucifer holds me close to
him and presses his cheek to mine. "Tonight, we are going to take some time to ourselves and you, love, are going to be you. Now," he straightens up, tilting my chin so I can look at him, "let's go get ready."

What was only supposed to take a few minutes took a few hours after Lucifer and me were done with each other. We started out in the shower, lathering our bodies up and dragging our hands everywhere we could reach. When our hands weren't in the way, our mouths were attached, savoring the taste of the other's lips and taking the time to breathe each other in. We were lost in one another for so long that it felt like time had stopped. Lucifer was all that I knew, could taste and feel until it felt like we were of the same body and mind.

I'd forgotten what Lucifer's passion was like without the threat of interruption. He was so patient, so attentive to any need that I displayed, giving me as much as he was taking. His fingers had dug into my thighs when he had taken me against the wall in the shower, on my back in our bed and on top of the piano. They dug in deep again and again as I rode him, my back arched and head thrown back in ecstasy. As we lay together, in a tangled mess of bodies and sheets, we bask in the afterglow of our lovemaking marathon.

"I'm not sure if I'm going to have the energy to do anything tonight," I laugh. I wiggle my toes and fingers, making sure that I can feel everything. "At least my limbs work still. Wasn't sure for a moment."

"Well, we can't have that now can we?"

At first, I think he's talking about not letting me out of bed, but then he's up and off and pulling me with him by my feet. I reach for him when I'm at the foot of the bed, and he swiftly picks me up, carrying me straight to the bathroom. There's no funny business this time, and we're thoroughly cleaned and dried in no time.

As Lucifer puts together a dashing all-black ensemble, I have difficulty choosing what I'm going to wear. There's too much to choose from. But as I'm turning around for the hundredth time, a little black dress sticks out amongst its flashy fabric brethren so I pull it out by its hangers and immediately decide that this is the one for tonight. I don't know where we're going, but it's perfect.

Now that the outfit has been found, the rest of it has to be put together. A black strapless bra is a must have with the heaviness of my breasts, and the ever-fashionable leak proof pads that must go with it. I've already pumped enough to fill a few bags to be used for later so there shouldn't be much leakage, but just in case. Better to be safe than sorry. Not that Lucifer would mind taking his fill. A naughty thought enters my mind and with it comes the last second decision to forego panties. Lucifer won't know until he decides to be naughty himself, and as a disguise, I'll still wear my thigh high stockings to throw him off.

The dress is a dream to get on, slipping over my head easily as the fabric hugs my curves in all the right ways and the thick straps settle on my upper arms. The end of it stops right at the top of my knees and the slit comes to the middle of my left thigh. I'm absolutely in love and can't wait to see the
look on Lucifer's face.

"Darling? Are you all right?"

I walk out of the closet, and lean against the door jam, waiting expectantly for Lucifer to look up from tying his tie. He glances up from under his eyelashes and then raises his whole head slowly as he takes in my appearance. I don't have any makeup on yet, but judging by the look in my husband's eyes, he could care less. A slowly revealed smile graces his lips as he takes the few steps to close the distance between us and puts his hands on my hips.

"You look stunning, my love."

"Thank you."

I raise up on my toes to kiss him on the lips, and the saunter by to finish up the last details. Eyeliner, mascara, and wings at the edges of my eyes pull everything together, with a brilliant shade of lipstick that makes my lips look downright inviting. I keep my hairdo simple because I know Lucifer will have it undone in no time at all once he loses control of himself.
Lucifer’s not in the bedroom when I come out and doesn’t respond to any of my calls while I’m searching for my favorite black heels. I finally find him, on top of his piano with his shirt halfway undone Jeff Goldblum *Jurassic Park* style with the missing heels hanging off of his finger.

"Looking for these?"

For added effect, his wings burst out from his back and bring me in close to him.

"I am. How did you know?"

He grins and sits up, enclosing his wings around the two of us.

"Little birdie told me. Need some help putting them on?"

I shrug and he changes places with me, picking me up by the hips to put me on top of the piano. He lifts my right leg up first, groaning at the feel of the stockings in his hands and slips the shoe over my foot, zipping the back of it up once it’s in place. He repeats the process with my left foot and then groans again as I cross my legs when he’s finished.

"The things you do to me, my dear."

"I’d say let’s find out but I have a feeling we’d be late for whatever it is that you’ve got planned."

Lucifer sighs and helps me down from the piano, planting a kiss on the top of my head. "You are quite right, my dear." He buttons his shirt up, straightens it out and stands to his full height. "Shall we?"

I loop my hand through his arm, patting it with a smile and listen to the clicks of our footfalls echo through the penthouse. Lucifer swings his right hand down to grab his jacket without missing a step and we continue on our way, with him very smoothly tossing it over his shoulder and carrying it with one finger. I look up at him as we ride the elevator down, admiring the way the light shadows his jaw perfectly and hilariously makes a halo around his head. I bite the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing, making a mental note to tell him later.

