Sticks and Stones May Break My Bones, But Words Will Tear My Skin Apart.

by Rulerofyouall

Summary

2x06 After Uriel's death and the failed suicide attempt via sniper, Lucifer tried to find a different way to get the punishment he deserves. Especially when his siblings start leaving him angry messages.

Notes

Product of my depression guys sorryyyyy I needed to cope. I own nothing

See the end of the work for more notes
Suicide

*Just when I thought you couldn't fall any lower, you surprised me.*

- Michael

*Give me the blade. It is mine, evil one.*

- Azrael

*The Beast strikes again, leaving a hole in the garrison. This emptiness is so unlike your absence among us.*

- Raphael

*I made a bet with Valoel. He bet that you would kill another of us first, and I bet that your next victim will be yourself. Help me win and kill yourself please.*

- Gabriel

*You've spent your entire life being Punishment, yet you refuse to do your job when the stage light is cast on you.*

- Anabiel

*Do you ever miss the old you? The one that wasn't a monster?*

- Barachiel

*It sucks because you were getting better in my book, but I was a fool to think it true.*

- Jophiel

*Your silence speaks for you.*

- Camael

That was only the beginning. Lucifer had gone through notes upon notes sent by his brothers and sisters, all of them with the heavenly seal of the Silver City stamped in the corner. They were all true however. He was a monster, a beast that had killed his own brother. He had tried to punish himself as it was the right thing to do, but he had failed in doing so.

That just meant he had to find some other way to do it. The detective would never allow him to do such things in her presence because she didn't know the full story, but he was only vulnerable to human weapons around her. He did, however, have access to more deadly weaponry.

He could not touch anything demonic. While he already smelled of Hell to demon kind, the blades carried a distinct signature that Mazikeen would be capable of identifying, and if Maze knew of what she was planning, she would scorn his weakness.

Should he call Linda? He thought so, but it was apparent that his siblings would see that as a way out of getting punished properly for his sins. That was off the table then. He couldn't share his weakness with anyone, not friend, brother, nor mother.
You are the only being I've met who could bother people merely by being alive.

-Gadreel

He felt jolts go through his heart as he read through each of the notes. The Devil had started finding them about a week after he had murdered his little brother. While wallowing in despair, he had come across a small note from Zachariel merely stating, "Kill yourself. We know you want to."

Dare he punish himself? He had already tried before, but perhaps he dreamt too big at the beginning. It might go better if he did something not as deadly, just draining.

The Devil reluctantly slipped off his wrinkled and ratty shirt he had been living in since the incident and made his way over to where he kept Azrael's blade. Should he give it back to her or use it to punish himself?

He decided that she could always get it once he was done with it. They could take turns. She was a patient angel.

Lucifer ran the cold metal against the skin of his wrist. It wasn't the most inconspicuous or unique of places, but he didn't care. He drew with silver, and it turned red like magic. The liquid dribbled down his skin and eventually hit the floor.

This was probably something that should be done in the bathroom, so Lucifer parked himself there next. He wasn't done punishing himself--it was too soon.

He briefly wondered how deep it could go. The Devil knew that it could easily sever limbs, but did it need sharpening or anything? Lucifer didn't care. It was doing what he wanted it to.

He desperately ran the blade across his wrist more times than he probably should have, but the feeling of release it gave him was intoxicating. It was better than cocaine or heroin or the strongest stuff on the planet.

Speaking of, the Devil rummaged around his bathroom for his needle. Why didn't he visit the bathroom more often? All the fun stuff was in here!

Just as he was shooting up for the second time, his cell phone rang. It was Chloe.

"Hello, detective. Why are you calling me at this time? Lonely? In need of company?" His words were empty.

She sounded exasperated. "No. Body in a movie theater."

"Too much popcorn perhaps?" He laughed at his own joke. "That stuff is perhaps the most conspicuous killer of all." The Devil held his phone up as the blood ran down his arm.

"Lucifer!" The detective chastised. "Wait...are you high?"

"Of course not! My metabolism is beyond that of a human's." He scoffed at the assumption.

He could nearly hear the eye roll. "Right. Get down here please, and wear something decent." It was clear that she had picked up on it for a while. "Is something going on, Lucifer?"

"Whatever would make you ask that silly question, detective?" He forced a purr out of his lips.

"You haven't been taking care of yourself, you punched Dan, you stole food in the middle of the precinct, you've been showing up drunk or high or both, and you tried to get yourself shot by a
"fucking sniper!" She listed off. "I'm worried, Lucifer. Talk to me."

Satan didn't know what to say, so he just said one word. "No."

He hung up and picked his ratty shirt off the floor where he had carelessly tossed it. This would have to do. He poured some of his strongest liquor into his flask for the road.

As luck would have it, Chloe wasn't happy with him for hanging up so abruptly. "You're impossible." She growled. "If I can't trust you to take care of yourself, how can I trust you to take care of anyone else?"

Lucifer ignored her comment.

"She is right, man." It was Ella. "This job is dangerous, even more so when people have to look after you."

It hurt much more than he thought she meant it to. Lucifer thought back to a particular note.

You are a burden. You don't contribute anything useful, yet you drain everyone else's resources.

-Remiel

"I know." He was silent after that.

"Our Jane Doe is about 24, and this wound across her abdomen, see? It was probably caused by a knife." Ella spoke to Chloe.

This human was able to die, so why couldn't he? It must be another one of those free will things that he so desperately desired.

"Hey, Lucifer." Dan leant against the wall next to him. "Are you okay?"

Lucifer wanted to ask for a definition of okay because he wasn't sure he has ever been okay based on Heaven, Hell, and all in between.

"Lucifer?"

It became apparent to him that he never answered.

"Do I look okay to you? What sort of a bloody idiot would need to ask that stupid question? Obviously, you since there was no hope of you gaining any intellect. It was too dominated by douchiness after all." He scathingly replied.

Dan was taken aback. "Fine, dude." He paused. "Can I help?"

"You can leave."

Lucifer didn't care when he noticed that the male detective had walked to his ex wife and was now speaking quiet words and occasionally gesturing to the Devil himself. So they were talking about him. Delightful. They'd hardly be the first.

He blinked and nearly jumped upon seeing the detective right next to him.

"I think it would be best if you to home, Lucifer. Clearly, you are not in a good place right now. Call me if you need anything."
And that was how Lucifer ended up sitting on his silken sheets on a bed that had not been used in ages holding his sister's blade once more. He read through some notes again.

Obviously, no one cared on Earth or in the Silver City, and that left Hell. He couldn't go back to Hell.

The only thing remaining was nonexistence.

He thrust upwards with the blade into his chest. Hallelujah.
Amenadiel didn't know what to do.

I own nothing!

Amenadiel looked up from his phone as he entered the penthouse. "Lucifer." He called out.

He received no response.

Shrugging, he tried again. His brother was probably just being stubborn after all. "Lucifer!"

Still, he got silence on return.

"Lucifer, answer me! I know you are here!" There were a couple of notes on the table, but the elder fallen angel would not touch them.

Was his brother in trouble? Is that why he wasn't answering him? Maybe he couldn't speak or couldn't hear.

Walking towards his bedroom, he noticed a distinct lack of visitors. After the bedroom, came the bathroom. Amenadiel was not ashamed to say that he screamed when he opened the door.

There was blood everywhere, soaking every so slowly and staining the tiles. In the middle of the floor was the person he was looking for with red cuts on his wrist and Azrael's blade in his chest.

"Lucifer!" Amenadiel shook him by the shoulder. "Lucifer, can you hear me?"

He didn't get a response. What should he do? They were probably the two only people within a couple of floors, and Amenadiel did not have the ability to heal his brother anymore. If only he had not fallen.

What was it that humans did during an emergency? He had tried learning the number, but he had failed miserably. 999? 933? 119?

Ah, yes. It was listed in his emergency contacts as 911. He picked up the phone and tapped his foot wildly while tears welled in his eyes and his hand grew bloodied as he tried to keep pressure on the wound.

"911, what's your emergency?"

"My brother stabbed himself in the chest." He couldn't help but sob.
The receptionist forwarded the cry for help to an ambulance but stayed on the phone. "Was this a suicide attempt?"

"Well, he didn't fall on it." Amenadiel snapped at her.

"Is the knife still in the wound?" She asked.

What should Amenadiel say? If he said yes, it would be removed by humans, which would end badly, but if he said no, then he would have to take it out himself and further jeopardize his brother's life.

But Amenadiel was done with his family putting humans over Lucifer.

"Yes." He responded clearly.

Chloe was having a bad day. She was taking Ella and Dan out to LUX for drinks. Hopefully, he won't mind.

They feared that he might. Lucifer had been off lately, and he was refusing to tell about it. That was part of the reason why she was going there. She needed answers.

Imagine their surprise when the three of them pulled up to find an ambulance driving away quickly. Amenadiel sat on the curb drenched in blood and crying harder than she thought possible.

"Amenadiel?" Chloe looked concerned. "What is wrong? Where's Lucifer?"

"I don't know why he did it." The elder brother frowned. "I better go to the hospital and call Mom."

Dan looked confused. "What happened?"

Amenadiel bit his lip. "Suicide attempt."

Ella coughed, and time slowed down. "Suicide attempt?" She couldn't believe it. "Lucifer is suicidal? And he didn't tell anyone?"

"He acts out in different ways. Talking has never been his thing when it comes to emotions." He corrected.

Chloe felt horrible. She had noticed his odd behavior and asked him to talk to her. He didn't, so did that mean he didn't trust her? She even sent him home for not being in a good place earlier, and if it was bad enough to be sent home over, she really should have gone with him to watch him.

The other two shares similar sentiments.

"Let's use my car." Hers was still running.

Ella bit her lip. "Did they give a prognosis?"

"No, but even I know enough anatomy that it isn't good." Amenadiel sighed. "He used quite a....special blade to do it."

"Which hospital?" Chloe asked.

Dan plugged in the coordinates, and they were off faster than they should have been.
I did not expect this reception! Do you guys want more, or are you sick of me now?
Amenadiel paced in the waiting area for what felt like millennia, and he would know. The three humans seemed almost numb, Dan resorting to merely watching the fallen angel walk backwards and forwards. Why had his brother done this? Had his guilt over Uriel's death really gotten that bad? Or was there some other catalyst? The older brother wished he knew the answers, but he had none. Perhaps he could find some in his penthouse?

But he should call and tell people primarily before he gets too distracted.

"Do any of you have my brother's therapist's number?" He inquired genuinely.

Chloe seemed to snap out of whatever funk she was in. "Yes." She nodded her head jerkily.

"May you please call her? Lucifer is close to her, and since she's his therapist....well, I think that is how the system works." Amenadiel asked.

She confirmed this. "Yeah, I can definitely do that. While I'm at it, I'm going to call to see if I can get Trixie a babysitter." She said the last part more to herself than anyone else.

Chloe's call was short, but it gave Amenadiel just the right amount of time to list who he needed to inform of what had happened. Mazikeen and Mother.

As the detective sat down, the fallen angel put the phone to his ear. "Mother?"

The humans looked to each other. They had heard many bad things about Lucifer's father, but they hadn't heard much at all about his mother. Did that mean she was better or worse than her male counterpart? They guessed that meant better because Amenadiel was still talking to her, but with Lucifer, one could never know for sure.

Amenadiel listened for a couple of sentences before beginning to speak in a language none of them could understand. Was this his birth language? They couldn't be sure, but it didn't matter.

They just wanted to know if Lucifer would be okay and what they could do to help him.

