**Some myths are true, Darling**

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**Some myths are true, Darling**

by **MissHellfire666**

**Summary**

Some myths are true - a sentence Chloe Decker just recently laughed about. But when a mysterious series of murders shatters Los Angeles, the detective encounters a disturbing truth while searching for the culprit. Suddenly her life is on the line. It doesn't help either that she has to deal with two men on a privat level, making her emotions go on a roller coaster ride and making her lose focus on work: Lucifer Morningstar, her outrageously handsome partner for whom she has ABSOLUTELY no feelings for, and her superior, Lieutenant Marcus Pierce, who suddenly shows a lively interest in her. (Set before S3E10)

**Notes**

Hey Lucifans,

normally I write German fanfics but I wanna try to translate this longer story of mine. A big thank you to imloopy for beta reading and helping me with the translation. I hope it turned out okay!

In German the story is closed with 28 chapters and 160k words, so you don't need to worry about me finishing it. It will just take some time to translate all of it. If you understand German, you can read the full story [here](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16202150).

So, enjoy and please feel free to leave me a comment. I love to get feedback :-)
Lots of Lucilove!

Oh BTW this chapter is inspired by S3E11, a certain scene with Lucifer xD
Detective Chloe Decker picked at her food, bored. It was early noon and Ella Lopez had talked her into trying a new salad bar, which had opened a few blocks away from the precinct a couple of weeks ago.

Normally Chloe would eat at the department since she was absorbed in work most of the time anyway and she would forget to take regular breaks. That was only one reason why Lucifer Morningstar - her crime solving partner - called her a *workaholic* and why he often joked about the fact that her blond strands of hair touched the food, every time she leaned too close to her computer monitor.

The detective was perfectly aware that her job was very labor-intensive, but she loved it nonetheless. It was an incredibly satisfying feeling whenever she managed to confront the killer of a victim and brought him well-deserved punishment.

Of course, Chloe had little time for her own needs, especially since she would spend most of the time with her little daughter. She really enjoyed reading Trixie a bedtime story in the evening, and it had happened more than once that she’d fallen asleep herself in Trixie’s bed while reading. Therefore, it was understandable that she had neither time nor desire to look for a new boyfriend. The separation from Daniel Espinoza had been going on for quite some time and last year they had signed the divorce papers. Depending on their work schedules, Trixie would alternate spending the weekends with her dad or with herself. They were a well-practiced team and it had gotten a lot easier since Dan managed his jealousy towards Lucifer. It felt harmonic.

*Well, at least most of the time!*

Lucifer Morningstar – the self-proclaimed Devil - was often doing a great good job in getting on her nerves and infuriating her. Although they were a perfect crime-fighting team with a hell of a murder investigation rate, on a private level it was anything but easy between them. Things hadn't gotten better, since Chloe had decided to kiss him on the beach a few months ago.

For a long time, she’d successfully avoided Lucifer’s charm and his suggestive remarks, but recently something had changed. Bit by bit he’d managed to get stuck in her mind like a nasty little parasite. At first, she’d only thought of him in a furious way. She’d been upset by his misplaced comments and his narcissistic nature; or by him reporting all his excessive party adventures. A while ago, her thoughts had suddenly wandered in a *very* different direction. More and more often, she’d spent the evenings alone in bed, imagining how Lucifer would lower his head and how he would give her that irresistible sexy smile; the way his butt looked whenever he leaned forward to pick something up or how seductive he looked whenever he was rolling up his sleeves at the end of a day, making her a despicable offer.

Yes, Lucifer Morningstar had become a permanent part of her thoughtless world.

The biggest problem was that he’d vanished some months ago without a comment and had appeared days later with a slutty bimbo on his arms. To made things worse, she’d also introduced herself as his *wife*, Candy Morningstar. Chloe had promptly decided that Lucifer hadn’t earned her affection. She’d hidden her feelings about him behind thick walls and had tried never to think about him again.

Although Lucifer and Candy had divorced some days later and her partner had returned to his old strange behavior, the detective had agreed to stash her feelings in a safety box and hide it somewhere deep, deep down in her head.
"Chloe? Are you even listening to me?" The voice of the black-haired forensic scientist ripped the detective from her train of thoughts.

She looked up from her salad. "I'm really sorry, Ella. I was distracted."

Ella raised her eyebrows with interest. "What thoughts crossed your mind?" she asked curiously.

Chloe avoided her gaze and studied the young woman's outfit instead. Ella was an absolute nerdy scientist. Almost every day, she wore crazy t-shirts with funny quotes or with photos of her favorite TV-show on it. When the new Star Wars movie had aired in cinema a few weeks ago, she'd insisted on twisting her long hair over her ears like Princess Leia Organa.

"It was nothing important," Chloe replied evasively and stabbed her fork into the fresh salad.

The young forensic scientist looked at her for a moment before dropping the subject. "I wanted to know if you would like to join me tonight. I'm going out with some girls, having a drink and looking for some suitable men."

Chloe looked at her in disbelief. "You know I don't like that kind of stuff," she said resolutely. "Besides I have to take care of Trixie anyway."

Ella shook her head in amusement. "Chloe, you can really use a new man by your side. Of course, I would still appreciate it if you and Lucifer would finally give in to each other..."

"Ella!" the detective hissed.

The forensic scientist lifted her hands, grinning like a cat. "C'mon, Chloe! You two would be an incredibly cute couple and I know that Lucifer is into you!"

Chloe rolled her eyes in annoyance. The whole department knew he would like to get into her pants. After all, he'd shouted it loudly through the office once or twice.

From time to time, Ella brought up the topic of Lucifer. Apparently she really believed that there was some sort of chemistry between them, but Chloe had certainly not discovered that yet. She luckily hadn't told her friend about that kiss on the beach. Ella would probably be taken by complete surprise and of course she would find some excuse to lock her and Lucifer away in her lab for a little intermezzo.

The ringing of her phone interrupted the conversation. Chloe was glad about the distraction and hurriedly grabbed her jacket pocket. A glance at the phone's display told her that lieutenant Marcus Pierce was waiting at the end of the line.

"It's Pierce," she told Ella quickly, answering the call a moment later.

"Decker! Where are you? I'm standing right in front of your desk."

The lieutenant often acted in a very brash and direct manner, and Chloe really had difficulties in dealing with it properly. "I'm at lunch," she explained to her superior.

He grunted in his phone. "Then come back, please. I have a new murder case for you and it would be helpful to bring your partner with you right away. As I judge, his expertise might be of use."

Chloe silently cursed. "I'll hurry," she promised. A moment later, Pierce had hung up.

Ella raised an eyebrow at her, smiling amused. "Pierce would also be a good choice for you."
Chloe's eyes widened in disbelief. Unlike Lucifer who'd showed his interest in her directly, she didn't even begin to feel that the lieutenant had a romantic interest in her. Not to mention that she wasn't exactly positive about him either.

"There's a new murder case," Chloe explained instead, ignoring Ella's comment. She searched for Lucifer's contact on her phone and put the electronic device to her ear again. It rang several times, but her partner didn't pick up. A moment later, his answering machine started. Chloe cursed. She left him an urgent message and got up from the table. "I can't reach Lucifer. It's probably best to drive over in person and pick him up. I bet he's still sleeping after a long night of excessive partying. Shall we meet in your lab afterwards?"

Ella hurriedly nodded. "I'm just eating up and then I'm on my way."

Chloe had already turned away from her with a smile, but the forensic scientist stopped her once again. "Please think about tonight, Chloe. It would be fun having you with us."

The detective shook her head in amusement and stepped out of the salad bar a moment later. Ella just never gave up!

The drive to Lucifer's penthouse was uneventful. Chloe had hurried into her car and had gone straight to LUX. She'd tried to reach her partner once again on the way, but he still hadn't answered.

Now the detective was in his elevator, watching the doors close and the car starting to move. A slightly nervous feeling spread through her body. To pay Lucifer an unannounced visit always had something in common with a surprise box. You could never be sure if and how many female companions you would find. However, Chloe speculated that the women should have left his apartment by now. She knew from stories that Lucifer threw his sex partners out early the next day. Unless he'd consumed too many forbidden substances and wouldn't be awake yet. Maybe it had been a stupid idea to pick him up at all. She should have gone to the department without Lucifer and handled the case on her own...

Unfortunately it was too late for that now. With a jerk, the elevator stopped and the doors slid open again. Chloe straightened her shoulders and walked in the penthouse.

"Lucifer, are you there?" she asked into the open living area. Luckily his furniture wasn't covered with white sheets again!

She got no answer. Instead she clearly heard the sound of a running television. It came from his bedroom. Maybe the device was set too loud, so he hadn't heard her.

Chloe glanced over his elegant bar and his glossy-black grand piano until she stared at the open archway in the back of the living room. She still didn't understand why Lucifer didn't care about privacy in his bedroom. Slowly the detective stepped closer. The nervous tug in her stomach increased.

The first thing Chloe noticed was a wall-mounted flat-screen TV as she squinted around the corner. In shock she realized that she was looking at a younger version of herself standing in the corridor of a high school...

The detective froze while realizing that Lucifer was watching her scandalous teenage movie *Hot Tub High School*. 
Her eyes finally landed on her partner, who sat in a chair near the television. Much more disturbing, however, was the smacking noise that penetrated her ears. He was not seriously doing…

*Oh… my... God! He was... to himself!*

Chloe felt her cheeks heat up. Lucifer Morningstar was masturbating while staring at a younger version of herself. His hand moved up and down in rhythmic movements in his lap. Chloe didn’t have a direct view but her vivid imagination was already eager to fill in the missing gaps while watching his profile in the chair. It didn’t help either to think back to the day he’d presented himself naked in his penthouse. Although Chloe had hurriedly looked away, the above-average size of his manhood had burned into her mind.

Her partner moaned loudly and increased the speed of his hand movement, his eyes still fixed on the television. Apparently he hadn’t heard her coming because he unashamedly went on.

Chloe knew she should back off, but her feet were glued. She watched Lucifer with a mixture of shame and carnal fascination. Her gaze fell on his stunning face, his distinctive cheekbones with that sexy three-day-beard, his sleek eye-line of brown eyes - darkened with desire - and his slightly disheveled black hair.

Swallowing hard, Chloe let her gaze wander over his well-built body. He wore a dark gray shirt, sleeves rolled up casually. The anthracite-colored vest emphasized his athletic stature and his forearm muscles repeatedly tensed up by the movements he made.

Chloe felt herself overrun by a strong wave of pleasurable feelings. A dull throb suddenly spread between her thighs. She bit her lower lip, staring intently at the spot in his lap that was only covered by an armchair.

Once again, the detective tried to turn away from the scene, but her feet were firmly set. By now, Lucifer had reached a special scene, where she exposed her upper body to the camera. Her cheeks got even hotter as she heard him growling loudly at the sight of her bare breasts.

Chloe’s mind was unable to process the images rationally. Instead the lusty feeling just got stronger and almost let her release an aroused moan.

Startled, Chloe bit her lower lip. Her state of shock finally loosened, and she stepped back in panic. That was the moment Lucifer catapulted himself over the edge, loudly moaning and head tilted. His clouded look full of sinful desire hit hers, and a moment later, his eyes widened in surprise.

Chloe shyly avoided his intense gaze, studying the tile floor instead. Since when had there been so many patterns in the floor slabs?

A tense silence spread throughout the room. A moment later, she noticed Lucifer moving in his chair, and she heard the sound of a closing belt buckle.

"Detective, what a pleasant surprise!" His thick British accent immediately left goose bumps on her heated skin.

Chloe let out an indefinable sound and carefully raised her eyes. Lucifer gave her his typical, enchantingly charming smile, and grinned at her cheerfully. Was this whole situation as embarrassing for him as it was for her?

His smugly raised eyebrow was confirmation enough. Of course, he wasn’t embarrassed! He enjoyed this little incident way too much.
She observed how he reached for the remote control on the glass side table. With a slight grin on his face, he finally switched off the TV and looked expectantly at her.

Chloe's hot cheeks burned mercilessly. Restless, she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. Her head was still completely overrun by the pictures she'd just seen. It took her a long time to find her voice again.

"Lucifer, what the hell are you doing!" Her voice sounded higher than usual.

Wide grinning, her partner raised his eyebrows at her. "Judging by your red cheeks, you can answer that question all by yourself, Detective."

Chloe cursed silently and took another step out of the archway. Her emotional-tensed state didn’t calm down either as her eyes fell on his large king size bed with those black satin sheets.

Of course, Lucifer had noticed the gesture. He laughed in amusement. "You're welcome to enjoy as much naked cuddle time with me as you desire, darling." He got up from his chair and stepped towards her.

Chloe's heart started to beat wildly, and she moved back into the living room area. She had to get her body back under control, as fast as possible!

To overcome her uncertainty, she put her arms on her hips, glaring at him bitterly. "Lucifer! I just don’t believe it. You turned this movie on and ..." Her cheeks darkened a shade, as she didn’t manage to utter the words.

Her partner shrugged, unimpressed. "What can I say, Detective. Sometimes this movie just helps me to stimulate my imagination." He irritably wiggled his eyebrows. Chloe instantly knew that he didn’t mean the plot of the movie but rather her bare upper body. She groaned and pierced him with a razor-sharp gaze.

Lucifer, amused, shook his head and walked past her toward his bar area. She shuddered slightly as he brushed against her upper arm.

"I beg your pardon, but I don’t know why you make such a big deal out of it," her partner commented, reaching for a glass.

"Maybe, because you just used a younger version of me to jerk-off," the detective snapped.

Lucifer turned to her, laughing. "I can assure you, detective, that you are a very delightful competition to your younger self."

Chloe drew a sharp breath into her lungs. Her mind wandered back to the incident when Lucifer had discovered her naked at home because he’d burst into her house unannounced to make breakfast. She’d been in the shower and crept down the stairs a moment later, just with a towel around her body and with a pistol in her hand. After all she’d expected a burglar. When she’d found the self-proclaimed Devil in her kitchen, the towel had surprisingly slipped from her body and had revealed all – and really all - body parts to him.

"You look like you could use a scotch, my dear." Lucifer pointed at a glass carafe. He was just filling a well-intentioned amount into his own glass.

"No thanks," the detective stiffly replied. She was still on duty. The thought inevitably reminded her why she was here. "There is a new murder case. Pierce just contacted me by phone during lunch break. We should come to the precinct."
Lucifer held his glass to his lips and emptied the amber content in a swift move. "Is that the reason for your surprise visit?"

Chloe nodded seriously. "If you’d just answer your phone, I wouldn’t have to see that particular picture of you."

Lucifer's mouth twisted up in a smile. He mastered this seductive expression down to the very last detail. Chloe unconsciously bit her lower lip as his intense bedroom stare began to wander over her body. "I think you just enjoyed the show, Detective! You had the object of desire right in front of you and I only had the television picture. Quite unbalanced, if you ask me."

His eyes still ravished her body and Chloe felt the hair on her neck rise. She shivered in pleasure. "Nobody has asked for your opinion, Lucifer," she hissed angrily and rolled her eyes.

Her partner placed the whiskey glass on the bar counter and took a big step towards her. "You were aroused, darling! You did like the show, didn’t you?"

Chloe glared at him. "I certainly did not! You just have a way too big ego!"

Lucifer had almost reached her and stopped a few inches in front of her. He was far too close to her liking, but she didn’t want to give him the affirmation he was looking for. So she defiantly lifted her chin and met his gaze.

He looked delicious, she noticed in confusion. A small curl of his usually neatly arranged hair had fallen to his forehead. It didn’t take long for her to pick up his rich masculine scent, briefly dulling her senses. It tingled dangerously low in her lap.

"I have other big parts too, Detective. Would you like to see them?"

His suggestive words tore her out of her rigidity. She angrily poked him in the chest. "I don’t want to see anything, Lucifer! Let's just forget the incident ever happened and never talk about it again. Just promise me that you will never ever use this movie again for such a purpose."

Her partner took a step back, laughing. "If you plan on joining me in bed that should not be a further problem, Detective."

Chloe had had enough of his flirtatious remarks. He’d already used as many comments today as he’d usually said in a whole week. She turned away from him and stepped furiously toward the elevator. "Are you coming now? The case is waiting."

Lucifer groaned in agony. "Give me two minutes in the bathroom and I'm all yours! I don’t suppose you want to keep me company?"

Chloe furiously turned to him. "I'm waiting downstairs!" she replied coldly. A moment later, she heard Lucifer disappearing into the adjacent bathroom, laughing hard.

Taking a deep breath, Chloe entered the elevator. She couldn’t believe what just happened. Since the incident with Candy Morningstar, she had tried to hide her growing lusty feelings for Lucifer, and then she’d run right into such an inappropriate situation. Although the detective had vehemently asserted that the picture of him masturbating and thinking of her hadn’t aroused her a bit, Chloe didn’t believe that Lucifer bought the act. Cursing, she released the air from her lungs. It would probably take weeks before Lucifer Morningstar would stop making fun about this.
Hey Lucifans,

thank you for your comments on my first chapter. I'm glad you liked it. Hopefully, you'll enjoy this one as well. Have fun! And thanks again Imloopy for your beta work :-)

Lucifer Morningstar had to resist a grin as he entered the precinct after Chloe. The earlier situation in his penthouse really amused him. He hadn’t heard or noticed the detective. However, it wasn’t very surprising considering what he’d been up to.

The morning had started relaxed. Lucifer had spent most of the night partying at LUX, entertaining his guests with his music and his presence. A blonde woman had even managed to get his interest, so he’d taken her up to his penthouse for several hours. She was a judge - if he remembered correctly - and she’d had to leave very early in the morning. Unfortunately, Lucifer hadn't been able to fall asleep after that, so he'd played music on his grand piano for a while and had already drunk the first whiskey. At some point around midday, his boredom had grown, and he’d been looking for a good movie. For some inexplicable reasons Chloe's teenage movie had come back to his mind and he just hadn’t been able to resist. A strong wave of lust had washed over him while watching a younger version of the detective in a tight school uniform outfit. Who would have guessed that the detective would choose *that* exact moment to visit him?

It wasn’t a secret that the thought of Chloe Decker aroused him. Now and then, he still tried to seduce her with his flirtatious behavior, but he knew that he would have little success with her. At the beginning of their professional partnership, he’d enjoyed trying to get into her pants, but over time his motivation had changed. Chloe and he were good friends now, and a few months ago their relationship had almost grown to a new level when Chloe had decided to kiss him on the beach. Just the thought of those tender lips on his mouth immediately made him incredibly hard. The Devil precisely remembered their intimate moment. Unfortunately, he’d learned afterwards that his dad had played matchmaker and that Chloe had intentionally crossed his path on his behalf. In a panic reaction he’d fled and had returned with a fake-wife to convince Chloe that they weren’t a realistic option as a couple.

Since then, their relationship had become significantly more complicated. Most of the time both managed to behave normally, but there were occasional situations - like this one in the penthouse - when the Devil or Chloe broke out of their roles as good friends and professional partners. If Lucifer was honest with himself, he enjoyed those moments a lot. He always loved to provoke Chloe and to push her limits. Every time he got the chance to see those cute frown wrinkles form on her forehead, he smiled, satisfied; or when her cheeks flushed in a delightful color. He was pretty sure that she would probably look very similar after sex with him.

Lucifer spontaneously stifled a low growl as his thoughts wandered back to desirable sex with Chloe Decker.

"Lucifer! Stop staring around. We're already late." Chloe's excited voice ripped him out of his mind. The Devil had stopped at her desk as the detective had hurriedly logged into her computer. Now he followed her grumbling to Ella Lopez’ lab.
Had Chloe already suppressed the incident? Judging from her reaction it seemed that she’d developed a nasty little habit of releasing her frustration and her anger at him right now. It wasn’t his fault that she’d stayed to watch the show. He was well aware that she’d had enough time to disappear or to turn away, but Lucifer had caught her staring with a mixture of arousal and fascination. This was clearly not an appropriate behavior for a woman who had no sexual interest in him.

Annoyed, the Devil pressed his lips together. He was the one who had kept her at bay a few months ago, but he found it harder to stay away from Chloe altogether. He hated his father for it! This was truly even worse than banishing him from Heaven to Hell eons ago. At least then, he’d had the chance to rule alone and make his own decisions. With Chloe, it was very different as he was constantly trying not to lose control, and keeping a painful emotional distance. The only positive thing was that the detective had also withdrawn herself from him after his fictitious marriage with Candy. Since then, she’d tried to avoid any situation that might have led to a romantic or erotic moment. That particular behavior had been going on for quite some time now and Lucifer’s feelings swung up and down like a freaking Yo-Yo.

Chloe stopped and knocked briefly on the glass laboratory door. A moment later, she opened it and entered. Lucifer took a deep breath, slipping a hand in his anthracite-colored suit pockets, and followed her at a casual pace.

To his astonishment he spotted lieutenant Marcus Pierce standing with his arms crossed next to the forensic scientist. He moodily stared at the corpse in front of him.

Lucifer didn’t really like the new boss. He wasn’t exactly sure if it was his broad stature combined with his aggressive demeanor, or the way Pierce commanded Chloe and him around.

Today he wore a simple olive shirt with beige jeans. Despite the rather casual clothing style his mouth had twisted into a thin line, and he scowled. "Finally, there you are! The case is waiting." The lieutenant raised his eyes and looked first at him and then at Chloe with a derogatory expression.

Lucifer didn’t respond to his obvious provocation and leant casually against the doorframe of the small forensic lab instead. "We were held up. A little incident at my penthouse," he finally said vaguely.

Lucifer watched how Chloe’s cheeks blushed immediately. Oh, she definitely hadn’t forgotten the incident! Grinning, he caught a scathing look from her. A moment later, she crossed her arms over her upper body and focused on Ella and the body.

Pierce approached the dead person on the metallic lab table. "The facts are sobering. To my first information, this is Ava Young, 38 years old. She was found dead by a colleague in her shop." The lieutenant turned his head in Ella’s direction and put his broad arms on his hips. "Lopez! Have you already gained further insights?"

Lucifer grunted derisively at Pierce’s sharp tone. He just couldn’t stand that man.

Ella nodded joyfully and beamed at him. At least one of them seemed excited about their new boss. "The first analyses and tests are running. However, it will take some time until we find useful traces, if the suspect has left any."

The Devil pushed himself away from the wall and took a few steps closer. He looked curiously at the female corpse. Apart from the head and bare torso, the woman’s body was covered with a white sheet.
Ella reached for a clipboard and quickly scribbled a few notes on it. "She was clearly strangled. Do you see those bruises on her neck and those bloodshot eyes?"

Lucifer tilted his head. The woman was deathly pale. Her auburn hair fell straight around her face. As his eyes wandered down her neck, he spotted the ring-shaped spots Ella had been talking about.

The forensic scientist continued. "Superficially, I can’t detect any further injuries to the rest of her body, so we can conclude that the murder cause is definitely death by strangulation. Judging by the shape of the bruises, it must have been a relatively soft object. I can’t see any external injuries on her neck."

Chloe gave the forensic woman a scrutinizing look. "So, we are looking for a rope?"

Ella immediately shook her head. "A conventional rope is too thin for the width of the bruises. The skin of the victim would otherwise show significant injuries such as cracks or burns. These prints look very atypical. We're definitely looking for something that’s very soft and so long that it fits around the victim's neck at least once."

"Okay," Chloe explained as she followed Ella’s words attentively. Pierce backed a few feet away from the table to lean his back against a nearby lab counter. His arms crossed again in a dismissive position in front of his chest. "Due to the outside circumstances, I have you both set on the murder case," he finally declared.

"And what are those external circumstances?" Lucifer asked. He gave the lieutenant a scowl and propped himself up against the metal table.

"The shop, where the woman was found dead, was a sex shop downtown. I figured that this is exactly your field of work, Mr. Morningstar. After all, your file contains an enormously high quota of sexual partners. Decker can accompany you and take over the police work."

He heard Chloe suck in the air between her teeth. It wasn’t the first time that Pierce made her his partner and not the other way around.

The Devil casually lifted one corner of his mouth. "Just the fact that I had sex with different women and men has made me an expert for sex toys now, Lieutenant?"

Pierce raised an eyebrow. "Hasn’t it?"

"Let's put it this way," Lucifer replied in a gallant voice. "I don’t necessarily need such toys to increase my partner’s desire. There is nothing I haven’t already tried, and my bed activities go way beyond the content of a sex shop. Have you ever had the pleasure of using a car battery?"

"Lucifer!" Chloe angrily hissed. "That kind of information doesn’t belong here."

"Doesn’t it, Detective? Where else should I talk about it? Perhaps in my bedroom chair?"

With satisfaction he watched Chloe blush and turn her gaze hurriedly away. "You said the woman was found in the sex shop by a colleague?"

Pierce nodded in confirmation. "Earlier, when she wanted to open the shop."

Ella cleared her throat, causing attention. "Based on her skin color and her body temperature, I can conclude that poor Ava was strangled in the early evening. She must have been already dead that night."
Chloe turned to Lucifer. "Then let's go back to the store and look for more clues. Maybe the colleague can give us some valuable information."

A cocky grin spread at the Devil's face. He wiggled his eyebrows. "I would love to go to a sex shop with you, Detective!" he whispered in that exaggerated voice.

Chloe rolled her eyes in annoyance. "I'll contact you if we have more information, Lieutenant."

Pierce nodded curtly. "Good luck, Decker!" He left the lab shortly after.

Lucifer noticed how Ella studied him and Chloe carefully for a long time. It seemed that she had a comment on her tongue, but she didn’t say a word and went to the lab table instead to grab a victim’s blood sample. A very strange behavior.

"Call me if you find some new information?", Chloe told the forensic scientist.

She nodded, her long braid bobbing noticeably. "Sure, Chloe!"

The detective turned to the door and walked towards it. She didn’t even check if he was following.

"I'm driving, Lucifer!" she claimed and left the lab. The Devil sighed, annoyed, and followed her. Chloe was definitely in a bad mood today.

Chloe Decker glanced sideways at her partner, who had relaxed in the passenger seat of the police car. Bored, he searched through the radio stations for acceptable rock songs. It seemed that, for a moment, he had given up trying to start a conversation.

After the detective had drove off, she’d cold-shouldered him and stubbornly kept silent. His suggestive comments had really gotten on her nerves. She’d already feared that he would bring up the penthouse situation anytime possible, but Chloe hadn’t expected how fast it would bother her. Worst of all, he’d made fun of it in front of both Ella and her boss. She really didn’t want to know what Pierce would think about her now. The forensic scientist - on the other hand - had visibly pulled herself together and didn’t trouble Chloe directly with questions. After their conversation during lunch it was pretty obvious what kind of thoughts had been stuck on Ella’s tongue.

Sighing, Chloe took her hand off the steering wheel and wiped a fallen strand of hair back behind her ears. She had tied her hair into a simple braid at the back of her head and left out the lower third, so it could fall loose on her back. With her sporty olive-green jacket and a white long-sleeved shirt underneath she definitely looked underdressed next to Lucifer, but it didn’t bother her much. Actually, she only knew one man and he was sitting next to her with a big grin on his face.

"What is it?" Chloe finally broke her silence, glaring at him in annoyance. She was still mad.

"Nothing, Detective," Lucifer assured her. The sparkling in his brown eyes told her that something was definitely going on.

"Stop messing around with me, Lucifer!"

Her partner theatrically touched his chest. "I wouldn't dream of messing around with you, darling." He hesitated over the next words a little bit. "However, I can assure you that on one occasion or
another you have been in extremely lustful positions in my dreams."

An indefinable sound left Chloe’s mouth and she slammed her fist furiously on the steering wheel. "Enough, Lucifer!" she snapped. "Unfortunately, I can not unsee what I saw in your penthouse. But please, stop making a big deal out of it. It happened. Let's just forget about it and take care of the new murder case!" How had her partner managed to get her in such a defensive posture? After all, she’d been the one who had caught him masturbating. Shouldn’t he be the one justifying himself? Especially since he’d imagined Chloe the whole fucking time. Just the thought got her angry.

"Are you sure you want to forget about the incident, darling?" His British accent combined with his melodic soft voice made her shudder unconsciously.

"Absolutely!" she answered hastily.

Lucifer chuckled. "Alright, Detective."

Chloe skeptically squinted at him. She didn’t trust the peace yet, but her partner kept his word and told her about some inconsequential events at LUX last night.

Chloe managed to calm down until the end of the drive. She parked the police car on the street and turned off the engine a moment later. Lucifer was already getting out of the car as she glanced quickly through the driver's window at the described sex shop. It was completely unimpressive. Chloe just discovered some sexy lingerie on mannequins in the windows. The background was equipped with partitions on which some women with blond hair did seductive poses in skimpy skirts and dresses.

Taking a deep breath, Chloe reached for the car door and followed Lucifer to the sidewalk. Mentally she was already bracing herself for her partner’s comments.

He reached the front door which was blocked by a yellow police tape, opened it and let her in first. Chloe nodded her thanks, ducked under the tape and walked past him to the inside of the store. Immediately sweet-scented candles rose to her nostrils, and she was surprised by the stimulating atmosphere created by the red walls and the light floor. Her eyes wandered over the shelves. She discovered a variety of colorful objects. It started with sex toys for women and men and ended with a large lingerie section. She’d already seen some of the clothes outside in the shop window.

Chloe had visited such shops a few times before, but it was still uncomfortable for her to be confronted with sex so aggressively. Of course, it was quite different for Lucifer. He beamed all over his face and was already reaching for a set of red lingerie on a pole. Smiling charmingly, he held it in front of her body. "Ah lovely. The color might suit you excellently, Detective."

Chloe merely rolled her eyes, shaking her head, and focused on the cash register area to her left instead. She spotted a younger woman with dark blond hair and an artificial smile on her lips. "I’m sorry, but we’re closed," she said politely.

Chloe left Lucifer behind and approached the woman. "My name is Chloe Decker. My partner and I are from the LAPD. Are you the workmate who had found Miss Young dead this morning?"

The artificial smile instantly fell off the young woman’s face and she stiffened noticeably. She nodded. "I’m Sue Hilton and Ava wasn’t only my work colleague but also a good friend of mine."

Compassionately, Chloe gave her a faint smile. "I’m very sorry about what happened to Miss Young and that you were the one who found her dead. I know how hard it must be, but could you please still answer a few questions?"
The detective saw Lucifer out of the corner of her eyes. He walked casually in front of the shelves and studied its content. Apart from him, the store was empty. It wasn’t surprising since the place had been shut down as a possible crime scene.

Sue Hilton was already fighting with tears. "What do you want to know? I already told your colleagues everything I've seen."

Chloe leaned against the cash register area. "Did you notice anything unusual this morning?"

Sue shook her head in denial. "Not that I know of. The door to the store was locked. I unlocked it with my key and entered the store. Shortly afterwards I saw Ava lying motionless on the floor. It was over there!" She sobbed and showed next to a pole with some sexy costumes. "I immediately called the police and an ambulance."

Chloe’s eyes followed the hand movement. "And you haven’t seen anyone? Is there a video camera for the store?"

The young woman grimaced worriedly and wiped the tears from her face. "We have no video recordings and I didn’t see anybody entering or leaving the store. There is only this one entrance to the shop."

Chloe nodded thoughtfully and let her eyes wander. It didn’t surprise her that Sue Hilton hadn’t seen the killer. If the victim had been murdered early in the evening, the murderer would have more than enough time to disappear. Since the lock on the shop door was intact and the detective couldn’t detect hints of a burglary, the killer must have passed by when the shop was still open. Alternatively, he was part of the staff, or he personally knew the victim, so he was voluntarily let in by Miss Young.

"Deteeeeeective!" Lucifer suddenly mocked in amusement. "How likely is it for someone to test sex toys in this store?"

Chloe was irritated by his statement and faced him. Her partner held an opened box in her hand.

Sue Hilton quickly answered. "Of course, it’s not allowed. Our sex toys are kept clean and sealed."

Lucifer waved the box in his hand. "And why is this packaging open on the shelf?"

Chloe’s eyes widened in disbelief as her partner took the content out of the package a moment later. According to the description on the front it was a green double dildo. Chloe estimated the object roughly to be almost half a meter in length.

Her partner smiled knowingly. "They are long, soft and therefore quite flexible." He underlined his statement by bending the green object in different directions. "I advise to put them in the fridge to cure, if you really want to use them properly."

Chloe didn’t respond to his suggestive provocation. The wheels were already moving in her head, puzzling the information together. "Lucifer, do you think..." she began cautiously.

Her partner interrupted Chloe before she could finish the sentence. "... that this is our murder weapon? I would bet my Pentecostal coin on it, Detective!"

Chloe heard Sue Hilton whimpering in shock and, the next moment, she started crying violently. "My friend was strangled with a dildo?" she gasped stunned.

"It’s somehow very ironic," Lucifer commented, amused.
Chloe stomped furiously at her partner and snatched the potential murder weapon out of his hands. The object felt like solid gelatin. Hurriedly, she stuffed the dildo back into the packaging and tucked the box under her arm. "You know how annoyed Ella is when you leave your fingerprints all over it."

"Detective, I just wanted to draw your attention to the obvious." He winked at her ambiguously, and let his hands disappear into his suit pant pockets.

Chloe turned away and stepped back to the saleswoman. Sue leaned over the cash desk with her upper body bent forward, sniffing her nose loudly with a handkerchief.

"Do you know if there was anybody who had an argument with Miss Young lately? Any conflicts your friend might have been involved in?"

The young woman didn’t have to think long. "Ava was a friendly and joyful person. She got along well with everyone right from the start. She’d also been engaged for a few weeks. She wanted to get married." The last sentence ended in a tortured whimper.

Chloe nodded thoughtfully. She felt Lucifer come closer behind her. "Maybe a case of jealousy?" he speculated wildly into the blue.

Sue shook her head. "Ava and her fiancé were a dream couple. She didn’t cheat, and her fiancé had no reason to be jealous."

Chloe glanced quickly at the box under her arm. The conversation wouldn’t uncover further important information right now. So the most reasonable thing was to bring Ella the potential murder weapon. Maybe there were fingerprints on the object, so they would be able to follow a new lead.

"Thank you, Miss Hilton," the detective said kindly. "You’ve helped us a lot. We’ll contact you if we have further questions."

The young woman sobbed. "Please find the killer quickly, Detective Decker!"

"We’ll do our best," she replied, turning to leave. Lucifer followed her with casual steps. Before the detective was able to press the doorknob to leave the store, the door swung open and a completely scatterbrained man stormed in. His face was reddened, and his eyes were open wide. He stormed directly to the saleswoman. "Sue!", he choked out in confusion. "I think I might have killed my fiancée."
Lucifer Morningstar eyed the man in front of him with a skeptical look. After Miss Young's fiancé had run into the sex shop, sharing his fears to the saleswoman, he and Chloe had immediately intervened. They had arrested the man and he hadn't even resisted. Oddly, he’d even asked to be led away.

Now they were back at the precinct. Chloe sat in front of him, studying the suspect carefully over the metal table, while Lucifer stood close behind her chair, casually leaning against the back with one hand, and giving the document’s file on the table a cursory glance.

"Mr. Miller, would you please calm down and start again please? At the beginning, for example?" the detective asked the man, handing him a small box of tissues.

Tom Miller, the fiancé of the victim, began to sob violently. "Ava!" he stuttered in disbelief, nervously kneading his hands in his lap. "She’s dead and I’m responsible."

Lucifer narrowed his eyes at the suspect’s sentimental outburst. "C’mon, Mr. Miller, get back in line. Your grief over Miss Young's loss can’t be real if you felt the urge to strangle your fiancée in cold blood!"

The man's eyes widened in shock. "Oh God, I strangled her?" he exclaimed, horrified.

"You did! With a double dildo," the Devil explained, amused.

He felt Chloe angrily thrust her elbow into his side. Surprised, he stepped back and rubbed his hand over the affected area. "What was that for, Detective?"

Chloe shook her head over his misplaced behavior. "Please stop giving the suspects valuable information and show some empathy for a change!"

"But he has already admitted that he’s the killer," the Devil backed up.

Chloe just took a deep calming breath and turned to face Tom Miller. "Why don’t you know how your fiancée died when you’re the one killing her?"

The suspect sadly lowered his gaze into his lap. "Because I can only remember blurry pictures. At first, I thought I was just dreaming. Do you know this confused feeling after awakening from a dream and not being able to distinguish between reality and fantasy for a few seconds?"

Chloe nodded in confirmation.

"That's exactly how it feels for me right now," he said. "I was totally unsettled and when I didn’t see Ava lying in our bed in the morning, and I couldn't reach her during the day, I panicked and ran into the store to convince myself otherwise. But when you introduced yourself as police, I instantly knew it wasn’t just a nightmare. I actually killed my fiancée." His lower lip began to tremble, and he swallowed the painful lump in his throat.

Lucifer curiously tilted his head and studied the black-haired man. He didn’t look like a liar or a bad actor. His tormented posture was real. "Why did you do it?" he asked in a cold tone.

Tom Miller shook his head in confusion and raised his hands defensively. "I didn’t want it to happen! I loved Ava and I wanted to marry her."
Lucifer let out a hysterical sound, stepped past Chloe and vigorously rested his hands on the table’s surface to lean over. He put his face with a few inches of the suspect’s face. "What was it you wanted, Mr. Miller? Hm? What is your deepest darkest desire?", he asked in his hypnotizing voice.

The man in front of him blinked several times in confusion. His mind gave in within milliseconds. Only very few human beings were capable of resisting his powers, and Mr. Miller definitely wasn’t one of them.

"I want to be punished for my behavior. I no longer deserve to live," Tom Miller replied in a monotone voice.

Lucifer raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Well, it appears that you’ve met the right person to do so," he grinned ominously. "I’m an expert for punishment." He eyed the perplexed man for a moment before retreating to Chloe, amused. She glared at him, again! What in Dad’s name had he done wrong this time?

"What exactly do you remember, Mr. Miller?" the detective finally asked.

The man took a shaky breath. "There are some different pictures. In one, I enter Ava’s store. It's dark outside. In another it seems that we’re arguing violently and in the next she lies motionless on the ground with me bent over her threateningly." He broke off, sobbing.

Lucifer watched how Chloe grabbed the folder in front of him and pulled out a photograph. "Does this look familiar?" she asked in a neutral tone, showing the man a picture of the murdered corpse. The forensics must have taken it in the morning. Lucifer glanced at it quickly. It showed Miss Young on the floor of the sex shop. Her eyes, blank and suffused with blood, stared into a far distance. The Devil immediately recognized the purple-blue spots around her neck.

"Oh my God," Tom Miller whined helplessly and burst into tears. "That's exactly how she looked in my dreams."

Chloe hid the picture again. Obviously, she wanted to prevent the suspect from staring at his murdered fiancée longer than necessary. "Can you remember how you killed Miss Young? My partner had already mentioned that she was strangled."

The man feebly shook his head. "No, I'm sorry."

Lucifer bobbed his feet up and down. The suspect's whiny behavior started to get on his nerves.

"What did you swallow, Mr. Miller?" he asked blithely.

"Excuse me?" the man inquired, perplexed.

The Devil impatiently waved his hand in front of his body. "What drugs did you consume to avoid remembering the murder? Crystal meth? A dose of heroin?" He paused for a moment and fixed his eyes on the suspect. "I can understand you very well, Mr. Miller. You killed your fiancée and the guilty feelings crushed you. So you were eager to forget all thoughts of the murder with a decent dose."

"Lucifer!" Chloe hissed in a suspicious voice, but she looked at the man with same skepticism as he did. The thought of drugs must have already crossed her mind too.

"I haven’t taken any drugs!" Tom Miller said in horror. "Apart from one or two joints in my youth, I’ve always kept my fingers away from that sort of stuff."
"Where had you been, before you visited Ava in the sex shop?" the detective probed.

The suspect ran his hands through his short black hair. "I was at home and made myself comfortable in front of the TV."

"Can anyone testify to that?" Chloe asked.

He slowly nodded his head. "I had a pizza delivered at half past six. The pizza delivery woman gave it to me personally."

Lucifer watched how Chloe scribbled some notes on a small piece of paper on the table. "Alright, Mr. Miller. We'll check your statement."

There was a tentative knock on the door and a moment later Ella put her head inside. "Chloe? Lucifer? Can I talk to you for a second?"

The detective got up from her chair. "We'll be right back," she told the suspect apologetically.

Lucifer glanced briefly at the murderer and followed the two women out of the interrogation room. They walked around a corner and a moment later the Devil found himself in the next room behind a mirrored glass wall. Tom Miller hadn’t moved an inch. He sat slumped in his chair, staring hopelessly into space.

"I’ve examined the dildo for fingerprints," the forensic scientist began to report excitedly. "The bruises around the dead woman's neck seemed strange to me right from the beginning. I had never seen such forms before. I mean, most people strangle others with a rope, a scarf, or something like cable ties, but I’ve never seen someone doing it with a double dildo before."

"So this fiancé is the killer then?" the Devil concluded, pointing to the man behind the mirrored glass.

The forensic scientist nodded slowly. "I found some of Mr. Miller's fingerprints on the object and it's definitely the murder weapon. The consistency and shape match the bruises of the victim. The fiancé of Ava Young must therefore be the murderer."

Lucifer clapped theatrically in his hands. "Excellent, Miss Lopez! Then we've solved the case. It seems like a new record, don’t you think, Detective?" He turned to Chloe with a grin.

She, however, had put on a thoughtful expression and pressed her lips together in a thin line. "Solved yes, but certainly not completed yet. If Mr. Miller's statement is true, someone drugged him. We should find out who did that."

Lucifer groaned in agony. "That doesn’t matter, Detective. He killed Miss Young and should be punished for it accordingly."

"It’s possible that he was insane at the time of the act," Chloe replied coolly.

"But only if you choose to believe him. How do you know that Mr. Miller didn’t consume the drugs all by himself?" the Devil insisted.

Chloe put her hands on her hips. "That's what we need to figure out, Lucifer. We should start with this pizza delivery person. She's probably the last person who saw him the evening before the crime."

The Devil grumbled in annoyance. "It would have been too easy to just imprison him, wouldn’t it?"
Ella laughed in amusement. "Sometimes you really have weird thoughts, Lucifer."

He gave her a piqued look.

The forensic scientist walked over to the mirrored window and regarded the killer for a moment. "You said that there’re probably drugs involved. I could take some blood and examine it for illegal substances. Maybe that will give us another clue."

"Good idea, Ella," Chloe agreed.

The forensic scientist whirled around. "Then I'll do it right now. See ya later," she said and stormed out of the small room shortly after.

Lucifer's eyes fell on the detective. "We should definitely ask Mr. Miller why he chose to strangle his fiancée with a dildo."

Chloe's eyes widened in disbelief as she glared at him disapprovingly.

"I wonder if he just wanted to use the sex toy and she refused ..."

"That's not relevant for the case, Lucifer," the detective snapped.

The Devil lifted one corner of his mouth. "I'm interested in it, darling. As I said before, you should definitely give those dildos a try. They can increase your desire a lot. If you’d like, I show you how to use them appropriately."

"By Hell you won’t!" she snapped.

He couldn't prevent a short laugh. "You’re really prudish sometimes, Detective," he joked, watching a deep blush spread across her cheeks. Lucifer wasn’t entirely sure whether it was out of shame or anger. "Just have some fun for once, darling," he pushed soothingly.

Chloe crossed her arms furiously in front of her chest. "I'm having lots of fun, Lucifer!"

The Devil skeptically raised an eyebrow at her and let his gaze wander over her body. "When exactly was that and what did you do, Detective? And please don’t tell me, you mean your reading time with your offspring. That really doesn’t count."

Her eyes twitched for a millisecond. The Devil noticed how she desperately searched through her brain. He tilted his head.

"I'm going out tonight with Ella and a few friends, for example," she finally said.

"You're voluntarily going out dancing and drinking?" he asked in mocked shock, watching her suspiciously.

Chloe narrowed her eyes. "Why is it so hard for you to imagine that?"

Lucifer gave her a charming smile and let one hand disappear in his suit pockets. "Well, it’s not. I'm just pleasantly surprised, Detective."

Chloe muttered something incomprehensible and turned away from him. "Let's focus our attention on the more important things and go back to Mr. Miller."

"After you, darling," he purred gallantly, gesturing with his hands towards the door. Chloe just rolled her eyes.
The Devil was about to follow her when the intercom console caught his attention next to the mirrored glass. Amused, he stepped closer and pressed the red button. "You're arrested for the murder of your fiancée, Mr. Miller," he announced with a grin. "We have evidence showing that you strangled Miss Young with a dildo. An extremely interesting murder weapon, I would like to add."

The man immediately burst into tears, hiding his face in his hands and sobbing hard.

Chloe angrily uttered his name, mumbling something about lack of empathy. He was about to protest, but she silenced him from the doorframe with a clear gesture of her hand. "Just drop it, Lucifer."

The Devil chuckled as he finally followed her out of the room. If he'd thought before that she'd been in a bad mood, then he was pretty sure that her level of fun had hit Hell by now, many, many miles downwards!

Chloe Decker stood in front of her wardrobe’s floor-length mirror, eyeing her outfit for the evening with suspicion. She could only blame herself for getting caught in Lucifer's little verbal trap so easily. Her feelings had reached a boiling point in the afternoon. It had been the result of his continuing cynical or suggestive remarks. He had already spent the whole day behaving like a young high school teenager. Was it his way of dealing with the situation in the penthouse? Chloe was a person who gladly pushed unpleasant things aside and buried them deep down in her mind. Lucifer - on the other hand - seemed to need a valve to release his feelings. And this valve unfortunately turned out to be his cheeky mouth.

After confidently telling her partner that she was going out with Ella tonight, she couldn’t back down without looking like a total idiot. Chloe was pretty sure that Lucifer knew enough ways to find out if this evening would really happen. She also lived in a house with Maze, who would love to report that sort of gossip to him. After all, her friend had complained a lot that Chloe wasn’t going out often enough and that she’d hidden behind Trixie as an excuse. As a result, the detective had no other choice but to ask Ella about the women's night. The forensic scientist had been very happy and had promptly told her the address of the bar. Thank God she and her friends hadn’t decided to go to LUX.

Chloe smoothed the sides of the dark blue blouse on her body with her hands. She’d decided to wear a pair of gray trousers in combination with her blouse. Certainly, she wouldn’t begin to squeeze herself in a skintight cocktail dress like all those dollies in Lucifer’s club did. The opened top button of her blouse had to be sexy enough!

The detective hurriedly checked her subtle make-up, put on some nude-colored lipstick, and reached for her black purse on a nearby dresser. She was really willing to sacrifice a lot here to protect her pride!

Slowly, Chloe stepped down the stairs into the living area. It was Wednesday night and she hated to go out during the week. The couch looked so much more comfortable and far more inviting. Unfortunately, the sofa was already occupied.

Maze’s and Trixie's head turned around. Their reactions could hardly be more different. Her roommate had a smirk on her face while Trixie sincerely smiled up to her ears.

"You wanna go out like this, Decker?" Maze mocked, pointing disparagingly at her clothes. Chloe immediately pinched her eyes in annoyance. Not everyone went out in a skin-tight leather outfit!
"I think you look really pretty, mommy," her daughter promptly contradicted, beaming all over her face.

"Thanks, monkey," Chloe replied stiffly, ignoring Maze's rude comment. "Is everything okay with you? There is still pasta casserole in the fridge and you can heat it in the microwave anytime. I'll be back in two or three hours."

Maze looked at her in disbelief. "I have everything under control, Chloe. You're welcome to stay away longer. Have fun and enjoy yourself for a change."

Chloe bit her tongue. Maze already was the second person reporting this fact to her today. She put on an artificial smile and said goodbye to the two ladies. She was willing to prove that even a Chloe Decker could have a lot of fun from time to time!

The drive to the bar didn’t last long. Chloe wasn’t about to get drunk anyway, so she’d decided to take her car. A little late, she finally opened the bar’s door. Rock music immediately boomed into her ears.

Carefully, she went in and let her eyes wander. The atmosphere was cozy. On one side of the room she saw two billiard tables and several dartboards, and on the other side there were a few booths with chairs and benches. In between was a large bar area where several waiters were mixing colorful cocktails and drawing beer.

"Chloe, over here." She could hear Ella's excited voice over the rock music. She turned her head and saw the forensic scientist standing at a round table, waving energetically. For a change she had laid her long hair over one shoulder. With a deep red top and tight black jeans, she looked absolutely stunning. It was very rare that Chloe got to see the forensic scientist dressed up like this.

Taking a deep breath, she straightened her shoulders and walked to the women's table. Ella hugged her immediately and adjusted a chair next to her. Smiling weakly, the detective dropped down. There were three other women present who introduced themselves as Ella's university friends. The four had studied together and met regularly to talk and celebrate.

Chloe ordered a glass of sparkling water and refused a round of shots. "I'm here by car," she explained simply. She knew that it was a lame excuse.

Ella pulled a pout. "C’mon, Chloe! You can order a taxi later. We’re here to party a bit."

The detective's lips tightened. She was only here because she’d thrown the information at Lucifer in anger! "That won’t be necessary," she replied evasively.

Ella shrugged wearily and turned to her three friends. "To a great evening, girls," she euphorically said before licking the salt from her hand and swallowing down the tequila. Bravely, she bit right into the provided slice of lemon and twisted her face in a disgusted grimace. The girls giggled, pleased about her expression. "You'll never get used to tequila, Ella!" the blonde laughed at the table.

"Challenge accepted, Rose!" The forensic scientist grinned and turned to Chloe. She was sipping at her water.

"Can I ask you something?" Ella asked unusually hesitantly.
The detective raised an eyebrow at her. She knew it was a rhetorical question because the forensic scientist seemed to burst with curiosity every second.

"What happened today when you visited Lucifer?" She directly blurted out the question.

Chloe absently played with the drinking straw in her water. "What do you mean, Ella? I picked him up and we drove to the precinct."

Her colleague had to suppress a short laugh and leaned closer to her ear. "Seriously, Chloe! This man tried everything today to get into your pants."

"Excuse me?" the detective hissed exaggeratedly. She had already feared that Ella must have noticed some of the subliminal tension. She really didn’t want to know what Pierce might think now!

Ella gave her an incredulous look. "Lucifer talked about his bedroom chair today. What did he mean by that?"

Chloe became increasingly uncomfortable with their conversation. She considered Ella as a good friend, but that didn’t mean she had to know everything about her. Feverishly, the detective pondered an excuse and sipped at her water.

Ella didn’t buy the act and accusingly lowered her head.

"Fine!" Chloe replied uncomfortably and gave in. "I caught Lucifer masturbating today."

Ella fell into a spontaneous laughter. "You didn’t?" she snorted.

Chloe deliberately left out that he’d thought about her during the act and that he’d watched her teenage film to inspire his imagination. She suppressed a smile. "I was as surprised as you are now," she admitted.

Ella's eyes were already tearing as she tried to calm down. "Did you at least have a good view?" she asked curiously.

"Ella!" the detective protested immediately and shamefacedly broke eye contact.

"C’mon, Chloe! Who wouldn’t risk a look at this man?"

Restless, the detective slid back in her chair. "It doesn’t matter, because we decided to forget about the incident."

Ella suppressed another laugh attack. "If this is Lucifer’s way of ignoring the event, I don’t wanna know what else he would do."

"It’s probably for the best," the detective agreed.

"It certainly sounds that you had a revealing day, Chloe," the forensic scientist said ambiguously, finally changing the subject as she heard a part of her friend’s conversation.

Chloe, glad for the interruption, grabbed her tumbler and just listened for a while. Forensics wasn’t her specialty, and hearing them discussing formulas, causes of death, and body injuries bored her rather quickly. Ella kindly tried to involve her several times in the conversation, but it just wasn’t a topic she had much to say about.

Uninterested, she finally turned away from the table and looked around the bar. It had become much fuller. Some groups were playing billiard and darts, while individuals sat at the bar stools.
Chloe spent the next few minutes tapping on the table to the beat of the music and sipping on her water. The glass was nearly empty now, and the four women were still giggling and laughing about embarrassing university stories. After another ten minutes, the detective couldn’t stand it anymore. Since it was too early for her to leave, she decided to order an alcoholic drink at the bar. "I'll be right back," she told Ella quickly, getting up from her chair.

She strolled to the bar and stood between two empty stools to order a Dry Martini. Lost in thought, she watched the bartender and decided at the same time not to be manipulated by Lucifer ever again. For a moment, she even considered sending him a photo, but that would be a little bit too exaggerated, wouldn’t it?

"Decker! What the Hell are you doing here?" a voice suddenly sounded to her ears. A far too familiar deep, male voice.

Startled, Chloe whirled around to find Pierce walking to the counter next to her in a black leather-jacket and a casual black t-shirt. Surprised, she looked at her supervisor. "Lieutenant!" she greeted him stiffly and stepped aside to give him some space at the counter.

Pierce's mouth drew up a tiny bit as he noticed her discomfort. "I'm not on duty and neither are you. Just call me Marcus," he said in a casual conversation.

Chloe still felt uneasy. She didn’t like the lieutenant and meeting him privately was one of the things she didn’t really want to experience.

Pierce beckoned to the bartender, who took his order and put the ready-mixed cocktail in front of Chloe's nose a moment later.

"What brings you here, Chloe?" the man finally asked brashly, just using her first name without asking. It suited his style and the picture she already had about him.

"I'm on a women's night with Ella Lopez and some of her friends," she replied, pointing to the four women at her table.

Pierce’s eyes followed her hand movement. Ella had noticed the newcomer and exuberantly waved to them both. Surprisingly she didn’t attempt to rush straight to the bar.

The lieutenant turned to her again. Out of the corner of her eye Chloe saw Ella do some exaggerated movements with her hands. She gestured wildly with them, pointing first to her superior and then to herself before she twisted her lips into a kiss gesture.

Chloe's eyes widened in shock and she immediately turned around and took a long sip of her cocktail.

"I didn’t take you as a woman who likes to party in rock bars," Pierce said, reaching for the beer the bartender had put in front of him.

"Actually, I'm not. Ella persuaded me to come along," Chloe explained cautiously.

Pierce skeptically raised an eyebrow at her. "But it looks like Miss Lopez has little interest in your company."

Chloe bit her tongue. The lieutenant had an excellent grasp. Restless, she avoided his intense stare. "I should go back. After all, we have a girls' evening running." She wanted to hurry away, but Pierce caught her wrist and stopped her, to her surprise. An unusual dull tingle spread through her body and Chloe froze, irritated. That feeling was strangely familiar.
"C'mon, Chloe! Miss Lopez can certainly wait a little longer, can't she?"

"Why would she need to do that, Lieutenant?" she curiously asked. Pierce accusingly raised both eyebrows.

"Marcus," Chloe corrected herself quickly as she'd realized her obvious faux pas.

"Do you see the men over there at the pool table?" he asked, pointing to the men's circle.

Chloe noticed in surprise that five men were staring at Pierce and her. Hurriedly, she turned back to the lieutenant and waited for his explanation.

Pierce took a long sip of his beer and settled on the neighboring stool. "I was forced to a men's night. Unfortunately, some friends of mine think I only live for my work. So they dragged me along, and told me to pick up a woman."

Chloe's heart abruptly warmed. She wasn't sure whether it was the gin or Marcus's words. She incredulously stared at him. "And now you want to pick me up?" she suspiciously wanted to know.

Pierce apologetically raised his hands and smiled. "Not necessarily. I just thought we could sit together and talk for a while, so my friends would think I'd succeeded."

Against her will Chloe smiled back. She sipped at her cocktail and finally sat down on the empty stool. "Alright, Marcus," she finally started, amused. "What do you want to know about me?"

The lieutenant grinned and nodded thankfully. "Why don't you start with the reason that brought you to the LAPD," he suggested.

Chloe felt sorry for the man. She knew from her own experience how annoying it could be when her friends tried to pair her up. She glanced at Ella, who was grinning with a thumb pointed in the air and encouragingly nodding.

Apart from his very direct nature, Pierce really tried to be friendly. Chloe smiled at him. "My mother initially tried to push me into the acting business. She's a successful actress herself. After a pretty scandalous teenage film, I quit my career and followed my father's footsteps. He was an officer at the LAPD until he..." She paused and broke off.

"I understand," Pierce murmured considerately and didn’t deepen the topic.

Chloe brushed a few strands of her hair back behind her ears. Although her father had been killed years ago, his absence still hurt a lot. She smiled weakly and tried to chance the topic. "How did you get to the police?"

"Some dramatic family issues have forced me to do so. I was stationed in Chicago for many years and have been transferred to the LAPD now," he admitted mysteriously.

Chloe hesitated for a moment, but she didn’t dare to ask further. It sounded like some really bad things had happened in his past. Marcus Pierce was definitely an unreadable book to her. He emitted a disapproving and cold aura most of the time, and his brash nature often let her back off. Just like now.

The unpleasant moment vanished, however, as Pierce turned to face her. "You are a fascinating woman, Chloe," he suddenly admitted bluntly. "I would really like to get to know you better."

The detective winced in surprise as the lieutenant touched her hand again. "Are you serious?" she...
asked, confused about his spontaneous mood swings.

Pierce nodded affirmatively and squeezed her hand for a brief moment. Chloe felt the tingle very clearly now. Whenever Lucifer had touched her, it felt much stronger, but oddly her body seemed to react pleasantly to the man in front of her. Completely overwhelmed with her new feelings, she lowered her eyes for a moment. "You're my boss," she finally said uncomfortably.

"Chloe, I just wanna have a drink with you. You are positively different to the people I usually surround myself with."

What was that supposed to mean? The detective shifted uneasily on her stool.

"C'mon, Decker! I don’t bite," the lieutenant replied with a grin.

Chloe groaned. "Alright," she finally agreed. Maybe it was a good idea to go out with someone. Her thoughts had been on Lucifer Morningstar for far too long, and it was time to banish him completely from her mind, especially since Marcus Pierce seemed to have a genuine interest in her.

"I'll check my calendar and let you know," he said contentedly, getting up from the stool.

Chloe uncertainly looked at him. "Alright, Marcus." His first name still sounded strange on her tongue.

Pierce gave her a friendly smile and turned to his group of men at the pool table. "I'll go back then. See you tomorrow at the precinct, Chloe." The way he pronounced her name made her shudder slightly. She didn’t get to say more than a stifled bye before the lieutenant stepped towards the pool tables.

Completely confused by her physical reactions, Chloe emptied the rest of her cocktail and took a deep breath. She’d just agreed to go on a date with lieutenant Marcus Pierce. What the Hell had gotten into her? She didn’t even like the man properly. Until this evening, he had shown her nothing but indifference. Where did his sudden behavioral change come from?

"Chloe," Ella suddenly squeaked close to her. The forensic scientist had walked to the bar, leaning close to her ear. "I told you that Pierce is totally into you. What did you lovebirds talk about?"

_Hadn’t she just been able to interpret Pierces signals correctly?_ Indeed, Ella had already dropped at lunch this afternoon that the lieutenant had laid an eye on her.

Chloe bit her lower lip and turned to Ella. "We have a date," she told her friend, shaking her head as she watched Ella falling instantly into a happy chatter. She even hugged her.

The detective glanced at the pool table and noticed that Pierce returned her eye contact with a friendly smile. The warm feeling inside her increased immediately. Maybe - just maybe - a date with Marcus Pierce wasn’t as bad as she was trying to convince herself.
This is an absolutely idiotic plan

From the corner of her eye Chloe Decker watched Lucifer Morningstar pouring a well-intentioned amount of scotch from his hip flask into the coffee mug. Her partner had casually crossed his feet on her desk and lounged in an office chair, bored.

When he saw her look, he politely offered her his flask. "Nothing is more stimulating than a single malt latte in the morning, wouldn't you agree, Detective?" He raised an eyebrow at her. "Do you want some too?"

Chloe did what she always did in Lucifer's presence and rolled her eyes. "No, thanks," she rejected his questionable offer, focusing again on the documents on her desk. She'd taken the murder victim's photos from the file and thoughtfully studied the pictures.

Two days had passed since the fiancé of the murdered woman had turned himself in. Chloe, along with Lucifer, had followed the potential clue to a pizza delivery service. Although this case was already closed in her partner's eyes, Chloe's intuition had advised her to continue investigating the dubious story. Tom Miller was in custody and, unfortunately, he still couldn't remember more details. So the detective had visited the pizza delivery service yesterday with Lucifer to verify the killer's testimony.

However, it had quickly became clear that the pizza delivery woman - described by Tom Miller – didn't work at the company. Chloe had been looking for a slender blonde with ice-blue eyes and an eye-catching tattoo on the side of her neck, but with only four male pizza delivery men currently employed, the woman's description had quickly turned out to be irrelevant. Therefore, either Tom Miller had lied or someone had disguised himself as a pizza delivery person and visited him in his apartment.

"I still don't understand why we're sitting here investigating this murder case," Lucifer finally groused. "Why won't you accept that this man had bad intentions and murdered in cold blood, Detective?"

Chloe looked up from her papers and leaned back in her desk chair. "Something doesn't feel right, Lucifer."

"Because you can't accept that Mr. Miller just lied," her partner commented. He took a sip from his coffee mug.

"He didn't look like he was lying," Chloe said thoughtfully.

Lucifer lifted his feet from the edge of her desk and rolled a little closer to her chair. "Let's assume he did not lie, Detective. What's up with that ominous pizza delivery woman then?"

Chloe shrugged. "I don't know yet. Maybe she disguised herself to surprise Mr. Miller at the front door and then drugged him."

"And why would she need to do that?" her partner continued.

That was the knowledge gap they still needed to fill. Chloe had absolutely no evidence to prove what had happened the evening before Miss Young's fiancé had set out to strangle her.

With a heavy sigh, the detective reached for her own coffee mug and inhaled the delicious smell of the invigorating liquid. She loved coffee. Although the caffeine had almost no effect on her anymore
after her regular consumption, she still loved to enjoy its aroma.

For a while, the detective was lost in thought, rereading the collected notes and preliminary reports on Ava Young’s death all over again. It seemed that they had overlooked an important detail...

Lucifer beside her wasn’t pleased about the desk work. He often left her alone with all the paperwork and the clearly boring part of her job. At first, Chloe had been upset that her partner was just cherry-picking, but after she’d learned that he was more of a burden than a help when it came to desk work, she’d accepted it. Right now, for example, Lucifer wasn’t much of a help either. Bored, he played with the lever of his chair and repeatedly ran up and down with his seat. The mechanical sound of the movement began to bother her.

"Why don’t you go home, and I’ll call as soon as I have news,” she asked him for clearly no selfish reasons.

"Are you trying to get rid of me, Detective?"

Chloe’s eyebrows narrowed in annoyance. "I'm just trying to work," she replied stiffly, lifting her eyes from the paperwork.

Lucifer leaned closer in amusement. "I have a strong feeling that your girl’s night with Miss Lopez hasn’t really helped to improve your mood." He waved one hand in front of her body. "You’re very tensed up, my dear."

*Of course that evening hadn’t contributed to her relaxation! She had spent several hours in a bar, watching Ella and her friends having a good time. To make matters worse, she’d met the lieutenant later and had let him persuade her to go on a date with him. Her idea of some relaxation definitely looked different!*

Chloe grunted. "I just can’t concentrate when you're around," she snarled.

Her partner instantly provided her with an irresistible smile. Unfortunately, the detective had noticed her verbal error too late.

"So I am distracting you, darling!?" Lucifer almost purred now and leaned a few inches closer. His knee hit the side of her desk chair.

Chloe turned to him. "Not in the way you’re thinking about."

"Hm, Detective. What am I thinking about?" he asked innocently, wiggling his eyebrows.

Chloe rolled her eyes grimly while turning away from his perfect prince-charming-smile. Instead of responding to his question, she held the almost empty cup out to him. "It doesn’t matter, Lucifer. Just bring me another coffee and let me do my work for a few minutes."

Her partner began to laugh. However, to Chloe's surprise, he grabbed the cup and clumsily got out of his chair. "Your wish is my command, Detective. After all, I can’t let your mood drop to a new low just because you run out of caffeine."

Chloe bit on her lower lip and swallowed the snappy comment lying on her tongue.

Her partner was about to turn away and stroll to the kitchen when Ella blocked his way and hurried toward her table. "Do you have a moment?" she asked quickly, glancing at Lucifer and then at her.

The detective nodded immediately.
Ella took the clipboard, she’d just held up to her chest, and put it on Chloe's desk. "I had taken Mr. Miller’s blood, so we were able to examine it for drugs," she began to report. "I analyzed his blood sample, and – oh my God - I found something, guys."

The detective shot Lucifer a knowing look before concentrating on the forensic scientist again.

"And did you find out what it was?" she asked curiously.

Ella shook her head in disappointment. "That's the problem. I've gone through all the tests that came to my mind and I can’t identify the unknown substance in the murderer's blood. Although it has a similarity to some synthetic drugs, the substance itself is completely unknown to me. I've never seen anything like this before."

Lucifer tilted his head in concern. "Do you think it could just be a new designer drug, Miss Lopez? Such recipes are constantly changing."

Ella grimaced to a tense expression. "That’s completely excluded. No matter how much the recipes for designer drugs are changing, I would always decrypt and assign their basic chemical elements. I wasn’t able to do that with Mr. Miller’s blood."

"What does that mean, Ella?" Chloe asked irritated.

"It means," the forensic scientist said, "that we’re dealing with a new and completely unknown type of drug. I have absolutely no idea if and how it affected the killer and what it was. If you like, I can show my contacts the information and ask them for help. Maybe one of them has seen something similar before."

The detective frowned thoughtfully. That was very disturbing information. It seemed that her intuition had been right. The murder had taken far greater proportions than previously thought. Why the Hell would anyone put a stranger under a novel drug? Maybe Mr. Miller had just been a guinea pig for some labor tests...

"That’s a good idea, Ella. Please try to find out as much as possible about this substance," Chloe finally replied to her colleague.

Lucifer thoughtfully toyed with the coffee mug in his hands. "How about we visit Mr. Miller once again, Detective?"

Chloe's thoughts were interrupted rather abruptly when she heard Pierce's voice behind her. "Decker!" He pronounced her name in a commanding tone.

With a pounding heart, the detective turned around to him. She hadn’t seen the lieutenant properly since their conversation last night in the bar. He’d mentioned that he wanted to study his roster and contact her about the date, but so far, he hadn’t taken that step. When Chloe looked him in the eyes, she didn’t recognize any hints of sympathy for her.

With a scowl he looked first at her and then at the others. "There is a new murder case," he finally announced.

"You three should go with a team and investigate the crime scene."

Lucifer stopped moving the cup in his hands, placing it on Chloe's desk instead. "Finally, some new action. It already started to get boring."

Pierce glared at him. "The murder of a woman shouldn’t increase your private pleasure, Mr.
Morningstar."

Chloe saw her partner angrily pinching his eyes. Quickly, she jumped in and got out of her chair. "Where do we have to go, Lieutenant?"
She noticed Pierce's gaze lingering on her for a little longer than normal.

"A few minutes ago, we received a call. Apparently, a woman's body was found in a strip club downtown. Since this is the second female murder in a week and both were found in shops with sexual background, I fear the murders might be related."

Chloe nodded in agreement and absently ran her hand through her hair. "We'll leave immediately and take care of it."

"Do that, Decker!" Pierce replied flatly and turned away from her desk.

Chloe looked after him for a while, completely confused. She'd already been worried that the situation might be strange if she would agree to go out with her boss, but she didn't like the way Pierce had treated her. It almost felt like that conversation in the bar hadn’t taken place at all. At any rate, there had been no signs of a less hostile attitude and a friendly smile on Pierce's face. If this was the way they would act around each other from now on, Chloe would seriously have to rethink about the idea of going on a date with him. For sure, she couldn’t stand being treated like that.

Maybe the lieutenant had simply backed down? Could he even remember asking her out? Or was his behavior just part of his plan to prove to his friends that he could pick up a woman? Annoyed by her thoughts, Chloe whirled around to see Ella looking at her, interested. She seemed to have noticed the unpleasant situation.

Lucifer - on the other hand - grinned at her, completely unaware, and pointed invitingly at the exit of the department. "How about a little lap dance, Detective?" he teased smugly.

Chloe pressed her lips together, suppressing all thoughts about both men from her head. Neither Lucifer Morningstar nor Marcus Pierce would be the reason for neglecting her work. They were just not important enough for that!

Lucifer Morningstar had buried his hands deep down in his suit pants pockets and looked with a mixture of fascination and disgust at the body at his feet. Chloe stood close beside him, watching Ella scurry around the dead woman's body and meticulously take photos.

They were currently in one of the back rooms of a strip club, called Joi. In fact, Lucifer had already been here in his past to meet with a few people and make some shady deals. It was an acceptable and average strip club, but it was nowhere near the level of LUX’s dancers. The reputation of Joi was completely different to his own club. While LUX was registered under the category nightclub, at Joi’s it was possible to secretly visit the dancers in private rooms after various show performances. It wasn’t quite legal but tolerated by the customers and stuff.

Right now, they were standing in such a sparsely furnished room. Apart from a gigantic bed and a small dressing table, the room was almost empty. Not exactly inviting, but sufficient for satisfying the needs of the changing clients.

"The woman has been dead for about ten hours." The young forensic scientist was in her element, studying the lifeless body in greater detail. "I'm not sure about the cause of death yet," she
murmured, squatting to look at parts of the face.

Lucifer leaned over and tilted his head. The dead woman lay in an unnatural position – almost twisted like a question mark - on the floor. He estimated her to be in her late twenties. The many layers of make-up and the distorted spots on her face made it hard to guess her age properly. Chloe had already found out that the murdered woman was a striptease dancer at the club. Not that he hadn’t already drawn the same conclusion while studying her way-too-narrow sequin glitter dress and her slipped long-haired wig.

"The symmetrical round injuries in her face and parts of her neck must be caused by a rather blunt and cylindrical object," Ella speculated, leaning closer over the body to examine the blood-stained patches on her skin. "At most one or two inches in diameter."

Chloe squatted down and pointed to the victim's feet. "Would a stiletto heel fit?"

Lucifer raised an eyebrow in surprise as he followed Chloe's hand movement. The stripper wore one wine-red high heel, and her left shoe was missing.

Ella grabbed the camera around her neck, and immediately photographed the victim's shoe. "The heel would fit, Chloe," she agreed approvingly.

"So, somebody hit her with that shoe and disfigured her face," Lucifer concluded. "I've already heard from a few ladies that wearing high-heeled shoes is murder."

"Oh no," Ella hurriedly intervened and looked up from her squat. "These wounds aren't deep enough to kill the woman."

"What was it then?" Chloe asked curiously.

The forensic scientist moved to the corpse's head and grabbed it with her gloved hands to gently lift the head from the floor. Below, a pool of blood appeared. "I bet on a craniocerebral trauma with internal bleeding. If the attacker struck hard enough with that shoe, it would kill her."

Chloe nodded thoughtfully. "So we're looking for a red high heel as a potential murder weapon." She systematically began to scan the room.

The Devil stepped back a few feet from the woman's body. His eyes followed Chloe's movements. "So far, I don't see a parallel that suggests a connection with the Young case, Detective."

Chloe shot him a quick glance. "It's too early to say that. Mr. Miller is definitely not the killer because he was in custody at the time of death. Either he had an accomplice, or it may be related to this unknown substance that Ella found in his body."

Lucifer strolled thoughtfully through the small room, his eyes wandering. "There are a lot of people who could have killed her considering the stripper was murdered in the early hours of the night. This is the busiest time for a sex visit in a strip club, Detective." He watched in amusement how Chloe flinched slightly at the emphasis of the word sex. These jumpy reactions had increased significantly since the incident in his penthouse. Lucifer had noticed with surprise that her body responded in a partly unconscious way to him. Where did this sudden behavior come from? In some situations, he'd even had the feeling that the detective had reacted to his charm and that should actually be completely impossible.

She’d turned away from him as he’d turned away from her! Of course, there were those situations where he couldn't resist the temptation of overpowering her with his flirtatious demeanor, but Chloe had loosely ignored his sayings and actions until the day before yesterday. Something had knocked
her off track since she'd caught him masturbating. He wondered what it was.

"Ella!" Chloe suddenly mentioned the name of the forensic scientist and turned to her. "We’ll interview a few employees outside at the bar."

The woman on the ground nodded absently and studied the corpse with a highly concentrated expression. "I need some more time here to secure all traces and complete the investigation."

Lucifer, already standing in front of the exit, opened the door. "After you, Detective," he requested, smiling charmingly, and pointed to the door frame. A yellow-black tape and two policemen guarded the crime scene.

Chloe hurried to it. As she passed the door, her shoulder brushed Lucifer’s upper arm and he noticed in surprise that she flinched at the light touch. Well, obviously not only the topic sex had hit a sensitive nerve but also his presence. Grinning, he quickly glanced at Ella before stepping over the tape and following the detective.

They walked back down the hallway. There were more doors with attached numbers on each side. The premises belonged to other strippers of the club. All doors were closed at the moment. Presumably, the women were currently sleeping and waiting for the club to open its doors again in the evening.

Lucifer silently followed the detective, who led him back through a double door into a large main room. At the side he immediately discovered a stage with provided dance poles. All around were several semicircular seating benches with shiny metallic tables. The bar was at the end of the hall, lit by a dim counter light. A young woman with pink curly hair was cleaning a few glasses.

"May we interrupt you again, Miss Brown?" Chloe asked politely as she reached the long bar. Lucifer stopped beside her. Obviously, it was the woman Chloe had already contacted when they entered the club less than an hour ago. Miss Brown - as Chloe had called her - was dressed casually in her black jeans and a white long sleeve shirt. She looked very young and neutral-looking except for the color-intensive hair. But nevertheless, Lucifer estimated that this woman was a stripper as well.