The club is beginning to wake, and a few people have already made their way inside, hanging around the bar for warm-up drinks. With a wave to the employees, Lucifer and I exit the club and out into the darkening setting of Los Angeles. The sunset is perfect tonight; the perfect mix of orange, pink, purple and dark blue. I wanted to stare at it forever but with a gentle tug on my hand, Lucifer leads me to his car.

"Still not going to tell me where we're going?" I ask him after getting in.
"No, my dear, because then it would ruin the surprise. Bravo on your wardrobe choice though, love. It'll do nicely with what I have planned."

Okay well, now my interest is definitely piqued.

Lucifer pulls the classic car out onto the main road, gently swerving in and out of traffic as he drives us to his intended destination. His fingers tease the bare skin of my thigh, inching their way under the hem of my dress until I playfully swat his hand away.

"Buzzkill," he pouts.

I burst into laughter, knowing that once he finds out there's nothing underneath my dress, he's going to lose his mind. We drive through LA for a few more minutes until Lucifer pulls into a parking garage. It's quiet, and only a few more cars are scattered in different spots around us.

"Where are we?"

"You'll see."

Lucifer strolls around the back of the car to come and open my door, taking my hand to help me stand. That sinfully proud grin is back as he gazes down at me, making the warm fuzzy feeling he always brings out in me come back. Hand in hand, Lucifer leads the way to the elevator I didn't see on our way in. I feel like he's about to pull a prank of some kind, but don't want to say anything in case I'm wrong. The doors open, and boy am I glad I kept my mouth shut.

The inside is more lavish than Lux's elevator; mirrors on the ceiling, thick carpet, red velvet fabric surrounding the railings on the inside, and one large mural that covers everything except the buttons.

"Close your mouth, love. You're drooling."

I give him a mock glare and busy myself with examining the design. It's intricate and honestly looks like it belongs on the ceiling of a church rather than in an elevator. Cute and chunky little cherubs flutter and dance around the topiary and the colorful flowers, playing little harps.

"Were you ever that cute, Luci?"

The look of horror on his face is hilarious but the telltale sound of thumping bass interrupts my laughter. The doors open, and the brightness does nothing to pierce the darkness of the club before us. Strobe lights bounce off every surface, and the writhing of a mass of bodies has taken me by complete surprise. But it's the music that's completely captured my attention.
"A dirty dancing club?"

"Surprise!"

I don't even know how to dirty dance.

There's no time to back out however because Lucifer pulls me forward and around the crowd to the bar.

"I know you won't let loose until you've had a drink, so drink up! You and I are dancing tonight!"

God help me. Or Zeke. Or Amenadiel. Anyone?

Six shots are lined up in front of us, making me grimace. Lucifer raises his, so I reluctantly raise mine and down the hatch, it goes. We repeat until they're all gone, and because I've had nothing to eat, it's gone straight through my system.

Before I can hesitate, Lucifer is pulling me toward the dance floor and into the crowd. There's barely enough room for us to be standing slightly apart, and a few times already I've been ground against by men and women. Flashbacks of Swayze teaching Jennifer to do the same thing flit through my mind as Lucifer guides my body to move like his. My legs straddling one of his, grinding against it as he leans me back until I'm almost bent backward before he pulls me up to him again, chest to chest. Again and again, we do this until I get the hang of it and then he's teaching me the next moves.

Soon enough, we're bending, twisting and grinding every way against each other, completely melding in with the crowd. Our mouths find each other constantly, making the dance more intimate than it already is. I'm drunk, incredibly aroused and so freaking hot it feels like my skin is about to melt off.

I'm panting, losing my will to be decent and pull Lucifer down for a steamy kiss. I've noticed several couples that are in the same position that I am with Lucifer, so it's not like we're the only ones with the exact same idea. With a simple nudge against the bulge in Lucifer's pants, he finally catches on. Nimble fingers dance down the side of my thigh, hook underneath my knee and hike it up to his waist. He locks an arm around my back and slips his other hand between my legs while making it look like we're still dancing. With my hand on his chest, I feel the rumble when he discovers the secret I've been keeping from him.

"Naughty girl," he growls in my ear.

I simply wink at him. The gasp I let out when he sinks two fingers inside me is drowned out by the music, furthers his desire. He teases me, gently stroking his finger pads over my sweet spot over and over again until I'm clawing at him. With a familiar flash in his eyes, Lucifer pulls his fingers out and
takes me by the hand, dragging me behind him to an exit door on the side of the club. If anyone had any idea what we were about to do, they either didn't care or didn't want to stop us. Either way, I'm quite thankful for it. Lucifer would've probably gone through anyone who might've tried to stop us so that's another thing avoided.