The fallen angel called the demon next, but that conversation was fairly short. Mazikeen had paid attention to him for a short while before hanging up and leaving for the hospital they were at.
Amenadiel was torn. His baby brother had tried to kill himself, so did that mean he didn't want to be saved? Even by human measures, the Devil would not be happy if he woke up in the earthly realm, but if he was healed via angelic measures, he would be even more pissed off. Of all things right now, though, Amenadiel wanted his brother to be healthy, so if that involved praying to try to get some celestial help, he would.

Sitting down, the eldest angel put his hands in prayer, pressed them to his head, and closed his eyes. The humans registered his actions but ignored it mostly although Ella copied the gesture.

He needed to heal, so there was only one brother to call. Raphael was the angel of healing after all.

*Raphael, I hope you can hear me because situations down on Earth have become dire. Our brother Lucifer has tried to kill himself with Azrael's blade, and I fear that human medicine may not be enough to cure the wounds he has inflicted upon himself. All I ask is that you come down here and give him another chance at living.*

It was not long until he got his response.

*No.*

Amenadiel was shaken to the core. Why would any of his siblings let Lucifer die? They shared blood! He couldn't believe them.

*Why not?*

Raphael soon responded to his older brother, but he did not like what he heard at all.

*It would be a disservice to aid the Beast, brother. You have already done so, and you are fallen. He is not one of us, and if he tried to take the gift of life from himself purposefully, he does not deserve to have it back. I would not do anything to help him under any circumstances for he is lost to all of us and has been for a very long time. Have you no knowledge of the communications the host has been sending him? Obviously, the answer is no.*

Amenadiel did not respond to that statement. What communications? Lucifer would never respond to anything sent to him by any of the heavenly host, so he assumed that whatever it was was one-sided.

He had to figure out what it was that meant. They probably were not sending him prayers since his brother would begin to block them out after a while, so it had to be concrete. Did they send letter or notes of some kind? Amenadiel was not sure.

Nevertheless, all angels had the power to heal others, but Raphael could do it better than them. Carefully, he sent up prayers to each and every one of his siblings up in the Silver City, begging them to come to Earth and heal their brother, pleading with them to show a small amount of mercy for him.

They all refused, and that stung. He had never realized how bad it had been for Lucifer after he fell, how everyone had hated him. Amenadiel had even joined in on those activities, but he did not know how severe they were.

Charlotte, Linda, and Maze had come in a little bit later. They did not carpool, but they happened to arrive around the same time.

"Charlotte Richards is your mother?" Chloe deadpanned, not sure what to believe anymore. Lucifer was an enigma wrapped in an enigma, but it was more important that he get better right now.
It seemed like an eternity until the doctors came back in, but it was more likely just a few hours. They were, however, the longest hours of the fallen angel's life.

"How is he?" Mazikeen demanded, nearly pushing the poor guy against the wall in her desperation.

"He will recover although he did quite a number on himself. Does he see a therapist?" The doctor asked politely.

"Yes, that's me." Linda raised her hand a small bit.

He looked at her in approval. "Then, I shall leave his psychiatric treatment in your hands. As I was saying, the blade he used did quite some damage to his internal organs, so it will be quite a while until they are all healed properly. I would deny him alcohol until further notice due to some harm done to his liver as I have become aware that he is quite an avid drinker. I wouldn't recommend any hard drugs either as we have found heroin in his system, and that in general is never good. I would highly recommend having him go to rehab for that."

"He's not addicted." Amenadiel murmured. "When he stops, he stops. He does it only for the pleasure."

"Your confidence in him is admirable, but heroin is highly addictive from the first usage. From the amount in his bloodstream, he has used it multiple times, so it would be implausible for him to not be addicted at all." The doctor sighed. "I can allow immediate relatives to see him but no more."

Charlotte stood up and walked towards the door, Amenadiel trailing behind her. Maze cursed in the background. He was impressed that she waited to see him for that long.

The two of them were ushered into a sterile room. Machines beeped ominously from many corners of the room, but that was not what caught their eyes first.

Lucifer Morningstar, once so strong, callous, even a bit cocky but always confident, was diminished into an unconscious, fragile state. His eyes were closed; his hair, chaotic. His skin was as pale as the whitest of alabaster, and his arms hung limply beside him, needles sticking him in the arm. Some sort of tube had been stuck down his nose and mouth and had disappeared somewhere within him. Notably, he had been stripped of the expensive clothing he had been living in, and that had been traded out for a classic dotted hospital gown.

Amenadiel knew that whatever remained was not the same Lucifer Morningstar, not the same brother he had known, but what it was remained a mystery to him.

At least he had a clear direction to go in, and he knew that he would find out what messages were being sent between his brothers.

Chapter End Notes

If there is anything specific you all want me to write in this fic, don't hesitate to tell me!
"Mr. Morningstar will most likely be staying here for a while." The doctor morosely yet robotically announced. "Once he has healed enough to be coherent, he will need to be evaluated for in patient in the mental wing of the hospital."

Linda nodded in understanding. "Yes, we understand. Do you have a timeframe in which he might wake up during?"

The doctor bit his lip and shook his head. "Unfortunately, the blade that he used is quite...strange to say the least. No one has touched it without wearing gloves, but for some reason, it is almost like whoever wields it goes berserk....strange things, I tell you."

"Yes, that is a common side effect for mortals wielding the blade. If we could have it back, we would be grateful." Charlotte's words sliced through the thin air.

"Did you just say 'mortals?' Nevertheless, we cannot let the blade out of our custody just yet." He denied.

Amenadiel spoke up. "Am I allowed to bring Lucifer anything itemwise?"

The doctor turned to the fallen angel of the group. "Yes, but we would have to check it over. We cannot permit you to give him any weapon or drug or anything else that he may use to bring himself or others harm."

"Understood." He bowed his head down. "I will be going there shortly if any of you wish to join me."

"We'll go." Ella pulled Dan up, knowing that Chloe would want to remain by the fallen Devil's side at all costs.

The ride to the penthouse was completely silent. No one spoke of anything at all despite of the metaphorical elephant in the room, but they could sense each other's thoughts and emotions well enough.

Lucifer Morningstar, the Devil, a civilian consultant, a night club owner, the world record holder for all things sex, had tried to kill himself. Why? They had no idea. Lucifer himself hadn't left a note or a phone call or any communication, but Raphael had said that communications did exist...
between Lucifer and the Silver City. Could these have clues?

It was likely. Amenadiel knew very well how much the Devil and the rest of their siblings hated each other. They thought him a monster, a beast, an evil one, and Lucifer thought that he had been betrayed and abandoned by them. Which, in all honestly, he had been.

Therefore, it was certain that any communications between them had been negative and likely had a bad impact on Lucifer's mood and aura. Exactly what was said, the fallen angel would soon find out, but he already had guesses.

"What do you guys think we should bring him?" Dan inquired.

"Some clothes, books, etc. We can't bring him alcohol, drugs, weapons, or sex toys obviously, so that takes out a large portion of his belongings. I'd suggest not taking the more expensive things he owns since it isn't like he's taking particularly well care of them at this moment. I have some things stored nearby from when he was younger." Amenadiel shrugged.

Ella nodded in acknowledgement. "Yeah, and we should bring it in a paper bag."

"Why not plastic?" Dan inquired in confusion.

"Mental hospitals won't allow them to have plastic bags." She pointed out. "There are a lot of things that he won't be allowed to have, some of them you'll have to think and use that noggin of yours to figure out why." She bit her lip.

When the elevator binged and let them all out, Dan moved towards what he assumed was the bedroom.

"I wouldn't recommend going in there or the bathroom." Amenadiel quickly stopped him.

The male detective raised an eyebrow.

"That's where Lucifer did the....thing." He was quieter now.

"I assumed so, but we work for the LAPD, Amenadiel. While it might hit a bit closer to home, we'll be able to handle it." Dan hoped he was speaking the truth.

The fallen angel acquiesced and moved towards the bar. The notes that he had seen there before lay in the exact same position. None of them had been moved. With shaky hands, the eldest angel picked up the one closest to him and sat down.

You unlovable bastard, why did you ever think you could succeed in anything? You are a failure.

-Dardariel

If you can't handle it anymore and can't do it, you might as well end it all.

-Hofniel

You need to be silenced. Stop yourself and remove yourself from existence.

-Hadraniel

If this is what you choose to do with your life, you shouldn't have it.

-Kemuel
Amenadiel and Mother don't love you. None of us ever loved you.

-Ophaniel

What is the point of the Light Bringer when he brings only darkness?

-Rachiel

Having your skin must be hard to live with. Maybe that is why you tear it open?

-Salathiel

Destroy what is destructive and destroy yourself. :)

-Sidriel

I look forward to the day when all suffering is gone because that is the day I'll know you're dead.

-Verchiel

Amenadiel stopped reading and put his head down on the bar. He took out a couple of the archaic artifacts he was going to present to Lucifer from his childhood, but did the Devil even want that? Would he appreciate it when it is so obvious that the Silver City is full of scum?

Why would Ophaniel say that he didn't love Lucifer? He always did, and it was obvious that Mother did as well. Why would Sidriel put a smiley face in his note if not to be purposefully insensitive?

He took the large metal ring in his hands. The hospital staff would definitely not let this by anyway, but if they touched it, they'd be incinerated. Maybe he should leave it then?

He heard Ella and Dan getting closer and put it away. That would have to come out later. They said no weapons, but it seemed like everything their Father gave them was a weapon.

He pulled out this small doll that Lucifer had had since he was young. It was old and ratted but still valid. Amenadiel had made it himself when his baby brother had come to him crying about what their siblings had been doing to him.

After Lucifer's fall, he had found in sitting on his bed the day after. He stayed in their and cried for literal millennia.

But now it seemed like the oldest brother not only had to heal his younger brother but also had to heal the entire family unit.

Chapter End Notes

Comments make me happy, and suggestions are always welcome!
Enlightenment

Chapter Summary

Information is received.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing, so sorry if anyone is out of character.
*bit spn inspired chappie*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was dark, unwelcoming, inhospitable. It wasn't a good place necessarily unless one was at the top, and he certainly was not. No, he has never and will never be at the highest point of anything. There will be pain. There will be strife. There will be mothers without daughters and fathers without sons. Teachers with no one to teach, students with nothing to study. There will be architects with nothing to build, explorers without anything to explore.

What goes around comes around, and he thinks he's met his match. One day, there will be an end to everything. Father planned it that way, to have everything wrapped up in a neat little bow. Earth was only a project after all, something to play with and to manipulate. He never once conceived that it would take on such a life of its own.

Then again, he never thought his children, the angels, would either, but hell, did they grow. They became powerful and unrelenting. Unmerciful and callous. Emotionless and broken.

They were tools, pawns in a game they knew nothing about. The humans were granted such a miraculous gift, that of free will, but they did not even recognize its value or use. They took it for granted and set out to steal such freedom away from others. Rapists, murderers, the worst sort of humanity would crawl out of their headquarters to torture the living only to be tortured while dead.

He supposed someone had to fill that role, but he had done it for far too long. There was no way that he would ever grace the walls of Hell, visit another damned soul, or torture another tortured being again. But what if that was where he truly belonged? The saints went to the Silver City; the sinners, to Hell.

But he supposed that eventually there would be torturers with nothing to torture, visitors with no one to visit, and Lords with nothing to rule. The cycle would take a full turn as reality is spun on its head into a new divine creation, starting at the beginning with brand new characters who are pure and innocent. Unlike him.

The darkness swirled around his head, shifting the curls that grew atop of it. He sat on a hillside, staring across at the slaughter. He was supposed to be in the Empty--in nonexistence. He had taken Azrael's blade and used it to rip his grace straight out of his flesh.