A little surprised, the pink-haired woman looked up from the sink. "Did you already find something out, detective Decker? The death of Grace is just awful. I still can’t believe it." She put the beer glass down.

"We've been able to find some information," Chloe admitted vaguely, studying the woman in front of her. "Would you please share some more information with us? The more we learn about Grace, the sooner we find a motive for the murder and can track down the killer. For example, do you know the full name of the murdered woman?"

Miss Brown briefly gave Chloe an unreadable look and replied, "Her name was Grace Edwards. She started to work here about half a year ago. Her customers knew her by the name Sugarpie."

Amused, Lucifer looked at Chloe as her mind processed the stripper’s name. She tried to suppress a smile and cleared her throat as professionally as possible instead. "Do you know with whom Miss Edwards was in contact last night? It’s quite possible that one of her secret customers might have become angry and lost control."

The woman behind the counter reached for a next glass and dipped it into the water. "I don’t know, but you can talk to our boss. Maybe he does know something, although we’re not reporting any names."
Chloe nodded immediately and shifted her weight to the other leg. "Alright, thank you. We'll question him later. Do you also know if Miss Edwards has had a recent dispute with clients or private individuals? Is there anyone who could have been so mad that he wanted to murder her?"

The pink-haired woman clenched her lips while sadly shaking her head. "I have no idea, detective Decker. Grace was a great colleague and a nice person. I can't imagine why anyone would want to kill her."

Lucifer casually leaned against the bar and propped one arm on its surface. "That sounds strangely familiar to me, Detective," he confessed.

"What do you mean by that?" Miss Brown asked.

The Devil had just opened his mouth to explain when Chloe bumped his forearm and stopped him. "What did I say at the station the other day?" she hissed.

"Alright, Detective!" he replied charmingly. "No reason to get rough again. I'm wondering if you would act like this in other areas of your private life as well?" His voice had dropped an octave, and the way he emphasized the words made pretty clear what he was referring to.

"Lucifer! Stop that!" Chloe moaned angrily and crossed her arms over her chest.

Just then a rattling sound rang behind Lucifer's back. He spun around to discover the front door slammed shut. A strange man had stormed into the club and strode towards the bar. It wasn't the muscular and broad stature of the man that made the Devil raise an eyebrow, but the object he clutched in his right hand.

"Please say she's okay, Anna!" The panic in the newcomer's voice was hard to miss. Energetically, he stopped at the side of the bar and looked at the pink-haired woman with a worried look. "When I found her shoe in my flat earlier, all alarm bells went off with me."

He had every reason to. The stranger had a bloodstained red high heel in his hand, Lucifer recognized. The blood rallied primarily at the stiletto heel.

"Detective," the Devil said, fixing his eyes on the man. "I think I might be having a déjà-vu."

"You're not the only one," she agreed, shaking her head in perplexity. Chloe needed a few more moments before she finally acted. She was probably just as surprised by the situation as he was right now.

"LAPD, put the shoe aside and your hands up," she shouted at the man, pulling her weapon from the belt and aiming for the suspect.

"What's going on here? I just wanted to convince myself that Grace is okay," the newcomer demanded.

Lucifer let out a hollow laugh. "Define okay! If you mean that Miss Edwards is picking apples in paradise now, then she's perfectly fine."

"I don't understand any of this. What happened?" he asked in confusion, carefully putting the shoe down on the counter. Very slowly he finally lifted his hands in the air.

Chloe cautiously stepped closer. "You are under arrest on suspicion of murdering Grace Edwards."

The man's eyes widened in surprise and a moment later he began to sob uncontrollably. "So it's true
then?" he breathed flatly and looked at the pink-haired woman behind the counter. "Grace is really dead?"

For a moment Lucifer felt that he was experiencing the same events all over again, only with other people playing the main roles now. He looked back and forth between Chloe and the suspect.

"Grace has been killed," the detective said calmly. "And now you can tell me who you are and why you hold the murder weapon in your hands."

The man turned to her. "I'm Steve Wayne. Grace was my girlfriend. We've been a couple for a few months." He sobbed noisily and had to gather himself together. "I woke up this morning from a totally confused dream of killing Grace. When I found her blood-soaked shoe in the hall of my apartment, I panicked."

"Let me guess, Mr. Wayne," Lucifer said arrogantly. "You can't remember killing her, and only fragments of your dream are left?"

The man nodded affirmatively. "That's right. How do you know?"

Chloe stepped forward and lowered her weapon. "We were dealing with a similar case the other day," she confessed, pointing with her hand to a nearby booth.

The suspect understood the silent request and sat down a moment later. Chloe followed his example while Lucifer stood behind Chloe's place.

"Did you meet someone last night, Mr. Wayne? A woman you may not have known before, or only met fleetingly?"

The brown-haired man considered a long moment. "I went to the club last night to bring Grace her make-up bag. She'd forgotten her cosmetics at home. That must have been about midnight. I sat down at the bar and had a beer while waiting for her show to end on stage." He paused. "Now that I think about it... I was actually approached by an unknown woman. She asked me to help her with a problem. So I followed her in the direction of the restroom."

"What did this woman look like?" Chloe interjected.

"Silky shiny blond hair, bright blue eyes and a beautiful smile. She was very pretty and also wearing an unusual tattoo on her neck. I didn’t recognize the patterns."

Lucifer caught Chloe's meaningful look. She leaned back and waited until he bent down to her face. "The description of the woman matches with Mr. Miller’s. We're most likely dealing with the same person," she whispered.

"So Pierce was right, and the murders are related," Lucifer agreed before focusing his attention on Steve Wayne again. "What happened after that?" he wanted to know.

The suspect shrugged in confusion. "From there, the memories are blurred. I followed this woman to the toilets and then... nothing. The first clear picture I got, is from this morning. That's why I thought that it was a dream. It all seemed so unreal to me. Did I really murder my girlfriend?" he asked, completely disturbed.

Chloe took a deep breath. "There's a lot of evidence pointing to it, Mr. Wayne. Of course, we have to examine the shoe for fingerprints first."

"How could this happen? I can't even remember..." He clapped his
hands over his face and began to cry.

"We'll do our best to find that out, Mr. Wayne," Chloe comforted him. "Can you tell us if Miss Edwards had contact with the other murdered woman? It was a shop assistant from the Amor Lingerie shop on Hollywood Boulevard."

"The sex shop?" the suspect asked.

Lucifer and Chloe nodded at the same time.

"If I'm correct, that's the shop where Grace often bought her clothes. She was a regular customer there."

Lucifer rested his hand on Chloe's chair and leaned close to her ear. "That's a clear connection, Detective."

Chloe fixed the man in front of her with a serious look. "Thank you for your cooperative behavior. However, I still have to arrest you because you are under suspicion of murder."

Steve Wayne nodded sadly, and the detective got up from her chair a moment later.

They spent the next few minutes waiting for two colleagues who walked the suspect off. Chloe had bagged the red high heel and handed it over to Ella, who had completed her work on the body and had met them both on the way out. It took a while for the detective to pick up Miss Brown's latest statement.

In the meantime, Lucifer was in desperate need of a cigarette break, so he went outside, waiting with a lighted cigarette for Chloe at her car. He'd almost completely inhaled the glow stick as she finally stepped out through Joi's doors. Exhausted, Chloe leaned against the car next to him.

"What a confusing murder case," she remarked thoughtfully.

One last time Lucifer inhaled the smoke into his lungs before dropping the cigarette to the floor and grinding the glowing ashes with his foot. "Your bad feeling has been right, Detective," he admitted bluntly. "There's something much bigger behind these two murders. Both women were killed by their partners and both partners can't remember the exact act because they were probably drugged by the same woman."

"I'm afraid it might be a series of murders. One that isn't completed yet," Chloe mumbled, deep in thought.

"That's what I'm talking about." Lucifer gave her a long sidelong glance. "We have to find that tattooed woman."

Chloe returned his gaze. "And how shall we do that?"

The Devil thought about her question for a moment when an idea occurred to him. The corners of his mouth pulled up in a dangerously smile. Chloe had already narrowed her eyes skeptically when she saw his salacious expression.

Smugly grinning, Lucifer turned to her. "You and I will have some fun tonight and enjoy a strip show together, darling."

Instinctively, Chloe stumbled backwards. "Excuse me?" she shouted in horror.
Lucifer wasn’t able to prevent a quick laugh. "It's easy, Detective. It seems that the two murder victims know each other. At least Miss Edwards was a customer of Miss Young. So, the woman we’re looking for doesn’t seem to pick people randomly. That means we’ll both go undercover to the club tonight and look for that woman. Maybe she'll come back to pick her next victim."

He could see Chloe nibbling nervously on her lower lip.

"Detective?" he purred seductively, leaning closer to her. "Are you too much of a prude to go to this club with me?"

Chloe glared at him and put a hand on her hip. "I'm not prudish, Lucifer!" she hissed.

"What else are you afraid of then, darling?" he asked sweetly.

"I'm not scared!" she replied and raised her chin to support her point.

Lucifer had difficulties pulling himself together. Amused, he fixed her with his dark brown eyes. "Then everything is clear. I'll pick you up tonight and we can kill two birds with one stone."

Irritated, Chloe raised an eyebrow and looked at him. His grin widened. "We're going on a criminal hunt and I'll show you how to have a good time, my dear."

Lucifer's wink was already lost as the detective turned sourly away from him. "This is an absolutely idiotic plan," she grumbled and grabbed the door handle of the patrol car. "Unfortunately, it's the best idea we have right now," she said, not very enthusiastic.

Their indirect agreement was enough for the Devil. He stepped elegantly around the car and opened the passenger door. These murder cases were definitely to his liking. Who would have guessed that he’d go to a strip club with detective Chloe Decker? A dull, subliminal voice warned him that he was moving on very thin ice here, but the urge to watch her in such a club was stronger. Smiling brightly, he sat on the passenger seat. This would definitely be one Hell of a night!
Hey Lucifans,
here is the next Deckerstar-centric chapter for you. Enjoy, and please feel free to leave a comment. It's always good to know how you think about this story :-)

The strident ringing of the front door sounded more penetrating than usual in Chloe Decker's ears. Unconsciously, the detective tightened her tense grip on the kitchen counter and emptied the rest of her red wine in a quick gulp. She was pretty nervous. Her palms were wet, and her heart was beating way too fast.

Annoyed, Chloe cursed her body for its reactions. She’d tried to convince herself throughout the whole afternoon and early evening that Lucifer and she would just go to this strip club with purely business intentions. Unfortunately, the mere thought of spending the night with her partner in an erotic environment was enough to let her feelings and, above all, her body reactions go on a roller coaster ride. What the Hell was wrong with her?

Until recently, she’d managed to bury and ignore these kinds of feelings deep down in her mind. Ever since she’d seen Lucifer in his penthouse, it was almost impossible to suppress the erotic thoughts of her partner anymore. The very idea of him masturbating and thinking of her made Chloe shiver pleasantly.

The doorbell rang again and, a moment later, Lucifer's muffled voice sounded through the front door. “Detective? Are you going to open the door or should I let myself in?”

Chloe bit her lower lip while setting the empty wine glass back next to the sink. For a brief moment, she closed her eyes and took a deep, calming breath.

She’d been in much more dangerous situations in her police career than spending a night with Lucifer Morningstar. This should be easily survived, shouldn’t it?

The Detective would just avoid any conversation that could lead to any kind of erotic topic. Granted, in a strip club this was quite a challenge, but Chloe knew Lucifer long enough to notice his verbal traps. At least, as long as she could stay calm!

Tight-shouldered, she stepped through the open living area of her house and opened the front door. Her partner beamed at her with a stunningly charming smile. Against her will, Chloe's gaze moved up and down his body. Lucifer looked very handsome in his bespoke black designer suit. He was wearing a white shirt with a black vest and a burgundy pocket square. His hair was elegantly styled, giving him something very daring along with his three-day beard and his crooked smirk. To her surprise, his smile slipped a little, as his eyes wandered over her appearance as well.

Chloe had taken his advice seriously. She’d stood in front of her wardrobe for a while to find something suitable to wear. Since they wanted to go undercover, it was necessary to blend in.

She wouldn’t want to draw any attention at Lucifer’s side. Therefore, she’d decided to wear a knee-length burgundy shift dress and had put on a cream-colored jacket with matching pumps. It was one
of the few cocktail dresses she had in the closet.

"Your sight excuses any waiting at the door, darling," Lucifer flattered her, his dark brown eyes finally pointing to her face.

Chloe tried to cover her insecurity and the light tickle that was caused by his compliment. "I was just preparing myself for our mission, Lucifer," she cut his words off.

"Just like me, Detective," her partner replied, pointing invitingly at his body.

Chloe followed the movement with her eyes. For a moment longer than appropriate her gaze lingered on his top open shirt button. When she realized, she averted her eyes and reached for a handbag on a nearby drawer. "You look like you always do," she quipped.

Slowly, Chloe approached Lucifer, who studied her intensely with his eyebrows raised. He was probably wondering if he should reply to her comment or not. Had he already noticed that she was a loose cannon inside?

Crap! She urgently needed to do a better job!

As casually as possible she stepped to the threshold and locked the front door behind them. Trixie would spend the night with her father and Maze was on the road again, collecting a bounty. Chloe was more than glad that it was Friday and she had the house for herself after the mission, because she would probably need the upcoming weekend to gather and re-focus again.

"Shall we go?" her partner asked, pointing invitingly at his convertible parked in the driveway.

Chloe nodded and followed him to the car. Lucifer graciously opened the passenger door and waited for her to drop into the seat before closing the door. The detective admired these small gestures. Sometimes it seemed to her that Lucifer was coming from another age. Most of the men she’d dated - including Dan – hadn’t mastered those niceties…

Holy shit! Did she just compare Lucifer Morningstar with her ex-partners? Annoyed, she bit her tongue and cursed herself in thought.

Both remained silent for a while during the ride to Joi’s. Chloe was all too aware that an awkward silence had spread between them. She could feel Lucifer glancing at her from time to time. He was fiddling with his car radio more often than usual to distract himself. Was it possible that he also disliked this situation?

After all, he’d been the one, turning away from her and running off to Las Vegas to get married and returning with a wife. It had been a clear signal for the detective to interpret. Her partner had sabotaged their growing relationship, whatever the cost. He’d hurt her. That was the reason why she’d had no choice but to emotionally shut herself off to him. It had been the only way to protect herself.

Chloe couldn’t bear the uncomfortable silence for another second, so her thoughts drifted back to shallow waters. "Have you ever wondered why the woman we’re looking for drugged men and then set them up to kill their girlfriends?"

The car came to a stop in front of a traffic light. Lucifer gave her a quick look. "Humans sometimes behave strangely, Detective."

"But this behavior is pathological. What is her motive? Who likes to see others killing their spouses?" Chloe pressed her palms together. Just the thought made her furious with rage.
Lucifer shrugged. "There can be many reasons. Over the eons, I’ve seen a lot in Hell. Perhaps she’s spiritually motivated, suffering from mental illness, or simply enjoying the suffering of others."

Chloe blinked several times at his comment. Even though she knew that Lucifer identified himself closely with the Devil, his statements sometimes still irritated her.

"We have to find her before anyone else is killed. That would also give us a chance to find out why she acts like that," she added thoughtfully.

Lucifer leaned his left arm on the window sill of his driver's door. "Maybe it's a way to process her own tragic love story."

"Quite possible. I’d already thought something similar," Chloe agreed, falling into a thoughtful silence again.

It took a few more minutes before Lucifer reached the strip club. Meanwhile, it was dark outside, and the first guests poured into the establishment.

They’d decided to show up as early as possible, so they wouldn’t miss the tattooed woman, if she appeared. Chloe still had doubts, but currently it was the most realistic chance to find the woman. If she really wanted the victims to know each other, then it was quite possible that she'd visit the strip club again. The detective hoped it would happen tonight. She certainly had little desire to be stuck in this club for several days in a row.

Lucifer parked the convertible a little down the street and switched off the engine. In his usual stylish way, he got out of the car, rounded it and opened the passenger door again. Chloe gave him a faint smile and got out.

"When was the last time you visited a strip club, Detective?" her partner asked curiously, stepping toward the club beside her.

"You mean, apart from LUX? I think that was my bachelorette party back then. Some friends had taken me to a club and treated me to a lap dance."

Lucifer grinned. "Did you enjoy it?"

Chloe raised her eyebrows, looking at him. "What do you think? My mother was with us! There is still no situation I found more unpleasant and embarrassing than this lap dance thingy."

"Penelope Decker in a strip club with her daughter. A sight for the Gods!" Her partner laughed.

Chloe punched him angrily, causing him to step aside.

"Stop making fun about my discomfort. It was really horrible!"

"Oh, it certainly was, darling. Fortunately, you are with me this time. I'm sure I'll get that experience overridden."

Chloe felt her cheeks flush at his ambiguous words. Hurriedly, she averted her eyes and fixed the entrance door of the club instead. "We're not here for fun, Lucifer!" she reminded him.

The man beside her shook his head. "Detective, you'll soon find out that I'm able to combine work and pleasure perfectly."

Chloe swallowed. Maybe it would be a lot harder to ignore the sexual issues than she’d thought.
Suspiciously, she squinted at Lucifer, but he'd focused on the strip club’s entrance and entered a moment later.

Chloe straightened her shoulders and followed him. She was mentally prepared for the pictures she would expect inside the club, but the sight still made her feel uncomfortable.

"With all the lighting and the sexy waitresses, this club looks a lot more entertaining than this afternoon," Lucifer remarked next to her.

Chloe just pressed her lips together, eyes wandering. They stood beside the entrance. At the end of the room, she spotted the bar where they'd arrested Miss Edwards's boyfriend a few hours ago. Meanwhile, the indirect lighting was on, and the wood dipped in dim reddish and yellow tones. Several women and one man were serving behind it. The women wore bikini-style mesh tops in neon colors, while the male waiter served the beer without any clothes above his hips. The muscles were rubbed with oil, so his skin was shining very noticeably.

The stage to the side was still unoccupied, but the poles were freshly polished and ready for use.

Chloe's gaze stopped at the tables in front, and she quickly searched the humans with eagle eyes. There were mostly men of different classes. She saw suit wearers like Lucifer and plain-dressed - even almost unkempt people - laughing and enjoying their beer. Disgusted, the detective wrinkled her nose. Unfortunately, the few women she saw did not fit the description of Mr. Wayne and Mr. Miller.

"Have you seen her?" Lucifer asked softly to her ear.

Chloe shook her head. "It would be the best to sit down over there. This way we'll have a good view of the entrance and will see the tattooed woman very quickly when she shows up." The detective pointed to an empty booth at the end of the room near the wall.

Lucifer agreed without any protest and led her past several booths to the table a moment later. Chloe stroked a few strands of hair back behind her ears before slipping down onto the semicircular, red-cushioned bench beside her partner. As a precaution she kept a greater distance between them and checked the view of the entrance area.

It didn't take a minute, before a barely dressed waitress came to the table. "What may I offer you?" she asked and teased provocatively with her false eyelashes.

Chloe's eyes widened when she saw the woman's voluptuous breasts were only covered by star-shaped nipple covers. She was wearing a very tight black patent leather skirt. Lucifer didn’t seem bothered by her appearance because he let his eyes wander approvingly over her body.

"Can you recommend something?" he asked with a sexy smirk, set on his face.

Apparently, his appearance and his charming nature had already been effective, because the waitress gazing lovingly at his lips. "We have various sweet cocktail classics like an orgasm, sex on the beach, or a few new creations like the splayed leg, or especially for women the hard boner."

Chloe was trying to imagine what these cocktails included, when she caught Lucifer's amused look in her direction. "My lovely companion will test the hard boner and you can bring me a Lagavulin or Oban whiskey with the longest storage period."

The way he emphasized the cocktail name instantly told Chloe that some lewd images were flashing through his head. Was he referring to the incident in his penthouse again?
Before the detective was able to revise his order, the barely dressed waitress turned away from her table, smiling happily.

"You do know that I can order for myself?" Chloe complained, glaring at her partner from the side.

Lucifer raised an eyebrow at her. "Let me guess, Detective. We're on duty, which means you would have ordered a glass of water."

"What's wrong with that? Alcohol affects my senses too fast and we have to stay focused if we want to track down this woman."

"One cocktail won't blow your mind away, my dear."

Chloe groaned. It looked like she was the only one taking this case seriously.

The waitress came back with their order shortly afterwards. Chloe didn't trust her eyes as she examined her cocktail. The woman had served her an orange drink, with a penis-shaped banana stuck to its edge, along with a decorative umbrella. The end of the banana had been nicely carved in shape.

Lucifer began to laugh as he noticed her gaze. "That's just a banana, darling. No need to panic. After all, you’ve recently had the pleasure of admiring an original piece that surpasses the fruit in shape and size by far."

Chloe avoided his eyes as she felt a telltale blush on her cheeks. She was obviously losing control of her body reactions, which would be a huge mistake in Lucifer's presence. She urgently needed to regain the upper hand in their conversation again. That was the reason why she decided to strike back.

"Don’t worry," she kind of flirted. "I’ve already had much larger versions to deal with."

Her partner smirked dangerously and responded to her provocation. "Oh, Detective! You do know that size doesn’t matter, do you? The only thing that's really important is that men use it properly."

Chloe almost choked on her cocktail as she internalized his words. Unwanted images flooded her head and they all contained a naked version of her partner in his satin-covered kingsize bed.

So much for avoiding all sexual topics tonight! It hadn’t taken him ten minutes to heat her body to an uncomfortably uncomfortable level.

Cursing, Chloe decided to ignore Lucifer's comment. Her gaze returned to the entrance and she observed the situation instead. There were more guests now, but no woman with straw-colored hair or a tattoo on her neck had entered so far.

Her partner took a sip of his whiskey and set the glass back on the table before looking for a more comfortable position. He casually stretched out his legs and crossed his Louis Vuitton shoes while placing one arm on the back of the bench. Of course, in her direction!

Chloe noticed with discomfort that his fingers were about to touch her shoulder. Hurriedly, she leaned forward and took a long sip of her sweet-tasting cocktail.

Lucifer suddenly sighed. "Detective, will you tell me what's wrong with you?"

Chloe’s heart stopped in surprise for a moment. "What do you mean?" she asked, cautiously.
Her partner was circling his whiskey glass on the table. "For a few days you have been extremely edgy and jumpy. You don't have PMS, do you?" His intense look was fixed on her face and he studied her closely. "Is it still because of the Penthouse incident the other day?" he finally asked more seriously.

Chloe bit her tongue. Was she that easy to read? Like an open book in which anyone could flick the pages as they pleased... It was almost frightening how well Lucifer could see through her facade – well, at least if he wanted to.

For a moment she considered lying to him, but spontaneously decided against it. Maybe a clarifying conversation was exactly what she needed to refocus again.

"I know the incident isn’t a big deal for you," she began hesitantly, fingering the thin neck of the cocktail glass. "But I'm not used to it."

Lucifer turned to her, tilting his head. "What exactly are you not used to? That you watched a man satisfying himself?"

Chloe didn’t manage to maintain eye contact. This conversation felt way too uncomfortable.

"Was it the first time for you, Detective?"

"No, it was not," she hurried out, continuing to watch the strip club entrance. Her cheeks burned like fire.

"What causes you discomfort then?" he dug deeper with interest.

Chloe couldn’t believe he had to ask for it. Hadn’t it been obvious enough by now? "Firstly," she blurted out with subliminal anger in her voice, "we're just friends, and secondly, you've used my movie."

She heard Lucifer laughing softly next to her. "Darling, have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately? If so, it would be surely understandable why I watched that movie."

Chloe’s cheeks darkened a shade. Stubbornly, she fixed on the entrance of the club while ignoring eye contact with her partner. "Lucifer, we are friends! You shouldn’t do that, no matter what you’re thinking about my appearance!"

"Chloe," he replied in a serious voice.

Amazed that he'd just used her first name, she turned her head. Lucifer studied her with a mixture of fascination and amusement. "Sex doesn’t have the same value for me as it does for you. Some people just feel a sexual desire, without having deeper feelings. As the Devil I am the master of seduction. I know what I'm talking about!"

Chloe rolled her eyes. "You and your giant..."

Lucifer cocked his head, smirking. "Maybe it would be good for you to look at the topic of sex and desire more casually. I am always happy to assist you at any time."

Chloe raised her eyebrows at him and without uttering a word, made it very clear what she thought of his suggestions.

Maybe Lucifer was right? Did she take sex too seriously, and did she create unnecessary problems? Of course, she knew that her partner was a womanizer. He had different female and sometimes male
companion in his bed almost every night. He was experimental and exhibitionistic. Was it possible that she'd read too much into this penthouse incident? After all, she'd known for some time that Lucifer had a sexual interest in her. He'd made that pretty clear to her, more than once.

"I probably thought too much about it," Chloe finally admitted. "Let's just stop talking about it and forget what happened." Well, it wouldn't lessen the physical sensations that she currently felt in his presence anytime soon, but if her mind calmed down enough, her body would surely follow quickly after.

"My offer still stands, darling," Lucifer grinned, reaching for his whiskey glass again, which he soon brought to his mouth.

Just then, the dimmed lighting was lowered further, and loud music started to play. It was a mix of rap and techno beats.

Chloe blinked briefly as she watched three strippers enter the stage. They wore red lace underwear with black suspenders and their wavy hair fell loosely on their back. An enthusiastic applause rang out from the first rows as the women stepped to the poles and began to wind themselves like snakes. They spread their legs in an erotic way after rotating around the poles to the beat of the music. It reminded her of the show women presented at LUX sometimes.

Chloe tried to suppress all erotic thoughts and focus on their work. She felt unusually hot, which was probably due to her permissive environment. Slowly, she pulled off the thin cloth jacket and glanced over the people in the club. Still no sight of the wanted woman.

"I should have bought you that red sexy underwear in the sex shop," Lucifer mischievously said beside her.

Furiously, Chloe's head turned to him. Her partner licked his lower lip while his gaze wandered over the three dancing women on stage. He followed their every move with his dark brown eyes.

"Lucifer!" the detective hissed, angrily. "Stop…"

"... imagining how I would look like in this lingerie?" he finished her sentence with a chuckle.

Before Chloe could reply, she met his gaze. She saw pleasure in it, for his amber eyes glowed with dark desire.

"I'm afraid it's too late for that, my dear!" he whispered in a husky voice.

Chloe glared back and forth between him and the club entrance. She ignored the tingling sensation that suddenly increased exponentially in her body.

"You're distracting us both!" she snapped. "We're here because we have a job to do, so get yourself together and help me find this woman!"

Lucifer laughed in amusement and emptied his whiskey glass. "I am working, Detective. So far, I haven't been able to see anyone who fits the description from the two murderers."

Chloe moved a few millimeters away from him, hopefully unnoticed. The dancers were still wriggling around the poles. Some customers had already thrown a few dollar bills on stage, enjoying the show. The detective tried to ignore the actions around herself as best as possible.

Unfortunately, she had no luck today.
As the song turned into a new beat, a man and a woman suddenly appeared at their table. "How about a little private performance?" the black-haired woman breathed. She wore the same underwear as the strippers on stage, while the man only wore tight black shorts.

Chloe raised her hands, defensively. "That won’t be necessary," she said in panic, but Lucifer had already pulled a few dollar bills out of his jacket pocket and put them on the metal table. "With pleasure, my dear."

Chloe’s murderous look riddled her partner. At that moment, she wanted nothing more than to lay a gun on his chest and shoot.

"Relax, Detective," he whispered in her direction. "I’ll observe the entrance. Just lean back and enjoy the show!"

"But," she replied furiously. The protest died on her tongue, as the dancers climbed onto the table and positioned themselves provocatively. This also explained why the tables were so robust and large!

Uneasily, Chloe sank into the back of the bench as the two began to move in fluid motion. "I will kill you!“ she hissed in Lucifer's direction.

"You shouldn’t judge too fast, darling," he countered and moved a few inches closer to her to drown the volume of the club.

Chloe pressed her hands into her lap and tried to focus on the entrance, but the sparsely clothed people on the table blocked most of her view. Against her will, her gaze wandered up the shapely body of the woman and then clung to the man’s muscle display. His physique was attractive - broad shoulders, large arm muscles, and an oil-rubbed six pack stomach. Her eyes slid deeper and she swallowed as her blood began to boil at the sight of the bump in his pants. Her fingers convulsively gripped the fabric of her dress.

"Do you like what you see?" Lucifer whispered close to her ear. She shivered pleasantly as his breath tickled her throat. He was way too close, just like the strippers on the table.

Chloe gasped. Her mind protested by all means, but her body responded mercilessly to the sensory overstimulation.

"Enjoy, darling. Stop thinking so much about it." His voice had dropped to a sensual whisper.

Chloe bit her lower lip until she tasted blood on her tongue. Shamelessly, she watched the man on the table put his hands around the female exotic dancer. He turned her back against his chest and sensually slid his hands all over her body. They first glided over her stomach and continued to move upwards, before he grabbed her breasts and kneaded them once. A dull throbbing started in Chloe’s lap, which became stronger by the second. She was aroused and at the same time afraid of giving in to her feelings in public and with Lucifer sitting next to her.

"Do you imagine how it would feel like to be touched that way, my dear?" Lucifer whispered seductively.

Chloe’s pulse quickened at his words. She didn’t want to feel the pleasurable feelings, but she couldn’t defend herself against her own senses. Her nerve endings went up in flames, and when Lucifer used his hand on the back of the bench to touch her bare shoulder in light circular movements with his fingertips, she winced, shuddering.

Her eyes were focused on the dancing couple on the table. The man’s hands were still drawing along
the woman's curves while she twisted her hips in a sensual motion.

Chloe’s whole body was on fire. She yearned for the sensations that were offered so blatantly. At the same time, she felt Lucifer’s tender touch on her bare skin with every fiber of her body. He stroked her shoulder with a tormenting slowness, leaving a hot trail of liquid lava. When two of his fingers disappeared under the broad straps of her dress and moved dangerously low to her cleavage, Chloe was startled out of the erotic atmosphere of the moment.

"For God's sake, Lucifer!" she hissed, pushing his arm from her shoulder. "Stop that! Now!"

The spell was broken, and she turned up to him angrily. "I can’t believe it! You shamelessly took advantage of this situation!"

"Deary me! You are exaggerating, Detective. After all, you’d just had a great time," he tried to appease her and signaled the two dancers on the table with a nod to stop and leave the table.

"But we're not here to watch a couple having sex in ..." She abruptly stopped and narrowed her eyes. The strippers had cleared their table and the detective had a clear view of the entrance area again.

And what she saw got her mind awake instantly. A gorgeous blonde had just entered the club. Chloe wasn’t able to see her neckline through the dimmed light but it was nearly...

She hurriedly got up from the table.

"Detective, what's going on?" Lucifer asked, irritated. When he followed her gaze, he also rose from his seat.

Chloe didn’t wait for him and strode purposefully towards the blonde. As the detective had moved halfway through the club, the woman's head suddenly spun around. Her gaze slipped past Chloe’s right side and landed on Lucifer. That was the moment Chloe spotted a black line pattern on her neck.

The woman began to flee. Cursing, Chloe pursued her. "LAPD! Stop!" she yelled after the woman, struggling to make her way through the guests. Lucifer was hot on her heels. When she’d almost reached the entrance, she could see the blonde disappear through the front door.

The detective ran after her, colliding with a few guests on the way, and finally pushed the club exit doors open. Hurriedly, she stepped onto the sidewalk and looked around. The blond-haired woman was nowhere to be seen, on the street or on the sidewalk. She’d probably fled to one of the numerous side streets and escaped!

Chloe closed her eyes for a few seconds and took a deep breath. Inside, all sorts of emotions seething and boiling to the surface. Stay calm, she tried to warn herself mentally.

"Detective! Did you see which way she escaped?" Lucifer had followed her out of the club, peering down the street.

Angry, she turned to him. "It's all your fault!" she snapped. "If you hadn’t distracted me so much and focused yourself on the mission, the woman would have attracted our attention much earlier."

“But, Detective…!"

"No but," she hissed, furiously. "You messed up, Lucifer! The whole night was a waste of time and now the suspect knows we're looking for her. For certain, she won’t show up in this club again anytime soon!"
Her partner pointed to the door in his back. "Maybe you're wrong. Let's wait another few hours and observe the situation."

Chloe gave him an incredulous look. "Just drive me home, Lucifer!" she demanded, crossing her arms defensively in front of her upper body. The whole night was a huge disaster, on several levels at once!
"And then she simply demanded that I had to drive her home and we stopped the operation," Lucifer Morningstar finished the list of events.

It was Monday. Chloe had ignored him all weekend and had pushed his calls away. Irritated by her dismissive behavior, the Devil had decided to pay Dr. Linda Martin a visit. He had an appointment anyway, so he could use the time to find out what the Hell was wrong with Chloe.

The psychologist tilted her head, studying him attentively. "No way, I'm shocked! How could Chloe do that?" she remarked, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Lucifer grimaced, making an irritated expression. Linda sat cross-legged on a small wooden chair and had her hands folded in her lap. She looked very sexy and professional in her navy-blue wrap dress. Lucifer knew exactly why he’d paid with sexual pleasures at the beginning of their sessions. Dr. Linda Martin was a very feminine and sexy woman. Unfortunately, after a while, she’d revised the deal and insisted on keeping her relationship purely professional. Since she knew he was the Devil, a friendly mix had been added to that professional component. Linda had really taken a lot for him. For example, the fact that his mother had almost flambéed the psychologist because she had kept his secrets. He owed her a lot and therefore attached great importance to her opinion.

Lucifer raised his eyebrows. "Where does all that sarcasm come from, Doctor?"

"Do you really have no idea why Chloe might be mad at you?" Linda replied with a counter question.

The Devil grunted. "If I had, I wouldn’t ask. She blames me for all the events, but the detective was the one getting so enthralled by the lap dance that I simply wasn’t able to resist testing her limits."

Completely dumbfounded, Linda looked at him and leaned forward. "Let me summarize your story again, Lucifer," she pleadingly told. "You urged her to drink a cocktail she didn’t want. You paid for a private lap dance, even though she frantically dismissed it before, and you made sure she didn’t spot the suspicious woman in time, so she could escape."

"I just helped the detective to relax a bit and have some fun. What’s wrong with that?" Lucifer asked, piqued.

Linda raised her eyebrows at him. "First and foremost, you forced your own will on her. A woman like Chloe doesn’t take that well. Besides, you know how important work is to her, and you have clearly hampered the progress."

Lucifer leaned deeper into the couch, casually crossing his feet in front of the coffee table. "I didn’t expect that the lap dance would throw her off track so easily."

"Chloe got off track?" she repeated his words with a good portion of irony in her voice.

"That's what I just said, Doctor!" he replied, annoyed. "After all, her face lit up like a beacon and her eyes were fascinated by the dancing couple at our table."

At the thought of Chloe in the strip club, his own sexual desire came to life. Lucifer had been surprised how seductive the detective had looked in her red dress a few days ago. His gaze had wandered over her sensual body more than once. The way her cheeks had blushed all night had excited him. Actually, he hadn’t taken the private lap dance into account, but when he realized that
Chloe was far too prude and cramped, he’d wanted to help out a bit.

Unfortunately, he hadn’t assumed that the sight of her so aroused would catapult him off track as well. In a spontaneous reaction he’d leaned forward and had whispered all these sensual things in her ear, while his fingertips had stroked her bare skin in feathery touches. He still felt the electrifying tingle whenever he thought back to it.

Why the Hell was he reacting so much to a simple body contact between them? And why did it seem so addictive?

Annoyed by his own thoughts, the Devil concentrated on his psychologist again, who waited patiently for him. She seemed to notice that he’d been absent for a while.

He even ignored the sudden vibration of his cellphone in the inside pocket of his suit. Whoever tried to reach him could wait until later!

"Lucifer, have you ever wondered why this night got so out of hand? After our recent conversations about Chloe, I thought that you were just friends and that you didn’t want to build a more intimate partnership."

"That’s right, Doctor," the Devil agreed in a hurry, sighing. "I’m afraid I was intoxicated by the moment," he finally added.

Linda shifted slightly in the chair and crossed her legs again. "Why aren’t you talking to Chloe about it, Lucifer? It’s obvious that you feel something for her."

The Devil narrowed his eyes in annoyance. "We already talked about this," he complained. "Dad couldn’t stop meddling and now I’m trying to prevent him from finding leverage to manipulate me further."

"You mean finding another leverage," Linda jokingly added.

Lucifer glared at her, pressing his fingers together in his lap. He didn’t want to think about his newly grown wings again.

Distracted, he toyed with one cufflink of his shirt. "Even ignoring the fact that Chloe was created by my father, doesn’t change the fact that it is far too complicated between us."

Linda thoughtfully corrected the glasses on her nose. "You could start by telling Chloe about your identity. That would solve some big problems."

Lucifer scowled at his psychologist. "And how shall I do that, Doctor? You obviously forget that my Devil face has disappeared, and she will never believe me without a proof."

"You have your angel wings. That should be enough proof," she said, dryly.

Lucifer braced his forearms on his thighs to lean closer. "These are wings my father forced on me! For now, I’ve agreed to keep and ignore them, but that doesn’t mean, I’ll voluntarily use them for anything!" The volume of his voice had grown like a crescendo, and he had to relax his fist-clenched fingers.

Linda was already used to his outbursts. She just looked at him. "All I’m saying is that you should reconsider how you think about Chloe, Lucifer! You said that you’re just friends, but you’re not acting like friends. This is a very ambivalent attitude I’m observing here."
"Since when it’s untypical for me to order a lap dance in a strip club?" he asked, perplexed.

Linda shook her head in a hurry. "It’s not that the lap dance is untypical. I would have rather wondered if you’d rejected that offer." She smiled briefly. "It’s uncharacteristic that you’re wondering so much what Chloe might think about you."

"Of course I’m wondering about that. Because we’re friends! Nothing else!" the Devil replied quickly. Chloe's opinion was as important to him as Dr. Linda’s, even though he wasn’t exactly sure what his psychologist was referring at.

He heard Linda sigh deeply. What was going on now? He’d spoken the truth. They were good friends and nothing more. Lucifer hadn’t any intention of changing that in the near future. There was a good reason he’d fled to Las Vegas a few months ago, returning with Candy. He wanted to save Chloe from any kind of deeper pain. Although the detective knew nothing about the fact that she was a divine miracle, he urgently needed to protect her from her own emotions, because they weren’t real and only dictated by his father.

A new wave of anger boiled up in him and he clenched his hands into fists. It was a macabre game his dad was playing with him. Of course, he felt the attraction to Chloe very clearly and he’d unintentionally given in to it in the strip club, but he wasn’t allowed to push further limits with her. Chloe was too important to him! She shouldn’t get between divine family fronts. He urgently needed to find a way to better suppress his own emotions!

Distracted, he felt his cell phone in the inside pocket of his suit begin to vibrate again, but he had no desire to deal with other people at the moment. First of all, he had to get his problem with Chloe under control.

"Do you have any advice on how to get the detective to talk to me again?" Lucifer asked, leading her conversation back to the actual cause of his visit.

Linda smiled, happily. "Apologize to her and pray that she is not too unforgiving."

The Devil grunted. "That sounds very promising, Doctor." His voice dripped with irony.

"There is no other advice," she told him, calmly. "Chloe is a kind person. She’ll forgive you for the night if you help her solve the murder case."

That was the idea! He would immediately go to the precinct, not leaving her side until the murder case was solved. He was unbeatable as a crime-fighting tool, and if he could prove to Chloe that the murder case was important to him, she’d forgive him for the night in the strip club.

Hurriedly, the Devil jumped up from the couch, taking two big steps to the door.

"Where do you wanna go? Your therapy session isn’t over yet," Linda reminded him in surprise.

Lucifer spun around, grabbing the doorknob at the same time. "I will make amends! Thank you, Doctor. It’s always a pleasure talking to you" he grinned, joyfully, and stormed out of the room.

Chloe Decker was still angry. Annoyed, she watched Ella searching through the computer for the latest file of her murder cases. The forensic scientist squatted at a small conference table and typed on the keyboard while the detective sat at the end of the table, staring at the large screen on the wall.

Chloe brushed a few strands of hair back behind her ears. She hadn’t spent much time with her hair
this morning and had tied it into a loose ponytail.

The events in the strip club just didn’t leave her mind. She was mad at Lucifer because he’d succeeded in distracting her, so she’d noticed the wanted blonde too late in the entrance. But she was even more angry about his annoyingly flirtatious behavior. He’d managed to get her completely off track. All his talk about desire and the many sensual images in the club had put her mind on overload.

But most of all, Chloe was annoyed with herself because her body had betrayed her and had reacted to her partner with every fiber and every nerve ending. She remembered way too precisely how his delicate fingertips had felt on her bare skin - almost like gentle electric shocks that had excited her body with a sinister tingle. Such a thing should have never happened! Since the Candy Morningstar incident the detective had vowed to never let Lucifer get that close to her again.

And yet it had happened on Friday night.

It was the fault of this whole erotic atmosphere! Otherwise, Chloe would have never been so touched by Lucifer. By the time she’d realized that in the club, his fingers had already disappeared under the strap of her dress.

"Ah, here's the file!" Ella suddenly said, pulling Chloe from her train of thoughts. She struggled a moment to concentrate on the big monitor on the wall.

The forensic scientist had opened some results of her lab tests and pointed excitedly on it with an outstretched arm. "I already told you that I've never seen this new substance in Mr. Miller's blood before. I still don't know what it is, but I found out some facts that might interest you, Chloe."

The detective shot her a sincere smile. "What is it? Please share," she told her friend.

Ella nodded, turning with her chair to the side to have a better look. "First of all, I found the same substance in Mr. Wayne's blood, but it was a much higher dose. I was wondering and retested Mr. Miller's blood. It turned out that the substance can be broken down rather quickly by the human body. Since we took Mr. Wayne's blood much sooner after the crime, it explains the higher concentration."

"Is the degradation process in the blood significantly accelerated in contrast to conventional drugs?" Chloe asked, curiously.

"Definitely," Ella agreed. "If my test results are correct, the entire substance should have disappeared from the blood after about thirty hours. By that time at the latest, the consciousness of those affected should be fully operational again."

The detective stared at the monitor for a long moment. "At least, we definitely know by now that the woman we’re looking for has had both perpetrators come into contact with that drug. This confirms the suspicions we already have. Both murders are clearly linked." She leaned forward and fixed the forensic scientist with a serious look. "Did you find any traces of DNA that could be combined to a woman?"

Ella shook her head in denial. "Neither the dead bodies nor the two killers could secure identical traces. Whoever drugged the men is very good at blurring his tracks. But I thought the strip club is being monitored by the LAPD 24/7. Maybe Dan has news."

Chloe sighed, deeply. "Unfortunately, he hasn’t. I talked to him earlier. That’s exactly what I was afraid of. The woman is warned now and knows that we’re looking for her. I wouldn’t set a foot in
this club, if I were her." Chloe's expression darkened as she thought back to the events. Why had her partner needed to act so unprofessionally? Without his paid lap dance, they would have caught the suspect in time.

"Chloe? Is everything okay?" Ella asked with a searching look. "You look very upset."

"That's the understatement of the century," the detective hissed. Annoyed, she leaned back in her chair.

"Does it have something to do with the fact that Lucifer isn’t at our meeting?" Ella asked, curiously.

Chloe rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest. "That's quite possible," she agreed with her friend. "If he hadn’t acted so irresponsibly, the wanted woman would already be in custody."

Of course, Lucifer had tried to call her several times over the weekend. After Chloe had demanded that he should drive her home Friday night, she’d remained silent and refused to talk to him. Thankfully, her partner hadn’t come up with the idea of personally stopping by at her home. Chloe didn’t want to see Lucifer right now. She knew that he was only partially to blame for their failure and that it was her fault too, but at the moment it was so much easier to blame everything on his misconduct.

The detective pressed her lips together and studied Ella. The forensic scientist looked at her with incredulous eyes. Of course, Chloe saw the beginning of a grin forming on her face.

"What is it?" she asked sceptically.

Ella shook her head in amusement and waved her hands, causing her long ponytail to rock back and forth. "Just get over it and make out with him already, Chloe!"

The detective couldn’t believe her ears. "And how is that supposed to be helpful? Lucifer is simply the most narcissistic person I've ever seen."

"When you finally get rid of this unresolved sexual tension around you, it will be easier to focus on work again," Ella added with a wink.

"Lucifer was the one forcing me to lose my focus," Chloe said, snapping.

"And you let yourself be distracted by him! That wouldn’t have happened if you weren’t so into him, Chloe!" Ella remarked, grinning.

"I'm not..." the detective countered, but hurriedly broke off her sentence. From Ella's expression she saw that it didn’t matter what she would say. The forensic scientist had already formed her opinion.

"What happened to your date with Pierce?" Ella asked. "If you’re really not into Lucifer, that would be the perfect opportunity to prove it."

Chloe's head shot up. "He wanted to check his roster."

"And when was that?" Ella dug deeper.

The detective shifted uneasily in her chair. "Almost a whole week ago," she finally confessed. After the recent business talks with the lieutenant at the precinct, Chloe had no longer felt the urgent need to go out with Pierce. Although he’d been relatively open-minded in the bar and friendly to his circumstances, the dismissive way he’d treated her during work had annoyed her. In addition, her mind had been busy dealing with Lucifer and his childish behavior, so there was little time left for the
lieutenant and his nearly-a-date proposal.

"Just ask him," Ella suggested. "He clearly showed interest in you in the bar. Maybe he’s been busy too and hasn’t had time to invite you yet."

Chloe grimaced. Should she really ask Pierce if he still would like to have a drink with her? Did she even want that?

Sighing hard, Chloe rested her head on the table. Maybe she should heed Ella's suggestion? After all, she’d decided earlier that she didn’t want Lucifer to come too close to her again. There was a pretty big reason that they both kept a certain distance to each other and why they were only friends.

With Pierce, Chloe had the unique opportunity to prove to herself that she had no feelings for her partner. Maybe she’d reacted so strongly to Lucifer because she’d just been sexually unsatisfied for some time now. It wasn’t a secret that Chloe hadn’t had a sexual partner lately, and with Trixie and Maze in the house, she had little privacy to take care of her own sexual frustration. The detective couldn’t remember the last time she used the vibrating toy in her bedside table…

There was a sudden knock on the door of the conference room, and a moment later it was opened. Lieutenant Marcus Pierce entered the room with a scowl. His sight, combined with the thoughts she’d just had, made Chloe blush. She quickly turned her head to hide her body reaction to him.

"Decker! Lopez! There is work for you. Another murder has been reported to us. A woman was found dead downtown in an erotic cinema. I'll bet that this murder is part of your killing spree."

Chloe rose from her chair. "This is the third case within a week."

"We have to get faster," Pierce said, stiffly. "The killer already confessed at the cinema. Decker, you drive with me. I would like to get an overview personally. Lopez, you’re going to collect your gear and follow with the forensics team."

Ella nodded eagerly, giving Chloe an amused look. Of course, she noticed that the detective would get the opportunity to spend some time alone with Pierce in a car. A soft tingling spread in her body at the thought.

Cursing, Chloe turned to the lieutenant. She needed to get rid of this sexual tension. Maybe it would be the best to lock herself in her bedroom tonight!

"Alright. Let’s go," she told her supervisor, pushing all erotic thoughts out of her mind.

Pierce nodded. "You can call Mr. Morningstar on the way. He can come directly to the crime scene."

The lieutenant turned away and walked towards the door. Chloe ignored Ella's penetrating glances and her conspicuous gestures with her hands. She hurried after the lieutenant and stormed out of the room.

Chloe nervously played with her fingers in her lap. She sat in the passenger seat of the patrol car and kept glancing at lieutenant Marcus Pierce. Since they had entered the car together, they had been silent. Chloe couldn’t classify it. It wasn’t unusual for the lieutenant to stay silent. He was a withdrawn man and it was rare that he said more than two sentences at a time.

Right now, his intense gaze was focused on the street, so Chloe could use the time to study his profile more closely. He looked extremely masculine with the angular face bones and the dark blond beard. His few white hairs over his ears didn't make him look old, but rather incredibly attractive.
Her eyes wandered deeper. Under the cream-white shirt and the black leather jacket, hard muscles were indicated, letting her imagination run wild for a moment. He certainly had to train daily in the gym to get those amounts of muscles.

Visually, Pierce was hard to compare with Lucifer because they were two completely different types - not to mention the contrary traits. The lieutenant represented a cool and casual look, while her partner embodied the purest classical elegance. Only the body height seemed to fit. Why were both men so tall with their six feet three? Every time, she had to raise her head to look them in the eye.

Her mind drifted off. Should she simply remind the lieutenant of the proposed date? Chloe was still unsure. He was her superior, which was even worse than beginning a romantic relationship with her coworker. Pierce had behaved extremely cool and repellent the last few days. However, this wasn’t necessarily to be regarded as negative, since he acted almost every day like that - even in the presence of others.

Thoughtfully, the detective frowned. She couldn’t read the new lieutenant. He was a complete mystery to her and she didn’t know how to behave in his presence.

To save some time, Chloe rummaged in her jacket pocket and pulled out her cellphone. She’d already tried to reach Lucifer a few minutes ago, but to her surprise, he hadn’t picked up. It was strange. He’d annoyed her all weekend with his calls and now he was blocking her?

Chloe scrolled through her contacts and dialed his number. A ringing noise sounded, followed by his answering machine. Sighing, she pressed the red button and put her phone on the dashboard.

"No luck again?" Pierce asked from the side.

Chloe shook her head. "Looks like he's busy with something more important." The way she emphasized her words made pretty clear that she was still angry at him.

Pierce gave her a skeptical look. "Why do you two work together when you don’t like your partner?"

Chloe leaned back into the passenger seat. "Mostly, Lucifer helps me to look at things from different angles. He is very attentive and good at reading people. We are a great team!" Unless he focused on the case and the work, she added quietly in thought.

"Alright," the lieutenant replied. "Then you have to get along with me as a partner today."

Chloe didn’t miss the faint smile on his lips.

Irritated, she raised an eyebrow. Had Pierce just tried to flirt with her? There was only one way to find out. Bravely, she took a deep breath and settled the words in her mouth. "Lieutenant," she finally began.

Pierce turned his face to her. For the first time, she became aware of his intense green-brownish eye color. His eyes pierced hers and she swallowed hard.

"Spit it out, Decker!" he demanded. "It can’t be that bad."

*If he only knew!* She took another breath and played with her fingers in her lap. "The other day in the bar you made me a suggestion and I wanted to know if it's still up." Pierce's expression twisted into an amusing grin as he realized what she was referring at. "Now you wanna go on this date with me, Chloe?"
Embarrassed, the detective rolled her eyes at the sound of her first name. "I thought you just wanted to have a drink with me?" she countered his statement.

The lieutenant had turned his head back to the street, but the corners of his mouth were moving up in amusement. "Did I say that?" he asked, unimpressed.

Chloe had to suppress a smile of her own. "You did. Along with the fact that you wanted to check your roster to find a suitable day."

"Well, then let’s have dinner together this Friday."

The detective paused over his sudden spontaneity. Hurriedly, she skimmed over her own plans in her head. "That would be great," she agreed, feeling her heart do a small jump. It would be the best way to banish Lucifer Morningstar from her mind permanently!

The rest of the ride to the erotic cinema, they fell into a deep silence again. Chloe hung on her thoughts and tried hard to hide both the upcoming date with Marcus Pierce and the evening with Lucifer in the strip club. She needed to focus on the murder case now. It was the third woman's body that was found, and they were miles away from finding the suspected person with the unknown drug substances.

"Very well, Decker. We’re almost there. Is there anything I should know about your case?" Pierce had switched back to the role of her boss.

Chloe was grateful for the distraction and used the next few minutes to educate him on all previous information. Meanwhile, the lieutenant parked the car in front of the erotic cinema. It was a pretty run-down area. Next to the cinema, some shabby-looking sex shops and motels lined up. Chloe really didn’t want to know what was going on behind those doors.

Hastily, she wrote Lucifer a message from her cell phone with the details of the new murder and followed the lieutenant out of the car to the entrance of the cinema. Some previews advertised two porn shows. Even the name of the one film would have been enough to get her partner laugh with tears in his eyes - *lustful sins in paradise*. Underneath, Chloe spotted a half-naked man and a sparsely dressed up woman with a red apple in her hands. "Who would watch this voluntarily?" she voiced her thoughts aloud.

Pierce followed her gaze. "You should ask Mr. Morningstar. I’m sure he has a weakness for such films."

Chloe’s cheeks immediately caught fire as she was reminded of the penthouse incident. Her partner watched a lot of things - especially movies in which she ran around topless!

Annoyed by the direction her thoughts were drifting again, she walked past Pierce’s side and the closed box office before entering the erotic cinema.
Chloe Decker stood between two seat rows in a small cinema auditorium and stared down at the woman's body, lying slumped down on the floor. The victim's brown hair stuck out from her head and the blank eyes were directed at a far distance – expressionless, without any hint of life.

Chloe couldn’t see obvious traces of blood on the woman, and the unnatural body posture suggested that she’d been moved after death. At any rate, the victim didn’t get to the ground all by herself. Chloe immediately speculated that someone might have wanted to hide her from prying eyes. With a heavy sigh, she turned away from the corpse and let her eyes wander. Ella would arrive every minute to tell her more about the cause of death.

The cinema room was very small, comprising only five rows of dark red-cushioned seats. It didn’t surprise her at all that a movie like Sinful Desire in Paradise hadn’t become a blockbuster and therefore didn’t attract many people to the cinema! In addition, most people would rather watch porn undisturbed at home than in public, especially since the age of the internet.

Her eyes wandered on, but she didn’t notice anything unusual in a first superficial survey.

The lieutenant was currently in an adjoining room, interviewing the potential killer. Chloe had decided to get a brief overview before joining Pierce. As it looked at first sight, a staff member of the erotic cinema had contacted the LAPD after finding the dead woman as she was cleaning the room a few hours ago. Shortly after, the potential killer had stormed into the cinema, turning himself in.

Unfortunately, his behavior was far too familiar. This murder literally screamed that it was linked to the series of her other cases.

There was a brief disturbance as Ella entered the cinema, closely followed by two other men of the LAPD. She directly strode towards Chloe and stopped beside her, a box of forensic equipment dumped on a neighboring cinema seat. Her gaze went to the body on the ground. "Oh, dear Lord," she murmured. "It seems to be a new trend to strangle these poor women."

"You can tell that so quickly?" the detective asked, impressed, watching as the forensic scientist crouched down to study the dead woman.

"That's very obvious," Ella confirmed. "This woman also has a number of bruises on her neck. Since there are no cut points in the skin, I guess she was strangled like Miss Young." She reached into her back jeans pocket and pulled out a pair of purple rubber gloves. Quickly, she put them on and laid a few hairs of the corpse aside to examine the bruises more closely. "The choking area around her neck is very wide, caused by big hands, most likely male hands."

Chloe caught Ella's focused look. "That would fit in with the assumption that the man Pierce is interviewing might be the killer."

The forensic scientist nodded, reaching for the camera around her neck, and started to take pictures. Her two assistants were already eager to examine the area.

"Can you also search the crime scene for traces of the new drug or DNA hints of our unknown woman? Maybe you’ll find some hints that relate this murder to the others."

"I'll do my best, Chloe," Ella said, preoccupied. She was already lost in work.

That was Chloe's clue to leave. She decided to join Pierce and let her friend work in peace. Most
likely, the detective would receive the answers she was looking for when she interviewed the potential murderer, anyway.

Lost in thought she stepped out of the seat row and went up the few steps to the entrance of the cinema auditorium. How was it possible that three women had already been murdered within a week? The strip club had been monitored around the clock the last few days. Did that mean the drug dealer was looking for murder victims in other establishments too?

Chloe stepped into the narrow hall, suddenly bouncing against something – or rather someone - very hard. She felt two strong arms immediately wrapping around her hips to stabilize her.

"Detective! I didn’t know you are that happy to see me."

In astonishment her gaze wandered up at Lucifer's hard chest and was fixed at his delightfully charming smile. His eyes were sparkling happily, and the masculine scent of his expensive aftershave rose into her nostrils. She felt a strong heat emanating from him. It wasn’t very surprising because he’d pressed her tightly to his body. As Chloe became aware of the precarious situation, a lustful prick set in her body and she hurriedly jumped out of his embrace.

"Lucifer!" she hissed. "What's that about?" Confused, she took another step backwards to create a maximum distance between them.

Lucifer looked at her in disbelief and clasped his hands in front of his anthracite suit trousers. "Darling, you're the one bumping into me, not the other way around. I just helped out, so you didn’t fall over."

Chloe tried to control her vivid thoughts and feelings. How had he managed to stimulate her body with that accidental touch?

"What are you doing here?" she asked instead, ignoring her body reactions completely.

"You sent me a message, remember?" He reached into the inside pocket of his jacket to pull out his cellphone. "I came as fast as I could."

Chloe studied the phone for a moment. "Why didn’t you simply answer my calls?"

"Asks the woman who blocked my calls all weekend," countered her partner pointedly.

Chloe rolled her eyes in annoyance and tried to control herself. Now wasn’t a good time to make a scene. With difficulty, she swallowed her anger. "I'm on my way to lieutenant Pierce right now. He has the potential murderer in interrogation."

"The lieutenant is here?" Lucifer replied suspiciously.

Chloe couldn’t resist a grin. "He wanted to get an overview and has offered to help me."

"That sounds bloody marvelous," he grumbled with sarcasm.

It was very satisfying to see Lucifer so out of tune. Grinning, she turned away from her partner and walked to the adjacent room.

Chloe knocked briefly before opening the door. Her partner followed at a distance and stopped in the doorway.

She spotted Pierce immediately. He was sitting at a round wooden table, his razor-sharp gaze fixed
on a strange man. The man looked completely unimpressed and stared past the lieutenant's head on the wall.

When Pierce noticed her arrival, he turned his head. "Decker, perfect timing and as I can see, Mr. Morningstar has finally decided to help us."

Her partner grunted. "I just have other obligations to fulfill as well, Lieutenant."

Pierce ignored Lucifer's swipe and returned his attention to the suspect. "Mr. Cornwall, please retell the detective what you just revealed to me."

Chloe studied the man. He was wearing scuffed black jeans and a white shirt. Judging by his facial expression, he was very irritated. "I was in this movie theater with my wife last night," he finally said. "At least, I believe I was here because I can only vaguely remember it. We were alone in the room. I was pleased because my wife and I would have a little more freedom to... ah..." He cleared his throat, and continued, "Anyway, the movie started and somehow my memories are gone after that. I only have blurry pictures in my head where..." He broke off, gathering himself. "In the pictures, I strangled my wife."

Chloe cast a meaningful look back at Lucifer, who returned it affirmatively. She took a few steps closer and stood beside the lieutenant. "What exactly do you remember, Mr. Cornwall?"

The man pressed his lips together in a thin line. "I have clear memories again this morning. I woke up in my bed and my wife wasn’t there. At first, I thought I only had a bad dream, but when I couldn’t find her anywhere in our house, I came to the cinema."

"Where you’ve got the bitter confirmation," Pierce finished his narrative.

The other man nodded stiffly, dropping his shoulders in defeat. Chloe was surprised at how composed he looked. The two other killers who had murdered their partners had burst into tears, sobbing.

"I'm a murderer!" the man exclaimed in shock. "How could this happen? I didn’t want any of this..."

Chloe gave him a sympathetic look. "Mr. Cornwall, you are not the first to tell us about such a process. That's why it's so important to report exactly what you did before you went to the movies with your wife."

Before the man was able to answer, her partner intervened and walked closer. "Did you happen to be in a strip club, Mr. Cornwall? For example at Joi's?"

"Yeah, how do you know?" the suspect answered in surprise, eyes widening in amazement.

Pierce grumbled some disjointed sounds and raised from his chair. He grabbed Chloe's upper arm and forced her a few steps aside from the man. Although she’d switched to detective mode, she could still feel the lieutenant’s closeness. What was going on with her body today?

Questioningly, she looked at Pierce.

"The club is monitored around the clock, isn’t it?"

Chloe nodded quickly. "Detective Espinoza is responsible for the surveillance. The entrance is under constant observation. The wanted woman would have never returned to the strip club without our knowledge."
"That's strange," Pierce mumbled in surprise and turned back to the killer. Chloe followed his movement and discovered Lucifer, who was leaning over the table, intimidating the suspicious man with his presence. "Mr. Cornwall, did you have contact with a hot woman, wavy blonde hair, bulging C-cup and a tattoo on her neck?"

The man unwillingly backed away, pressing tightly into the back of his chair. "No," he stuttered. "I was there with my wife. We watched a show and then decided to continue the night and go to this cinema."

"You really had no contact with anyone in the strip club?" Her partner leaned further over the table. "I don't believe you, Mr. Cornwall. Surely, you couldn't resist all those hot women!"

Chloe wrinkled her nose at Lucifer's comment. It was typical behavior for him. Completely out of place, but promising, as she noticed with a raised eyebrow.

The suspicious man swallowed hard before finally confessing. "Well, I was interrupted by a woman on the way to the bathroom, but your description doesn't fit this lady."

"What did the woman want?" Chloe intervened again from the background.

Past Lucifer's head, the suspect looked at her. "She flattered and complimented me on my appearance before leaning close and kissing me out of the blue. I already assumed that she belonged to the club. The woman had offered me to spend the night with her. However, I refused and then..."

He broke off, irritated.

"And then?" The lieutenant impatiently interjected, putting his arms on his hips.

"I can't remember properly," he admitted in confusion, startled by his realization.

Lucifer struck the table surface with an open hand, while turning to face Chloe and Pierce. "It looks like Detective Douche and his team failed to do their job properly." He smiled at the nickname used for Dan.

Chloe rolled her eyes in annoyance. "That doesn't have to be right, Lucifer," she promptly defended her ex-husband, turning to the suspect instead. "What did this woman look like?" she pursued.

The man blinked several times and thought for a long moment. "Definitely brown-haired like my wife, very petite and stunningly beautiful. I didn't notice a tattoo on her neck, but her hair was in the way. It's quite possible, I just didn't notice."

Pierce cursed. "Either the wanted woman has an accomplice or she is able to dress up well. I'm afraid that makes the search more difficult!"

Chloe swallowed hard. The lieutenant was right. Obviously, the woman had a changeable appearance. The thought was almost less frightening than the fact that they were looking for more than one person. This serial murder became more and more complicated.

With a heavy sigh, she turned her attention to the suspect. "Mr. Cornwall, we're arresting you for the murder of your wife. We also need to test your blood at the precinct. It seems your situation is very similar to two other murder cases we're currently investigating. Both killers were drugged in advance."

"Did the same thing happen to me?" he asked.

"It would be better than the fact that you killed your wife of your own free will," Lucifer remarked
Chloe's head turned around to her partner and she glared at him. "This isn't the time for macabre jokes," she hissed in his direction.

Lucifer tugged at his jacket, folding his hands in front of his body. "That wasn't a joke, Detective."

Chloe's left eye twitched several times as she tried to suppress the burgeoning anger. What the hell was wrong with this pompous giant idiot! She tried to take a deep breath, calming herself.

"I'll take care of Mr. Cornwall," Pierce suddenly said from the side. "Then I can also try to get a statement from the cinema staff who found the body. You two should use the given time to clarify, whatever has gotten between you. It's really distracting."

"It's nothing..." Chloe started in alarm, but Pierce's intense gaze stopped her. Embarrassed, she lowered her head and swallowed the rest of the words. A quick glance at Lucifer told her that he just smiled in amusement. Of course! What else should he do? After all, he'd apparently made it his mission to permanently embarrass them! His behavior was way over the top. It was unprofessional and inappropriate, considering Pierce was her boss and the man she had just agreed to go on a date with!

Chloe shrugged and watched Pierce leading Mr. Cornwall out of the room. While passing, the lieutenant threw her an unreadable look before vanishing and leaving her alone with Lucifer.

Restless, the detective walked a few steps across the room. "What the fuck, Lucifer!" she snapped. "First you aren't answering your phone and just show up here out of nowhere, and then you just embarrass me in front of the lieutenant."

Lucifer followed her movements with his eyes, leaning casually against the adjacent wall. "Don’t you think you're just over-interpreting, Detective?" he replied simply.

Chloe stopped abruptly, turning around. "I do not interpret anything here! I'm still mad at you, and by the way, your comment to the suspect was completely out of place and absolutely unnecessary. Now Pierce is thinking that we have private problems."

Lucifer raised his eyebrows suspiciously. "Since when do you care what the lieutenant thinks about you, Detective?"

Chloe bit her lower lip while folding her arms in front of her chest. "He's my boss and my job is important to me," she replied evasively.

Lucifer studied her for another moment, but when she fell silent, he finally dropped the subject. Surprised, Chloe watched his expression take on a serious note. "I shouldn't have distracted you the other night in the strip club."

Chloe was startled by his sudden confession. "Is that an apology, Lucifer?" she checked.

"Something like that," he said, uncomfortable.

Chloe couldn't suppress a faint grin. It was extremely rare for her partner to realize that he was wrong. Most of the time he defended his views with an iron will and with absolute defiance. He was so convinced of himself that it seemed completely impossible for him to be wrong.

"Detective," Lucifer finally started. "My behavior in the strip club was inappropriate. Please let me at least help you investigate this series of murders and find the woman with the drugs. The fact that I
didn’t answer my phone earlier was for the simple reason that I had an appointment with Dr. Linda, but I came here immediately after our session. Plus, I'm one hundred percent sure you'll need my expertise." His smirk grew to an irresistible, charming smile, and he pushed himself away from the wall to take two steps towards her.

Chloe studied her partner for a long moment. He’d almost apologized to her and he was right. She would continue to need his help. He was well acquainted with the establishments they had been called to lately, and his ability to elicit people's desires could still be useful.

"All right," she gave in and unfastened her crossed arms in front of her body. "We continue to work together on this series of murders, but you have to promise me one thing, Lucifer."

Her partner grinned, tilting his head. "Whatever you desire, darling."

Chloe took a deep breath. "You will keep a certain distance from me. I do not want the events from the strip club to be repeated again."

Lucifer's grin vanished and he looked straight at her. "Don’t worry, Detective. That I can do."

"What can he do, Chloe?" Ella's voice suddenly sounded from the doorway. Curious, she looked back and forth between Lucifer and her. "Did you finally decide to go out together?" She laughed.

Chloe’s eyes widened in shock and she felt her cheeks burn with fire instantly. "Ella!" she hissed, while watching from the corner of her eye how Lucifer tried to suppress a laugh.

The forensic scientist smiled at her. "C'mon, Chloe. It was just a joke. I know you wanna go out with Pierce. You have asked him by now, haven’t you?"

Chloe didn’t know how to respond to that statement. The first urge was to sink spontaneously into the ground. The heat on her cheeks continued to increase, along with her anger over Ella's remark.

"What do you mean by that, Miss Lopez?" Lucifer suddenly wanted to know.

Chloe gave the forensic woman a warning look, shaking her head. Obviously, her non-verbal gesture made an impact because Ella ruffled her hair and took a step back from the door. "Not important, Lucifer. I just wanted to inform you, that I’ve finished the forensics. The lieutenant has just turned up and has filled me in on all new information. I'm off to the precinct now, taking care of the evaluation of Mr. Cornwall's blood." With these words she turned away and stormed off.

Chloe couldn’t believe what had just happened. This day had turned into a full disaster.

"Detectiiiive," Lucifer purred in that much too high pitch. "Is that the reason why our argument in front of the lieutenant made you uncomfortable?"

Chloe cursed inwardly, avoiding his eye contact.

"Did you really agree to go on a date with Pierce?" her partner continued to pursue. His disapproval wasn’t hard to miss.

"Even if I did, it’s none of your business," she snarled, lifting her eyes from the floor.

Surprised, Chloe realized that Lucifer's otherwise serene expression had turned into a grimace. "It's Pierce, Detective!" he replied. "What about your argument for doing a good job and separating work and pleasure? I wouldn’t have expected to see you having sex with your superior."
Chloe felt herself being flooded with a wave of anger. Enraged, she put her hands on her hips. "We don’t have..." She broke off. It didn’t have to interest Lucifer. They were only friends. With whom she would go out with was none of his business. Resolutely, she turned away from him. "I'm going back to the station. If you really want to help me, you can meet me there." Without waiting for his answer, she walked towards the exit.

"Detective!" Lucifer yelled after her, but she didn't wait for him. She couldn’t endure his childish behavior another minute. It was wiser to focus on the murder case before another woman died because she wasn’t able to handle her emotional life.

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Lucifer Morningstar sat on a stool, propping himself up on the bar counter with one arm, while circling the whisky in his glass. He stared intensively at the amber liquid for a long moment before bringing the glass to his mouth and swallowing the content in a quick gulp.

He heard a group of women approaching the bar of LUX, ordering their drinks. It was late evening and his club was well attended as usual. That was the benefit of LUX being one of the hottest clubs in Los Angeles. Both during the week and on the weekend, the party-mad women and men came to him in search of erotic adventures and fun. The reputation of LUX was well known. Rumors had spread that the nightclub owner not only knew how to throw the most eccentric parties, but also that you could spend the most exciting and satisfying night of your life with him.

Unfortunately, he wasn’t in the mood to celebrate tonight. Annoyed, Lucifer leaned across the bar and picked up the first bottle of whiskey he could grab, to refill his glass.

The afternoon with Chloe Decker hadn’t left his head. He’d driven to the erotic cinema to apologize for his behavior in the strip club, and he’d even succeeded, more or less. It had seemed that Chloe was also interested in continuing to solve the case with him. Unfortunately, the peace hadn’t lasted long, because Ella had destroyed the tiny glimpse of a mutual understanding with her irritating statement.

Why would the detective go on a date with the lieutenant? At first, Lucifer had thought the forensic scientist was going to make a joke, but by the time he’d spotted Chloe’s shamefaced flushed face and her caught expression, he’d suddenly realized that the detective was serious. Obviously, she’d flirted with Pierce behind his back. When the hell did that happen?

Not long ago, they had both agreed that Pierce was just a huge asshole with his condescending nature. Chloe had even held this opinion far more enthusiastically than he did. Where did that sudden change of heart came from?

Well, not that he would care! They didn’t have a romantic partnership. They were just friends, and he didn’t care with whom the detective had sex.

The dull feeling in Lucifer’s stomach came back full force. Hurriedly, he emptied the whiskey, swallowing the content in one swift move without tasting the flavor of smoke and honey on his tongue.

The Devil still remembered his conversation with Dr. Linda today way too precisely. He’d repeatedly told her that he had no romantic interest in Chloe. Of course she was hot. Anyone who
took a closer look quickly realized that the detective had an extremely sensual body under her casual and unobtrusive clothing. Also, her responsible and adult nature wasn’t all of her and if Chloe was in the mood, she could have a great time. Had Pierce already noticed these things and that was the reason he was interested in her?

A strong arm suddenly lay on his back and a woman leaned close to his left side. "Which angel crawled up your ass, Lucifer?" Maze joked and turned her face to him.

The Devil grimaced. "It's not an angel, it's the lieutenant," he answered, squeezed, patiently waiting for the demon to retreat and sit down beside him on the empty stool.

"Since when do you let humans spoil your mood?" Maze asked with a grin, before reaching over the counter for a glass to fill with the contents of Lucifer's whiskey bottle.

The devil growled, glaring at Maze. "Do you want something specific, Mazikeen?" he asked back, ignoring her provocation.

His gaze wandered briefly over the demon's body. She wore skin-tight shiny-black leather pants and a cropped black mesh top, which covered only a small strip of her voluptuous breasts. A silver chain passed under her bodice and wrapped perfectly around her belly button.

"I just stopped by to have a good time, Lucifer," Maze explained. "I'm bored at home. Trixie is sweet and she's really making great progress in knife throwing, but unless Chloe agrees to spend the night with me, I'd rather find a suitable company here in the club."

Lucifer raised an eyebrow at her. "The Detective and you, Mazikeen?"

The demon licked her lower lip with relish. "You're not the only one who finds her body hot," she said nonchalantly.

Instantly, the Devil was reminded why his mood had dropped tonight. Gritting his teeth, he turned away from her and refilled his whiskey glass.

"I think I know what's wrong with you," Maze said from the side, tapping playfully on her chin.

Lucifer's grip on his glass solidified. "I'm fine," he pressed through his clenched teeth.

"It has something to do with Chloe's body and with Pierce," she concluded, ignoring his comment. "And because you are looking like you wanna cut me off with a dagger, I'll bet I'm right. Let me guess, Lucifer! Chloe and Pierce are going out on a date and you don’t like it."

Lucifer turned around with fury, glaring at her from his dark brown eyes. "How do you know about the date?"

Maze grinned mysteriously. "It was staring me in the face," she replied, sipping on her own whiskey.

Lucifer looked at her, completely perplexed. Was it that obvious? Had he been overlooking the signs between Chloe and the lieutenant all this bloody time?

The demon suddenly started to laugh loudly, patting his shoulder. "Lucifer, you really do believe all I'm saying when it comes to Chloe. Of course I didn’t guess. She told me earlier at dinner."

The Devil snarled. "This is not the best time to fool around with me, Mazikeen," he warned grimly.

Unfortunately, his threat had the opposite effect. Maze only started to laugh louder, holding her
stomach. "Who would have guessed that the Devil could become so jealous of a human man?"

"I'm not… jealous! "Lucifer emphasized every single word in an icy voice. Angrily, he slammed his hand on the bar and slid off his chair to threaten the Demon. If he still had his devil face, this would be the moment his eyes would glow dangerously red. "I don't care who Chloe is having fun with!"