The outside air, despite still being a warm evening, hit me full in the face and cooled my sweaty skin almost instantly. I have little time to relish in it because as soon as the door shut behind us, Lucifer has me pinned to the wall. Normally, I'd object to alley sex but I'm too damned horny to care.

Lucifer's mouth is on mine, his fingers digging at his belt to get it undone so he can get his pants loosened enough to slip his cock out. He growls once he's free, lifts me up by the backs of my thighs and places himself directly between them. His cock drags wonderfully between my wet folds a few times before he pulls back enough for him to sink my body on top of him. I cry out into his mouth and dig my fingers into his back, holding onto him any way I can while he plunges hard. It feels so damn good that I can barely catch my breath before I'm coming again, having to bury my face in Lucifer's neck as I sob in absolute pleasure.

"One more time, darling," he demands, and fuck I want to obey him but I'm not sure if I can. He slides his hands up my back, cradling the back of my head which makes me rely only on the strength of my legs wrapped around his waist. It changes the position only slightly, but its enough that I'm beginning to shake in his arms. "Now," he snarls. Who am I to disobey? I might've given myself a concussion from the way I throw my head back if it wasn't for his hands as I come undone on his cock. He follows suit barely a moment after, keeping me held tightly onto him as my walls milk him for all he's got.

We take a moment to catch our breath before Lucifer carefully pulls out and sets me on my feet. After he rights himself, he tilts my chin up for me to look at him.

"Are you all right? I didn't hurt you, did I?"

I shake my head and give him a tired smile. "I'm okay, Luci. Only wished we had some wipes or tissues before I move." He holds up a finger and digs in his pocket, pulling out a travel pack of tissues. I laugh and accept them so I can clean myself up. "How long have you had this planned?" I ask him as I dispose of the tissues in a dumpster a few feet away.

"Some time honestly."

My legs are shaky, and I'm not sure I'll be able to make the walk back to the car. Lucifer notices, scoops me up in his arms and flies us the short distance away. I've still got a buzz going on from the shots of whatever Lucifer ordered, but it's quickly beginning to fade resulting in me becoming tired fast. The cool air on my face feels fantastic, and despite being in the small car, I find myself really comfortable even though I'm turned onto my side facing Lucifer in the seat.

"Fancy a coffee, love? The night is still young and I've still got plans."
I hum in acceptance, dividing my attention between watching Lucifer drive and staring up at what few stars I can see. I must have dozed off at some point because Lucifer is gently shaking me until I open my eyes and puts the coffee in my hands. The first sip doesn't do anything but the next few re-energize me.

"Good to have you back."

I can't do anything but grin around my coffee and take his hand in mine that's not holding the coffee.

We arrive at the beach a few minutes later, my coffee almost completely gone. I've always loved the ocean at night, and with it being a full moon, it feels like we've crossed into another world. I leave my shoes in the car, wanting to feel the sand underneath my feet and between my toes. In two weeks Lucifer and I would be back here again, surrounded by a very small group of our family and friends. I swing our arms back and forth as we walk hand in hand on the beach, enjoying the slight quiet that we get.

"It was here," Lucifer murmurs, stopping us.

"What was?"

"Where I had Maze cut my wings off."

They flare out behind him, shining so brightly that they looked like they were soaking up the moonbeams. Lucifer takes the coffee out of my hand and sets it in the sand a few feet away before offering me his outstretched one. He brings me in close, before twirling me out. Next time we do this, I'll be in my gown remarried to the love of my life.

There's no telling how long we've been out here because neither one of us are distracted with our phones, and we don't wear watches, but it doesn't really seem to matter. We dance, we talk, we laugh and walk more along the beach. I've managed to convince Lucifer to carry seashells in his pockets for me to take back to Lux to be put in a box for when we move to our house.

"I suppose we should return now, shouldn't we?" Lucifer suggests, handing me my now cold coffee.

"We're going to need sleep before Matthias comes home. Then it'll be nothing but finishing the details for the wedding."

I've got my arm around his waist as we walk back to the car with his arm across my shoulders, and every couple steps he'll squeeze and hold on for a few seconds before letting go. This is the longest that he's gone without saying anything, and it continues even as we get into the car and head back to Lux.

The crowd at Lux is slowing down since it's almost closing time, and we're mostly undisturbed as we
head up to the penthouse.

Three different sized clothing bags lay on the leather couch, with a note attached to the biggest.

You're welcome ;) 
-Zeke

I laugh after I read the note and hand it to Lucifer.

"He's quite cocky isn't he?"

"I wonder where he learned it from."

The look I get from him makes my spine tingle, and I knew I only had a matter of seconds before he dropped the note and pounced. Spinning on my feet, I take off to the bedroom but alas, I ran away too slowly. Lucifer tackles me onto the bed, rolling us so he's on top and proceeds to have his way with me.