There should be nothing. He should feel nothing, yet these emotions continued to swell up within
him like a tide coming in to wet the dry sand. The grass was dying, a bleach-y off white color. The air stunk of decay and excrement that had no doubt come from the monsters forever hunting within these walls.

He had stabbed himself with the blade, so why was he not dead? Perhaps someone had come across his body while his grace was still trickling out of it and done something to trap him in this form of metastasis. Whoever it was would feel his wrath since this place so foul was not home. Los Angeles was home, but he could not stay there.

And between death and a foreign place, he'd take death any day, having knocked on his sister's door a multitude of times. The sky was a horrible dun color with splotchy patches and clouds overhead. There was no light. That would make sense since he was the Light Bringer and had never seen this place, but nowadays, such a dark place would bother him.

Not as much as the scene in front of him however. He had thought that they were all dead, but apparently, they were still alive. Was this his Father trying to show him the future or give him a task? Was He meddling with his life, questioning Lucifer's ability to discern right from wrong?

No, there was no way the old man would be this horrible. No one would be cruel enough to joke about the existence of these beings.

They lived only to eat. They had such a ravenous hunger that would never be satiated and a rage beyond that of a thousand storms. Truly, the Devil thought that he would have to make up with his siblings because if what he was seeing was true then the world was in for it. The end was nigh, they would say as the monsters feasted on their faces and slaughtered their children like hogs and hung the bare skeletons up on walls to dry before consuming it as well.

Long ago, these beings had been around. They were the initial creations of his Father--before even Amenadiel himself was dreamed up. They were rough copies, drafts that could not be used. He tried to get rid of them, to hide them away, but what he had created was too dangerous to remain on Earth.

His Father had led them all to believe that He had destroyed them, but he should have known then that He was lying. There was no way that his Father would kill something he had created himself if he thought it could be fixed.

That's where he came here. These monsters were stronger than many things Lucifer had come across. They could easily overpower him and tear him limb from limb without hesitation, yet they were not. Lucifer continued staring at them feasting on weaker beasts across the way. The blood poured down the side of the hill as meat was ripped from bone and mouths opened at a speed the Devil never imagined was possible.

What would happen if he tried to end it all here? What would happen if he approached the nefarious beings and offered himself up as a sacrifice? He thought he would have ended it all when he used his sister's blade, but look where he was now. He was somewhere worse than before, but it was pretty much just him, his thoughts, and some monsters. No sibling had contacted him since, and he had not received one more negative note.

That was good, right? But no, he had not heard from the detective or any other human he had become fond of over the years he had been on Earth.

Would he finally die if he killed himself here though? He had tried so hard on Earth, but he just ended up somewhere worse. If he tried to kill himself here, would he just end up somewhere worse again? He shifted uncomfortably. Did he want to take that chance? There was that possibility that
he would be welcomed into sleep and darkness as the monsters feasted upon his flesh, but he did not wish to be tortured for the rest of eternity.

But maybe that was what he was supposed to do. He was the Punisher, and he deserved to be Punished. He could not be so hypocritical as to ignore his gut reactions and treat himself differently. He was no better than the sinners up on Earth. In fact, he was much, much worse.

So why was he so better well off?

Sighing, Lucifer stood and started his trek across the way.

Chapter End Notes

Comments make me happy. :) What do you all think?
Chapter Summary

There is a...fight
SAVE LUCIFERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

Chapter Notes

I own nothing, so sorry if anyone is ooc
PART OF THIS TIS A BIT GRAPHIC

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Haziel's heels clacked on the tile floor as she marched forwards towards the ward where the Devil himself lie.

He had finally tried to end it all, give himself the only suitable punishment for his crimes, but someone had to interfere. Now, they were saving him from the end he deserved. She had to put a stop to this.

She was on the right level, but the signal from Lucifer's grace was weak. While that did mean he was nearly dead, it made it incredibly hard to finish the job.

"Haziel!"

The angel turned around in a flash and saw someone she never dreamed of seeing again. Her mother. The Goddess. Now going by merely Charlotte.

"Hello...mother." She blinked. "You are not where you belong."

Charlotte shushed her. "We're waiting for Lucifer in there. I'll be right back. I'm going to go buy Lucifer a new toothbrush from the store. It's so good to see you, my daughter!"

Haziel stood awkwardly as her mother greeted her. She was a problem to deal with another day. For now, her focus was her brother.

Lucifer, once known as Samael, was one of the younger angels in the garrison. There were few who were younger. Uriel was younger as are Castiel and Azrael, but besides that, all are older than him.

She peered out in front of her where her mother had directed her. There were a few humans, one of them being that miracle, and a demon. The demon, presumably Lucifer's right hand Mazikeen, appeared to be on guard, but she had not spotted the angel yet.

Confidently, she walked to the door leading to the ICU.

"Excuse me, miss. That place is off limits to non-family members." A passing nurse informed her.
"In this hospital, you must be escorted to the patient."

"I am a family member!" Haziel looked offended.

The nurse tried to collect herself. "Oh, okay," She took out a roster. "Who are you here for?"

What was the last name her brother was going by nowadays? She took a second to think of it. "Lucifer Morningstar."

The miracle's head shot up faster than she would have ever believed. "You're related to Lucifer?"

The guard-demon's head turned too. "She's an angel. Haziel." Mazikeen jumped out of her perch and stalked towards the angel.

Chloe stood up hastily. "Maze, I don't think now is a good time to-"

The first hit was thrown immediately. Haziel leaped over the demon, catching her legs on her shoulders and twisting around. The demon fell to her knees. Easy. Lucifer never did train them well.

Mazikeen growled, frustrated, and lashed out at her. She was impulsive, but she knew how to fight adequately. Her hits were strong, and she was agile. But Haziel had eons of training by God's finest.

"Code Green, level 4, ICU." The speakers came on immediately, and personnel entered the room with what appeared to be tranquilizers. Haziel couldn't be sure though.

The same nurse looked frantic. "Please stop fighting!" She bit her lip.

"No!" Maze managed to get Haziel in a head lock. "She's here to kill-" Haziel knocked her head back into her face.

Both of them were covered in blood, and the tiles were covered in the spray.

"Come and get me, angel." The demon laughed out loud. "It's my job to protect him."

Haziel smirked. "And it is my job to kill him."

Chloe gasped from the background and immediately drew her weapon at her. Why would she want to kill her own brother? Was she even related?

The next time Haziel launched an attack on Maze, Chloe shot at her, careful not to shoot her roommate. The bullets seemingly had no effect on her. Based on the holes in her shirt, they were going where she wanted them to go, but she couldn't draw blood.

The angel knocked the demon out in one more blow to the head. "That's very cute, but those petty things don't hurt angels." She smiled cynically.

The detective froze. It wasn't possible that she was telling the truth, right? There was no way that what she was saying was true; God didn't exist, did he? But the bullets weren't hurting her, and she could see them right in front of her eyes.

Was it possible that this was an actual angel? Here to kill Lucifer...The Devil. Chloe swallowed. It was all true. Her partner was the Devil. He had been telling the truth the entire time, and now, Heaven had sent someone to kill him. Oh God, Satan himself was suicidal. This was all too much to wrap her head around.
She knew one thing. Lucifer was Lucifer, and nothing would change that. He was her partner, and it is her job to protect him just as it is Maze's. She would do this.

A large security guard came up on Haziel from behind, but she lifted him up with one powerful arm and threw him forcefully into the wall. It cracked under the strain.

That meant she was strong. Supernaturally strong.....just like Lucifer was. The puzzle was coming together.

Chloe hoped that either Amenadiel or their mother would return soon.

Then, something impossible happened. Something even more impossible than angels, demons, and the divine. Haziel wasn't weakened in the slightest. She fought off all the men before launching her foot into a guy's face in a complicated kick.

She was wearing heels. The heel gouged straight into the man's eye, perhaps all the way to his brain. All Chloe knew is that she was firing shots, medics were surrounding the man, and both blood and viscous fluid was pouring from the new hole in his face.

Suddenly, everything was clear between Haziel and Lucifer. Chloe stood and ran to stand between them.

"Move away, human." Haziel gestured for her to move aside. "You have already seen what has happened to others."

"You're a murderer." Chloe spat.

The angel shook her head. "Angels aren't allowed to kill humans. They aren't going to die."

"You want to kill Lucifer."

"While I do want to, it is my job to." Haziel phrased and sauntered closer. "Move aside."

She wasn't moving, and Haziel couldn't get rid of a miracle like the other humans. Her Father would be furious! Perhaps if she called for reinforcements she would be intimidated? Sending a quick prayer for help, she stood her ground as two more angels appeared. Their names were Puriel and Remiel.

"Stand aside, human." Remiel narrowed his eyes. "Do not disobey us."

Chloe was for some reason growing in confidence. "You haven't attacked me like the others. There must be a reason."

Puriel unsheathed a blade. "I am restrained by no such rules," she launched towards her, green wings shooting out of her back.

The detective winced. That was a mistake. Oh God, she was going to die. Trixie was going to be left motherless, and Lucifer will wake to find her dead. No, Lucifer will be dead.

Puriel never reached her target. There was an angel in front of her, one she didn't recognize.

Perhaps someone was on Lucifer's side after all?

Chapter End Notes
Comments make me happy! :)
#savelucifer
He had heard the distress call from millions of miles away. Haziel had called for reinforcements in an attempt to intimidate the miracle Chloe Decker to get out of their way. Now, Puriel, Remiel, and Haziel were going to kill his younger brother. Despite being older, Lucifer always had more of a presence, a way to command an army.

Lucifer started a rebellion, and he had joined in. He desired free will just as much as his brother had, and he had paid the price for it along with him. There were a multitude of fallen angels, but none of them were quite as loyal as he was.

He had spent years trying to keep his brother away from the death, destruction, and bloodshed of Hell. Even though the Devil sometimes had to use extreme means, he himself did not appreciate having to slaughter souls, torture demons, or destroy memories. Generally, he left that to their own personal guilt and memory although sometimes a demon or two would enter to heighten their pain.

But that was all in the past. It was irrelevant; it did not matter. He must remain ever-vigilant and live in the present.

"Greetings." He gave a small salute to his three siblings across from him.

"Get out of our way." Haziel growled at him, gripping a blade strongly.

Azazel, his name was, shrugged. "Sorry, no can do. A little birdie tells me that you're here to kill someone I like."

"What could you possibly appreciate about the Evil One himself?" Puriel narrowed his eyes.

"Just say his name, damn it! He's not Voldemort, and you guys don't have to be so hush-hush about Lucifer." He rolled his eyes.

Remiel shook his head. "We will not grace him with that gift. That name is not the one our Father selected for him; therefore, we cannot call him that."

"Then, call him Samael! He's not awake right now, so he won't smite you for that." He winked.

"He has lost the right to be called that name." Haziel corrected. "He fell, so he is nameless. Just as you fell, so you are nameless."
Azazel rolled his eyes. "Fucking hell, you guys are lame. What are you going to call me?"

"Sympathizer." Puriel responded automatically.

The fallen angel snorted. "Really? You all are going to call me that? Come on, just give me something interesting! I want something dramatic, something that will scare the children. Something that they can chant in circles and look all creepy, so they will remember the power and the might of me!" Azazel laughed dramatically.

The three angels blinked at him in confusion.

"You seem quite excited about abandoning our Father." Remiel noticed.

"Well, yeah, I guess so; you guys did abandon me and Luci for freaking eons, you know. He can get so fucking annoying." He sighed sorrowfully.