Maze's eyebrows rose, causing her scar to protrude. "Try to convince yourself first, Lucifer because I don't believe what you're saying."

The Devil had had enough! Angrily, he emptied his whiskey and slammed the glass back onto the counter. "Please excuse me, Mazikeen. I'm going to look for a more pleasant companion for the night! One who talks less and uses her mouth for more sensual things."

He turned his back on his former servant and checked his surroundings. He would prove to her and to himself that he had no sentimental feelings about the detective.

It only took a few seconds for his trained eye to find his prey. At the end of the bar, he spotted a lonely blonde sitting at the counter in a silver glittering gown, sipping a cocktail. Her mouth had seductively settled around the straw and she played with it in her glass. That was exactly the kind of distraction he needed right now.

Determined, he strolled towards the blonde woman. "Hello, dear! Do you desire to keep me company up in my penthouse?" The sensual way he used the words and his charming smile, combined with his seductive look, were enough to grab the blonde's attention immediately. Her eyes widened with pleasure as she glanced down his body for a brief moment. Lucifer had left his jacket in the penthouse, wearing only an anthracite-colored vest over his gray shirt. He'd loosened up his sleeves and put his well-trained forearms on display.

"You're Mr. Morningstar, the club owner, am I right?" she asked in a sugar-sweet voice.

Lucifer smirked. "The one and only, love. And with whom do I have the pleasure?"

"Cindy," the overburdened woman simpered while putting her cocktail aside.

"Cindy," the Devil purred sensually, leaning closer to her. "What do you think? If you join me, I'll make sure that all of your deepest darkest desires are satisfied." He held out his hand.

The woman didn't hesitate and immediately slid off her chair. Smiling, the Devil grabbed her hand and pulled her close to his side. One arm deepened around her lower back as he led her to his private elevator. The thought that the woman in his arm had a dangerous visual resemblance with Chloe, didn't cross his mind once.
Chapter Summary

Hey Lucifans, here is another translated chapter for you. A little warning. It's rated M for a good reason here ;-) Enjoy!!!

Chloe Decker lowered the sun visor of her car, checking her discreet pink lipstick. She’d parked at the roadside a few minutes ago to meet with Marcus Pierce. The detective had already put the hand on the door handle when she’d had another nervous fit, leaving her with no other choice but to reapply her makeup. She was definitely stalling.

Her emotions had been flipping from one extreme to another lately. A few days ago, when they had found the dead body in an erotic cinema, the idea of going out with the lieutenant had appeared to be a good plan. But the longer she thought about it, the more she wondered why she'd agreed to go out to dinner with Pierce. Visually, he was quite an attractive man in his late thirties. His police career choice showed her some similarities, but it also resulted in a mental restlessness, gnawing at her.

Lieutenant Marcus Pierce was her superior! How high were the chances that this date would affect their professional relationship? What would all her colleagues think if they found out that she was dating the lieutenant? To some degree, Lucifer was right, when he’ claimed he’d never thought her capable of having sex with her boss. It was pretty obvious that her relationship would have an impact on work, in some way or another.

Lucifer Morningstar! Her thoughts drifted back to her partner, who had infuriated her the entire work week. He’d come to her desk every damn day, slowing down rather than speeding up her working progress, and punishing her with disparaging comments on her date with Pierce. Several times, he’d even tried to find out when and where the meeting would take place. But she’d remained silent. It almost seemed to Chloe that Lucifer Morningstar - the man who had different women in bed almost every night - was jealous of the lieutenant. But the thought was absurd. Her partner had no romantic interest in her and therefore had no right to be jealous!

On the other hand, Lucifer’s expression had spoken volumes in the erotic cinema. Chloe had been more than surprised by his gaze after Ella had mentioned her date with Pierce. Beside disapproval and aversion, his eyes had given her a brief glimpse into his emotional world, and what she’d seen there could only be described as deep disappointment and even grief. But of course that was completely idiotic! Lucifer Morningstar wasn’t romantically interested in her, so she had to get over him! Marcus Pierce was the best opportunity to refocus and finally banish her partner from her mind.

Determined, Chloe flipped the sun visor back up and reached for the purse beside her. It didn’t matter what Lucifer thought about this date. The only important thing was that she’d finally met another man who was able to create a tingling anticipation in her body every time she thought of him and her upcoming date.

Controlling her breath, Chloe opened the car door and stepped out. There was no point in overinterpreting this evening before anything had even happened. She would just spend a nice evening with the lieutenant, and worry afterwards about where this date might lead to.

With a nervous tug in her stomach, the detective walked back to the restaurant. During a quiet minute
at the precinct Pierce had told her that he'd reserved a table at an upscale Italian restaurant, called *Gallo Nero*.

Chloe stopped in front of the entrance, eyes wide. In front of her stretched a vine-covered square. Several fairy lights between the vines created an indirect light on the outdoor tables. Soft Italian music penetrated her ear, creating a thoroughly romantic atmosphere.

"It’s pretty, isn’t it?" a deep male voice said.

Surprised, Chloe spun around, spotting Pierce who casually strolled towards her. "I've been here a few times before, always enjoying the ambiance. It feels a bit like sitting in one of those Italian streets in Rome or the Tuscany."

"Hm," Chloe choked, looking at the lieutenant instead. The shock of his sudden appearance had briefly deprived her of speech.

Marcus Pierce looked very attractive. He'd shaved and was wearing dark trousers with a matching wine-red shirt. Of course, he didn't look as elegant as Lucifer did in his tailormade designer suits, but Pierce's more casual look blended in perfectly with her own choice of clothing. She'd picked olive-colored pants in combination with a classy blouse today. To visually stand out from her work outfit, she'd listened to Maze and had grabbed her black pumps.

"Chloe? Is everything alright with you?" the lieutenant asked in concern, pulling her out of her trance.

Embarrassed, she averted her eyes. "I'm fine, Lieutenant!" she replied politely, trying to hide her uncertainty behind a steady voice.

Pierce cleared his throat, so Chloe looked at him, irritated.

"I don’t want to hear that title again tonight, Decker! We're here on private business."

Chloe's cheeks blushed slightly as she became aware of the verbal failure. She wanted to slap herself at that moment. Two minutes had passed, and she had already caught the first faux pas.

To escape the unpleasant atmosphere, she smiled and pointed to the entrance of the restaurant instead. "Do you want to go in, Marcus?" His first name still felt unfamiliar on her tongue, but Pierce returned her smile, laying his hand flat on her back to guide her to the front of the restaurant. Chloe instantly felt the harmless touch more intensely than appropriate.

A waiter approached, assigning them a seat at the end of the restaurant. It was nice to be able to sit outside in the mild weather. The sun hadn't set yet and some deep red rays were bending through the vines, making their table sparkle lightly. Chloe was pleasantly surprised when Pierce stepped next to her and pushed her chair back, so she could sit down. Who would have thought that other men except for Lucifer knew about this etiquette?

And why the hell couldn't she stop comparing everything to her partner? Silently she rebuked herself for her thoughts.

As Pierce sat down opposite her, Chloe smiled at him across the table. "I'm really looking forward to this evening, Marcus," she confessed, trying to convince herself right along.

The lieutenant returned her gaze. "I was really surprised when you asked me about the date earlier this week, Chloe. After leaving you in the bar, I noticed that I might have been a little harsh, so I was unsure if you really would be interested in going out with me."
The detective chuckled. "I couldn’t blow up your cover in front of your buddies. If I remember correctly, you and I were both dragged to this bar last week to meet someone. In addition, Ella is very persuasive."

Pierce raised his eyebrows in amusement. "Then I should probably thank her on Monday."

Chloe nodded, smiling. She saw a waiter approaching their table, offering them the menus. "Buona sera," he promptly greeted her in Italian. "What may I offer you?" Since it wasn’t the first time Pierce had been in this restaurant, he already knew his way around, so he immediately ordered a bottle of Sicilian red wine.

Chloe took the moment to admire the table decoration. Two simple candles lined the edge. In the middle she discovered fresh olive oil and vinegar, in which several chilies were laid. Two wooden pepper and salt mills stylishly rounded off the Italian ambiance with fresh olive branches.

"I hope you like red wine?" Pierce asked as the waiter retired to get their drinks.

"I do." She answered his question with a smile and opened the black leather-bound menu. With so many pages and options she quickly looked up. "Can you recommend anything?"

Pierce's eyes met hers as he lowered the card to his plate. "It depends on what your preferences are, Chloe. For example, I like to eat the Tageloni, which are panned in a Parmesan body and served with fresh truffles and oil."

At his suggestion, the detective's mouth watered. "Have you ever been to Italy? It sounds like you know a lot about the country."

Pierce put the menu down. "I've been to several countries, including Italy, several times."

"So you like traveling?" Chloe asked curiously. She had made it her mission to get to know the lieutenant better.

Pierce tensed visibly, giving her a watchful look. "If you have spent as much time on this world as I have, then you would have seen every corner of earth."

Chloe was startled by his untypical answer. It was a saying she expected from Lucifer but not from a rational-minded person like Pierce.

"You're only in your late thirties, Marcus, and yet you've been to so many places?"

The lieutenant's mouth twisted into a faint smile. "Before my service at the LAPD, I took a longer break and traveled the world."

"That sounds very exciting," Chloe agreed. "My time between school and LAPD was filled with acting and auditions."

Pierce tilted his head. "At least you make a lot of men happy with Hot Tub High-School."

"So you watched the movie too?"

Pierce's eyes sparkled. "I researched about my colleagues when I switched to the LAPD," he answered vaguely.

The waiter stepped back to their table at that moment.

"Great," Chloe muttered with a mixture of shame and uncertainty. Normally, she’d become
accustomed to hearing references to the movie, but since the incident in Lucifer's penthouse, she'd become extremely uncomfortable again. Maybe it was because her partner had watched that movie while pleasing himself.

"Have you already decided?" The waiter pulled Chloe from her drifting thoughts.

She hurriedly looked at the menu and was more than happy when the lieutenant helped her out. "My companion and I take the carpaccio as an appetizer, as a main course we’ll have the Tageloni with truffles please and the saltimbocca."

"Gladly, sir." The waiter wrote down the order and left.

It took a few minutes before the drinks and appetizer were served. Pierce and Chloe had begun to talk about work. It was almost inevitable if both were involved at the same department and in the same murder case.

"Do you have any idea how you want to find that unknown woman?" the lieutenant finally asked, thus having reached the core problem.

Chloe took a bite of her appetizer and shook her head. "All previous hints are currently leading to dead ends. Ella couldn’t find DNA traces. All we know is that all three male killers were infected with the drug when they killed their wives. The nightclub will continue to be shadowed because it’s our only point of connection between the three victims and the killers."

Her phone suddenly vibrated in her bag. Apologizing, the detective pulled it out, discovering a message from Lucifer! Annoyed, she let it fall back without opening the text.

"Don’t despair of the case, Chloe," Pierce advised her encouragingly. "I’ve come across lots of cases that seemed insoluble, but at some point, every killer makes a mistake."

The detective met Pierce's gaze. His green eyes were shining bright and intense, sending a pleasant shiver down her spine. "I just wish we had some targeting lead before the woman strikes again and another innocent gets killed."

Pierce sighed, putting his silverware down before tentatively reaching for her hand. Chloe's eyes widened in surprise for a moment as she felt the touch.

"You can’t save the whole world, Chloe! You should be aware of that." His thumb stroked the back of her hand in a soft touch, before withdrawing it and leaving a soft tingle back on her hand.

"At least I can try," she replied, lowering her gaze to the plate. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her phone in the pocket start flashing again. Another message had arrived. Annoyed, she pulled the device out before putting it in her lap and clicking through the messages. They were all from Lucifer.

_Detective! How's your date with the Lieutenant going?_

How the hell did her partner know that she was currently meeting with Pierce? There was only one explanation. Maze or Ella must have betrayed her. Just brilliant. She opened the second message.
So silent, my dear?

And it went even further, she registered.

Did you already imagine what it would be like to sit in that restaurant with me now?

Chloe's heartbeat quickened. What was her partner thinking? Why was he disturbing her like that? Before she could even finish the thought, her phone vibrated again.

Darling, I know exactly what I would do to you ...

Ouhhhhh, this arrogant bastard!

"Chloe, are you okay?" Pierce suddenly asked in irritation. "Is there a problem?"

The detective hastily lifted her eyes from the phone. She knew she was being rude as she lied. "It’s nothing important. The babysitter only had a few questions. She is watching over my daughter tonight."

Quickly Chloe typed a bitter message back to Lucifer, in which she furiously reproached him for only thinking about sex and told him that he should leave her alone. She felt bad that she’d just lied to her date, but for some inexplicable reason, telling the lieutenant about Lucifer's messages sounded wrong in her head. Chloe put the phone back in her purse. She wouldn’t ruin this evening because of Lucifer and his silly jealousy!

Pierce waited patiently for her attention, reaching for his wine glass. Quickly Chloe grabbed her own, toasted the lieutenant, and took a long sip. He’d made a good choice with the variety.

Her phone vibrated again and this time even her ring tone went off for a short time. Did he just seriously ring her? Where were they? Back in high school?

"You seem to be in demand from your babysitter," Pierce said with a grin, pointing with a finger at her purse.

Chloe closed her eyes for a few seconds, taking in a deep breath. She felt the burgeoning rage ruining her good mood.

"Don’t you want to know what’s going on?" Pierce asked as the detective made no move to answer the phone.

"I'd rather concentrate on our date," she replied with a smile, realizing at the same moment how irresponsible her answer must sound in his eyes. After all, she’d told him it was her babysitter. Pierce's irritated expression spoke volumes, and she hurriedly reached back into her pocket, reading the next message.
Detective, in what dirty directions your thoughts are drifting again. I didn’t mention the word sex, although I would love to know what you’ve just imagined...

Chloe instinctively got hotter. She slipped on the chair as she opened the second new message.

Did you imagine how my fingers lay on your thighs under the table, disappearing slowly under the red fabric of your dress, inch by tantalizing inch?

Oh, boy, it shot through her mind as a lusty wave exploded between her thighs. The thudding couldn’t be ignored. Almost in panic, she opened the last message.

Darling, are you aroused? Imagining how I could bring you pleasure while sitting opposite the lieutenant, are we? You know I could satisfy all your sinful desires if you let me...

Chloe bit her lower lip hard while blushing shamefaced at the same time. Lucifer had just crossed a big line. What was wrong with her partner? She wanted nothing more right now than to ram a knife into his chest, pushing down hard.

Furiously, she rose from her chair. "I'm going to the bathroom, clarifying the matter with the babysitter. I'm sorry, Marcus. I'll be right back."

"Don’t keep me waiting too long, Chloe," the lieutenant replied in a low tone, winking at her charmingly.

The detective nodded and fled with her purse and phone to the restroom inside the restaurant. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her cheeks were flushed with shame and anger, and her eyes sparkled treacherously. For a moment she thought about calling Lucifer and giving him living hell, but she wouldn’t win anything, except the confirmation that he’d succeeded in ruining her date.

Why did he do that to her? Lucifer had no right to interfere in her date. She wouldn’t run into his penthouse every time he disappeared with some cheap bimbo for the night. And with Candy, Lucifer had made pretty clear what he thought about a relationship. And yet, in all seriousness, he felt he had right to be jealous of a man she was dating?

Chloe felt her chest rise and fall swiftly. He was absolutely outrageous. She would send him one last message before switching her phone to silent mode.

I don’t know what you’re trying to receive with all these messages, Lucifer, but let me tell you something: I’ll never ever sleep with a man who needs to ruin my evenings. And now excuse me please because someone’s sitting in front of me, understanding perfectly how I wanna be treated!

The detective sent the message and stowed the phone back in her purse. She took one quick look in
the mirror before stepping back to Pierce, shoulders taut.

He was already waiting for her along with her main course. "I'm so sorry, Marcus," she apologized sincerely and sat down in front of him in the free chair.

"You don't have to apologize. I understand that you have obligations with your child that you can't ignore."

"You don't have kids, do you?" Chloe asked with interest, taking a bite from her noodles. The taste of garlic, fresh olive oil and the grated truffle exploded in her mouth, making her moan softly.

Pierce had picked up her sound, grinning. "I have no children."

"And what about your family?"

"I'm alone," he replied, reaching for his own cutlery. Chloe didn't miss the icy tone in his voice. It appeared she'd touched a sensitive topic.

"Apart from Trixie and Dan, I'm also alone most of the time. My mother rarely comes to visit and I'm usually glad when she disappears again. She just interferes too much in my and Trixie's life. Once I left them alone and when I came back, my daughter was dressed up for a beauty contest and they just wanted to leave."

Pierce raised an eyebrow in disbelief. "What did you do?"

"Lectured my mother, sent my daughter to her room and got drunk afterwards."

The lieutenant laughed. "You're unbelievable, Decker!"

"Thank you, I think?" Chloe tentatively asked, reaching for her red wine glass.

Pierce's expression became serious again and he turned his green eyes on her. "That was a compliment, Chloe. You're a very extraordinary woman. I don't remember when I last enjoyed myself so much in the company of others."

His sincere words warmed her heart, and although she was trying hard to focus on Pierce and her date, her mind wondered whether Lucifer had sent her any more messages.

"That's very kind of you, Marcus," she replied, pushing Lucifer back into the depths of her consciousness.

The next two hours flew by. Chloe actually managed to get involved with the lieutenant. Although it was still difficult to persuade him to talk more about himself, she actually learned a few things from his past. He'd grown up with his parents, and he'd had a brother. He was brutally murdered, and his parents had died in a terrible car accident. Pierce had spent his youth in an orphanage before traveling around the world and joining the police service. His tragic past explained why he was such a closed and withdrawn man. Apparently he'd suffered great losses and it was difficult for him to open up to other people. She really was amazed that Pierce had told her this information from his past.

A bottle of wine and two tiramisu later, the detective realized that they were almost the last in the restaurant, so Pierce rose from his chair to pay. Chloe had offered to share the bill, but he'd declined and had stepped inside the restaurant.

Chloe was left alone. It was not long before she felt the urge to check her messages. She knew it was
an idiotic idea. The evening had taken a nice and relaxed course after a bumpy start.

Unfortunately, her curiosity was stronger and so, despite all her inner doubts, she took out her phone. Lucifer had only written her one single message.

_Darling, you're a gorgeous woman, wanting to be conquered. Pierce can't handle that. The fact that you've responded to my messages shows me that you're not fully involved in your date, still having time for other things like me. Admit it, Chloe! My messages have a certain appeal for you!_

The wave of anger instantly sloshed back through her body. How did he know that the lieutenant wasn't the right fit for her? After all, she'd had a great time and also had a friendly and entertaining conversation. Furious, she put the phone back. She should have listened to her instinct not to touch her cell phone.

Pierce was just opening the door to the restaurant, walking back to her table. "Are you ready?" he asked politely, offering his hand to her. "I'll walk you to your car."

Smiling, she accepted the gesture and let Pierce lead her out of the restaurant. It felt nice to walk down the street with the lieutenant, holding hands. The sun had set in the meantime and she was able to see some stars in the darkness. Unfortunately, much of the starry sky wasn't visible due to the strong light pollution in Los Angeles.

Pierce's thumb stroked her fingers in soft touches, creating a pleasantly warm feeling inside her, but Chloe could only concentrate half-heartedly on it. A part of her mind was still furious about Lucifer and the current emotional state she was stuck in. Why the hell did she have to read his messages?

Maybe, Lucifer was right. Hadn't she been busy enough with her date, so she'd felt the urge to text with Lucifer? But - and that was for sure - she certainly didn't find his messages appealing. First and foremost, she was upset about it.

They reached Chloe's car and stopped. Pierce had turned to her, looking down expectantly. Chloe knew what he was waiting for and she was more than willing to fulfill his wish. Once and for all, she would prove to Lucifer and herself that she was over him and ready to engage in something new.

"It was a nice evening," she whispered, raising her head to allow the lieutenant to look into her green eyes.

"I can only agree with that," Pierce said. Their entwined hands hadn't broken and the lieutenant used their connection to pull her closer.

Chloe leaned against his hard chest and carefully stood on her tiptoes. "I would love to repeat that soon." Her voice had dropped to a seductive whisper and without waiting for his answer, she overcame the last few inches and pressed her lips against Pierce's.

Her heart pounded loudly as she made a tentative retreat, but the lieutenant embraced her body, returning the kiss.

It was nice, Chloe realized, enjoying the emotions that poured through her body. Pierce was surprisingly affectionate, nibbling on her lower lip for a moment to gain access to her mouth. When she willingly responded, their tongues met in a seductive duel, and Chloe lost some of her inhibitions.
She threw her arms around the lieutenant's neck, playing with his short hair. At the same time, she pressed herself harder into his chest, but the electrifying tingling didn't go beyond a flicker. Involuntarily, Chloe's thoughts drifted to the kiss she'd shared with Lucifer on the beach. It had been gentler and yet so much more intense.

Annoyed by her emotional chaos and the fact that she compared Pierce to Lucifer again, the detective finally withdrew from the kiss. What was wrong with her mind and body today?

She could see the lust and the restrained desire in Pierce's eyes, but the idea of taking him home with her felt wrong. In addition, she'd set up the simple rule not to have sex on the first date.

"May I call you?" the lieutenant asked in a husky voice.

The detective couldn't afford more than a gentle nod. She was ashamed of her inner conflict. Why wasn't she able to just enjoy Pierce's touch and shut her mind off?

Carefully, she broke away from his embrace. "Good night, Marcus," she finally forced past her lips and entered her car a moment later. In the rearview mirror, she saw Pierce watching as she started the engine to drive home.

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Completely agitated, Chloe entered her house, carelessly brushing the pumps off her feet and heading straight for the open kitchen area to grab the wine bottle on the counter. Trixie was at her dad's, and Maze seemed to be hunting a bounty somewhere. At least the house had been locked and dark when she entered.

The entire drive had left the detective wondering why she'd been so fixated on Lucifer this evening. He'd infuriated her once more. She'd even responded to his little mind game. That was the exact reason why she hadn't wanted to tell him about the date. Unfortunately, her two friends were lousy traitors. And now, Lucifer had succeeded in ruining her date because she hadn't be able to focus on Marcus properly. She hadn't even been able to fully enjoy the kiss.

Chloe tipped the red wine into a large bulbous wine glass and leaned against the kitchen counter. She took several large sips, trying to calm herself down. Unfortunately, she didn't succeed. It took several minutes for the wineglass to be nearly empty, and the detective had merely climbed into her anger. Presumably, her partner was sitting in his penthouse at the moment, amused that he'd disturbed her date. And she herself - who had actually wanted to spend a nice evening - stood in her kitchen, getting wound up over him.

In a short-circuit reaction, Chloe decided to pay Lucifer back. Maybe it was the alcohol, being responsible for her crazy action. Hurriedly, she grabbed the phone in her purse and dialed Lucifer's number. While it was ringing several times, Chloe stepped up the stairs in her house, entering her bedroom.

"Detective, what a pleasant surprise to hear from you," her partner answered charmingly. "Is your date with the lieutenant already over?"

She ignored his provocative question. "What the hell was that, Lucifer?" she snapped angrily through the phone.
"I'm not exactly sure what you mean, Detective!"

Chloe took a deep breath. "Why did you meddle in my date with Marcus?"

"Oh you're calling him by his first name now, are you?" her partner grumbled in disgust at the end of the line.

"How else should I call someone I go out with privately, Lucifer!" she lamented. "Why did you annoy me with these messages all evening? You have absolutely no right to be jealous of the lieutenant."

An icy silence came back from the phone before Lucifer finally took a sour breath. "I'm not jealous of that man, Detective," he hissed.

"But you behave like that! And do you know what? It's absolutely inappropriate. You screwed me up all night." Chloe paced through her bedroom, trying to get the rage out of her body.

"Detective", her partner suddenly purred in this much too high voice. "I'm not alone to blame for your failed evening. You shouldn't have read any of my messages or answered them."

"But you provoked me! Why did you do that?" Chloe demanded, raising her voice, and pushing her own mistakes on this evening far away.

She heard Lucifer laugh softly at the end of the line. "You know me, Detective. I like to play with fire."

Chloe stopped abruptly, putting her free hand on her hip. "I don’t mind, if you toy with all those sluts you’re inviting into your penthouse each night, but I won’t tolerate you playing with me the same way, in case you’ve missed this little detail."

"Oh darling, I certainly didn’t miss anything. For example that you came home way too early."

"And what’s wrong with this time? It's almost eleven pm."

"Doesn’t sound very satisfying to my ears, Detective!" her partner countered.

Chloe's anger reached a boiling point. What the hell was wrong with this narcissistic womanizer! She blabbed out the first thing she could think of. "I am very satisfied, Lucifer!" Her eyes grew as big as watermelons when she became aware of the verbal trap. Shocked, she held her hand over her mouth before even more inappropriate things could escape.

"That was a blatant lie, my dear," her partner whispered in that teasing tone. "I happen to know that you haven’t had a man visit for a very long time. So it's very obvious that you're unsatisfied."

How should she be satisfied? The only chance she’d had lately had vanished when Lucifer had ruined her date, and she hadn’t found time for her bedside drawer yet due to the series of murders.

Chloe could feel that Lucifer's words got under her skin. She would certainly regret the following words the next morning. Maybe she already had too much alcohol in her blood…

"If you happen to know me better than I do, what do you think would satisfy me?"

Oh my God! Did she really just say those words? Her brain had clearly stopped working. The different feelings of the evening and the alcohol contributed their best to make her behave recklessly or even foolishly.
"Darling," Lucifer whispered, suddenly slippery.

Chloe unconsciously bit her lower lip, sitting on her bed with a raging pulse.

"Where are you right now?" her partner asked in a voice that made pretty clear what he was referring at.

"Oh no, Lucifer. No! No! No! Forget that! I won’t…" she screamed in panic, jumping up from the bed.

She heard her partner laugh out loud. "What was I saying, Detective? I'm afraid you need to help my memory."

Chloe's cheeks began to burn with shame, and at that moment she was glad that Lucifer was sitting far away in his penthouse. "I will not have phone sex with you!" she snapped.

"Darling, I think you're wrong." He paused theatrically. "If you had really been so averse to the idea, you would have hung up long ago."

Chloe pressed her lips together in a tight line. In her mind, all kind of thoughts and sensations rolled over. "Lucifer! We can’t just do that!"

"Why not?" was his simple question. "You are unsatisfied and I'm an expert at changing this condition. If you’d like, we can agree that nobody will say a word about this tomorrow."

"But," Chloe said, completely perplexed.

"I already told you in the strip club. You have to relax a little. Just have some fun. You can trust me, Detective."

She was silent, chewing nervously on her lower lip. All the talk about sex had aroused her. Chloe already felt a soothing heat forming in her body. She knew it was a big mistake to get involved with Lucifer, but her body thought differently. Whether it was the kiss with Pierce or the actions in the strip club and penthouse earlier with Lucifer, Chloe wasn’t sure. "I'm in my bedroom," she finally announced.

For a moment it was quiet at the other end of the line. Was Lucifer surprised that she had just agreed to play his game?

"Excellent, darling," her partner replied in a seductive voice. It was the same tone he had used to whisper all those sinful things in her ear the past few weeks. "I want you to lie down on your bed."

A wave of pleasure shot together in her center. Chloe still couldn’t believe what she’d just started. That was the most stupid idea of her lifetime. They were both professional partners and since Candy Morningstar the relationship between them had already been complicated enough.

"Lucifer?" she said uncertainly, but her partner immediately intervened before she could express more.

"Relax, Detective! You can hang up anytime, if I go too far. Trust me. I know what I am doing."

The nervous tension in her body had returned with full force and her whole body was prickling with wild anticipation. Lucifer hadn’t even begun to say anything suggestive and she was already excited to the bone. It just showed her how much her partner was right. She was sexually unsatisfied and urgently needed a valve to relieve the frustration about it. Maybe after this, all would be back to
normal like before the penthouse accident, and she could finally focus on Pierce and other things. That was the only reason why Chloe gave that phone sex thing a call.

The slightly dampening effect of the wine caused her to sit back on her bed, crawling to the head. It rustled as she lay down on her blanket, making herself comfortable.

"Where are you?" she asked shyly.

"I'm sitting on my couch, alone."

She swallowed hard as the picture of Lucifer rolled over her - sitting on the sofa, shirt sleeves and vest unbuttoned, feet relaxed and stretched, and a glass of whiskey in his hand. The thought alone was almost groaning. She bit her lower lip again.

"What now?" the detective asked nervously, bridging the resulting silence.

Lucifer's voice had dropped an octave. "I want you to touch yourself, Detective!"

Her heart stopped, only to beat with double speed a moment later. His voice dripped with sinful promises and wild sex. Oh, Jesus, what had she just agreed to?

"That could be a bit difficult with the phone in my hand," she replied stiffly, trying to breathe in and out. She had to calm down her nerves.

At the other end, Chloe heard a small laugh, followed by a series of rustling sounds as though Lucifer was repositioning himself as well. "Is this your first phone sex, Detective?" he asked, amused.

"At least for a very long time," she admitted.

"I see! It seems I have to guide you a little more, darling. Turn on your phone's speaker and put the device next to your head."

Chloe obeyed.

"And now take your hands and just do what I tell you," he commanded. His voice took on that sexy tone again, making her whimper in anticipation.

"Imagine that you are in my penthouse, looking out the floor-to-ceiling windows at the LA skyline. I'm slowly stepping behind you, wrapping my arms around that lovely body of yours. My hands start to move sensually from your waist to your stomach and up the sides." He paused. "Do you follow my movements?" he checked.

Chloe nodded, registering the next moment that Lucifer couldn't see her gesture. "Yes," she breathed as her hands slid over the fabric of her blouse.

She heard rustling again. "My hands touch your perfectly shaped breasts, kneading them with gentle pressure."

Chloe couldn't suppress a groan as she began to massage her breasts. She heard Lucifer growling deeply. His breathing quickened.

"Are you ...?" she asked distractedly, unbuttoning the blouse at the same time.

"Yes," he answered. It didn’t really surprise her that he was also bringing himself relief. The thought excited her even more. A part of her inhibitions flew overboard along with her sense of shame, and
she reached behind to undo the bra before carelessly shoving the cloth aside and massaging her bare breasts. Quickly, she began to roll her hard nipples between her fingers, groaning wildly.

"It appears you're going to continue this party without me, Detective." His voice sounded significantly hoarse and deeper now. "I want you to reimagine our scene in the penthouse and how my hands wander over your lovely body, finally opening the button of your trousers."

She did what he described.

"Touch yourself over the fabric of your underwear, Detective," he whispered seductively.

It began to throb dangerously between Chloe's thighs. She followed Lucifer's order and winced. This man knew how to arouse her, and she hadn't even touched herself without fabric scraps!

More whimpering sounds along with his name escaped from her mouth. Her pleading made him moan in return. "You've absolutely no idea how long I've been waiting for you to say my name in such a tone, darling."

Chloe bit her lower lip, closing her eyes. She couldn't stand the teasing touch through her underwear anymore. Hurriedly she took off her pants, freeing herself from her underwear.

It seemed as if Lucifer himself had temporarily lost the thread, trapped in his own lust. His accelerated and uneven breath made her unbelievably aroused. Images of the penthouse event moved into her mind, as she pictured Lucifer grabbing his manhood and moving his hand up and down.

The images were too much for her to handle. Chloe took her right hand, touching herself. She didn't wait and immediately used a finger to play at her nub. The sound that pierced her lips tore Lucifer out of his temporary distraction.

"Detective," he breathed sensually. "I take two of my fingers, sinking them into you with tormenting slowness. Imagine how I continue to increase your lust and how you wind helplessly under my touch."

"Lucifer," Chloe groaned savagely as she did what he'd just said. Her inner walls contracted, and she was overwhelmed by an incredible wave of lust. Even though she had been laying hands on herself many times before, it was much more intense this time with Lucifer's voice in her ear. She wouldn't be able to hold on to the tempo for long.

"Detective! I would give anything to see you, shuddering under me."

Chloe accelerated the movement of her hand. She was moaning now with every thrust her fingers made to hit the perfect point inside her. At the end of the line, Lucifer did the same.

Nobody spoke a word. Both were lost in the ecstasy of their lust. Lucifer's noises through the phone painted her a vivid picture in her head. Chloe heard that he was close, just like herself. She'd twisted her hand a little, so her palm rubbed against her nub every time her two fingers sank into her, massaging that sweet spot inside. Her body tensed again, imagining that it was Lucifer who forcefully moved inside her with each thrust of her fingers.

Her lust almost reached the summit. She was so fucking close. It only needed a little push...

It seemed that Lucifer had guessed her thoughts. "I want you to come for me, Chloe!" he whispered sensually. His sinful words combined with her name were enough to push her over the edge. She screamed his name in ecstasy as the orgasm broke over her. Far away, she heard Lucifer releasing a deep moan as he reached his own climax.
It took a long moment before she caught her breath. Her hand rested between her thighs as she was caught in a relaxed sluggishness.

"And? Did I promise you too much, Detective?"

At that moment, she realized the implications of what they’d just done. *Oh my God! She’d had phone sex with Lucifer Morningstar!* And much worse! She’d liked it! Chloe couldn’t remember when she’d last experienced such an intense orgasm.

Shame-filled, she reached for her phone and did the only reasonable thing. "You'll never say a word about this again, Lucifer," she threatened him, hanging up the phone.

She’d really been overwhelmed by her own feelings, and for once, she’d listened to her body. How the hell could she be so foolish?
Hey Lucifans,
Thank you so much for all your comments and kudos. I'm so glad to see so many of you reading my story :-) It's quite overwhelming.

Lucifer Morningstar grabbed his jacket on the back of his couch, slipping it on in a fluid motion. He was on his way out to drive to the precinct and talk with Chloe about the current progress of the murder series. After their phone call two nights ago there had been an overwhelming silence between them. Lucifer hadn’t been surprised that she’d ended their conversation rather abruptly. It had been typical behavior for her.

What was more surprising was the fact that he himself couldn’t stop thinking about it. As soon as he closed his eyes, his mind was flooded with vivid pictures of the detective, lying on her bed and moaning his name as she squirmed in the sheets. Just the imagination of how she pleaded his name in that sensual tone instantly made him hard like a rock.

Grumbling, the Devil adjusted his suit pants, turning away from the couch to step into the elevator. Truth be told, he’d never expected that evening’s outcome. By chance, when he'd heard from Maze that Chloe had gone out to her date with Pierce, a few fuses had blown in his head. He’d sat at the bar at LUX, shattering his whiskey glass in his hand. The picture of the lieutenant touching Chloe with his fingers, had driven him into a profound anger. Pierce wasn’t good enough for her, and he certainly wasn’t the right one to go out with.

Cursing, Lucifer had picked the slivers out of his palm and had reached for his phone. He’d remained unharmed thanks to his immortality.

At first he’d just wanted to write her one quick message, letting her know that he knew exactly what she was doing at that moment. But when she hadn’t answered, he’d sent a flood of messages to provoke her. It had been an uncontrollable impulse. Lucifer would have never expected her to answer after that. It was the moment the Devil had realized that the detective might not have been as engrossed in her date as he had first assumed.

The doors of the elevator closed with a ping, tearing Lucifer from his thoughts. Distracted, he adjusted the cufflinks on his white shirtsleeves.

As another lewd image of Chloe appeared in his head, he cursed loudly. Bloody Hell! What had she done to him? He usually didn’t have a particular problem to find his way back to his everyday life after a lazy night, but with the detective everything seemed different, and he hadn’t even had real sex with her!

Much worse was the realization that the Devil had behaved exactly contrary to his plan. After the incident in the strip club he’d made the decision to keep a certain distance from Chloe and definitely not to have hot phone sex with her at the next opportunity! Unfortunately, his body had developed a completely different opinion on the topic. It appeared he was simply losing control whenever he was near her.
Lucifer had been surprised when the detective had called him late at night after her date. By that time, he’d already retired to his penthouse, trying to ignore the thought that Pierce was probably touching her lovely body everywhere.

Chloe’s anger had aroused him right away – the way she’d screamed into the phone while throwing all those ridiculous arguments at him, although she was partly to blame as well. Immediately Lucifer had had to suppress an amused laugh. Her slightly drunken condition had also loosened her tongue and so she’d fallen into one of his verbal traps. He’d only wanted to allow himself a joke with the suggestion of phone sex, but when Chloe had agreed after a brief hesitation, he’d been flabbergasted. Of course, he’d only hesitated for a split second. His own desire for this woman had prevailed, and so he’d taken his suggestion seriously.

The whole time Lucifer had expected her to hang up any minute and that he would go too far with all those words he’d so sinfully whispered into the phone. But when she’d moaned his name in ecstasy, his doubts had flown overboard, and he’d been fully committed to Chloe and her growing desire.

The question was, how would they both handle the situation from now on? Chloe’s sudden hang-up and her cool threat at the end gave him a good indication of how it would be going forward – dusty and dry denial was on the program, at least if it was up to her.

A wry smile formed on Lucifer’s face. He’d offered not to say a word about the night, and he would keep his promise. However, he had the feeling the topic would come up on its own when they were both undisturbed and alone in the same room.

Determined, the Devil stepped out of the elevator and made his way to the car in the underground garage. That would definitely be an entertaining reunion between him and the detective!

*****

Chloe Decker opened the glazed double doors to the precinct and stepped in, heart pounding wildly. After spending the whole weekend overanalyzing her date with Pierce and the subsequent phone call with Lucifer, she now felt a nervous turmoil. Right now, she just wanted to sink into the ground, not meeting either of the men in person.

Slowly the detective strode to her office space, greeting a few colleagues halfheartedly as she passed. She hadn’t even reached her desk when she spotted Ella Lopez in her chair, beaming wildly. Her hair was in a high ponytail and she wore a blue shirt with a chemical joke on it - I may be N Er Dy but only periodically. The short letters were chemical elements, and that made Chloe shake her head in amusement for a moment. Ella was an absolute nerd, showing it always in an entertaining way.

"You're finally here!" the forensic scientist exclaimed, jumping up from the chair and offering her a cup of freshly brewed coffee. "How was it?"

Chloe didn’t try to act innocent. She knew exactly what the forensic scientist wanted to hear. However, when the images of the evening and the night flowed into her head, she felt a soft burning on her cheeks.

"Was it that good?" Ella continued to urge, as she laughingly pointed to Chloe’s face.

The detective hurriedly turned away from her friend, dropping into her desk chair. She took a sip of
"Chloe, you can’t let me down here,” Ella protested. "You did have sex, didn’t you?"

The detective shot out of her chair at the direct question, almost spilling the coffee from her mug. "Excuse me!” she exclaimed in horror. At the same time, she noticed how her cheeks only got hotter. Dammit!

The forensic scientist sat down on the table, supporting herself with her hands. "Please tell me, Chloe! Is there a good reason for Pierce’s enormous feet?"

Chloe rolled her eyes at the allusion. "I don’t know, Ella, because we didn’t have sex."

"Honestly? What else happened then that you have to blush?” The forensic scientist grimaced, a curious expression on her face.

With her arms Chloe rested her head on the desk, sighing heavily. Ella's direct and curious nature could sometimes be very exhausting, especially when Chloe didn’t even know how the evening could get so out of control. The date with Pierce had been very nice. She’d had fun, and the lieutenant had even opened up to her a little. He was quite an interesting man, and Chloe really hoped to learn more about his personality and preferences in the near future. However, the kiss they’d shared had left a stale aftertaste. It had been nice and that was the core problem! Where had been the fireworks and the exploding sensations?

It had been very different during phone sex with Lucifer. He’d only whispered a few sensual words into her ear and she’d melted like butter under his dominant behavior. Her body had reacted to him with such force that it almost scared her. The kiss with Pierce, however, seemed to be nothing more than a savings offer in the supermarket - edible, but not world-shaking phenomenal.

Chloe looked at her friend with a suffering expression. "The evening got completely out of hand, Ella," she finally began to report. Maybe it would be good to have someone to talk to about her dilemma. "The lieutenant and I were eating in a really chic Italian restaurant and it was really nice until Lucifer flooded my phone with provocative messages. Somehow he figured out when my date would be..." Chloe’s raised eyebrow and the emphasis in her voice made Ella lift her hands. "I didn’t tell him anything. But you know Lucifer. He always finds a way to get what he wants."

Chloe pressed her lips together. "His messages upset me. At some point I switched my phone to silent mode, but I was still distracted."

Ella nodded understandingly. "What exactly did Lucifer text you to upset you like that?"

Chloe leaned back in the desk chair, reaching for the phone in her pocket. She quickly searched the messages, showing them to her friend.

Ella's eyes wandered over them for a moment. It was quite obvious how she tried to suppress a laugh. "Oh my God, this man really knows how to use sensual words. I feel all worked up, only by reading."

Chloe just rolled her eyes as she put her phone back. "Anyway, Marcus walked me to the car after dinner and we kissed. It was really nice."

"Just nice?” Ella checked.

"It's quite possible that I was distracted during the kiss, thinking about Lucifer," the detective confessed.
Ella spontaneously started to laugh. "Oh, Chloe! It seems you currently have two irons in the fire - two very attractive ones, I might add."

Panicked, Chloe held her index-finger to her lips while looking carefully around through the precinct. There was no need for the rest of the colleagues to know about the outcome of her date with Pierce, or Lucifer.

"That wasn’t even the whole story," she whispered softly, leaning closer to the forensic scientist. Ella mimicked the movement with her upper body.

"I said goodbye to the lieutenant and drove home. Somehow my thoughts about Lucifer had ruined my mood. At home, I had a large glass of wine. I must have been very drunk, because the next moment I called Lucifer." Chloe paused, averting her eyes from Ella. The development of the phone call was embarrassing. It had been completely atypical behavior, because normally she wasn’t that impulsive or thoughtless.

The forensic scientist sensed that a great revelation would follow, so she cheerfully squeezed Chloe's hand. "What did you tell him?"

The detective swallowed hard. "At first I gave him living hell, but somehow along the conversation he managed to turn the words around in my mouth."

Ella cocked her eyebrows. "Alright. And then?"

Chloe's pulse began to accelerate. "And then I had phone sex with Lucifer Morningstar," she confessed, bushing like a tomato. Embarrassed, she hid her face in her hands.

Ella couldn’t prevent another laugh attack. "Chloe Decker, you really nailed it! I’m more than surprised. I would have never guessed that you would give in to that unresolved sexual tension."

"What have I done?" Chloe moaned. "That's not me, Ella. I'm going out with a nice guy just to have phone sex with Lucifer afterwards." It was even more bizarre to voice the events out loud.

Ella touched her hand again, squeezing it gently. "And what are you going to do now?"

Chloe shrugged helplessly. "I've been thinking about it all weekend. I like the lieutenant. He seems to be a decent man who respects me. We have a lot in common. Lucifer, on the other hand..." She broke off and took a deep breath. "Lucifer is complicated."

"May I give you some advice, from friend to friend?" Ella asked cautiously.

The detective nodded, reaching for her coffee mug.

"Try to find out what you really want, Chloe. Just because you had phone sex with Lucifer doesn't necessarily mean you need to have a relationship with him. Maybe you're just friends with benefits... On the other hand," she urged, "You should be aware of what you feel for Lucifer and whether this goes beyond mere animal attraction. By watching how you two act around each other that's quite possible."

Chloe looked at her friend with completely crazy eyes. "I certainly will not start a relationship with this man. After all, he just married a stripper in Vegas the last time we got emotionally closer to each other. He has sex with different women almost every night, he is narcissistic, and he believes he's the Devil."

Ella studied her closely for a long moment. "But he has also improved, Chloe. And he owes that to
your influence."

With a quick gesture the detective smoothed out Ella's objection. "You're obviously forgetting that he recently derailed our work in the strip club because he only had his own interests in mind."

"You mean, because he only had you in mind," Ella corrected her with a grin.

The detective grimaced while glaring at the forensic scientist.

Ella's grin widened. "Fine, Chloe. Then forget about the phone call with Lucifer and just focus on Pierce. Maybe you can meet again without Lucifer haunting your mind or your phone. Just enjoy it and find out what or who is good for you."

"That's easier said than done," Chloe mumbled thoughtfully, staring at her desk. What did she want from both men? Of course, she sought a partnership with a man who could fully open and engage with her. For the moment, she didn't feel Lucifer was such a person. He closed himself off to her at the slightest approach and ran a thousand miles in the opposite direction. What was he so afraid of?

The lieutenant, on the other hand, also was a withdrawn man, but Chloe felt he'd become more involved during their date. Maybe a second dinner was just the opportunity to get to know Marcus a little better. She decided that moment to give the lieutenant a real chance. She would try to banish Lucifer and all attendant feelings, for there was no point in succumbing to them. They were far too different to start a serious relationship.

"Well, I'm curious. How was the phone sex with Lucifer?" Ella asked while winking at her.

Chloe felt her cheeks start to burn again as a gentle wave of pleasure rushed through her body. The very thought of Lucifer and the sensual words he'd whispered to her through the phone made her heart skip a beat.

"It was..." She searched for the right words.

"Nice?" Ella suggested with a grin.

Chloe immediately shook her head. "It was intense and crackling. It was as if he knew exactly what I needed and what he had to say to make me lose control."

"That isn't very surprising, Chloe," Ella quickly said. "The chemistry between you two is just overwhelming and if you would see the looks you throw at each other in my lab... like fireworks were exploding any moment."

"Where's a firework exploding here, Lopez?" a way too familiar male voice asked. Frightened, Chloe whirled around in her chair to spot Pierce who was casually walking towards them. Instinctively, she wanted to sink into the ground. *He hadn't heard how they'd talked about Lucifer, had he?*

Out of the corner of her eye, Chloe saw Ella grimacing as she slipped off the desk. Nervously, she wiped her hair. "Lieutenant, I mean my firework... it was... er..."

Chloe jumped in. "We want to organize a firework birthday present for a friend. She turns thirty." That was the second lie she told Pierce.

The lieutenant hardly cared for her answer, staring at Ella instead. Her friend stared back for a moment before getting what he wanted. "Um, Chloe? My ongoing tests should be completed by now. I'll see you later," she babbled quickly and fled back to her lab.
The detective was left alone with Pierce. She rose from the desk chair and studied the man in front of her extensively. He was wearing dark jeans and a gray shirt. When her eyes reached his face, he began to smile. "Good morning, Decker!"

Chloe returned his smile. "Good morning, Lieutenant."

Pierce took a step closer, leaning against the side of her desk. "I couldn't stop thinking about you all weekend," he whispered to her, careful that no one could hear her private conversation.

Chloe blushed again, also leaning against the desk with one hand. "I felt the same way," she replied softly. To some extent that was the truth.

"What do you think? When do we want to go out again? Maybe next time I could cook at home," the lieutenant suggested. His intense gaze bored into hers and Chloe felt herself being overwhelmed by a pleasant wave of heat. "At your home?" she asked hesitantly.

Pierce nodded. "Unless you'd prefer a public place," he allowed her.

Chloe swallowed. She’d just decided to give the lieutenant a real chance. "You're welcome to cook for us, Marcus. At least let me bring the dessert then," she offered.

The lieutenant suddenly leaned close to her ear. His hand touched her hip, gently stroking down. "You're dessert enough, Chloe!"

She shuddered, feeling the pleasure converge in her center. It was obvious what the lieutenant was referring at. She didn’t think he would say such things to her, but she liked his direct style.

"So, when do you want to come over?" Pierce asked, leaning back to avoid unnecessary attention.

Chloe was about to make a suggestion when Lucifer's high voice reached her ear. "Detectiiiiiiive!" He stretched her title unnaturally long before greeting the lieutenant clearly less enthusiastically.

Chloe's heart stopped for a few seconds. Where was that hole in the ground to open up and swallow her? Unconsciously, she moved away from Pierce and turned to her partner. Lucifer gave her an irresistible smile, approaching her desk with exuberant joy. When he came to a halt beside her, he put his hands in his dark blue designer suit pockets. "How was your weekend?"

She could see the hidden rogue dancing in his eyes. Awkwardly, Chloe looked between Pierce and Lucifer. That was the most embarrassing and unpleasant situation she’d ever encountered. Numerous pictures flashed through her mind – her hands, plunged around Pierce's neck, while she was kissing him – Lucifer, sitting relaxed on his couch, pleasuring himself – her own fantasy in which her partner thrust into her while she was lying on the bed, begging and groaning his name in ecstasy...

Holy shit, she was so fucked up!

"It was nice," Chloe finally murmured. Well, she definitely had a terrible foible for that word.

"Just nice?" her partner teased, smirking knowingly. His dark brown eyes sparkled, and she knew he wouldn't be satisfied with this answer.

"I was out and relaxing the rest of the weekend," she said, careful not to get caught into another verbal trap.

Lucifer's gaze briefly moved from her to Pierce and back. "I can vividly imagine the latter, Detective." His eyes slid over her body with a tantalizing slowness.
Chloe was startled, fingers clenching against her sides. Her partner was moving on much too thin ice here. Groaning, she turned away from both men.

"Anyway, what do you want here, Lucifer?" she asked as unconcerned as possible in order to divert attention.

Her partner tilted his head. "I wanted to get an update on the murder series and, of course, offering you my help for today."

Before she could reply, Pierce pulled away from her desk. "Just message me when you have time, Decker. I'll let you both continue now. Please inform me as soon as there is any news."

Chloe nodded apologetically. "I'll do that, Lieutenant."

Today seemed to be the day of unannounced visits at her desk. The lieutenant didn’t even have time to leave when Dan suddenly turned around the corner, charging at her. "Chloe, I just got a call," he informed her excitedly. "Apparently, there’s a new murder victim that can probably be assigned to your series."

The detective's teeth clenched in alarm. This was disturbingly bad news. "Are you sure that the murder belongs to my case?"

Dan nodded over-zealously while pointing at the tablet in his hands. "Most likely. A porn actress was found dead after filming."

Chloe cursed. "That really fits together."

"It's probably the best if you drive to the crime scene together with Mr. Morningstar, Decker. I'll send a team after for the investigation." Pierce gave her a serious nod, crossing his arms over his chest. He was completely taken by the role of her boss again.

"Since when do you skip an opportunity to escort Detective Decker?" Lucifer teased.

Chloe glared at her partner. Her murderous gaze spoke volumes. Why couldn’t he just shut his cheeky mouth!

"Decker has everything under control. I rely on her professional expertise in the case," Pierce replied. Chloe didn’t miss the skeptical look the lieutenant threw at her partner.

When Lucifer realized that his provocation hadn’t achieved the desired effect, he cockily clapped his hands. "Very well, Detective. It appears we're alone for today." He gave her a charming smile. "I haven’t been on set of a porn shoot for a while. That can be well worth seeing."

Chloe rolled her eyes at the ambiguity of his words. However, she simply turned to leave, ignoring Lucifer’s comment. She was sick of these two machos beside her.

Startled, she felt Lucifer gently put an arm around her lower back, signaling her with a polite gesture to move. She flinched briefly as his fingers brushed against her side, leaving goose bumps on her body. Annoyed, Chloe closed her eyes for a few milliseconds. Although no one had seen her body’s reaction, Pierce definitely would have noticed Lucifer’s possessive gesture. She really hoped this wouldn’t be the way they were acting around her permanently from now on.
And every day the groundhog greets

Chapter Notes

Dear Lucifans,

thank you so much for your kind comments! It makes me really happy.

So... Here is the next translated chapter for you with a little plot twist at the end. Enjoy!

Lucifer Morningstar swiveled the black sunglasses in his hand. Bored, he tilted his head, glancing at Chloe, who was eagerly listening to Ella.

They were currently in an old barn on a farm in a rural area outside of Los Angeles. Apparently, the porn industry had decided to shoot on that farm. It had taken Lucifer almost an hour to get there together with Chloe. A full hour in which the detective had mostly ignored him and kept silent. He’d instantly noticed that the current situation between them had to be uncomfortable for her. From time to time he’d caught a few glances she’d stealthily thrown at him as he’d concentrated on driving in his Corvette. For a brief moment he’d even considered mentioning her phone call, but he’d given her his word not to speak about it. Instead, Lucifer had tried several times to start a casual conversation. Unfortunately, Chloe hadn’t been in the mood to talk, so the Devil had given up. During the rest of the drive he’d played with his car radio, ignoring her as completely as she was ignoring him.

By the time they’d reached the farm, some patrol cars had already been there, and the crime scene had been closed off.

It was a reddish barn with a large silo standing next to a half-timbered house. All around, grain and corn were growing in large areas and some cows were grazing. The farmhouse had its own charm, but the Devil had only disdainfully grimaced, while putting on his sunglasses. Thanks to dad he’d managed to dodge a large cowpat just in time before ruining his expensive Louis Vuitton shoes.

There was a hectic hustle and bustle. Everywhere bales of straw were spread between agricultural tools and implements. Various people were bustling around, being banished by the local police. It had to be the film crew. Between some normally dressed people Lucifer had also discovered sexily dressed women in lingerie and delicate negligees. He’d immediately speculated that these women had to be the porn actresses. His theory had been confirmed shortly after, when some male stars had appeared only in blue dungarees, carrying pitchforks.

Chloe and he had stepped through the bales of straw, approaching the set, only to find a motionless woman with blond hair on a hay bed. It was a bloody shame. She’d been very pretty for a porn actress.

Lucifer had barely had time to pursue his thoughts when Ella and her team had appeared, beginning to search for evidence. That had been a few minutes ago.

Currently, the forensic scientist had turned away from the corpse, excitedly telling them about her findings. "The woman has no superficial injuries. Due to the discolored complexion, I conclude that she was suffocated, most likely with one of the surrounding pillows on the improvised bed."

"Is it possible to limit the time of death?" Chloe asked next to him, looking down at the dead woman. She’d lowered her head slightly, letting some hair fall over her shoulder.
The forensic scientist nodded. "She must have been murdered late in the evening."

Chloe turned to him. "Lucifer, we better start interviewing the present crew members. Maybe someone saw or heard something. If this murder is related to our series, there must be a drugged killer somewhere on the loose."

"As you wish, Detective," he agreed, pointing with a sweeping wave of his hand toward a cluster of people behind a yellow tape at the far end of the barn.

Chloe thanked Ella for the first report and set off in the direction he’d indicated. They’d come half way when one of the local cops stormed towards them. "Excuse me! Do you belong to the LAPD?"

"Detective Decker," Chloe introduced herself, showing the man her badge on the belt. "This is my partner, Lucifer Morningstar. Have you got any information?"

The man nodded affirmatively. "It looks like we already have the killer in custody. He showed up here a few minutes ago, turning himself in. It is Sam Adams. He said he was the murdered woman’s boyfriend."

Shrugging, Lucifer caught Chloe's meaningful look. He wasn’t particularly surprised since all the other cases had had the same outcome.

"Where is Mr. Adams right now?" the detective asked.

The policeman pointed to a small door at the end of the barn. "We’ve temporarily locked him in a secluded equipment room. He’s guarded by two of my colleagues. According to initial statements, the suspect doesn't remember killing his girlfriend. He’s completely devastated."

"And every day, the groundhog greets, Detective," the Devil mocked, casually straightening the jacket of his suit.

The local policeman looked at him in confusion, but Chloe hurriedly grabbed Lucifer's upper arm. "Thanks, we'll take care of Mr. Adams now." Chloe pulled at his arm and, with him in tow, headed for the door.

"You can’t keep your hands off me, can you? Did you miss me that much, darling?" Lucifer teased with a wry smile on his face.

Annoyed, Chloe let go of his upper arm, striding towards the door. "I'm just making sure your mouth is kept in check, Lucifer."

The Devil laughed in amusement. "Oh, I know a more appropriate method that would be much more effective, Detective." He smirked, as Chloe punched at his upper arm. "Violence isn’t a solution."

She made an angry noise. "Just shut up, and concentrate on the case, Lucifer."

He dropped her little battle of words. The detective was more than in a bad mood. Her stiff attitude in his presence and her impulsive behavior were some clear indications.

"Is your relaxed state from the weekend already gone, dear?" He just couldn’t help but comment.

The murderous look she gave him made him laugh. Her behavior was hilarious. "Don't take everything so seriously, Detective."
Chloe stopped abruptly, forcing the Devil to turn around to her.

"I take this situation very seriously, and do you know why, Lucifer? This is the fourth woman murdered in two weeks and we’re miles away from convicting the mastermind. So just stop with your inappropriate comments and let me do my job."

Her rage made the Devil step back. Chloe was currently very irritable and noticeably under stress.

"Alright, Detective. After you." He pointed at the door to the equipment room to his left.

Chloe stormed past him, swept the door open and entered. Shaking his head, Lucifer followed her with casual speed.

It was a shabby and dusty room. Sam Adams was crying and leaning against a metal table while two policemen flanked him. The surrounding walls were equipped with shelves that contained a wealth of tools for farming.

"Mr. Adams, we're from the LAPD and it's very important that you answer a few questions," the detective immediately started the interview, walking up to the suspect.

The man raised his head, sobbing. "I murdered Linn. I can't believe it. This can't be true."

Lucifer stepped close to Chloe, studying the man meticulously. Judging from his attractive appearance, he either modeled or worked in the same industry as his murdered girlfriend.

"Please try to calm down. Would you like to tell me what you can remember?" Chloe compassionately asked the man.

With a glazed look he glanced first at the detective and then at him. "I have a lot of memory lapses. My girlfriend Linn Harper and I were filming our movie yesterday. That's why we rented the barn. Everything went as planned. At the end of our act, I noticed that something was wrong. That's when my memory gaps set in. I only have blurry pictures in my head, but in one it was dark, and I pressed a pillow in Linn's face. It seemed we were back on set at night time." He gave a noisy sob.

Lucifer slipped the hands into his suit pockets. "You and your girlfriend shot a porn movie together?" he wanted to know with a good portion of amusement in his voice.

Grudgingly the man looked at him. "What's so funny about it? We got to know each other on set and fell in love. Since then, we've been shooting a lot of films together or with others."

"It's not funny at all, Mr. Adams," the Devil justified himself. "I'm positively surprised that you two expressed your desire in such a fashion."

"What my partner is trying to say," Chloe intervened. "Have you been jealous of the other sex partners, and murdered your girlfriend out of rage?"

Mr. Adams shook his head. "We were happy. It didn’t bother us to have an open relationship. There was no reason why these horrible things happened during the night. I can't explain it! There is no explanation. Usually I never lose control."

"It's very likely that you've been drugged before committing this murder," Chloe told him cautiously. "There're similar cases that we're currently investigating, where some partners killed their girlfriends while they were drugged. That's why it's so important that you answer the following questions in as much detail as possible." She let her words fall short. "Did you have contact with a strange woman yesterday or the day before yesterday?"
The suspect shifted his weight, leaning his arms against the metal table. "No, we've been in the yard for the last few days, shooting several films. The whole crew was kindly allowed to stay here."

Lucifer caught Chloe's irritated look. "Who else did you have contact with?" she asked.

Mr. Adams shrugged. "The usual people. I shot three films with different actresses, including Linn. The other two women are good colleagues of mine. I've known them for a while now."

"Did they somehow behave suspiciously? Did you notice anything strange or new about your sex partners?" Lucifer asked impatiently.

"Not that I know about... or... wait a second!" Mr. Adams paused for a brief moment. "Rachel and I shot a movie on a tractor. We were doing just fine. She was riding me. I kissed her neck, when I found a large black spot. It was covered with makeup first, but I probably kissed off a part. It almost looked..."

"Like a tattoo?" Lucifer interrupted him.

The suspect nodded. "It had to be new, because I've already shot a few times with Rachel, and she definitely had no ornaments on her neck before."

"Did the woman happen to have blond hair?" Chloe asked curiously.

Mr. Adams immediately shook his head. "No, Rachel has copper-red hair."

"Is it possible to get the footage of the last few days?" the detective asked, stepping restlessly through the room. Lucifer could see exactly how her head was working, and how she was trying to think rationally about the whole situation.

Mr. Adams leaned forward. "Just ask the producer. He should be able to help you with the material."

"That's great," Chloe said deep in thought. "We'll have to arrest you anyway, Mr. Adams. And we need to check your blood for drug traces."

The man nodded depressed. "I already thought so. Please promise me you’ll find the person who drugged me, Detective Decker. Otherwise I don’t know how to process all these terrible events." He began to cry again.

"We’ll solve the case. I promise, Mr. Adams." With that, she turned away from the man and motioned for Lucifer to follow her out of the room.

The Devil glanced at the desperate man as another thought crossed his mind. "Have you ever been to Joi's, Mr. Adams?"

"Do you mean the strip club?" the man asked back in disbelief. "My girlfriend used to work there before she got into the movie business. We go there regularly, just like last week, for example."

The answer was sufficient. Gratefully, Lucifer removed his hands from his pockets, straightened his jacket and followed the detective out of the equipment room. She led him through the entire barn into the open air. Only when Chloe was sure they were undisturbed did she stop in a meadow beside a big tractor.

The sun was shining mercilessly, so Lucifer reached into his pocket for the sunglasses. Elegantly he placed them on his nose. "What do you think of Mr. Adams's statement?" he asked her with interest.
Chloe's mouth tightened into a fine line. "This whole case confuses me deeply. We're definitely looking for a woman who has a tattoo on her neck. Even though Mr. Cornwall told us that he couldn't see a tattoo in the strip club, he also mentioned the woman's hair might have been in the way. Both, Mr. Wayne and Mr. Miller, talked about a blonde with a tattoo on her neck, but the two other killers saw a woman with a different hair color. Hopefully this woman is just very good at dressing up."

"It appears the strip club always is the link between the victims and the killers. So far everyone has told us that they've been there recently," Lucifer said thoughtfully, pulling out a cigarette from his jacket pocket. He lit it and relished the smoke he drew into his lungs.

"Somehow the wanted woman still has access to the club without us registering. I wonder how she did it."

"Maybe you should tell Daniel that he's doing a miserable job," Lucifer suggested, grinning. The detective rolled her eyes with a smile, stepping closer to the shadow of the tractor. It was uncomfortably hot today. The Devil followed her example as he inhaled the cigarette’s smoke again and let it out in the opposite direction from Chloe.

"Maybe we should visit the club again in person. It's obvious we overlooked an important detail. This woman can't disappear and suddenly reappear without a single trace. There must be something, Lucifer."

The Devil heard the desperate tone in her voice. "We're doing what we can," he tried to calm her gently.

"Do we?" Chloe suddenly hissed out of the blue. Irritated, Lucifer raised an eyebrow, studying her face. She looked angry. "Am I wrong?" he asked back.

Chloe moaned derisively, running her fingers through her open hair. "Ever since this whole series of murders started, I've been forced to deal with you and your misplaced behavior. It just saps my energy, leaving me unfocused."

"Detective," Lucifer said, visibly annoyed. "I'm afraid you're judging that one-sided."

"You persuaded me to have phone sex with you," she snapped.

Lucifer looked at her, completely dumbfounded. "First thing, Detective," he began in an angry voice. "You did agree voluntarily and secondly I don't know what this phone call has to do with the murder cases."

Chloe glared at him, saying nothing.

To hell with his plan not to bring up the phone call, especially since Chloe had just started anyway. His mouth turned up in a smug grin. "Unless you voluntarily admit that you can't get me and the conversation out of your little head, darling."

"It didn't mean anything, Lucifer," she hissed, crossing her arms over her chest. "You got me in a weak moment. Besides, I was drunk, and you took advantage of this condition."

"So, now I'm to blame for the decisions you've made?" He felt his own anger boiling to the surface. Why couldn't she simply admit she was as guilty as he was?
Chloe avoided his gaze, staring at the pebbles on the ground instead. "That's not me, Lucifer!" she said. "We shouldn't have done this. Let's just forget it ever happened."

The Devil tilted his head, letting the rest of the cigarette fall to the floor. He put out the glowing ashes with his foot. "The delicious sounds you've made show me that you won't forget the phone call anytime soon, my dear!" His voice had dropped to a sensual whisper, and he watched Chloe flinching slightly. "Stop that, Lucifer! I'm serious. We have to focus on this series of murders, and I don't want any crazy action between us obstructing the investigation."

"So I'm not allowed to stand in your way and at the same time you go out with the Lieutenant? Don't you think these dates will also demand your attention and distract you, Detective? "Lucifer felt a burning sensation in his stomach as he thought of Pierce.

"This has nothing to do with Marcus," Chloe said.

The Devil raised his eyebrows. "Try to believe that. Maybe you can explain why you had phone sex with me, even though you were on a date with the lieutenant shortly before?" He saw clearly that he'd put her in a quandary. Chloe's cheeks blushed, and she turned furiously to him a moment later. "I don't owe you an explanation. The phone call was a mistake, and we certainly won't repeat it."

She had dodged his question skillfully.

Lucifer sensed there was more to it than that, but her negative attitude was getting on his nerves, and he was sick and tired of playing her scapegoat. "As you desire, Detective. I can also imagine better opportunities to have sex. After all, my whole club is full of women. I don't need to pleasure myself."

"Then we're in agreement," Chloe shot back icily.

"That we are, indeed." Enraged, Lucifer straightened the sunglasses on his nose when he saw a beautiful brunette woman strolling towards both of them. She carried several shopping bags in her hand, smiling all over her face.

"Lucifer," she greeted him from afar as approaching happily. His eyes slid over her lovely body. She was wearing tight black shorts, emphasizing her long, suntanned legs. As his gaze wandered over her bust, tucked into a seductive wrap top, he began to grin charmingly. He would recognize these boobs everywhere.

"A friend of yours?" Chloe demanded to know next to him.

He gave her a quick sidelong glance. "You could say it like that."

The brunette had reached them both, throwing herself against his neck and pressing a gentle kiss on his mouth. Surprised, the Devil put his arms around her waist, gently pushing her away from him.

"Lexi, what are you doing here?" he asked charmingly.

"I'm shooting a movie. Just got back from the city. Because of the murder, all shooting is currently on hold. You should definitely watch the movie when it's done, Lucifer. A few movements might seem familiar to you." She winked at him while stepping back with a lascivious look. Shortly after, she spotted the detective. "Who is your girlfriend?"

Chloe cleared her throat uncomfortably. "I'm not his girlfriend. We're professional partners."

"Oh, you definitely miss out something, sweetheart. This man knows how to pleasure a woman. It was the best night of my life."
Lucifer began to smirk. "She already enjoyed a taste last weekend, Lexi," he confessed with a wink, catching a murderous look from Chloe.

The brunette woman beamed at him happily, reaching for a business card. She slipped the card into his trouser pocket. Lucifer immediately felt the dainty hand briefly bumping against his growing excitement. "Call me, Lucifer. Then we can continue where we left off. I would be more than happy."

The Devil noticed Chloe's furious expression. He knew that look. She was jealous after all, wasn't she? Grinning, he leaned forward, giving the young woman a gentle kiss on the lips. "I will do that, Lexi. And send me a copy of your new movie when it airs."

"With pleasure. It was nice to see you again." With that, the woman turned around, reached for her shopping bags and walked towards the barn.

"You had sex with a porn actress?" Chloe asked in disbelief.

"Many, many times," he grinned at her knowingly. "Lexi really has the most articulated legs I've seen in a while."

He heard the detective grunt disdainfully.

"What's going on, darling?" He couldn't completely hide the rogue in his eyes. "Are you jealous?"

"No! Absolutely not," she replied promptly, rolling her eyes. "I don't care with whom you have sex or whose movies you watch."

Her pressed tone made him laugh. "Did you really think Hot Tub High School would be the only movie I watch?"

Groaning, Chloe threw her head back.

"You're jealous," Lucifer clarified unequivocally. "Admit it!"

"No, I'm not!", she replied irritably. "I'm dating the lieutenant. I don't care what you do."

Lucifer dropped his hands in his suit pockets. "Pierce can't hold your breath, Detective," he said in a more serious tone.

Chloe pressed her lips together in a thin line, studying him intensively for a moment. "Who is the jealous one now, Lucifer?"

"I'm just telling the truth. This has nothing to do with jealousy, Detective. The Devil is never jealous and certainly not about a human man!" He felt his stomach clenching again.

"Just go out with Lexi and let me decide myself who is good for me. If you really aren't jealous, you certainly won't mind if I call the lieutenant, accepting our second date."

Lucifer exploded within a wave of anger. This woman drove him nuts. She'd succeeded in scratching his ego and pride. "Do what you want, Detective," he replied stiffly.

Cursing inwardly, he watched Chloe reaching for her phone and dialing Pierce's number. "Marcus, this is Chloe. I'm sorry Lucifer interrupted us earlier." She shot him an accusatory look. "I would love to come over for dinner. How about Friday night?"

The conversation continued for a few sentences, but Lucifer had enough. His confusing feelings
about Chloe left him desperate. Why wasn’t he able to ignore what Chloe was doing or better with whom she was doing it?

She’d told him that the phone sex had meant nothing, and if he was honest, he wouldn’t want it to mean more. Her situation was far too complicated for that. As long as his father had his hands on the game, it was impossible to seriously engage with Chloe anyway. He would only give his dad another string to manipulate him. And the consequent loss of control was definitely worse than the dull feeling in his stomach!

Without waiting for Chloe, he turned away from her and walked towards his car. He wanted to go back as soon as possible, drowning his emotions in a lot of hard alcohol.

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Chloe Decker grabbed the teacup off the coffee table, carefully sipping on a drink that was way too hot. It was late evening. Trixie was in bed, and she had successfully scorned Maze with her melancholy mood. Her roommate wasn’t very good at dealing with emotions, and if there were other people’s emotions involved, she simply pretended to listen while looking for the first opportunity to make a run for it. She’d talked about partying at LUX earlier and disappeared shortly after.

Chloe was left alone on the sofa. She’d put on her favorite blue-checked pajamas, slipped on some thick cuddly socks, and then zapped through the evening TV program for a while. Unfortunately, no series could capture her interest, and her troubled thoughts always kept wandering back to the conversation with Lucifer.

They had both fired each other’s anger. At one point, the detective had been so tired that she’d called Pierce in front of Lucifer’s eyes, agreeing to a second date. It had been a nasty move. She’d seen the hurt about it shining in his eyes. But if Lucifer had one particular thing in excess, then it was pride. He would have never voluntarily admitted that he hated the thought of Pierce and her, because that would have meant that he had to make a confession, explaining his feelings for once.

No, Lucifer Morningstar was just too proud to give in.

Since her partner had driven her back to the precinct in an icy silence, Chloe hadn’t been able to get one question out of her mind. Why was her date with the lieutenant bothering him so damn much? He did not want to have a romantic relationship with her, and yet he behaved as if he wanted to stab Pierce for dating her. His possessive actions didn’t match with the view he was trying to make her believe. Lucifer could say what he’d like. It simply didn’t change the fact that her partner was jealous of the lieutenant. The question was, what should Chloe do with that knowledge?

The whole back and forth between Lucifer and her was energy consuming. Most of the time her emotions were on a roller coaster ride, and she was so fucking tired of that. Did Lucifer know that he was only pushing her into the arms of Pierce with his negative attitude?

Lost in thought, Chloe sipped on her tea, putting her feet on the couch. She was determined to give Marcus a real chance, and she would stick to it. Lucifer Morningstar wasn’t good for her or her feelings! Therefore it was only fair to get involved with someone new, someone who earned her affirmation.

Suddenly a dull knock sounded from her front door. Surprised, Chloe’s head shot up, and she stared
at the door. The knocking sound appeared again. Who would want to speak her at this time?

Her police senses kicked in immediately, advising her to look for her weapon. Quickly she jumped up from the sofa, putting the tea aside, and striding towards the nearby dresser where she kept her weapon hidden in the drawer. Carefully she reached for it and opened the front door a moment later.

She nearly dropped her gun on the floor in shock.

"May I come in, Chloe?"

The detective blinked several times, opening the door a little further. "Marcus, what are you doing here? It’s quite late." Chloe wiped a few strands of hair behind her ear, while pulling desperately at her pajamas. Her appearance was embarrassing.

"I couldn’t stop thinking about you and the kiss all day," he answered, taking a big step towards her. The detective stepped aside, putting her gun back on the dresser. She felt her cheeks covered with a soft burning sensation. "Do you want to come in for a tea? I just made some."

Nodding pleasantly, he entered her apartment a moment later.

Chloe was still scattered. She hadn’t expected the lieutenant to pay her a nighttime surprise visit.

Unobtrusively, her eyes slid down his body. He was wearing a black t-shirt and a monochrome gray shirt over it, leaving all buttons open so it could hang loosely to the sides. The matching black scarf around his neck told her that he had to be here by motorbike. His leather jacket had already landed on the nearby table.

Chloe strode into the open kitchen area, opened a hanging cupboard, and reached for a second teacup. She turned and was just about to step to the stove when she saw Pierce approaching. She stopped in her movement.

The lieutenant's eyes sparkled in a dark emerald green. Chloe unconsciously bit her lower lip as he came closer and closer. "I just couldn’t get you out of my head today, Chloe," Pierce whispered hoarsely.

Chloe's heartbeat quickened. She put the cup on the kitchen counter behind her and propped her arms at the bar. The lieutenant had almost reached her now. Only a few inches separated him from pressing against her body. She could smell his spicy aftershave, and his well-trained statue made her swallow hard.

"Marcus," she croaked with a shaky voice.

The lieutenant leaned forward, placing his hands left and right from her on the kitchen counter, and capturing her between his strong arms. "I really would like to kiss you, Chloe! I want to feel your soft skin under my hands."

A pleasurable feeling shot through her body. At the same time she felt her cheeks heat and her pulse thumping loudly through her ears.

Pierce was clearly in a position to keep up with Lucifer, she noticed distractedly. The dominant style he was showing her right now made her knees weak.

"Then what are you waiting for?" she whispered softly, looking at him with big expecting eyes.