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Matthias is returned to us bright and early but isn't the only one who looks well rested. Chloe's got a shine in her eye and Zeke, well, if his wings were out, he'd look like the peacock he's acting like. Poor Chloe. Man is she in for it when she goes back to work with Lucifer.

"So," Zeke begins, and collective groans come from the other three of us. "I guess that answers that."

Matthias squirms in Zeke's arms, reaching out not for me, but his daddy. As I pout, Lucifer laughs victoriously and holds his arms out. With the Zeke and Lucifer distracted with Matthias, Chloe and I sneak out onto the patio. Once the doors were closed behind us, we burst into laughter.

"Zeke that good?"

Chloe's face turns bright red and she nods.

"I tried getting an answer out of Zeke last night, but he seemed... hesitant about it."

"What'd you ask?"

I turn as she does, staring through the glass at Lucifer and Zeke. Matthias is being held by Zeke now as Lucifer's fingers dance along the piano keys, looking like he's singing to his son.
"If Lucifer is really the Devil and Zeke called Matthias his nephew, does that mean that Zeke..."

"Is an angel too? Yeah. Zeke is Amenadiel and Lucifer's brother."

We turn back around to face the city, staring down at the tiny people below us as they hustle and bustle their ways around. It was kind of funny being up here and being one of the very few humans who knew that celestial beings did in fact exist and two and a half of them were right here with us.

"His wings are beautiful, by the way. Not as big as Lucifer's but still quite large. Pitch black. Absolutely beautiful." I can see her looking at me from the corner of her eye and continue explaining. "He was there when Cain, er, Marcus was holding me hostage. He was the one that helped me get back. And he really loves to piss Lucifer off."

"I've noticed," she chuckles. "Do you think he'd show them to me?"

"Show what to you?" Lucifer asks, surprising us both. We whip around and must have guilty looks on our faces because Lucifer squints at us. But, it's when I have to hide my grin and Chloe glances at Zeke that Lucifer gets an idea. "Ohh. Lovely. Is it one of those, I'll show you mine if you show me yours kind of things? Our son is down for a nap, by the way, love."

Zeke's grin is infectious and he waits until Chloe walks in to follow Lucifer and I. Matthias is asleep on the chaise lounge section of the couch, so I sit down next to him and feel my heart swell with happiness when he smiles in his sleep. Lucifer stands a few feet away, leaning against the bar, nursing a glass of whiskey. Chloe glances at Zeke every once in a while, staring until she thinks that he's going to look at her and then she looks away. The awkward silence grows to the point that when Lucifer clears his throat, we all jump.

"Are you going first or am I, Luci?"

With a roll of his eyes, Lucifer shrugs his shoulders and a moment later, his wings flap irritatedly behind him. Chloe's eyes grow wide, even though it's not the first time that she's seen them. Zeke scoffs and stands next to his brother, rips his shirt off and lets his wings loose too. This is the first time that I've seen them both with their wings out. Zeke's are a foot shorter, and have smaller feathers but are still impressive. Especially for Chloe. She hasn't taken her eyes off of them. I recognize the look in Zeke's eyes while he stares back at her, and know that there is something more serious blooming between the two of them.

Lucifer put his away some time ago and has made his way over to me, watching the interaction curiously. Chloe's walked up to Zeke now, standing only a few inches away from him. When she raises her hand to touch Zeke's wing, Lucifer rises from the couch.

"Nope. No. Out. There are things I do not want to see my brother doing, Detective so if you don't mind," he doesn't finish as he gestures toward the elevator.
Zeke picks up his discarded shirt and winks at me as he leads Chloe by the hand to the elevator. When I catch her eye, I motion for her to call me later and she nods, grinning as the door closes.

"Those are images I did not need," Lucifer murmurs.

I can't help but giggle, knowing that Zeke is going to be even more insufferable toward Lucifer. It feels so good to be happy.

With Lucifer and Matthias's tux's picked up and brought to Lux along with my dress, we're not left with much to do between now and the wedding with the exception of figuring out my vows. Lucifer is quite good with coming up with things on the spots so he won't have a problem at all, but I want to plan out what I want to say.

"I know that look. What's on your mind, love?"

"Vows."

"Mm-hm."

When Lucifer sits down next to me, I crawl into his lap and tuck myself underneath his chin. His arms wrap around me tightly as he rests his chin on top of my head and rubs his thumb along the bare skin of my arms.

"I'm sure whatever you're thinking of will be wonderful. You never cease to amaze me, my darling."

Matthias begins to wake, distracting us both from the conversation.

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After the small break Lucifer and I got Friday night, life had decided that it was enough. Los Angeles seemed busier than usual with murders, and other crimes, keeping Lucifer and Chloe on the go constantly. Dan, Charlotte, Zeke and I all rotated with who was hanging out with the Trixie and Matthias, taking them to the park or the beach or somewhere they could both be occupied.