Chloe had been watching the angels like a tennis match for a while before it dawned on her. Azazel was trying to buy Lucifer some time. Charlotte had left briefly, so she should be back soon. Additionally, Dan, Ella, and Amenadiel had to be on their way back by now. He was stalling, waiting for his own reinforcements to come. Even with her limited knowledge on religion, she did know that three angels would probably beat one fallen angel, especially if that fallen angel isn't Lucifer.

"I want a name that people will shudder when they say it, one that leaves eerie silences afterwards. I want something that will strike fear into their hearts and make them cry for the Lord to save their sorry little souls. Got it? You guys could really do better in the nickname department." Azazel looked frustrated.

Remiel and Puriel glanced at one another.

"We can discuss this further once the Serpent is destroyed." Puriel decided.

"See? How many names can one fallen angel get? Lucifer's got the Serpent and the Evil One and the Beast and the Lord of Hell and the Devil and the Light Bringer and the Punisher and the Morning Star and the Adversary and the Prince of Darkness, though I have know idea why you all gave him both light and darkness, you really need to work on your consistency, and Satan and the Common Enemy and the Archfiend and the Dybbuk and-" Azazel was interrupted.

Haziel was getting annoyed at her brother. "Yes, we know that the Adversary has many nicknames, and you have few."

"I mean, his nicknames must be compensating for something. Not to brag, but Lucifer is-"

"We will not be discussing such sinful, inappropriate subjects whilst the three of us have an actual job to do." Puriel glared at him.

Azazel scoffed. "What? Did Father actually tell you to kill Lucifer word-for-word? What did He say?"

"We are not required to give you that information." Haziel retorted.

"So he didn't tell you to kill Lucifer! Interesting. Going rogue, are we? Well, that could be a ticket straight down to the Pit if you aren't careful there, sweetheart." The fallen angel laughed at them.

Remiel cocked his head to the side. "We were given direct instructions to end the Prince of
"Oh, yeah? And who gave them to you? Not our Father obviously." Azazel crossed his arms and smirked. "You might want to do some fact-checking before you start taking out your own family."

Haziel had a new fire in her eyes. "Satan is in no way a part of our family. He was disowned, cast out, punished in a way only he could deserve. We are nothing like him, and we will never be."

"That doesn't make him any less of your brother." He leaned closer.

"In fact, it does. He does not reside in the Silver City anymore, and all that are related to us want him dead." She paused for a second. "Although, he does want himself dead as well."

Azazel swallowed difficultly. "Yes, I know; he does have an actual problem going on right now. So if you would please stop getting in help's way, that would be greatly appreciated. Thank you!" He waved bye, but they didn't move. "Well, that's rude. Please wait your turn."

Remiel snarled. "We have already expressed the desire to end him, so why don't you let us do it? It would only benefit you. You would become the Lord of Hell, and you would get all the silly nicknames you desire. People would scream whenever they see you. That's what you want, right?"

"But I would lose the only brother I've ever understood in my entire life. Besides, without him, there will be no desire." Azazel was solemn.

"Azazel? Remiel? Puriel? How nice it is to see you joining Haziel in visiting your brother!" Charlotte trotted in. "The men wouldn't let me in this section for whatever reason, so I had to knock them out. But they'll get up soon; I'm sure of it."

Puriel stiffened. "Hello, Mother. Haziel, Remiel, and I were actually just about to do what we need to do and leave."

"Nonsense! I'm sure you all miss your brother terribly so. I haven't seen any of you in ages! Come here, my children." She beckoned the closer and enveloped each of them in a hug. Azazel was the only one who returned it.

Azazel spoke up. "Mom, they're not here for a good reason."

"Does anyone need a reason to visit family?" The Goddess remained cheerful at the prospect of her family coming back together.

"No, but they are trying to tear us all apart. They're trying to kill Lucifer."

Charlotte's head violently jolted to stare at the other three. "Did your Father set you up to do this? He did, I can tell. Ooo, I hate that man, but you are all here now. You can stay with me and forever ignore anything that man is trying to order you to do."

"We were not designed for that." Haziel refused. "We were designed to obey, so obey we shall."

"I cannot let you kill your brother, Haziel. He's not well, and he needs all the support we can get him." She tried to bring them over.

The angel shook her head. "I do not care about the Serpent's health, mother. Amenadiel already tried to get us to help."

"He did?" Chloe looked surprised, but she covered her mouth up as soon as she realized who she
interrupted.

Haziel scanned her, looking up and down. She swallowed nervously, hoping that it wouldn't be the last thing she did.

Finally, the angel seemed satisfied. "Amenadiel spent time while sitting in this very room sending prayers to every single one of our siblings in an effort to find someone who will heal the Devil. We all refused, and since he himself is fallen, he cannot heal Lucifer himself."

Azazel agreed. "It's true. Once you're fallen, your healing abilities are the first to go."

Charlotte raised her eyebrow. "And why are all of my children ganging up on Lucifer?"

"The Adversary must be destroyed; then, we can have peace." Puriel responded.

"Lucifer is not the one causing the chaos." The Goddess lectured.

Remiel shrugged. "Well, it's as good as any place to start the decontamination."

Chapter End Notes

Suggestions and comments are welcome
Pit Locusts

Chapter Summary

Lucifer finds what he was looking for

Chapter Notes

I own nothing, so sorry if anyone is ooc

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was little to no plant life in Purgatory anymore; it had all been devoured. They moved quickly, adapted quickly, and started eating meat just as quickly.

As Lucifer approached the swarm, he remembered the five months those creatures had been allowed up on Earth. He had been in Hell at the time, but naturally, he had been blamed. People had said that he was at fault.

Normally, he'd laugh something like that off, but what if they were correct? What if somehow he had indirectly caused a swarm of pit locusts to descend on innocents? He wouldn't be able to forgive himself, but then again, he doubted he had that ability even now.

The pit locusts were never permitted to kill a human, and their sting hurt as much as a scorpion's did. They were rather intimidating however. They stood tall like horses and had human-like faces, and if you were caught by a particularly intelligent one, they would talk to you as they tormented you.

That, however, was long ago, and there were no humans in Purgatory. There were no rules saying that a pit locust couldn't kill an angel, even an archangel, and Lucifer was depending on that. The scars where his wings were once attached ached as if his body was trying to force him to fly away, but he could not fly. Every part of his brain was screaming at him to run away, but he did not run. No, he would face Death eye to eye. Maybe then, he would get an explanation as to what had gone so wrong in his life.

He wasn't sure if Azrael manned angelic deaths. Angels weren't technically supposed to die; they were immortal. When an angel did die, they were wiped from existence. There was nowhere to guide them to.

Perhaps he would be alone after all.

That stung a bit, but Lucifer pressed forward. It was his penance; it was what he deserved. He had always been a monster, had always been a freak. He had benefited from extravagance and sinful delights for so long without considering the costs. With every change, there were benefits and costs, but he had never done his part. He would do it now.

He briefly wondered whether or not his physical form was considered dead. Was Chloe mourning...
him? Would she even consider it worth it to? Or maybe his form was locked up in a hospital somewhere, attached to numerous machines trying to pump life back into a lifeless form. If that was the case, he'd do anything to stop it.

People usually think that running away solves nothing, but in this case, it would solve everything, especially since he was running away from the others and towards his demise. He would rid the world of the Devil, free it from the claw he had ensnared it with. He would undo the chains keeping humanity away from fully flourishing. Maybe once he was gone people would leave their prejudices behind and truly accept one another for who they were.

All the problems would be fixed, so how selfish was it for him to secretly want some extra time? He wanted to apologize to his mother, to his brother, to Maze, to Chloe, to Linda, to Dan, to Trixie, to Ella. He wanted to have a chance to say goodbye, and he wanted to make sure they had closure and knew what a monster he truly was.

Maze already knew that. So did Amenadiel.

Why did his Father even create such a monster? He created everyone with a purpose, so why would he create someone to tear everything apart? He had never felt so conflicted, yet he had never felt so driven. He had a goal, a plan, and a will. There would be nothing standing in his way.

The locusts were mere meters away from him. He looked at the barren world around him. The adapted fools were completely annihilated the corpse of a dead beast, but they knew that there would not be enough meat for all of them. Perhaps he could provide them with that luxury.

"Locusts." He spoke and held his arms out, opening his eyes wide as they turned on him.

Meanwhile, up on the earthly realm, Dan busted through the door with his gun drawn. The three angels had suddenly taken flight, leaving Linda, Chloe, Maze, Azazel, and Charlotte. Ella and Amenadiel burst in behind him with worried looks on their faces.

"What happened here?" Ella inquired in a panic.

Linda swallowed. "Some of Lucifer's siblings came in and tried to get in the ward to kill him."

Her face shifted to one of sorrow. "Hasn't the poor guy been through enough?"

"He has." Azazel closed his eyes as if in mourning. "He definitely has."

Dan seemed to only notice his presence then. "Sorry, but I don't know your name."

"Azazel." He offered a hand. "I've been trying to keep some of our siblings from killing Lucifer since he first took that damned blade against himself."

Ella flinched at the rough wording. "'Our'?" She clarified.

Amenadiel nodded along. "Azazel is a brother of ours. He sided with Lucifer during the rebellion, but as a result, he fell."

"Yeah, and no help from you, idiot." He rolled his eyes. "What's with Lucifer getting all the badass nicknames?"

Maze raised an eyebrow, slowly getting up from where she had fallen. "He's seen as more of a threat, Azazel."
"I can be mean! I can be ferocious and callous and just...mean!" Azazel's eyes glinted.

Amenadiel sighed. "I wouldn't recommend trying to be Lucifer. Azazel, do you have any information on Lucifer's condition since you've been watching him?"

"Yes." He responded. "Now, before I start this explanation, are you all aware of the two ways a person could kill an angel, three in Lucifer's case?"

"Lucifer's a method actor." Ella looked on in confusion. "He's not actually the Devil."

"Oh, but he is." Azazel shook his head. "Would you like proof?"

Dan and Ella met each other's eyes uneasily. "Sure."

Azazel's eyes suddenly flashed yellow, and his skin seemed to melt away in a similar fashion to Lucifer's. Only, instead of being blood red, he was covered in welts and blisters, and the pus was tinging his skin a sickly gray-yellow.

The humans all jumped away in fright.

"I know." He restored his true face. "While we were falling, Lucifer tried to take the brunt of the impact, meaning that his skin is literally still healing from the fall, but mine healed quickly. Only now, it blisters very easily."

"It's real." Dan breathed out, taking a step or two back.

"Yes, and if we're not careful, Lucifer could die. Are you with us or against us?" Azazel questioned.

He shook himself out of the reverie. "With you."

"Good. As I said, are any of you aware of the ways Lucifer could die?"

Ella was still in shock. "That....that blade."

"Yes, that is one." Azazel gave her a thumbs up.

"Lucifer is vulnerable around Chloe's presence, so maybe that has something to do with it?" Linda offered.

"He's what?" The detective raised her eyebrows and stared at him.

Amenadiel gave her a look that said 'later.' She understood; the focus is on Lucifer.

Azazel nodded. "Lucifer is vulnerable around God's miracles. They have pieces of divinity that are normally not found in humans, and that can act like holy water. Anything else?"

Amenadiel looked stony. "He's trying to do it, isn't he?"

Charlotte had tears in her eyes. "He wouldn't actually try to do that, would he?"

"From my intel, he is."

Linda looked concerned. "What is going on?"

"The final way to kill an angel is to take them out on each realm. Basically, there is an order, each
of them with different heights. Pure human souls aren't as weighted as angelic grace, so you guys can rise to the Silver City since that is located on a higher level. Angels can only sink, and if they sink through all the realms, eventually.....they fall into inexistence." Azazel broke off.

Dan sucked a deep breath in. "So, you're saying that Lucifer is still committing suicide?"