An indignant smile settled on Pierce's lips before he overcame the last few inches, pressing his mouth
Chloe stopped breathing as Pierce’s tongue slid into her mouth. Wild and dominant, he was taking what he so desperately wanted for the whole day. The detective barely was able to put her hands on his neck before he lifted her on the kitchen counter. Completely overwhelmed by the intense flood of emotions, Chloe opened her thighs, allowing him to position himself in between.

What was going on with the lieutenant today? It was a totally new behavior that she hadn’t had the pleasure of seeing before. But rather than worrying about it, she preferred to indulge in the feelings that took possession of her. She’d sworn to give Marcus a chance, and she would grant it to him willingly now.

Pierce's hands started wandering over her body, brushing down her sides. When Chloe finally ran out of breath, she pulled away from the kiss and worked her way past his cheek to his neck. The overwhelming feeling grew stronger and stronger. She felt herself overcome with a faint dizziness.

Inebriated, the detective tugged at his scarf to gain better access to his neck. It took her a moment to get rid of the cloth. As she leaned forward to kiss his neck, she stopped in irritation. The dizziness in her head had grown unnaturally high. She became dim, and her sight began to spin.

"Marcus?" she whispered confused.

The lieutenant leaned back. That was the moment Chloe spotted a black tattoo on the man's neck.

What the hell!

"Easy, Chloe! You'll be better soon," Pierce tried to calm her.

The detective felt herself lulled by a strange sluggishness. It seemed her mind had stopped its service.

"Chloe, I want you to do me a favour," Pierce said. His melodic voice was very present in her mind. She nodded involuntarily.

"Do you want to be with me?" he asked softly.

Again, she nodded.

"There's someone who stands in our way, Chloe. We can only be together with all our hearts if he disappears forever. Do you want that too?"

Chloe nodded, again.

"Very well. Then please do what you have to do to get rid of him." With these words, he released her from his embrace.

The detective was just vaguely aware of the world around her. Her mind was dizzy, stinging again and again, but one particular thought kept popping up into her mind.

Make sure that Lucifer Morningstar disappears from your life once and for all.

Without being in control over her body or her mind, she walked through the living room, reaching for the weapon on the dresser and leaving the house shortly after.
Dear Lucifans,

thank you soooooo much for your lovely comments. I'm really glad you like where this is going. So, this chapter is an early christmas gift for you. Have fun and enjoy!

Merry christmas to you all!

Lucifer Morningstar put the lighted cigarette back into the ashtray on his grand piano, reaching for the adjacent whiskey glass instead. It was late evening and LUX well attended, but the Devil wasn’t in the mood to celebrate downstairs.

With a mixture of raging fury and deep depression he’d withdrawn himself to his penthouse, trying to numb his feelings with various alcoholics after delivering Chloe at the precinct. For a brief moment he’d even thought about calling Lexi, or just looking in his club for a pretty woman to spend the night with, but he knew it wouldn’t bring him the satisfaction he was looking for. Only one woman would be able to do that, and she’d arranged a date with Pierce in front of his eyes earlier, to throw her disinterest into his face.

Annoyed, Lucifer emptied the amber liquid in his glass, slamming it back on the grand piano’s surface harder than necessary. He rolled up his shirt sleeves and started to play a somber melody that matched his current mood only too well. Lost in thought, the Devil closed his eyes, absorbing the musical atmosphere.

Of course, his mind was flooded with pictures of the detective. Their argument gnawed at him. Her stubbornness and unreasonableness just drove him insane. Lucifer had caught the look on Chloe's face when Lexi had kissed him shamelessly on his mouth. The detective had been jealous. Her eyes had contracted convulsively, and the derogatory look she'd given the woman had looked as if she wanted to punch Lexi the next second.

It was quite an interesting observation. Why the hell was the detective jealous of a completely irrelevant porn actress? After all, Chloe was about to date the lieutenant. Such feelings were completely inappropriate.

Lucifer vigorously pressed a series of chords on the piano as he pondered why she'd recently agreed to have phone sex with him. Chloe was absolutely right when telling him this afternoon that it had been a very untypical behavior for her, and yet she’d denied him an answer and just yelled at him. So, what was wrong with her? And what in Dad's name was wrong with himself that he couldn’t stop thinking about the detective even for one second?

It wasn’t right to get involved with her! That would ruin all his work of recent years. It was already hard enough to ignore his father because of his regrown wings. If he gave in to his feelings now, approaching Chloe emotionally, he could immediately put on a collar bearing the inscription Daddy's most obedient son. Lucifer was so tired of being manipulated by him and being abused for his sick games. He would show his dad that he could resist the temptation. After all, he was the Devil. Who knew better about sins and temptations than he did? He just had to stand firm. Chloe was on the right way to break away from him. He just had to make sure that he wouldn’t lose control around her anymore.
Unfortunately, this was easier said than done. Just the thought of the lieutenant leaning forward to touch Chloe's tender lips with his own was enough to fire a barely restrained desire to give Pierce a proper chin-hook.

Groaning, Lucifer picked up an extremely disharmonic chord and leaned his head against the edge of his grand piano. His thoughts spun in circles. He didn’t want to let Chloe into his heart, but just the mere idea of her meeting someone else drove him insane. It was the perfect vicious circle!

The sudden pinging of the elevator snapped Lucifer out of his thoughts. It was way too late for unannounced visits.

"The party takes place downstairs," he called to the newcomer without turning from his stool. Probably once again, one of the guests had gotten lost in his lift. It wouldn’t be the first time.

"Lucifer?" sounded the voice of the woman who had become a permanent part of his thoughts in the last few days. Surprised, the Devil turned around to see Chloe stepping out of the elevator in blue pajamas. A broad smile appeared on his face.

"What a pleasant surprise to see you, Detective. Interesting choice of clothes I might add." His eyes slid over her body, and he was startled irritated when noticing her stiff posture. Like a pewter statue she stood at the exit of the elevator, looking with an expressionless gaze in his general direction. Her hands were crossed behind her back like she was trying to hide something from him.

His initial surprise at her unexpected appearance was replaced by a hint of concern. "Is everything alright, Detective? It doesn’t seem very normal for you to turn up in pajamas and at such a late hour."

Chloe nodded.

His concern grew as he straightened from the piano stool. "Has something happened to you at home? Or are you just drunk, darling?" He couldn’t help but teasing her.

The detective ignored his statement altogether, carefully stepping closer into the living area of his penthouse. "I came here to finish my job," she finally muttered to herself.

Completely irritated, Lucifer raised an eyebrow at her. "You do talk like a lunatic."

Chloe also ignored this comment. She tilted her head, causing a few strands of hair to fall into her face.

What the hell was going on here?

"Chloe?" He finally addressed her with her real name. "You’re worrying me with your behavior. What's going on?" He was about to take a couple of steps towards her when the detective suddenly drew out a gun from behind her back.

Lucifer barely had time to react. He wasted the first millisecond trying to understand what was happening, but already in the next his decades of combat experiences set in, causing him to push powerfully away from his grand piano. Chloe had needed a moment to aim, so thankfully the shot hissed past his ear as he threw himself to the ground with a loud impact.

"Bloody Hell!" he cursed in shock, creeping protectively behind his piano. "Darling, I know that we have some serious problems right now, but that's no reason to shoot me!"

Chloe ignored his words and fired another load of bullets at his beloved grand piano. The projectiles crashed into the wood, remaining stuck in the bursting material.
His mind was unable to process her reactions. As on autopilot, he took advantage of the short break, pulling himself upright, and diving behind his couch. Just in time he jumped behind the furniture before hearing the next batch of bullets flying past his head.

"Detective! What the hell are you doing!" He lost his patience. Two more bullets got stuck in his couch. She would destroy his whole living room! Cursing, the Devil tried to make sense of her actions. Sure, he'd tormented her lately with all his flirtatious manner, and they probably wouldn't have had phone sex if he hadn't suggested it, but that was no reason to kill him! And certainly there was no reason for Chloe Decker, the rational and controlled detective. Something was awfully wrong here!

Another hail of bullets broke loose from the gun, crashing into the furniture. His mortality around her had just become a significant problem. He had to get in control of her weapon as soon as possible!

"Detective! Stop with that nonsense!" he shouted in anger.

"I have to get rid of you," she suddenly muttered in a monotone voice. "Otherwise he and I can't be happy."

Lucifer paused, looking over the edge of the ripped couch, completely dumbfounded. Chloe hadn't moved a yard from the spot. Her eyes were still blank, almost as if she wasn't present. Was that even possible?

Instinctively, the Devil used the fire break as the detective had to reload her weapon. He would only have one chance to get to her in time, and he had to take it, however much he might regret it later.

The next moment Lucifer jumped up, revealing his gigantic white wings behind his back. He didn't dare to take the time to pay attention to her reaction, but pushed himself off the floor to swoop across the living room, landing behind Chloe. Immediately he hid those annoying feathers back in his back while grabbing Chloe from behind to take her into a head lock. In the maneuver she lost her weapon, which fell to the ground. Quickly, Lucifer kicked it out of range. The gun skidded across the floor, bouncing against his bar.

Chloe resisted in his grip. She tried by all means to get her hands free, relishing a furious scream, but she didn't even mention his wings once. How very strange!

"Let go of me!" she demanded icily. The next second she stepped back with her foot. Lucifer saw her action coming and hurried aside.

"Chloe! Please calm down. What in Dad's name has gotten into you?" He clasped her tightly and pulled her further against his body. "You're acting like a bitter housewife."

"He and I will be together forever," she murmured in front of his chest.

Lucifer's heart cramped painfully. "Who do you mean? The lieutenant?"

His momentary inattention was enough. Angrily, Chloe managed to release her right arm with a jerk. Lucifer tried to dodge, but he had no room to move, because he was forcing the detective's back against his chest. So she managed to ram her elbow right into his face.

A wave of pain exploded in his head, and he released his grip on her body, staggering backwards in dismay. "Oh, deary me!" he cursed, feeling over the right half of his face. His vulnerability was getting on his nerves.

Chloe took a step forward, spinning around. Like a fury, she was attacking him with a combination
of targeted boxing punches. Apparently, she'd enjoyed an excellent self-defence class as part of her police training. Lucifer tore his hands in front of his chest, just in time to block her blows with his forearms. "That's not funny anymore, Detective," he hissed sourly, backing away to the edge of his penthouse. He continued to block her hits, trying to find a way to put her out of action without harming her. "I don't want to hurt you!" he exclaimed worriedly, taking a big step aside so her next shot was going into blank space.

He wanted to reach for her, but she turned her upper body, avoiding him. Further parrying her hits, Lucifer was driven backwards towards his bedroom. His thoughts flickered, eager trying to understand why the detective was behaving like that. It was far from normal. Something terrible had happened to her.

Suddenly the Devil heard the elevator doors opening noisily. He looked past Chloe's head to see Maze, grinning wildly next to his bar and watching the chaotic mess.

"Mazikeen! That's what I call a perfect timing." Lucifer ducked under a blow from the detective.

Maze began to laugh loudly. "Lucifer! You two have a very strange way to live out your sexual fantasies. I didn't expect Decker to be into that kind of foreplay."

Lucifer clenched his lips, dodging another combination of punches. "Very funny, Maze! A little help would be great. The detective is out of her mind," he yelled at her over Chloe's head.

The urgency in his voice made the demon act. Her smile vanished, and for a moment Lucifer could see the same concern in her eyes that controlled his own mind.

Maze stepped closer. Chloe had driven him back to the archway of his bedroom.

"Don't you dare!" he started, catching her murderous gaze, but it was already too late. The demon had approached Chloe from behind, giving her a short, powerful hit to the temple. Groaning, she lost her balance, and fell unconscious into his arms.

"Mazikeen!" he growled while checking for Chloe's breathing. It seemed she'd just fainted.

"What's the matter?" she asked innocently. "That was the fastest way to knock her out."

Lucifer shot her an angry look before lifting the detective and carrying her carefully to his bed. He put her down, looking at her for a long moment. In her blue pajamas she looked absolutely peaceful and enchanting on his black satin sheets. It was hard to imagine that she had been just about to kill him.

Maze stepped beside him. "What happened, Lucifer?" she wanted to know, worried.

The Devil shrugged. "I have absolutely no idea," he answered truthfully. "The detective suddenly turned up in my elevator in that outfit, firing on me a moment later."

Maze gave him a puzzled look. "She must have come from home. When I first went to LUX, she was sitting on the couch in these pajamas."

"It seems she wasn't in her right mind, or maybe sleepwalking," Lucifer reported. "She spoke in a very monotone voice as if she wasn't present at all. She was looking straight through me and didn't respond. Not even my wings upset her. Instead, she talked about getting rid of me to be with him. Most likely she meant the lieutenant." His mood dropped to the basement as he thought of Pierce.

Maze raised an eyebrow. "Maybe she found my drugs at home and took a few pills to relax," she
suggested, grinning.

Lucifer looked at her completely dumbfounded. He was about to make a comment on her misplaced sarcasm when the realization hit him like a lightning strike. "Mazikeen!" he exclaimed. "You could be right." Restlessly he started pacing in front of his bed. "We're currently investigating this series of murders in which men kill their partners because they're drugged..."

"You think Chloe has been put under this drug?" Maze asked in astonishment.

Lucifer looked at her. "It would be quite possible. We were also in the strip club. Chloe must have come into focus when we followed her. Maybe that's how she became a next victim." He stopped, pushing his hands into the pockets of his suit pants.

"What drug is it?" Maze wanted to know.

"That's the problem," the Devil started. "Miss Lopez has been able to prove the substance in all suspects, but she has absolutely no idea what chemical element it might be. It's almost like it didn't exist. This drug is totally new and unexplored."

"Lucifer," Maze reminded him in a worried voice. "Maybe this drug doesn't exist because it's not from this world."

"What are you referring to, Maze?" he asked confused, but his mind already began to process what she was trying to suggest. "You mean the drug isn't made by humans?"

"It would be possible. If Ella doesn't have a clue, there's a high chance that it's something supernatural. You and I know how fast such things can happen."

"That would make this series of murders much more dangerous, especially for the detective," Lucifer said quietly, glancing at his bed again. She lay peacefully on her back, not moving.

"Maze, can you find Amenadiel, reporting him about the events? He has always been the one who studied almost all the books in the divine library in the Silver City. Maybe he has an idea what this could be about. I'll stay with Chloe and make sure she doesn't come up with the idea of killing me again."

His former bodyguard nodded immediately. "I'm on my way, Lucifer. However, you should call Dan and ask him to take care of Trixie. She's alone at the moment."

Her suggestion made him twist his face. How the hell should he explain this incident to Daniel? Annoyed, he turned away from the bed and walked towards his bar. He needed a drink, and after he would take care of Detective Douche. His eyes remained on the demolished furniture. His beloved grand piano was perforated in several places, just like his couch combination. Sighing, he reached for a full whiskey bottle. The detective would definitely be his downfall!

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Slowly Chloe Decker regained consciousness, groaning softly as a sharp pain began to set in her head. Like a jackhammer it boomed in her left temple, forcing her to grimace in pain. It took a long moment before she could muster the strength to open her eyes. Confused, she blinked several times.
Her foggy glance landed on a black pillow. Irritated, she looked around. The light was dim. A few long curtains had been drawn in front of the floor-length windows, blocking out a part of the brightness.

What the…

Since when did she have floor-length windows and black pillowcases, which were also made of satin? The realization hit Chloe unprepared, making her gasp loudly.

She was lying in Lucifer's bed… in his penthouse! Oh my fucking God!

Panicked, she pushed the hammering headache aside while trying to sit up, but her arms didn’t follow the movement. Irritated, she turned her head…

Oh, that bastard had tied her to his bed!

Angry, she pulled at the black ropes around her wrists, but they didn’t give in. Her arms were fixed to the left and right of her head, making her wonder what had happened. Why was she tied up in his bed?

Confused, she lowered her head and almost released a sharp scream. As if the situation weren’t embarrassing enough, she also wore one of Lucifer's white shirts. The top three buttons were open, giving her a revealing view of the beginning of her breasts. Her eyes continued to slide along her body, but from the hip it was covered with a black sheet. She still felt the smooth satin on her bare legs.

What in heaven's name had happened? She hadn’t had sex with Lucifer, had she?

The growing realization of how bad the situation was, made her lose her composure completely. Furious, she tugged at the ropes again, while finally raising her voice. "Lucifer!" she croaked hysterically. "Damn it! Stop that nonsense and untie me!"

It took a moment for her to hear some sounds from the living area. A short time later, her partner appeared, dressed only in a red silk gown, in the archway. "Detective! A wonderful good morning to you too," he whispered with this exaggerated high-pitched voice.

Oh, no, no, no, no!!! That couldn’t be true! She hadn’t had…

"Untie me!" She angrily repeated her request, pulling hard at the ropes.

"Did you lose the fun of bondage already, darling?" Lucifer teased, visibly amused. His eyes slid to her wrists. "By the way, you can stop defending yourself against it. I'm an expert in bondage knots. You won’t be able to open them without my help."

A dangerous emotional cocktail exploded in Chloe, above all anger and rage about his sarcasm - and a tiny spark of sexual desire, she noticed irritated. Angrily, the Detective uttered a sharp cry of desperation. "Untie… me… right… now!" She emphasized every single word while being overwhelmed by a violent headache wave. Tormented, she grimaced.

"Detective!" Lucifer said in a much more serious voice now, taking a few steps into the bedroom. "How do I know you are well again? Last time I released you from the ropes in the night, you attacked me like a fury. Your right-handed punch has plenty of strength, by the way."

Chloe looked at him, completely perplexed. She’d done what? Her eyes landed on his face. Lucifer had put on a charming smile, but it didn’t reach his eyes. He looked at her with a hint of suspicion
and concern. The next moment she spotted the purple discolored violet around his eye. "Did I do that to you?" she wanted to know in horror.

Lucifer nodded mischievously. "That was our first fight. I think you quite enjoyed it, my dear."

Chloe groaned in agony, rolling her eyes. "That I can well imagine."

His smile widened. "You're back in your senses, aren't you?" he asked after a while.

"What does all of this mean? Did I give you a drunken night visit again?"

"I'm afraid it's something like that, Detective," Lucifer confessed. He was still scrutinizing her, trying to figure out if she was back to normal.

"Lucifer!" Chloe grumbled uncomfortably. "Untie me please! I really don't wanna know what we've been doing tonight, but it's definitely not going to continue or repeat!" She felt her cheeks catch fire on the comment. Embarrassed, she averted her eyes. Her mind must have stopped working, because otherwise she just couldn't explain the whole messed up situation.

"You're really yourself again," he finally said with relief, taking the last few steps to his king-size bed. Carefully he sat down on the edge of the bed.

A devilish grin crept on his face. "Are you sure we don't want to take advantage of the situation, darling?"

Chloe pursed her lips. "Certainly not!" she spat at him sourly as she fidgeted wildly in the bed.

"What a waste," her partner replied, piqued, finally leaning forward. Despite Chloe's emotional chaos, she suddenly felt a sparkling anticipation between her thighs. Lucifer leaned very close over her to catch the restraints at the head.

She could smell his masculine and rich scent that was stealing her focus for a moment. Her breathing quickened, and she closed her eyes in panic as the images of her phone call flooded back to her mind.

Lucifer first released her right hand before repositioning his upper body and reaching for her left. She felt his gentle touches on her wrists. Entirely overwhelmed, she opened her eyes, gasping in shock. His face was only inches from hers. The pleasurable tingle intensified immediately.

He really took his time, shamelessly exploiting the situation.

"Lucifer, stop it!" she hissed, annoyed.

He gave her an irresistible smile, finally freeing her from the last rope. Of course, he made no move to retreat. "Darling, am I distracting you with my closeness?" His gaze wandered from her eyes to her cleavage.

Chloe swallowed hard, trying to keep the focus. With difficulty she regained her composure, lowered her arms and pressed hard against his upper body. Laughing, Lucifer gave in and sat back at the edge of the bed.

Were her physical reactions just a clue to what they had been doing at night?

Chloe's cheeks blushed again, and as if all the chaos wasn't bad enough, suddenly a particularly strong headache wave started, making her moan in agony.
"I'll get you some painkillers first, Detective," Lucifer suggested. "And then we can both try to reconstruct what happened last night."

She didn’t do more than nod. Her partner rose from the bed, disappearing into the living area of his penthouse.

Exhausted and confused, Chloe took a deep breath. She slowly straightened up, pulling her legs close to her body and wrapping her arms over the blanket around her lower legs. Mentally overwhelmed, she put her chin on her knees. What the hell had happened? Everything indicated that she’d turned up drunk in Lucifer's apartment and had sex with him. But his strange comments on her state of mind and the fact that she’d obviously beaten him didn’t fit into the picture.

With difficulty, Chloe tried to sort out her confused thoughts. She definitely didn’t remember going to Lucifer, but she remembered that she’d been sitting on the couch at home, and that the doorbell had rung. The detective pursued the thought with great effort. It had been Marcus who had surprised her, she suddenly remembered. She’d invited him in. Unfortunately, the memories afterwards became indistinct. She only knew that they’d kissed in the kitchen...

But why had she woken up with Lucifer? That made no sense at all!

"Detective, I didn't know what you prefer, so I brought you a glass of water and a strong espresso," Lucifer's voice sounded, tearing her out of her confused thoughts.

Chloe raised her head, giving him a grateful smile. "Both sounds very good."

Her partner carried a tray, putting it on the edge of the bed. Carefully, he sat down next to her and handed her the pill along with a glass of water. Chloe gratefully accepted both and quickly swallowed the medication.

"You look very distracted," Lucifer finally stated, reaching for one of the two espresso cups on the tray.

"Probably because I feel like I was hit by a steamroller," she groaned in agony.

Lucifer turned to her. His eyes radiated a deep concern. "Detective, what exactly happened to you last night? Can you remember anything?"

Surprised by his intense gaze, Chloe was holding her breath. It was very uncharacteristic for him to present his emotions so openly to her. "I've been trying to sort my thoughts the whole time. It's like a part of it was erased. Apparently, I have a decent blackout, which usually never happens to me from alcohol."

Lucifer's eyes told her that there was a lot more to it. "I don't think you just drank too much."

"What else happened then, Lucifer?" she demanded to know. He was beginning to scare her.

Lucifer avoided her penetrating look for a moment. "You tried to kill me, darling, several times."

"I did what?" she snapped in horror, almost spilling the water in her glass. "That's a silly joke, isn’t it?"

He hurriedly shook his head. "I'm afraid it's not, Detective. You showed up in my penthouse yesterday evening and shot at me with your gun several times. Luckily, only my piano and couch combination had to suffer. I was able to get out of the way."
Chloe couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Hurriedly her eyes flew over the section of the living room area that she could see from the bed. It was a part of the grand piano, and on a closer examination she also discovered several bullet holes in the wood.

"Maze and I were able to overpower you. The headache probably stems from the fact that she has knocked you out with a targeted blow to your temple."

*That explained a lot, actually!*

"You regained consciousness several times trying to kill me all over again in the process. So I tied you to my bed."

Chloe shook her head in disbelief, blabbing out the first thing that came to her mind. "So we didn’t have...?"

Lucifer's laugh made her raise her head. He looked at her in amusement. "As much as I would like to have sex with you, darling, these ropes had another reason."

"And why am I wearing one of your shirts then?" she snapped.

Lucifer drank the espresso out of his cup, glaring at her cheerfully. "Well, Detective. I already mentioned that I freed you once from the ropes and you jumped at me, fighting. Apparently I was a bit too rough, because your pajamas were torn in the action."

"My pajamas?" she exclaimed confused.

Lucifer nodded. "You came to me in this cute blue-checked two-piece."

Groaning, Chloe touched her head.

"But don’t worry, Detective. I didn’t see anything I didn’t already know." He winked at her smugly.

Chloe grunted annoyed. Of course, he’d seen her body because he must have been the one changing her when she’d been unconscious. And had she really sprung at him like a madman? That didn’t make any sense at all.

"Lucifer," she whispered. "I don’t understand any of this. I know we left things unspoken yesterday, but I would never want to kill you."

Her partner gave her a compassionate look, while touching her hand on her knee. She winced in surprise as his fingers brushed gently over the back of her hand. "I know, Detective. Maze and I have a theory, actually. We believe that you’ve come under the influence of this drug from our murder series, and went out to kill me."

Chloe was taken aback. "But how?" she started stammering.

Lucifer turned to her, looking deep into her eyes. "You behaved like those murderers we've arrested during the last weeks. What exactly can you remember from last night?"

Chloe’s thoughts rolled all around in her head. "The lieutenant visited me," she breathed flatly, seeing how her words hurt him. Hurriedly, he withdrew his hand from hers and put on a neutral face. "What happened then?"

Chloe swallowed hard. "I invited him in. We kissed and..." She stopped as a thought jumped into her head. "Oh my God," she screamed horrified. "Pierce had the same tattoo on his neck as the woman
we were looking for. I recognized it while removing the scarf from his neck."

"That can’t be possible, Detective," Lucifer said hastily. "The lieutenant has often been walking around without a scarf, and I haven’t seen a tattoo on his neck before."

Chloe ruffled her loose hair. "It was there, Lucifer. I saw it very clearly. Maybe he covers it with makeup?" she suggested.

He looked at her doubtfully. "I don’t like Pierce very much, but I can’t imagine that he’s the brain behind this new drug."

"We can check it out," Chloe suggested quickly, leaning forward to crawl out of his bed. Lucifer's hand shot forward, stopping her. "Easy, Detective. If he's really the one we're looking for, then I’m sure you can tell me why all four killers talked about a woman?"

Chloe stopped moving. He was right! Marcus was out of the question. A wave of relief flowed through her as she became aware. Did that mean conversely that she’d only fantasized about the pictures in her head?

"What happened after that kiss, Detective?" Lucifer asked.

Chloe gave him a quick look. She could see the disapproval of it sparkling in his dark brown eyes.

"I don’t know. After that, the memories come to an end," she told him.

"You can not remember anything at all?" he checked. His intense and simultaneously confused look disturbed her.

"Not at the moment I’m afraid," she admitted defensively.

Her partner just looked at her for a long moment. He seemed to be deep in thought. "That doesn’t make a conclusive picture in my head," he finally cursed, annoyed.

Chloe raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Glad we agree on that, Lucifer."

"This is not the best time to make jokes, darling," he told her sourly. "Someone obviously is after you."

"Or you. After all, I wanted to kill you," Chloe retorted. The painkiller was working now, so she knocked the blanket back to get out of bed. When she saw her bare legs, she hurriedly tugged at the white shirt, trying to cover herself a bit more.

Lucifer wagged his eyebrows. "What are you doing, darling?"

Chloe pressed her lips together. "I’m going to go to the department, speaking with the lieutenant. Maybe he can help me to reconstruct the evening."

"Wearing my shirt in the process?" Her partner laughed in exhilaration, pointing to her bare legs.

Chloe rolled her eyes in annoyance. "I'll drive to my house first. Hopefully, Maze took care of Trixie. My trip to you wasn’t planned. Would you please lend me a pair of pants?"

Lucifer's suggestive smirk widened as he looked almost wolfishly at her. "I don’t know, Detective. This outfit suits you very well."

"Lucifer!" she threatened sourly.
Laughing, her partner gave in. "Let me see what else I can find in my wardrobe. Afterwards, I'll accompany you."

Chloe’s eyes widened in surprise. She raised her hands defensively. "That won’t be necessary, Lucifer," she replied. "I want to talk to Pierce alone."

Her partner tensed. She could almost feel him building up his meter-high protective wall around himself. "As you desire, Detective," he replied stiffly, getting up from the bed. "But please be careful. Whoever drugged you is still running free."

Chloe nodded and crawled out of bed. Lucifer had already turned away from her and stepped out of the archway. "Feel free to use my bathroom, Detective. I'm looking for some clothes in the meantime."

Although Chloe wanted nothing more than to solve her mental chaos, she accepted Lucifer's offer and fled to the adjoining bathroom. A hot shower would do her good, and then she would try to puzzle the missing information together. Maybe Marcus was the one who could bring light into the dark.
Chloe Decker took a deep breath before opening the double glass doors to the precinct. There was an enormous chaos in her head, and she still hadn’t been able to figure out what had happened in the past sixteen hours.

The situation hadn’t improved either when she’d come home an hour ago to change her clothes. Of course, this had been necessary, because Lucifer had merely pulled a fiery red cocktail dress from his wardrobe, which she’d reluctantly slipped on. She really didn’t want to know which woman had been so out of her mind that she’d left his penthouse without something to wear. Anyway, the garment was in no way suitable for the precinct, so the detective had raced home in a taxi to change her appearance. Apparently, she’d visited Lucifer without a car yesterday.

After unlocking the front door to her empty apartment, Chloe had caught a note from Dan on the kitchen counter. He’d informed her that he would take Trixie with him and bring her to school the next day. She shouldn’t worry and get well. What the hell did her ex-husband mean by that? And why hadn’t her daughter just stayed home with Maze?

Before the detective had finished the thought, Lucifer's words came back to her mind. He’d mentioned that her roommate had knocked her out last night, so Maze probably hadn’t been home either. Chloe had really managed to leave Trixie alone without knowing. The thought scared her deeply, because she knew that she would never do such a thing voluntarily if she’d been sane. Which in turn meant that Lucifer's theory had to be right. She had actually been drugged by this woman. The most important question was, when and where had that woman managed to infect Chloe with the drug?

And then there were still those pictures of Pierce haunting her mind. She could have sworn that Marcus had had a black tattoo on his neck last night. But how was that even possible? Lucifer was absolutely right. Firstly the lieutenant was a man, and secondly he’d often shown his neck without a visible tattoo on it.

The whole situation became too much to handle, and the headache returned with a dull throb.

Trying to calm herself, Chloe sighed and made her way to her desk. It was late morning, so she wasn’t surprised to find the lieutenant deep in concentration at the desk in his office.

She hurried towards the room, knocked timidly, and entered his private office shortly after. Pierce's head jerked up, and a blink of an eye later, a soft smile appeared on his lips. "Chloe, you're late," he remarked with a partly disapproving and partly curious tone.

The detective unconsciously bit her lower lip. She quickly closed the door behind her and walked to his desk. "I'm sorry for the delay, Marcus," she mumbled. All the chaos in her mind let her constantly lose the thread, so she feverishly considered where to start the conversation.

"Chloe? Is everything alright with you?" Pierce finally asked. He must have read the distraction in her face, because a moment later he got up from the chair and walked around the desk towards her.

Chloe's gaze slid briefly over his well-built body as he approached her. He was wearing dark jeans with a black shirt and an unbuttoned olive shirt over it. When she stared back into his green eyes, he
"Decker? Whatever it is, just spit it out. I can already see the smoke rising from your head." Pierce smiled encouragingly while touching her shoulder.

"Something happened last night, and I'm having some trouble understanding the situation," the detective finally said.

The lieutenant leaned against his desk and folded his arms over his chest. "Okay," he answered, eyebrow raised in a silent question.

Chloe took a deep breath. "I know it sounds totally crazy, but could you please tell me what happened last night when you visited me at home?"

Pierce promptly shifted his expression. "I should have done what?" he asked in disbelief.

"You visited me yesterday evening. I let you in and then..." She broke off shamefacedly and turned her head away. "We kissed very passionately in my kitchen."

The lieutenant looked at her in complete astonishment. "As much as I would like to kiss you again, Chloe. I did not visit you last night. Is everything really alright with you?"

The detective met his eyes. She had clear pictures in her head about the past events. Certainly, she hadn’t just fantasized about that, had she?

"You were with me!" She insisted on her point of view.

"No, I was not!" Pierce shook his head. "I was in my office, working late into the night yesterday. You can ask both Miss Lopez and the surveillance cameras."

"But," Chloe protested, puzzled. That was absolutely impossible!

Pierce suddenly leaned forward, touching her upper arms with his hands. "I'm seriously starting to worry, Decker! Did you accidentally fall on your head?"

The detective uttered a humorless sound, saying nothing. His closeness felt good. The whole mental chaos and the many overwhelming emotions constantly flooding her mind, were too much to handle, so she leaned against his hard upper body. Pierce winced in surprise, but he quickly recovered and put his strong arms protectively around her. Being held in his arms was a pleasant feeling. It calmed her nerves a little.

Chloe sucked the air deep into her lungs, listening to Pierce’s heartbeat for a long moment. It took her an eternity until she finally lifted her head and looked him in the eye. "I must have messed up something, Marcus. I'm sorry if I've worried you. That wasn’t my intention."

Her gaze moved to his neck, but she didn’t spot a tattoo. Maybe the images in her head had only been the result of a very vivid dream? After all, she’d sat on the sofa. It was quite possible that she’d fallen asleep and fantasized about the lieutenant. However, that still didn’t explain how she could have fired her gun at Lucifer in his penthouse.

Pierce's doubtful expression told her that he wasn’t convinced by her statement yet. Carefully, he pushed her away, arms still wrapped around her waist. "Chloe, something is obviously bothering you, and you’re confused. What's going on?"

The detective swallowed, hard. For a moment she considered telling Pierce about the events of the
previous night, but the fact that she had no evidence left her hesitant. "I think I drank too much," she reported evasively. "Part of my memory is confused or completely gone."

The lieutenant raised an eyebrow, smiling. "Decker! You're surprising me over and over again."

Chloe wasn’t sure if it was a compliment, but she had no time to worry about it. The next moment Pierce leaned forward, approaching her face. "Dinner at my house on Friday is still up?" he asked seductively.

Chloe’s heart made an unconscious jump. She nodded, overwhelmed.

"Good." The lieutenant came closer. His hands stroked her waist in gentle touches. "I don’t exactly know what you dreamed or fantasized about, but a passionate kiss intermezzo in your kitchen sounds very promising."

Chloe felt her cheeks begin to flush. "Marcus," she started, but she was interrupted by a knock on the office door, which were opened a moment later.

As if stung by an adder, she jumped out of his embrace and turned to the door. It was her ex-husband, looking with a hint of surprise between the lieutenant and her.

She’d instantly jumped away from Pierce, but Dan's eyes told her that he could guess what had just happened.

"Espinoza, what is it?" the lieutenant asked in a harsh tone.

Dan's eyes fell on her, and he lifted a small package in his hands. "The requested footage has just arrived, Chloe. I thought you would be interested."

She took a few steps towards Dan, snatching the package from his hands. "Thank you, I'll take a look."

Her ex-husband gave her a friendly nod and left the office shortly after.

Sighing, Chloe turned to Pierce. "I'll take care of it then," she said resignedly, lifting the package in her hands.

The lieutenant nodded. "Alright, Decker. If you have new insights, don’t hesitate to let me know. I would like to help you if I can."

Chloe unconsciously pressed her lips together. She appreciated his offer, but her intuition advised her not to tell Marcus what had just happened. She gave him a faint smile and stepped out of his office.

Of course, Dan was already waiting at her desk. When he noticed her, he raised his eyebrows in amusement. "Honestly, Chloe? You and the lieutenant?"

Her eyes widened in shock, and she hurried to her place to put the package on the table. "Don’t be so loud, Dan!", she snapped. "I’d prefer if the whole department didn’t hear about this."

Her ex-husband smirked, fingers running through his dark hair. "Chloe, if you don’t want to hear anything about both of you, it might be wise not to smooch in a glassy and publicly accessible space."

"We did not..." the detective countered with a grunt.

Dan raised his hands. "Don’t worry, nobody will hear it from me. I don’t like Pierce very much, but
it's up to you who you date."

Chloe gave him a grateful smile, while settling in her desk chair. "It's very new and I'm not sure where this is going," she confessed honestly.

Dan nodded understandingly and finally changed the subject. "By the way, I dropped Trixie off at school this morning. She was a little confused when I woke and picked her up so late in the evening yesterday. But you seem to be feeling much better today."

Chloe looked at him in complete astonishment. "I read your note in the kitchen this morning," she replied cautiously.

Dan didn’t seem to notice her confusion. "I was a little surprised when Lucifer called me to let me know you were with him and that you had ruined your stomach. He said you vomited for hours and that he wouldn’t voluntarily put you in his car in that state."

"Yeah, that sounds like Lucifer," the detective mocked.

Dan smiled, while touching her upper arm. "Anyway, I'm glad you're fine again."

Chloe gave him a friendly nod. A moment later, Dan said goodbye to her and moved back to his own workplace.

Exhausted, the detective braced her head on the table, closing her eyes for a while. The slight headache sapped her condition, and the new information she’d received had not helped in any way.

Chloe gathered her thoughts and mentally went back to the very beginning of yesterday’s evening. She squinted and tried to reconstruct the events. She could remember drinking tea on the sofa and zapping through the television program. The next conscious images included the visit of Marcus. It was a mystery to her how something she had obviously imagined could be anchored in her mind so strongly. She tried to concentrate even more. The kiss and the tattoo were the last events she could remember. Then a dense fog dominated her mind.

Desperately Chloe ran her hands through her hair. She continued to focus her attention on the mental chaos. It had to be possible to recover some of those lost memories.

Tensed, she searched through her mind, suddenly making a surprised sound. There were some blurry pictures, hardly recognizable. She could guess Lucifer at his grand piano. A memory later, it was almost like something big and white grew out of his back, and in the next picture, she seemed to hit her partner.

Startled, Chloe opened her eyes, blinking several times. What the hell was that? It had almost looked like Lucifer had gained some angel wings, but that was impossible, wasn’t it?

Groaning, Chloe shook her head. Apparently, she was completely crazy now. First she’d imagined Pierce in her kitchen, and now Lucifer had gained some wings. She clearly had a way-too-lively imagination!

The package on the desk suddenly caught her attention. Perhaps it was the easiest to reconsider the case and track down this woman. She would be the only one who could explain what had happened and how the detective could have been put under the influence of the drug.

Chloe’s headache picked that exact moment to return with renewed strength. Cursing, she got up from the chair with the package. She would drop into Ella’s lab and have her blood examined for traces of the drug, and then she would go home and continue working from there.
Lucifer Morningstar clenched his hands around the railing of his rooftop terrace, gazing intently at the skyline of Los Angeles. It was late afternoon, and Chloe had only texted him in a short message that Ella had been able to prove the substance in her blood as well, and that she was working from home now. When he’d tried to call her, she’d ignored him and hadn’t even answered. If the detective hadn’t sent the message to him, showing a life signal, he would have probably started a search party for her by now.

A subliminal fear gnawed at him. The fact that Chloe had been put under this drug without her knowledge, and the fact that it might be something supernatural, made his guts contract, hard. He didn’t want to lose sight of the detective even for a second from now on, but her request, to talk to Pierce alone, had upset him. He’d noticed by her look that she hadn’t wanted him to go with her to the man she was currently dating. The annoying feeling of jealousy had returned full force, and he’d immediately withdrawn himself from her. The chances that she would be drugged on the way to the precinct in broad daylight were very slight anyway.

Since then, the Devil had paced restlessly up and down in his penthouse, trying to analyze yesterday’s situation. Unfortunately, all his clues and links didn’t make any sense. In addition to the question of who might be responsible for the administration of the drug, other thoughts haunted his mind. Lucifer highly doubted that Chloe had only fantasized Pierce.

Although the lieutenant didn’t have a tattoo on his neck, he’d still been the last one seeing her the other day, thus making him a potential suspect. But what would be Pierce's motive for drugging Chloe? Unless the lieutenant had found out about their little phone sex adventure, and would like to get him out of the way now…

"Luci?" His brother's voice suddenly sounded from the penthouse's living area.

Letting the air audibly out of his lungs, the Devil turned to the glass doors. Quickly he walked back into his penthouse. It was time Amenadiel finally appeared!

Lucifer spotted him and Maze beside the bar. His brother was wearing a plain sweater and dark blue jeans. He’d never been very interested in fashion. Maze, on the other hand, glared at him in tight leather pants and a crop top.

"Luci, Maze told me what happened," the older brother started the conversation.

The Devil stepped closer to his bar, reaching for a random whiskey carafe. "It was a truly unique kamikaze action the detective performed. Did Maze also told you about the murder series?"

"Of course, I did, Lucifer," his former bodyguard intervened. "That's why we're here."

The Devil filled three glasses with whiskey and passed them on to his visitors.

"I think the situation is far more serious than you think," Amenadiel told him bleakly. "We studied a few books, but couldn’t find much of use. However, the story seemed very familiar to me. It took a while until I remembered why."

Maze casually leaned against the counter, tipping down the whiskey in a quick draft. "I'll take care of this bitch myself," she assured the men, grinning wildly.
Lucifer raised his eyebrows at her, irritated. He slipped one hand into the pocket of his suit and waved the whiskey in his glass with the other. "Would one of you finally have the kindness to enlighten me?" he grumbled impatiently.

Amenadiel cleared his throat. "We believe you are dealing not only with a supernatural substance, but also with a supernatural being."

"That I'm already aware of, brother! This drug didn't end up in human hands all by itself," Lucifer snapped.

Amenadiel glared at him. "It's not a human drug. It's the poison of a siren, Luci."

The Devil's feature slipped for a moment. "You mean those death demons that were wiped out by Dad eons ago?" He started to laugh. "That's completely idiotic, brother. These sirens no longer exist. They were all destroyed in the campaign Michael led."

Amenadiel put his arms on his hips. "Maybe one of them survived the campaign," he suggested.

Lucifer's raised eyebrow made pretty clear what he thought of Amenadiel's proposal.

He sighed heavily, leaning against the bar. "Think about it, Luci! The sirens used to be known for manipulating humans with their poison. They were of graceful beauty and made people believe they would love them, yearning. But to live out that love, those infected humans had to dispose of their partners first. So, many of them killed the people they truly loved - innocent human beings. Doesn't that look pretty familiar to you?"

The Devil snorted contemptuously. Was that really possible? He had to admit that the parallel, Amenadiel had drawn, sounded quite plausible. "Sirens can change their shape, can't they?" he finally asked his older brother.

Amenadiel nodded. "They always shapeshift into a person the humans currently find particularly desirable."

The Devil pressed his lips together in a fine line. That was the reason why all killers had seen a different looking woman. If it really was a siren, she would be able to change her shape, and that was also the reason why Daniel couldn't find her with his team in the strip club. They had searched for the wrong person every damn time.

And as for the detective...

_Bloody Hell!_

Cursing, he slammed his whiskey glass on the table. "She took the form of the lieutenant and visited Chloe at home." The realization disturbed him deeply. How did the siren know where the detective lived, and why the hell did Chloe find Pierce more desirable than himself? Visually, he was obviously far superior to the lieutenant.

Maze suddenly started to laugh. "Well, Lucifer. It almost appears Decker preferred Pierce over you."

Angry, the Devil clenched his hands into fists.

"Do you know what happened at Chloe's home?" Amenadiel wanted to know.

Lucifer hissed, letting the air out of his lungs. "The detective reported that Pierce kissed her passionately."
And again, his former bodyguard snorted loudly. He gave her a scowl.

"That makes sense, Luci," Amenadiel said hurriedly, ignoring Maze’s laugh. "The poison of sirens is transmitted through their saliva. Chloe must have been infected with the poison during the kiss."

The theory was crazy as hell, but the longer Lucifer thought about it, the more sense it made. "Do you really think that one of those death demons could have escaped Michael's campaign? Our brother is very conscientious when it comes to his heavenly army duties."

Amenadiel shrugged. "I can’t tell you, but it would explain the past events."

Lucifer turned to Maze. "What do you think, Mazikeen?"

She smiled bleakly. "I say we grab a demon dagger and go hunting."

The Devil grimaced, tensed. "Do we know how to track down and kill a siren?"

Maze raised her eyebrows in disbelief. "Seriously, Lucifer? She is a demon, so I can kill her with one of my daggers. More interesting is how we want to find her. Maybe Decker could play the bait again?"

Lucifer barely trusted his ears. "I'm not going to put the detective at such a risk."

"But since the siren was unsuccessful, it's most likely she'll approach Chloe again," Maze argued.

Everything cramped in him. This series of murders had taken on far greater proportions than he’d suspected. The idea that Chloe was being threatened by supernatural powers nearly made him lose control.

"We will not use the detective as bait. There has to be another way, Mazikeen," the Devil decided resolutely.

How could he make Chloe understand the insights he’d just learned without telling her about his true identity? This whole supernatural world had been hidden from her so far, and he had absolutely no idea how he could explain the situation properly.

"How do you want to find the siren if she constantly changes her appearance?" Amenadiel wanted to know, interested.

Lucifer slipped his hands into the pockets of his suit trousers and paced restlessly up and down the bar. "All the killers, including Chloe, said they saw a line-shaped tattoo on the siren's neck. It must be permanent, and therefore cannot be removed."

It was very obvious now why Chloe had claimed so vehemently that Pierce would have a tattoo. It had actually been there, because it hadn’t been the lieutenant visiting her, but the death demon.

"We'll find another way," Lucifer repeated his statement, looking at the fallen angel and the demon. "I'll go to Chloe and see if she was able to figure anything out. Besides, I want to keep an eye on her. If this siren is running around out there, she's probably angry, because her plan didn’t work out."

Maze sighed theatrically. "I'll search the places she showed up in the past. Maybe I can find some traces the police didn’t notice."

"And I'll see if I can find more information in some books. There was a legitimate reason that the sirens were destroyed on behalf of our father. They are dangerous."
Lucifer nodded absently. He'd already withdrawn himself mentally from the conversation. For sure he didn’t like the direction this series of murders took. Demons that could change their shape, and poison people by their saliva while kissing them…

Amenadiel's initial explanation suddenly occurred to him again. The sirens had manipulated humans, so they would kill those who they actually were in love with...

The realization hit him hard and unprepared. That couldn’t be true. Had Chloe Decker fallen in love with him despite all his efforts to avoid her emotionally and turn away from her?

That was completely out of the question! Yesterday afternoon, she’d arranged another date with the lieutenant. In addition, the siren had manifested in form of Pierce. It was out of place that she’d fallen in love with him. Presumably the siren had made some bloody mistake!

Cursing, the Devil turned away from Amenadiel and Maze. His emotions constantly seething in his face were getting on his nerves. He would immediately visit the detective now to protect her, and of course he would help her as best as possible to solve this murder case with his newfound knowledge – and certainly without explaining that he was the Devil! At the moment he could very well live without a devilish revelation.

Chapter End Notes

Hiya,
I guess some of the plot makes more sense now? :-) *smirks*
Hey Lucifans,

thank you so much for leaving kudos and reviews. I appreciate them all :-) This chapter contains some adult content, so a little warning here ;-) Have fun and please feel free to leave me a comment.

Chloe Decker tried to keep the moaning and the pleasurable sounds from her laptop as quiet as possible. She was sitting on her couch, cheeks flushed, while searching through the footage she’d ordered. It was early evening. Trixie was playing in her room, and Maze had texted her earlier that she was on a private mission with Lucifer's brother - whatever that should mean exactly.

Actually, Chloe had intended to deal with the footage much earlier, but her body had been so exhausted and drained that she’d lain down for a few hours. At least that booming headache had disappeared - unlike the blue bruise, glowing clearly on her right temple. With her well-placed punch, Maze hadn’t been squeamish when she’d knocked Chloe out. Of course, Trixie had spotted the bruise right after she’d come home from school, so the detective had had no other choice but to pick up on Lucifer's story. She’d told her daughter she’d slipped in the bathroom and had fallen onto the edge of his bathtub.

Chloe hated lying to her little monkey, but all the chaos of the previous night wasn’t meant for the ears of a nine-year-old. Chloe didn’t even know for sure what had happened. The walk to the precinct and the conversation with Marcus had only left her more confused. Although Ella had already told her that she’d actually detected some of the unknown substance in her blood, that didn’t solve the mental confusion haunting her mind.

She was one hundred percent sure that Pierce had visited her last night, but the lieutenant vehemently denied that fact. Chloe felt really bad that she hadn’t been able to believe him. Instead she’d talked to Ella because - according to Marcus - the forensic scientist had been the only one to see him work in his office last night. And as it turned out, the lieutenant had told the truth, which again meant she was losing her mind! All those pictures in her head must have been a hallucination, because none of that was real.

Desperately Chloe took a deep breath, leaning back into the cushions of her couch. She urgently needed to find the woman who had put her under that drug. Annoyed, she turned her attention back to the porn material on her laptop. Since the farmhouse movies weren’t completed yet, the material mainly included various short film sequences in which the same actions had been recorded from different camera angles over and over again.

Nonetheless Chloe was hoping for a whole sequence with the woman Mr. Adams had described. Perhaps a look at her face could help to create a more accurate suspect profile, and perhaps the material also indicated how Mr. Adams had been drugged.

The detective clicked on another video file, which opened a moment later. She saw Mr. Adams having sex with a blond-haired woman among various straw bales. The pleasurable moaning penetrated her ears. Annoyed and ashamed at the same time, she watched the scene and clicked on the next file. She was desperately looking for the scenes in which Mr. Adams had sex with that red-
haired Rachel or with his girlfriend Linn, but so far she hadn’t found anything useful.

The next video showed the same couple having sex, but from a different angle setting. Chloe’s cheeks blushed. She didn’t feel the need to watch porn, and certainly not right now.

Much more disturbing, however, was the dull, pleasurable feeling that flowed through her body, running together between her thighs as she watched the porn clips. She tried hard to look through the material with an objective and unimpressed eye, but the pictures of sex and lustful desire didn’t pass by without any trace.

The detective pressed her lips together, clicking on the next video. Again the blond-haired woman appeared. She squatted on her hands and knees facing the camera while Mr. Adams nailed her from behind, displaying his well-defined chest and upper arms.

Chloe didn’t mean to, but unconsciously her thoughts drifted away. She had to imagine what it would be like if she was the one having sex with that porn actor - how she was held by strong arms on her hips while her lust was further increased with each and every powerful thrust - how he leaned over her back, whispering suggestive words into her ear with that deep British accent...

*Oh my fucking God!*

Her head shot up as she realized to whom this unmistakable voice in her mind belonged. *Had she just imagined how sex with Lucifer Morningstar would be like? How the hell had he drifted into that disturbingly lustful fantasy?*

"Mommy?" her daughter's voice suddenly sounded out of the doorway from her room.

Chloe’s hand shot out, hurriedly closing the laptop to make the erotic sounds and inappropriate pictures disappear.

"What's up, monkey?" she asked in a husky voice, clearing her throat imperceptibly. Her head whirled around, and she spotted Trixie in white-green alien pajamas. The girl raced to the couch, sitting down next to her with a joyful grin. "I heard strange noises. What are you doing?" Curious, she tilted her head, fingers pointed to the laptop.

Chloe put on a poker face and avoided her daughter’s look. "I'm still working on that case. There’s a lot of footage I have to look through. You probably heard a few voices."

"What are those films about?" she asked with an innocent interest.

Chloe rolled her eyes. Of course, Trixie had to inherit that curious nature. "A documentary. Not exciting at all, monkey," she said hurriedly.

Trixie chuckled. "And why are your cheeks so red, mommy? Does Lucifer appear in the movie?"

If Chloe would hold a cup in her hand, she would have probably spilled most of its contents by now. Surprised, she turned to Trixie. "What makes you think Lucifer would be in this movie?"

Her daughter pulled her bare feet up, cross-legged. "You often look like this when he’s visiting," she explained proudly.

The detective wasn’t sure whether to curse Trixie’s power of observation or to find it remarkable. For her own emotional safety she decided to end the topic immediately. "Lucifer and I are just friends. You know I’m currently going out with someone else. So my red cheeks have nothing to do with him."
Her daughter grinned mischievously. "I like Lucifer," she confessed with a smile. "Why don’t you
invite him to dinner with us?"

Chloe rolled her eyes again. What had Lucifer done to make Trixie stick to him like glue? She was
admiring him, and most of the time he only tried to keep her at bay.

"You and your funny ideas." The detective smiled in amusement. The next moment she leaned
forward to tickle Trixie. Her daughter began to squirm under her attack. Happy laughs were reaching
Chloe’s ear and almost made her miss the front door bell. She stopped in the middle of her
movements and so did Trixie.

"Who is that?" her child asked, curious.

Chloe shrugged, putting the laptop on the table. "I have no idea." Carefully she rose from the couch
and walked towards the door. A queasy feeling spread inside her. It was idiotic, but since she’d been
drugged without her knowledge, a slight panic had haunted her. She stopped at the door.

It rang again. "Detective! The lights are on. I know you’re there. Would you please let me in
already."

What did Lucifer want from her at such a late hour? Before she had time to figure out the reasons for
his unannounced visit, Trixie had jumped off the couch, racing enthusiastically towards the front
door. Chloe hurriedly stepped aside so her daughter could open the door.

"Lucifer!" she squealed happily, clinging to his thigh the next second.

Her partner seemed surprised. He raised his arms while instinctively taking a big step back with
Trixie still clung to his leg. "Little child!" he greeted her uneasily.

Chloe couldn’t resist a grin as she watched the hilarious sight. Her gaze wandered from her daughter
to Lucifer - over his anthracite-colored designer suit and his white shirt to the top, finally lingering on
his attractive face. His overburdened and slightly panicked expression was funny as hell.

"Detective!" he greeted her, head tilted to the left.

Chloe instantly understood his unspoken request. "Monkey, please go back inside. You’re just
wearing thin pajamas."

Trixie broke away from her partner, but not without grabbing his hand and pulling him inside the
apartment. "We were just talking about you," she said proudly, finally letting go of Lucifer’s hand.

Chloe gasped in shock, giving her daughter a warning look, but she was fixated on Lucifer and
didn’t catch the nonverbal hint.

"Were you, little human?" He smirked amused. "Tell me, what was it about?"

"Mommy just had red cheeks again..." her daughter started to explain happily, but the detective had
enough, interrupting in a blink of an eye. "That’s enough, Trixie. It’s late and time for bed."

"But, mommy! Lucifer just arrived."

"Exactly, Detective! I’m just about to learn a few slippery secrets about you," her partner added with
a grin. His eyes slid with an irritating slowness over her body, making her shiver.

Chloe crossed her arms over her chest. "Don’t argue with me, Trix. It’s late, and Lucifer is definitely
here for work." She fought a long stare duel with her daughter. In the end, however, Trixie gave in, lamenting. "But I want Lucifer to say good night to me!" she demanded, pulling on his hand again.

Her partner grimaced in panic.

Chloe couldn’t resist a soft laugh. "My daughter can be very stubborn, you know?"

"I wonder where she got it from," her partner grumbled, voice dripping with irony. Sighing, he gave in and allowed Trixie to pull him to her room. "Look what I am ready to sacrifice just to be alone with you, Detective!"

Chloe shrugged innocently, watching them. She desperately hoped that neither he nor Trixie had the idea of resuming their little conversation from earlier.

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Hesitant, Lucifer Morningstar stood in front of the child’s bed, looking uncomfortably down at Chloe's offspring. How the hell had he gotten into this situation so fast? He’d just rang the doorbell, trying to figure out a few quick-witted arguments about why he showed up unannounced in front of Chloe’s door, and the next moment he'd been literally tackled by her child. Unfortunately, it pleased the detective immensely, seeing him so insecure and frantic. She knew he couldn’t handle children well. Most of the time children were suspect and extremely affectionately. They had a way of acting on an instinctive impulse, which Lucifer actually welcomed, but with children - and especially with Trixie - there was an uncontrollable impulse of her clinging on him like a magnet or even worse. Most of the time she was touching him or trying to put her little arms around his body to give him a hug. It was definitely something he still disliked.

Lucifer took a deep breath, hands sliding into his suit pockets. "Well, little spawn. Let's get this over with so I can go back to your mother."

"You're funny!" She chuckled happily, beaming at him with her big children eyes.

Lucifer grimaced. That hadn’t been his intention with the statement. "Devilish dreams and a good night," he said uncomfortably and turned away from the bed, ready to leave.

Trixie laughed in amusement. "Not so fast, Lucifer! You still have to tuck me in."

The Devil instinctively tensed. He’d already feared he wouldn’t get out of this number so easily. Slowly he turned back to the bed. Trixie grinned at him with a heart-warming smile. "Please, Lucifer!" she pleaded.

His stomach contracted strangely. "On one condition," he told the little deckerlady seriously.

Trixie tilted her head, looking at him questioningly.

"You reveal to me what your mother and you talked about earlier."

She thought about it for a moment and sat bolt-upright. "That costs you more than just a blanket!"

The Devil raised an eyebrow in astonishment. Chloe's offspring was very smart for her age. "What are you suggesting?" he asked.
Without a word, Trixie stretched out her arms in front of her body. He immediately knew what she was referring to and instinctively took a big step back. "Don't you want a hundred-dollar bill instead?" He tried to change her mind.

Chloe's child shook her head. "Tell me good night like mommy always does and I'll tell you what we talked about."

*This little Devil!* Lucifer sighed theatrically, sitting down on the edge of her bed. What wasn't he willing to sacrifice to get the necessary information? "Well, child! We may have a deal."

Grudgingly he turned to her. Trixie had put on a big smile. A short moment later she pressed herself against him, fingers wrapped around his body and head resting against his chest. Awkwardly the Devil returned the embrace. It was a strange feeling, and he didn't quite know how to classify the burgeoning sensation in him.

"I don't want mommy to go out with this new guy," Trixie whispered quietly.

Lucifer's head turned to her. "Did you talk about that earlier?" he asked.

Trixie looked up from his chest. "In parts. I heard strange noises and when I ran to mommy, I saw her with red cheeks, closing her laptop. She said she just watched a documentary for work, but I think she saw an adult movie, Lucifer." Her tone was completely serious, and he couldn't help but laugh. Had the detective been watching porn? But the next moment he remembered that she'd requested the film footage of Mr. Adam's shoot. Presumably it had arrived at the precinct and she wasn't watching these movies of her own free will.

"I'll talk to your mother," he said mischievously.

Trixie broke loose from the embrace, looking at him with those pleading eyes. "Can't you go out with my mommy, Lucifer? She likes you and you're so much cooler than the new guy she told me about."


"Why don't you invite her to a date then?" Trixie asked innocently.

Lucifer pressed his lips together in a fine line. "It's complicated," he replied uncomfortably.

"You can go on a date with mommy now. I'll stay in my room."

Her statement made him laugh in amusement. "Let's see about that," the Devil explained vaguely. He had enough of the unpleasant conversation about his feelings. Carefully he got up from the bed, covering Trixie up to the head with a blanket. "Sleep well, child."

Trixie sighed and snuggled deeper into her pillow. "You too, Lucifer!"

He gave her a soft smile, switched off the light, and left her room. Not ready to show that the conversation had disturbed him, he straightened his shoulders and smoothed his designer suit, stalling.

"And, did you survive?" Chloe grinned from the couch as he closed the door.

He looked at her, piqued. "Your offspring is worse than a burr. I had to hug her again."
"She just likes you, Lucifer," the detective told him sympathetically. "Even though I don’t understand why."

The Devil mumbled something incomprehensible when stepping into the open kitchen area. He’d previously seen a red wine bottle on the counter. "May I pour us a glass?" he asked, nodding towards the bottle.

"If you explain why you're here," she countered briskly.

Unimpressed by her request, he grabbed two bulbous red wine glasses from the cupboard. "I drove by the department earlier to help with the case. Miss Lopez explained that you didn’t feel well and that you wanted to work from home. So I'm here now."

"It's late," Chloe said skeptically from the couch. "Why do you think I would still be working?"

Lucifer grinned at her, red wine bottle in his hands. "Detective, you use every free minute to work. Besides, the evening hasn’t even started properly yet. Let me help you. Maybe we're faster together. What are you busy with right now?"

He saw her cheeks catch fire, and she hurriedly turned her head to one side. So Trixie was right!

Amused, he poured the wine into the glasses. "Detective?" he purred in that sensual voice. "I suppose you received the erotic footage from Mr. Adams?"

"Why do you think that?" she asked, obviously ashamed.

His grin widened further. He grabbed the two glasses, strolling casually towards the sofa. "Your head shines like a beacon, darling. This either happens to you when I make suggestive remarks or when sex is on the table for other reasons."

Her eyes narrowed to slits. "Well, the material was sent, but there are an awful lot of short sequences, and I'm afraid I need to go through them all to find Rachel and the tattoo. Maybe the material even shows how Mr. Adams was put under the drug."

Lucifer gave her a charming smile, sitting down next to her on the couch. Gallantly, he handed her a glass.

"You mean we have to go through the material," he quipped with amusement. Of course, the Devil had a very clear idea of how this porn actor had been drugged. If it had really been a siren, she'd distribute her poison over kisses, and he guessed she would have more than one occasion on set to do so.

Chloe shifted away from him, looking thoughtfully at her wineglass. "I can do that alone. You don’t have to help me. After all, you certainly have much better things to do at LUX."

Was she trying to get rid of him? His mouth turned up into a crooked smile. "You mean something better than watching porn with you?"

The detective rolled her eyes, annoyed. "If you put it that way, it doesn’t sound like work at all, Lucifer!"

"Do you want it to sound like work?" The Devil glared at her, amused.

Chloe's lips pressed together, hard. "That's what we're going to do here! Do you think I'm voluntarily watching this material with you?"
He shrugged playfully. "You had phone sex with me, Detective. You have to admit that the thought is not as far-fetched as you want me to believe."

He heard Chloe grunt disdainfully. Annoyed, she turned her head away and took a big sip of her red wine.

Laughing, he leaned back in the couch while casually crossing his legs and taking a sip. When he put the glass back on the table, he gestured to the laptop. "What have you got so far?"

Chloe put a strand of blond hair back behind her ear. His gaze lingered on her hair longer than necessary. He loved it when the detective wore her hair loose. It always left him with the desire to bury his hands deep into her soft curls.

_Bloody Hell! Where did that thought come from?_

"So far, I haven't found anything useful," Chloe confessed, taking the laptop in her lap. "I don't even know if the footage will help us, Lucifer. It's currently just the only clue we have. If we find something here, we have evidence and can connect it to Rachel. Otherwise, we start at zero again, and my own behavior doesn't help much either..." She looked at him distractedly. "I'm so sure Pierce visited me last night, but when I mentioned it to the lieutenant, he denied it. He wasn't with me and yet I have these vivid images in my head. It's almost like I'm losing my mind."

The Devil tensed. Of course, the real Marcus Pierce hadn't been with her, because it had been the shapeshifted siren. Chloe suffered from the mental chaos, and he was the one who could dissolve it for her. If there wasn't the _little_ problem with his true identity left...

Compassionately, he squeezed her shoulder. "We'll find out what happened to you last night. If it wasn't the lieutenant, maybe someone else might have come to visit you at home, and the drug may just mask his true look." It was as close to the truth as possible.

Chloe looked at him, worried. "I would like to apologize, Lucifer," she said slowly.

He raised an eyebrow at her.

"I tried to kill you. Even if I wasn't in the right mind. I'm so sorry. You know I would never do that voluntarily, despite our recent arguments."

Her righteous words warmed his heart, and he gave her a gentle smile. "Of course, I know that, Detective. Don't worry about it. Nothing happened to me."

"Did I really hit you with my fists? I have some blurry pictures in my head. It hardly makes sense. I only see that I shot at you and tried to hit you. In one picture I had the feeling that something white grew out of your back. It almost looked like wings. Totally ridiculous. This drug has really turned my mind into mush."

Lucifer almost choked on the red wine in his mouth. He'd just sipped on his glass when Chloe mentioned his angel wings. So she noticed that he'd used them. Panicked, he stared at her, but she sat completely unimpressed next to him.

"You have a wild imagination, Detective," he said carefully.

Chloe rolled her eyes. "That's one way to put it." She gave him another long look before reaching for the wine glass on the table and opening the laptop. "Just keep an eye out for this Rachel or a tattoo," she told him.
Lucifer nodded and watched as the detective took a long drink from her wine glass. It almost seemed like she was uncomfortable with the current situation. He had to smile.

Chloe started to open the files. Immediately pleasurable sounds penetrated his ear, stimulating him unintentionally. His eyes were fixed on the laptop, and he saw Mr. Adams fucking an unknown blonde from behind. Grinning, he gave Chloe a quick sidelong glance. "Reminds me of you on the phone the other day, Detective."

He felt her elbow bump into his side, and he groaned playfully.

"Stop with those comments or you can leave straight away, Lucifer!"

Laughing, he leaned back and placed his arm behind Chloe on the back of the couch. "No red hair and no tattoo," he emphasized the obvious.

Chloe nodded, opening the next files. He didn’t fail to notice that she was increasingly aroused by the short clips. Now and then she slipped restlessly on the couch, rubbing her thighs together. A quick glance at his side showed him that she was staring stubbornly at the laptop with her mouth slightly open and her cheeks covered in soft red.

Lucifer had to suppress a deep growl. Oh how he desired to rip the laptop out of her hands and to pull her against his body right now! He knew he shouldn't have those thoughts, because he was trying to keep her at bay. But seeing the detective sitting next to him in such an aroused state robbed him of his sanity and tore at his self-control the same time. As inconspicuously as possible he repositioned his legs and straightened his crotch. It had got much tighter in there over the last few minutes. The erotic images didn’t leave him as unaroused as he might have wanted.

To distract himself, Lucifer reached for the wineglass as Chloe opened a new file. It was a scene with a tractor. A nude Mr. Adams leaned against the vehicle, while a red-haired woman squatted in front of him with her back to the camera, moving her mouth sinfully around his cock.

"That's her!" Chloe exclaimed enthusiastically. "That must be Rachel. But I can’t see her neck." She leaned forward to study the image on the monitor as smacking and groaning noises sounded from the laptop’s speaker.

Lucifer had already suppressed a few comments, but the next one slipped before he could bite his tongue. "Careful, Detective! If you go further, one might get the impression you're into blow jobs."

Chloe just rolled her eyes and opened the next file. "Who knows, Lucifer! Maybe that's what I like."

He had not expected her obvious counterattack. Her words released a flood of suggestive images in his mind. In all of them the detective was kneeing naked in front of him, wrapping her delicious mouth around his manhood. His breathing increased.

**Bloody Hell!** Maybe watching porn with Chloe wasn’t a good idea at all. Lucifer hadn’t expected that it would push him to his limits so damn fast. He was only a tiny step away from losing control. Adding to his dilemma was the fact that he couldn’t just leave Chloe. It was very likely that the siren would reappear, and Lucifer had no interest in getting shot by the detective again. He was worried about her and his own life. So he had no other choice but to stay and sit the situation out with all his mental powers.

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Chloe Decker felt a pleasant heat spreading through her body. She was only too aware of Lucifer's closeness. Now and then his knee bumped against hers as he leaned nearer to the laptop to take a closer look at one of the erotic scenes. She also felt his fingers on the sofa almost touching her shoulder. His hand was only a tiny millimeter away from her skin, waiting to caress her body.

In addition, the expensive, masculine scent of his aftershave rose in her nostrils, dazing her mind. With all senses her body was focused on Lucifer, responding to the smallest and most innocent touch from him.

*Holy shit! How could that happen?*

Chloe swallowed, hard. It was time to face the truth. Her body wanted him. Lucifer Morningstar was an attractive and handsome man. The phone sex a few days ago must have completely intensified her senses. It felt like every single nerve ending in her body was on fire when she imagined what it would be like to feel Lucifer inside her, to feel his growing manhood stretching and filling her out completely…

The thought hadn’t just popped up once over the last few minutes.

And those damn porno sequences excited her all the more. The whole erotic and lustful images settled in her head. Again and again her thoughts drifted away, and she had to imagine what it would be like to reenact these scenes with her partner.

Was it just a physical attraction she felt for him, or was it more than that? Chloe didn’t dare to think about it any longer. She was confused. Repeatedly she felt the gentle throbbing between her thighs, reminding her to finally give in and get that much needed friction.

As inconspicuously as possible she pressed her thighs together, trying again to focus on the film material. They had finally reached the part where Mr. Adams and Rachel were clearly visible. However, it took a few files before the couple went on the tractor, Rachel settling on the man’s lap. She began to ride him provocatively while throwing her head back. Her hair fell to one side in the progress, allowing Chloe to see her neck and to stop the movie.

Slowly she leaned forward. She could feel her partner mimicking her movement. His knee bumped against hers once more, just keeping the innocent body contact.

Chloe’s breath caught in her throat, forcing her to close her eyes for a moment and to collect herself. "Can you recognize something?" she finally asked him with an eagerly calm voice.

Lucifer leaned closer. His free hand pointed at the redhead’s neck. "That stain over there could be a tattoo," he speculated. During the movement his fingers on the back of the couch touched her shoulder, but he didn’t bother to pull back.

Chloe shuddered pleasantly. She could still throw him out. If she didn’t do it soon, she wouldn’t be able to do it. The detective felt her self-control continue to crumble. Lucifer was the purest sinful temptation, and tonight - for some inexplicable reason - she couldn’t resist that temptation any longer.

She cleared her throat and let the movie continue. "Maybe we’ll get a better view of her neck during the video."

Lucifer smirked. "It looks like we’re just getting a better view of completely different parts of their bodies."
He was right. Unrestrained and groaning loud, Rachel rode her film partner while Mr. Adams was kneading her breasts and kissing her neck. Chloe was overwhelmed by another heat wave. How would it feel when Lucifer did all those sinful things to her?

She barely shook her head, trying to concentrate. Through the many kisses Rachel's neck had been freed from her hair. Obviously, Mr. Adams had also smeared some of the makeup, because now the detective could see the tattoo quite clearly. She stopped the video again. "That's definitely the woman we're looking for, Lucifer!"

The Devil turned to her. His gaze was telling her that he was also struggling with his own lust. "I have a theory, Detective," he told her, leaning back. His fingers on the back of the couch were still touching her shoulder. Chloe could swear he was stroking her skin with feathery touches.

_Holy crap! She had to stop it! Now!_ They were professional partners and friends. She was also dating the lieutenant! But why did she always imagine Lucifer in all these intimate scenes? Not once had she fantasized what it would be like to spend a night with Pierce. What the hell had Lucifer done to her?

"What's that theory?" she asked in a husky voice.

Her partner took a deep breath. "I thought about what the killers said and what you told me this morning, Detective. A parallel has always slipped our minds so far."

Chloe raised an eyebrow at him.

"Some of the murderers and also you reported that they kissed the stranger, voluntarily or not. We still have to check it, but it's quite possible that the drug is exchanged via salivary contact."

Chloe looked irritated for a moment. "But Pierce didn’t visit me last night," she said.

Lucifer shrugged. "But according to your stories, there was definitely someone at the front door! Maybe you just can’t remember his look properly. Rachel had more than one chance in these porn movies to kiss Mr. Adams, and do you remember Mr. Wayne? He said he was involuntarily kissed on the way to the toilet by a strange woman he thought was part of the strip club."

Chloe looked thoughtful. She hadn’t seen that parallel so far. Was it possible that she’d kissed a complete stranger last night? The thought was terrifying, and so she focused on the footage instead. She opened a new file that showed the same action from a different perspective.

Determinedly the detective focused on the couple. Maybe her kisses were somehow different and conspicuous?

The groaning and moaning resounded. Distractedly Chloe nibbled on her lower lip, trying to ignore the pleasurable sensation in her body. Unfortunately, she wasn’t successful.

"Stop that!" Lucifer growled in a deep husky voice.

Chloe looked up and turned her face. His lustful gaze met hers, making her shiver pleasantly.

"What do you mean?" she asked hesitantly, unable to take her eyes away from his dark ones.

"Stop nibbling on your bottom lip, Detective. That doesn’t make the situation any easier for me."

Chloe’s eyes widened at his confession. He was the one teasing her with all those innocent touches the whole evening. At the moment his fingers were brushing over her shoulder again, and he was
sitting so close that their upper bodies barely had any space between.

"Then stop touching me everywhere at the same time." The words escaped her mouth before she was able to think them through.

Lucifer growled. The sensual sound was almost too much to handle. A pleasant shiver ran up her spine, unintentionally making her think back to her phone call, in which he’d sounded very similar.

"Detective, you're playing with fire here!" he warned her in a deep, throaty voice. "I can see that you're aroused. Your thighs are rubbing against each other, hoping to get some of that delightful satisfaction. It’s costing me every bit of my remaining self-control not to take you here on this couch."

Chloe took a shaky breath. His words triggered a pleasurable wave in her body. Her cheeks began to burn even hotter. *He wasn't allowed to say such things to her! He just wasn't!* They were friends and professional partners, but that fact had drifted far away into her subconscious.

"Lucifer," she breathed in a pleading voice. His eyes pierced hers, and at that moment, she was unable to look away. It was remarkable that he tried to pull himself together. She’d expected him to take advantage of the situation much sooner. But instead of - as he had put it in words so nicely – taking her on the couch, he was trying to hold back, warning her in the process.

Chloe’s entire body began to tingle in anticipation. Unconsciously she leaned forward, watching at the same time how Lucifer was doing the same. Their heads approached each other, inch by tantalizing inch. It was as if Chloe had been put under a magical spell. She was just seeing and feeling Lucifer, who completely enveloped her with his presence.

"Detective," he mumbled close to her face.

Chloe’s eyes fell on his lips, those sinfully soft lips that could give her so much pleasure if she let them. Her heart began to beat wildly in her chest. At that moment, she wanted nothing more than for Lucifer to lean forward and to kiss her, but he didn’t. He waited.

It took Chloe a blink of an eye to realize why. He gave her a choice. She was free to choose to kiss him. He wasn’t forcing himself on her. Although she could see his desire for her burning brightly in his eyes, he didn’t act on it. The thought warmed her heart.

Being overwhelmed by her feelings, she wasn’t able to logically weigh the pros and cons. Just this one time Chloe wanted to listen to her body! Only once she did want to take what her body craved with every fiber. She was tired of analyzing everything to death.