A week and a half flies by like this, with Lucifer and I barely get to see each other until he came home at night. Most times, I was already asleep and only knew that he was there because he'd slide his arms around me and pull me close to him.

It seems there was a serial killer on the loose, but he was becoming sloppy which meant that the LAPD were closing in. It was stressful for everyone, and Lucifer vehemently insisted that if I was to
go anywhere with Matthias, that I would take someone with me. More often than not, it was Dee that came with us since Maze was helping hunt this psychopath down and Zeke was helping take care of Trixie. Dan and Chloe were working relentlessly to catch this guy and I hoped and prayed that they caught him soon. The death toll keeps rising and I worry every day that something is going to happen to one of them.

With three days left to the wedding, I am beginning to panic that Lucifer won't even be able to make it. I've finally figured out my vows, finalized the seating, the arrangements, the food, music and everything else. If it wasn't for Amenadiel and even Linda when she tagged along, I'm not sure I would've even gotten this far.

I'm alone once more in bed when I wake up, trying not to fall back asleep. I haven't been getting enough sleep lately, and when I finally do pass out, it feels like I haven't gotten any at all. I'm ready for this to be over and have Los Angeles be back to as normal as it can be. My phone chimes, bringing me back to the real world.

*I have a surprise for you.*

This makes me perk up a little, putting a spring in my step as I go to Matthias. I hum to him as I feed him, and every once in a while he'll smile at me from around my nipple. His eyes are so dark like his daddies, making me wonder what kind of mischief he'll get up to when he starts getting older. After burping him, I change him into day clothes before taking him with me to change. I hope Lucifer's surprise is him telling me that the serial killer has been caught. I miss my husband dearly.

"Honey, I'm home!"

Matthias giggles in delight at hearing his daddy's voice, and we both rush out to greet him. He's got a large bouquet of sunflowers and roses in his hand and pulls me in for a loving kiss.

"Did you catch him?"

"If all the evidence is correct, I believe that the last murder victim is, in fact, our killer. Killed by someone defending themselves. I'm sure he's having a great time in Hell." I breathe a sigh of relief and hug Lucifer with my free arm. He hugs me and our son, grateful that it's finally over. "In the nick of time too, I'll say," Lucifer adds as he releases us. "Didn't think we'd catch the bloody bastard."

"Me either."

Happy to be together again, the three of us go to mine and Lucifer's bed, and lie down. Matthias lies between us, kicking his feet up and waving his little arms around, entertaining the both of us. Eventually, he drifts off to sleep. With Lucifer now home, and hopefully not needing for anything more the rest of the day, I relax enough to fall asleep as well, holding Lucifer's hand at the top of our pillows.
Normally the cases don't bother Lucifer too much, because he knows the innocents will be greeted in Heaven and the sinners will get what's coming to them in Hell. But this case was too close to home. The serial killer targeted women, and his last victim, the one that had survived and killed him in self-defense, was pregnant. Even though his son was already born, a flash of fear had gone through him when he imagined what it would have been like if it was me. He'd have revived the asshole and watched as the life faded from his eyes as Lucifer tore him limb from limb. He would've made sure the man knew where he was heading. It kept him awake while his son and wife slept peacefully next to him until he couldn't take it and left them while he went out to the balcony to smoke. There was something itching at the back of his mind, that maybe Miss Lopez had missed something, but everything pointed to the dead man being their killer. He crushes the cigarette between his fingers, dumps it in the ashtray and heads back inside. The piano beckons to him, promising to ease his thoughts for a few moments as he plays.

A few hours after Lucifer had come home, we were all invited to a celebratory barbecue at Chloe's house. The killer had been caught and justice had been served. Los Angeles could sleep soundly once more.

"Couldn't have had better timing," Lucifer toasts, and everyone raises their glasses with him.

The next three days leading up to the wedding are filled with setting up for the ceremony, confirming the orders for food and drinks, and packing the penthouse up for our things to be moved to our house.

"I'm going to miss these books," I say a bit mournfully, running my fingers over their spines. "I've barely broken through the ice."

"They're here where they belong, love."

We wanted to go home as soon as everything was done for the vow renewal and we couldn't be more excited for everything to happen. Even amongst all the happiness, a darkness seemed to linger.

"Wake up, love. Today's the day."

Lucifer nuzzles his face between my breasts, lightly mouthing at my nipples through the silky fabric of my nightgown. I gasp and sink my fingers into his hair, tugging softly. "Luci, as much as I'd love to do this right now, we've got to get ready. You need to meet up with Dee, Zeke, and Dan to get ready. Plus, the girls are going to be here soon. You can have me every which way possible tonight when we get home."

"Buzzkill," Lucifer pouts, but with a heated kiss full of promises, he reluctantly climbs off.