A pain noise came from Charlotte's mouth.

"Yes." He responded. "Earth is the second realm. Purgatory is the last. Lucifer is in Purgatory."

The Goddess stared at him. "Azazel, that's the last one! One more death and my baby is gone forever."

"I know." Azazel agreed. "But I need to explain the severity of the situation before I drag his sorry ass out of that pit."

"How many times must Lucifer have died to get down there?" Linda sounded shaky.

Azazel bit his lip. "The thing is, Lucifer has no clue. Once you've sunk lower, a lot of your memories are blocked out. Lucifer probably has no recollection of dying in Hell or Tartarus or Gehenna or Avalon. He probably only really remember trying with Azrael's blade. But, of course, since you guys saved him, he merely sunk."

"How do we get him back?" Dan demanded.

"Either you heal the body quickly before the idiot can get himself eaten or I go down and struggle." He frowned.

Ella looked mildly horrified. "What do you mean by 'eaten'?"

"When humans die, they go to either the Silver City or Hell. When monsters die, they go to Purgatory. The fact that Lucifer only remembers dying once and popping up there doesn't bode well for how he views himself, but Purgatory is where the Leviathans, the Behemoth, the First Beast, the Second Beast, the Pit Locusts, the Vampires, the Werewolves, the Unicorns, the Four Beasts, the Cherubim, the Wendigo, the Djinn, the Nephilim, the Dragon, the Giants, the everything goes. It is by far the easiest realm to die in and the most risky to travel to. I would say that Lucifer is definitely going to get eaten." Azazel shook his head.

"Go get him." Chloe had a stern face. "Now. Go get Lucifer."

Chapter End Notes

Suggestions and comments make me happy!
Sorry if the reactions to the truth suck; I can't write those really well
Lucifer had been ready to die one last time. He had been ready, had called out towards the ravenous pit locusts. They had been ready to eat him. He had walked slowly to the frantic mob of beasts, and then.....he wasn't there anymore. It was quick, immediate. He was there, and then, he wasn't.

He was back on Earth and in a dreary looking hospital room. Tubes of all kinds entered nearly every orifice in his body, including the fun bits. He coughed, struggling to talk through the plastic tubing down his throat. Looking around the room, he saw Azazel panting furiously a few feet away from him. So he must have been the one to ruin his plans.

"I'm here, brother." He promised, wheezing. "I'm here."

Lucifer felt tears threaten to spill onto his face. "Azazel?" The word was heavily distorted by the tube in his throat.

"Yeah?"

"Why?"

"...We couldn't let you die, Luci."

"We?"

The other nodded. "Yeah, you know, me, Amenadiel, Mom, Chloe, etc?"

"Chloe knows about this?" Lucifer was grumbling to himself now.

"Of course she does. It wasn't like we could keep it from her. She'd wonder where her partner went."

The Devil made a pained sound out of frustration.

"Listen, do you want some water or something?" He offered.

Lucifer shook his head.
Azazel bit his lip. "There's probably something else you should know."

"What? What else could I possibly need to know?"

"Haziel and some others came to Earth to kill you, and during that fiasco, uh, your true identity was outed to Ella, Chloe, and Daniel..." The fallen angel trailed off.

"Then, they know me for the monster I am. Good for them." It hurt Lucifer's heart to think about what the humans must now think of him.

Azazel shook his head. "You're not a monster. They don't think you are one either because you're still the same person as before."

"I've killed."

"So have they."

"In the line of duty."

"Your case was in the line of duty as well." Azeri gestured towards the door. "Look, I'm going to go tell them that you're awake."

Lucifer frantically shook his head, and his heart rate monitor sped up. "No! No, no, no."

"Why not?"

"I want some time to think about things alone."

Azazel shook his head. "You know that I can't just leave you alone right now. But if you don't want to let them know quite yet, I can sit here quietly until you're ready." He sat down in the seat near the bed.

Satan took that plan and instantly fell in the neverending pool of thoughts rippling through his skull.

Why had Azazel saved him? It was true that they shared a closer bond than he had with most other angels, but he had been around the Devil enough to know just how corrupt he truly was. Yet he didn't seem to think that death was a good option.

Looking back on it, Lucifer assumed that he had been falling through every plane below the earthly one, but that meant that he had only needed one more death in Purgatory to finish him off. And he was so close to a gross, gory end at the hands--or claws--of the pit locusts. It didn't seem fair. All the effort he had obviously put into getting rid of the source of all evil was for naught.

What motivated Azazel to even consider saving Lucifer?

Chapter End Notes

Suggestions and comments are welcome and appreciated!
Reunion

Chapter Summary

Lucifer is awake

Chapter Notes

I own nothing!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

How did he fall so far? Not only physically but in every meaning of the word. He used to have power over death, but that disappeared after Jesus came back from the dead. He used to live in the Silver City with his family, but that was obviously not the case anymore. And even though he had risen so far in terms of the realms, he felt as though he had been sinking instead.

Azazel had kept his word and was currently sitting awkwardly in the farthest corner of the room, allowing the Devil some of his desired space. Why would he have saved Lucifer? Azazel had been left in Hell nearly every time Lucifer had decided to go to Earth, and although he could fly there on his own, it must have hurt him in some way.

Back when they were younger, Satan thought he had been showing the other angel what was truly right, not what their Father had taught them. Was it possible that he had ruined his life? Manipulated him? He probably would have had a much more rewarding existence with the rest of the family. Azazel didn't deserve to suffer in the Pit for the rest of eternity; that punishment was meant for Lucifer alone.

What was it that Dr. Linda had tried to teach him? Positive thinking? He wasn't feeling all too cheery right now, and he frankly didn't feel like putting in the effort necessary.

"Just tell me when you're ready." Azazel commented. "Mom, Amenadiel, and Mazikeen are probably very curious as to why it is taking so long however."

That was true. The inhumans knew that time ran differently between realms, going the fastest and the top and the slowest at the bottom, so they would be wondering why it was taking longer than it should.

But he didn't feel like he was ready to face the disappointed, pitying glances that they would give him. He didn't want them to see how far he had fallen, what he had done to himself--one of God's own creations.

They could just be waiting for him to let them in to insult him, just like all of his siblings have been doing via note. Did the others even know about that? Someone must have gone into his penthouse to even find him, and he remembered just leaving them around on tables and chairs and even his piano.
"They're very worried about you." Azazel mentioned quietly. "They want you to get better."

He didn't want to get better. He wanted it to be over, like it should have been eons ago. Mum had said that his Father was originally going to destroy him, and the Devil wished he had.

"Would you feel more comfortable if only one person came in?"

He knew that the other angel was desperate to get him speaking with the others, but he despised the thought of interacting with any one of his friends. He had already said his goodbyes to them.

"It could be just Amenadiel or Mom."

He winced, knowing that his mother had probably insulted his other friends a couple of times already. She was not the best with humans and would also probably be incredibly emotional if she came in; he didn't think he would be able to handle her.

"Amenadiel."

"You want me to get him?"

"Yes, please." His voice was still hoarse.

Before leaving, his brother placed a paper cup filled with water despite the fact that he had refused it earlier.

Lucifer pulled the hospital covers as far as he could over his head and waited until his eldest sibling entered the room.

"Lucifer," it was Amenadiel's voice.

The Devil couldn't resist peeking at his brother, but he regretted doing do immediately after. His brother looked tired and had bags under his eyes. He looked to be as old as he actually was.

"I got you some things." The oldest angel brought out two dolls: one made of terra cotta and the other from the husk of maize. They were in remarkably good condition for being millennia old, but he knew that it was due to supernatural forces.

The Devil stretched his arm out as far as he could with the tubes in them to accept the maize doll. This one wasn't an angel but a human woman with a leafy dress and long, fibrous hair. He remembered Gabriel helping him make it long ago; tears threatened to spill over his eyelids.

The terra cotta doll was an angel however. He had carved wings and the same robes that were worn by every member of the heavenly host. Amenadiel had helped him with this one.

"Thank you." He inspected the status of his maize doll before moving her arms around a little bit as if testing the waters.

"You're welcome." Amenadiel fell into companionable silence. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I just got dragged out of Purgatory."

The eldest brother hummed a bit. "I'm here to listen to whatever you need or want to say whenever, you know."

Lucifer was a bit stunned. "Weren't you the one trying to send me packing to Hell?"
"I'm sorry, Luci. I was trying to prove myself to our Father. I shouldn't have tried so hard."

The Devil frowned. "How did I get here?"

"I found you." The fallen angel responded. "Ella, Dan, and Chloe would have if I didn't. They stopped for a visit fifteen minutes later. By then, it might have been too late."

Guilt bit at him. "How are they doing?"

"They're understandably distressed right now, but they have accepted the truth quite well." He paused. "For how long have our siblings been sending you the notes?" He changed the subject.

"Since Uriel."

Amenadiel sighed. "I see. Have any of them shown up in person?"

"No. Well, besides the Haziel thing. Why was she intervening any way?"

"You know why. That was when Azazel showed up."

"Funny, if she hadn't caused Azazel to come up here, he never would have gotten me from Purgatory. I'd be dead if she didn't try to rush it."

Amenadiel looked disturbed at that. "I guess you're right. I'll have to thank him again, but Lucifer, I need to make a deal with you."

His interest was piqued. "Go on."

"I'll do whatever you want me to as long as you talk to someone when he feel these impulses and urges."

Chapter End Notes

Comments make me happy!
The Deal with the Devil

Chapter Summary

Amenadiel proposed a deal

Chapter Notes

I own nothing!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oh, really?" Lucifer leaned forward. "Before you agree to anything, I want you to think about how you worded that." He smirked.

Amenadiel looked a bit stunned by the change in his brother's mood. "What do you mean?"

"Just because I come to you with all this shit doesn't mean I'm safe. It doesn't mean that I won't act on it. Even if it did, you would do anything, brother? Anything? I might ask you to kill me yourself."

He looked perturbed by how rapidly Lucifer had poked holes through his promise. "Let me try this again."

"I'm not quite sure I want to; the other one sounded nice." He laughed a cruel laugh.

Amenadiel frowned. "I will do anything as long as it doesn't involve violence if you come to us when you have these urges and if you do not act on them again."

"I don't know if I would be able to do that forever." The Devil spoke plainly. "I do assume that by 'us' you are including our human friends outside, no? What would they want to do with the bloody Devil? Why would they care enough to lend an ear?"

"They're your friends, Lucifer. Hell, Linda already knew that you were the Devil, remember?"

He continued as if his brother hadn't spoken. "And even if they were willing to listen, humans live short lives. When they all go up to the Silver City, I will never be able to talk to them again. It'll be game over. Who will I turn to then, hmmm?"

"Maze and I would still be here."

"Because you have been such an astoundingly good brother in the past." Lucifer raised an eyebrow.

Amenadiel sighed. "I know I haven't been the best brother in the world--hardly even a good one at that,--but I need you to give me a chance to prove myself again."

"What? You're fallen now and realize that our siblings up in the Silver City don't give a shit about you anymore? Is that why you're doing this?"
"No," the elder brother swallowed hard. "I've just realized how much I have failed you, that's all."

"That's all? You're finally getting off your high horse to acknowledge the wrongs you've done?" Lucifer laughed again. "What is this to you? Penance?"

"Maybe." Amenadiel agreed but continued quickly as he saw the fire build in his brother's eyes. "But Lucifer, it's been so long since we've been on good terms. Spending time with you has made me realize that Father wasn't right. He shouldn't have cast you out, and I will always be sorry for the part I played in that."