Agonizingly slowly, she parted her lips a little and overcame the last few inches to his face. Gently and almost innocently, Chloe put her lips on his and was immediately washed away by an intense tsunami of lust.
Hey Lucifans,
here comes the chapter everyone's waiting for, I guess ;-) So, warning: Explicit!!!
Have fun! Hopefully it's satisfying. I've never tried to write such a scene in English
before.

It felt like paradise. Tentatively Chloe Decker pressed her lips on Lucifer's. The gentle contact was
already enough to spark a firework of sensations inside her. It was more intense than the kiss at the
beach, and for sure her senses were much more heightened now than that one time she shared a kiss
with Pierce.

Her guilty conscience briefly returned when the thought of Marcus hit her, but as Lucifer took one
hand to bury it in her hair and used the other to pull her closer to his waist, the thought disappeared
just as quickly as it had appeared.

The kiss with Lucifer Morningstar was intoxicating. That was exactly how Chloe had always
imagined it in her secret fantasies whenever she’d gotten aroused by it in her bed at night. Her
fantasy and the many erotic images of the evening demanded their tribute, making her groan softly at
his mouth.

Lucifer took it as a silent request to increase the pressure on her lips. Sensually he began to nibble on
her lower lip, stroking his tongue along it. Chloe shuddered pleasantly. She wanted more! She
wanted to feel her partner everywhere on her body at once, so she gently parted her lips, allowing
him access. As Lucifer followed her invitation, their tongues met in a seductive battle. A battle he
was obviously winning. His tongue rubbed firm against her own, moving from left to right so
skillfully that she instantly wished he would give her other lips the same treatment. She was being
carried away by the intensity of her sensations. He was a true master of seduction, and she felt it all
too well at that moment.

The kiss got wilder, more unrestrained. Her own hands found a way to his neck, fingers buried deep
inside his silky, thick hair. Her head was starting to buzz from the lack of oxygen, but it didn’t
matter. All she wanted was to feel Lucifer and the mind-boggling sensations he was able to awake
inside her.

Unfortunately, her partner withdrew himself from her lips.

"Detective," he whispered in that deep, sexy voice, panting slightly. Chloe immediately noticed his
hesitation. His eyes – dark with desire - spoke volumes, but he kept pulling away from her face,
studying her with a hint of insecurity.

Chloe's body tingled in anticipation. She would love to continue feeling those intoxicating sensations
and intensifying them further! She was so fucking tired of analyzing the relationship between Lucifer
and her. For once she wanted to listen to her instincts, and those instincts advised her loud and
clearly to take what she desired.

Maybe the alcohol was to blame for the reckless decision or maybe it was the drug from last night.
Even before her partner had time to open his mouth and express his uncertainty, Chloe swung one of her legs around his waist, settling on his lap.

She surprised Lucifer with her action, but he recovered quickly, grinning at her with that irresistibly charming smile. "Darling, I had no idea how much you’d like to reenact that tractor scene with me." His hands fell to her hips, squeezing them lightly.

"Just shut up, Lucifer!" she murmured huskily, leaning forward.

Her partner chuckled. "With absolute pleasure, my dear. I know a few excellent ways to use my mouth elsewhere..."

Chloe barely managed to roll her eyes as Lucifer's grip tightened. Possessively he pulled her closer to his chest. At the same time his mouth crushed on hers, taking her breath away with his talented tongue in the process.

The detective squeezed tightly in his lap as her own hands began to wander along the collar of his shirt and down his chest. Even through the many layers of fabric she could feel his growing excitement. The thought made her shudder pleasantly.

Lucifer broke away from her mouth, spreading light kisses on her cheek before moving on to caress her neck. Sensually his lips slid along her heated skin, sucking and nibbling at it. As he finally reached her neck and bit down just above the clavicle, she couldn’t hold back a lustful moan. No one had ever discovered her most sensitive areas within such a short amount of time!

Lucifer's head turned, and he grinned at her knowingly. "I love the sound you made because of me, Detective, but I'm afraid we'd better move our private activities to your bedroom. The thought of your offspring is a real buzzkill!"

Chloe's eyes widened in alarm. He was right! Embarrassed, she glanced at Trixie's door, but it was still closed. She’d never lost control of her body so quickly. Ashamed, she tried to slip from his lap, but Lucifer stopped her, tightening the grip on her hips.

"Where do you think you’re going, darling? I'm not done with you yet!" His suggestive words released another flash of lust.

"Upstairs," she said hurriedly, but her partner only shook his head in amusement, taking possession of her mouth again.

Chloe unconsciously held her breath, returning the kiss. A moment later, Lucifer pushed himself from the couch. Surprised, she wrapped her legs around his hips and enjoyed the feeling of his hard manhood, rubbing at her through the layers of clothes.

Without interrupting his kisses once, Lucifer carried her through the living area. She could feel his hand kneading her butt, making her groan against his lips. When he bumped against a staircase with his foot though, his mouth parted from hers, cursing.

Chloe giggled, catching a deep growl in return. His eyes - darkened with sinful desire - bored into hers, making her bite her lower lip. This man was making her head spin without even getting started.

His mouth crushed back on hers. Passionately kissing, he carried her up the stairs to her bedroom door, only letting her down to push the door open. He pulled them both into the room. Immediately, the door slammed shut, and Lucifer whirled around to press her back against the closed wooden door.
Chloe gasped by the unexpected roughness. With its entire length his body was pressed firmly against hers. It was the perfect height to feel the evidence of his ever-growing excitement against her sweet center. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled him closer to deepen the kiss.

It was heavenly and the purest torture at the same time. Lucifer took his time. He explored every corner of her mouth and kept wandering down her neck to bite into that point above her collarbone again. She was sure he would leave a visible proof of their night together, but she didn't mind.

Chloe got increasingly impatient. She wanted more! The many teasing and suggestive comments in combination with the phone sex the other day had been too much for her willpower, so she grabbed the edges of his suit to strip the jacket from Lucifer’s body. In a fluid motion it fell to the ground behind him. His vest followed, so Chloe could tug impatiently at his shirt. She began to open the buttons, but when Lucifer spread a well-placed kiss beneath her earlobe, with his hands brushing against the sides of her body, she lost control and simply tore the shirt apart. Most of the buttons fell to the ground.

"Detective!" Lucifer exclaimed approvingly, seeking eye contact. The rogue was written all over his face. "You little minx, you can’t wait any longer, can you?"

Chloe glared at him while brushing his shirt aside and finally letting her hands run over his naked, well-defined chest. She felt his muscles twitch in anticipation as she touched the soft skin. It felt heavenly.

She didn’t manage to explore every inch of his skin, because a moment later, Lucifer surprisingly grabbed her wrists, pinning them over her head at the door.

"What is it?" Chloe asked, writhing helplessly in his firm grip.

"Save your powers, darling. You’re going to need them soon enough," Lucifer breathed seductively. With a cocky grin set on his face, he ran his free hand over her cleavage. His mouth found hers again. When his fingers brushed past the base of her breasts, she winced.

Lucifer released her hands, reaching for the hem of her pullover instead. He helped her to pull the garment over her head. Her black lace bra followed a moment later, exposing her upper body to his hungry eyes.

He didn’t give her time to develop a sense of shame. His hands brushed over her sides, finally lingering on her bare breasts. He began to knead them gently. Chloe felt herself being overwhelmed by a strong wave of lust. Like melting lava his touches moved over her skin, consuming her completely. She threw her head against the door, enjoying those skillful hands on her body.

Her partner growled dangerously deep in his throat as he rolled her hard nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Tentatively he caressed both breasts. Planting soft kisses, he drew a path with his mouth, down her throat and along her cleavage to her bare breasts. As he took a nipple into his mouth, sucking lightly on it, Chloe winced, overwhelmed. His tongue teasingly circled around her nipple, increasing the pressure on it with every second. The feeling was incredible. Her whole body tingled sinfully, and she felt the heat pooling together between her thighs, making her gasp aloud.

"Lucifer!" she breathed pleadingly.

Her partner looked up, continuing to touch her breasts with his hands. "What is it you desire, my dear?" he asked, pinching a nipple teasingly.

Chloe bit her lower lip, hard. "More!" It was all her lust-blurred mind was able to come up with.
A cheeky smile appeared around Lucifer's mouth. "With the utmost pleasure, Detective." He took a small step back, unabashedly reaching for the button of her dark jeans.

Chloe held her breath in anticipation as she watched him opening her pants and helping her to pull them down over her legs. A little awkwardly, she freed herself from them, standing only with black panties in front of him a moment later.

Approvingly Lucifer's gaze wandered over her body, ravishing every inch of her heated skin with his eyes. "You look heavenly," he flattered her. His dark brown eyes met hers, making her swallow. Lucifer's serious expression changed, suggestive grin back in place. Slowly he squatted down in front of her body. Chloe suddenly realized that it brought him to an optimal height to...

Her cheeks blushed, and her legs began to tremble dangerously.

"I'll make you scream my name, Detective!" His sinful promise made her heart pound wildly in her chest. She was unable to respond.

Her partner allowed his hands to move over her bare legs. He started at her calves. From time to time he massaged her muscles, lingering at particularly sensitive spots. Chloe shuddered under his feathery touch. He was miles away from her center and yet it felt like she was about to burst.

Lucifer leaned forward, caressing the same places with his mouth. His beard scratched over her sensitive skin. It was a delightful contrast to his warm and soft lips. Kissing, his mouth wandered up her calves, lingering at her knee hollows for a moment and continuing on the insides of her thighs. The closer he got to her center, the stronger the uncontrollable trembling of her legs got. She wouldn’t be able to stand upright much longer without his help, so she buried her hands in his raven hair, searching for some stability.

The feelings of lust got more and more intensified. Chloe groaned uncontrollably as Lucifer moved closer to her center. He was only a few inches away. His hands went up the outsides of her legs, pulling at her underwear a moment later. With agonizing slowness, he drew his mouth back and let the lace fabric slide down her thighs. He helped her to brush it first over one foot and then over the second.

His eyes were immediately bound by her femininity. He stared at it in pure fascination, giving her one of his genuine and exceedingly rare smiles. "The sight of you is overwhelming," he breathed in awe.

Chloe smiled back, trying to suppress the nervousness that crept down her spine. "Thanks?" she replied questioningly, looking at his head between her thighs. They both had to make an extremely erotic picture, she thought distractedly. Her partner, who had crouched his head at exactly the right height to lick her, and Chloe herself, who was pushed into the door in a provocative and very naked way. The thought only excited her more and made any sense of shame and nervousness go overboard. It was Lucifer Morningstar who lingered in front of her thighs. He was a man who knew how to awake the most delicious desire in women, and he was her partner - someone she could rely on, someone she could trust.

Lucifer chuckled at her statement, making her giggle in return. Far away in her mind she was wondering how they both could have ended up in such an intimate position, but her partner didn’t allow her to finish the thought.

"I've been waiting for a long time to finally taste you, Detective." His dark, sparkling eyes bored into hers. "And I will savor this moment."
His head shot out, and a moment later, Chloe felt him place a kiss just inches away from where she wanted to feel him most. Her legs trembled, and she inhaled the air sharply into her lungs.

Lucifer dominantly reached for her right knee, spreading her leg to the side and forcing her to stand on her tiptoes. The new position bared her further, giving him an excellent position to dive between her thighs.

Chloe let a helpless whimper escape. The images of what was about to come were soon rolling over in her mind. She tried to protect herself against the overwhelming sensation, but when Lucifer finally placed a deliberate kiss on her already dripping center, she lost all control over her body functions.

She moaned his name as he dipped his tongue between her lower lips, beginning to move sensually. His firm grip on her hips was the only thing keeping her upright. Her knees buckled like jelly, leaving her fully at his mercy and control. Gasping sounds repeatedly escaped her mouth, and she arched her back.

Lucifer continued his sweet torture. Again and again his tongue brushed against her inner lips, circling her clit or dipping in her damp cave. The movements quickly set a sparkling fire in every nerve of her body, and she didn’t know whether she would spontaneously go up in flames or melt in liquid lava.

He increased her desire incredibly fast. It was like he knew exactly which movement with his tongue she needed the most. Never had she had such a talented man between her thighs.

Chloe’s breath was short and shallow. She moaned unrestrainedly, grabbing his hair with both hands. At the same time, she wasn’t sure whether she wanted to pull him closer or push him away to escape that erotic torture. But her partner left her no choice. His tongue circled her little bud again, sucking on it with excitement. Chloe let slip a sharp scream. Her legs had ceased to work a long time ago, and she felt her entire body cramp and burst into flames.

Instinctively, she tried to close her outstretched leg, but Lucifer's shoulders were in the way, baring her at his mercy. He circled her clit faster before his tongue suddenly changed course, slipping past her lips and dipping into her slit to massage her inner walls.

It was almost too much to handle. Chloe gasped. The world-shaking sensations flashed through her body, pooling together between her thighs. Lucifer's tongue continued to penetrate her with relish. Her pelvic floor muscle tensed. She would shatter any second under his delightful torture.

Her partner withdrew his tongue from her opening, beginning to lick her lips and clit again. She gasped again, hard.

At the same time a deep growl escaped Lucifer's mouth. The associated vibrations on her sensitive skin aroused Chloe even more and brought her desire to new heights. She could feel that she was close; breathing was difficult; her spine arched almost painfully; her legs were made of unstable gelatin. It didn’t get better when Lucifer took a hand off her hip, spreading her thigh further to the side. Her stability wavered, but it also allowed her to press her libido into his face.

Lucifer welcomed her gesture with a grin, increasing the pressure on her clit again. One of his teeth suddenly scratched over it, leaving her wince at the sweet pain. His tongue slid back to her entrance, rocking rhythmically into her the next second. Chloe bucked up. She pleaded his name with every thrust of his tongue.

When he finally reached that sweet spot inside her, massaging it with gentle pressure, it was too much. With a last gasp, Chloe was thrown over the edge. Her vision blurred, and her body was
flooded with an intense orgasm. One wave after another rolled over her, making her see stars.

Lucifer helped her to ride out the overwhelming waves of her climax. Slowly and gently, his tongue circled around her center. He tightened his grip around her hips to prevent her from falling. It took several moments before she stopped trembling.

His cocky grin immediately told her that she'd spurred his ego with her sensual sounds. Truth be told, Chloe had never experienced such an intense orgasm. Although she'd already been impressed by the phone sex, the intensity here had just been exponentially increased.

The detective cleared her throat, embarrassed by her own intense reactions. "That was..." She searched for the right words.

Lucifer raised from the squat, putting his hands left and right from her body against the door to stabilize her. "World-shattering and devilishly phenomenal?" he suggested, grinning.

Chloe rolled her eyes. She had never met a man with a bigger ego than Lucifer Morningstar's.

"Without words," she agreed and took a deep breath. The soft glow that had possessed her body continued to spread.

Lucifer leaned close to her face. His mouth was only inches away from her ear. "Don't worry, Detective," he whispered sensually. "That was just the beginning. When I'm done with you, you would have forgotten how many times you screamed my name in ecstasy." That moment, when he whispered the suggestive words into her ear, he wrapped his hands around her bare breasts, starting to knead them with pleasure.

Chloe sneezed the air between her teeth. She really got involved with the Devil. Never before had that sentence been more true than right now.

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Lucifer Morningstar couldn't believe his eyes. For a while, a small voice in the back of his head had tried to reason with him. He knew he should have stayed away from Chloe. All his behavior and the fact that she dated the lieutenant were only intended to keep her at bay, but the Devil was known for his impulsive behavior. He was a symbol for sensual temptation and fiery passion. And exactly those feelings had overpowered him.

Lucifer had been surprised when Chloe had leaned forward on the couch to kiss him. Deep inside he'd wished she would have retired. He'd given her the choice, because he knew he would have made the wrong decision, but Chloe - the otherwise sensible and rational-thinking detective - had just pressed her lips on his. The next moment it had taken his breath away. How much he'd desired to taste her lips again. His mind had stopped serving and his body had taken control.

He knew it was a stupid idea to have sex with Chloe Decker, but before he could have voiced his concerns, the detective had attacked him with hungry kisses again. That had been the last time he'd doubted. Whatever the consequences would be, he was sure that they were both adult enough to deal with it the next day. Lucifer rather didn't want to know what emotional significance her little interlude could have. He wasn't ready to deal with it, so he'd done what he could do best for eons of time. He'd used his perfected skills to give Chloe the greatest possible pleasure.
Lucifer was sure she'd enjoyed it so far! The Devil had never seen her so relaxed and out of control before. Knowing that he was responsible made his heart beat wildly, and almost let him lose his mind.

Just as now, as he kneaded Chloe's breasts, eliciting those heavenly whimpering sounds from her. He felt his manhood pulsing painfully, and he knew he wouldn’t last much longer without burying himself deep inside her.

Without further ado, he grasped Chloe's hips, picking her up a moment later to carry her to the bed. She squealed in surprise, wrapping her legs and arms around him. Her wet center was pressed against the fabric layers of his pants, and he felt her rubbing against him. Her lack of inhibition made him growl. This woman was the purest sinful temptation. He’d had many women in his bed over the past years, but with the detective everything was different - unique and overwhelmingly intense at the same time.

Lucifer reached the bed, putting Chloe on it a moment later. As he pulled back, he inhaled the sight of her naked, outstretched body on the pale blue duvet covers. His breath got caught in his throat. She was stunningly beautiful.

Chloe noticed his brief stutter. "Lucifer," she whispered lasciviously. "Unlike me, you clearly have too many clothes on." She pointed at his lower half, gaze lingering on the visible bulge.

He gave her a cocky smile. "Do you intend something specific, darling?"

He almost lost control when the detective suddenly bent her legs, opening herself up to him. His gaze wandered to her center. She was so ready for him to sink into her moist and wet depth...

"I don’t know, Lucifer," she flirted seductively and actually managed to look absolutely innocent.

He lost his temper. "You do know who you’re dealing with, Detective, don’t you?" he threatened her, before vigorously brushing his open shirt off his shoulders. He took his time and kept checking for her undivided attention.

In slow motion, his fingers found his belt. He opened the buckle before sensually pulling the belt out of the straps, letting it fall to the floor next to him. His zipper and button followed right after. He slid his pants down the hips along with his black boxer shorts, giving her a seductive view of his rock-hard member.

The Devil heard Chloe holding her breath, overwhelmed. Her gaze was lingering almost shy on his cock. He knew he was well-endowed and that was exactly the thing Chloe was worried about right now, because she swallowed and blushed at the same time.

Irresistibly grinning, he put his arms on his hips, spinning in a circle once. Chloe's reactions were divine. She stared at his body in pure fascination, nibbling absently at her lower lip.

"As much as I enjoy you ravishing me with your gaze, darling, the show continues now." He stepped forward to her bed and crawled on it like a predator. He leaned over her, propping his hands next to her body. Waiting, he stared down at her from above and studied her reddened face for a long moment. She was heavenly. Lucifer would never have dreamed that he would get the detective to finally lie on the sheets beneath him. At that particular moment she looked like an angel sent from Heaven. Her blond hair spread like a golden halo around her head, and her innocent eyes, impatiently focused on him, were robbing him of his sanity.

"Lucifer," she whispered pleadingly. "Stop teasing and just take me already!"
Her direct choice of words made him smile. Nonetheless, he gave her one last chance to stop. His eyes got serious. "Are you sure you really wanna do this, Detective?"

The Devil could see flashes of her own uncertainty. He prayed she wouldn't reject him at this stage of excitement, getting him blue balls in the process, but his concern was unfounded. She nodded determinedly. "I'm sure!"

That was confirmation enough. Lucifer leaned his head forward, touching her tender lips with his. His tongue met hers, and he felt himself seized and carried away by an intense storm of emotions. Kissing had never felt so exhilarating in his entire existence as it felt with Chloe Decker!

One of his hands broke free of the mattress, moving along her body. He caressed her breasts, circling her bellybutton once, and gliding between her invitingly opened thighs, feeling her most sensitive flesh. She was incredibly wet for him. The further he went, the moister it became, and he purred with delight while his finger went up and down, feeling her folds slippery wet. He probed into her entrance once.

Immediately, Chloe bucked up. "Hmmm, Detective. Looks like you're more than ready for me." He moved his fingers, gliding in and out of her in a slow rhythm. Fascinated, he watched her writhing helplessly beneath him. "Lucifer," she moaned his name between breaths, almost begging him to stop with that sweet torture.

He knew exactly what she truly desired - what she really needed right now, and truth be told, he needed it even more. His stamina was well increased, but with Chloe it felt like he was already close to the blast.

When she began to moan again, Lucifer lost his last spark of control. Quickly he withdrew his finger, licking her moisture sensually off of it to once again get a taste of her. Chloe’s eyes widened in horror.

"You're delicious, my dear," he assured her with a grin, settling elegantly between her thighs. As his rock-hard member touched her wet center, sliding along it in the process, they both gasped.

Chloe instantly bent her legs, allowing him to move in position. Lucifer's patience was at its end, so he supported himself on both arms, pushing upwards and entering her in one swift movement. The sensation of her slick and hot inner walls, clasping around his shaft, was overwhelming, and he forgot to breathe. It felt like nothing he’d ever experienced before; like the sweetest of all torturers; like coming back home after years of abstinence.

They groaned in unison as Lucifer's hips thrust forward, pushing himself all the way in. He looked down at her with a lust-blurred gaze, giving her a moment to get used to his size. It was one of the most beautiful pictures, seeing the detective in that state of arousal.

Chloe instinctively wrapped her legs around him, giving him a light push further into her. The gentle friction was enough to let him lose all remaining control. Hurriedly he withdrew himself almost completely before sinking back in, getting a whimpering sound from Chloe in return. Her legs tightened around his waist.

He created a steady rhythm between them, moving up and down, before leaning forward and nibbling sensually along her throat and neck.

Chloe squirmed helplessly under him, meeting every thrust with her own hip. She moaned. Her hands traced the muscles along his shoulder blades. As he slightly angled his hips, thrusting down
deep, the detective buckled up, burying her fingernails into the skin of his back.

The sweet pain tingled through his body, letting him grunt dangerously low. He really appreciated
the sight of Chloe losing control underneath him. He was pretty sure he would find several red welts
on his back the next morning. The thought excited him.

The Devil emerged from Chloe's neck, accelerating the pace of his thrusts. Her body reactions
showed him that she wasn't far away from her heavenly salvation. She kept whining his name as
another wave rushed through her body, filling her with pleasure and making her squirm.

He had mercy. Panting heavily, he straightened his upper body while grabbing her left leg to put it
over his shoulder. The new position allowed him to penetrate her even deeper.

"Look at me, darling!" he demanded briskly. Breathing heavily, Chloe opened her eyes. He caught
her lust-veiled look. "I want you to keep them open!"

The detective barely had time to nod. A moment later, Lucifer bent his hips, trusting into her at a
furious pace.

"Lucifer!" she screamed his name across the room. Her eyes widened delightfully as he massaged
that sweet spot inside her with each and every thrust. The intensity was too much for her to handle.
Her eyes wanted to close on their own, so Lucifer pinched warningly into one of her breasts.

"I said, leave them open, Detective!" he gasped. His eyes pierced hers, boring right into them to the
bottom of her soul. He could feel his own pleasurable sensations tingling through his entire body. His
cock was throbbing, hard, but he kept the fast rhythm up, drowning in her blue eyes all along.

"Lucifer!" Chloe shouted his name again, writhing like a snake under his deep penetration, but she
managed to keep her eyes open.

Lucifer heard the warning. She was incredibly close just like himself.

One last time he increased the speed of his thrusts. Furious and powerful, he buried himself inside
her. The bed creaked under his hard movements, but at that moment he could only focus on Chloe's
desire-filled eyes and his own lust.

His muscles began to tremble. The sensations pooled together in the middle of his body, heating him
up from inside. He wouldn’t last much longer, so he took his hand and pressed it on her clit.

"Come for me, Chloe!" he demanded, circling her nub with his thumb. His intense gaze captured
hers, increasing the sensations even further.

The detective bucked wildly. Her mouth opened in a silent scream, and the eye contact broke as she
 tilted her head, totally overwhelmed be the intensity of her sensations. Her body tensed. With another
powerful thrust he threw her into paradise. She screamed his name like a prayer, gasping and
breathing heavily. Her pelvic muscle twitched uncontrollably around his cock. The contractions felt
like little electric shock waves, increasing the tingling sensation inside his body. It was too much for
him to handle. With one last deep thrust, Lucifer surrendered himself to his own lust. He moaned her
name as his own climax flooded him. He came hard, spilling himself into her.

Several moments passed without either of them moving. Lucifer was desperately trying to control his
breathing. Lazily he turned his head to watch Chloe. She had her eyes closed. Her cheeks glowed
from the aftermath of her intermezzo, and a gentle smile covered her mouth. That was exactly how
he’d always imagined her in his dreams.
"Detective?" he purred, carefully withdrawing himself from her. He didn't want to crush her with his weight. "I didn't know you would express your desire with such verbal fire."

Her eyes threw open, and she glared at him. "Don't provoke me, Lucifer!" she exclaimed, slightly embarrassed.

He rolled to the side, chuckling, and dropped his back onto the mattress. "I often have this power over women. No reason to be ashamed, darling."

Chloe raised her elbow, punching him against the upper arm. "You are unbelievable!"

"Talented?" he inquired in amusement.

Chloe rolled her eyes. Giving her an amused sidelong glance, he suddenly had to laugh when he noticed her surprised expression. Her eyes were firmly fixed on his half-standing manhood.

"Lucifer!" she breathed, surprised.

The corners of his mouth pulled up diabolically, before he gained momentum and rolled back on top of her. Immediately the tip of his arousal hit her center, making Chloe gasp lightly.

"I am the Devil, Detective! My stamina is way above the human average, and may I remind you that I made a sinful promise. One I intend to keep.“ His cocky grin widened. “I really think you haven’t shouted my name enough times yet, darling."

"Lucifer," she replied, shocked, but the Devil stifled her halfhearted protest by pressing his lips sensuously against hers and robbing her of focus for a very, very long time.
Hey Lucifans,

thank you so much for all your kind comments. I was relieved to see that the last chapter had the desired effect ;-)

So, on we go! Trouble in paradise ahead...

Chloe Decker awoke feeling an unnatural heat source next to her body. Slowly she blinked several times before opening her eyes. She was lying on her side, snuggling up against a manly and well-toned body. Her own hand was placed on his bare chest while his fingers were resting low on her hips. It took her several seconds before the memories of last night crashed back with full force.

Chloe’s eyes widened in shock, and she froze. Erotic images were rolling over and flashing through her head. In each and every one of them she moaned Lucifer’s name while he thrust into her, pampering her in every conceivable sexual way. At least one thing Lucifer had been right about. She’d actually forgotten how many times she’d screamed his name in ecstasy last night, because one orgasm had chased another. Lucifer Morningstar really had an inhuman stamina, and it was almost frightening how he could play her body like a musical instrument. His tune on her body had been perfected down to the very last detail, and for a millisecond the detective had asked herself, if there was a spark of truth in the predication that Lucifer really was the actual Devil. No one else had been able to turn her body into lustful smoothness so quickly, but her partner had managed it, many, many times in a row...

Because maybe he wasn’t human at all?

Of course, that was ludicrous. Lucifer Morningstar just had an incredible sexual expertise and he’d proven it more than once last night.

Slightly confused and ashamed, Chloe lifted her head, studying Lucifer’s face. He was still asleep. His muscles were relaxed, and his mouth was drawn into a gentle smile. He looked peaceful and happy. For a moment his appearance silenced her inner conflict, and Chloe was overcome by an inner calm as she thought of him holding her in his arms. His lips on hers had been so gentle, his touches so sweet, and he’d been clearly more sensitive than she’d suspected. During their short sex breaks he’d always hold her like a precious treasure - not fragile but definitely priceless.

Oh my God! She’d had sex with Lucifer Morningstar!

The relaxed feeling vanished instantly and was replaced by a nagging restlessness. How the hell could that have happened? She really had had sex with her partner - quite a lot of sinful and delicious sex - although she was actually dating the lieutenant...

But worst, she couldn’t even be mad at Lucifer or hold him responsible for the actions of the previous night, because he’d asked her several times if she really wanted to go further, and every damn time the detective had let those intoxicating emotions overwhelm her.

How should she behave around him now? Was it a good idea if they pretended the night had never happened? Did she want them to never say a word about it again? Or did she want to develop a
deeper meaningful connection?

The last question made Chloe hiss. Lucifer Morningstar was unable to emotionally bond. Every time she’d got closer to him in the past, her partner had run away. There was no way he would agree to start a proper relationship.

Her head started to buzz. The situation was quite tricky, and Chloe was confused. On the one hand, she felt that relaxed feeling in her body from the phenomenal sex, and on the other hand, everything inside her wanted to cramp because she knew it had been an utterly idiotic idea to sleep with Lucifer Morningstar.

What had she been thinking?

Her partner moved briefly, but he continued to sleep. As a result of the movement, one of his legs slid up, surprisingly touching Chloe's bare lap in the process. Immediately she felt a pleasurable tingling between her thighs and became uncomfortably aware that his leg had gotten caught between hers, giving her an ideal opportunity to rub her sweet femininity at his thigh...

By the direction of her thoughts, her cheeks began to heat. Her entire body was now well aware of what Lucifer could do to her, already longing for the tingling sensation.

Holy crap!

Chloe decided to sneak out of bed. She urgently needed some distance from Lucifer before she gave in to her desire. Last night, she could explain away with the porn, the alcohol and maybe that terrible drug, but if she got involved with Lucifer now, she would do it without any excuses, and she wasn’t ready to deal with those consequences.

Gently the detective took her arm from his well-toned chest, removing his own from her hip. Her eyes kept staring at his face in alarm, but he went on sleeping like a baby.

Carefully she unwrapped her legs from his and finally crawled out of bed as quietly as possible. As her feet came in contact with the ground, she flinched. Of course, she was sore. The sweet pain shot right through her lower body, reminding her of the erotic hours from last night.

Chloe bit her tongue. She sneaked to her closet, carelessly picking some clothes for the day before taking one last look at Lucifer, who was lying in her bed like a sleeping angel. The blanket had slipped low to his hips, bringing back pictures that showed her very vividly how his manhood must look under the covers. Swallowing hard, Chloe fled out of the bedroom and stepped into the adjacent bathroom. A quick glance at the clock next to the sink told her that it was still early morning. Trixie would sleep for at least an hour before her alarm rang and she had to get up for school.

Groaning, the detective put her clothes on a small stool and looked at herself in the mirror. Instantly she discovered a purple bruise at her neck. Of course, he'd left a visible mark on her skin, and it wasn’t just her neck. Chloe counted more bruises on her hips and two on her inner thighs. She hadn’t noticed how forcefully Lucifer had held her with his hands during sex, or perhaps the imprints came from the sensual action on her bedroom door? Several times Lucifer had had to stabilize her with his grip so her trembling legs wouldn’t give in.

The thought of his talented tongue on her heated skin and between her lower lips released a pleasurable wave inside her. Panting, Chloe leaned against the edge of the sink.

What the hell had happened with her body? Had she become a drug junky who was addicted to Lucifer's touch on her body?
Holy shit!

Panic rose inside her. It was impossible to forget or even suppress that night. Neither her body nor her mind would allow that, leaving her with one remaining question. How should they handle the next weeks from now? What did Lucifer want from her?

Had one night been enough to get him what he’d desired since the beginning of their partnership? Would she just be another trophy on his wall? Another award he could equip himself with? Or was there more behind it? Were there feelings involved from his side? She knew he was feeling something in her presence. After all, his past actions had clearly shown her that he was jealous about Pierce, and you didn’t feel such an intense emotion if you didn’t have romantic feelings for the person affected. But how deep did those feelings go?

And much worse! What did she feel?

Uneasily, the detective entered the shower and turned on the water. How deep did her own feelings for Lucifer go, and how willing was she to act on them? After all, she’d once tried to approach him emotionally at the beach and as a reward he’d pushed her away.

Angry at the direction of her thoughts, Chloe stepped under the warm water and tried to relax. Her aching muscles welcomed the warmth, and so she began her morning routine.

For the next fifteen minutes, she banished all thoughts of Lucifer from her mind, just finishing the shower, drying her hair and getting dressed. Luckily, she’d grabbed a pair of black trousers and a white long-sleeve, so the two pieces of clothing matched visually.

Chloe left the bathroom. For a moment she thought about going back to her bedroom, but the thought of a naked Lucifer in her bed scared her, making her step down the stairs to the kitchen instead. She started to make a large pot of coffee and stared thoughtfully out the window as she waited for the hot water to flow through the coffee filter. Of course, her mind wandered back to the man who had robbed her of sanity last night. It had been incredible. Never had Chloe enjoyed so many intense orgasms. The mere idea of Lucifer approaching her with his sinful hot appearance, pulling her at his well-toned chest made her knees shake. And his kisses...

He’d kissed her everywhere - on her mouth, her body, on her lower lips, and that devilish tongue that knew exactly how tightly it had to rub on a sensitive spot...

Chloe moaned softly, resting her hands at the edge of the kitchen counter in the process. It nearly felt like each part of her body remembered all too well those sensations that could only be described with one single word – paradisiacal. Entering and living in paradise had to feel the same.

She’d really hoped that the physical attraction would abate after their night together, but nothing like that had happened. All the sexual tension she’d been carrying inside her for weeks was discharged, but now that her body knew who was responsible for the discharge, it reacted even more powerful to her partner. It was a sensual vicious circle she wasn’t able to break through.

"Detectiiiiive!" A sex-dripping, British voice suddenly purred behind her from the living area.

Surprised, Chloe whirled around to discover Lucifer. Her breath caught in her throat as she absorbed his seductive appearance. He was walking barefoot, wearing only his black suit pants and his white shirt. Since she’d torn off most of the buttons in her impatience, he now wore the shirt open, presenting her a sexy view of his torso. The most daring thing though was the seductive smile around his mouth and his disheveled, curly hair, which stuck out of his head in a rather tangled but very sexy way. Everything about his look screamed the word sex - hot, unrestrained and sinful sex. She
swallowed, hard, staring at him speechlessly.

Like a predator, Lucifer snuck in closer, grinning dangerously seductively. "I'm not used to waking up alone in a strange bed, darling."

His timbre had dropped an octave. He’d almost reached the kitchen. Chloe was unable to take her eyes off him. The many images of last night flooded her uncontrollably, preventing her from thinking clearly.

"Do you know why I don't like waking up alone, Detective?" he continued. Like a wild cat who trapped its prey, he walked towards her.

Chloe nervously bit her lower lip and stepped back only to bump against the kitchen counter.

Lucifer had reached her. With a torturous slowness he leaned forward and supported his hands on the counter to the right and left of her body. He’d boxed her. Chloe’s heart began to beat dangerously loud, blood rushing through her body way too quickly.

Lucifer's head approached her face. His breath tickled her neck as he leaned against her. "I've planned a lot of sinful activities for us this morning, Detective."

She shivered pleasantly.

"And since you fled so quickly from me, I'm now forced to continue things down here..."

Chloe's eyes widened. Her mind had melted into a mushy mass, and his brown eyes - boring into hers with such sparkling intensity - were too much to handle for her willpower.

"Lucifer," she breathed in a half-hearted protest, but a moment later she felt his lips placing a kiss just below her earlobe. Her knees buckled, and she closed her eyes to intensify the tingling sensation.

Lucifer kissed down her neck, sucking on her sensitive skin in the process. As he bit down playfully – not enough to hurt her but quite enough to create a sweet pain – she groaned, burying her fingers deep inside his hair to pull him closer to her body.

"Hmmm, darling," her partner purred against her skin, reaching for her hips. He was about to lift her onto the kitchen counter when she heard a child's voice.

"Mommy? Lucifer?" Trixie said in surprise.

That broke the spell. As if stung by a nasty tarantula, Chloe pressed against Lucifer's chest, pushing him away. She felt her cheeks heat with shame, so she hurriedly grabbed two coffee mugs from the cupboard behind her head. "Good morning, monkey," she greeted her daughter in a somewhat neutral voice.

Lucifer next to her chuckled at her behavior and winked ambiguously at the child.

"What are you doing?" Trixie asked inquisitively, stepping closer.

Lucifer opened his mouth to answer her, but Chloe shushed him. She knew what he would like to say, and such things weren't intended for the ears of a nine-year-old. "Lucifer leaned over to help me grab a coffee mug."

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him grinning, eyebrow raised in disbelief.

Trixie sat down on a kitchen chair in her alien pajamas. "Did you spend the night with mommy,
Lucifer? I heard her say your name quite often." The enthusiasm in her voice was hard to miss.

Lucifer laughed in pure joy while Chloe wanted nothing more than to sink into a hole. She once more cursed her daughter’s comprehension. Obviously she had been way too loud, even though they’d moved up to her bedroom. Blushing furiously Chloe let her hair fall to her face to hide her body’s reaction. It had been so much easier when Trixie was younger. Searching for help, she looked at Lucifer, but he only shook his head in amusement, observing with satisfaction how she squirmed at the conversation.

Annoyed, the detective sighed and handed him a coffee mug before filling up her own. This morning was completely out of control.

"Lucifer and I had a lot of work to do. You must have heard us speaking about the case. It’s been very late last night. Lucifer slept on the couch so he wouldn’t have to drive home."

As Chloe explained the white lie, she threw a hasty glance at the couch. Of course, it didn’t look in any way as if Lucifer had spent the night down there. Trixie’s eyes followed hers, and her child wrinkled her nose skeptically.

"You did those adult things, didn’t you? With kisses and stuff?" her girl asked unabashedly.


Trixie’s face radiated with joy. She hopped off the chair and ran to Lucifer before wrapping her arms around his legs. "You had a date, right?" she whispered in his direction. There was a mutual understanding between them, so it was pretty obvious that her statement had something to do with the conversation from last night.

Chloe tilted her head in surprise, glaring at Lucifer. "What did you say yesterday?" she demanded to know.

Her partner shrugged innocently, wiping Trixie's hands from his body. "That's a secret, Detective." The little Deckerlady wasn’t easy to shake off.

"Your shirt is ruined," she remarked innocently.

Chloe didn’t know her face could turn even redder.

"Your mother got carried away," he confessed, wriggling his eyebrows.

Chloe felt a wave of repressed anger overcame her. It was largely due to the unpleasant situation. Her emotions went all roller coaster, she didn’t know what was going on between herself and her partner, Trixie was far too curious, and Lucifer wasn’t much of a help either at the moment.

Annoyed, Chloe set a bowl of cornflakes and milk on the table and instructed Trixie to sit down. Joyfully she followed the invitation and started to eat her breakfast.

Ankles crossed, Lucifer leaned against the kitchen counter, reluctantly answering the questions Trixie asked him. Apparently, he was a morning grump, or at least he preferred his morning activities to be focused on other, more athletic areas.

Chloe sat at the kitchen table, trying to enjoy her coffee. It was a strange picture to have Lucifer with her so early in the morning. It almost looked like they were a little happy family...
The thought made her panic, inevitably leading her back to her emotional chaos. As Trixie asked whether Lucifer would stay with them more often now, she choked on her coffee again and urged her daughter to get ready for school.

Even if she wanted to, Chloe couldn’t answer the question, and from Lucifer's narrowed eyebrows she recognized that he was clueless as well. She swallowed, hard.

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Still casually leaning against the kitchen counter, Lucifer Morningstar watched Chloe saying goodbye to her offspring at the front door. The bus would drive off at any minute and take the child to school. Of course, she complained and tried to insist on staying with her mother and him, but – thanks be to his father - the detective hadn’t responded to her request. He would like to get the little human out of the house as soon as possible...

Lucifer frowned. What exactly was it that he truly wanted right now?

Of course, he’d woken up earlier when Chloe sneaked out of bed, but for some unknown reason he hadn’t stopped her. There had been an oppressive feeling, lingering at his chest that had made breathing uncomfortably difficult. If he hadn’t known he was immortal and couldn’t get ill, he might have speculated that he was suffering from one of those heart attacks humans sometimes got, or perhaps it was one of those panic attacks.

But that was absolutely ridiculous. He’d gotten what he’d longed for since they first met. Chloe Decker had finally given in to his charm and had sex with him - hot and very satisfying sex.

It was strange. The Devil had quite enjoyed a lot of sexual partners over time who had been a lot more experienced than Chloe Decker, but the detective had done something to him. He hadn’t figured out yet what it was, but every touch from her had felt like hot liquid lava on his skin, making his senses immediately go up in flames. It was absolutely incredible. Sex with Chloe Decker had been the best for many decades.

And that very fact led him to a severe problem. His hope the overwhelming desire for the woman at his side would have been sufficiently satisfied after that night was shattered. It felt more like his desire for her had gotten even stronger. Just the thought of her silky soft lips on his skin made his growing excitement twitch.

Uncomfortably Lucifer cleared his throat and straightened his crotch. Bloody Hell! What had this woman done to him?

Because of the mental chaos, he’d let Chloe go to the bathroom earlier without stopping her. It had taken him a few minutes to gather himself and think. Unfortunately, his thoughts had only led him to dead ends. He was tormented by various questions he couldn’t seriously answer. Above all, he was struck by the suspicion that the sensations he felt might go beyond a mere physical attraction.

Could that be possible? What did he want from the detective? After all, he'd spent the last few weeks trying hard to keep her at bay, and that plan hadn’t worked out at all, because he couldn’t have been any closer to her than last night, when he'd thrust into her over and over again.

But why had he even let it go so far? He was usually an expert at keeping his temper, especially when it came to sexual desire. But with Chloe, it appeared his self-control had just flown away,
leaving him in the skin of a horny teenager.

And then there was the fact that the detective was dating Pierce. Why the hell did she sleep with him when she had been showing interest in the lieutenant? Not that he was complaining. Lucifer knew he was superior to the lieutenant in all matters, but it was an atypical behavior for the otherwise sensible and prudish Chloe Decker.

He suddenly remembered the conversation with Amenadiel and Maze. The siren poisoned people who subsequently killed those they were in love with. Did the detective maybe have deeper feelings for him than she was ready to admit?

His hands clenched around the coffee mug. That was exactly the situation he’d wanted to avoid by any means. Chloe’s feelings couldn’t possibly be real. She was manipulated by his father, just like he was. Cursing inside, he closed his eyes for a brief moment. There was only one way to protect her from it, and even at the thought his heart cramped painfully.

Lucifer was rudely ripped from his thoughts by the sound of a closing front door. He opened his eyes again and saw Chloe, turning to him indecisively.

She looked adorable. Her cheeks were still covered in a soft pink sheen, and her warm ocean blue eyes invited him instantly to drown in them.

Annoyed, the Devil pressed his lips together in a fine line. He had to pull himself together! With difficulty he put on his perfected sarcastic expression. The easiest thing would be to behave the way he usually did.

"Detective, shall we pick up from where we left off before your offspring interrupted us so rudely?" His eyes sparkled ambiguously, and he put the coffee mug back on the kitchen counter before pushing himself away from it. He’d just taken a step towards her as Chloe raised her arms defensively. "Lucifer! We need to talk."

*Of course they had to*, he swore inside. He kept up his amused spectacle. "Darling, we don’t have to do anything. For my part, I prefer to press my head between your lovely thighs instead." Provocatively slowly, he stroked his tongue over his bottom lip.

Chloe’s eyes widened with pleasure and her gaze was fixed on his mouth, probably imagining what he’d done with his tongue the other night. Grinning, he stepped closer.

"Lucifer," she breathed. The sound reminded him of last night. She’d screamed his name like a sinful prayer over and over again. All her thoughts had focused on him, and he’d become her paradisiac and divine center for several hours.

"Stop!" the detective said with difficulty.

His smile dropped, and he sighed theatrically. "Deary me, Detective. What do you have to talk about so urgently that it can’t possibly wait until later?"

Chloe lowered her gaze, and she fidgeted nervously at her fingers. "Last night," she began hesitantly, "was unexpected and thoughtless of us."

"Lucifer," she breathed. The sound reminded him of last night. She’d screamed his name like a sinful prayer over and over again. All her thoughts had focused on him, and he’d become her paradisiac and divine center for several hours.

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Chloe lowered her gaze, and she fidgeted nervously at her fingers. "Last night," she began hesitantly, "was unexpected and thoughtless of us."

Lucifer raised an eyebrow. Of course that was the direction her thoughts took. Before she could go on, he intervened. "You’re very easy to read, Detective. Although I’ve asked you several times if you’re sure about it, you now call the incident a mistake."

Chloe winced at the hardness in his voice. "We both probably got carried away by the footage," she
added. "Besides, I definitely drank too much wine and this drug in my body..."

"These are excuses, darling," the Devil said in amusement, interrupting her in the process. "Admit it! You've craved the night with me as much as I have, and the sinful sounds you made indicate that you enjoyed it quite a lot."

She blushed instantly, moving restlessly on the spot. "That's not my point, Lucifer!"

The Devil couldn't suppress a sarcastic laugh. "Oh, Detective. I think the whole night was about giving you the most possible pleasure."

Chloe hissed, annoyed. She crossed her arms in front of her upper body. "Here I am trying to have a serious conversation and you're turning everything into a joke. Pull yourself together!"

"I'm just showing you some arguments you're desperately trying to suppress."

Chloe took a deep breath, closing her eyes for a few seconds to gather herself. "All right, Lucifer. I admit it. Last night was exciting and really good, but that's not my point."

"It isn't?" he grunted with a grin, enjoying the satisfying feeling that rushed through his body at her compliment.

Chloe took a few steps towards the kitchen, reaching for the coffee mug to keep her hands busy. She avoided his eyes while pouring the coffee into the mug. "How shall we go on from now?" she finally asked, voice tight and unsure.

Lucifer knew exactly what he needed to say to stick to his plan. He didn't like it at all, but it was all for her best.

"What do you mean, Detective? We had an exciting night together. Even though I'm sure you won't forget it so quickly, we'll continue as we have done so far."

"As if nothing happened?" she countered in disbelief.

Lucifer chuckled. "Darling, we just had hot sex. No reason to make a big deal out of it."

"But," she started, stuttering. He saw exactly how his words hurt her. A moment later, her face darkened, and she pinched her eyes angrily. "This is just a joke to you, isn't it? I'm another number on your conquest list."

Lucifer's guts contracted painfully. She would never be just a number on a silly list!

"Detective," he explained calmly instead. "I've told you once before that you need to relax. Sex and desire can be quite overwhelming even without feelings involved."

"So this night means nothing to you?" she asked flatly, breaking eye contact and staring at the coffee mug in her hands instead.

Luckily, he was spared an answer because a new wave of anger kept her going. "Why did you do this to me, Lucifer? You knew that I'm dating the lieutenant. Why did you meddle in my relationship? Why did you seduce me if you knew about Pierce?"

"Wow, easy, Detective!" Lucifer retorted. He raised his hands defensively. "You kissed me first and secondly, you could have stopped at any time. I gave you enough opportunities and you didn't take them. Maybe you should rather ask yourself those questions."
Chloe slammed her mug on the table, spilling some of the coffee. "You're truly the most insensitive person I've ever met."

"I'm the Devil, remember?"

Raging, Chloe ran her hands through her hair, sucking the air into her lungs. "Do you know what, Lucifer? I was right! That night was the biggest mistake of my life!"

He winced under her cold-hearted words.

"How could I've been so stupid," Chloe went on relentlessly. "It's always the same with you. We come emotionally closer and you keep pushing me away from you. What are you so afraid of, Lucifer?"

Anger was boiling up inside him. "I'm not scared, Detective!" he replied coolly. "You're only reading too much into this. We had sex. It was hot and satisfying, but that's it. After all, we're just friends and nothing more."

"Out!" Chloe screamed suddenly, gesturing to the front door.

He raised an eyebrow in disbelief. "Darling!" he started, but the detective didn't let him finish.

"I'm done with you for today. Just leave! We'll never talk about this night again, and you'll stay out of all my private affairs from now on. All we will do together is solve this case as professional partners." She took a deep breath. "And now please go. I'm tired of all your Luciferness and self-centered behavior."

"Careful, Detective," he warned her, piqued. "You're putting all the blame on my shoulders, are you? Let me remind you that you're involved in this as well."

"Lucifer! Just leave!" she yelled.

Shrugging, he let his hands disappear into his pockets and walked past her to the front door. He already had the door handle in his hand when he became aware of his bare feet. He paused and turned to her. Chloe watched him with a murderous look, so he simply decided to pick them up later.

"And don't you dare show up at the precinct today. I'll get in touch with you when we have a new lead," she shouted icily.

He was barely out of the front door when Chloe slammed it shut.

Dejected, Lucifer walked to his convertible parked in the driveway. He'd deliberately let the conversation escalate. Unfortunately, the thought that he was only trying to protect her didn't comfort him at all. His chest tightened and he was forced to consciously inhale and exhale the air a few times.

Spontaneously Lucifer thumped the door of his car. It was all his Dad's fault! At that moment, the Devil was absolutely sure this was a new form of divine punishment. He was suffering because he wasn't allowed to accept Chloe's closeness and at the same time it was all he craved for.

Completely blown away, Lucifer pulled his phone out of his pants pocket, sending a hasty message to Maze. Although the siren hadn't shown up last night, he didn't want to risk on leaving the detective unguarded. From now on, Maze and he would permanently have to keep an eye on Chloe. Surely, the demon would have to step in to babysit Chloe more often in the near future, because he was currently anything but welcome!
The Devil took one last look at Chloe's house, before he opened the door to his car and got in. Chloe Decker was a curse and definitely his damnation.
Hi guys,
thank you so much for all your lovely comments :-) 
As you may know I wrote the story in German first during the airing of season 3. I didn't know all the story details back then (especially about Pierce), so I added some plot elements in this fanfic to go canon with the TV-show. It was important to me to stick to the original storyline. Hopefully, you like where this is going.

Chloe Decker reached for the coffee at the counter and refilled her mug. She stood in the small kitchen area of the police department, staring thoughtfully at the black liquid in her hands.

It had taken quite a while this morning to calm down enough to go to work. Lucifer's words had been so typical and yet so hurtful. Why had she even thought for one tiny moment that he could have interpreted the situation of the previous night differently?

He was a narcissistic playboy, only taking what he desired. For him, the whole night had just been about meaningless sex, and he'd explained that pretty unambiguously.

Chloe shook her head in disbelief as she put the pot back under the coffee machine. Her partner really was an excellent actor. The way he'd held her in his arms, and how lovingly he'd whispered her name – instead of the work title he usually insisted on using - had been so sensitive and caring.

Chloe could have sworn that in those moments he'd been overwhelmed by his own feelings, and that he had genuine and deeper feelings for her. But obviously he'd just been toying with her, and she'd fallen for his silly seduction games. How could she have been so stupid as to believe that the night between them might have been something special?

With a heavy sigh Chloe turned away from the improvised kitchenette, stepping back to the desk. She desperately tried to focus on the series of murders again. Ella had already been informed about Lucifer and her new idea, and the forensic scientist had immediately gone to work to verify the statement. It was always surprising how Lucifer managed to look at murder cases from other perspectives. She probably wouldn't have thought for one single minute that the drug could be exchanged via saliva contact. Unfortunately, the knowledge wasn't much of a help either, because they still had no lead to the woman they were looking for, and the longer they needed the more Chloe grew worried that she might strike again. She'd already tried again once, when the detective had been put under the drug to kill Lucifer.

The only spark of hope was to question the porn actor’s colleague Rachel. Between all the erotic images of last night Chloe was sure she had seen a tattoo on Rachel's neck. Just before she had bent over to kiss Lucifer…

So much for being a professional detective who was distracted by nothing and no one. It had been the second time that her physical desire for her partner had made her lose her focus. First it had been the strip club and now the porn footage - not to mention the phone sex, but luckily it had had nothing to do with her quality of work...

Suddenly and unexpectedly, Chloe was torn from her train of thought as she bumped against a broad
man's chest. It was thanks to her police instincts that she got the coffee cup stabilized before she spilled its content onto a black shirt. An arm slipped around her waist to help her.

"Decker!" sounded the Lieutenant's voice. "Watch out!"

Chloe was startled, hurriedly stepping back. Her gaze wandered up over his broad chest and finally lingered on Pierce's face. He glared at her in a way that could only be described with amusement.

"Marcus," she choked, surprised while cursing herself for letting Lucifer penetrate her mind so she couldn’t even make sense of her reality properly. "I was lost in thought. I am sorry."

The lieutenant released his hand from her waist, looking down at her curiously. "It appears to be a new habit of yours, Decker! Is everything alright? I'm a bit worried after our last conversation."

"Everything's perfectly fine," Chloe replied way too quickly even for her own ears. To downplay her faux pas, she passed Pierce and put the coffee mug down on her desk. Various files and papers were already piled on top of it. The series of murders caused a lot of paperwork, not to mention the number of tragic victims of course.

The lieutenant followed her with folded arms. "Any news?" He nodded in the direction of her work pile.

Chloe pressed her lips together in a fine line, shaking her head. "Ella is testing a new theory, but we still have no clues about the location of the drug killer. Dan is on his way to investigate a possible connection to a colleague of Mr. Adams, but I'm not very enthusiastic it might help."

Her sad expression let Pierce approach. He was too close to her for a professional working relationship between a boss and an employee. "Chloe, be patient. At some point, this woman will make a mistake. All criminals do so, and then we will be there to strike."

The detective lowered her gaze to the floor, causing a few strands of hair to fall across her face. "The risk of another murder is growing every hour," she replied flatly. As a precaution, she didn’t mention the fact that she and Lucifer had already been in focus of the drug killer. It would only complicate things right now, because she wasn’t even able to fully explain to herself what had happened. Besides, it would mean telling Pierce that she and Lucifer had been spending a lot of time together on a private level lately. Her bad conscience intervened instantly, leaving her with an unwell feeling in her stomach.

"Decker!" Pierce's solemn and serious tone made her raise her head.

The lieutenant assured himself that no one was watching before tenderly touching a strand of hair. He brushed it back behind her ear. "I know, you have an urge to save everyone, but..." He broke off in surprise. His gaze was stuck on her neck line like chewing gum. A moment later he frowned.

"Do you think it’s necessary to explain where those dark spots on your neck came from?" the lieutenant asked in an icy voice.

Oh, holy shit! He knew something!

Chloe stepped back, bumping into her desk chair. Hurriedly she let her hair fall back to cover up the marks, which Pierce was still observing with irritating skepticism.
"You probably think that's a hickey," she began hesitantly. Her mind had been turned into mush under his intense gaze. She didn’t want to tell him the truth. After all, Pierce was the man she would like to get involved with. He was the one who was safe and trustworthy, who was there for her when she needed him and whom she could rely on. All qualities that Lucifer didn’t even begin to fulfill. She didn’t want to lose the chance of a safe haven with Pierce because of her rash mistake.

Pierce grunted derisively. "I do, and I'm pretty sure I'm not responsible for them."

Chloe fished for the first excuse she could think of. As confidently as possible she met his gaze. "I was convinced by Maze yesterday to increase my melee training a bit. She first wanted to work with her daggers, but since I rarely wear any on missions, we switched to fists. Unfortunately, my roommate is a real fight master. She caught me several times. One must have been on my neck though."

Pierce maintained eye contact for a long time without blinking. He was considering whether to believe her or not. At that moment she wanted nothing more than to shoot Lucifer. This man was about to ruin everything!

The detective leaned forward, making sure no one paid any attention before giving the lieutenant a gentle kiss on the cheek. "I'm really happy to spend some time with you on the weekend. It's nice to see you are interested in me, but I can assure you there is nobody else. These spots on my body really are just a workout accident."

Pierce's face lit up as she pulled away from his cheek. "All right, Decker! You have convincing arguments." He pointed to his cheek with a smile. "I don’t want to stop you further from working. Incidentally, I can’t wait to leave such marks on your skin. With my mouth of course." The last words were just spoken in a flirty whispering sound.

Chloe blushed, rolling her eyes at the same time. "Let’s see about that, Marcus."

Laughing, Pierce finally turned away from her and stepped back to his private office. Chloe sighed, sinking heavily onto her desk chair. That was close! He’d believed her, hadn’t he? His friendly expression suggested that he’d believed the lie, or was he just good at concealing his feelings? After all, the detective knew exactly how closed up and reserved the lieutenant often was. Annoyed, she ran her fingers through her hair. Since when did her relationship with men become so incredibly complicated? Why did she even have to think about it in the plural? Actually, she should only worry about Marcus. He was the man she wanted to go out with, who she was eager to get involved with, and instead she’d had sex with her partner.

The next moment, images of Lucifer slipped back into her head. He was pressing her close to himself, caressing her neck. His tongue did those crazy things on her skin, making her shiver right away.

Cursing, the detective spun around in her chair and turned her attention to the computer. She was so fucked up! How could she ever get those memories out of her head? One thing was pretty obvious! She had time until her date with Pierce. Under no circumstances would she let Lucifer ruin her second date. Pierce was a noble and secure man who would do her good. At that moment, Chloe decided that Lucifer Morningstar had earned no further place in her mind.

**********
Deep in thought, Lucifer Morningstar swirled the whiskey in his glass as he stared at his reflection in the mirror wall behind the bar. Much of the hickey on his neck was covered by the blue shirt collar, but he could still see it. Chloe Decker had turned out to be extremely unrestrained and wild during sex. He was sure that he’d left some visible marks on her skin, but the detective had succeeded in leaving some on his skin as well. Of course, he also included the scratch marks, running in a red color across his back. Normally, he was immortal and therefore couldn’t get hurt by the nails of a woman, but in Chloe’s presence everything was different. He could die and so her fingernails could hurt him as well.

It got much tighter in his silver-gray pants when Lucifer continued to think of the phenomenal sex with the detective. What had this woman done to him that he couldn’t get enough of her? He’d hoped that one night together would have been enough to relieve the sexual craving of the last months, but that hadn’t happened. Instead of losing interest in the woman he’d given an unforgettable night, it appeared that he wasn’t able to banish Chloe Decker from his mind at all. Again and again, pictures popped up in his head, in which her sensual mouth wandered over his body, or she groaned his name and threw her head back when she came.

Bloody hell! He had to find a new distraction as quickly as possible before he made another rash mistake. The last night had been bad enough. The Devil had tried everything he could think of to keep Chloe and himself at a painful distance, but instead the opposite had happened. He was fervently hoping that her escalating conversation had conveyed that he had no romantic interest in her. She wasn’t allowed to develop those feelings for him, and he wasn’t allowed to act on them. Otherwise his dad would have won, getting exactly what he would like to achieve - an obedient son, playing by his rules. Certainly, he wouldn’t surrender to that shame!

Annoyed, Lucifer turned away from his reflection, stepping towards the window that led him to his rooftop terrace. Unfortunately, there was nothing for him to do right now. Chloe didn’t want him at her side, and Maze had just texted telling him she was still looking for evidence. Maybe he should join the search on his own? If it really was a siren - and there was a lot of hints pointing to her - it was very likely that those humans had overlooked important hints.

Determined, Lucifer straightened his shoulders, emptied the whiskey glass in a swift motion, and put it down on the glass table. If he succeeded in tracking down the siren for Chloe as a professional partner by her side, he would earn her favor and everything would be back to normal - two friends, excellently working together.

The Devil turned on his heels, black Louis Vuitton shoes gleaming in the sunlight. He straightened his silver-gray suit and was just about to step into his private elevator when a visitor was announced with a pinging sound. Lucifer stopped, irritated. Had the detective already come to her senses?

A blink of an eye later, the metallic doors slid aside to reveal Marcus Pierce. He’d put on an unreadable expression while staring at him.

"Lieutenant, I must confess, I didn’t expect the company of your presence." Lucifer grinned with an artificial smile on his face. He was pretty sure it didn’t reach his eyes. Pierce was the last person in the universe he wanted to talk to right now, and the Devil obviously wasn’t in the mood to deal with Chloe’s new lover.

Pierce’s lips drew together in a fine line and he entered the penthouse without being invited. "Lucifer, you and I have to talk! It's about Detective Decker."

The heaviness in his voice caused the Devil to raise an eyebrow at him, smiling. Oh, he knew where this was going.
"Didn’t you just mean we need to talk about Chloe?" he asked, cocking his head to the side.

The lieutenant didn’t respond to his provocation. "Decker's behaving very strangely. She’s looking very absent and confused. Knowing that you've tangled with each other a lot lately, I guess it has something to do with you."

"So, that’s what you think?" the Devil replied casually while stepping to his bar. He wasn’t sure how much Chloe had told him. Presumably she wouldn’t have gone into telling him their dirty and erotic details.

He heard Pierce taking a few steps closer. "Stop that charade, Lucifer. Whatever has happened between you two, make sure to solve it. Decker has enough to do with the murder series."

Lucifer's good mood dropped, and he whirled around with a whiskey carafe in his hand. "Not that I'm in the need to justify myself to you, Lieutenant, but the detective and I only met yesterday to work together on the case." It was a very extended truth, but Pierce didn’t need to know that.

Skeptically the lieutenant narrowed his eyes to slits. "You were at Chloe's yesterday?"

Lucifer noticed the wheels in Pierce’s head had started to turn. He just didn’t know why. What the hell had the detective told him?

Casually, he reached for two glasses and generously poured the amber liquid into them. "We looked through the new footage," he explained, handing the lieutenant a glass.

He took it. "And you probably went back to your club after that, enjoying a nice evening," Pierce pressed out in a cool voice, pointing with his forefinger to his neck. He’d discovered the hickey.

Lucifer put on an arrogant smile, sipping at the whiskey. Pierce knew something, but Lucifer wasn’t sure how much exactly. Casually the Devil leaned against the counter, crossing his feet. "I don’t know about your sex life and I rather prefer not to know about it, Lieutenant, but as you may know I'm very active. I suppose most women can’t resist the Devil's charm and who would I be if I denied them their pleasure?"

Pierce's muscles tensed instantly, and a moment later the whole whiskey glass splintered in his hands. The broken pieces cut deep into his skin and the alcohol spread onto the floor, but he ignored it. He glared at the Devil with an angry expression. "Just stop with that nonsense, Lucifer! I know for sure that you were with Chloe yesterday. It isn’t a coincidence that you both met and have those love bites on your neck. Or do you want to tell me now that those marks were caused by other circumstances?"

Lucifer couldn’t prevent a smug smile forming on his mouth. "Are you jealous you didn’t get the chance, Lieutenant?" he teased provocatively. There was no point in denying the situation. The rabbit was out of the hat.

This time, Pierce responded. He removed the remaining slivers from his bleeding hand and stepped closer. "Stay away from Chloe!" he threatened bleakly. "You obviously don’t do her any good."

Lucifer's amused act instantly dropped. Angrily, he slammed the glass on the counter behind him, pulling away from the bar. "But your motives are noble, Lieutenant?" he hissed. Lucifer felt his own jealousy seething to the surface. It was a dangerous feeling. After all, he wanted Chloe to turn away from him and what would be more effective than another man by her side?

Pierce was adjusting his body structure threateningly in front of him. "Lucifer, I don’t know what your intentions with Decker might be, but I have a real interest in her, and in contrast to you she
doesn’t run around haphazardly after meeting me," he insisted.

Lucifer’s fingers twitched dangerously. "Did it ever occur to you that I just robbed her of sanity because of all the phenomenal sex we had together, Lieutenant? I wouldn’t necessarily take that as negative and the detective certainly enjoyed every second of it. At least considering how many times she screamed my name in lustful ecstasy."

Lucifer saw the change in Pierce’s eyes coming. His iris darkened and his brows tightened hard. A moment later, the lieutenant lunged at him. He was a well-trained man and so the Devil actually had some trouble avoiding his punches. Pierce’s fist hit his chest, and for a moment all air was gone from his lungs. Lucifer panted while using his tiny advantage. With superhuman speed he grabbed Pierce’s arm, throwing the man into the bar. The glass splintered as Pierce crashed into the shelves and spirits, falling to the floor behind the counter a second later.

Lucifer braced himself, waiting for Pierce to jump up and throw a new attack, but when the lieutenant didn’t move, the Devil finally stepped closer, peering behind the counter.

Pierce had collapsed, unconscious. At least that was what Lucifer had thought until he saw the gigantic splinter digging through the Lieutenant’s chest. Bloody hell! He didn’t really kill a human being, did he? Who would have thought that Pierce could be carried into the realm of dead by an unfortunate coincidence so fast?

"Deary me! This is a bloody joke, isn’t it, Dad?” he shouted angrily. The next moment an unpleasant panic spread inside him. How was he supposed to explain the incident to Chloe? Would his actions have any consequences? After all, Pierce had attacked him first...

Cursing, he hurried behind the bar, leaning over the lieutenant. He tore his open shirt aside, checking his injuries. The splinter was placed right at the position of his heart. It was very likely that the organ was perforated. Distracted, Lucifer’s gaze fell on Pierce’s upper arm.

He froze. A circular scar stretched across his skin, remembering him of a time many eons ago. He’d seen that symbol before…

That was completely impossible, wasn’t it? The Sinnerman case came back into his mind, together with what the man had whispered in his ear before Pierce had managed to shoot him. What the hell! That couldn’t be!

A blink of an eye later, the lieutenant suddenly moved. Groaning and panting, his lids twitched before he opened his eyes in agony.

"That’s bloody interesting," the Devil murmured, rising from the squat. Carefully he watched Pierce’s expression. Lucifer discovered a lot of pain, but also a hesitant caution. The lieutenant moved his arm in pain, moaning and pulling the splinter out of his chest before reaching for the ragged shirt next to him. He squeezed it on his bleeding wound.

As unimpressed as possible Lucifer put a hand into the pocket of his suit. "It looks like your secret has been leaked, Lieutenant. Or should I say Cain, first murderer of humanity. Tell me! How did it feel to murder your brother?"

Pierce’s eyes twitched with rage. Lucifer could see exactly how he tried to stay in control. "How did you find out?” he demanded hoarsely.

"The Sinnerman case seemed a bit strange to me all along," Lucifer declared cockily. "Do you remember how you shot the man in my estate? The Sinnerman explained some interesting things to
me. Unfortunately, he didn’t have the chance to finish because you pulled the trigger too early. However, your mark on the upper arm and the fact that you’ve just died and returned are very clear indications.” The Devil's eyes darkened menacingly, and he looked down at Pierce. "And now you better tell me what you really want from the detective, Cain! Otherwise..." He let the threat hang in the air.

His counterpart suddenly began to laugh loudly. With difficulty he pushed himself up from the ground, getting up. "Lucifer! I thought you were smarter. What do you want to do? Kill me again? Good luck. I've been trying that for eons."

Good lord! This man got on his nerves enormously! Lucifer shrugged, glaring at Pierce all along. They were at eye level again. "I know that Dad cursed you, Lieutenant! But you obviously forgot that I am the Devil. A specialty of mine is to torture people and inflict the greatest possible pain on them. And that should work for you, too." His pent-up rage flared to the surface.

Pierce was still pressing his shirt to the open wound, but his eyes had taken on a warning look. "I don’t know what Chloe sees in you. You are impulsive, arrogant and obviously you are playing a false game with her."

Lucifer drew in a sharp breath. If he still had his devil face, he definitely would present it to Pierce now. Unfortunately, his fluffy angel wings wouldn’t have the same effect, so he just made a fist with his hand again. "I am the Devil. I never lie, Cain!"

The lieutenant raised his eyebrows in amusement. "Then why doesn’t Decker know who you really are? Maybe you should stay away from her before I get the idea of telling her about your true identity."

Lucifer broke into a hollow laugh. "Don’t hold back, Lieutenant. Just go and tell the whole world that I am the Devil. I suppose it will be spread with divine speed... Oh, wait a minute." He paused theatrically. "No one will believe you, especially not the detective."

"That probably leads us to a stalemate, Lucifer," Pierce summed up the conversation. He glared at him challengingly. "Chloe won’t believe either of us about our true identity. So just pull back."

Lucifer pressed his lips together in a fine line. They were indeed in the same boat. Chloe wouldn’t believe either him or Pierce that they were real characters from the Bible. Of course, he could show her his wings and give her a visible proof. Then she would understand the story with Cain, but it led Lucifer back to the problem that he had to reveal his true identity to her. Why did all his temporary problems return to the same solution?

"What do you really want from her?" Lucifer tried again. "You cannot fool me with that falling in love with the detective story. You didn’t come into my life by chance. So, Cain? What is it you truly desire?"

Pierce smiled haughtily. "Maybe I am in love, Lucifer," he said simply. "Just leave me and Chloe alone in future! If you would excuse me now. I have a wound to take care of." With that Pierce turned around, striding towards the lift.

"Don’t you dare leave, Cain!" Lucifer's voice rumpled through the penthouse like a hurricane. "If I find out that you're hurting the detective, then I swear to Dad that I'll find a way to get you out of this world. And then you'll experience a whole new definition of the word pain."

Pierce's laughter almost made him lose control. "These are all empty threats," he remarked, amused.
Lucifer growled. In his head all fuses burnt out, and he stormed angrily at the lieutenant. "You will not involve the detective in any of your sick games."

He’d almost reached Pierce when the lift doors opened. The other man whirled around and parried the punch with his forearm. Angrily, the lieutenant hissed. "You better start thinking before you act, Lucifer." A sly grin appeared on his face. "You can still inflict so much pain on me, just keep in mind that every stroke leaves visible marks on me. I wonder what Chloe might think when she discovers that you’ve lost control and punched me out of jealousy."

"Cain!" Lucifer growled in anger. He took a step back, cursing. His hands clenched into fists and it took every ounce of self-control not to hit him again. "I’m keeping an eye on you! If you hurt Chloe, you will feel the wrath of the Devil."

Pierce stepped into the elevator, completely unimpressed. "My knees are shaking with fear," he sneered.

Lucifer had no choice but to watch helplessly as the doors to the elevator closed and Pierce moved out of his field of vision.

Bloody hell! As if the whole situation between him and Chloe hadn’t been already hard enough. Now he had to think about a plan to keep her away from Cain. Although the lieutenant hadn’t shown his true intentions, the Devil doubted that he was only interested in the detective for romantic reasons. Pierce was up to something and he had to find out what it was as soon as possible.

First the siren and now the first murderer of history. Chloe Decker attracted danger like a magnet. Quickly, Lucifer straightened his suit. Although she’d made pretty clear that he should leave her alone, he should at least try to convince the detective that Pierce wasn’t good for her! It was for her own protection!
Lucifer Morningstar was racing through the streets of Los Angeles at high speed. He was on his way to the precinct. The new insights about Marcus Pierce were deeply disturbing. There was only one thought dominating his head right now. He had to warn Chloe! He had to convince her that the lieutenant was playing a false game.

Pierce’s identity revelation had been a surprise. Now that Lucifer knew it was Cain, he cursed himself for not recognizing the signs. They had all been under his nose for months, but he’d been so distracted with Chloe and all his emotional drama that he hadn’t interpreted them correctly. Cain from the Bible - the first murderer of history. What were his goals? Lucifer knew Pierce couldn’t die and was forced to walk the earth for all eternity, but how much of a punishment was that exactly? The lieutenant had tried to kill himself more than once, but it appeared he hadn’t been successful. Although Lucifer didn’t know Cain’s motive, he feared the lieutenant would abuse Chloe for some macabre game. The past had already shown that he was a reckless and dangerous man.

Abel had been killed by his own brother.

Lucifer inhaled the air deep into his lungs. To what extent did he differ from the lieutenant? He had also killed a brother. The thought of Uriel made his heart cramp. He would never be able to completely dismiss the guilt about his action, but he knew he’d done it to protect Chloe and his mom. Quite different was the situation with Cain, who had killed out of jealousy.

How pathetic! The lieutenant had murdered his brother because he’d been jealous that God preferred Abel over him. And there he struck again. Everything came back to his father. Why the hell did everyone always want to crawl into his ass? Didn’t they see the manipulative game his father was really playing?

Lucifer was too deep in thought to notice the red of the traffic light until the last minute. It was only his superhuman skills that enabled him to pass the intersection without an accident. Of course, a patrol car had watched his kamikaze drive, catching him right down the street.

Lucifer cursed loudly. It had cost him precious time to convince the policeman to take the bribe and let him continue without a complaint. Actually, it had to be a lesson, but the Devil had bigger problems at his plate right now.

Completely annoyed, Lucifer finally parked his Corvette in the underground garage of the LAPD, turning off the engine. He couldn’t discover Pierce’s motorcycle anywhere. A deep relief spread in his body. That would at least give him time to inform Chloe without Cain's presence.

The Devil hurried out of his car, closing the door behind him. The next second he was racing to the elevator and went up to the ground floor. His feelings came to a head, spinning and tormenting his mind. He still had no idea how to start the conversation. The lieutenant had been right. Chloe wouldn’t believe the Cain story. He had to find another reason – a plausible one - for her to stay
away from him.

With a gentle jerk, the elevator came to a halt and the doors slid aside. Lucifer shrugged as he straightened the cufflinks on his dark blue shirt before stepping out of the elevator and heading to Chloe's desk. Of course, she wasn’t there.

Eyes wandering, Lucifer spun in a circle. Had she already gone home? It was late afternoon. Most people would have finished their work by then and left. He raised his eyebrows skeptically. Chloe Decker was a workaholic. A murder series brought her to a point of despair, so she would never leave the precinct that early when an unresolved case was waiting for her.

Lucifer glanced around with a scrutinizing look, until he saw Ella Lopez's lab door. Through the slats of the blinds in front of the glass windows he spotted the detective. She was wearing the same clothes as this morning, leaning tensely against a lab bench while listening to Ella.

Bingo!

Without knocking, he reached for the doorknob and entered the small forensic laboratory. The two women immediately spun around.

While Ella gave him a warm smile, Chloe looked like she wanted to stab him the next second.

"Here you are, Detective! We need to talk. It’s urgent," he immediately exposed his request, staring at her with a hint of desperation.