"It'll be worth it, I promise."
"It had better be. Will you be all right while you wait for the Detective and the others to get here?"

Lucifer had upped the security recently but said nothing any time I asked about it. Nothing had been happening at Lux so it made me curious if there was something I had missed.

"I'll be fine, Luci. I'll be up here getting ready while I wait. I won't be alone for long,"

Lucifer drags it out as long as he can before he leaves, his kiss lingering on my lips. With the code and the alarm activated, to Lucifer's insistence, I head straight for the shower. I want to get into everything that I can before I get into the dress. The only thing that's going through my mind is what I can check off.

Shower taken: check.

Makeup on: check.

Hair done: check.

Black and red lingerie: check
I'd finally decided on what vows I was going to say, so now the final piece was the dress. Since I wore a long dress the first time, I picked out a short one to wear instead. Plus, it'll be more fun when
it twirls around while Lucifer and I dance. Walking out from the bathroom in Lucifer's robe, I barely notice my best friends waiting for me until Maze lets out a low whistle. I jump and clutch my throat. Everyone notices.

"What's your deal?" Maze asks.

"Sorry, Lucifer's had me on edge a lot lately." I hold up a finger before Maze can say something dirty. "Not in that way."

"Why?"

I'm not sure who says it first, Linda or Chloe.

"He thinks that the serial killer isn't really dead despite all the evidence for it."

Ella wants to say something, but she holds back, feeling relieved that she isn't the only one thinking the same thing.

"Anyway, let's get this show on the road," I clap my hands, trying to break up the tense silence. "My dress is in the bag, I'm going to put on some sweat pants and a sweatshirt to cover this up and then we're good to go. Yeah?"

Everyone but Maze nods, who has already risen to make everyone drinks. My flats are in their own bag within the dress bag, making it easier to carry. All the women are getting ready in one tent, and the men should already be done by the time we get there. It's a quiet ride over as Max drives the six of us to the beach. I couldn't make everyone a bridesmaid, but it was understandable. Chloe and Zeke will walk together, with Linda and Dee walking behind them. Dan's walking me up, with Trixie pulling Matthias behind her in front of us. Charlotte had volunteered to take care of Matthias in case he got fussy during the ceremony and Maze had dedicated herself to be a bodyguard for them. Everyone had their places, and soon it would finally be time to take mine by Lucifer's side once more.

There are a handful of guests already here, mostly consisting of Lux employees and cops Chloe trusts. It's a very small and personal ceremony, unlike the big spectacle Lucifer and I had last year.

Once we're inside the tent, I toss off the sweatshirt, kick off my shoes and then the sweatpants go next. The lingerie is going to be easy to hide under my dress which makes it all the more fun when Lucifer sees it. Ella unzips the dress bag and helps Chloe hold the bottom of it open so it can be slide over my body. I slip my arms through the holes and feel it settle against me in all the right ways once it's zipped. My flats come on next, making me all put together.

"He's going to want to rip you out of it," Linda compliments me.
"I might let him."

Champagne flutes are passed all around, with the exception of white grape juice for Trixie, as we wait for the time to pass. Seeing everyone so happy has made today even better than I could have ever imagined. Linda has Dee, Chloe has Zeke, Charlotte has Dan and Maze and Ella are satisfied with their careers.

"To all of us," I toast.

A simple piano melody starts to play, signaling that it was almost time. Charlotte and Maze leave the tent to find their seats, with Dan, Zeke, and Dee coming in moments after. We went with a pale blue color for the bridesmaid dresses and the mens’ ties, and it worked beautifully with all of them. Lucifer won't have any blue on him, but in all black instead, unintentionally making us almost polar opposites. The darkness in the light, and the light in the darkness. Yin and yang.

The beginnings of Claire De Lune floats on the air to us, and the couples pair up. Dan, who's been carrying Matthias, carefully places him in the wagon, before holding his arm out to me.

"You look beautiful."

I grin, and kiss his cheek.

"Thank you. Charlotte's looking amazing too, but you already knew that."

The tips of his ears turn pink and I can't help but laugh. Even though it's the second time Lucifer and I have done this, it feels like the first. Which is why we went with this song that we did.

Feels Like the First time blares through the speakers, and while Dan groans, I laugh harder. It's an unusual song to walk down to, but hey, Lucifer and I aren't your usual couple. We emerge from the tent, all eyes turned on us, but all I see is the devil I'm remarrying. I feel like I'm floating as we walk through the sand, with Lucifer's touch taking my hand being the thing to ground me.

"You are stunning, love."

"And you look positively sinful."

He gives me a salacious wink, and then we turn to the ordained minister. The woman talks for a few moments, about how so much can change while two people have been together, no matter how short or long the period may be.
"(Y/n), your vows?"