The Devil was obviously tired of arguing. He fingered his terra cotta doll. "What use is it now? You're mortal for all intents and purposes. You'll probably die too, and no matter how strong Maze is, she has no soul. Once she's dead, she's gone forever, and I'll be by myself again." He gazed at his brother. "Would you let me end it all then? Once everyone who would feel sorrow over my passing is gone?"

"Lucifer, I don't want you to ever do that." He sat down in the far chair. "Who knows why Father does what he does? He hasn't sent for anyone else to send you back to Hell. Maybe he is trying to make amends. Maybe we just need to wait this bit out; things will get better. I promise."

Lucifer shook his head, and his devil face reared its head. "Don't make promises you can't keep, brother. You might as well be lying to me." He growled.

"I'm not; I swear." The eldest angel promised. "Things always turn up."

"Not always." He looked dark. "After I fell, in what way did it turn up?"

Amenadiel straightened. "Well, you met Maze for one, and you are still close with her to this day. You're more independent than you've ever been before, and you've met all these people here."

"But at what cost? I killed Uriel, Amenadiel. Our little brother. What sort of a monster does that make me?" He felt tears prick his eyes but stubbornly kept them down.

The other man shook his head. "No matter what, you could never be a monster. You only want to give people what they desire most, and you deal justice."

"I killed our little brother, Amenadiel! Do you not know what that means? He's gone! Forever. And it is all my fault." Lucifer rocked back and forth a bit, ignoring the searing pain that came with his stab wound.

Amenadiel placed a reassuring hand on Lucifer. "You did it in defense. He was threatening Chloe and Mother."

"That doesn't excuse anything. Regardless of one's motivations, murder is murder."

"But this wasn't murder. Manslaughter, at best, and that doesn't make you a monster." He argued and sighed. "Lucifer, I know you aren't feeling your best right now physically and mentally, but we can get through this together. You're not alone."

"I will be when you all leave." Lucifer muttered angrily.

"Focus on the now, brother. Not on hypothetical future scenarios." Amenadiel was crying as well.

The Devil put his head in his hands. "I just don't want to be alone again. I was for so long, and it hurt so much."
"I'm sorry." He dipped his head. "You shouldn't have had to endure that, and we both know I failed as a brother. Lucifer, you don't have to be alone anymore."

"But it is inevitable!"

"Not necessarily."

"Whenever I get close to someone, they always leave. They get what they desire from me whether it be money or sex or whatever else they want, and they leave me without a second thought as to how I would feel! They don't care about me, just what I can give them." Lucifer felt vulnerability prickle against his spine.

Amenadiel thought for a few moments. "We can both work on forming relationships, I suppose, but you already have people who won't leave. What about Chloe? Ella? Even Dan is here right now. They won't leave you alone, and they aren't using you for anything."

"I'm just tired, Amenadiel. I can't do this anymore." The Devil refused to glance up.

"We can all do it together, and eventually, you'll be able to do it." Amenadiel encouraged.

Lucifer shrugged helplessly.

"Do you swear to at least try to work with me? We can do this; you can do this."

Lucifer thought he was about to break down. He swallowed hard, and sobs racked his body. "I can try." He managed.

"That's all anyone will ask."

Chapter End Notes

Comments and suggestions are welcome and appreciated!
"How is he?" Linda asked the eldest angel as he exited the room.

The entire floor had basically gone on complete lockdown after Haziel showed up, but luckily, Chloe, Dan, and Ella had managed to pull a few strings to let them be there. The two detectives were doing their best to keep attention away from the scene since they knew that Lucifer and Amenadiel and the rest of them would probably want their secret to remain a secret, but they were distracted by the night club owner's condition.

The rest of them gathered around Amenadiel when they saw him exit. Charlotte was particularly close, hovering within inches of her son.

"He....agreed to try and talk to people before he acts." Amenadiel reported. "Well, to be fair, I do owe him a favor now since it was a deal, but he swore that he wouldn't try this all again."

Ella smiled weakly. "That's good...right?" She looked to the therapist.

Linda hummed. "It's a start, yes."

Chloe stepped forward. "Is he ready to see us yet?" She was anxious to see her partner again.

Azazel frowned and looked at Amenadiel. He whispered something barely audible into the eldest angel's ear before turning on his heel and walking back into the room.

Dan looked at Amenadiel in confusion.

"He's on suicide watch." He explained shortly. "Azazel is staying with him right now. Lucifer said he wanted to get all of the awkward meeting stuff over with, so yeah, he's ready now."

The rest of them met each other's eyes and cautiously entered the hospital room. Azazel was sitting next to the hospital bed holding the terra cotta doll upright and doing impressions.

"I'm Amenadiel. I'm incredibly holy. Blah, blah, blah."

"Excuse me." Amenadiel raised his eyebrow, and the culprit looked up.

"Hey."
Lucifer looked over to the group, but he couldn't maintain eye contact. He removed his gaze quickly and stared at his hands resting in his lap in shame.

"Hi, Lucifer." Chloe waved her hand a little bit, clawing at any memory of dealing with depressed people that could be useful now.

"Detective." He didn't look up.

"How are you doing?"

"Been better."

The Devil fell silent and refused to glance at his friends and family.

Charlotte stepped up. "My poor baby..." She clutched his hand desperately, knowing that it would hurt his wound to fully embrace him. "We'll get your father for this. I promise."

To the humans, this made no sense. Lucifer hadn't mentioned the literal God being in town, had he? It was a suicide attempt; it was not orchestrated by anyone except Lucifer.

To the Devil, however, it made much more sense. The notes that all of his siblings have been sending him could be his Father's fault. He was so stupid. The heavenly host never did anything without orders from the Big Man Himself. Why would this be any different? Maybe it was his punishment for killing Uriel: to slowly descend into madness and depression and finally kill himself. His Father wouldn't want to get his own hands dirty, so he must have planned for Lucifer to commit suicide.

Damn him.

"Are these yours?" Ella gestured to the two dolls.

Lucifer nodded. He was being unusually silent.

"They were crafted eons ago when Lucifer was but a fledgling." The Goddess smiled in nostalgia.

The forensic scientist noticed her good friend relaxing a bit now that the attention wasn't on him. She continued. "Why hasn't the maize decomposed yet?"

She smiled at the human although it was a bit strained from disdain. "None of my children's playthings ever will."

The terra cotta doll was suddenly up again, and Lucifer stared at it. Azazel smirked at Amenadiel before starting. "I like girly drinks. They're so yummy." He exaggerated his voice humorously.

Lucifer snorted. "Why do you not like other alcohols, brother?"

"They burn my throat." The eldest angel defended himself.

"Duh. It's bloody alcohol!"

Amenadiel rolled his eyes. "I like umbrellas in my drink, okay?"

Chloe bit back a smile. They were arguing like the brothers they were. Looking between the group, she was satisfied. There was plenty of support to go around.
Comments and suggestions are welcome and appreciated!
Once all of his visitors had gone, Lucifer had fled, scattered, abandoned ship. Not even Azazel and his stupid suicide watch could stop him. He signed himself out quickly against the advisement of the doctors and stumbled out of the doors. Outside of his old room, it was still a crime scene, but he didn't really have anything to do with that in their eyes. He left.

His mother would probably be at his penthouse, and maybe his brother would be too. Should he risk going there? If he was caught, they would probably try to force him back into the hospital. He considered renting out a hotel room for a while and stay under the radar until he had healed, but it seemed like his brother had other plans.

"Wait, Lucifer." Azazel called after him.

The Devil hesitated. "Brother?"

"You aren't going to go do something stupid, are you?"

He sighed. "No."

"I wish I could help you heal more." He frowned. "I don't think a feather would do much, not mine anyway. They aren't heavenly anymore."

Lucifer felt a pang in his heart. It was his fault that Azazel was fallen; if he didn't exist, his brother would still be accepted in the Silver City. He ruined his brother's life; he dragged him into his mess. He corrupted what once was a pure angel; certainly, Azazel must hate him for that. Lucifer did.

"I'll come with you to the penthouse." He offered.

"I am not sure if I will go there to be honest. You know Amenadiel." He fingered the terra cotta doll before sliding it into his pocket.

The fallen angel bit his lip. "They will probably be a bit angry that you signed yourself out; hell, I am a little. But you are an adult, and you can make your own decisions. You have the free will to do so."

He had fought for free will for so long, yet he didn't know if it was worth it anymore. Who cared if
his Father decided what he should do? Every time he tried to make a decision for himself, to do the right thing, it seemed to blow up in his face. He hurt others more than he helped them. He didn't deserve to choose.

"I'll fly you over there." Azazel continued. "Carefully," he added on.

"Okay," Lucifer didn't know how he would otherwise return to the penthouse.

They were there almost instantly; Azazel had always been an incredibly quick flier. The penthouse at least appeared to be empty for now.

"This is a nice place." The other fallen angel commented. "Where do you sleep? Or do you want to shower first? I can help you." Even now, Azazel seemed eager to prove himself to the Devil.

"You don't need to pretend to care anymore." Lucifer grasped at his wound as he walked towards the bathroom.

He frowned. "But I do care."

"No one cares. No one can."

"Why not?"

The Devil paused and spun on his heal. "Do I look like something that can be loved?" He flashed his brother his devil face, blisteringly bright red and scarred.

"You look like my brother." Azazel's skin melted away into a less-scary version of the devil face. Thankfully, Lucifer had taken the brunt of the fall for him.

"That doesn't answer my question. Why would anyone want to love such an evil monster? An evil being?" His voice wavered and cracked. "The one our Father rejected and sentenced to Hell? The one who corrupts everything he touches? Tell me, Azazel, what happened to me, truly? Did I come to be such an animal through our Father's wishes or through my own actions?"

He bit his lip. "You're not an animal, Lucifer, nor a monster."

"Answer me."

"Fine. Our Father's influence is incredibly strong, and it is impossible to know his will. He might have planned for you to become a scapegoat, someone who can stand as a warning to anyone who thinks to cross him. But know this, brother mine, you are a man, not a beast."

"Do I look like a man to you?" Lucifer's voice was hoarse. "If I went onto the streets, would I be treated like a normal person? Or would they scream, flinch, run away?" He heaved a bit, bending over and clutching his abdomen.

Azazel rushed forward to help his brother. "Please calm down, Lucifer. You're hurting yourself this way."

"I don't care."

"I do." The fallen angel sighed. "Brother, it is not by your doing that the humans would react the way you think. You were not the one to force yourself to fall."

Lucifer was on the floor, his head in his brother's lap. "Yet through my actions, there was no other choice."
"There is always a choice. Our Father chose to give you pain." Azazel pressed his lips against his brother's head. "And, in time, he will pay for that. Trust me."

He raised his eyebrow. "You would rebel against God again?"

"I would do anything to take revenge on He who hurt us so gravely. If it wasn't for our Father, we would all be at peace, and all of our brothers and sisters would live in harmony." Azazel explained shortly.

Lucifer was silent, and he finally flickered back into his more human form. Tears streamed down his face.

"Why am I like this, Azazel?"

"I don't know, brother, but we'll fix this. I promise."

The Devil bit his lip. "Are you really thinking of incurring the wrath of our Father and our siblings for a second time? They already hate us enough as is."

"I'm siding more with Mom on this one, Lucifer. I think he needs to pay." Azazel responded.

"You are willing to go through all of that pain again? All of the needless suffering?"

He hesitated. "I would not say it is needless, and we will win this time, brother. We will show the rest of our siblings that our Father is wrong, and we can live as a family again. You'll see."

Chapter End Notes

Suggestions and comments are welcome and appreciated!
Azazel allowed his older brother to rest his head on his lap for a while longer, not stirring from the floor. He ran his fingers through the Devil's curly hair and stared off into the distance.