A few wrinkles appeared on her forehead as she squeezed her eyes shut. "Ella is just telling me about her latest evaluations, and besides, I don’t know what we both have to discuss, Lucifer!" she snapped icily.

The Devil noticed Ella stepping back uncomfortably. She clutched her tablet tighter to her chest. For a minute he pondered a way to get the forensic scientist out of the lab, but at the same time he guessed it wouldn’t ease the tense situation with Chloe. He looked uneasily from one woman to the other.

An unpleasant silence spread. Chloe crossed her arms in front of her body, glaring at him with annoyance. Ella lost it a moment later, babbling out the first thing she could think of. "C’mon, guys! What happened between you two? Nobody can handle that much tension."

"Nothing!" It came back from both at the same time.

Ella swallowed uncomfortably as she raised her hands. "Wow! All right." She turned her attention to Chloe and tried to de-escalate the mood. "As I’ve just started explaining, your idea of saliva transfer was awesome. I did some research. Although I don’t know about a drug that could be dosed in such a way, I do know that such thing actually exists in the animal world. I found out about an eagle - similar to the harpy - that spreads some kind of poison through saliva to its prey. This poison confuses the affected animals and let them return to their burrow or nest, killing their own species. Presumably, this bird uses its venom to locate the prey's nest."

Lucifer was suddenly alarmed. That was a clear sign and definitely a disturbing evidence point. Sirens had been appearing in two forms in the past. Some had seen them as big birds with the head of a beautiful woman - like harpies - and others had described them as ugly disfigured demons. Of course, they had been able to transform into any shape to dazzle their victims with their beauty, but the comparison to the harpies, or in this case an existing bird species, indicated that their theory with the siren had to be correct. That was disturbing news, especially as a small part of him had still hoped
that Amenadiel and Maze were wrong. Well, obviously that was not the case.

"How does that help us?" Chloe asked doubtfully. She ignored his attempt at eye contact and was fixated on the forensic scientist.

Ella shrugged. "I'm not sure. The composition of the substance is still strange, but I've succeeded in extracting the substances and combining them with saliva. You can see that the substances are reacting with each other. So at least we know how that woman proceeds to drug people."

Chloe nodded thoughtfully, falling into a deep silence again.

Ella's gaze moved between her and Lucifer. He could literally see her clanking her brain and trying to understand the situation.

He casually put a hand in the pocket of his suit, giving the forensic scientist a friendly smile. "Miss Lopez, thank you for the new information. May I suggest now that you leave me and the detective alone for a while?"

Chloe grunted, annoyed. "No need. I'm just going to leave anyway."

She was still ignoring his gaze. Ella, on the other hand, looked at him with concern, a compassionate look on her face.

"Please, Detective! It's important," he tried again.

Chloe's head suddenly turned to face him. "I do not want to talk to you, Lucifer. Or does it have anything to do with the case?"

Lucifer pressed his lips together in a fine line. "Not necessarily," he confessed. "But…"

She interrupted him. "Then I don’t want to hear it!" Angry, she turned away from him, walking past him out of the lab. Cursing, Lucifer whirled around and stormed after her. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Ella's head-shaking smile, but he had no time to deal with it.

Hastily he followed Chloe and caught up with her a few steps later. "Detective! I know you don’t want me around right now, but it's important! It's about the lieutenant."

Obviously, those had been the wrong words to say, because Chloe hissed, accelerating her walking pace.

Lucifer had enough of her condescending nature. Instantly he reached for Chloe's hand, pushing open the adjacent door to pull her into the evidence room.

He slammed the door shut louder than intended.

It only took Chloe a moment to gather herself. Angrily, she snatched her hand from his. "What’s that about, Lucifer? You're behaving like a child that doesn’t get his way," she snapped.

"Says the woman who tries desperately to avoid a conversation with me," countered the Devil. His gaze swept over the windowless room with shelves full of bagged evidence, illuminated only by a dim ceiling light. He stood between Chloe and the door, blocking her exit. She had already noticed that little detail, because she sighed in surrender, crossing her arms. "All right, Lucifer! You have two minutes. What is so important?"

The Devil gave her a long look, letting himself get caught in her fiercely blue eyes. His head was
suddenly empty. He didn’t know how or where to start this conversation so she would believe him. All the arguments he’d been considering on the way to the precinct appeared to be wrong and very unhelpful at the moment.

When he didn’t start, Chloe got increasingly impatient. She wrinkled her nose. "I just don’t understand you," she murmured dejectedly. The next moment she tried to pass him to leave the evidence room. Panicked, he grabbed her upper arm, making sure she wouldn’t leave.

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Chloe Decker stopped in the middle of her movement. Lucifer's closeness and his inconspicuous touch on her arm made her pause. Her outburst had fizzled. Instead, she’d been overcome by a sadness she didn’t want her partner to see. What the hell was wrong with that man? What game was he playing? First, he’d verbally hurt her in the morning and then he was storming into Ella’s lab like a berserker, demanding to speak with her. Chloe was tired of this emotional roller coaster ride. She wanted nothing more than to be alone, get a chance to deal with her feelings and to analyze her choices. She could hardly believe that it had only been two days between the night in which she'd nearly murdered Lucifer under drug influence and now. So fucking much had happened since then, quite literally…

"Please, Chloe," Lucifer softly begged, pulling the name card.

It was very rare that he didn’t use her work title. Actually, he’d only done it in the bedroom or during the phone sex so far. The thought made her swallow, hard.

With great effort she released herself from his grip, taking a big step backwards to create more space between them. She had no idea what to say, so she kneaded her fingers and waited for Lucifer to finally explain what he so desperately wanted to spill.

Chloe’s eyes were glued to the door behind him, avoiding a direct eye contact. The contradictory feelings she’d just read in his eyes were too much for her to handle right now.

"Detective," Lucifer finally started. "You can no longer go out with Pierce. It’s dangerous."

What the…. Was this a new sick number?

"Lucifer," she said, but her partner interrupted her.

"This has nothing to do with jealousy," he quickly justified himself, getting her to look him in the eye in the process. "The lieutenant visited me earlier in my penthouse. First, we kind of fought together, but then I figured something out."

"You two fought?" Chloe's heart was racing. "Please tell me that this visit had nothing to do with me, Lucifer!"

Uncomfortably her partner cleared his throat before clapping his hands together. "I'm afraid the lieutenant has a problem with you wearing some visible marks on your neck, Detective."

For heaven's sake! It appeared Marcus hadn’t believed her lie. Panic stirred up in her. "What have you done, Lucifer?"
He shrugged. "I didn’t do anything. Pierce put one and one together after discovering the same spots on my neck." He cocked his head to show her a visible hickey above his shirt collar.

Desperately the detective cursed.

"Though I cannot say I would regret putting those marks on your pretty neck, darling." He actually had the nerve to grin like a cat.

Chloe’s anger simmered to the surface. She knew it was unfair to blame him for everything, but the helplessness and the fact that he’d repeatedly hurt her feelings, let her emotions win over her sanity. "I want you to stay away from me and Pierce from now on. What I do with the lieutenant is none of your business."

"I’m afraid I can’t do such a thing!" he replied immediately.

Chloe’s body cramped at his statement. His contradictory arguments made her head spin, causing her a whiplash.

"I can’t do what you asked for, because you're in danger, Detective," he explained a moment later. "Pierce isn’t who he claims to be."

Contrary to all her sanity she jumped on that train of thought. "What do you mean? Marcus is a nice man, working for the LAPD."

She heard Lucifer take a deep breath. "He has a dark past, Detective. And I fear his previous actions are the reason he will hurt you."

Chloe shook her head, completely overwelmed. "I have absolutely no idea what you mean by that, Lucifer. What did he tell you?"

Her partner suddenly began to laugh. "What do you want to hear, Detective? The absurd reality or the refined rational variant?" His cynicism in his voice was hard to miss.

Chloe was overcome by another wave of anger. "How about the truth?"

Lucifer huffed. "The truth is that the lieutenant is a liar. He killed his brother and has been punished by my father since then."

All different thoughts were rolling over in Chloe's head. She really wanted to understand Lucifer, but his words made no sense at all. Was it a pathetic attempt to trash talk about Marcus because Lucifer was jealous? She lost her composure.

"That’s enough, Lucifer!" she yelled too loudly for the small room.

Her partner gripped his hair in despair, gesturing wildly with his arms. "Detective, you have to believe me. Pierce is a threat to you."

"At the moment I can only see one thing very clearly, Lucifer. I don’t understand why, but you're obviously jealous about Marcus. Whatever happened in your conversation, your behavior is absolutely inappropriate."

"This has nothing to do with jealousy, Detective," he insisted stubbornly. "I'm just trying to protect you."

"And from what? Getting hurt? Because that you did all by yourself this morning, Lucifer." Chloe
bit her tongue as the words escaped her mouth. She didn't want to show Lucifer how much he'd hurt her, but the words had been out before she was able to hold them back.

Her partner's eyes widened in surprise. She could have sworn she could see something like a deep sadness in them, but the next moment he'd put his perfect poker face back on. "This has nothing to do with us, Detective," he assured her seriously.

Chloe escaped a hysterical laugh. "It has everything to do with us. You're jealous of Pierce and want me to stay away from him. I just don't understand why you’re behaving like that. After all, you explained pretty clearly this morning that we're just friends." Angry, she glared at him.

Lucifer met her gaze with the same raging fury. "Bloody hell!" he shouted indignantly and lost control. The next moment, Chloe was pressed against the shelves behind her with a superhuman speed. One of his hands grabbed her hip while the other was placed behind her neck, pulling her closer. A blink of an eye later, he slammed his mouth on hers.

Chloe's mind suddenly stopped serving. Things had happened too fast for her brain to follow and for a brief moment she was overwhelmed by the sensations of last night. She felt the electrifying tingling returning with full force. It almost took her breath away, making her forget everything important. Lucifer was unrestrained and wild. Desperately he gained access to her mouth. His tongue slid over hers, dueling with her own, while his hot body was pressing her into the shelves. She could feel him everywhere. It was overwhelming, hot and absolutely uninhibited. Chloe groaned helplessly at his lips. The whole argument had caused Lucifer to lose control, and the detective almost joined him.

Her fingers clenched in the fabric of his blue shirt. She squeezed hard with the last bit of her remaining self-control. Her partner lurched back, growling deeply. He was staring at her with a mixture of anger and pure, sinful passion.

Chloe needed a moment to regain her composure. "What are you doing, Lucifer? You cannot kiss me like that!" she finally hissed.

"Why not?" he countered. "Maybe the kiss will convince you that I’m better than Pierce. I can assure you, he will only hurt you."

Chloe needed to close her eyes for a long moment. In her head she was counting down from ten to zero, so she wouldn't explode completely. This man had the biggest ego she'd ever seen. Irritated, she clenched her hands to gather. He was actually comparing himself to the lieutenant!

"We can’t do it because you’ve decided we’re only friends! You've pushed me away this morning, and if I'm honest, I don’t think that you're the better option," she said in a broken voice. "Especially since you didn’t even give me a choice of my own!"

Contrary to her guess, her words hurt him. He lowered his gaze, face grimacing to a blank expression. "I haven’t a choice either, Chloe!" he whispered so softly she barely understood him.

It was too much for her to handle. She felt hot tears watering her eyes. The dam was about to break. All she wanted was to flee and hide in a quiet corner to cry, because in that particular moment she realized how deeply her feelings for Lucifer really went. It wasn't just a physical attraction. Secretly she wished that more would develop between them, because she had feelings for him.

Holy shit!

That self-knowledge was earth-shattering. She pressed her lips together and looked away. Completely shocked, she folded her arms before her chest. The worst part of the situation was
Lucifer showing no interest in deepening their romantic partnership, and at the same time claiming that she shouldn’t see Marcus on a private level anymore. The ambivalent behavior was driving her mad.

"You can’t have it both ways, Lucifer," she breathed flatly, before turning away from him. She rushed past him, heading for the exit.

He let her pass without another word.

The first tears were already running down her cheeks. Chloe aimed the direct route to the toilets. She saw neither Ella nor Pierce watching her from different directions as she hurried out of the evidence room in complete disarray.

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Lucifer Morningstar was sitting on one of LUX’s sofas, watching some women move enticingly on the dance floor in their tight cocktail dresses. He’d already noticed they were trying to get his attention, but no matter how much he focused on them, it took less than ten seconds before a picture of Chloe flashed up in his mind, reminding him of the previous day’s conversation.

Her words had hit him deeply and that insight terrified him even more. The detective hadn’t been able to hide her sadness, and although she’d fled in panic, Lucifer had seen the first tears running down her cheeks. She was absolutely right! Currently he was the only one hurting her emotionally. That was exactly why he didn’t want to deepen the relationship with her and why he’d rejected her with his short marriage with Candy. He’d just wanted to protect her from herself, but now it seemed to be too late for that. He’d failed all along.

The previous day had been a complete disaster. Chloe was even more annoyed and hurt now. He hadn’t even succeeded in convincing her that Pierce had bad intentions. She’d dismissed him as a jealous man and accused him of wanting to have it both ways. What the hell did she mean by that?

And like that wasn’t depressing enough, he had once again lost control of himself and had pressed her against the shelves in her back to kiss her. Due to her lack of insight, all restraint had vanished in his head and he’d given in to his first impulses. The lust had rolled over him like a tsunami wave and for a few seconds the detective had returned his passion. However, she’d come back to her senses quicker than he’d have liked, pushing him away in the process.

Annoyed, Lucifer reached for the whiskey glass on the table in front of him, emptying it in a swift move. The flickering colorful light and the loud beats of the music distracted him for a brief moment, and he managed to concentrate again on the three women, who were still giving him provocative glances. He put on his perfected charming smile, smirking back.

His club was well-attended as usual. There wasn’t one night in the week when guests didn’t overrun LUX. His reputation preceded him. At least one thing he didn’t have to worry about. After all, he had enough to do with Cain and that murderous siren who had pretended to be Pierce in Chloe’s presence.

The thought of the lieutenant made Lucifer grimace. When he left the evidence closet yesterday shortly after Chloe, he’d noticed Pierce standing at the end of the corridor, grinning at him triumphantly. It had cost him a lot of self-control not beating that smug grin out of his face. The
lieutenant might have won the first round, but Lucifer hadn't surrendered yet. He would find a way to convince Chloe that Pierce was untrustworthy.

"It appears that tortured expression of yours has become your constant companion, Lucifer!" a woman said teasingly from the side.

He turned his head, spotting his former bodyguard. Maze stood by the edge of the sofa, looking down at him with an arrogant smile. His eyes slid briefly over her shapely body. She was wearing a black leather top, leaving her belly button free, and a pair of skintight pants. It was an old habit of his to check her out.

"Maze, shouldn’t you be home playing the babysitter for the detective?" he accused her moodily.

The demon shrugged and sat down on the couch. She handed him a full glass of whiskey, while drinking from her own. "Because you messed up and she doesn’t want you near her anymore?"

The Devil bit his tongue, hard. "Mazikeen! That's not a joke. The siren is still out there and a danger to the detective." He glared at her, leaning forward intimidatingly.

Maze started to laugh, ignoring his gesture completely. "Calm down, Lucifer! I've assigned Amenadiel to guard the house while I'm gone."

Her words soothed him a little, and he leaned back in the upholstery with relief.

"You screwed up," Maze finally explained, patting his shoulder. "Decker is sitting at home like a pile of misery. I had to listen to her whining about you and Pierce for two hours. It was exhausting."

Lucifer narrowed his eyes, scowling at the demon. "Unfortunately, the detective didn’t quite believe me yesterday when I tried to explain that the lieutenant was playing a nasty game. It turns out Pierce is Cain."

He’d surprised Maze with that sentence. The demon looked at him for a long moment, startled. "That's unexpected," she confessed with interest. There was a murderous twinkle in her eyes.

Lucifer nodded thoughtfully as he took a long drink from his glass. The whiskey burned pleasantly in his throat. He licked his lower lip, setting the glass back. "I tangled with him yesterday and killed him by mistake. Anyway, he came back shortly after. I saw the mark Dad has put on him as a punishment. You have to find out what he’s up to, Maze! Cain is planning something, and he needs the detective for it. Unfortunately, she doesn’t believe me, and I have no evidence to convince her otherwise."

Maze chuckled in amusement. "You killed Pierce? Because of Chloe, I suppose?"

"That doesn’t matter," he grumbled.

Grinning, the demon shook her head. "You're getting increasingly soft, Lucifer!"

He jerked forward, leaning close to her face. "Guard your foolish tongue, Mazikeen! I'm the King of Hell!" She got on his nerves. His mood was already a pain in the ass, so Maze shouldn’t pull on his last strand of self-control.

"You are the Devil and you do have a lot of enemies. Enemies that put Decker on focus. Who should I concentrate on? This shapeshifting siren, or would you prefer me stabbing my daggers in Cain’s back first?"
Lucifer clenched his hand into fists, forcing himself to remain calm. "Did you find a lead to the siren?" he asked.

"Not yet. I’ve searched every damn place you saw her or the corpses, but she blurs all of her tracks."

Lucifer sighed heavily. It didn’t surprise him, considering that the siren was probably the last of her kind. She’d succeeded in escaping the campaign of his brother Michael eons ago.

Maze looked at him for a long moment. "Lucifer, I still think our only chance is to use Chloe as bait and lure the enemy out."

The Devil grunted derisively. The detective’s life was already on the line. He certainly wouldn’t use her as bait and increase the danger. What if something went wrong and the siren got hands on her again? The thought of her being hurt or even killed was unbearable, so he shook his head. "No, we won’t do that. The detective doesn’t know what danger she is in and wouldn’t have a chance to assess the situation realistically. Find another way, Mazikeen! And in the process, you can help me find out what Pierce’s intentions are. I want to know everything about him."

"You're pathetic," she accused. "It's our only chance! Plus, you have the levers to change Chloe's situation to your advantage. Tell her who you are and what you're hunting."

Angry, Lucifer shot up from the couch, glaring down at the demon. "Stay out of this, Maze! Chloe will not be bait. End of discussion!"

"It would also help you convince her that Cain is untrustworthy," she reminded him.

Lucifer had enough. He would not run to the detective, showing her his wings! Bloody hell! Furious, he turned away, sighting his elevator to the penthouse.

“Incidentally, Decker is determined to go on this date with Pierce the day after tomorrow. You drove her right into his arms with your behavior,” she called after him.

The Devil growled, pushing past the humans. He also passed the three women he’d been watching earlier, but he left them without a single comment. That was how far it had gone. Detective Chloe Decker had made sure he didn’t even feel comfortable in his own club anymore. Angry at her, the conversation with Maze and at himself, he entered the elevator. The whole situation in which he was stuck seemed to be out of control and he had no bloody idea how he could become a master of it again.
He was unsuccessful

Chapter Notes

Hiya Lucifans,

here we go again. I finished the translation of another chapter. Well, I can assure you, it wasn’t easy for me to write this particular scene...
But read for yourselves.
I better go hiding somewhere :-D

Chloe Decker stood in front of the closet, studying her black lace cocktail dress in the floor-length mirror. It was very sexy with the low neckline, but the black lace stretched to her upper arms, making sure she didn’t show too much skin at once. She’d bought the dress many years ago, but so far she hadn’t gotten much opportunity to wear it. Last time had been at that illegal auction where Lucifer's stolen wings had been auctioned off.

Chloe shook her head in resignation as she turned away from her reflection. She’d given up banishing Lucifer from her thoughts. He was like a nasty parasite, always nestling in her head and reminding her that he was still there.

Three days had passed since she’d last seen her partner - three damn days in which she’d tried to analyze her feelings for him. Worst of all, he even chased her in her sleep now. Each time his dark brown eyes had been drilling to the very bottom of her soul, making sure to remind her of the intense feelings that went far beyond a mere friendship.

But Chloe wasn’t ready to accept those feelings. The emotional ups and downs of the past weeks had shown her that he was unable to make a real connection. A relationship with him would never work.

That was the reason why Chloe forced herself to think about Marcus Pierce every free minute. He was a nice man and it didn’t matter what her partner thought about him. In some way it was strange how vehemently Lucifer had tried to warn her about the lieutenant, but she could find no other explanation than her partner being jealous beyond measure. Which, incidentally, wasn’t an appropriate reaction at all...

Chloe paced into the adjacent bathroom, reaching for the pink lipstick. She was nervous, mostly because she hadn’t seen Pierce the entire rest of the week. Lucifer had mentioned that the lieutenant knew about their night together and the thought burdened her. She felt caught and infinitely miserable. Of course, she’d tried to find a chance to talk with Pierce, but when she’d knocked on his office the day before yesterday to find it empty, she’d learned that Marcus was on a mission until today. The only communication that had happened between Marcus and her since then had been a short text message in which he'd given her the details of their upcoming date. He hadn’t acted strangely or pissed at all.

Unfortunately, Chloe hadn’t had the courage to just call him, and so she was getting ready for the evening with a sinking feeling in her stomach. If Marcus really wanted nothing to do with her anymore, he would have just canceled their date, right?
Chloe finished her makeup and straightened her shoulders. She’d already come up with an apology in her head, involving a long speech about how important the lieutenant was to her and how much she wanted to deepen her relationship with him. He was the man who did her good.

With renewed motivation, Chloe left the bathroom, stepping down the stairs to the living room. Trixie had been picked up by Dan an hour ago and was staying with him for the weekend. Only her roommate leaned at the kitchen counter, bored, playing around with one of her daggers.

"Maze, what did I tell you about knives in our household?" Chloe reprimanded the woman.

"Decker, Trixie isn’t here and I’m about to leave anyway. A new bounty is waiting to be collected."

Chloe cocked her head. "You seem to be busy a lot lately. Did you somehow change the department?"

Maze raised an eyebrow in amusement. "No, I did not. Unless you’re counting Lucifer's orders."

The detective curiously stepped closer to the kitchen. The mention of her partner was suspicious. "What did he want you to do?" she asked, placing her hands on her hips in challenge. She saw her roommate putting on a neutral poker face: small smile and innocent looking eyes.

"I'm good at finding and reading tracks. Lucifer has been trying to find your mastermind since the night you tried to shoot him," she finally announced.

Surprised, Chloe drew the air into her lungs. "And you didn’t mind to tell me that earlier?"

"You didn’t ask, Decker!" Maze replied mischievously.

Chloe rolled her eyes. Sometimes her roommate and Lucifer had way too much in common. Both of them were good at turning words around to juggle with the truth. Where did that habit come from? It definitely reached some devilish proportions.

When Maze realized Chloe’s frustration, she crossed her arms over her chest, leaning over the kitchen counter. "That's no reason to be in a bad mood. Just take it for extra help."

"I'm not in a bad mood," the detective quickly explained. "I'm just angry Lucifer has concealed this detail. He knows exactly how much energy this series of murders is costing me."

"Should I drive you to him, so you can kick his ass?" Maze suggested with a smirk, bursting into a resounding laughter a moment later.

Grunting, Chloe let the air out of her mouth and waited for her roommate to finish laughing.

"Decker," Maze finally managed to say more seriously. "Would it have made you feel better if you knew?"

Slowly the detective shook her head. "Probably not."

Why was she so upset about it? It felt like all issues around Lucifer were just infuriating her and making her lose control. Of course, it wasn’t a good idea to behave like that later with Marcus.

Chloe took a deep breath, trying to calm her down. This wasn’t the time to think about Lucifer.

"Will you inform me if you find anything?" she asked Maze with a neutral tone.

Her roommate nodded. "I would have done that anyway! But I doubt that I will find anything. It
appeared your murderer is extremely good at disguising all traces. So far I’ve found nothing."

Chloe sighed. "Yes, I believe you’re right." She looked at Maze, who had put on a contrite expression. It almost looked like she was wondering if she should release some information she was holding back.

"What is it?" Chloe asked skeptically.

For a long while Maze just looked her in the eyes, frowning. "I have an idea which Lucifer doesn’t approve of. It would be the fastest way to find the woman you’re looking for."

Chloe was suddenly alert. Curious, she tilted her head.

"It's obvious the killer got access to our apartment and infected you with the drug, so you left to murder Lucifer. That means she knows you and would probably love to try it again."

"You mean I should play bait?" Chloe put in thoughtfully.

Maze shrugged. "It's our best chance. We weren't able to find her, so we'll set her a trap, and you're the best bait at the moment. We lure the woman out of her hiding place and strike."

Was that a realistic possibility? The way Maze talked about it, it sounded very likely. Did the wanted woman really care about her? Of course, Chloe had recently been more careful, looking through the peephole more than once when it rang, or turning around more often to watch her surrounding attentively. Knowing that she’d tried to murder Lucifer, and that the woman had simply gained access to her house, worried her. She hadn’t even noticed how she’d been drugged. In addition, all those irritating pictures about Pierce were still stuck in her head, even though she knew with hundred percent certainty that he hadn’t visited her.

Therefore it was pretty obvious that Chloe was desperate. She was grateful for any new leads in the case, and Maze's idea was indeed an option. A trap was exactly what they needed to turn the cards in the game.

"That’s a good idea," she agreed. Her thoughts were already beginning to draw up a plan. "We'll deal with it tomorrow morning." She paused as another thought came to her mind. "Why didn’t Lucifer want us to go through with the plan?"

Maze grimaced to an annoyed expression. "Don't ask me. He’s just too soft lately."

Skeptically Chloe looked at her. What did her friend mean by that? She would definitely convince Lucifer tomorrow to come up with that plan. Of course, it was risky, and she already suspected that it was the reason he didn’t like it. His protective instincts had grown exponentially the past months. On the one hand she felt honored, but on the other hand it was also a hindrance, because in the end she was the one in a position to decide which dangers she would expose herself to.

Chloe's eyes fell on the clock on the kitchen wall and her eyes widened in disbelief. She was already late.

"I have to go," she told Maze. "We'll think up something tomorrow, and I'm going to make Lucifer's life a living hell for trying to hide such ideas from me." Ignoring Maze's ambiguous laugh, she turned away and walked to the front door, wheels still turning in her head.

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After fastening the knife at her belt, Mazikeen reached for a second one. She’d hidden many smaller weapons in her wardrobe behind a double wall while the larger weapons were stored in the basement. Chloe knew about the toys and although she didn’t like her storing them all in a house with a nine-year-old, the detective accepted her tendency. Maze had absolutely no idea what Decker might think about her preferences, but honestly, she didn’t care. It was perfectly normal for a demon to be armed to the teeth, but she wasn’t exactly sure if it also was a normal habit for human bounty hunters.

Annoyed, she fastened the last weapon on her body and strode towards the front door. Lucifer's instruction was unambiguous. Although she hated running orders for him, Chloe had become a good friend, and Maze had no interest in seeing her under the influence of that siren’s poison once again.

It would all be so much easier if that poor chicken of a Devil would finally put all his cards on the table. Then she wouldn’t have to play this stupid secretive game anymore and Chloe would know what danger she was in!

Angrily Maze slammed the door shut behind her. Amenadiel and herself shared the task of babysitting Decker. Since Lucifer's brother had previously texted that he was studying new literary references about the siren, she had no other choice but to cling to Chloe’s heels tonight.

Urrrrggghh! Just the thought of watching Chloe and Cain's romantic fuss caused a certain disgust in her. If she had to watch, then at least from the front row or, better, sexually involved...

"She really did go to him, didn’t she?" sounded the pressed voice of her former Lord of Hell. Maze whirled around to see Lucifer walking down the street towards her. He looked awful. His beard was too long, taking on an unkempt touch. His hair was tangled in curls and his wine-red handkerchief was almost falling out of the pocket of his black designer suit. He’d even forgotten to close the top buttons of his wine-red shirt.

The demon looked at him derogatively. "I'm just leaving to follow her," she explained, but Lucifer shook his head.

"I'll do it," he decided. "If Cain cuts one single hair on her head, I want to be there to punish him."

Maze wasn’t an expert in understanding human emotions, but even she saw the deep pain in his eyes right now. It was masochistic of him. She knew he cared for Chloe, and watching Decker meet with the lieutenant had to be his own personal hell.

"Are you sure?" she asked skeptically. "You know what kind of things can happen on such a date."

Lucifer's eyes narrowed, as he glared at her angrily. "I know what I'm getting myself into, Mazikeen," he hissed. "But I won't wait for Cain to hurt her!"

"As you wish, Lucifer," she replied, unimpressed by his outburst of rage. That would give her time to consider a suitable strategy for luring the siren out with Chloe’s help.

The Devil had already turned away from her, but she stopped him. "By the way, it's possible that Decker will come to you tomorrow with a request," she said vaguely, attracting his attention again.

Visibly impatient, he spun around. "What do you mean by that, Maze?" he asked, hands in the pockets of his suit pants. It should be a casual gesture, but his stiff and tense posture told her that he was close to losing his temper. Who would have thought that the Lord of Darkness could fall so low
because of a woman?

Maze put on an arrogant grin. "I convinced Chloe to play bait and lure out the siren. She will coordinate the details with you tomorrow."

It was deathly silent for a blink of an eye, until a wave of anger broke over Lucifer. "I beg your pardon!" he yelled in rage.

The demon was used to his outbursts, but the intensity surprised her nevertheless.

"Why did you do that?" he shouted, losing control.

And then it happened. For a moment, Maze could have sworn to see his eyes glow red - those devilish eyes that gave people a glimpse of purgatory and threatening damnation, and which she so painfully missed. But even before she would have been able to finish the thought, the glow had vanished again. Was that possible? Lucifer had told her that his devilish face had disappeared since the wings were back.

"It's the only way," Maze remarked quietly, ignoring the bitter tone in his voice as well as the hallucination of his red eyes. "We will both be there to protect her, Lucifer. There's nothing to worry about."

The Devil approached as he pointed at her. "You of all people should know better than to trick or, even worse, manipulate me, Mazikeen."

"Then start behaving like yourself again, Lucifer. You are the Devil, and I am a master in torturing souls. It'll be easy for us to kill the siren."

Lucifer glared at her for a moment, but then he capitulated. "For your own sake I hope you're right, Maze!" There was a distinct warning in his tone.

They fought a long stare duel. She tried to see something in his dark brown eyes that reminded her of the old Lucifer she desperately wanted to have back, but his eyes were just telling her how desperate and angry he was. It was the tormented look of a fallen angel, not the threatening gaze of the Devil.

Lucifer finally broke eye contact, tucking at his suit. Gracefully he turned away from her without saying another word. Using Chloe as bait was the best way to solve the case and kill the siren, and even the Devil would soon agree. Shaking her head in disbelief, Maze walked back to the house and slammed the door shut.

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Pierce's house was quite modern, Chloe Decker noticed as she raised her head, looking up from the threshold of the front door. It was a white painted and elegant looking flat roof house with a large roof terrace. Obviously a lieutenant had to earn significantly more money than someone in her position as a detective, because she wouldn't be able to afford such a mini-villa.

Nervously Chloe squeezed her fingers together and took a deep calming breath before gently pressing the doorbell. Her stomach felt like it was turning upside-down as she waited.

It took some time before she heard a sound behind the door and the owner of the house appeared in
her field of view. Marcus Pierce beamed at her with his warm green eyes and a friendly looking smile, door handle still in one of his hands. For a moment Chloe got distracted by his attractive appearance. He was wearing black pants and a cream shirt with rolled up sleeves that allowed her to stare at his well-trained forearms.

"Chloe, it's so nice you're here," he greeted her charmingly as he stepped aside to let her enter.

The detective gave him a shy smile while tugging a strand of hair behind her ear. What had she expected? That the lieutenant would confront her with the precarious topic right in front of the door? Unsettled, she stepped into the house, passing him in the process. The inside was arranged just as the outside suggested: Simple white walls, elegant wooden furniture and something that made Chloe pause next to a stairwell.

"You're collecting stones?" she asked in surprise. Her eyes slid along the wall. There was a large rectangular shelf attached, which displayed the most diverse collection of rocks. Some were bigger than others, but they were all illuminated by a warm background light. Interested, she gave Pierce a quick glance over her shoulder.

The lieutenant was just closing the front door. "They're enduring and robust," he told her with a simplicity that made Chloe raise her eyebrows. Most people collected stamps or shells. A gigantic stone collection - like this one - was unique.

"They look very pretty," she said, running her fingers along some stones at her height. They were shimmering in a variety of colors and were made of quite different materials. The detective could easily understand why they caught Marcus' interest in the first place.

The lieutenant stepped closer to her, pointing with a sweeping wave of hands up the small stairs. "Please. Dinner is already waiting."

Chloe nodded with a smile. She waited for Pierce to lead her to a large living area with adjoining modern kitchen. The house was split over several floors and half-floors. There was even a private dining room where she had a nice view over the back-garden area. She liked Pierce's taste right away.

Chloe turned her head, spotting an elegant table with stem candles, red rose placed in the middle. It was nice how much he tried to be romantic, and just the thought made her heart skip a beat. Marcus had created the perfect romantic ambience for their date.

Overwhelmed by her feelings, Chloe turned around. Pierce was standing close to her again. His hand was lightly touching her shoulder as he smiled down at her.

"That's incredible," she breathed with just the same smile on her face. "You put so much effort into our date."

The lieutenant reached for her hand, hesitantly squeezing it. "It's our second date, Chloe. Everything should be perfect. I hope you like it."

She nodded. "I do, actually I love it. Thank you, Marcus."

His eyes were still revealing nothing about a tense emotional state. Instead Pierce broke the eye contact and led her to the large dining table, pulling back the chair so she could sit down.

"I'll just get the food," he informed her, before turning around and disappearing downstairs to the kitchen.
Chloe took a deep breath, enjoying the atmosphere. It was hard to believe that she’d kind of cheated on this nice man with Lucifer. But now wasn’t exactly a good time to think about *him*, so she pushed the thought away, staring out of the floor-length windows into the garden instead.

The sun had already disappeared behind the horizon, letting a nightly twilight taking over. Her gaze was wandering past the dark shapes of green trees and shrubs. Pierce’s garden looked very idyllic and trim. Even the pool was invitingly clean and illuminated in a diffuse light. Marcus definitely had to employ a gardener. She doubted that he was able to keep the garden in such a good shape on his own next to his full-time job at the LAPD. There were occasions when Chloe didn’t even find time to clean her house and she was just a detective.

A quick movement suddenly caught her attention. She tried to focus on it, but all she could see among the dense trees and shadows were moving branches. Chloe narrowed her eyes, but there wasn’t anything unusual. Maybe the movement was just caused by a wild animal. Certainly it wasn’t a crazy woman that wanted to drug her again. She tried to calm down her nerves. The whole incident with the drug probably hadn’t passed by without some after effects.

With two loaded plates Pierce came back up the stairs, placing one of them on the table in front of her before putting down his own. He reached for a carafe, pouring them a fine red wine.

"I hope you like rump steak?"

Chloe glanced at her plate. The food looked heavenly. Next to the steak she saw a baked potato and steamed vegetables.

"Yes, I do. It looks delicious," she praised him.

Pierce sat down on the opposite side of the long dining table. Using a remote control, he turned on the sound system. Soft music instantly filled the room, while he reached for the red wine glass. Chloe did the same.

"To a beautiful evening with a beautiful woman," he toasted her, smiling.

The detective felt her cheeks blush slightly. How she hated that particular body reaction. Hurriedly, she returned the gesture before sipping on the wine and placing the glass back down on the table.

A heavy silence followed. Wait and see, Marcus stared into her eyes, studying her face. It was quite uncomfortable, and she wondered if he was waiting for a specific reaction from her.

"How was your business trip?" Chloe asked to start a conversation.

Pierce reached for the cutlery, beginning to eat. "It was very unsatisfying. I had to make sure a few tasks were done properly, but it turned out there were only idiots trying to deal with it."

"Is it another case you’re working on?"

Pierce gave her a long look across the table. "You could say so."

There it was again. Unlike Lucifer, the lieutenant wasn’t very eloquent and rather taciturn. Every time she had to make an afford to keep the conversation going. It was so much easier to talk to her partner. They got along on a deeper level. There was always something to talk about, even if it was Lucifer's inappropriate behavior. But maybe that was normal too. She’d known Lucifer much longer than Pierce and they were good friends.
Friends with certain benefits…

Annoyed by her thoughts, Chloe started eating and kept glancing at Pierce from time to time. He’d put on a neutral face. There was no way she was able to read behind the lines here. Unsure of his current behavior, she sighed. Why didn’t Pierce ask her about what happened with Lucifer? Didn’t he care? Or did he want to torment her?

"How was your week? Is there any progress on the murder series?" Marcus suddenly asked, putting a forkful of vegetables into his mouth.

Chloe shook her head. "Not very much. Lucifer and I found out that the drug is transmitted and exchanged via salivary contact. Both, the footage we’ve seen and the murderers' statements pointed to that."

Pierce's expression froze. That was the first reaction she saw this evening, showing her that he knew.

"Marcus," she said with an apologetic tone in her voice, setting her cutlery aside. "Maybe we should talk about it."

The lieutenant glared at her for a moment as he reached for his red wine glass. "This is our date, Chloe! I don’t want Lucifer to ruin it."

"But I'd like to explain," she replied cautiously.

Pierce took a long drink from his wine. "All right," he said resignedly. "Should I be concerned?" His intense eyes pierced hers and she flinched.

"What happened between me and Lucifer," she started hesitantly. "It was a one-time thing."

The lieutenant raised an eyebrow. "Chloe, it's quite obvious that there is an intimate connection between you two. I’m a man, but I'm not blind."

"That's the past, Marcus," she assured him. "Whatever has been between me and Lucifer, it's over. He is my past. The one night with him showed me very clearly that it wouldn’t work out between us and that I don’t want to develop a deeper relationship."

"Then why did you even get involved with him? You know what everyone’s saying about him and his reputation."

Chloe pressed her lips together in a thin line. "He surprised me in a weak moment. I was drunk and this porn footage irritated me." Ashamed, Chloe looked on her plate. "I know these are just excuses, but I assure you that the sensations I felt in Lucifer's presence are over. That chapter is closed forever."

Pierce's expression softened, motivating Chloe to continue. "I'm really sorry, Marcus," she explained, absent-mindedly playing with the stem of her wineglass. "That's not me usually."

The lieutenant looked at her, wineglass hovering in front of his mouth. "We’re not in a romantic relationship, Chloe. So I have no right to denounce what happened between you two, but I want you to know one thing." He took a sip, putting the glass back. An instant later, his emerald green eyes pierced hers, and she was forced to hold her breath from the intensity.

"I like you!" he confessed. "I like you a lot, Chloe. If that means something to you and you feel the same, then please don’t let us talk about Lucifer anymore and just focus on our date."
She didn’t deserve this man, was the first thought that flashed through her mind. How could Pierce be so perfect and forgiving? If their situations had been reversed, she would definitely let him suffer.

"I like you, too," she confessed shyly.

Pierce’s smile made her forget the remaining doubts and worries. He was right. This evening was too beautiful and far too valuable to ruin it.

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They took their time eating. Chloe had actually managed to focus on Marcus, and she was much more relaxed, now that the Lucifer thing was out of the way. As a precaution, she’d even turned off her phone today, so they’d actually enjoyed a romantic and undisturbed dinner.

Chloe had been telling him about Trixie for a while, and he’d listened attentively. Of course, their conversations had often come back to work because that was a common denominator. Nonetheless, the detective even succeeded in getting some personal details out of him. For example she knew now that Marcus liked to spend his free time on the beach or doing extreme sports. He’d previously done a parachute jump.

It was a very fitting hobby. He was a risk-taking person, loving adventures, so it wasn’t surprising at all that he’d willingly jumped out of airplanes.

Following their main course, the lieutenant had prepared a flamed crème brûlée. It tasted heavenly, and Chloe had almost moaned as she’d took the first bite. Pierce was definitely an excellent cook – another personal detail she learned about him.

Right now the detective stood on the large roof terrace, red wine glass in her hand, as she looked into the night. Marcus had insisted he would clear the table without her help, so she had some minutes to bridge on her own.

Chloe congratulated herself. The evening was finally going well. She’d stopped thinking about Lucifer, and every time when she focused on Marcus, she felt a slightly tingling in her stomach. It was nothing like the explosion of sensations Lucifer had set in her that one night, but it was a soft and pleasant glow that she could build on. Because one thing was pretty clear. Marcus Pierce had expressed a romantic interest in her, and the fact that he was overlooking her mistake with Lucifer underlined how much he cared for her.

A smile crept onto her face. It was the first time in a long while she felt her emotional roller coaster ride coming to an end.

"The view is beautiful, isn’t it?" the lieutenant suddenly asked behind her.

Chloe whirled around in surprise. She’d been so lost in thought that she hadn’t heard him step out on the terrace.

"I often stand here at night, enjoying the sight. It helps me to sort out some things, calming me down," he told her with a smile on his face, while stepping close behind her.

Overwhelmed, Chloe nodded in agreement. "That sounds nice." Out of an impulse, she leaned her back against his upper body. Her gaze was still gliding over the city, which sparkled in the
background of the green garden with its lights. The lieutenant's house was standing on a larger hill so she could easily watch parts of the gigantic city.

Pierce's arm wrapped around her waist, and for a long moment they enjoyed the silence and the view. Chloe's heart began to beat faster in anticipation. Marcus's proximity showed its effect on her body, letting her respond to him. She felt a well-known heat rising inside her.

When his head suddenly leaned forward, disappearing into the crook of her neck, she stopped breathing in excitement.

"Will you stay with me tonight, Chloe?" the lieutenant whispered with a low voice, making it unmistakably clear what he was referring to.

Goose bumps were rising all over her body. She'd been undecided at the beginning of the evening whether she wanted to spend the night here or not. But now, in this perfect moment, she was one hundred percent sure.

Carefully, she moved in Pierce's embrace, placing her red wine glass on the railing of the roof terrace, before she cautiously turned to him. The lieutenant hadn't moved his arm, so he took advantage of the situation, directly pulling them closer.

She could hear her heartbeat pounding in her ears. "I'd love to stay with you, if that's what you want, Marcus," she breathed while raising her gaze to look at him.

Pierce had to suppress a laugh as he watched her with a smirk. "Decker, I thought I'd have expressed myself unequivocally earlier. I like you very much. Of course I’d like you to spend the night with me."

His renewed confession made her heart melt. At that moment Lucifer had completely disappeared from her head. She stood on tiptoes, leaning forward the last few inches. Marcus imitated her movement and a moment later their lips met.

The kiss started gently and sensually. Marcus lips were rougher than Lucifer's, but nonetheless she felt a tingling anticipation. Pierce made no move to deepen the kiss, so she placed her hands on his chest for better support before bowing her head and deepening the kiss.

Unfortunately, the lieutenant pulled back too quickly. Perplexed, Chloe opened her eyes, spotting an expression of pain in his face.

"Is everything alright?" she asked, puzzled.

He nodded, pointing to the place of his heart. "Lucifer kind of hurt me when we met in his penthouse the other day. The wound isn't completely healed yet. So if you could be a little careful..."

Chloe's eyes widened in horror. "He mentioned that you two clashed. What did he do to you?"

Pierce rolled his eyes. "I fell and a piece of broken glass drilled into my chest." He watched her for a moment. "Is that some concern I see in your eyes, Decker?"

"I'm going to kill him," she cursed.

"Stand in line," Marcus chuckled happily. "First it's my turn. For trying to steal this beautiful woman away from me."

Chloe rolled her eyes, amused. His charming nature lulled her. "He was unsuccessful," she
confessed with a soft smile.

Marcus returned her smile before leaning forward, kissing her. It wasn’t long before he pressed her close to his body, stealing her breath away with his tongue. The tingling sensations grow, twitching uncontrollably through her body, and for the first time in weeks she felt carefree and happy. She wasted not a single second of her time thinking of Lucifer Morningstar.

None of them saw the briefly red-flashing eyes in the darkness of the garden. Chloe was too distracted as Pierce led her back inside his house.
"Okay, Lucifer ... what's going on?" Linda Martin asked while studying his expression attentively.

The Devil tilted his head, fake smile placed on his lips. "I don’t know what you mean, Doctor. Everything is fine." To be more convincing, he casually crossed his legs, leaning back into the couch. Visually, he’d been careful to restore his perfect look this morning. His hair was elegantly shaped again, and his three-day beard was back to a short length. He even opted for a classic dark blue Prada suit with matching vest and anthracite-colored shirt.

When Linda was still staring at him, he placed one arm on the back of the couch, still smiling.

"Does it have something to do with Chloe?" the psychologist asked.

Her name alone was enough to flash up an unwanted picture in front of his inner eyes. He instantly saw the detective standing on the terrace in a magical black dress, kissing the lieutenant.

Lucifer's artificial smile dropped as he tensed. Last night had been a disaster. Of course, he knew what he’d agreed to when he’d followed Chloe to Pierce's house but seeing both of them so intimate had made him lose his bloody mind. No one else should be able to hold her in his arms and kiss her like that, and certainly not the first murderer in history!

The gigantic wave of emotions that had hit him last night, had been awful. At first, an abysmal anger had built up in him, channeling against Pierce of course. Lucifer had wanted nothing more than to fly Pierce back to hell and punish him accordingly for touching his detective. In addition to his anger against Cain, a gnawing rage had also swirled inside his body, directed to himself.

Lucifer didn’t want to feel those feelings, but the stinging pain in his chest told him all too clearly that he was jealous. A feeling completely alien to the ruler of Hell.

Worst of all though, were those feelings of depression, sadness and insecurity, mixed with fear for Chloe's life. The lieutenant was playing an unpredictable game and she was running right into his trap. Short or long term, Pierce would only hurt her, and the mere idea of seeing the detective depressed and devastated made his heart cramp.

Lucifer had been waiting outside Pierce's house until the early morning hours. He knew exactly what that meant. The detective had spent the night with him. The very idea of how the lieutenant had touched her anywhere near the places he’d recently marked with his hands and mouth made his blood sizzle dangerously. Why the hell had she agreed to stay?
But the answer to his question was simple. Lucifer had ruthlessly rejected her, dismissing their night together as meaningless fun. He’d insisted they were just friends and nothing else. So he’d driven her right into Pierce's arms, and the mere thought was tearing him apart now.

"Lucifer, something has obviously happened since last week's session. You're suffering. Maybe I can help."

Linda's compassionate voice brought him back from his thoughts. The Devil pressed his lips together in a fine line. Certainly he didn’t have much desire to review the past events in detail.

Linda had folded her hands in her lap, waiting for an answer with an inclined head. She wore a dark shift skirt with black pumps and a cream blouse. Along with her updo and glasses, she looked like a typical and very sexy psychologist.

Lucifer sighed heavily. Maybe Linda knew a way out of all his mess. He’d come to a point where he didn’t know how to skillfully free himself from it, and that self-knowledge was frightening.

"All right, Doctor," the Devil pressed out, leaning forward a bit. He took a deep breath, sorting out his confused thoughts. "The detective showed up in my penthouse last week at a very late hour, trying to kill me."

"She tried what?" Linda interrupted him in surprise.

Lucifer raised his eyebrows at her. "She fell under the spell of a siren, who also happened to be the culprit in our murder case. I prevented the detective from killing me. The next day I visited her in the evening, because Maze and I have decided to watch over her. We evaluated various porn materials for the case. Well, one thing led to another and we had sex."

"Excuse me?" Linda's eyes widened, but Lucifer ignored her, going on, undeterred.

"The next morning, I said a few things to her that she didn’t approve of."

"What did you say, Lucifer?" she demanded to know with a calm tone, but the Devil had clearly heard she was expecting the worst.

He hummed and hawed, clasping his knee with his hands. "I told her the night meant nothing to me. That we're just friends and partners."

"Lucifer!" Her neutral attitude wavered, but she stopped his objection with a sweeping gesture of his hand, continuing.

"That wasn’t all.Shortly after, the lieutenant visited me. He and the detective dated a while ago. Anyway, we clashed, and I found out Pierce was keeping a little secret. I accidentally killed him, but he just popped back to life. It turned out he's Cain, the first murderer. You know, from the Bible. I should have noticed earlier, but apparently this whole emotional chaos let me somewhat lose my focus."

He took another deep breath, waiting for his shocked psychologist to nod, so he could continue. She’d stopped interrupting him and was just staring at him, speechless and with wide eyes.

"After that incident I drove straight to the department to warn the detective, telling her to stay away from Pierce. She didn’t believe me. We left in a fight and haven’t spoken to each other since then. I shadowed them last night, because Maze and I are still worried the siren might strike again. The detective kissed Cain, just out of the blue, in the middle of his terrace and left his house - not before morning." With difficulties, he pressed out the last words and finally stopped. He felt thousands of
different emotions crossing his face.

Carefully Lucifer tilted his head, watching his psychologist. She simply stared at him with a horrified expression on her face.

"Doctor?" he asked, irritated. He hadn’t broken her again, had he?

Linda blinked several times, clearing her throat. "A siren is after Chloe? And your lieutenant is Cain from the Bible?" she summarized, trying to keep up with what he’d been telling her seconds ago.

Lucifer nodded affirmatively. "I've been trying to figure out what Cain's motives are. I don’t understand what he wants from the detective, but I don’t suppose he’s pursuing her with good intentions."

Linda shifted uncomfortably in her chair, re-crossing her legs. "Maybe he has a romantic interest in her."

Lucifer looked at her, completely dumbfounded. "That's ridiculous. He’s pursuing a plan. It appears he cannot die. Eons ago, Dad cursed him with a mark, forcing him to walk the earth for all eternity. Pierce told me that he tried everything to kill himself. He's probably following a new plan now and it involves the detective somehow."

"Chloe makes you vulnerable. Maybe it's similar with the lieutenant," Linda suggested.

Lucifer stared at her for a long moment. "I don’t believe he knows this detail about me."

"Are you sure?"

He shrugged. How much did Cain know about him? Lucifer doubted that it was a coincidence Pierce switched to the LAPD a few months ago. So it was quite possible that he had made inquiries.

Linda cleared her throat once again, getting up from her chair to take a few steps through the office. He knew she was trying to take in all this supernatural and disturbing information with a calmly and deliberate attitude. Although she already knew he was the real Devil, it was still hard for a human to grasp the full extent of that revelation.

"To be honest, I don’t even know where to start, Lucifer," she finally confessed. "I mean it’s just been one week since our last session and all the things you just told me... it will take weeks to analyze them properly."

Annoyed, the Devil rolled his eyes, sinking back into the couch. "I have no desire to work things out, Doctor. I just want you to help me figure out how to get rid of Pierce. And I need a plan, so the detective will talk to me again. After all..." He stopped, giving her a serious look. "I waited for the detective at the precinct, trying to explain to her that Cain is dangerous, but she didn’t want to listen to me. I don’t understand why. I’ve never lied to her and she knows that. Why doesn’t she believe me, Doctor?"

Linda sighed heavily as she sat back on her chair. "I suppose she doesn’t believe you because you didn’t tell her the whole truth."

Lucifer clenched his fists in despair. "I didn't lie to her. I explained that Cain did horrible things in the past and that the implications might be the reason he's going to hurt her."

"Lucifer," Linda warned him, straightening her glasses on her nose. "Not lying and telling the truth are two completely different things. You didn’t tell her who you are, and you didn’t tell her who the
lieutenant really is."

*Bloody Hell!* The direction of the conversation wasn’t to his liking. Furious, he leaned forward, putting his elbows on his thighs. "She wouldn’t believe me! That fact isn’t new to you."

Linda shook her head in frustration. "She would believe you if you show her, Lucifer! Chloe certainly realizes that you’re hiding things from her. The way you acted around her recently might be a reason for her to think that you’re just a lovesick, jealous man who doesn’t want her to date another man."

"I beg your pardon!" he replied, jumping up from the couch. Angry, he glared at his psychologist. "I am not lovesick or jealous! I don’t care if the detective meets with other men. I’m just trying to protect her."

Linda’s skeptical expression told him plenty. She didn’t believe him. "But Chloe won’t understand unless you tell her the whole truth, Lucifer."

Desperately the Devil cursed, walking a few paces through the small office. Why had he decided to entrust Linda with the events? At the moment she wasn’t helpful at all.

"What are you so afraid of?" she asked in a soft voice. "Why not show her the truth, Lucifer?"

He felt cornered. His emotions mingled to a huge lump in his throat. "I can’t do it," he said dejectedly, dropping back onto the couch. "I just can’t."

Linda’s compassionate eyes made him despair. Resigned, he averted his eyes, staring out of the window instead, lost in thought.

"Why not, Lucifer?" Linda asked carefully. "At first it was your devil face and now? You don’t want Chloe to see you have beautiful angel wings?"

His rage-struck look hit her, and she winced in surprise.

"You know exactly why I won’t show her my wings, Doctor! Dad forced them on me. It’s all part of his big, manipulative plan."

"And what does that have to do with Chloe?" she insisted, hitting a sensitive nerve. He lost control.

"It has everything to do with her," he shouted furiously. "She has no choice and neither do I. It’s all his master plan to toy with us and to entertain him. We’re just pawns in his game."

Linda leaned forward with determination. "That’s an excuse, Lucifer, and I’m no longer willing to accept that."

The Devil shook his head in disbelief, giving her a distracted look. It was unbelievable what his psychologist was claiming. His father was the one to blame for this whole mess. If he hadn’t interfered, Lucifer wouldn’t have to live with the consequences now. Chloe had no choice. His dad had planned their first meeting. How could Linda even believe for a second that his Dad wouldn’t manipulate both of them?

Linda sighed heavily, looking at him with absolute sincerity. "Don’t you see it? You do the same thing your father did, Lucifer. With your declaration and your actions, you take Chloe’s choice away, deciding for her."

"No!" he replied, shaking his head defiantly. "That’s something completely different!"
Linda raised an eyebrow, staring at him. "Truth is, nobody really knows what your father is responsible for. We’re all just guessing, even you. How do you know God wants to manipulate you with Chloe? Did he literally say it to your face? You’re speculating too, Lucifer. You assume it because in the past you’ve made bad experiences with your father."

Her words shook him powerfully. Totally distracted, he looked at her, saying nothing. Of course, his father would use Chloe to manipulate him, wouldn’t he?

**Bloody Hell! Why else should he allowed her to cross his path?**

"But do you know what he can’t control?" Linda continued relentlessly, waiting for him to follow her words. "How you decide and how you want to act, right now in this moment. It's your free choice, Lucifer."

Was it his free choice? Was she right? If his father didn’t want to manipulate both of them, did it matter then that his dad had played matchmaker, bringing Chloe and him together in the first place? Was it possible that it was their own free choice? Their common, sole decision...

"I'm asking you now, Lucifer - you, the Devil!" Linda took a deep breath, closing her words slowly and deliberately. "What is it that you really want? What is it that you truly desire?"

They were his words. The words he was using as the Devil to learn about all the human’s secrets - their deepest and darkest desires. Lucifer knew the answer to Linda's question, but he’d never spoken it out aloud. The reason was the alleged manipulation of his father. But if he truly believed Linda - and her arguments were frighteningly logical - then there was no reason to hide his deepest desire or to deny it. He longed so much for Linda to be right; that the complex tangle of intrigue and reproach in his head was just a making of his own mind.

Chloe Decker... could he risk getting involved with his detective? The Devil straightened his shoulders. "I want her to choose me. I desire to be with her."

Irritated, Lucifer blinked for a moment. He'd said it. He had actually revealed to Linda what he truly desired. His confession took a huge load off his shoulders. Almost hopefully he looked towards Linda. She gave him a sincere smile. Her expression revealed that they had made great progress.

"Then you should do whatever it takes to convince her, Lucifer. Show her the truth. Show her your wings and most importantly - tell her how you really feel. No more excuses, no down-played claims about good friends and professional partners. Show her the depth of your feelings."

Would he be able to do so? The fact that he was ready to tell Chloe didn’t mean she would fall for him the next moment. There was a tiny little detail Linda had forgotten apparently. He was the Devil!

"And if she doesn’t want to have anything to do with me after I show her?" He spoke his fears out loud while fiddling his hands in his lap.

Linda gave him an encouraging smile. "You have to be prepared to take the risk. You cannot have everything without taking that risk, Lucifer."

When he didn’t respond to her words, she cleared her throat. "The following words I’m going to say to you as a friend and not as your psychologist, because usually I don’t talk about others in my sessions. She waited a moment to get his attention. "Chloe knows who you really are. She knows you better than anyone else on earth. She will handle the truth. You just have to take the last, decisive step before it's too late and she falls in love with Pierce."

His head was buzzing with the flood of new insights he’d just won. Completely confused, Lucifer
nodded, closing his eyes for a brief moment. He had to think of a plan. If he’d learned one thing during his last conversation with the detective, then it was that he should better be prepared. The things he would reveal to her were hard for a human to understand. Even if it wasn’t his fearsome devil face, but his fluffy angel wings he would show to her, it still was a revelation hard to digest for a human brain.

But he realized that it was the only reasonable step to escape the misery he’d put himself into with his actions. Once Chloe knew who he really was, he could convince her that the lieutenant wasn’t good for her, that she’d been poisoned by a siren in the guise of Pierce, and that she was definitely not insane. Everything would fit together properly. And who knows? Maybe the detective felt the same. She’d already mentioned a connection between them, and Amenadiel’s statement was giving him hope that Chloe might feel similar to him. A siren poisoned people who were trying to kill the ones they love...

Chloe had tried to kill him. That had to mean something!

With new courage and determination, he jumped up from the couch. "Thank you, Doctor. I’m perfectly aware of what I have to do to end this bloody mess."

Linda nodded. "Go and get her, Lucifer," she encouraged him with a grin.

The Devil gave her a wry smile. "She won’t be able to resist me. No woman can do so," he joked charmingly, already reaching for the door handle next to him. As he left Linda's office, his phone began to vibrate in his breast pocket. Hurriedly he reached for it and looked at the display. It was an incoming call from the detective. If that wasn’t a good omen!

*********

Chloe Decker took a deep breath, inhaling the delicious smell of roasted coffee beans into her lungs. She stood on the roof terrace of Pierce’s house, staring thoughtfully at Los Angeles’ skyline that extended beyond the garden. It was late morning. The lieutenant had brought her a coffee from his fully automatic machine, before disappearing into the shower. He’d talked about a delicious breakfast he was going to make after the shower, and of course he’d turned down her offer to help him. So the detective had stepped out on the terrace with a big smile on her face and a coffee cup in her hands.

She was just wearing Marcus’s shirt from the previous night with rolled up sleeves. He was a tall man, so his garment easily reached over her butt.

Her thoughts kept drifting to the events of the night. Marcus Pierce appeared to be an excellent lover, but although Chloe was ecstatically drained several times during the night, she felt an unsatisfied feeling inside her. It had been a beautiful night and Marcus had been really attentive and generous, but against her will she always had to compare his abilities with those of Lucifer. And truth be told, her partner had raised the level so exorbitantly that she feared now no other man would ever satisfy her the way he had. The feelings Lucifer had elicited in her had been almost divine and so intense that she’d had the feeling of melting away like liquid lava under his skillful hands.

Pierce had also managed to rob her of focus. He’d also become her pleasure center for a few hours, but it just wasn’t comparable to the intensity she’d felt with Lucifer.

Chloe sighed heavily, bringing the coffee to her mouth. It was idiotic and superfluous to compare the
men. If she finished this train of thought, she would have to admit that Dan had failed all along, because her ex-husband couldn’t compete with either of the current men, and that was surprising, because the detective had always assumed that sex with him had been fine. Maybe with Pierce and Lucifer she had just got to know two men who were both playing in the top league. Well, at least Lucifer wouldn’t have any problems in competing in the Olympics, winning of course…

Chloe shook her head, smiling. It was nice that her date with Pierce finally went well after a bumpy start. He was an attentive man, and although he was often very quiet and withdrawn, she felt comfortable in his presence. Yesterday’s date showed her pretty clearly that there was a spark between them to build on. Both Pierce and she agreed that they would like to give it a try. The mere thought conjured up a smile on her face. Oh my god, she felt like a stupid teenager whose hormones overcooked.

Chloe’s eyes fell on her phone, which she’d placed on a small table beside her. Unfortunately, the planned breakfast between Pierce and her would have to be cut short. She’d told the lieutenant all juicy details of the murder case. There was no point in hiding things from him now, so he’d pretty quickly agreed that it was a wise move to lure the wanted woman out with a trap. He wasn’t thrilled when Chloe had told him that she’d visited Lucifer under drug influence, but he also realized she would therefore be the best bait they could get.

She’d already reached Dan and Ella by phone. There was only one phone call left with Lucifer she’d tried to avoid so far. After their last heated argument, they hadn’t spoken to each other again, and she didn’t know how he would react if she explained the plan to him - a plan he obviously considered to be anything but good, at least according to Maze.

Nervously, Chloe brushed a strand of hair back behind her ear, before picking up the phone and searching for Lucifer's number. She hesitated for a moment. Her heart was beating wildly, and she had to muster all her willpower to press the call button.

It rang a few times before her partner answered from the other end of the line. "Detective, what an unexpected surprise," he greeted her in his sing-song voice. She immediately got that it was a fake tone to hide his emotional state.

"Lucifer! Can you be at the precinct in two hours? I've called a meeting with Ella, Dan, and Pierce to discuss the further procedure on the murder series." She kept her own voice emotionless, playing with her free hand on the railing of the roof terrace. She was pretty sure he knew about her date with Pierce and she didn't feel like surviving another escalating argument with him right now. The phone call was just purely professional.

"If it’s about the plan Maze put in your mind yesterday, I'm against it," he squeezed out, happy tone gone.

Chloe bit her lower lip. Where did he get that information from? "It's a good plan and our only option, Lucifer! If we all work together and come up with an appropriate strategy, nothing can go wrong."

Her partner grunted dismissively. "You don’t know what you're up to, Detective."

Chloe mentally counted to ten to calm down. She’d only talked to him for two minutes and she was close to losing her composure again. "I'm well aware of the danger I'm exposing myself to. You also know that it’s my decision alone if I put myself at risk. I’m deciding on my life, not you or anyone else."

There was a long silence at the end of the line.
"Lucifer?" she asked.

"I'll be there," he finally said. "See you soon, Detective." A blink of an eye later he'd already hung up.

Wondering, Chloe stared at her cell phone display. Had she hit a sensitive nerve with her statement? It was just the truth. Shrugging, she set the phone aside, reaching for the coffee cup instead. The day started too good to be destroyed by Lucifer's mood.

"Chloe, breakfast is ready," Marcus' voice sounded from inside the house.

With a smile the detective turned to the balcony door. She had two hours left before she had to concentrate on work and Lucifer again. Until then she would just enjoy the time with Marcus to the fullest.
The bait

Chapter Notes

With a quick glance Chloe Decker checked the dark surroundings before reaching for the door handle of a black delivery van. Three days ago the vehicle had been placed in front of the strip club for their sting operation.

It hadn’t been easy to convince all parties and to work out a reasonable plan to catch the wanted woman. Lucifer, in particular, had fiercely raised objections during their meeting, but after several dismissive glances, her partner had finally given in. Chloe knew she was putting herself at high risk even without his annoying comments.

However, the most disturbing thing was that they had no idea who exactly they were dealing with, and the fact that she’d already been put under that drug once without her knowledge was reason enough to get worried. Unfortunately all previous leads had resulted in dead ends. They were not a single step further towards catching that woman, so obviously there was no other option but to lure her out. Chloe could only hope that Maze was right, and the woman really was interested in toying with her again.

Their plan was quite simple. Chloe would play bait, sitting in the strip club alone and hoping for the wanted woman to appear. So far all murders were linked to this establishment. It was very likely that the woman would come back and strike again if she saw Chloe sitting there.

The detective was wired with a small microphone and ear bug. They had also installed a camera in the club for Lucifer and Dan to observe the situation from the back of the surveillance van. That would give them a chance to watch Chloe and give her instructions if necessary. Maze was waiting in another car, ready to go full Berserker, and the lieutenant appeared frequently, providing them with updates. Everything was under control, and there was nothing left that could possibly go wrong.

Chloe sighed, before lowering the latch and opening the doors to the van. She stepped in hurriedly. Today was the fourth night in a row she was going to the strip club. The last three days had been calm and uneventful. First doubts had been popping up in her head, but it was quite normal that the wanted woman wouldn’t appear every night. The detective had no other choice but to be patient. Surely the culprit would appear soon.

"Are you ready?" Chloe asked the two men in the van. Lucifer and Dan provided her with absolutely contrary looks. While her ex-husband nodded in agreement, a gentle smile placed on his lips, Lucifer's face had twisted into a strained expression. Chloe saw him biting his tongue to hold back a comment that was about to escape his mouth.

"Everything’s active and ready for use. We won’t take our eyes off you, Chloe," Dan explained, pointing to a wall of flashing lights and multiple monitors. "Let's hope she shows up tonight, so this mission finally comes to an end."

Lucifer grunted while putting his hands into his black trouser pockets. "I didn’t expect you to be a guy who’d like to get rid of his ex-wife so quickly, Daniel."

"I don’t want to get rid of her, Lucifer," Dan justified, glancing disbelievingly at him.

"Then why are you so eager to throw her under a bus?"
"Lucifer!" Chloe hissed, interfering in the conversation. "You know that is our plan and it's a good one."

Her partner shook his head. "I still don't approve the idea, Detective."

"You've already said that plenty of times, and I really don't want to hear more about it. If you really have no interest in helping me with this sting operation, then maybe it's better for you to leave." She put her hands on her hips, glaring at him aggressively.

The mood between Lucifer and her had been very cold and tense in the last few days. They had tried to work together on a professional level but failed constantly. Most of the time they ended up in heated verbal combats. Chloe hated how things were at the moment. Why had the whole situation become so unspeakably complicated?

Maybe because she slept with her partner ... because she developed feelings for him, and he rejected her? She sighed again. Now wasn't the best time to think about Lucifer and her stupid feelings.

"I'm not going to leave you defenseless, Detective," Lucifer replied, piqued.

He got an insulted look from Dan. "I'm still here, remember?"

Lucifer stared back in disbelief. "I wouldn't bet on that horse, Daniel."

Her ex-husband bit his tongue, shaking his head in disbelief and turning to Chloe. "Anyway. There is no new information from Pierce, so we stick to our plan."

"Alright." The detective gave Lucifer one last warning look before she turned and stepped out of the van. Lucifer's mood was exhausting and momentarily hard to bear. It was her life and her decision to play bait, not his! He had no right to behave like that.

Angry, Chloe stomped down the street, stopping before the entrance of the strip club a moment later. She had to repress the urge to turn around and study the surroundings. That would be way too flashy. Instead she smoothed her black blouse, checking discreetly if the pistol on her body was still covered before she straightened her shoulders and stepped into the bar.

The club was dazzled by the same colored lights as last night. Determined, she aimed for the round tables, settling down on the red upholstery of the couch.

Chloe let her eyes wander. The first show girls were already on stage, wrapping themselves around poles in sexy lingerie. The club was well attended. At the next table she spotted a couple making out, cocktails long forgotten on the metal table. It was the same banana cocktail she'd drunk a few weeks ago with Lucifer.

Chloe blushed as she remembered how Lucifer almost seduced her with those timid touches and his irresistible voice. It had been weeks ago, but the feelings were still fresh in her head. A soft tingling sensation awoke in her body as her thoughts drifted further, to her partner and their unforgettable night together…

Hurriedly she bit her lower lip, turning away from the couple at the next table. Those thoughts were completely out of place and inappropriate as hell. She was in some kind of a relationship with the lieutenant now, although Marcus and she hadn't discussed their status yet. But his confession to her was unequivocal.

Unfortunately, the detective hadn’t been able to meet him privately since their last date at his house. She was spending all her nights at the strip club and during the days she slept for a few hours and
took care of her house and Trixie. Thank God she had a lovely neighbor jumping in as a babysitter because both Maze and Dan were also dealing with the sting operation.

She and Pierce had barely found time together except for some few text messages and secret kisses. Chloe didn’t want her growing relationship to become public at work right now. She knew very well that there were colleagues who would disapprove because he was her boss. In addition, Lucifer and she were walking on egg shells. Knowing that her relationship with Pierce would be a problem to him, she wanted to spare him unnecessary private trouble right now.

Chloe leaned back at her table, letting her eyes wander. So far she hadn’t been able to observe anything inconspicuous and her thoughts were drifting back to Lucifer.

She was surprised how violently he’d railed against the plan. The only explanation she could come up with was his disproportionately strong protective instinct. He hadn’t admitted it in any of the recent arguments, but from his derogatory remarks - even in the van - she clearly got that Lucifer cared for her. A small part of her was affected by his worries, but a bigger part was just annoyed that he wanted to patronize her.

After a fierce discussion at the precinct, she’d finally convinced him that it was her decision alone. Since then he’d verbally teased her, acting like a child who didn’t get his way, but he’d stuck to the plan, working with Dan in the van, more or less.

"What may I get you to drink?" a pretty blonde in a tight mini dress asked.

Chloe gave her a friendly smile, ordering a double espresso. It would be a long night for her again, and apart from her constant, circling thoughts, she had little to do and far too much time to think.

*******

Bored, Lucifer Morningstar checked the cufflinks on his white shirt, staring thoughtfully at the monitor wall a moment later. Chloe had made herself comfortable in a spot on the couch. Her eyes were fixed on the stage and she was sipping on her espresso. He was wondering if she already thought about their night together in the club. How he’d almost charmed her pants off her…

At least he’d given it some thought for the last few minutes, and with the memories of Chloe Decker writhing naked under his hands, the sexual desire had significantly increased in his body, causing him to straighten his crotch.

It was maddening.

Since he’d left Dr. Linda Martin's office, he’d been feverishly considering how to show Chloe the truth. Their situation was more than tense at the moment, and he had absolutely no idea how to stop Chloe from running away without letting him explain everything. To made things even worse, Maze had convinced Chloe that it would be best if she played bait. Of course he’d tried multiple times to talk her out of it, and it would certainly be so much easier if he just told her what he was so afraid of. But until now he had found neither the right time nor the right place to tell her the truth. Surely he couldn’t just grab her at the precinct’s kitchen corner, telling her all those secrets. By the way, Detective, these are my angel wings, I'm really the devil, Pierce is really Cain and you're being chased by a siren.

Even in his ears, that sounded like a horrible plan. The best option would be to visit Chloe in the
evening when Trixie was staying with her dad. Unfortunately, the detective had spent the last few nights on a mission to lure out the siren. That was the reason the Devil had decided to delay his divine revelation.

Maze was here as reinforcement. If the siren seriously wanted to harm Chloe, he and Maze would be there to somehow prevent her from coming to close to Chloe. Unfortunately, somehow didn’t sound very satisfying and he would be so much calmer if he knew more about that death demon and her intentions.

Daniel for sure wasn’t much of a help. He was weak and all too human. Lucifer doubted that he would have a realistic chance against a supernatural being, but still - two pairs of eyes were better than one. He was just glad that Cain mostly stayed out of action and only occasionally came in with updates.

Lucifer wasn’t one step closer to finding answers about Pierce’s motives, and as long as he had absolutely no idea what game Cain was playing, it wasn’t necessary to tell him about the siren. Both Maze and he were in possession of a demon dagger to kill the death demon. It was far better for Pierce to stay out of it, letting Lucifer do his job. And after that he would deal with Chloe and his feelings. He intended to show her the truth and then she would finally leave Pierce and he would be able to take his chance. Easy peasy, lemon squeezy!

Lucifer noticed Daniel giving him a curious look. He raised an eyebrow, looking arrogantly at the detective. "I know I have a certain appeal for men, but right now we should better focus on the detective." "I know I have a certain appeal for men, but right now we should better focus on the detective." "I know I have a certain appeal for men, but right now we should better focus on the detective." "I know I have a certain appeal for men, but right now we should better focus on the detective."

Chloe’s ex-husband immediately raised his hands. "Wow, buddy. We’ve known each other long enough for you to know that I'm not into men."


Daniel curiously turned to him in the chair. "Okay, what did you tell her? Chloe is a person who needs proof. As long as it's clear and logical, she'll usually believe you."

"The detective is having trouble believing me," he finally admitted. Daniel curiously turned to him in the chair. "Okay, what did you tell her? Chloe is a person who needs proof. As long as it's clear and logical, she'll usually believe you."

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The Devil eyed Dan with his dark brown eyes. He nailed it with his statement. Was it so obvious that even Detective Douche saw what he had to do?

"That's what I'm up to, Daniel. I'm going to show her proof," he explained, hoping to get an end to that conversation.
Chloe’s ex-husband leaned forward, patting his shoulder encouragingly. "Then better hurry up."

Lucifer’s gaze moved to his shoulder. Why did everyone have to urge him to show Chloe the truth? It wasn’t as easy as they all made it out to be.

Daniel cleared his throat uncomfortably, pulling an embarrassed expression. "I saw Chloe kiss the lieutenant yesterday, Lucifer. If this whole argument has something to do with both of you, then you should act now."

Lucifer instantly tensed. His eyes flickered over the monitors, but Chloe was still sitting alone in the strip club. The thought of Pierce made his blood boil. Cramped, he pressed his fingers together in his lap. Of course the two had kissed each other. They had also been doing other – far more intimate - things...

"I'm just searching for the right moment," he finally grunted.

Dan's eyes widened for a moment. "If you need any advice ..." he started.

"I certainly do not need advice from you," Lucifer immediately interrupted him.

The detective ignored his comment. "There isn’t that perfect moment, Lucifer. If you have something to say or to prove to Chloe, do it as soon as possible. There will always be something to hold you back."

Surprised, his eyes landed on Dan. It almost sounded like he was speaking from personal experience. Was he referring to his own marriage to Chloe? Could it really be the wisest thing to take Chloe aside this night and just show her the wings? But there was already a strong resistance forming inside of his head. Bloody hell! Why were all these feelings so goddamn exhausting?

"Someone’s approaching Chloe's table," Dan said frantically, wheeling his chair around to see the situation more closely on the monitor.