"Lucifer, you are my dream come true. You are my world, you are the joy in my heart, the laughter in my voice and the smile on my face. We compliment each other so beautifully and together we can face anything. We can be comforted in knowing that we will never have to face it alone.

The first time you kissed me I knew that we shared something special, and it wasn't long after that I fell in love with you and realized that you are the one I was meant to spend my life with. I could see it in your eyes. I could feel it in my heart. You are the most incredible man I have ever known, and you make me feel amazing every single day. I am so excited and completely elated to be standing here with you today. You are the love of my life, my best friend, the father of our son, my everything and I promise to you that I will love you always, with my whole heart.

I promise I will always be there for you, in good times and bad. May we always laugh together like we do now and may the stormy days we encounter and the trials we face only ever make us stronger."

I have to wipe my eyes at the end, and Lucifer chuckles, especially since I'm not the only one with tears. He clears his throat, takes my hands in his and stares into my eyes.

"My dear (Y/n), you have changed since we married the first time. I have changed and the world around us has changed most of all. But, one thing has not changed.

A year ago, I did not promise to love you, because I did not know if I could. I promised to give my best to you, to cherish and keep you no matter what else happened. I have not always lived up to my best intentions but I have always cared for you. I love you more now than I did because I know you better now.

And I've matured, thanks to you. My capacity for love and pleasure with it has increased because of it and I could not thank you enough for it. We've watched our son grow so much already, something I never thought I would have.

Some of the things we worried about turned out not to matter at all. What really mattered was our love. The one constant in our lives, since we both admitted it, has grown stronger and I thank you now for the joy you've given me during this past year.

It is with a glad heart that I renew my original vows. I promise to love you, honor you, cherish and keep you. I continue to want you, for better or worse, for richer or poorer. Whatever the future may hold for us, we will always have our love. It is enough."

Yeah, there isn't a dry eye in sight.

Without rings needing to be exchanged, the ceremony was almost complete.
"Do you take this woman again, Lucifer?"

"I do."

"Do you take this man again, (Y/n)?"

"I do."

"By the power vested in me by the state of California, I pronounce you husband and wife, again. You may kiss your bride."

Instead of an over the top kiss that Lucifer usually pulls, this one is tender, sweet and only meant for me. Everyone cheers, and we separate. Pictures are taken, food is served, and the dance floor is put together. Lucifer holds his hand out for me to take, leading me onto the wooden platform.

*Perfect* by Ed Sheeran plays, and Lucifer smoothly leads me into our dance. Song by song, we dance, until Zeke pushes his way in. Chloe soothes my irritated husband, and everything kicks off from there. We dance, sing, and drink until we're too dizzy and happy to do anything else. Lucifer finally gets to me and pulls me chest to chest with him.

"I think it's time for me to have you to myself now."

Oh, I couldn't agree more.

With Matthias safe with Zeke, Chloe, and Trixie, Lucifer and I say our goodbyes and head to our house. We speed along in the Corvette, lust dominating any other thought Lucifer may have. We buzz along, flying in between and passed cars like they were standing still. We reach our home in record time, and before I can even move, Lucifer has already jumped out of the car and opened the door. He scoops me out of the seat and runs up the walkway with me in his arms. The keys are in his suit jacket pocket, making them easier for me to grasp to hand to him to unlock the door. He carries me over the threshold before setting me on my feet and nudging the door closed behind him with his foot. Once it's secured and locked, Lucifer's mouth is on mine and his hands are unzipping my dress from behind.

The material slides smoothly over my arms until it drops to my feet in a pool of white.

"Oh, you naughty thing," Lucifer purrs. "How long have you been keeping this from me?"

"A while."
His hands go straight to my hips, holding me there as he examines me *thoroughly* with those dark eyes.

"I think I may fuck you in this, and then out. How does that sound?"

"Perfect."

Lucifer's mouth is on mine no sooner than I finish saying it, picking me up by my butt cheeks so that my legs can wrap around his waist. He carries me like this to the bedroom and then drops me on the bed before him.

"Luci, I don't need foreplay. I need you *now.*"

He groans as he covers his body with mine, still fully clothed.

"Might help if you're naked though."

We laugh and he backs off me, and onto the floor, stripping slowly enough that I'm glaring at him by the end. His cock stands proudly against his belly, much like how the rest of him is. The devil knows how beautiful he is and it shows. Lucifer climbs on top of me once more, balancing on one hand while the other slips between my legs to push my underwear aside.

"Oh, my darling, you are *very* ready for me."

Lucifer pushes his cock in ever so slowly, making me whine with impatience until he's fully sheathed. He pulls almost all the way back out before slamming back in. We have all night to go slow, but right now at this moment, it's fast, hard and demanding.