Lucifer let out a loud sigh.

"Are you in pain, brother?" The fallen angel wanted to kick himself for saying that. Of course he was in pain; his stab wound was far from healed.

"I think the human medicine is failing me." He spoke.

He frowned. "Did you rip your stitches? We'll have to get those redone."

Azazel had never seen so much fear in his brother's eyes before. Anger, yes. Despair, yes. But he had never seen Lucifer look so much like a caged animal.

"I do not wish to return there." His voice was higher than it normally was.

"I'll do them myself, or Maze or Amenadiel could."

Lucifer winced as he slowly sat back up. "I'd rather stay away from them for a while. You know how our dearest brother will be when he finds out I ran away from the hospital."

"He won't be happy." Azazel agreed. "I think he would be more annoyed at me for letting you." He hummed as he carefully removed the button up shirt.

The Devil bit his lip. He was responsible for his own actions, so why would Azazel be to blame? It was his own fault.

"Damn, Luci, you really did a number on these." He observed the red stained bandages. Obviously, there was some kind of rip in his stitches. Bandages did not normally become this color.

"Do you want to move to the bathroom or stay here?"

Lucifer didn't speak, but he jerked his head violently away from the bathroom. The bathroom and
his bedroom were where all of this had gone down. No doubt they were still stained with blood. Blood that has sprayed on the walls and dripped into puddles across the floor, staining the white surfaces.

"Here is fine." Azazel smiled at him. "We're lucky that I got some supplies off of a doctor. I assumed that something like this might happen."

His tone was positive, but that didn't compute for Lucifer. His brother had assumed that he would do something bad, and all he did was prove him right. He was the Devil, so people would always expect the worst out of him. And he always delivered like a test subject or a lab rat. People would create likely guesses or estimations, and he would provide evidence to support their hypotheses.

His brother's fingers grew wet as he struggled to remove the soaked bandages. It would come off slowly in sickening plops and send nervous signals straight through Lucifer's brain. This wasn't right. This shouldn't be happening.

Why had he allowed this to happen? Why had he selfishly wasted resources like this? He didn't have to throw a tantrum, did he?

He winced as Azazel inserted the needle to complete the first stitch. Lucifer looked away. He had wasted the doctors' time, and now, he was wasting Azazel's. Why did he bother with him? Wouldn't it be easier to kick him out, send him to Hell? There, he would slowly rot and receive an adequate punishment. It was only what he deserved. Or maybe his brother would just kill him.

"They'll figure out that you booked it eventually." Azazel commented. "What do you want me to say?"

"It is not like me to censor you."

The younger brother agreed. "Yes, but do you not want me to speak in your defense?"

"I do not deserve a defense." Lucifer responded. "Let them be angry with me."

"Why would you want them to be angry with you? Isn't that a form of self harm?"

"I just don't care anymore, brother."

He pursed his lips. "What do you want to do?"

"I don't know."

"Do you want to play the piano when I'm done?" Azazel asked him.

Lucifer shrugged, pulling at some of the new stitches. He honestly had no opinion at that present point in time.

"We could watch a movie." He suggested.

"I don't care. You pick."

He sighed. "For now, fine. I have a movie I've been eyeing."

Meanwhile, Charlotte pulled Amenadiel over. After visiting hours, the other humans had returned home, and Chloe had said something about relieving a babysitter.

"Yes, mother?" He looked at her in confusion.
"Do you know why Lucifer has been feeling this way? It has to be your Father." She brooded. "Only he would do this to his own son."

Amenadiel paused. "Well, I suppose the notes my brothers and sisters have been sending him could have originated from Father. They hardly do anything without his consent and approval."

"So this is his fault!" The Goddess fretted. "All this man is doing is tearing up our family even more."

He didn't know what to think.

Chapter End Notes

Suggestions and comments are welcome and appreciated!
"I wish you were dead." His mother told him. "I never liked you anyway; I should have allowed your father to destroy you all those years ago."

Lucifer's throat tightened, and he fingered his sleeve nervously. When did his mother get here? He had been about to watch a movie with his younger brother Azazel. He didn't know which one it was, but he was too focused on his family now to worry about that.

He was still sitting next to Azazel, but his brother seemed more standoffish somehow. It was like he had swapped sides within a matter of seconds, and somehow, Amenadiel and his mother showed up. When, he was not too sure, but maybe Azazel had called them up secretly.

"No one really cares about you. You're just a monster, the beast of Hell." The eldest brother snarled at him.

"I'm sorry." He shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

Azazel scooted away from him as if he had the plague. "You ruined my life. I was young and gullible, and I foolishly followed you. You manipulated me into falling with you. You will never know how much I hate you."

Lucifer already knew this. If it wasn't for him, Azazel would still be accepted in the Silver City, their family would still talk to him, but no, he had guided him into evil. Azazel fell, and no matter how much he had tried to protect him, he would forever be scarred and malformed.

"I'm sorry," he repeated. That was all he could say.

"No one cares about you." Amenadiel continued on. "Not even the humans. They are just scared of you. They think that you will kill them if they don't please you; they think that you are a monster."

Azazel stood up and walked over to stand next to their mother and Amenadiel. "I shouldn't have saved you from the pit locusts. I should have just let you die, let you be eaten by them. You deserve nothing."

"Yes, I know."
"I don't know why we even bothered to visit you in the hospital. You didn't stay there anyway; it was just a waste of time and money. We put you there out of pity, and you couldn't even stay there." His mother scowled. "You're my most disappointing son."

"What do you want me to do?" Lucifer threw his hands up in the air, but he immediately regretted it. Would that be seen as too aggressive?

"Die." Azazel simply responded. "I don't know why I went out of my way to help you."

The Devil frowned. "Do you want to do it yourself?"

"No. It would be far more entertaining to watch you do it yourself. Go. You know where all of your blades are."

Suddenly, Lucifer opened his eyes. He was sitting on the couch next to his brother, and there was a movie on the television. Finding Nemo.

His brother was sitting next to him still, but Amenadiel and his mother had disappeared. Azazel lazily ran his fingers through his hair, playing with the curls.

"I'll be right back." Lucifer got up. Azazel had said that he wanted the Devil dead after all, so he would deliver.

"Where you off to?" The other fallen angel frowned. "The bathroom?"

He nodded his head. "Yeah."

He moved quickly to the bathroom, ignoring the remaining blood stains. It looked like someone had tried to clean up his mess but failed. The Devil sighed, instantly feeling bad. Someone had taken it upon themselves to do him a service, but he had just been a burden to them.

What should he use? He looked around in all of his usual hiding places, but it seemed as though all of his blades had been removed. Who would have bothered to do that? No one cared about him; his family had told him that themselves.

There was only one thing he could really do. He slammed his fist into the mirror, and it shattered around him. It was quite loud, but that just meant that Azazel would know that he was obeying his instructions. There was a bit of blood welling up on his knuckles.

There was a knock on the door. It was Azazel.

"Lucifer? What's going on in there?"

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Suggestions are welcome and appreciated!
"Lucifer?" Azazel repeated loudly. "I heard something shatter. Are you all right in there?"

The Devil furrowed his brow. His brother knew what he was doing; he was the one who instructed him to do that. Why would he all of the sudden need such clarification?

"Yeah, I'm fine." Lucifer forced out the lie. He usually never lied, but it slipped out easily.

The door knob moved, but it was locked. He was glad he had the forethought to do so.

"Lucifer, can you let me in?" Azazel inquired. "I can help you clean up."

He didn't need anyone to clean up his mess. The Devil was enough of a burden on everyone as it was. "No," he answered. "I can do it myself."

"Lucifer, can you let me in?" Azazel inquired. "I can help you clean up."

The door knob moved, but it was locked. He was glad he had the forethought to do so.

"Lucifer, can you let me in?" Azazel inquired. "I can help you clean up."

He didn't need anyone to clean up his mess. The Devil was enough of a burden on everyone as it was. "No," he answered. "I can do it myself."

"Let me in, Lucifer. I'm not going to leave you alone with all those sharp objects. Was it the mirror?"

Why was he concerned that he was around the shards of glass? He was the one who told him to find something to kill himself with. "Please don't."

The door handle jiggled again. "Lucifer, I'm coming in."

He gripped a shard of glass tightly in his hand, ignoring the blood seeping from the cuts on his palm. "Why can't you just leave me alone? Please leave me be."

"Lucifer, you just tried to kill yourself. We can't leave you alone, not right now." The younger brother finally managed to get the door knob to turn and opened the door.

There were shards of the mirror everywhere.

"How did it break?" Azazel kneeled next to his brother on the floor. "Did you punch it?"

He couldn't lie. "Yeah."

The other man squeezed his eyes shut for a few seconds. "You're bleeding. Can you give me the shard?"
Lucifer looked down at his hand. The cut wasn't deep or anything, but his hand was lightly coated in blood regardless. His eyes met those of his brother. "I need this. You told me to do this."

"I told you to do what?"

"To die."

Azazel shook his head rapidly. "No, no, Lucifer. I would never say that to anyone, let alone you. When did you hear me say this?"

"Just now over there." He pointed in the general direction of his sofa.

His brother shook his head. "I never said that, Lucifer. Are you sure you weren't dreaming?"

"Yeah. You and Amenadiel and Mum all want me dead. You said so yourself."

"Lucifer, that was just a dream. Amenadiel and Mom haven't been here today." Azazel explained slowly.

"If it was just a dream, why did it feel so real?"

The other man let out a small laugh. "Dreams tend to do that, yeah. I once had a dream where I used the bathroom, and when I woke up, I had actually pissed all over myself. Shit like that happens all the time."

Lucifer put the shard in his brother's outstretched hand, pausing for a minute right on top of it. "You must think I'm pretty bloody daft right now."

"No. Shit happens." He shrugged. "Next time something like this happens though, I need you to tell someone immediately. No decent person is ever going to tell you to kill yourself."

"Like my therapist?"

"Yeah. Or Chloe, Amenadiel, Mom, and I." Azazel stood and reached out his hand for his brother to grab.

Lucifer took it and was pulled off of the ground, some shards of glass falling off of him.

"Let's go find a distraction. We'll deal with this mess later, yeah?"

"Very well." He allowed himself to be dragged off by his younger sibling.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and suggestions are welcome and appreciated!
Notes

Chapter Summary

Amenadiel has things to say

Chapter Notes

I own nothing!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Amenadiel had showed up at the precinct the next morning. Despite the chaos of the previous day, the LAPD workers still felt that it was their duty to fulfill their jobs, so they did not take a day off to deal with their emotions. Plus, they wanted to do anything they could to get justice for Lucifer. Devil or not, no one deserved to be pushed to suicide.

"I opened up a case for this. I don't know how we'll catch literal angels, but I thought we should at least try." Dan scratched the back of his head. He, Chloe, Ella, and Amenadiel were all camping out in the forensic lab to discuss the private topic.

"Do you know exactly who it was?" Ella inquired.

Amenadiel nodded his head. "It was everyone." He brought out a manila folder he was using to store all the notes he had found. He didn't want to leave them anywhere where his younger brother could find them.

"How many siblings do you guys have?" The male detective asked in astonishment after seeing the amount of names.

The angel shrugged. "A lot."

Chloe bit her lip as she combed through the pile. It seemed like each note was worse than the last. They all wanted Lucifer to die; they all wanted him to kill himself. Why hadn't he confided with anyone about these? Did he not trust them?

She supposed he didn't. After all, they hadn't even known what species he was at the time. Lucifer had tried to tell them what must have been thousands of times, but they never listened. To be fair, it was outside of her beliefhood. She had been an atheist for so long.

"How do we bring these guys to justice?" Chloe looked up at Amenadiel.