Lucifer was rudely ripped from his thoughts, following Dan's example quickly. It wasn’t the first time that men had made a move on Chloe. She was a pretty woman alone in a strip club, but Lucifer's heart began to pound nonetheless. There was always the possibility that it would be the transformed siren.

He leaned forward, trying to get a good look on the man's neck. Unfortunately, the person was standing sideways to the camera. Daniel adjusted a few levers so they could follow the conversation.

"Hey, are you from Tennessee by any chance?" the black-haired stranger asked.

Chloe turned to him. "No!" she replied half-heartedly while crossing her arms over her chest. A clear signal for him to leave, but the stranger just stepped forward. "Because you're the only ten I see," he added with a smirk.

Lucifer shook his head in disapproval, instinctively leaning over the microphone in front of his nose. There was no chance that this loser would turn out to be the siren. He activated the speaker. "That poor soul. Such a saying is a waste of time. It didn’t really work on you, did it, Detective?"

Over her loose hair Chloe reached to her ear. She must have heard his comment.

"That's really nice of you, but I have to reject you. I'm waiting here for my husband, who should
appear any moment." Chloe smiled at the stranger. At least Lucifer thought he could sense a smile through the camera.

"That's a pity," the man replied, disappearing from her table shortly after. Well, obviously he really was just a loser who'd got dumped. Lucifer let out a sigh of relief, dropping back in his chair.

On the monitor Chloe was combing her hair into her face before her voice sounded out of the speakers. "Stop it, Lucifer! That's not helpful."

He couldn’t resist a mischievous grin. "That was the worst pick-up line I've ever heard," he replied quickly into the microphone. Daniel beside him just grunted while Chloe seemed to ignore him without answering to his comment.

"C'mon," he said to his seat neighbor. "Not even you would use such a lousy pick-up line, Detective Douche."

Dan's face, twisted into a grimace, spoke volumes. He seemed to be holding back a comment.

The Devil sighed theatrically. "This whole mission is absolutely no fun," he finally nagged, staring at his watch. It was just after midnight. They would certainly spend a few more hours here if the siren didn’t show up soon. Lucifer wasn’t sure he would welcome it if she did. On the one hand the temporary boring hell he was currently trapped in would come to an end, and on the other hand it would put Chloe in danger.

To silence his emotional chaos the Devil reached into his pocket, pulling out his hip flask. He took a long sip before letting the bottle disappear again. Of course, his thoughts kept turning in circles. Why had he agreed to that idiotic plan once again? Oh yes, because he’d listened to his psychologist, and because he didn’t want to take the detective’s choices away. Unfortunately, he didn’t like her new attitude, because Chloe was about to make all the wrong decisions...

His thought carousel continued to spin until the van's doors were roughly opened and the lieutenant appeared in the frame a few minutes later. The night couldn’t be any better, the Devil thought wryly, glaring at Pierce.

Since their confrontation in the penthouse, they hadn’t exchanged more than a few words about the case. It was incredibly difficult for Lucifer not to beat Pierce's subliminal smile from his face all the time.

"Lieutenant," Dan greeted the newcomer immediately.

Pierce ignored him. His eyes were fixed on Lucifer. "There is news. I’ve just been told by our SWAT team that one of our officers had sighted a blond woman with a tattoo near the club."

Lucifer was instantly listening. "It must be her," he replied hurriedly, leaping from his chair.

Pierce continued to study him with a cool look. "It sounds like it, but we cannot be completely sure. Espinoza, I want you to grab Mazikeen and join the SWAT team. Together it should be no problem to convict the woman if it's really the perpetrator."

Dan also rose from his chair. "Consider it handled, Lieutenant."

The Devil glanced back and forth between the two men, confused. Pierce had crossed his arms in front of his chest and Dan was already half way out of the van.

"I'll do it," Lucifer said resolutely, but the lieutenant shook his head. "Keep an eye on Chloe. If our
advice turns out to be wrong, Detective Decker remains in danger. "Bloody Hell! That must be a bad joke!" The Devil bit his tongue hard.

Cain was right. He eyed Dan. If the blonde really turned out to be the siren, the chances were much higher to catch the siren if he joined the SWAT search party. If the information turned out to be wrong, the detective would be without adequate protection because he wasn’t there to look after her.

Dan seemed to have noticed his inner conflict. "Watch out for Chloe. Maze and I will take care of tracking the new lead."

Everything in Lucifer's body cramped at the same time, but he nodded reluctantly. The detective couldn’t be without protection!

"I want to be updated," the lieutenant told Chloe's ex-husband. He nodded and disappeared from the van a moment later.

Unfortunately, Pierce made no move to disappear as well, and so Lucifer stayed back with him alone. His eyes slid dismally over the lieutenant. He wore dark jeans with a green t-shirt and a black buttoned shirt over it. His badge and pistol hung on his belt. Lucifer had absolutely no idea what Chloe liked about this man! His fashion taste was awful.

"How’s your heart doing? Has it still not stopped beating?" the Devil sneered. He raised his eyebrow while pointing at Pierce's chest.

"You mean after your attempt to kill me, Lucifer?" The lieutenant took a step further in, closing the doors to the van behind himself. Lucifer's hope Pierce would disappear as quickly as possible was lost in the wind.

Absently he glanced at the monitor wall. Chloe was sitting alone on the couch with her head placed on the table. She looked exhausted, even through the video recordings.

Inside his body a turbulent fire was raging. He wanted nothing more than to run to Chloe, holding her in his arms, but the urge to follow Dan was almost unbearably strong. He wanted to get hold of that siren and punish her for what she’d done to Chloe. However, in that case, the detective would be left without protection because he would never entrust Cain with the task. It was an awful dilemma he’d put himself in.

"It's unfortunate that I didn’t have permanent success," Lucifer finally replied, focusing on the lieutenant. He reached into his jacket pocket, pulling out his smartphone to text Maze an urgent message. He needed to be informed immediately if they got their hands on the siren. And that they would certainly do! After all, Maze was the best torturer and fighter he knew. He just hated having to rely on her abilities in this matter.

With an outstretched arm Pierce pointed at the monitors. "You should be a little nicer to me, Lucifer. I've made sure you can continue to watch over Chloe. That seems to be a secret desire of yours lately."

Lucifer felt the boiling rage almost overpower him. "I beg your pardon!" he pressed through clenched teeth, glaring at the lieutenant.

Cain started to grin maliciously. "My home is video-monitored. Do not think I didn’t see you spying on me and Chloe. This is a very pathetic behavior for the Devil, I must say."

Threateningly Lucifer approached the lieutenant, straightening his shoulders. "Someone has to protect her from you, Cain! If you even try to come too close to her..." He let the threat hang in the
Pierce's amused face was burning into his mind.

"Oh, Lucifer. I came very close to her that evening and she enjoyed it with every fiber of her body."

That was too much! Furious, Lucifer dashed forward, pressing Pierce against the closed vehicle doors. His hand tightened around his neck and he fixed the lieutenant in place with his superhuman strength.

The Devil growled menacingly. Every other human being would have died of a heart attack in fear, but Cain just continued to smile.

"Stay away from the detective!" he threatened bleakly. "Or I'll find a way to end your miserable life."

The lieutenant made no defense. "Tell me, why should that intimidate me?" He gasped when Lucifer's grip on his neck tightened. With a diabolical expression, the Devil leaned close to Pierce's face. "You should be scared because I'll personally take care of your punishments in Hell, Cain. And be sure, I've identified and exploited every human’s weakness so far, even yours."

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Chloe Decker twirled a straw in her glass of water. She’d placed a new order and was currently watching the dancers on stage, while her eyes were wandering through the club from time to time. Like the previous nights, she couldn’t spot anything unusual. Was her plan really as good as she assumed? What if the wanted woman knew they were planning a trap and stayed away from the strip club? At least she hadn’t struck again so far. Chloe was the last drug victim and the only one who didn’t murder under drug influence. That must be a pretty good reason why that woman would want to take her chance again. Surely Chloe would have done it in her place.

Why couldn’t the woman hurry up a bit? The detective had absolutely no desire to watch the half-naked dancers on stage anymore or to bear that penetrating music. Those were all things Lucifer enjoyed much more than she did. On the other hand her partner could enjoy himself in all sorts of situations like in the van, while she had been forced to turn down that greasy guy. Although Lucifer was right - such pick-up lines didn’t work on her - her mission was far too important to expose her undercover identity because of Lucifer's remarks.

Sighing, Chloe brought her glass to her mouth, taking a sip. It was only shortly after midnight, as a quick glance at the wristwatch showed her. She had to last at least five more hours. The thought depressed her. How heavenly it must be to lie in her bed now and to be with Trixie...

Chloe’s eyes dipped at the entrance of the club when the doors opened, and a man entered the room. She blinked in surprise as she recognized him; Tall stature, dark trousers, thin olive turtleneck and a striking three-day beard with green eyes. What the hell did the lieutenant do here? He would blow their cover.

Angry, she looked in his direction. As Pierce discovered her a moment later, he stepped towards her table.

"Marcus," she hissed when he reached her. "What are you doing here? You're ruining the whole
sting operation."

The lieutenant leaned across the table to overreach the volume of the club. "There is a change of plan. You have to come with me right now, Chloe."

Chapter End Notes

Here we go! If you paid attention to the details you might know what's going to happen next ;-) *spoiler, kind of*
"Come along, Decker!" Pierce demanded again, pointing with his hand to the other side of the club.

The detective stared at him with a mixture of irritation and confusion caused by his brash behavior. "What happened, Marcus? I hope there’s a pretty good reason for you to show up here, risking my cover!" Why the hell had he walked into the club? All the work of the previous days would be for nothing, if the wanted woman noticed Chloe was involved with the police.

Pierce pulled an impatient expression. "I'll tell you on the way. We have a lead and need your help. Please, it's urgent."

That caught Chloe's attention. Suddenly she was wide awake. "Why didn’t you say that sooner?" she snapped, jumping out of the table booth.

Pierce's raised eyebrows were speaking volumes, but he didn’t respond to her accusatory comment and pointed to a back door near the bar instead. "Let's not waste any more time, or the woman may escape us." He turned away from her, stepping in the direction he’d just pointed.

Chloe touched her hip, checking for the weapon she was hiding there. A thousand questions were spinning in her head, but the lieutenant was right. They couldn’t afford to lose time. She trusted him enough not to question his actions. He was neither impulsive nor careless. If Pierce was risking her disguise, there had to be a damn good reason.

Hastily Chloe followed the lieutenant through the club. They passed more table booths, reaching the bar shortly after. At the side she could spot a door. Pierce strode towards it. The detective knew what she would find behind. They had been here before when investigating the murder in the strip club. It was the same corridor with adjoining rooms the strippers could rent.

"Where are we going?" Chloe asked as she followed Pierce through the door, giving him a curious sideways glance.

"We'll be right there," he replied hastily and just kept walking. Irritated, Chloe wrinkled her nose while trying to keep up with his walking pace. Something about Pierce seemed odd.

The lieutenant stopped before a door.

"Marcus? Is everything okay?" Chloe asked, confused.

"Of course. I just want to catch that woman, so this mission can come to an end." With a hard jerk, the lieutenant had unlocked the door, and pushed it open. Harshly, he grabbed her hand, dragging her into the small room with him.

The detective squeaked in surprise as Pierce roughly clasped her wrist and pushed the door back into its lock.

Chloe scanned the new environment. The room was definitely occupied by someone. Various colorful clothes lay scattered on the furniture. A large bed, a wardrobe, and a make-up dresser formed the bedroom part of the room, while a small table with two chairs were placed on the other side, probably forming the living room. The detective blinked in surprise as she spotted a huge mirror above the double bed on the ceiling. Were there really people who wanted to watch themselves during sex?
"Does this room belong to the suspect?" she asked thoughtfully, trying to understand Pierce’s strange behavior.

The lieutenant released her hand, stepping closer. "Not directly," he explained cryptically. His fingers suddenly slid over her hair and brushed a few strands behind her ear.

Irritated, Chloe turned to the lieutenant. "Marcus," she breathed. "What's all this about? Why are we here?"

He looked into her eyes. "Chloe, I just need a few minutes alone with you." He wasn’t even finished talking to her when he briskly pushed against her body, forcing her to stumble backwards. She instantly felt the wall in her back. Pierce's hands were tangled in her hair as he bent his face closer. It was an unmistakable gesture. He really wanted to kiss her!

The detective shook her head in disbelief, pressing against his chest. "Marcus!" she hissed. "You lure me away from my position, risking my cover in the process, just to be alone with me?" She couldn’t believe what he was trying to pull off here.

The lieutenant grinned at her mischievously. "C’mon, Chloe. I can see you want this too. You're also longing for some togetherness." His hands moved down her neck, gently stroking her décolleté. A pleasant tingle set in, but Chloe ignored it. What the hell was wrong with him?

"Lieutenant!" She was using his work title now. "That's absolutely unprofessional. You know exactly how important it is to find that woman. How can you risk the mission like that? Do Lucifer and Dan know you are here?"

He shook his head slowly, leaning closer to her face to inhale her scent. "The two are just following a promising lead. Apparently a member of the SWAT team has seen a woman outside the club fitting the description. You see, I don’t endanger the mission in any way. It’s just unnecessary to play bait any further."

Chloe squeezed her eyes together into slits. Marcus' face was way too close for her liking. His scent rose more penetrating to her nose than usual, and his weight seemed to crush her rather than making her feel comfortable.

It didn’t make any sense. Why hadn’t she been informed about the change of plan by her communication technology, and why did Marcus seriously believe that she would have sex with him now? He should have known her better than that.

Chloe tilted her head, avoiding him. Her back was pressed against the wall, while Marcus had caught her with his strong arms. In other circumstances, she would have found the position pleasurable. One millisecond it reminded her of Lucifer, who had pressed her to the bedroom door while doing all those sinful things to her...

The detective blushed. Quickly she focused on the man in front of her again. "Marcus, let me go! I'm not in the mood for this right now. We have to find that woman!" She poked angrily into his biceps.

He didn’t move a bit. Instead his hands continued to slide over her body. "I already told the others to take care of it, Decker!"

Chloe pressed against his chest again, but he didn’t release her.

"Lieutenant Pierce!" she hissed, glaring at him angrily. Her gaze fell to her hands, which were pressing against his olive turtleneck sweater - a turtleneck that was more than unusual for him! She only saw Marcus wearing shirts. He’d never worn a turtleneck sweater before. Her gaze wandered
upwards, lingering at his concealed neck. Could it be possible?

Her heartbeat quickened. That was completely absurd and crazy. Pierce wasn’t the person they were looking for, but the panic and especially her bad feeling grew.

The lieutenant leaned forward to kiss her. Cleverly she tilted her head to one side, so his lips touched her neck and hair instead. In the movement, her hands lovingly covered his face. She stroked down his cheekbones. When she finally got into contact with the sweater, her pulse was rushing loudly into her ears. In a powerful movement, she flipped down the collar of the sweater, revealing a black line-shaped tattoo on his neck...

The next moment a horrified outcry escaped her mouth.

******

Pierce's amused laugh almost let Lucifer Morningstar lose his composure. Here they stood, two men ready to choke each other because they fought over the same woman. There was just that teeny-tiny difference between them; the Devil pursued noble intentions while Cain was only interested in achieving his selfish goals. It wasn’t important to him if the detective got caught in the crossfire with her feelings. Surely the lieutenant wouldn’t give a shit about it. At least that was Lucifer's theory. The more devious and dangerous assumption was that Pierce had seriously developed feelings for her.

If he only knew what Cain was up to…

"It's always entertaining that you think you can intimidate me with your threats, Lucifer," the lieutenant said. "Maybe you better start working on your temper."

The Devil's hand was still around Pierce's neck, pushing him violently against the wall in his back. Lucifer growled, staring murderously into the lieutenant's eyes. The overwhelming desire to squeeze Pierce out of his and Chloe's life once and for all was intolerable, but unfortunately the lieutenant was immortal. That meant it was just a waste of powers trying to kill him again. Annoyed by his counterpart, he decided to change tactics.

"Cain, Cain, Cain," Lucifer said with his arrogant chanting voice. He let go of the lieutenant's neck, taking a step back. "It's only a matter of time before the detective finds out who you really are, and then she'll turn away from you on her own." His smug tone was hard to miss.

Lucifer was tired of concentrating on Pierce. To end the conversation, he finally turned away from him. When his eyes landed on the monitor wall, it took him several milliseconds before the realization leaked through...

The detective, she was gone!

Chloe was no longer sitting in her booth, and she hadn’t tried to communicate with him about it. A nagging sense of panic immediately rose in him. Maybe she’d just gone to the bathroom and had forgotten to tell him?

Pierce had also noticed the obvious. "Where's Decker?" he asked, puzzled.

Lucifer made a derogatory sound, hurrying to the wall. He activated his microphone and leaned over
"Detective, can you hear me?"

There was silence at the other end of the line. The panic intensified inside him. That couldn’t be happening! She hadn’t been attacked by the siren, had she? The thought of the siren touching the detective again nearly made him lose control.

"Detective!" he yelled into the microphone. "This isn’t the best time for jokes. Where are you?"

Again, he was confronted with a stifling silence. It felt like his guts were squeezed together.

"Chloe! In Dad's name, please talk to me!" Lucifer’s despair sounded quite clearly. He was about to turn away and storm out of the van, when a brief rustle sounded, followed by his partner's voice. "Lucifer!" she screamed in panic. "I…"

Chloe couldn’t finish her sentence. A series of rustling sounds was all that followed before the connection died again.

The siren had got a hold of Chloe! Lucifer was overrun by a gigantic wave of fear. His heart cramped and for a moment he felt like passing out from the intensity of his emotions.

"Detective," he yelled into the microphone again, but she didn’t answer.

"How did that happen?" the lieutenant cursed close behind him. He seemed to come to the same conclusion Lucifer did.

"You distracted me!" the Devil pressed out, turning to Pierce as he tried to calm his pulse. He had to get out of here right now. He had to find Chloe!

"That wouldn’t have happened if you had better control, Lucifer," Pierce countered icily.

The Devil released a threatening sound. He had no time to deal with the lieutenant now. He reached for the phone in his pocket, while stepping towards the van's exit.

"Where do you think you’re going?" the lieutenant snapped, holding him back by his upper arm.

Furious, Lucifer turned to him. "I have to find the detective."

He started to storm outside again, but Pierce held him back. "We need a plan, Lucifer. You cannot rush out like that."

"Oh, I can, and I will. The wanted woman can’t be far yet. I'll search the area and when I find her..." He let the threat hang in the air.

"Lucifer! You'd better look at the club first. In the meantime, I’ll inform Detective Espinoza and the SWAT team that they should search the environment. Best of all, we both split up and I join the SWAT team. Together we may find Chloe faster."

Lucifer gave him a contrite look. It actually looked like Pierce was worried about the detective, but his own panic was driving him mad.

Was it wise to trust Cain in that matter? In any case, it would increase the chances of finding Chloe. He hardly had a choice. They had to find the detective as soon as possible, otherwise both her and his life were on the line.

The Devil wasn’t able to achieve more than a small nod. "All right, Pierce! But if you exploit this situation in any way, I advise you to get out of this city before I get my hands on you."

His wild
determination was sinking into Pierce's emerald eyes.

"Save your breath, Lucifer. I have the same interest as you. We have to find Chloe!"

Cursing, the Devil finally turned his head and pushed open the van's doors. He leapt out of the car with a long stride, hurrying down the street to the entrance of the strip club.

The purest chaos had broken out in his head. Like a siren, a single sentence droned through his head over and over again. The detective was in serious danger because he hadn't been attentive for a moment. The guilty feelings were literally smashing him.

Uneasily, Lucifer dialed Maze's number on his phone, holding the device to his ear.

"I've already got informed, Lucifer," Maze said through the speakers.

The Devil quickened his pace. "Mazikeen, how's your status? Did you find a clue to the siren?"

"No," was her prompt answer. "Lucifer, I have a bad feeling. Something's odd here. Of course, it's possible that the SWAT member was wrong, but actually these pathetic humans in the team should be a bit more professional."

Panicked, he was running his hand through his hair. How could that happen? Daniel and he had had everything under control until he'd let himself be overwhelmed by his feelings to punish Cain for his cheeky mouth. And that exactly had been the moment the siren had chosen to take Chloe. It was a bloody big coincidence! Had the siren known they were performing this undercover mission, and had she somehow been able to wait until Lucifer was distracted? And Maze’s utterance worried him even more.

"Keep your eyes open, Maze," he ordered. "We'll take care of finding out what's going on later. Right now, the top priority is to find the detective. She might be in danger!"

Maze sighed. "We will find her, Lucifer!"

He really hoped so, otherwise he wouldn’t guarantee anything.

Determined, Lucifer ended the call before putting the smartphone back into his pocket. He would search every inch of this club until he found Chloe and the siren. And when he found her, the death demon would wish never to have met him!

*******

For a long moment Chloe Decker was overpowered by her own panic. Forcefully she pressed against Pierce's upper body trying to get some distance between them. Her head was buzzing, and she had no fucking idea what was happening here.

How could Pierce be the wanted woman? All victims had reported about a female person. How could the lieutenant stand here before her, with a tattoo on his neck? She had never seen that tattoo before, not even during their night together, and the detective was one hundred percent sure that she would have been able to see those black lines on his neck. After all, she’d moved over every inch of his neck with her mouth. In addition, Pierce had an alibi. She had personally seen the video footage where he’d been working in his office when Chloe herself had been surprised by the culprit. There
was no reasonable explanation why he should be the person they were looking for, and yet he stood here, roughly pressing her against the wall, while the tattoo visibly denounced his neck like a beacon.

"Let me go!" she screamed at him, squeezing against his body again.

Pierce didn’t move, just pensively cocking his head to give her a long look. "I see you've come to the right conclusion," he finally remarked arrogantly.

Had she? The images and memories flooded her mind in an uncontrolled way, and for a moment the detective felt like she was close to fainting from the gravity of that recognition. Nothing made any sense. Pierce couldn’t be the wanted criminal! That would mean she’d committed herself to a murderer.

Her eyes flinched at that thought. Completely overwhelmed, she looked at the lieutenant, trying to come up with a more reasonable explanation.

The fine and almost spiteful smile around Pierce's mouth seemed strange to her. His head was still tilted, and he waited for her reaction.

Once again, Chloe gathered all her physical strength, throwing herself forward with all her weight, but the lieutenant stopped her easily. She felt like a lightweight.

"Do not waste your powers, Chloe. You'll need them soon enough," he told her, tightening his grip on her midsection.

"What are you up to?" she spat sourly at him. At the same time, she tore one of her arms upwards. She made a fist, aiming at his head. Even before the detective could blink, his hand had shot up, clasping her wrist. Painfully, he squeezed.

"You are feisty. I like that," the lieutenant whispered close to her ear.

Chloe hissed in anger, glaring at him. "Right now, I don’t see a single reason why I should return those feelings." Her eyes softened. "Just let me go, Marcus. We can talk about it and try to find a solution."

"Oh, can we?" Pierce replied with a cheerful expression.

Chloe nodded eagerly, trying to calm down. She still heard her pulse rushing in her ears and a buzzing headache started in her head, but she tried to pull herself together. It would be best trying to stall while thinking of an escape plan.

"I don’t know why you're distributing the drug and why you're getting these poor men to murder their wives, but I’m sure you'll have a good reason for that."

Pierce raised an eyebrow at her. "Do you really think so, Chloe? Maybe I just enjoy playing with humanity and taking revenge on those who have fooled me."

Playing with humanity? His words made no sense. He’d started talking like Lucifer! And as if it was some kind of telepathy, her partner suddenly spoke through her earphones. "Detective, can you hear me?"

Panicked, Chloe looked to Pierce, but the sound waves didn’t penetrate to the outside. He hadn’t noticed. That was her chance. All she had to do was activate the microphone with the little button behind her ear.
Lucifer's voice sounded again, much more disturbed and worried than before. "Detective! This isn’t the best time for jokes. Where are you?" For a moment, Chloe wondered why Lucifer didn’t know what was going on. He had watched her. At least he should have seen her walking away with Pierce.

Her gaze fell on the lieutenant. He was still clutching one of her wrists and pressing her hip against the wall, but her second hand was only trapped between their bodies.

"Marcus," she purred with what she hoped was a seductive tone in her voice. "I don’t care what you did. I just want to be with you."

With her hand clamped, she stroked Pierce's waist as best as she could. Her heart pounded wildly, and it took several seconds for the lieutenant to put on a smile and to give her a few millimeters more space between them to move her fingers.

"Chloe! In Dad's name, please talk to me!" Lucifer's sharp and desperate voice echoed through the headphones. Her name on his tongue made her heart bleed. She pressed her lips together in a fine line, stroking slowly along Pierce's upper body.

"Marcus, I want you," she breathed lasciviously. She maintained eye contact. Her hand moved higher and higher, and her heart felt like it was jumping out of her chest at every second.

Chloe had reached his clavicle. She gathered all her strength and courage together. The next instant her hand shot against her ear. "Lucifer!" she cried desperately. "I..."

The detective didn’t get any further.

Pierce's reflexes were incredibly fast - almost inhumanly fast! It took only a blink of an eye, until he gave her a hard slap with his free hand. Her head flew to the side and a burning pain started to spread against her cheek. At the same time his hand gripped her hair, pulling her head vigorously to the side so her neck was completely bared to him. Of course, he’d spotted the espionage technique immediately. He tore the bug from her ear, removing it together with her tiny microphone on her body.

"You're a lousy actress, Chloe," Pierce remarked arrogantly, holding the espionage device in his hand. He squeezed it in the process. The metal crumbled instantly, falling to the ground.

The detective was breathing hard as she realized that her escape plan had failed. She could only hope that Lucifer had been warned enough to look for her.

With difficulty she swallowed the newly-emerging panic attack. "They'll find me, Lieutenant," Chloe spat at him. The next second, she began to beat him wildly and even managed to land a well-placed punch against his chest. Any normal man would have at least flinched, but Pierce was completely unconcerned. Instead, he reached for both of her wrists. "I'm counting on him to find you." His sinister smile forced Chloe to gasp.

Pierce's grip tightened before he was trying to drag her to the nearby bed.

Chloe lost her inner struggle, being overwhelmed by her panic and helplessness. She had no chance to grab her weapon and the almost insane expression in Pierce’s eyes made her shiver. How could all of this really happen? How was it possible that the lieutenant had messed around with her all the time?

"What's your plan?" she exclaimed, struggling against the man who ruthlessly continued to drag her to the bed.
Pierce laughed. With a powerful movement, he jerked her arms forward. Chloe lost her balance, falling forwards onto the bed.

The panic was inhibiting her flow of thoughts, but it also made sure her body acted on autopilot. Quickly she turned on the mattress and tried to roll from the bed, but Pierce was there again. With his entire body he threw himself on her, catching her between himself and the mattress.

"I'm not kidding, Chloe," he informed her with a look in his eyes that made her blood run cold.

"However, you will have a lot of fun over the next few minutes murdering the person who means so much to you. After all, Lucifer is the one who stands between us. Once we get rid of him, the whole world will grovel at our feet."

"You can’t do that to me!" Chloe shouted furiously. She tried to move under the lieutenant’s weight, but he grabbed her wrists again, pinning them on the mattress next to her head. She fidgeted, hoping to gain more space with her movement, but Pierce felt like weighing a ton. She had no real chance against him.

Her eyes broke away from his face, which was getting closer to her with every second. She remembered Lucifer's theory that the drug was spread via salivary contact. Somehow, she had to make sure he didn’t succeed in kissing her.

In search of an escape plan, her gaze was wandering through the room, but her mind was blank. She went on looking for something that would help her until her gaze lingered on the large mirror on the ceiling...

What she saw in there made her entire belief and rational worldview collapse from one second to another.

The scream formed deep in her throat. At first, it was a feeling similar to suffocating every moment. She gasped in panic and opened her eyes. Her pupils widened in disbelief. The feeling flooded through her entire body, causing her at the time to tremble with fear and burst into flames with adrenaline.

It wasn’t Pierce lying over her and pushing her into the mattress. It was *something* completely different.

Chloe saw a creature with blue-greyed, scarred skin. It was scrawny, and the bones with the muscle fibers showed off nauseatingly strong. But it wasn’t the skin that finally made her lose her composure, it was its face. Bald and shaped like a skull, it approached her face. She could only see the profile, but it was enough. Deep, black undercut eye sockets and a gray-glazed iris were forcing her to shake with fear. The nose was flat, reminding her of a skull. The nostrils were too big, merging into a horribly disfigured mouth, if one could speak of that. The entire lower jaw was made up of a mouth that was too big with razor-sharp teeth with flashed blood. The being symbolized death and decay, and as Chloe come along with that thought in her head, there was no further stopping. The next instant, the thick lump dissolved in her throat and she screamed desperately for life.
A man or a monster

Desperately Chloe Decker fought for her life. Her mind had given up trying to analyze the previous events. Her entire world image had collapsed from one second to the next. But as much as her logical mind tried to find an explanation for the reflection on the ceiling, her heart already told her that there wouldn’t be a plausible solution this time. The pictures were too real and her fear way too genuine. This wasn’t a dream and surely no hallucination. It was reality.

Another bloodcurdling scream escaped her mouth. Frantically the detective tried to get her hands free.

The monster above her stopped in its motion. "You humans are all the same," it spat. "You cannot stand the truth."

Chloe’s fear was trying to find a way out of her body. She threw her head from one side to the other, struggling with full force against the monster in the shape of Pierce. But it was useless. That thing above her was far too strong.

Somewhere in the depths of her panic and desperation, her police education kicked in. Lucifer would find her! He was on the way, looking for her. She just had to hold out long enough. With all her remaining willpower Chloe clung to the thin silver lining. All would be okay. Her partner would save her, and then everything would be the same again. It was just a horrible nightmare. Maybe she was just put under the drug influence again and her blossoming imagination had gone wild.

Chloe’s eyes, widened in horror, were shifting between the reflection on the ceiling and the man above her. This wasn’t her lieutenant. It wasn’t the man who wanted to have a relationship with her and who slept with her.

Or was it?

What if there wasn’t any real Pierce and it had been that monster all along? Had she had sex with that thing? Or was there another real Pierce and the creature had merely become the lieutenant somehow?

Holy shit! That was completely impossible! No one was able to change his form, at least no one human! And again, Chloe realized she didn’t need to talk herself into believing that this was a dream. The monster above her was real and it was leaning down again with his disfigured grimace.

"Wait!" the detective yelled, turning her head as far to the left as possible. The creature mustn’t be allowed to kiss her under any circumstances.

To her astonishment, it actually stopped, eyeing her curiously. It almost felt like the creature loved playing with its prey.

Chloe swallowed the rising panic attack. "What are you? Why are you doing this?" she finally asked, her voice trembling with fear.

The figure in Pierce’s form began to laugh hollowly. It was extremely unsettling, since it was Marcus’ voice. "You humans always need a reason. Maybe I just enjoy watching you suffer."
Chloe had no doubt that the statement was meant seriously. The amount of people that had already died was a clear indication.

Carefully she looked into the eyes of Pierce. He lurked close to her face.

"Why me?" she wanted to know.

The creature chuckled. "You’ve been in my way. Everywhere you’ve stuck your nose in, trying to get your hands on me, and when I saw who you were trying to kill in your spell... Well, I suppose it’s the ultimate opportunity to get rid of the Devil."

Chloe’s heart stopped working for a few heartbeats. The monster couldn’t be serious. Lucifer wasn’t the actual Devil. That was absolute nonsense! On the other hand...

That monster above her made it very obvious that there had to be a world she hadn’t been aware of until now. So, it might be possible that Lucifer had been telling her the truth all the time. Could he really be Satan? The fallen angel from the biblical traditions? The man who had rebelled against his father and who had been banished to Hell, punishing humanity in purgatory?

The detective's eyes closed in despair. It was a direction her thoughts shouldn’t drift any further. It was completely out of the question! Her partner was too good-natured to be that monster from the Bible. The figure above, however, had the greatest pleasure in playing with her and manipulating her thoughts.

With difficulty, Chloe managed to maintain control. She remembered the weapon on her body, but as long as the figure crushed her with its weight, she had no chance to get her hands on it.

"Lucifer is a good man," Chloe hissed, writhing under the male body that tied her to the bed.

"His kind is arrogant and snooty," the monster responded, snorting. "They are all the same. Faithful servants who act on behalf of their Father, exerting the right to decide what’s best for the universe."

The thoughts in Chloe's head were spinning. She had no idea what the monster was trying to tell her. It was absolutely crazy. The whole situation in which she’d landed was absolutely crazy and bizarre.

"Lucifer and obedient?" she finally asked in disbelief. It was the only thought she could pick on. "Lucifer Morningstar is the last man on earth when it comes to following orders."

The figure above her snorted contemptuously. "He's just as arrogant as the rest of his siblings." Pierce's face took on a scary look. "But all that doesn’t matter anymore once you've killed the love of your life."

"What?" Chloe replied stiffly. The panic began to overpower her again.

Love of her life?

Lucifer Morningstar was her partner and a good friend, and yes, maybe she had a crush on him since the last common events, but that didn’t promote him to the love of her life.

The murderous expression in the figure’s eyes made her draw the air into her lungs sharply. It appeared time for talks was over.

"You'll enjoy it, Chloe," the monster whispered with Pierce's deep voice.

Her eyes switched to the mirror on the ceiling. The blood-stained pointed teeth that flashed in the
reflection made her freeze in fear for a moment. The idea of being kissed by that creature was repugnant and at the same time so scary that she lost her composure again.

Angry and terrified at the same time, the detective began to squirm, pressing against the monster’s body. Panic cries were escaping her mouth. Chloe only marginally realized that she was calling for Lucifer in all her sheer despair.

The head of Pierce approached her face. Chloe pushed further into the mattress, flinging her head. She tried to avoid giving the monster an opportunity to kiss her.

"Hold still!” it ordered angrily.

When the detective disobeyed, the creature suddenly moved over her. It loosened the grip on her wrists and instead put its own arms on Chloe’s upper arms to continue pinning her to the mattress. Shortly after, Pierce's free hand reached for her chin, stilling her head.

Chloe’s mouth released another scream as she became aware of the hopelessness of her situation. She had no chance to escape the kiss. She would slide under the drug’s influence again, trying to kill Lucifer.

The Pierce-shaped face was only inches away from hers now. The triumphant expression in its eyes pierced her mind. Desperately Chloe screamed Lucifer’s name again while praying for a miracle.

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Like a berserker Lucifer Morningstar raced through the strip club. He’d spent the last few minutes scanning the entire main room for the detective or for traces of her disappearance. In the dim light it was necessary to search the corners independently. He’d already checked all the table booths and the bar area, but there hadn’t been a trace of the detective. The few guests he’d spoken to were of no help either. Instead they had been merely annoyed by him for interrupting them during the strip number that was being performed by two brunette women on stage.

Lucifer's muscles were tensed, and his heart felt like jumping out of his chest at any second. He knew exactly why that plan had been a crappy idea, but of course nobody had listened to him. But it didn’t matter that he’d been right once again. All he cared about was that Chloe’s - and consequently his own - life was in danger. He had to find her as soon as possible.

Furious, he grabbed the next guest on a bar stool by his upper arm. The man glared angrily at his rude behavior.

"Have you seen a woman, long blond hair, angelic stature with B-cups?” Lucifer asked, releasing the man’s arm.

The dark-haired human raised his eyebrows questioningly. "Look around and pick one, dude,” he replied dismissively.

_Bloody Hell!_

Lucifer's hands shot up and he grabbed the man by his shoulders. "Stop joking around and just answer me! I'm not in the mood to deal with you pathetic humans right now." He squeezed hard, making the man squirm with a pained look. "Hey man! No reason to be rough."
Lucifer growled threateningly while glaring at his counterpart. "Can you help me or not? It is quite possible that the woman didn’t disappear alone."

The dark-haired man pointed with his arm to a door next to the bar. "I have no idea if it’s the woman you’re looking for, but a few minutes ago a blonde with a well-built slightly older man disappeared through that door."

Lucifer immediately took a big step back, releasing the man. He stumbled into his stool at the sudden jerk, but the Devil didn’t pay any attention to him. He already knew the area of the strip club. They had been there a while ago to investigate the murder case.

Determined, Lucifer approached the door, vanishing behind it. The corridor with the various rooms seemed endless, but he would storm into each and every one of them to find Chloe.

The first door to his right was locked, but it was easy for him to crack it open. He glanced quickly through the room. It was deserted. The second door also turned out to be empty. Finally, in the third room, he found a red-haired woman staring at him in surprise. A moment later she furiously screamed at him that he was a burglar and that he should leave her room immediately.

Lucifer was about to open the fourth door when he heard a dull scream. He listened more closely. For a moment it was quiet, but suddenly the sound appeared again, louder and shriller. It was a woman’s voice and it sounded a lot like…

Chloe!

"Detective!" he shouted down the hall, running to the direction of the sound. Her voice grew louder. By now he was one hundred percent sure that it had to be Chloe, screaming his name in panic. He could clearly recognize it now.

Finally Lucifer stopped in front of one of the last doors, throwing himself against it with his full body weight. The wood crashed and he stormed the room.

It took only a blink of an eye to capture the situation. Chloe was pressed into the mattress by Pierce on a large double bed. She screamed in panic, trying to free herself on her own. Lucifer knew it wasn’t the lieutenant who was lying on top of her, trying to kiss her. "Let go of her!" he growled, speeding to the bed. He reached for Maze’s dagger that was hidden in his jacket pocket.

Chloe screamed his name with a mixture of relief and as a warning. He’d reached the bed, raising his arm with the dagger, ready to thrust it down on the siren.

That was the second when the creature in Pierce's form rolled aside. Lucifer barely managed to stop the dagger before stabbing the detective.

The siren took advantage of her momentum, throwing herself on the Devil. Lucifer staggered back, losing his weapon during the maneuver. The dagger clattered to the floor a few feet away from him. He and the siren began to circle each other in front of the bed.

"I told you to keep your hands off her!" Lucifer threatened the creature. He glanced at Chloe for a moment. In her eyes he could spot a trace of relief, but a greater part was pure and grueling fear.

Pierce’s figure laughed hollowly. "Do you really think I would listen to you, Lucifer?"

His eyes flickered to the detective again. She had huddled to a ball on the bed. What in Father’s name had the death demon done to her?
"I'll finish what my brother wasn’t capable of," he grumbled, finally concentrating fully on the siren. His dagger was too far away at the moment to grab it easily.

"Your divine ego has always been your downfall, Lucifer. Even Michael didn’t succeed in wiping me out eons ago. How are you planning to do it? Lucifer Morningstar, the little unwanted brother who rebelled against his family and got kicked out."

In Lucifer exploded a wave of anger like a gigantic supernova. Furious, he stormed forward, striking out with his fist. The siren managed to block his forearm punch. She stepped aside, preparing for a backlash. Her fists struck in a quick combination of short blows, but Lucifer saw the maneuver coming and ducked under the attack. He swirled elegantly under her arm, taking a step back.

"This isn’t Pierce," Chloe shouted suddenly from the bed. A quick sidelong glance told him that her temporary shock had been released, but her words left him worried. She knew more than what was good for her...

The siren began to laugh again. "For a human your little detective is smarter than she looks."

"And you’ve got a pretty cheeky mouth for a siren who can’t be loved."

The Devil heard Chloe sucking air into her lungs. He had no idea how much she knew exactly, but from her reaction that detail had to be new to her. Bloody Hell! He moved on a very fine line here, so it was better to end that pesky conversation immediately.

Briefly his eyes flickered to the dagger, which was still lying a few feet away on the floor. Of course, he could just rip the siren's heart out, but he was afraid of Chloe's reaction. In addition, it was quite possible that the demon was immune to this kind of death. It was much safer to use Maze's demon dagger.

"You have no idea what it's like to be fleeing from your family for millennia," the siren hissed, visibly upset. "You and your conceited angelic ego, you're no better than Michael and the rest of your kind."

Lucifer's eyelid twitched dangerously as he struggled to maintain control. "I think I understand better than anyone else what it's like to be wronged and left alone." As he spoke, he jumped forward, attacking the siren again. His anger about her comments boiled over, and he used his emotions to amplify the blows. Unfortunately, the siren was smarter than he’d assumed. It ended with them fighting each other in some kind of dance-like duel. Each time Lucifer found a gap in the siren’s cover, he pursued another attack, but the demon dodged and struck back. Conversely, she lunged at him between shots with lighting speed, forcing Lucifer to duck or jump back.

A small part of his mind was still dealing with what the detective must think about the situation. The exchange of words and the way they were rushing at each other superhumanly fast... Those were some bloody clear indications of his supernatural identity. Had she already drawn the right conclusion? Or was she still in a state of denial?

Suddenly the siren’s fist hit him hard on the chest. For a moment it pressed all oxygen out of his lungs, and he was instantly thrown backwards by the force. With difficulty he managed to stay on his feet, stabilizing himself. He grunted as he heard Chloe's worried outcry.

The Devil had had enough of the fight. Furious, he threw himself on the siren again, bombarding her with a quick series of blows to her head. She parried every one, but Lucifer didn’t care. The next moment he kicked Pierce's figure in the abdomen. The unexpected maneuver caused the creature to fly across the room. The siren hurled loudly into the dining table, which crashed, burying her into a
mountain of wood.

Lucifer didn’t dare to wait. He turned on his black Louis Vuitton shoes, squatted next to the dagger to reach for it. His movements couldn’t have taken him more than a few seconds.

"Lucifer, watch out!" Chloe's voice boomed shrilly in his head.

Suddenly a shot was fired.

His heartbeat stopped and he spun around. The siren was only a few yards away, grabbing her shoulder and cursing loudly. A black liquid was leaking down between her fingers.

His gaze moved on to Chloe, who was now crouching on the bed, holding a weapon in her hands. Frowning, she tightened her eyebrows, making an incredibly sexy sight. She looked like an avenging angel with her blond hair and the wild expression in her blue eyes. It made him proud that she defended him.

Unfortunately, the siren turned its attention to the detective. "You will pay for that. No one harms me and gets away with it."

Chloe's eyes widened in horror as the siren strode to the bed. Hurriedly she aimed again, firing two more times on the monster. First on the thigh, but as those hits didn’t stop the siren from getting closer, she aimed at the chest, pulling the trigger. The shot went right through Pierce's body at stomach height. Black, unnatural blood oozed from the gunshot wounds, but the siren didn’t seem to care.

That was the moment Lucifer realized the death demon was immune to human weapons. He’d already feared it. Chloe's shock-widened pupils and the tattered siren made him act.

The creature had reached the bottom of the bed as Lucifer's grip tightened on the dagger. He jumped up, hurrying to the bed with several long strides. Chloe had slipped back to the headboard in her panic, while the siren leaned over her.

"You won’t hurt her. I won’t let that happen," Lucifer shouted in anger. The next moment his arm darted down to the siren. She managed to turn a bit and dodge the first attack, but Lucifer pursued his rage and aimed at the death demon's heart.

No one threatened Chloe's life, and no one would harm her, without feeling the wrath of the Devil. His skin tingled hotly as his arm darted elegantly down to the siren’s body, piercing her chest.

The siren made a strangled sound, gasping uncontrollably. Lucifer felt the anger simmer clearly under his skin. Determined, his hand tightened on the dagger and he pushed it right through.

"For that you will... suffer," the demon croaked painfully.

Lucifer finally released his hand, pushing the siren’s upper body away so Chloe wouldn’t be crushed by the monster. With a painful shrill sound, the siren pressed her fingers on the dagger, but she didn’t succeed in removing the weapon before her eye-lids became heavy and she fell on the bed lifelessly.

The Devil took a long moment to breathe through. They had done it. He had defeated the siren and Chloe was finally safe. He felt the relief rushing through his body and some of the tension fell away from him.

Slowly Lucifer raised his eyes.
Chloe clung to the head of the bed, distraught. Her knuckles whitened as she gripped the bedframe wood in despair.

"Detective?" he asked in surprise, tilting his head. The siren was dead. There was no reason for her to panic anymore.

Chloe narrowed her eyes, shaking her head in dismay. She was about to get a panic attack.

"It's all right, Detective. The siren won’t harm you again." He tried to calm her. His skin was prickling dangerously, and he felt a familiar yet strange heat streaming through his body.

Suddenly the realization hit him.

"Detective?" he asked uncertainly.

Chloe's entire body began to tremble. "Your eyes," she choked out.

He knew what she meant. Her panic spread over to his body. He stared at her, stiff and tense, didn’t dare to move a finger. The emotional chaos inside of him grew into a hurricane, threatening to sweep him away. Questions were rolling over in his head, but only one pounded wildly in his mind. Would Chloe turn away from him now that she’d seen his true self?

"It's true," she breathed, overwhelmed. "It's all true!" In her eyes he could read what he’d been afraid of all along - fear, disbelief, horror and angst. Fear of him - the Devil. The next moment her upper body began to waver, and she collapsed, unconscious.

Chapter End Notes

Well, another cliffhanger I'm afraid :-) What do you think, how will Chloe react to Lucifer's Devil side?
Lucifer Morningstar stood in the living area of his penthouse, a full glass of whiskey in his hand and a worried expression on his face. He was looking at his bed through the archway of his doorless bedroom. Chloe's graceful body was lying curled up on one side. He’d put the black satin sheets over her and had been waiting since then for her to regain consciousness. Her expression looked relaxed and peaceful, yet the Devil knew better than to believe that first impression.

Since the detective had fainted before his eyes, a terrible panic spread through his body, threatening to tear him apart inside. She’d seen his red Devil eyes – she’d really seen his true identity, and worst of all, she’d understood perfectly well what it supposed to mean. The fearful look on her face had left a dull ache in his whole body, concentrating painfully around his heart.

Lucifer had pictured the hour of his divine revelation quite differently. In his head, he’d been searching for the right moment to show her his fluffy and non-frightening angel wings and not the gaze into his terrifying hellfire eyes. Why the bloody hell had his red eyes even returned in that particular moment? Was it another attempt by his father to manipulate and toy with him? It seemed obvious that God had to be responsible for the disappearance of his Devil face and the appearance of his wings. But why of all things had it been exactly that particular moment?

The detective already had enough on her plate, and he’d surely picked the worst possible moment for his revelation. Daniel had been right. There wasn’t that one right time to show her, but there was definitely the worst, and he’d stumbled right into it.

Lucifer’s grip around the whiskey glass tightened as he thought back to the expression in Chloe’s eyes. The fear he’d seen there was heartbreaking. That was exactly the reason why he’d hesitated so long to show her his true identity. A small part of him had hoped that Chloe Decker - unlike the rest of humanity - would react differently to his identity, but angst and fear was all that had been written on her face. A small part of him even was grateful that she’d fainted. That brought him some time to think about how he’d like to react to her.

The unconscious woman in his arms had also been an unbeatable argument for him to disappear as quickly as possible from the crime scene. Lucifer had briefed Maze over the phone about the death of the siren and Chloe’s condition. It hadn’t taken three minutes before she’d stormed into the room together with the lieutenant. Pierce had been surprised for a moment when he’d stared at a corpse that looked just like him. Maze, on the other hand, had given Lucifer a look full of astonishment while boxing at Cain’s upper arm, grinning and inquiring about an identical twin brother.

Of course, the lieutenant had insisted on finding out what was going on, so Lucifer had given him a brief summary, describing the situation with the siren. After he’d finished, he’d put Chloe in his arms, saying that he would bring her straight to a hospital. Pierce had been less than thrilled, but the fact that he’d had to take care of the dead body prevented him from driving Chloe himself. It had given Lucifer the opportunity to disappear with Chloe and to instruct Maze to visit him when she’d dealt with the siren situation.

And so the Devil had stood in his penthouse, nervous and close to a mental breakdown for several hours, staring thoughtfully at Chloe’s silhouette on the bed. Would it have been better to take the detective to her own house? He wasn’t sure how Chloe would react as soon as she awoke. Would she have another panic attack? Would she run away in fear or would she stay and listen to what he
had to say? Lucifer hoped for the latter because he knew he owed her an explanation. After looking right into the mirror on the ceiling of the strip club, he’d realized why the detective had been so completely terrified. She’d seen the siren’s true appearance and he had to admit that it reminded him a bit of one of those monsters from a horror movie...

Lost in thought, Lucifer heard his elevator start moving. A moment later, the doors opened, and Maze entered the living area. She looked amazingly fit, almost the complete opposite of himself. Her black leather pants and corset-like top fitted perfectly, while she was spinning one of her daggers around her index finger. She smiled expectantly at Lucifer. "How’s Decker?"

Lucifer’s whole body cramped, Exhausted, his hands went through his messy hair. "She’s still unconscious."

His feet carried him to the bar to refill a second glass of whiskey. "Actually, I’d rather she didn’t wake up just yet." He handed her the glass.

Maze approached with a raised eyebrow, grabbing the offered drink before casually leaning against the bar. "What exactly did she notice?"

Lucifer pressed his lips together in a hard line. His shoulder muscles tensed, and he looked at her for an endless moment.

"She saw my red eyes, Maze. Somehow they’ve returned." He gulped the bitter realization together with a huge sip of whiskey.

"That's interesting," Maze said, cocking her head. "I saw a flicker in your eyes the other day. Are you able to control it?"

Lucifer gave her an accusing look. "You saw my eyes and didn’t bother informing me?"

The demon laughed with amusement. "You were pissed at me for putting the bait idea in Decker's head."

"And may I remind you that it was a bloody stupid idea," he interrupted her irritably.

Maze shrugged, taking a sip from her glass. "The siren is dead. The plan worked."

Lucifer felt the anger rise again. His hand gripped the edge of the bar. "That's what you call successful? The detective was knocked out just after seeing me stabbing the siren. Not to mention the free look into hellfire through my eyes."

"All of this wouldn’t have happened if you had the eggs to reveal yourself to her earlier," she countered calmly.

Lucifer growled. He felt a wave of anger flowing through his body. His fingers were itching to punish Maze for her cheeky mouth. She had no right to speak to him like that. The emotions were growing inside of him, and Lucifer felt a well-known heat rising up. He knew his eyes had changed color again before the demon even responded.

"There he is... the Devil," Maze purred excitedly, leaning closer to his face. "You might want to talk to Linda about it, but it looks like you're in a good position to control your face."

Lucifer closed his eyes for a long moment, secretly trying to find a way to control himself. He had more important things to discuss with Maze. Slowly he brought the glass to his mouth and emptied the whiskey before opening his brown eyes again.
Maze was still grinning at him, casually leaning against the counter, so he started pacing through the living area to get rid of some of that inner turmoil. A quick glance at his bed told him that Chloe was still unconscious.

"I'll take care of my Devil face later. It's more important to find out what went wrong tonight," Lucifer remarked, putting one hand into his suit pants pockets. The jacket was already lying over the back of the couch and he’d rolled up his shirt sleeves.

Maze sighed theatrically. "Isn’t that obvious? The siren toyed with us."

"You mentioned that something was strange about the situation, Mazikeen," the Devil reminded her. "It's a pretty big coincidence that you and Daniel were searching the area with the SWAT-team and Pierce and I were having a little argument while the siren struck. I mean, how did she know that I wouldn’t watch the camera?"

"I guess, she got lucky," Maze speculated, shrugging.

Lucifer raised his eyebrows in disbelief. "Someone helped her out. This siren was too smart to rely on her luck."

He looked thoughtfully at Maze. "It must have been someone who knew for certain that you and Daniel wouldn’t be around, and the person needed to know when I wouldn’t watch the monitor."

The realization hit him like lightning. Maze had to have come to the same conclusion, because they spoke out the same name at the same time.

"Cain!"

Daniel and he had had the situation under control quite well until the lieutenant showed up. He’d taken Daniel and Maze out of the game and he’d provoked Lucifer so aggressively with his remarks about Chloe that he’d forgotten his task for a few minutes and had grabbed Pierce by his neck instead.

"That bloody bastard," Lucifer cursed angrily, slamming the empty whiskey glass onto the polished piano surface.

Maze's dark eyes sparkled as she twirled the dagger in her hand again. She licked her lower lip with relish. "Oh, how are we going to punish him, Lucifer?"

The Devil clenched his fists. "What exactly did he do after I disappeared with Chloe?"

Maze tilted her head. "He made a few phone calls and took care of the siren’s body himself. After all, she looks just like him, once you ignore the tattoo on her neck. People at the LAPD would probably have asked some questions."

Lucifer growled contemptuously. "I want you to find out what he did to the corpse and then we'll think about how to eliminate an immortal. Nobody manipulates the Devil and gets away with it."

That Cain had been toying not only with him but also with Chloe almost drove him crazy. The lieutenant was a nasty mystery to him, but the clues were clear; Cain had to be the one working with the siren. The only question was, what did he get out of that deal?

"I always have to do the dirty work for you," his former bodyguard complained, grumbling.

The Devil gave her a tight smile. "If you've forgotten, Mazikeen, I'll have to participate in a far more
important conversation with the detective as soon as she awakes."

Her eyes softened. "She'll understand, Lucifer."

That was the hope he was clinging at right now. With a heavy sigh, his gaze fell onto Chloe's body on his bed. The whole night had been a total mess. As though it wasn’t already enough to deal with the consequences of his revelation, they now had to find a way to deal with Cain too. It felt as if everything was slipping through his fingers, as if he was a pawn in a game he couldn’t control. Completely exhausted, Lucifer turned away and walked towards his bar. He was in desperate need of another drink.

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The first thing Chloe Decker felt was a severe headache. She moaned and pushed her head deeper into the soft satin-covered pillow. The pain pounded in her temple and she had to take several deep breaths to swallow the upcoming nausea.

Like a thick fog, her memories drifted away. Chloe had a hard time concentrating and sorting out the thoughts in her head. It almost felt like her subconscious mind deliberately prevented her from gaining clarity.

She moaned again, trying to blink, but her eyes were heavy and the tiny beam of sunlight that hit her pupils caused a severe pain in her head.

What had happened? Chloe tried to focus on her breathing. The last thing she could remember was the undercover mission. She had waited in the strip club, looking for the wanted woman. Pierce had come by in surprise, asking her to accompany him. And then?

Out of nowhere, two bright red eyes flashed up in her head, making Chloe gasp hard. Like a hellish fire the eyes burned her mind, threatening to wash her consciousness away.

Startled, the detective jumped upright in her bed. Her eyes flew open and another painful wave exploded in her head. Those had been the eyes of her partner – the eyes of the Devil!

That was completely impossible!

Chloe rubbed her eyes in panic, trying desperately to banish the images out of her head, but more and more memories flooded back, leaving her panting uncontrollably. She saw a monster in the mirror on the ceiling and Lucifer with bright red eyes, stabbing it.

Chloe began to tremble uncontrollably when she realized that those were memories of past events and not some blurry pictures of a dream - those events were real, and they certainly had happened.

*Lucifer Morningstar was the actual Devil!*

The thought made her whimper softly. How could all this be true? Her mind was quite overwhelmed with the new flood of knowledge. The nausea returned full force and another headache wave started.

Chloe’s breathing quickened. She opened her eyes in panic and blinked several times before noticing her surroundings. When she realized where she was, her heart stopped for a long moment, only to start pounding wildly at the next second.
The black satin sheets were all too familiar to her. She was sitting in Lucifer's bed in his penthouse – in the Devil's apartment!

The thought was too much for her to handle. Hurriedly Chloe pulled back the sheet before crawling out of bed. She had to leave! She needed time to calm down. The urge to run from the Devil was overpowering, so she surrendered herself to it.

Chloe stumbled towards the living area, aiming for the elevator, which lit up at the end of the room like a lifebuoy. She took several shaky steps across the room. Her eyes were wandering around in panic and she had to lean against the grand piano to keep herself from falling. Chloe felt herself being overrun by a panic attack. Her breathing accelerated, her heart was racing and everything in her head was spinning uncontrollably.

Unfocused, her eyes wandered around the room for a moment while she was trying to catch her breath, until…

There he stood!

Lucifer Morningstar was leaning over the railing of his rooftop terrace, shoulders dropped, head tilted to heaven. Dawn had already set in, and Chloe could see the first hint of a reddish hue on the horizon.

The sight of Lucifer made her heart stop beating. She pushed herself away from the piano, but the dizziness was overpowering, so she stumbled against the musical instrument noisily.

Chloe was still trying to control her spinning vision as Lucifer turned, spotting her from his terrace. Their eyes met, and Chloe gasped out loud. It wasn’t red eyes that faced her, but the usual dark brown tone. Those were the eyes of her partner, but the expression was atypical. Disappeared had the otherwise self-assured and arrogant look. Instead, she only discovered uncertainty and a deep concern in them.

"Detective!" her partner said with a calm tone. He stepped back from the railing, but Chloe raised her arms, backing away in panic. He stopped his motion.

All her instincts screamed at her to run. She just had to get to the elevator, pressing the button. Her eyes fell on the doors.

"Chloe, please let us talk about it!" Lucifer pleaded in a brittle voice.

Her name on his tongue felt unfamiliar, far too intimate for the current occasion. She turned back to him, only to see that Lucifer had reached the terrace door.

"Please stay where you are!" she begged briskly as a new anxiety attack swept over her. Her body began to tremble, and she had to rest both hands on the grand piano to prevent herself from falling.

Lucifer's hurt expression hit her unprepared.

"Detective, I can imagine how you do feel right now, but please believe me. Nothing has changed. I'm still the one you've been working with."

Chloe released a hysterical sound. "Nothing has changed?" she croaked sarcastically. "Lucifer, everything has changed! You are the fucking Devil. The real Devil from the Bible."

Her words hit him hard, and despite her panic, she could clearly see how he tried to swallow the anger of her words.
"The Bible doesn’t define who I really am, Detective," he hissed, letting his hands disappear into his pockets. "I expected you to understand that."

The accusatory tone made Chloe forget her fears for a moment. She felt the anger rise inside her. With difficulty, she drew the air deep into her lungs and managed to stare at Lucifer. "You lied to me! The whole time you’ve kept your secret from me."

Lucifer made an indignant tone, stepping one big step closer. "I’ve never lied to you, Detective. I’ve told you plenty of times who I am."

"You told me your truth Lucifer, although you knew I didn’t believe you," she retorted angrily.

Lucifer remained silent, just looking at her for a tormentingly long moment instead.

A whole bunch of different emotions broke loose in Chloe. "Why?" she choked.

Her partner tilted his head. "Pardon me?"

"Why didn’t you show me earlier?" It was a simple question, but she already sensed that the answer wouldn’t be that easy.

In Lucifer's eyes flashed a deep depression. "That's why," he explained, pointing to her body. "You look like you're about to collapse, and I suppose you're planning right now how to escape from me, Detective."

Chloe bit her lower lip hard, closing her eyes for a long moment. The images of the night rolled over in her head. She saw those fearsome red eyes again. Eyes that were part of Lucifer - a part that made her knees shaky and pushed her to flee in fear. Instinctively, she stepped back.

Lucifer sighed heavily. "You see," he remarked seriously.

She opened her eyes again, studying him. Her body didn’t obey her properly. The headache drummed in her head like a jackhammer and all her instincts screamed to run away.

Lucifer took another step towards her. "Detective, please think this through," he said calmly. "When did I ever give you a reason to fear me or run away from me? You can trust me. I'm still the man with whom you spent a pleasurable night, the man who solves crimes with you and the one who constantly getting on your nerves with his cheeky comments."

*Oh my fucking God! She had sex with the Devil!* Chloe's eyes widened and, against her will, a slight blush appeared on her face.

Lucifer must have guessed her thoughts, because he smiled knowingly. "And the sex was devilishly good, darling." He wiggled his eyebrows.

Chloe wrapped her arms around her upper body, studying Lucifer urgently. It was such typical behavior for her partner to rag her with their night together. Unwanted feelings surfaced inside her. It was so familiar to stand here, talking to him. Lucifer was behaving like usual, and he gave her absolutely no reason to run away from him.

She swallowed hard. Inside, a fierce fight raged. Her instincts still advised her to flee, but her heart screamed at least to listen to what he had to say. Maybe Lucifer was able to clear that mess in her mind.

The headache in Chloe's head exploded again and she groaned painfully. Her hand went to her
temple, massaging it gently.

"Let me help you, Detective. You have a lot of questions and if you still feel like leaving after that, I won’t stop you." Lucifer pointed invitingly at the ocher-colored couch beside her.

Should she accept the offer? Her heart was still racing too fast and her breathing was too shallow. Her mind was utterly unable to handle the events on her own, and Lucifer was the only person who knew about that supernatural world.

Oh, holy crap!

If Lucifer was the Devil, did that make Amenadiel an angel? And Maze? Did she and Trixie really live under the same roof as a real demon? And Lucifer's father? Whenever Lucifer spoke of him, did he really mean God?

Chloe began to waver again. The new information almost forced her to her knees. She gasped loudly.

"Detective," Lucifer said worriedly, stepping closer. Breathing heavily, Chloe raised a hand and forced him to stop. Like on autopilot her feet stumbled to the couch. Completely exhausted, she finally sat down, burying her head in her hands. How could all this be true? Her rational mind was unable to process the insights.

Chloe forced herself to take a deep breath. One by one, she screamed to herself. Slowly she focused on her breathing, counting the raising and lowering of her chest, trying to draw the air deep into her lungs.

When the detective was sure she had the panic attack under control, she removed her hands from her face. Lucifer stood indecisively several feet away, holding a large glass of water and a pill in his hands. "Will these help?" he asked uncertainly, indicating with a nod to the items in his hands.

Chloe studied him for a long moment. Her gaze wandered over his body - over his tight, anthracite-colored pants and white shirt with matching vest. His shirt sleeves were rolled up messily. When her eyes reached his face, she paused for a moment. He looked exhausted. His hair was untypically disheveled, and his eyes were underlined by dark rings. The situation burdened him deeply.

Chloe tried to listen to her body. The instinct to escape was still there, but her desire to understand what had happened was greater. Besides, Lucifer was right. If he really wanted to hurt her, he would have done it long ago. He was still the same man, but Chloe didn’t know how quickly she could make her mind and body aware of that fact.

She nodded to Lucifer with a faint smile on her lips. Gently he stepped closer, handing her the glass of water with the pill. As Chloe trembled for the glass, their fingertips touched for the tiny fraction of a second. The usual sense of closeness made her wince. Lucifer took it as a sign of her subliminal panic and hurriedly stepped back.

"Thanks," the detective murmured softly, swallowing the painkillers with a big gulp of water.

In the meantime, Lucifer had gone to his bar, pouring himself a glass of whiskey. When he saw her gaze, he looked at her with his brown eyes. "Would you like one too?" he asked gallantly. "With the painkillers you can get a very fast effect, Detective." He winked at her in amusement.

Chloe shook her head, eyes rolling, and waited for Lucifer to drop into the chair across from her. He’d deliberately chosen the place farthest away from her. Casually he crossed his legs, leaning against the cushions. Chloe knew immediately that it was an act. He wanted to convince her of his
serenity, but she saw in his eyes that he was more than tense.

"All right, Detective. I'm all yours. What do you want to know?"

Chloe sighed, fingers nervously pressed together in her lap. Where should she start? A thousand questions poured into her head, but she chose the most obvious.

"What happened?"

Lucifer waved the whiskey in his glass, giving her a long look. "You've already puzzled it out, Detective," he finally told her in a calm voice. "It wasn't Pierce who attacked you, but a siren, a death demon."

He waited for a moment to see if she could follow. When she nodded in silence, he continued. "It turns out she's the one who made humans kill their loved ones."

Chloe's eyebrows narrowed. "Since when do you know?" she asked.

Lucifer shrugged. "Maze, Amenadiel and I discovered the facts after the last murder case. That was before I visited you at home in the evening. I wanted to make sure you were safe. After all, there was a great possibility that the siren would return to captivate you again."

Chloe jumped up from the couch. "Lucifer!" she hissed, agitated. "Why didn't you tell me that earlier?" She glared at him.

The Devil tilted his head. "Would you have believed me if I had done?" he countered questioningly.

Chloe hissed, running her fingers through her hair. "I don’t know… maybe…"

Lucifer raised his eyebrows at her.

"Fine, maybe not," the detective said resignedly. "But at least you could have tried."

Lucifer dismissed her objection with a casual gesture of his hand. "It doesn’t matter, Detective. The only important thing is that you are safe, and the siren is dead."

Chloe’s hackles rose as she thought back to the grinning face of the siren. The figure she’d been looking at in the mirror was worse than any monster she’d ever seen in a horror movie.

"They veil their appearance," Lucifer explained, noticing her discomfort. "You probably saw her real appearance in the mirror, didn’t you?"

Chloe nodded, clutching her glass of water. She needed something to keep her restless hands busy.

"That siren," she began haltingly. "Is she as described in the stories?"

Lucifer chuckled, amused. "Some myths are true, darling. Sirens are death demons. Since beauty is in the eye of the beholder, they can change their shape as they please. Only the tattoo on her neck remains. Unfortunately, they love to play with human emotions. The poison they spread through their saliva, they manipulate humans with it. As a result, the victims believe they are madly in love with the siren and kill those they really love the most."

Chloe blinked several times. She’d been under the spell of the siren and she’d gone out to kill Lucifer. The siren had suggested something similar when she’d been lying on top of her in the strip club. But that would mean...
Her eyes widened in panic. Confused, she squinted at Lucifer, but he avoided her gaze. Had he come to the same conclusion? But that was completely impossible! She wasn’t in love with Lucifer! How was she supposed to be in love with a man she was currently running away from? The silence dragged on, and Chloe was fidgeting uneasily on the couch.

"That means our series of murders is solved?" she finally asked to break the unpleasant atmosphere.

"It appears so," he agreed stiffly, staring at the whiskey glass in his hand. Another silence followed. Chloe's thoughts were spinning.

"Detective!" Lucifer's eyes met hers just as she got hit by another realization. She saw that he wanted to tell her something important, but she was faster.

"Lucifer! What if others see that the siren has taken the form of Pierce? How should we explain that at the station?"

Her partner visibly tensed. "The lieutenant is taking care of it," he pressed out cautiously.  

But that meant...

Chloe’s pupils widened in shock and her mouth opened, only to close again without saying a word. If he’d seen the body of the siren, he must have been as confused as she was. Unless he knew about the supernatural world because maybe he was a part of it…

Her eyes met Lucifer's. She could read the confirmation in his brown eyes even before he said it out loud. "Do you remember how I asked you at the station to stay away from Pierce and you dismissed it as jealousy?"

Chloe swallowed, nodding uneasily.

"Pierce isn’t the man he claims to be, Detective."

There were those cryptic words again he’d told her back then. "What is he?" she demanded to know. Lucifer looked as if he wanted to reach for her hand over the coffee table, but he held himself back. "He's a human, Detective. A man who was cursed by my father after he killed his brother out of jealousy."

Chloe pressed her fingers to her temples, gently massaging them. Her headache started to throb again as she drew the conclusion all on her own.

"Cain from the Bible," she finally whispered.

"That's correct!", Lucifer confirmed.

Chloe closed her eyes for a moment. She felt a new panic attack rising and a hysterical laugh escaped her mouth before she could restrain the sounds. "My partner is the Devil and my boyfriend the first killer of history."

She got another laugh attack. Speaking it out loud, it sounded even more absurd. Why did she have such bad luck with men?

"Detective," Lucifer said, visibly disturbed by her uncontrolled laughter. "There's something else you should know."

Chloe dropped her hands back into her lap, trying to calm down. "What else, Lucifer? Vampires and
werewolves also exist?"

He looked at her completely dumbfounded. "Don’t be silly, darling! I can assure you that such creatures have arisen from your blossoming imagination."

Chloe looked at him contritely, while smoothing a strand of hair behind her ear.

Lucifer took a long drink from his glass before leaning forward and supporting his forearms on his thighs. "I talked to Maze earlier. We believe that Cain is working with the siren. The night was filled with many random things that went wrong, and all of them can be traced back to the lieutenant’s presence."

"That’s totally impossible," Chloe said hurriedly. "Marcus is a nice man. We like each other. He would never put me in danger."

Lucifer raised an eyebrow accusingly. "Detective, think about it for a moment. How well do you really know Pierce? We know for sure that Cain has murdered at least once before and it was someone who must have been close to him."

Chloe’s thoughts began to circle again. That was absolutely impossible. Pierce wouldn’t kill all those people.

"Why would he want that, Lucifer? Why would Cain be interested in a deal with the siren?"

The Devil shrugged. "I’m currently trying to figure that out. He is immortal and seems to seek a way to die. I don’t think he has any romantic interest in you. Somehow you play a role in his plan, as does the siren. All I have to do is find out how it all fits together."

Chloe shook her head. "There must be some mistake, Lucifer," she gasped in confusion.

"I’m afraid not," he contradicted her immediately.

Chloe’s fingers began to tremble, and she pressed them together to stop the movement. Apparently, Lucifer had noticed her agitation, as he reached out to touch her, but the detective immediately shook her head, while pressing her body into the back of the couch.

"Please don’t!" Chloe rasped soundlessly. She was still reacting with fear to his presence.

"Maybe we should talk about me first," he suggested carefully. "Tell me what I can do to make you lose the fear of me." The distressed expression in his brown eyes made her guts contract hard. Part of her knew she was hurting him with her rejection, but she couldn’t do much about it because her body seemed to be acting without her mind at the moment.

But who could blame her for that behavior? After all, she’d just learned that her partner was the ruler of Hell. He was the Devil who liked to punish humans for their sins. He stood for the incarnation of all evil. Chloe winced at that thought.

"Detective, whatever you’re thinking, it’s fairy tales invented by your church to make you obedient."

Chloe made a nervous noise as she pictured her partner on a giant throne, deciding on the torture for the sinners in Hell. She squinted.

"In father’s name," Lucifer cursed suddenly. A moment later, Chloe felt him reaching for her hand and gently enclosing hers with his.
Her heartbeat quickened and her eyes flew open in panic. "Lucifer!" she screamed in shock and started to jump out of the couch, but Lucifer pushed her back with his hand.

"Listen to me, Chloe!" he begged, waiting impatiently until she looked him in the eye. His thumb stroked the back of her hand and the feeling was sending a chill down her spine.

"What are you really afraid of? Are you afraid of me or the stories that fool you into believing who I should be? You know me, Detective. Sometimes I have the feeling you understand me better than I do. Please don’t let those fantasies overwrite what you really know about me."

Chloe's mind was flooded with a variety of images. She saw Lucifer solving and fighting crimes at her side; Lucifer who used his mojo in the interrogation room to get a confession out of the suspects, or who went up and down beside her in his desk chair because he was bored to death as she drowned in paperwork. Lucifer, who had often visited her spontaneously at home and had been surprised by Trixie, who hung on him like glue, or Lucifer, who invited himself unannounced into her house, cocking food for them. And then there was the fact that Lucifer had always been there for her. He’d always stood by her side, protecting her with his life, including tonight.

Her partner was right! Whatever she thought she knew about the Devil might not be true. The man standing in front of her wasn’t the incarnation of all evil, but her partner, her friend - someone she could rely on. And yet there was this monstrous side of him. The thought of his inhuman eyes made Chloe shudder.

Now that she knew the truth, the many inexplicable events suddenly made sense. Lucifer had lifted men up with his bare hand. He’d thrown them several feet through windows, as if they weighed nothing, and then there was their first case together. Chloe had been shot. She’d seen blurry pictures she couldn’t explain. Lucifer had caught bullets in his back, and in a smashed mirror she had seen a scarred face with red eyes. It must have been Lucifer's true appearance. She’d all the evidence spread out under her nose, but she’d ignored them out of fear.

The thought of the many suspects cowering in front of Lucifer, screaming or staring horrified at him, made the detective shiver again. They had all seen his face, the monster in him. How should Chloe be able to ignore this side of him?

She felt herself being overcome by another dizziness. Her body was weakened, her mind overwhelmed, and the painkillers were only partially effective against the gigantic flood of stifling images in her head. She had to leave! She needed time to calm down and gather her thoughts.

Determined, Chloe pulled her hand out of Lucifer’s, jumping up from the couch. This time he let her go, only looking at her, confused.

"I need some time, Lucifer," she said shakily, backing away for the elevator.

Her partner also got up, following her slowly. "Detective, there are more things you should know. Things you need to know to understand the whole picture."

Chloe swallowed hard. She’d reached the elevator, pressing the button on the control panel. "That must wait!", she replied exhausted. She knew instinctively that she couldn’t take in any more information.

Lucifer shrugged in resignation. "I promised I wouldn’t stop you, but at least let me drive you home."

The detective shook her head in a hurry. "No need. I'll call an Uber."
"Then promise me you will stay away from the lieutenant until I fixed the matter." His voice took on a desperate tone. Chloe saw clearly how much her desire to escape hurt him. A small part of her appreciated that he still wanted to protect her from all potential dangers.

Chloe sighed heavily as the doors of the elevator opened. She bravely sought eye contact with the man who had recently been so familiar to her. "Lucifer, I'm really grateful to you for saving my life this night, but I can not promise you anything right now. I'm totally confused and just need some time to sort out some things for me."

His tormented look brought tears to her eyes. The whole situation was just too much. Even before the first tear could run down her cheek, she turned away from him, fleeing into the interior of the elevator.

"Detective!" Lucifer yelled in panic. "Will you contact me?"

Chloe narrowed her eyes, saying nothing. She didn’t know how to behave around Lucifer in the future. The many different feelings threatened to suffocate her. A thick lump formed in her throat, and she watched helplessly as the doors of the elevator closed without her giving him an answer.

Her name on his tongue was the last thing Chloe heard before the elevator began to move. Sobbing, she slid down against the wall, beginning to cry bitterly.