I hold onto the back of Lucifer's neck with both hands, my legs hooked onto his waist and our mouths brushing against each other with the softest touch. With every thrust, Lucifer puts more into it until he's slamming our pelvis's together. It sounds like it should hurt, but any pain from Lucifer just feels too damned good to actually be painful. I'm taken by surprise when he pulls out suddenly, but with a growled, "roll over", it quickly vanishes. His hands run down my sides, cup my ass and then trail over the garter and stockings while he murmurs appreciatively. One slim finger pulls the panties to the side again, with his cock filling me soon after. I cry out to Lucifer's satisfaction, spurring him on with harder thrusts. The coil in my belly snaps, white-hot pleasure blinding me while Lucifer fucks me through my orgasm. I want to sag against the bed, but he's holding me up.

"Oh no. I'm not done with you yet."

Lucifer seems sated with the fucking he's given me in my outfit and begins disassembling it piece by piece.
piece until I'm only left in my stockings. With a sinful chuckle, I'm lost to Lucifer's touch.

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We get the whole weekend together, making use of our alone time to 'christen every bloody space properly' as Lucifer put it. By the time Sunday evening rolls around and Matthias is brought back to us, I feel like I can't walk. Which Lucifer gloats about as he brings our son to me on the couch.

"We'd stay," Zeke says, "but I don't want to see any PDA."

Lucifer rolls his eyes and promptly shuts the door in his face.

Boxes still have to be unpacked, and items put away, but our first night all together in our home was much more important than something we could always do tomorrow. Lucifer orders pizza to my delight, and I mow down on it once it arrives, knowing that as soon as we put our son to bed, that I was going to have another workout of a lifetime.

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"I love you," Lucifer murmurs, kissing me awake.

"I love you too."

It's still bright and early, but crime never stops and Lucifer was dedicated more than ever to his job. Even the happy bubble we've put ourselves in out here can be popped.

"What would you think if Matty and I came and saw you at work today?"

"I'd love that very much."

With a kiss goodbye, Lucifer is out the door and I get to sleep for another few hours before our son wakes.

Everything is going so well. Matty's cheerful and jabbering away, traffic's easy, the sun is out. The crimes never stop in a city that rarely sleeps, so it isn't a surprise to end up at a crime scene where Lucifer and Chloe are.

He sees us and turns to wave when something changes his mood. Lucifer turns to face a man that's walking down the alley with a gun pointed at Chloe. It feels like the whole world is holding its breath as the man shouts angrily about 'having his thunder stolen'. Lucifer was right. The serial killer never died the first time. It was a fall guy. The LAPD shouts for the man to drop his weapon, but all
he does is keep walking with it pointed. He gets two shots off before he's brought down. One shot
goes through Chloe, barely missing her heart by mere centimeters and hits Lucifer in the arm. He
moves like it didn't phase him as he tries to reach her, but the second shot hits him in the head. All
three drop at the same time. Dan rushes to Chloe, checking her pulse as I scream Lucifer's name.
After Dan confirms Chloe's pulse, he dashes over to Lucifer. When his eyes meet mine, he nods to
tell me that Lucifer's still alive. Matthias is crying, confused about everything that's going on.

The ambulances come and the two are loaded into it. I rush over to the SUV, trying to see through
bleary eyes when a hand stops mine. It's Dan, and despite the cool and collected look on the outside,
I recognize the fear in panic in his eyes. He takes control, putting Matthias in his car seat as I move
on autopilot to get into the front seat. I can't do anything but sit there numbly. Dan's talking, but I
don't hear him.

We make it to the hospital in record time, where Zeke, Amenadiel, and Maze are already waiting.
Dee takes Matthias, soothing him while we head to the OR waiting room. I'm offered food and water
as we wait, but I can't think, let alone function. I hold hands with Dan, getting mine covered in
Chloe's and Lucifer's blood. The doc working on Chloe comes out first, relieving Dan that she'll
make a full recovery. The closer that she and Lucifer are, the more time it'll take for Lucifer to pull
through. With Chloe out of the OR first, Lucifer should be healing. His surgeon comes out a few
minutes later.

They're in the ICU, a few rooms apart, but not far enough away that Lucifer will pop back. He's
recovering quickly, but no one will know the damage done until he wakes. If he wakes, I'm
reminded. Maze promises to find a way to destroy anything containing Lucifer's blood, wanting to
prevent experimentations once they find out he's not normal. Dee and Maze rotate Matthias between
the two, while Zeke and Dan stay with Chloe. I still refuse food or drink, remaining by Lucifer's
bedside until he wakes up.

I fall asleep at some point because fingers running through my hair wakes me. Blinking the sleep
away and raising my head, I meet the beautiful dark brown eyes of my husband who's staring right
back at me. He grins like he hasn't been shot in the head.

"Well, hello," he purrs. "Not that I mind a beautiful woman next to my bed, but who are you?"

Chapter End Notes

Please don't hate me.

End Notes

First time writing Lucifer, let me know how I did.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!