The oldest angel looked nervous. "I don't know. Father must know about this, and he hasn't tried to stop it to the best of my knowledge."

"Screw him." Ella's eyes grew furious as she stared at the notes. "If he would allow his children to say this to their brother, he won't bring them to justice. That is up to us."
Dan let out a disbelieving laugh. "They're angels. We're humans. We don't stand a chance against them."

"But they can't get away with this." The forensic scientist closed her eyes briefly.

Amenadiel was just as lost as the rest of them at the moment. "I think we should focus on Lucifer first."

"But what if they send more notes to him? What if someone else tries to kill him?" Chloe demanded. "I can't just accept that my partner is in danger. I have to at least try to help him."

The fallen angel rubbed his scalp. "Our siblings will never change. They are too loyal to our Father for that, and keep in mind that they are immortal. Your guns would have no effect on them if you try to use them to protect Lucifer."

"Then, how do we protect Lucifer?" She furrowed her brow.

"We need to focus on protecting him from himself. Azazel is with him right now. They should still be at the hospital."

Dan hesitated for a moment. "I think she meant against your siblings."

Amenadiel was afraid they were going to ask that. "Lucifer feels intense guilt over one of our sibling's deaths already. He would not take kindly to lethal force."

The male detective shook his head. "I never said it had to be lethal. Couldn't we just find a way to redirect them?"

Ella straightened her back. "I've heard about some warding spells to keep out demons or angels or whatever. Do those things actually work?"

"Some of them do." The angel responded. "But keep in mind that regardless of how much Lucifer estranges himself from the host, he is still part of the same species."

"So the wards would affect him too?"

"Precisely."

Dan appeared to be confused. "What should we do then?"

"We help Lucifer." Amenadiel stood. "I'm going to go visit him; he should still be in the hospital."

Chapter End Notes

Comments and suggestions are welcome and appreciated!
Chapter Summary

Amenadiel does not find Lucifer at the hospital

Chapter Notes

I own nothing! Sorry for the long update. School sucks

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chloe and Dan had not left Ella's lab by the time they got Amenadiel's call. They had been going through the notes and brainstorming, but nothing good came to mind. How could they compete with immortal, powerful warriors of God? They were only human.

She picked up her phone. "Amenadiel? How's Lucifer?"

"Not where he's supposed to be." It was obvious that he was speaking through grit teeth. "Apparently, he signed himself out hours ago."

Despite not being on speaker, the other two in the room heard his words. They looked up in surprise.

"Wasn't Azazel with him?" Chloe inquired. "I think he would know that it isn't the best idea for him to be out right now, especially considering what just happened. Isn't he still healing too?"

"Yes, but my brother can be very persuasive as you know. Azazel probably assumed it would be okay as long as someone was watching him." He sighed in exhaustion. "I'm going to check his penthouse."

The detective agreed that that would be a good place to start. "Are you going to send him back to the hospital?"

"I don't think I'll be able to get Lucifer to do anything he doesn't want to."

"So, no."

"It doesn't seem likely." Amenadiel's voice came over the phone along with the sound of a car door closing.

Chloe bit her lip nervously. She knew that her partner hated hospitals, but shouldn't he realize that he should be more cautious because of his wound? Or maybe he just didn't care. He was the one who put it there after all, so he could still be in that dangerous mindset.

"Ella, Dan, and I will come too." She wasn't sure about the others' availability, but she hoped that they would be enough for now. Linda would come by as soon as she could.
"Is something wrong?" Ella asked. "I know he left the hospital, but that doesn't mean he's dying, right?"

Dan shook his head. "No, we just have to be with him. I don't trust him by himself anymore. He could try something." He hated treating him like a suspicious criminal, but for now, it was a necessary evil.

After they all signed out for the day, they silently drove over to where they hoped Lucifer would be. If he wasn't there, Chloe had no idea where she would start looking next.

Amenadiel had beat them by only a few seconds, so they traveled up the elevator to the penthouse together. It dinged as it opened, and they saw a relatively empty room. There were some cleaning supplies sitting on the bar, but there were no fallen angels in sight.

"Did they leave?" Ella frowned. "Someone must have been here recently; everything is arranged differently."

A voice came from a separate room, and the owner of said voice moved into the main room. It was Azazel. "No, we're still here. Lucifer just fell asleep again. Whatever the fuck the doctors gave him for pain must be some good shit." He absentmindedly picked up a bottle of cleaning spray.

"Why did you let him leave?" Amenadiel's voice sounded furious. A vein throbbed at his temple.

The younger brother paused for a moment, staring at the bottle. "I thought he would be safer here. The longer he stayed there, the more likely it would be that one of the doctors or nurses realized that he wasn't quite human. Besides, I've looked after his injuries for thousands of years, Mandy, unlike you. I think I know a little bit more about what I'm doing." A small sneer found its way onto his face, but it melted off as quickly as it had come.

The eldest angel rubbed his head as if he was getting a migraine. "And has he been safer?"

"Well, there was an incident involving a mirror, but--""See? He needs to be under constant surveillance. What did he try to do?" Concern melded with the fury in his voice.

Azazel squirmed under his gaze but did not back down. "He had a dream that you, Mom, and I wanted him to kill himself, but he didn't realize it was a dream. After he woke up, he went into the bathroom and broke the mirror. I know I should have followed him, but, you know, I usually let a man have his privacy when they need to piss." He shrugged. "He's still here though, and I've been cleaning up the mess."

"Did we sweep the entire penthouse for weapons?" Ella asked. "Like, don't you guys have a lot of those?"

Amenadiel nodded his head, finally calm enough to sit down. "We do, but I think we've removed all the blades."

Dan's eyes flicked around the room in observation. "We should move the liquor. I don't think it would be a good idea for those bottles to be laying around; he could decide to break one like he did with the mirror."

Azazel coughed in surprise. "He is not going to like that."

"I don't think he likes anything that is going on right now." The male detective shot back. "Would
you rather him be annoyed in the short term or dead in the long term?"

Chapter End Notes

Suggestions and comments are welcome and appreciated!
Eventually, the Devil blearily opened his eyes to the world around him, but his consciousness did not come rushing back to him. He knew what he had done the last time he was awake, but he felt nothing of it. He felt nothing of anything. His brother, Azazel, was sitting a few feet away from him solving a crossword puzzle. Miss Lopez was next to him, but it seemed as though she had fallen asleep. Judging by the sound of voices coming from other areas of his penthouse, he assumed that the rest of their group had showed up while he was asleep too. He couldn't bring himself to care about their presence, about how disappointed they would all be when they saw him awake. He had left the hospital before the doctors thought he was ready, so surely, some of them would have something to say about that. He would let them say it, but he wasn't sure if he would be able to respond.

He could register all of the activity surrounding him, but he felt like an outsider nonetheless. No, all of the liveliness was inside a snow globe or a doll house, and he was just watching it from afar. There was something stopping him from interacting with them, some sort of mental block. Physically, he knew he could open his mouth and speak, but he couldn't motivate himself to do so. To be truthful, all he wanted was to slip back into the all-encompassing darkness of sleep. There, he didn't have to think about anything. There were no expectations, no rules to break.

If Lucifer did in fact reach out to the others, would their liveliness remain? No, they would stop talking to each other, stop playing their silly games. Their perfect little snow globe would shatter at the softest of touches. Besides, there was a weight in his body as heavy as that in his soul. His legs felt like lead, and he didn't want to try to move them. Instead, he could just stay exactly where he was until the planet stopped revolving around its star.

He had had fun making them, the stars. Each of them was a show of energy and strength, but they allowed for life to flourish. Normally, his siblings' power resulted in death and destruction, like in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah. His creations became their own self-sustaining factories, fusing hydrogen together to make helium and sending flares out at millions of miles a second. His Father had liked his creation but didn't think it was enough; he had later created millions of planets to circle millions of stars.

Unfortunately, not even the purest of stars could stay. They would grow and eventually go supernova, resulting in the creation of a super dense neutron star that usually ended up punching a
hole through the universe and all its dimensions itself. Humans theorize that these black holes could lead to alternate universes, functioning in a similar fashion to how his lit, fiery sword would. He never checked, but he wouldn't be surprised if they did. Nevertheless, these black holes had a gravitational field so strong that it was dangerous even for an angel to approach. No light could escape it, and even time warped around it.

He knew that normally he would take a much more active role in the affairs of his friends. He used to speak to Linda often and go around with Chloe on cases, but he felt as though all his energy, all that made him who he was, had vanished. He was no one now, just an observer. Lucifer noticed that Azazel had found the answer to one of the questions in his puzzle, but he didn't bring any attention to it.

Lucifer knew very well by now that he was not in fact dead, but he didn't exactly feel alive either. He was at a point where he could see and hear what was going on around him but had no desire to interject or assist with anything. It was unlikely that he'd be striking up any conversations soon. He may speak if spoken to, but even that had a question mark in it. There was no point in it anyway. His humans would die and disappear just like the stars he created long ago. The mortals had been given such short, pathetic lives. They barely had any time to do what they truly desired to do since they were always busy sleeping or working or whatever. They would die, and he would be left with the fallout. The urchin would stay with him longer, but her timer was ticking too. When they would all die, they would hopefully all go to the Silver City, but that was the one place he could not follow. When Lucifer would succeed at dying, there would be nothing. There would be no afterlife, just blissful inexistence. He loved his humans, and that was why he had to stay away from them. Their deaths would hurt him too much, and he would never be able to see them again. In the best case scenario, he would have a few decades with them all. That was child's play to an immortal like himself.

He didn't feel real. Perhaps he had actually died, and he was just lingering here briefly before succumbing to that final good night. That might explain why there were so many people here; didn't humans visit someone's house after a funeral to pay some respects to their memory? They might not even know that he was there with them, but if that were the case, when would be tumble into that shadowy nothing? Maybe he was already there. He felt nothing. He was nothing. Soon enough, the loneliness could drive him off the walls. He would say nothing, do nothing, see nothing, and know nothing. He would haunt the halls of LUX forevermore and remind the mortals of how disgustingly evil he truly was. After all, what sort of monster would kill their own brother?

Lucifer wanted to be left alone for once. Ever since the incident, someone was always their, watching him steadily with both eyes. He ached of loneliness, but he didn't want to touch nor speak to anybody. Time always flew by while he was asleep, so when he would awake, he would be that much closer to his grim end. It wouldn't matter who did it; they would all be treated as heroes upon their return. The voices of his friends remained at the same volume, but it irked him more and more. He needed the silence. Silence meant that there was nothing.

Despite must waking up, he already felt tired. Perhaps it was the clouds in his head, but he could barely harness enough energy to lift his head up. He could barely feel the sheets underneath of him; it was as though he had no sense of touch in his extremities. He wasn't sure what he had been given for the pain following the surgery, but with the detective nearby, he was feeling to full force of its effects.

Eventually, he saw Azazel look at a clock and then at him. There eyes met, but Lucifer looked away quickly. How did Azazel see him? Was he more real than he had thought?

"Hey, Luci, it's about time to change your bandages. Do you want me to do it or someone else?" He
closed the crossword puzzle book and stood next to the bed that the Devil was still collapsed on.

Lucifer didn't respond verbally; he just moaned.

"I'm going to take that as you wanting me to do it." Azazel frowned as he noticed the large amount of blood that had soaked through the bandages.

Chapter End Notes

Suggestions and comments are welcome and appreciated!

End Notes

Please give me suggestions!
Tell me if you want more of this particular one. I'm open to extending this one. That is why I included Charlotte, Linda, Maze, and Amenadiel in the tags. I've written more with them in it, but I don't know if you people would like that or not.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!