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Chloe didn’t exactly know how she got home. The world around her had passed by like a thick fog. Sometime in the middle of the taxi ride, she’d stopped crying and had begun to stare like a lifeless zombie instead. Her thoughts kept on circling tirelessly. Images of Lucifer holding her like a precious treasure in his arms mingled with scenes in which he was about to lose control. Again and again she looked at the siren with the disfigured face, or Lucifer's eyes flamed up in a rich red. The detective had no idea how to handle the flood of information properly.

Totally exhausted, Chloe got out of the car, dragging herself to the front door. Morning had already begun. She dug for her keys in her pocket. Her shaky hands made it difficult to put it in the keyhole.

Chloe was about to turn the key around in the lock when a crackling noise caught her attention. It sounded disturbingly close. She felt a gentle breath of air on her neck, which got her hackles rose in panic.

Startled, Chloe released the key and spun around.

The next instant a sharp pain exploded in her body as she lost consciousness by a single hard blow against her head. She didn’t even feel the impact on the hard floor anymore because the blackness of unconsciousness carried her away way too fast.

Chapter End Notes

Ohhhh, poor Chloe! Unconscious again by some stranger's blow... Well... Let me know what you think about how this story might continue :-)
Frozen in place, Lucifer Morningstar stared at the closed elevator Chloe had just used to disappear. He didn’t know exactly how much time had passed by before he finally mustered the strength to step back to the couch, but it had to be a few minutes, because the sun had risen in the meantime. The first rays were falling through the floor-length windows, warming his penthouse and announcing a new day - a day without his detective.

Lucifer's guts tightened as he thought back to the fear in her eyes. Although he’d partially succeeded in convincing her that he wasn’t evil, she’d withdrawn herself from him. She’d fled from him!

Bloody Hell!

He hadn’t even gotten the opportunity to tell her the most important part of the story; the part that would explain why he’d held her at bay for the past few months; the part that would reveal his feelings for her...

Exhausted, the Devil sat down on his huge ochre couch. Should he follow her? Chloe had told him she needed time to think, but how could she come to a reasonable decision if she didn’t know all the details?

Or was it better that he hadn’t revealed his feelings? The way she’d flinched each time he’d tried to touch her showed him very clearly that Chloe didn’t return those feelings. It was likely that he only would have made a fool of himself, looking like a lovesick idiot.

Chloe Decker truly was his downfall!

Desperately, the Devil buried his head in his hands. What the hell had become of him? He was the Ruler of Hell, the Lord of Darkness. He was a man of greatness and self-confidence, but there wasn’t much left of him at the moment. He was just sitting on his couch, drowning in self-pity.

A wave of anger flamed up in him, making him clench his hands into fists. That wasn’t who he was supposed to be! That wasn’t him at all! Nobody tamed the Devil and certainly not in such a messed-up way. Enraged, Lucifer jumped off the couch, heading for the elevator. The party at LUX was coming to an end soon. If he was lucky, he would find a suitable female companion down there and if not, there still was a bar brimful full of alcohol he could enjoy.

Lucifer was just stopping in front of the elevator, pushing the button on the control panel, as his phone started ringing. For a long moment he thought about ignoring it, but when he became aware of the fact that it might be the detective, he hurried to the bar, picking up his cell phone. However, a glance at the display showed him that it wasn’t Chloe but Amenadiel waiting at the other end of the line.

Annoyed, he smashed the device back on the counter. He’d absolutely no desire to talk to his brother right now. The night and its consequences had already been bad enough.

The phone noises stopped, only to start all over again. The device was vibrating and ringing in a very shrill frequency. Visibly annoyed, Lucifer reached for it, putting the phone to his ear.

"If I didn't answer your call the first time, it means I'm not in the mood to talk to you, brother!" he
growled, while pacing restlessly through the living area.

Amenadiel snorted at the other end of the line. "It's nice to hear from you too, Luci," he replied ironically. "Sometimes I wonder why I've offered you my help in the first place."

Lucifer wandered to the floor-to-ceiling windows, staring at the Los Angeles skyline. "Maybe because you're still convinced, I'm your bloody task," he replied to the rhetorical question.

"You are my task, Luci. Father wants me to help you."

The Devil made a derogatory sound. "I highly doubt dad wants to grant me a favor." The last few hours felt more like a new form of punishment.

Even before Amenadiel got the chance to spout one of his phrases about trust in his plan, Lucifer raised his voice again. "Is there a more significant reason for your call or did you just come forward to annoy me, brother? Because believe me, this isn't a good time to do so."

"In a matter of fact, I found something," Amenadiel explained quickly, ignoring his brother's obvious provocation. "I did some research on the siren and learned some things you might want to hear."

Lucifer rubbed over the bridge of his nose. "The siren is no longer a problem. I killed her earlier when she tried to assassinate the detective."

Amenadiel made a surprised sound. "You did what?" he asked in disbelief.

Lucifer pressed his lips together in a fine line. "The siren kidnapped Chloe. I found the death demon in the strip club, stabbing her with Maze's dagger right into her heart. Michael should be indebted to me. After all, I've just finished his job."

"Luci!" Amenadiel warned him, worried. "I don't think you killed the siren."

"She was lying lifelessly on the bed. The dagger was stuck in her heart. She is definitely dead, brother," the Devil interrupted him.

"I'm afraid you're wrong," Amenadiel contradicted. "I know why Michael had such great problems in the battle and why the extermination took several decades."

Lucifer's back muscles tensed. "What is your point?" He had a bad feeling rising in his chest.

Amenadiel inhaled the air audibly into his lungs. "There is only one way to destroy a siren. She can only be killed by her own poison. It is paradoxical. The serum she uses to draw people into her love spell is also the poison that can kill her. I'm afraid you only temporarily stopped the siren with Maze's dagger, Luci."

That was bad news!

If the siren really survived his attack, then there was a great chance she would take revenge, which in turn meant the detective was still in great danger! His eyes widened at the realization.

"Lucifer?" Amenadiel asked worriedly.

The Devil spun around on his black Louis Vuitton shoes, racing to his elevator. "I have to go, brother. Thanks for the hint." Before Amenadiel even had time to reply, Lucifer had ended the call. He picked up his jacket, walking impatiently into the elevator.
It didn’t matter what the detective had said earlier. He had to go to her as soon as possible! If all his theories were correct, there was a huge problem. The lieutenant had offered to take care of the siren. If they really were allies, it made the situation all the more dangerous for Chloe. He should never have let her go alone in the first place!

**********

Seconds felt like minutes and minutes like endless hours. It had taken Lucifer Morningstar an eternity to park his Corvette convertible in front of Chloe's house. He’d tried to call her many times on the way, but the detective hadn’t answered.

Was it a bad sign? He wasn’t really sure. After all, she’d wanted some time and space to think, and it was quite realistic she was just ignoring him. Alternatively, the siren had gotten her hands on Chloe again, and the mere thought of that was enough to make him go mad with fear.

Hastily, Lucifer jumped out of the car, closing the door behind him. For a moment he wondered what he should do, but the nagging concern for Chloe’s life led him to the front door. He pressed the bell while vigorously knocking on the door with his fist.

"Detective, I know you don’t want to see me, but we have a little problem."

Lucifer waited. Was she even at home or had she already been kidnapped on the way back from his penthouse? His body tensed anxiously.

"Detective! Come on! Please open the door! It's important!"

Again nothing. The panic in his chest grew steadfast. Lucifer was just wondering if he should kick in the door when he heard a redeeming sound behind it. Another tramping sounded before the door was finally opened.

Lucifer's heart jumped as he saw Chloe standing in the doorway, unharmed. She was wearing a simple pair of jeans and a washed sweater. Her hair was still disheveled, as if she hadn’t found the energy to wash it before falling into bed. He wanted to look her in the eye, but she avoided his gaze, staring at her bare feet instead.

"Lucifer?" she asked, puzzled.

The Devil cleared his throat and straightened the cufflink on his shirt. "Detective," he started uncertainly. "I know you don’t want me here, but I got a disturbing call from Amenadiel. It appears we didn’t kill the siren completely."

Chloe needed a long moment before she responded. "And now you're here because..."

"I have reason to worry that she will return. After all, we pretty much upset her," Lucifer finished hastily.

The detective needed another moment before she nodded, opening the door completely and letting him in.

Lucifer frowned as he studied her face. She was strangely calm, and she seemed to have difficulty in following him mentally.
"Detective? Is everything alright with you?"

Again, there was a hesitation before she nodded. "Of course. There has just happened a lot lately and I'm exhausted."

He nodded understandingly while stepping into her house. It was a miracle anyway that she let him in, considering she’d been running away from him a few hours ago.

Chloe walked towards the kitchen unit. "I need a coffee first. Would you like one too?" she offered.

Lucifer nodded irritably. Something about her behavior seemed odd. He couldn’t detect any hints of fear. It almost felt like she wasn’t remembering their conversation from this morning. Was she suddenly suffering from temporary amnesia?

Carefully he followed her into the kitchen area, leaning against the counter. "You do remember what we talked about this morning, don’t you?" he asked skeptically as the detective filled the coffee powder into the machine.

"Of course, Lucifer. How am I supposed to forget that?"

He looked at her back. "You're behaving quite differently, darling. I expected you to take longer to process the information."

A brief silence ensued before Chloe turned away from the coffee machine, seductively striding towards him. Surprised, the Devil raised an eyebrow. "Detective?" he breathed.

The next moment Chloe reached him, leaning forward. Temptingly she stroked over his chest before running down the button line of his vest with her forefinger. "You're just way too hot and charming for that, Lucifer!" she whispered in a rather sexy tone.

He swallowed hard as all sorts of emotions awoke in his body, converging in his midst. Her finger left a tingling trail and her sweet smell rose into his nostrils, overpowering his senses.

Chloe leaned forward, pressing against him with her entire body. It took Lucifer an endlessly long time to free himself from the erotic rigidity that Chloe had so easily put him in. His whole body was screaming for her, but he knew something was wrong.

Superhumanly fast, he grabbed Chloe's waist and whirled both of them around so he could box the detective between himself and the kitchen counter. Immediately he gripped her face with his hands, forcing her to raise her head.

"Chloe? What's going on?" he asked her seriously. Their eyes met for the first time that morning, and what he saw there made him inhale the air sharply between his teeth. Chloe's eyes were completely expressionless and unfocused. It was as if her body was present but her soul wasn’t. He’d seen that expression on her face before...

**Bloody Hell!**

Suddenly a shrill laugh echoed from the living room area behind him. Lucifer's head jerked around. He was surprised to be looking at a version of himself - dark blue designer suit, anthracite shirt, and a grin on his face that he could only describe as diabolical. Solely the linear tattoo differed from his own appearance. Quickly Lucifer hid the initial surprise behind his usual sarcastic face, turning fully to his reflection.

"I have to say my sight is definitely worth seeing." He smugly raised one corner of his mouth and
positioned himself protectively in front of Chloe.

Wildly varying emotions flowed through his body. The hint of relief from earlier had vanished and had been replaced by some sort of anxiety and panic. He was one hundred percent sure that Chloe was under the spell of the siren again. Her behavior was absolutely atypical, and her expressionless look spoke volumes. The mere thought that this creature had kissed his detective caused him to foam with rage.

"As arrogant as ever, Lucifer," the death demon sneered, crossing her arms in disapproval.

The Devil shrugged casually. "Pride is a sin that suits me excellently."

The siren grunted. "Your pride is the reason you’re making mistakes, Lucifer," she replied icily, stepping closer.

He tensed instantly. His gaze wandered around the room in search of a plan. "If you mean the fact that you're still alive... Well, let's revise that little mistake right away, shall we?"

Lucifer's brain worked feverishly. He'd already considered how he should kill the siren with her own poison. Kissing her was certainly not an option and asking nicely wouldn't be successful either. Somehow, he had to make sure she gave herself that poison...

His eyes fell on Chloe behind him. Since the siren had revealed herself, the detective had been frozen into a pillar of salt. Her arms hung limply down her sides and her eyes were unemotionally focused on the floor. He needed a plan. Urgently!

The siren shrieked. It was a sound that didn't flatter his voice in any way. "Are you going to stab me again with your little demon dagger? As you may have noticed, that wasn't very successful."

Lucifer growled, clenching his hands into fists. "How did you get rid of the dagger?" he demanded to know. "You were lying motionless on the bed."

The siren inclined her head, smirking. "The dogged expression in your eyes shows me that you can answer that question all by yourself."

Of course, he could! Cain!

"Why?" he grumbled instead, glaring at the siren. "Why did you get involved in a deal with this traitor?"

"He's just as much a traitor as you and your siblings are," she hissed icily. "Your species has taken the right to decide who's allowed to live and who's not! Michael has almost exterminated my entire people. So I ask you, who is the real traitor here?"

Lucifer barely believed what he was saying, but the words escaped his mouth before he could hold them back. "Michael acted on Dad's behalf." Had he seriously started to justify the actions of his father and his brothers? Lucifer's face grimaced to a contrite expression. He was clearly desperate. The siren seemed to have picked up some of his thoughts because she laughed wickedly.

The Devil glanced at Chloe, but she still didn't move. Visibly annoyed, he focused on the siren again. It was disturbing to see her in his own appearance.

"What deal have you negotiated with Cain?" Lucifer demanded to know

The siren eyed him disdainfully. "He wants to have you out of the way to fulfill his wish," she said
ominously, stepping closer to the kitchen area.

"You mean he wants to get rid of me to be able to die?" he countered while watching her movements. "How is that supposed to be related?"

The siren started to chuckle again, pointing with a quick head movement to Chloe.

Lucifer tensed. The detective was a human and in no way involved in Cain's past. Unless…

His eyes widened in surprise. Maybe Dr. Linda had been right all that time! Chloe was special and she made him vulnerable. This mortality problem had occurred as their relationship had continued to deepen. If Cain got that information, it was quite possible that he'd thought Chloe might be able to hurt him, too. Cain only had to fool her with a romantic interest, and that would have been enough to get Lucifer out of the picture. And without him, Chloe could get involved with the lieutenant, making him mortal. Bloody Hell! That realization was extremely worrying.

"I suppose your detective is something precious," the siren said darkly.

Lucifer shrugged, threateningly stepping closer to the death demon. "She is indeed a miracle, which is why I won't let you or Cain harm her in any way."

The siren glared at him before her eyes took on a serious expression. "Oh, but she's very interested in harming you."

As she uttered her threat, Lucifer felt a sharp pain exploding in his right shoulder. The intensity made him gasp hard. He tried to turn, but the pain grew stronger and almost forced him to his knees.

"Detective," he gasped. His head spun around, and he spotted Chloe, who had grabbed a long kitchen knife from the counter, driving it into his back. Her hand still gripped the knife, and she twisted the handle slowly, so the weapon continued to pierce his flesh.

He let out a pained sound, staggering forward.

The siren laughed. "Love makes you vulnerable. I suppose Cain really is right after all."

Lucifer bit his tongue, saying nothing. The weapon was moving in his flesh, causing another painful wave to explode in his body. He felt something wet running down his spine, and at this particular moment he cursed his mortality near her.

Of course, the Devil didn't plan on hurting Chloe, but he had no other choice. He reached out with his hand and powerfully struck against Chloe's outstretched arm. She made a dull sound, hurriedly withdrawing her hand in the process.

The Devil hastily backed away, turning to the detective. He felt the knife still being stuck in his shoulder and paralyzing him. Carefully he twisted an arm to his back, trying to grab the handle, but the knife was awkwardly placed, sitting exactly in the middle between his shoulder blade and the spine. He had no chance to pull it out without jerking his shoulder joint.

Breathing hard and clenching his teeth, he turned back to Chloe, but she had a glassy look in her eyes and was frozen into a statue again.

He had the terrifying thought that the siren might control her whole actions at the moment.

"What did you do to her?" he squeezed angrily, trying again to reach the knife in his back.
The siren had a murderous look in her eyes, glaring at him. "She is just executing a few commands I whispered to her. My spell can be very powerful on humans."

Lucifer growled. "Let her go!"

The siren grinned darkly. "And missing out all that fun? Your little detective seems to take great pleasure in killing the man of her dreams."

From one second to the other Lucifer lost his temper. He tensed his muscles, rushing forward and throwing himself on his own image. Unfortunately, his injury hampered him, and the punch was weaker than intended. A new pain shot through his body, making him flinch.

The siren took advantage of his weakness, parrying his stroke with her own hand while countering with an attack that was far superior to his own. Without any problems, she broke through Lucifer's sloppy arm defense and hit him on the front of his injured shoulder. The force of the blow made the knife wander in his back, and he let out a sharp scream. Dizzy, he staggered back a step, only to be meeting again with the fists of the siren. She landed a few well-placed blows against his chest. The air was pulled out of his lungs, leaving him gasping hard. He backed away, staggering.

"What's going on, Lucifer?" the siren hissed hatefully. "Have you already had enough?" She stepped dangerously close, tensing her muscles.

Lucifer was breathing heavily. The pain dulled his senses. He managed to lift his healthy arm, parrying the impending blow, but the siren stroke again, forcing the Devil to dive under her arm, crouching. Each time he moved, his back muscles were strained, causing the knife in his body to move uncomfortably and making him moan and expel the air at the same time.

Lucifer cursed loudly, whirling around in pain and aiming for the siren's head. Of course, she saw the movement coming and dodged, only to attack him afterwards. Her combination of short punches forced him backwards. He stopped for a moment, but when she indicated another blow and spontaneously changed direction, the Devil couldn't react quickly enough with his injured arm. Her fist hit him on the chest, and he was thrown back by the momentum. With difficulty he managed to stay upright, fingering the injured side under his jacket.

He needed a plan! The knife in his back weakened him, and currently he had very few chances to survive in a fight against the siren.

The death demon grinned haughtily. "I'll kill you myself and avenge my species." She threw herself at him. Lucifer grunted, partly in pain and partly in annoyance. He managed to parry some powerful attacks, but the siren repeatedly broke through his defense, landing a few blows to his head or upper body. He felt the swollen and broken areas of his skin. The blood was running down on one side of his face, about to drop into his eye.

The fight continued. Lucifer had now backed away into the living area. As the siren spun under his arm, his fist hit a vase of flowers that shattered loudly on the ground. He immediately attacked again, forcing the death demon to the defense. His back muscles burned like hell and the pain was new and uncomfortable, but his iron will helped him to continue. It was about Chloe's life. He had to protect her. He had to save her!

Lucifer dodged several strokes, attacking back with his uninjured arm. His fist hit her forearm repeatedly. It felt like a thousand punches until he managed to strike a hit, pushing his hand past her forearm at the right moment. He turned sideways, causing his fist to collide with her left shoulder. The force threw the siren backwards, and she flew several feet through the room before bumping against the wall behind her. A picture frame came off, falling to the floor, clinking.
She let out a furious cry, jumping up and walking forward.

Suddenly Lucifer heard a huge amount of glass shattering behind him. His head whirled in alarm and he spotted Maze, who had crashed through the back door with a murderous look on her face. She entered the slaughterhouse, armed with two daggers and ready for battle.

"I see I'm just in time for the party," she said cynically, flicking her tongue over her lower lip with relish. Her gaze was wandering across the room, capturing the situation.

The siren had stopped her attack on Lucifer, staring with an angry look at the newcomer instead. Lucifer, on the other hand, had never been so pleased in his entire existence to see his former bodyguard.

"Maze," he greeted her, impressed. "What gives me the honor of your company?"

The demon nodded conspicuously to his own appearance. "I traced the leads and as it turned out, they took me straight to our apartment. Somehow, I'm not surprised that you didn't do your job properly, Lucifer!" She began to grin gloomily. "You have something stuck in your back by the way."

The Devil grimaced. "I really wasn't aware of that," he replied sarcastically. "If you are so kind." He pointed to the knife in his back, but before Maze could approach, the siren hissed menacingly, throwing herself at him again. "Oh no, I won't let that happen."

The next moment, Lucifer saw her fists flying towards him. He managed to raise his arms to block the attacks. It took all of his concentration to keep the siren at bay and to ignore the pain in his body. Fighting, the siren led him back a few steps. Lucifer groaned in agony as another blow hit his head. The dizziness clouded his view for a moment, and he stumbled sideways past his opponent.

He saw Chloe lunging at Maze before he could scream his warning. Apparently, her rigidity had loosened once again, because she'd pulled a new knife from the block on the counter, trying to stab Maze with it. Of course, the demon was far more experienced, evading her sloppy attacks. Why did the detective have so many kitchen knives, if she never cooked anyway?

"Decker! Stop it!" Maze growled.

Lucifer didn't have the time to help them because he was confronted by the siren again. "The poor detective is about to kill herself," his opponent mocked spitefully. "Not exactly how I planned it, but no one will stop me from killing you! Not even Cain's silly deal!"

Lucifer's attention wavered between Chloe and the siren. "Maze, under any circumstances, do not kill the detective!" he shouted tyrannically.

Maze chuckled as she dodged another one of Chloe's attack. "Any alternative ideas?" she yelled at him.

Even while Lucifer was keeping the siren at bay and blocking her blows, he saw Chloe out of the corner of his eye threateningly passing close to Maze's torso. Out of instinct, the demon turned sideways, hurting the detective on her upper arm with her own knife.

Chloe screamed in pain, looking at her arm. The sweater was torn and already reddening with blood. Maze had probably sliced a deep cut. The Devil growled before screaming Maze's name.

"That wasn't intentional," she hissed back.
The siren hit him on the chest, and he stumbled back a few steps. The grim expression in her eyes showed him clearly that playtime was over. He urgently needed the poison to kill her. His eyes flickered between Chloe and his own appearance.

Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He didn't have a bloody clue if it would work, but it was the only idea he could come up with and it was definitely worth trying.

Angrily, he put the siren in another duel, while glancing at his former bodyguard. "Maze, throw me your dagger!"

He forced the siren to move back. His entire accumulated anger escaped at that moment, giving him the strength he needed to keep the upper hand in their fight for a few moments.

"Have you lost your mind!" Maze roared back. "This is my only weapon against zombie Decker!"

"Just do it!" he commanded grimly, tightly clenching his lips as he was overwhelmed by another painful wave. The siren hissed wildly, mostly avoiding his attacks.

The next moment Maze threw her demon knife through the room. Skillfully Lucifer jumped aside, catching the blood-stained weapon by the handle. The maneuver neglected his defense, so the siren managed to punch him hard between the ribs. He groaned in agony as he heard some of them cracking.

At the same moment he whirled around, feigning a blow with his fist and attacking with the dagger. The siren tried to grab his wrist, but he was too fast. Mazes dagger pierced through her palm. She cried out, but Lucifer pushed further, putting all his strength into the punch. Finally, he managed to slam the dagger into her chest.

The siren gagged, looking at him incredulously. "Seriously? Again?" she choked, but Lucifer stepped back, unimpressed.

Moments later, the siren's squeezed smile turned into a painful scream. "What ... did ... you ...", she yelled shrieking, but the next moment her whole body started to glow. She was swelling from the inside, shattering to ash in a blazing cloud of fire. Maze's bloodied demon dagger fell to the ground, clattering.

Lucifer blinked several times, staring at the remains of the death demon.

It was over.

This time he’d destroyed her, eliminating her out of existence. His plan had actually worked. Exhausted and in great pain, he turned to Maze, who was about to put a collapsed Chloe on the kitchen chair.

"Lucifer? The siren has just exploded like fireworks. How did you do that?" Maze asked in surprise.

The Devil cautiously approached the two women. His ribs protested painfully as he tried to suck the air deep into his lungs. "The siren could only be killed by her own poison. You hurt the detective with your dagger. She was under the control of the siren and her contaminated blood was sticking to the weapon. Apparently, there was enough of the poison in her blood to destroy that annoying death demon once and for all."

"And you were sure that your plan would work because…?" she asked skeptically.

Lucifer's mouth turned up, grinning. "Happy coincidence, I guess," he commented dryly. His gaze
broke away from Maze and moved on to Chloe. She sat slumped on the chair, not moving at all. Had she fainted again? Was she still under the spell of the siren? Carefully he stepped closer and crouched beside her. His battered body protested painfully.

"Detective? It's over," he whispered, tenderly brushing a strand of hair behind her ear.

That was the moment when two bullets were fired.

Chapter End Notes

Shocking, isn't it?!? Sorry for that cliffhanger... AGAIN xD
A shining light bringer in the darkness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Slowly Chloe Decker felt the dense fog in her head clear. Disoriented and confused, she tried to sort out her thoughts while coming to her senses again. It was almost comparable with awakening from an anesthetic. She had absolutely no memories of the past hours. The last thing she could remember was a stranger who had surprised and knocked her out at the front door.

Chloe couldn’t muster the strength to open her eyes. The small motion was too heavy. Her body didn’t obey her and so she let herself be lulled and carried away by the lethargic feeling.

She felt someone moving her, putting her in a sitting position, but she wasn’t able to bend a finger on her own. What had happened? Who had attacked her at the front door?

Oh my God! Was she dead?

The thought spontaneously jumped into her head, releasing an avalanche of unpleasant feelings. Was this supposed to be paradise? Or had she landed in hell? The panic rushed over her, threatening to drag her back to a state of unconsciousness.

"Detective," a soft male voice suddenly sounded. It was a voice she would recognize among thousands - warm, compassionate, anxious, and with a distinctive British accent. It was the voice of her partner and at the same time the voice of the Devil! A wave of realization collapsed over Chloe. It felt like drowning in a wild sea of unpleasant memories when thoughts of her recent escape came back to her mind. She’d fled from the Devil before she’d been attacked.

"It’s over," Lucifer breathed tenderly. The warmth in his voice enveloped her, easing the panic that had grown inside her. Contradictory feelings seeped to the surface. Her affection for him was fighting a duel with the fear of the truth, letting her moan softly.

Suddenly two shots were fired, followed closely by a menacing growl. The detective would recognize the sound of deadly bullets everywhere and immediately. It echoed through her whole body like a wake-up call, causing her eyes to open in alarm.

Chloe blinked several times before she managed to recognize her surroundings. She was sitting on a chair in her kitchen while Lucifer was crouching beside her. It wasn’t the horrified expression on his face that scared her nearly to an instant death but the many bruises and the dried blood on his body.

For heaven's sake, what had happened?

The initial fear was suddenly replaced by a nagging worry. He looked awful. His suit was torn in pieces and his hair was disheveled. Hastily Chloe leaned forward, staring at him with wide eyes. Had he been hit by the bullets?

"Lucifer!" she whispered in a fragile voice, but he ignored her.

Chloe followed his gaze. She spotted Maze next to her, eyes wide open and hands pressing on a spot on her stomach. The detective was immediately aware that it wasn’t Lucifer who had gotten caught by the bullets, but her.

"Damnit, Maze!" she screamed, slipping off the chair just in time to catch the bounty hunter as her
knees buckled and she was about to collapse. Together they fell to the ground.

A strong sense of helplessness swept over Chloe as she put Maze in her lap.

"Maze," she whispered again, gently reaching for the hands of her friend, which were still pressed on the wound next to her stomach, shaking terribly. A large amount of blood passed through her fingers, seeping into the black clothes.

Panic and fear flooded Chloe. Her gaze slipped away from Maze's wound, scurrying to Lucifer, who was still standing beside her chair, petrified. His expression, however, had changed. He’d narrowed his mouth to a fine line and his eyes were burning with rage. His irises looked so incredibly dark right now that Chloe didn’t doubt one second that he could tear the world apart. He truly looked like the Ruler of Hell right now. She shivered slightly, following his gaze.

When she realized who else was standing in her living room with a gun ready to shoot, she uttered a sound of wonderment and disbelief. That was completely impossible! That couldn’t be...

"Chloe, step aside!" Pierce commanded, looking unimpressed. His threatening attitude made her shiver instinctively.

Her heart cramped. Here was the man with whom she wanted to build a relationship; the man she spent an intimate night with and who was supposed to have a romantic interest in her.

Chloe's guts tightened. All of a sudden, she remembered Lucifer's stories and the warning not to trust the lieutenant. Her partner had been right all along, because otherwise she couldn’t explain why Pierce had fired a gun at Maze. Even though her mind had already accepted Lucifer's explanations of the night, it was completely different to see Pierce threatening their lives right now.

"Cain!" she breathed flatly, founding the inner strength to stare right into his familiar green eyes.

The lieutenant raised an eyebrow in surprise as he turned to Lucifer with a smirk on his lips. "So you actually told her. I have to say I'm quite surprised."

Her partner growled threateningly. "As I already told you, Cain! I won’t sit here and watch how you take advantage of the detective, hurting her."

Chloe's heart skipped a beat. She knew about Lucifer's strong protective instinct but hearing the words out of his mouth warmed her heart, suppressing a part of the fear she still felt towards him.

Maze suddenly moaned, catching Chloe's attention. Worried, she looked down at her roommate. Her face was pale and pained, but she didn’t seem close to fainting.

"You bastard, you shot me!" she croaked at Pierce, managing to glare at him. Her hands were still squeezing on the abdominal wound, but the blood flow had decreased a little. Chloe wasn’t a doctor, but she knew that shots into the midsection of the body usually ended in death. They had to get her to a hospital as soon as possible.

A disturbing thought suddenly popped up in her head. Lucifer was the actual Devil, and she had often heard him calling Maze a demon. If she was really a creature of Hell, then maybe human weapons didn’t harm her the same way normal people would get hurt. A little spark of hope mingled in her chest. Lucifer and Maze were supernatural beings. They would certainly find a way out of this threatening situation.

Chloe’s head started to spin. All the insights and revelations were too much for her mind to handle. She knew that she should be afraid of the Devil and his servant, but right now she just saw one threat
very clearly, and that threat was aiming at Lucifer with a gun.

"You shouldn’t have interfered, Mazikeen," Pierce countered sourly. "Since you thwarted my plan, and Lucifer managed to destroy the siren, I have no other choice but to do the job myself."

Confused, Chloe looked back and forth between those affected. What the hell had happened when she was out of her mind? Lucifer had destroyed the siren? But she had already died in the strip club.

Lucifer must have noticed her confusion, because he stepped around the chair towards her, a brief explanation on his lips. "The siren survived and put you back under her control."

The detective looked up from the floor. It had to be an exhausting fight because his body showed clear marks of damage. It was breathtaking to know that Lucifer had come to her rescue once again, although she’d just left him in his penthouse. Thousands of questions were forming in her head, but she knew it wasn’t the right time to face them now. First, they had to deal with Pierce.

Chloe eyed Maze. Her roommate looked to be suffering, but it seemed she was stable. For the first time, she was glad her friend wasn’t human. Carefully Chloe pulled her legs out from under Maze’s body, leaning her against the chair. Her friend winced in pain but managed to hold herself upright on her own.

Cautiously the detective got to her feet next to Lucifer. Pierce watched her every move with eagle eyes. Her own gaze swept over the apartment in search of a weapon. She wasn’t wearing one on her body, and apart from Maze’s dagger, which lay midway between Pierce and them on the floor, she couldn’t find anything useful.

Chloe straightened her shoulders and took a deep breath. As she moved, a sharp pain twitched through her right upper arm, uncovering a blood-stained wound. She really didn’t want to know what had happened when she’d once again been under the control of the siren.

Chloe focused on the lieutenant. "Marcus," she spoke softly, raising her hands as he aimed the weapon at her body. "If our time together has meant anything to you, then drop the gun. Let us talk about it. It doesn’t have to be this way." Her voice was full of emotion and about to break.

The lieutenant snorted. "Lucifer destroyed everything. It took me ages to develop this plan and he just interfered with his stupid feelings."

"Let me show you what’s really stupid here," the Devil growled, taking a step towards Pierce. Instinctively Chloe grabbed his upper arm, holding him back. Her touch was decisive but not powerful. Nonetheless her partner winced painfully. At that moment, she realized why. Her eyes widened in shock as she saw a long kitchen knife stuck in his back.

"Lucifer!" she cried.

Her partner must have noticed her gaze as the corners of his mouth pulled slightly upwards. "You have a talent for torturing the Devil, darling."

How? What? Was she responsible for that? As confused as she was about his revelation, she would never intentionally hurt or - even worse - torture her partner!

"Oh my...", she said and stopped. Carefully she tried to step behind Lucifer to pull the knife out of his back, but Pierce cleared his throat.

"That you’d better not do, Decker."
The detective froze in her movement. “This isn’t you, Marcus,” she replied calmly, turning to him. His hard features made her shiver. At that moment, she barely recognized the man in front of her. "Please," she pleaded. "Put the gun down."

For a moment, she had the feeling of seeing something compassionate flare in his green eyes, but it immediately disappeared behind an expressionless mask.

"I don’t want to kill you, Chloe. Just step aside." He aimed his gun at Lucifer again.

Chloe felt the despair rise inside her body. She clearly spotted the evil in the man she’d dated once. The Devil, on the other hand, who represented the incarnation of all evil, did everything he could to save her. It was completely out of the question that Lucifer would harm her. What a paradox! How could she have been so wrong with the two men?

"Just do what he said, Detective," Lucifer selflessly said, trying to push her aside, but Chloe shook her head slightly, stepping protectively in front of the Devil. It was almost funny how she had fled from Lucifer earlier and how she was now trying to save his life, just like he was trying to save hers.

"Why did you do this to me?" she finally asked the one question that burned on her tongue. She just couldn’t figure it out. Why her?

The lieutenant presented her with an icy look. "You don’t know what it's like to live forever."

"People kill to find a way to immortality and you see it as torture," Lucifer scoffed.

Pierce straightened his shoulders, adjusting the barrel of the pistol in the process. Chloe's heart rate quickened as she saw the life-threatening weapon aiming at her body. Her legs felt like jelly, but she wouldn’t let Pierce shoot Lucifer.

"How long have you been in LA? Five or six years? You will understand soon enough what it means to live among humans forever. When those you love die, and you’re left alone!" the lieutenant announced ominously.

"You want to kill yourself because you’re lonely?" Maze started to laugh. "That's really pathetic, Cain!"

But Lucifer didn’t seem to find it pitiful, for he cocked his head curiously. "You're stuck in your personal hell," he concluded, eyeing Pierce. "Your hell is here among humanity."

"And that’s why I'm going to kill you now," the lieutenant announced bleakly. "Step aside, Chloe! Or you're all going to die."

The detective tensed. He would really shoot at her. The man with whom she was trying to build a relationship would shoot her at any moment! His dogged expression spoke volumes.

"What does all this have to do with me, Marcus? I just don’t understand. Why did you pretend to have a romantic interest in me?" Chloe's depression and disappointment resonated in her voice.

Pierce's eyes flickered for a moment. "It wasn’t all acted, Chloe," he finally admitted. "You are a special woman and you have a special gift that I wanted to take advantage of, but I underestimated what it means to get close to someone. I do care."

"You toyed with her emotions, Cain!" Lucifer hissed threateningly behind her.

The lieutenant ignored his comment. "You make him vulnerable with your feelings. You're capable
of making the Devil mortal, Chloe."

The detective bit her tongue as the revelation flooded her mind. How was that possible? How could she make the Devil mortal? That was the moment when the pieces in her head clicked together. She gasped.

"You wanted Lucifer out of the way so I can fall in love with you, making you mortal. You wanted to manipulate my feelings so you could reach your goal, and you put out the siren on me to kill Lucifer." Shuddering, she drew the air into her lungs. How dare he?

"You don't care at all what you did to me with all of this, do you?" she breathed emotionally. "I seriously thought about having a relationship with you. I lay awake all night trying to convince myself that I didn't feel anything for Lucifer and that you're the one with whom I wanted to have a future together." The words escaped her mouth before she could hold them back. A storm of anger and disappointment brewed in her body.

"Detective!" Like balsam Lucifer's warm voice smoothed around her heart. Had he just realized what she'd confessed?

To her surprise, Pierce laughed heartlessly. "That's the problem! You would never have fallen in love with me as long as Lucifer is in your life. Your current behavior shows me clearly whose side you are on… So, I'm giving you one last chance now. Step aside or die!"

"Don't act like a child and think this through, Cain! If you kill the detective, you lose your chance of death forever," Lucifer growled warningly.

A moment later, Chloe felt him grabbing her shoulder and shoving her behind him. She barely had time to react. Furiously the detective opened her mouth to protest as she realized what Lucifer was trying to say with his nonverbal behavior.

Pierce's murderous twinkle in her eyes told her that time for talking was up. "It doesn't change anything, Lucifer," he replied coolly. "She won't choose me anyway. You ruined my plan and for that you're going to suffer."

The next actions happened so fast Chloe had trouble following them. Carefully, her hand settled on the handle of the knife in Lucifer's back. Just as Pierce had finished his sentence, the detective tensed her muscles, pulling the weapon out of his back. Lucifer winced as a fresh amount of blood drenched his tattered designer suit, but she had no time to look at the wound more closely. In a short-circuit reaction, Chloe jumped out from behind his back.

"I won't give up. Not without stopping you," she hissed before throwing the knife in Pierce's general direction. She barely had time to aim.

While the knife was flying through the air, the lieutenant fired his gun, jumping aside.

Lucifer reacted superhumanly fast, pushing her hard against his body. Together they went to the ground. Hurriedly, Chloe managed to squat next to Maze. She heard Pierce roar with rage before more gun shots sounded. That would definitely be her end! They had nowhere to hide or shield and he was a lieutenant with excellent shooting skills. She would die next to Lucifer and Maze.

Internally, Chloe braced herself for the threatening hail of bullets, but instead found herself face to chest with Lucifer. He was pulling her against his body while she was suddenly enveloped in a bright wall of white in the process.

Startled, Chloe made a strangled cry. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Maze close beside them,
but her attention was drawn to the wall of bright white feathers. Overwhelmed, she blinked several
times before realizing it was angel wings surrounding them. Lucifer Morningstar, the fallen angel,
possessed divine wings that had been protectively wrapped around their bodies.

For a moment she thought she was passing out. That was too much! How should she ever process
what she was seeing here right now?

A painful sound tore her from her excessive thoughts. She noticed Lucifer's body vibrating with
force and tension. He groaned agonizingly and his sounds turned into a bloodcurdling scream as
Chloe heard Pierce firing more shots from his weapon. Some of the snow-white feathers were now
smeared with blood. Lucifer was using his own body as a shield against the deadly hail of bullets!

When another shot sounded and he was crying out in pain again, Chloe thought her heart would
shatter. How could she have ever doubted in Lucifer for a single second? It didn't matter if he was
the real Devil, because it simply wasn't important. Chloe had come to know him as a charming and
quite arrogant man who, despite all, protected her with his life, who fought evil with her and whom
she could trust with every fiber of her body and mind. He was a good man and she had fallen head
over heels in love with him...

Chloe had never felt so helpless in her life before. Lucifer suffered torments to protect her and she
had no other choice but to hope. The sound of flying bullets sounded again, and Lucifer cried out as
a new blood-red spot formed in his feathers.

His name rolled over her lips, and she reached out for his hands, which were protectively wrapped
around her and Maze's body. She felt the heat and the uncontrollable trembling of his fingers. A
wave of anger suddenly burst into her. She was desperately trying to understand how Pierce could
do that to her, but there was no logical explanation. Cain was just brutal and selfish.

Chloe's breath got caught. What had probably only been a few seconds felt like a lifetime before a
curse was sounded and the hail of bullets stopped.

A blink of an eye later, the wall of feathers disappeared as fast as it had appeared. Lucifer freed his
hands from around Maze's and her body, jumping to his feet.

Chloe turned to him. The diabolically and pained expression that flickered in his eyes made her draw
the air sharply into her lungs.

"You're going to pay for that, Cain! I will bring you hell on earth and you will wish to die for quite
different reasons after I'm done with you."

"Lucifer's wings fluttered threateningly behind his body.
Though one of the wings was strangely asymmetrical, his appearance was world-shatteringly
beautiful. As he stared at Pierce with his mangled blood-stained wings and torn suit, Chloe didn't
doubt for a second that he truly was a divine creature. His martial beauty was breathtaking and out of
this world.

The lieutenant growled dangerously, letting his gaze wander over the three of them. "I already feared
you would try to pull some tricks here, Lucifer." Angrily he flung the emptied gun into the living
area, approaching the angel. "It's good Decker's around. That gives me the opportunity to kill you in
other ways as well."

"Not if I'm faster than you!" Lucifer replied angrily, his fearsome voice thundering across the room
like a crescendo.

Petrified, Chloe stood in place, watching as the two men were storming at each other, shouting and
screaming. Pierce stopped abruptly, crouching down and picking Maze's dagger off the floor. He
was only halfway up again when Lucifer's body, vibrating with force, collided with Pierce's. The force was so gigantic that the wings were pushed forward by the inertia, throwing the two men across the room. They crashed into a living room window. It shattered into a million pieces, making Lucifer and Cain disappear into the garden.

Chloe wanted nothing more than to run after the men, but the moaning of her roommate stopped her. Completely distracted, she spun around to Maze, who was still half-sitting on the floor, her hands pressed against the bullet wound.

"Decker, you can't help him. This is a fight he has to win on his own."

Chloe’s head turned around to the ruined living room window, through which Lucifer and Cain had just flown. She could hear dull fighting sounds and a deep rumble from her partner.

Torn, she finally squatted next to Maze. "We have to take you to a hospital. Your bullet wound needs to be taken care of."

The woman in front of her put on a tormented expression. "I'm not going to a hospital. I experienced something similar on one of my hunting jobs when traveling through Canada. Just help me remove the bullet."

Chloe's eyes widened in panic. "What? I'm not a doctor, Maze!" she snapped at her friend.

"Just put your fingers in the wound and look for the bullet, Decker!"

"You're a demon. Can't you somehow heal yourself?" Chloe countered in panic, staring at the wound.

Maze shook her head with an amused look on her face. "I'm not a healer. I'm a torturer!"

The detective swallowed hard as she imagined Maze torturing tons of people in hell with her daggers, but the fact that she was lying on the floor bleeding and suffering was far more important now than her silly imagination.

"Damnit!" Chloe murmured as she leaned over Maze's stomach. The demon removed her hands, so Chloe had a better view of the wound.

She swallowed hard and took a deep breath. Everywhere she found fresh or dried blood. Maze had lost a lot and it was a miracle she was still conscious. Carefully, Chloe pushed the remaining scraps of the black corset top over Maze's belly, inspecting the bullet hole. It seemed as if she'd only been hit in one place.

"What if the bullet has damaged internal organs?"

Maze grunted. "It's not the first time I've been hurt. It doesn't feel like it, but the bullet has to be removed."

Chloe shot her a quick glance, nodding to her roommate. Carefully, she touched the gunshot wound and slid two of her fingers into the soft flesh.

Maze winced.

"I'm sorry," Chloe mumbled uncertainly.

"Hurry up, Decker!" the demon hissed through clenched teeth.
Chloe concentrated on the wound again. She touched around in the bloodied hole and had to put her fingers deeper in before she hit on something hard. The detective slipped several times before she got hold on the smooth object. With a quick jerk, she pulled the bullet out of Maze’s body.

Her roommate made a dull sound, but not a single painful outcry had escaped her mouth. She was really tough.

"There is a first aid kit in my bathroom. I'll go and get it, then I can disinfect and bandage the wound." Hurriedly, the detective jumped on her feet, where she was struck by a severe dizziness. Exhausted, she had to rest at a nearby table, so she wouldn’t fall over. The previous events took their tribute. Her body was drained, her own wound on her arm was throbbing dully, and a booming headache had begun. Inhaling the air deep into her lungs, she took a moment to calm her nerves and body down.

Suddenly there was a loud crash, followed closely by a scream. Chloe eyed Maze in panic. The demon looked pale, but it didn’t seem as if she would faint at any moment. Hurriedly she stumbled to the kitchen, reaching for a clean towel in the cupboard.

"Press this on the wound!" she ordered her roommate, before storming to the shattered living room window. She couldn’t stand the uncertainty any longer.

The fight noises grew louder, and when she finally had a clear view of her garden, her heartbeat stopped for a moment. Pierce and Lucifer were circling each other. Pierce's lip was cracked and blood was running down his throat. He threateningly aimed Maze's dagger at Lucifer, who stepped around the lieutenant, unimpressed. It was almost amusing how the Devil managed to look elegant even during a life-and-death struggle. Right now, he was straightening the remaining cufflink on his shirt sleeve.

His angel wings were gone, and Chloe wondered for a long moment how he'd done that. Were they grown back into his body or were they simply invisible?

"There’s no point, Lucifer. You can’t kill me. I'm immortal, unlike you." Pierce's threatening voice echoed darkly.

Chloe's gaze wandered through the garden. A tree had been uprooted and fallen on the lawn during the fight. By all accounts, one of the fighters had probably hit the trunk, bringing the tree down. That would also explain the loud crash she’d heard and the single green leaf in Lucifer's hair.

"I can cause you a lot of pain, Cain!" Lucifer's deep voice thundered through the garden. The next moment, he lunged forward, attacking his enemy. He was incredibly fast, and although Pierce had extremely good reflexes and excellent combat training for a human, Chloe could observe that Lucifer retained the upper hand in the fight. Her partner was hurt and weak, but his anger led him tirelessly.

The men fought in a tight circle. Dodging Pierce's lashes, Lucifer elegantly turned under his arm and placed a skillful punch to the lieutenant's ribs that made him fly across the garden. He crashed loudly against the wall, but immediately got back to his feet.

Like a predator that had captured its prey, Lucifer approached the enemy. A dark grin covered the corner of his mouth.

"You’re not strong enough to have a chance against the Devil, Cain. I'll make you suffer for what you've done to the detective."

Chloe spotted the hate and anger radiating from Lucifer’s body. Threateningly he clenched his
hands. "I’m going to crush you like a nasty little fly."

The next instant his eyes began to glow in a dangerous red. For a second Chloe was startled when she looked the Devil in the eye, but she didn’t get a panic attack. Instead a strange acceptance of the circumstance had established inside of her. She got it now. His eyes, which aroused fear in so many people, were only the expression of his passion and devotion to her. He fought for her; he risked his life for her; he protected her with every fiber of his existence, and for that Chloe loved him all the more! Lucifer Morningstar was her shining light bringer in the darkness.

Pierce looked completely unimpressed by Lucifer's appearance, throwing himself at the Devil the next moment. His blows were controlled and fast. Lucifer blocked most of them with his arms or turned his upper body to the side, so the dagger was aiming at empty space. It was an almost mesmerizing dance the two performed. Only when Pierce indicated a blow with his left hand and Lucifer fell for it did Chloe become aware of the dangerous nature of the situation. Lucifer realized his mistake too late. He quickly turned his left shoulder back, but the dagger cut across his upper arm, making him suck the air sharply into his lungs.

Horrified, Chloe put her hand to her mouth. She wanted to help Lucifer, but she had no idea how. Maze was right. She couldn’t interfere in the fight. Most likely she would be more of a burden than a help to Lucifer. Uneasily she shifted the weight on her legs, looking away. She spotted Maze, who had moved to an upright position. The kitchen towel tightly pressing to the wound, she limped towards the detective.

"Maze! You can’t just move like that. You've lost way too much blood," Chloe scolded in alarm, running to help her roommate.

"I can handle it," Maze growled darkly, wiping Chloe's arm off her body. "I'm stronger than you think."

Chloe rolled her eyes as the demon burst into a stumble.

"You need to rest," she replied steadfastly. Under Maze’s protest, the detective managed to escort her roommate to the nearby couch. Carefully, Chloe helped her lie down on the sofa. "Are you sure we shouldn’t go to a hospital?"

"Your concern somehow touches me, Decker!" Maze teased weakly.

Chloe gave her a gentle smile as another shriek sounded from the garden. She nearly had a heart attack.

"He’s powerful, Chloe!" Maze remarked encouragingly. "If anyone can find a way to defeat Cain, it's Lucifer."

She nodded hopefully before stepping back to the splintered window. The fight had become faster and more ruthless. The two men beat each other furiously. Chloe even struggled to follow Lucifer's movements with her eyes.

In a quick sequence, the Devil blocked a blow from Pierce, instinctively reaching for his forearm and ramming his elbow against the underside of his upper arm.

The lieutenant cried out in anguish as Chloe heard the unpleasant crack of the bone from a distance. Lucifer loosened the grip on Pierce's forearm, throwing the man to the ground like cheap trash.

Under pain, the lieutenant scrambled to his feet again. Unfortunately, he hadn’t lost the dagger in the maneuver.
Lucifer's flaming red gaze was wandering over his opponent. "You played with her emotions and manipulated her to your advantage, Cain! Regardless of her feelings, you used the detective. That was a truly demonic act of yours, and I know what I'm talking about, after all, I've spent eons with them in hell."

Pierce spat some blood to the ground and defiantly raised his chin. "It doesn’t matter, Lucifer! She won’t want to have anything to do with me anymore and I can’t die. This fight can only end in one way."

The Devil cocked his head, studying him for a long moment. "You’re right, Cain! You can’t die, but I know a lot of ways to make this hell as uncomfortable as possible."

The next moment, Chloe saw his majestic wings pop out of his back. One of the wings had been badly damaged, hanging limply down on the right side, but the other wing was stretched to its full length, swinging out in a sweeping motion just as Pierce lunged forward with the dagger pointing at Lucifer.

The angel wing was a diversionary maneuver. Pierce had no choice but to dive beneath the feathers and give up his cover. Lucifer's hand shot forward again. He caught Cain by the wrist and forced him to stop his attack with the knife.

A bloodcurdling scream followed as Lucifer twisted Pierce's hand at an unnatural angle, so the razor-sharp knife pointed at the lieutenant instead. Chloe's hackles straightened up. The next instant Lucifer pressed against Pierce's forearm and the blade pierced mercilessly into his heart.

There was a rapping sound, followed by a gurgling gasp, before Pierce slumped to the ground, beginning to laugh and spitting blood. "This is your plan, Lucifer?" Another amount of blood followed. "You know I can’t die like that." His hateful laugh made Chloe shiver.

Lucifer stood above the lieutenant, glaring at him with his red eyes. "I may not kill you with that, but I've made sure to shut you off long enough to think of a proper punishment."

Chloe gasped. Lucifer could be really merciless and cold-hearted, but she also knew that he would never be like this towards her. He directed his anger only against those who deserved it.

Pierce spat another amount of blood, and for the first time that morning, Chloe could see something like fear shining in his eyes. Cain was actually afraid of Lucifer's bleak promise. He was panting and breathing heavily, before his eyes finally closed, and he fell lifelessly to the grass.

Chloe's body began to tremble uncontrollably. It was over! The danger was banished. Her head whipped around to Maze, but her roommate had fallen into a much-needed sleep from exhaustion. Her chest raised and lowered at regular intervals, telling Chloe that she was still alive.

Completely exhausted by the flood of images she'd seen, Chloe turned to the shattered window. Frozen, her partner stood over Pierce's lifeless body.

Chloe's heartbeat quickened as she whispered his name. It was barely louder than a whisper, but her partner heard it. He turned to her. His fiery red eyes met her blue ones and it took an endless moment before they finally changed color, sparkling at her in a familiar dark brown.

"Detective," he replied uncertainly, staring at her face. His blood-stained wings shimmered in the morning sunlight, making them glow divinely.

Chloe stared back. So much had happened, and she was overwhelmed by a variety of feelings. She felt a deep relief and joy that he was alive. He looked so incredibly exhausted and tormented. She
wanted to run to him and hug him, but his tense expression stopped her from doing so.

"Are you and Maze alright?" he finally asked, taking his gaze off her face.

"She’s sleeping. I removed the bullet," Chloe replied hurriedly, taking a deep breath. "Lucifer..." Her voice broke.

The Devil pressed his lips together in a fine line. "I have to take care of Cain. We'll talk later, if that's alright with you, Detective."

Chloe swallowed a bitter surge of disappointment as she saw him setting up his walls around him, barring her from his feelings.

"Cain won’t stay in this temporary rigor for long. I have to make sure he never gets close to you again."

His words were accompanied by a deeper promise. Chloe was unable to answer, so she just nodded her head instead.

Lucifer grabbed Pierce's arm, while Chloe was trying to control her inner emotions, blinking. The next second, she heard the sound of flapping wings and they were gone, only a cloud of dust left in the garden.

*He’d flown away! Angels could fly!*

It wasn’t a world-shaking revelation, but it was the icing on the cake for too many new impressions. Completely exhausted, the detective slid to the floor, closing her eyes. What would happen now between her and the Devil?

Chapter End Notes

Hey Lucifans,
Thank you all for your kind comments on this story so far. I really appreciate all of them. Thank you, Thank you!!!
And only 3 more chapters left until this story is wrapped. I can assure you the most exciting part is over now :-) Just one question left: Are Chloe and Lucifer be able to sort out their feelings for each other? ...
Chloe Decker stepped into the shower, turning on the faucet. The warm water was running down her body. Exhausted, she closed her eyes before putting her face under the stream. It was a reassuring feeling, almost like the water wasn’t just washing the superficial dirt off her body, but also a part of her emotional pain. Slowly, Chloe ran her hands over her face and her blond hair, trying to relax.

It was late noon. After Lucifer had flown away with Pierce, leaving her behind, the detective had sunk to the floor of her living room from sheer exhaustion. She’d pulled her legs to her chest and her arms around her knees. Nonstop, pictures of the fight between the actual Devil and the first murderer in history had come up in her mind. The whole event was so unrealistic and unbelievable that Chloe had to pinch her forearm several times to check if she hadn’t just dreamed all of it.

After a long while, she’d finally been able to free herself from her state of shock, heading to the bathroom to take the first-aid kit out of the closet. Maze’s condition had still been critical and so she’d cleaned and bandaged the wound, just as a precaution.

Just after that Chloe had finally let herself sit down in the chair, falling into a short sleep. Out of fear she hadn’t dared to leave Maze alone. Her roommate was still pretty badly injured, causing Chloe to wake up from time to time and to check on Maze’s pulse as well as her steady breathing. Thank God, her roommate was stable – benefits of being a demon.

After several hours of guarding her friend and drifting away into short sleeps, the detective had finally stepped into her bathroom to freshen up. Her clothes had stuck uncomfortably to her sweaty skin, her hair looked like a wild bird’s nest, and drained blood covered her arm from the knife cut.

Slowly, Chloe held her head out of the jet of water, before opening her eyes. She reached for the shower gel, washing the coarse dirt and encrusted blood from her body. The water turned bright red and disappeared along with the foam in the drain. She felt some of her energy returning, but the many overwhelming pictures remained in her head, pushing her to the brink of a nervous breakdown. They kept popping up in front of her inner eyes, making her almost despair, but she had to be strong now. She couldn’t just break down. Maze needed her.

Chloe ended her shower, bandaged her arm and slipped into a pair of fresh clothes before stepping back into the demolished living area. Her roommate was still asleep on the couch, so the detective decided to make some coffee to calm her nerves.

Her mind wandered back to Lucifer Morningstar, who had told her with his fully unfolded divine angel wings that he would take care of Cain and then get in touch with her. The images were so vivid and so incredible that she gasped softly, leaning against the edge of the kitchen unit. She closed her eyes and took several deep breaths, before forcing herself to repress the memories.
Just one tiny step after another, Chloe ordered her mind. Firstly she needed a plan. The mess had to be cleaned up. She had to call Dan, asking him to keep Trixie a little longer so she could take care of the apartment. She also had to take care of Maze and for sure she had to close the murder case. In a pretty messed up way, the latter was finally solved. She just wondered how to plausibly summarize that case. “A siren had teamed up with the first murderer of history to get rid of the Devil” sounded like she could be sent straight to a mental asylum. Which brought her back to Lucifer Morningstar and Cain - two men she had let into her life and who had turned out to be actual biblical figures.

Chloe shook her head and poured some water and coffee powder into the machine before switching it on. Her gaze slid over the splintered glass of the patio door and the living room window. Several pieces of furniture had fallen over, pictures had come off the walls and some vases and decorations had been broken during the fight. It would take forever to eradicate the chaos. She also needed to call a glazier to renew the window pane as fast as possible.

The sudden and unexpected ringing of the front door ripped Chloe from her erratic thoughts. She didn’t move a single muscle. Who was that supposed to be? Was Lucifer already back, wanting to see her?

It rang again, shriller and longer this time. Carefully, the detective walked to the front door, glancing through the peephole.

It was Ella.

"C’mon, Chloe! I know you’re in there. Your car is parked in the driveway," the forensic scientist said through the closed front door.

Cursing, Chloe straightened her shoulders before opening the door just enough to stick her head out. Her colleague wasn’t allowed to see all that chaos! Chloe wasn’t ready to tell her friend all about the supernatural world. She wasn’t even able to understand that world on her own.

"What are you doing here, Ella?" she asked, trying to sound friendly.

The forensic scientist beamed all over her face. "I wanted to check on you. Last night I met the lieutenant at the precinct, and he told me you’d been kidnapped by that murderous woman. Lucifer called you in sick this morning and that's why I was worried."

Lucifer had called her in sick? It appeared the man was just thinking about everything.

Gently Chloe smiled at her friend. It was really touching how Ella cared about her. "That's very sweet of you. I’m fine, just have a small cut on my arm."

"Can I come in anyway?" the forensic scientist asked.

Chloe stiffened immediately and reduced the gap of the door. "That's not a good idea."

Ella looked at her in surprise. "Why not?"

"I can..." Chloe stuttered for a white lie, but she broke off without success.

Ella looked at her with a critical look. Her eyes wandered between her face and the ajar door. "Do you have a man over? Is Pierce with you? Or wait... Is it Lucifer maybe?" Her eyes grew big with joy as she excitedly rocked on her feet.

"Excuse me?" the detective countered, confused.
Ella shrugged, wild grin still on her face. "Neither of them was at work this morning and you're acting some kind of weird." She craned her head out, trying to peer through the crack in the door. "What are you hiding from me, Chloe?"

"Nothing, Ella!" the detective replied way too fast, catching the interest of the forensic scientist even more.

With an ambiguous grin, Ella jumped forward and pushed the door open before Chloe could respond properly. However, when her colleague noticed the chaos in the living area, her smile fell from her face and she turned to Chloe, worried. "For God's sake! What has happened here?"

The detective didn't know what to say. Nervously, she closed the door, beginning to knead her hands. That was exactly the situation she'd wanted to avoid.

"That's a long and complicated story," she choked evasively.

Ella's gaze was still wandering over the chaos in the house. "Then it's good I brought a lot of time. I'm also an excellent listener."

Chloe bit her lower lip. Confused, she looked at her friend. It was completely impossible that she could tell Ella the whole truth.

Pictures of Lucifer and Cain were popping back up in her head. Lucifer, who had wrapped his wings protectively around their bodies, shielding them from the hail of bullets. The pain she had felt because of the helplessness. Cain, who had only needed her to reach his own selfish goal.

The next instant, Chloe felt herself lose the sustained composure of the last few hours. Her eyes filled with tears and her vision blurred as she sobbed uncontrollably.

"Oh, Chloe," Ella said, wrapping her arms around her friend to pull her in a tight hug. The dam of tears broke instantly. Chloe whimpered, resting her head on Ella's shoulder and letting her emotions shine to the surface. The salty tears ran down her cheeks, dripping on Ella's t-shirt. Chloe's whole body trembled uncontrollably, forcing her to sob again.

"Shhhhhh," Ella reassured. "Everything's going to be okay, Chloe!"

Would it? She was in love with the actual Devil and she didn't have a clue if he felt the same way about it. Lucifer had rebuilt all those enormous walls around himself and disappeared with Cain before she had a chance to explain herself. He'd said that he wanted to contact her. He wanted to talk to her, but what exactly did the Devil feel towards her?

"Do you want to tell me what's going on?" Ella asked softly, stroking the detective's back.

Chloe wanted to talk about all the previous events. She desperately needed someone to talk to; someone she could ask for advice, but Ella wasn't the right person to do so. Although Lucifer had never advised her to keep his real identity a secret - and if she was honest, he often trumpeted about who he was - she doubted her friend would believe her.

Chloe took a shaky breath, leaning back. Carefully she wiped the tears from her cheeks and looked at Ella. She could tell some aspects of the truth, like Lucifer, and just skip a few details.

The need to talk was overpowering and so the detective swallowed the thick lump in her throat. She freed herself from Ella's embrace, leading her to the dining table. When her friend saw Maze on the couch, she raised an eyebrow.
"What exactly did the lieutenant tell you?" Chloe finally checked, wiping over her swollen eyes.

Ella sat down on one of the chairs. "He appeared late at night, looking tired. When I asked what was wrong, he explained that the woman had kidnapped you in the club and that Lucifer managed to save you. The wanted woman was shot in the battle."

Chloe pressed her hands together in her lap, swallowing hard. "It turned out that the lieutenant was working together with that woman," she said hesitantly.

Ella's hand went to her mouth, startled. "No way!" she gasped in surprise. "How can this be true? I mean, why? He’s the lieutenant of the precinct."

Chloe grimaced. Cain had hurt her feelings and even though she was glad that Lucifer had defeated him, she was torn inside. She had trusted that man. She’d talked herself into wanting a relationship with him. His betrayal cut deep and she wouldn’t be able to forget that anytime soon.

"Pierce hired the woman to set a trap for Lucifer and to get him out of the way. After Lucifer thwarted her plan in the strip club, Marcus showed up here at home and kidnapped me. Luckily, Lucifer and Maze got a hint and hurried to rescue me. Maze was shot. Lucifer managed to stop Pierce and has disappeared with him since then."

Overwhelmed, Ella blinked several times. "What does Lucifer intend to do with him?"

Chloe shrugged. "You know him. I think it's better we don’t exactly know that."

Ella gave her a faint smile. "That sounds horrible, Chloe. After all, you’ve just dated the lieutenant and then he wanted to kill your partner." She reached for Chloe's hand. "Do you know why Pierce wanted to get rid of Lucifer? Out of jealousy?"

_Because I make immortal beings mortal if I fall in love with them._

"Maybe," Chloe admitted instead. "He also had some unfinished business with Lucifer in the past."

That was really far away from the truth, but Chloe didn’t have the heart to tell Ella the full story. Her friend would never believe her anyway.

"I can’t imagine how you must feel right now," Ella said warmly. "Is there anything I can do to help you feel better? Do you want to go out, have some drinks and get terribly drunk?"

A small smile appeared on Chloe’s face. Ella always succeeded in cheering up people around her with her fun and enthusiastic aura.

"I’d like to keep an eye on Maze. She didn’t want to go to a hospital, but her injury looked very serious. Besides, I have a lot to do in the house, it seems." Chloe pointed to the demolished living area.

Ella’s gaze followed her hand movement. A moment later, she jumped up from the chair. "Where’s your broom? I’ll help you and meanwhile you can tell me everything that’s still on your mind. It helps to talk about feelings, you know? People often feel better after."

Chloe rolled her eyes about Ella's comment. She could use some help, and the forensic scientist would keep her from thinking about Lucifer and her emotional chaos all the time. That was a part of the story she had diligently left out. What should she tell? She had fallen head over heels in love with the Devil?
"Thanks, Ella. That would be great," Chloe said with a smile on her face.

"That's what friends are for," came back from her.

Chloe closed her eyes for a moment before nodding to the broom closet in the hallway. On the way she passed a flat dresser where she’d dropped her phone earlier. Chloe didn’t want it, but with a wild beating heart she glanced at the device. Of course, Lucifer hadn’t contacted her yet. A small voice in her head told her to be worried, but the detective pushed it back. Lucifer had said they would talk later. It had only been a few hours and she had no damn idea how he wanted to get rid of Cain and how long that project would take.

Determined, Chloe turned away from the phone. He would contact her! This time he wouldn’t back down and push her away. Not this time... Right?

**********

The stars sparkled brightly in the sky, but only a small part of the light broke through the dense fog wall. It was night and the fog dimmed the natural light to a finite minimum. The sound of breaking waves reverberated in his ears and was the only source for miles. It felt reassuring and peaceful.

Lucifer Morningstar drew on the cigarette in his hand. A mixture of smoke and salty sea air rose to his nostrils, letting him suck the air deep into his lungs as he stared into the darkness.

He rested his arm on the rail of his private yacht, watching the smoke billowed from his smoldering cigarette. It was a peaceful moment, and he took a deep breath, rolling his shoulders.

A gentle pain twitched through his back, reminding him of the injuries he’d sustained during the fight with the siren and Cain. Thanks to his supernatural metabolism, he was healing faster than ordinary people, but the cut in his back was deep and his ribs still felt like someone had pulverized them with a bulldozer. On days like this, he would like his immortality back in the vicinity of Chloe, but it wasn’t really that important. He would always throw himself in the line of fire to protect the detective. He would intercept every bullet for her and suffer through every blow, if it meant she’d be safe.

The fight with Cain had been two days ago. It had taken him several hours to find a solution about Cain’s immortality problem and many more to get things started. He’d promised the lieutenant to give him hell on earth, and that was exactly what he intended to do now. This traitor didn’t deserve to stay among humans, and since Lucifer wasn’t able to throw him into hell, he would bring hell to Cain. He also had to make sure Cain would never approach the detective again. Her hurt expression had almost broken his heart. Cain had been successful in playing with her emotions and it would certainly take some time for Chloe to process those traumatic experiences.

Lucifer brought the cigarette back to his mouth. Should he write a message to the detective, asking if she was okay? He’d promised to give her some space, but Cain had interrupted them and now there were those feelings that threatened to crush him. Feelings that he didn’t know how to react on.

The fresh wind stopped blowing in his hair, and the boat came to a halt on the high seas. Gently, it rippled through the waves, but remained in place through the set anchor.

Lucifer drew on his cigarette one last time before flipping the smoldering stub into the sea, pulling away from the railing. There were no shores and no light sources in sight. They had sailed on the
Pacific for several hours to get as far away from the mainland as possible.

"We've reached the desired coordinates, sir," a male voice sounded on the yacht.

Lucifer turned his head, spotting his employee. He was an attractive young man in his late twenties, short brown hair and with an adventurous twinkle in his eye. Tonight he was wearing a captain's cap and a navy blue shirt with white pants. Most of all, Lucifer appreciated that he didn't ask annoying questions and did what he was asked to do.

"Do you need anything else?" the young man asked at the steps of the yacht, leading him to the wheelhouse.

The Devil threw him a flattering smile while shaking his head. "That's all, Mr. Taylor. Please wait for me in the wheelhouse."

The man nodded and disappeared up the stairs a moment later.

Lucifer drew the salty sea air deep into his lungs, looking over the deck of his yacht. It was just as exquisitely arranged as his penthouse. An elegant combination of white and glossy black colors created a modern style. Only the moss-green container at the bow of the ship disturbed the color concept.

A dark grin appeared at the corner of Lucifer's mouth as he walked with long strides past a snow-white lounge towards the steel container. Heavy iron chains were wrapped around the revolving door handle, and it took Lucifer a few seconds to unlock the lock and pull the chains out of the grommets to open the door. A squeaking noise sounded, ringing shrilly in his ears as the steel door scraped across the hard floor.

The dim lighting at the bow of the yacht made sure the Devil could see the inside of the container. His gaze fell on Cain, who was shackled and weakly tied to the back wall. His arms and legs were wrapped in the same iron chains that locked the container, while his limbs were stretched away from his body. The iron chains ran through thick eyelets on the back wall, fixing the lieutenant in place. His head had fallen forward from exhaustion.

"I see you've made yourself comfortable in your new home, Cain."

Pierce raised his head, a joyless laugh on his lips. He looked awful. Everywhere dried blood clung to his clothes and his face. "Go fuck yourself, Lucifer!" he hissed.

The Devil tilted his head in amusement. "So, did we leave the polite phrases behind already, Lieutenant?"

"Go to Hell!" he yelled in rage while tugging at his shackles. Of course, without success.

Unimpressed, Lucifer put his hands in the pockets of the night-black suit, taking a few steps inside the container. "What interesting choice of words," he remarked ironically. "As the Devil, it's up to me to punish the sinners in hell." He paused theatrically, leaning closer to Cain. "And since you cannot die, I'll make sure to bring hell to you. You're going to suffer and you're going to wish you never messed with me in the first place, Cain! Nobody manipulates me and gets away with it, and most importantly, nobody harms the detective."

All the anger and hatred under Lucifer's skin began to bubble dangerously. A soothing heat shot through his body, allowing his eyes to glow in a flaming red.

"You teamed up with the siren and you're responsible for the death of a lot of people," he continued.
"I see no other way than to make sure you will never move among humanity again. Once a murderer, always a murderer, am I right?"

The lieutenant glared at him. "What are you going to do?" he demanded to know, ignoring the Devil's provocation. "You can't kill me."

Lucifer felt a surge of satisfaction flood through his body. "Killing you wouldn't be a punishment, Lieutenant," the Devil said darkly. "I will make sure you're going to suffer and atone for all eternity. You thought loneliness was the worst thing that could happen to you on Earth?" Lucifer's voice dripped with sarcasm as he leaned close to Cain's face. His fiery red eyes pierced the mind of the man who had hurt his detective. He could clearly see the fear flashing up behind Cain's green eyes.

"When I throw you overboard and you're going to drown over and over again in the high seas, with no prospect of salvation and for the rest of your immortal life, you'll certainly change your mind."

Cain's pupils widened in horror. Furiously he pulled at the heavy iron chains. "You wouldn't do that!"

Lucifer's smile widened in triumph. "And why not, Cain?" he asked with a diabolical tone that normally made people's hackles rise.

His counterpart stopped the fight against the shackles. Angry, Cain looked him straight in his fire-red eyes. "Because I know you aren't a monster. Throwing me to the bottom of the sea for personal reasons is definitely a selfish and evil endeavor. What will Chloe think about you when she finds out what you did to me?"

Seeking for self-control, Lucifer pulled away from Cain's face. "You underestimate me," he announced bleakly. "I am the Devil."

"You're a lovesick fool who's not surviving her rejection. Oh, and Lucifer! For sure she will reject you after finding out how evil the Devil really is."

Lucifer didn't ask for it, but Cain's words pushed doubts to the surface he'd already buried deep inside himself. How would Chloe react to him now that she knew the full truth? Would she understand that he did all of this to protect humanity and especially her?

Hurriedly Lucifer hid the budding uncertainty behind his sarcastic expression. "Any last words to Dad?" he asked with a spiteful grin on his face.

Cain's body cramped. "Be sensible, Lucifer!"

"That has never been one of my strengths. Better take another deep breath, Lieutenant. You're going to need it soon."

"You can't do this!" Cain's voice picked up in panic.

Lucifer did nothing but to put on one last, sinister smile. "Welcome to Hell, Cain!"

"Lucifer, dammit!"

Mercilessly the Devil turned away from Pierce before stepping out of the container. He felt the heat burning under his skin and being close to be released like a volcanic eruption. Cain didn't deserve it any other way. He only got the punishment his actions demanded.

"You can't outrun your destiny, Lucifer! Sooner or later, Chloe will understand that."
Cain's message pushed down on Lucifer's mind, and he struggled for a long moment to keep from turning around and slapping Cain's statement right from his face. With a furious bang, Lucifer closed the steel door of the container, putting the iron chain around the opening. He heard Cain's angry and desperate cries, but he didn't care. Never again would he come close to his detective. That was all that mattered!

The heat in his body increased tirelessly. It almost felt like he was burning from the inside out.

The Devil took a step away from the container, unfolding his divine wings. The blood had been washed out and the broken wing had already healed. It had cost Lucifer almost two hours in the shower to clean his feathers.

The Devil tensed his muscles before rising into the cool air. Without any problems he positioned himself over the container, lifting it up on a long iron chain. Of course he didn't have much trouble with the weight.

Two powerful strokes later he was over the calm sea. He could hear Cain's muffled screams, but he just let go of the chain, unimpressed. The container crashed into the open sea. Immediately, Lucifer flew back to the yacht and landed on the deck. He stepped to the railing, just seeing how the last third of the container vanished in the depths of the ocean.

A deep satisfaction washed through his body as he realized that Cain would drown all over again for all eternity. He'd received the punishment he deserved.

The heat in Lucifer's body grew explosively again, reaching an uncomfortable stage. Panting, the Devil grapped the railing of his yacht. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, but the burning heat remained.

When he opened his eyes again, looking down at his hands, he hissed in surprise. The metal railing was partially melted and he glanced at a pair of red, scarred hands.

That couldn't...

The heat was seeking for a way out. Lucifer felt his skin burst in several places at the same time. He hurriedly backed away from the railing and stumbled along the deck until he stopped in front of a mirrored window.

He already knew what to expect even before he saw it. A grizzled, red-scarred head faced him in the reflection. It was a face he was so familiar with and yet hated so much. It was the face of the monster inside of him, and it was back, along with his glowing eyes and the side he'd briefly believed had no longer existed. How could he have been so naive and stupid as to believe he - the Devil - could be something other than the monster that shimmered in his reflection right now. It was the reflection of his soul. The lieutenant had been right. There was no chance to outrun his fate. He would remain a monster forever, and Chloe deserved so much better than that. How would he ever be able to face the detective with that kind of knowledge?
Hi Lucifans,
sorry for waiting so long. Here's the next chapter. I hadn't much time between binging Lucifer Season 4 and real life, but I'm already working on the finale chapter. It's gonna be long and full of Deckerstar ;-)
Have fun!

Annoyed, Chloe Decker pulled the blanket up to her head. A glance at the glowing numbers of her alarm clock told her that it was already five o'clock in the morning - another sleepless night was almost over. Most of the time she’d been rolling from one side to the other, falling asleep for such short periods of time that she had no longer been able to distinguish between dreaming and being awake.

She really hated it. She hated how Lucifer Morningstar had once again managed to get under her skin.

By now five days had passed since he’d rescued her from Cain and since he’d flown away with Cain’s unconscious body. In the beginning, the detective had still believed her partner would just need time to get rid of the lieutenant, but meanwhile almost a whole week had gone by without a sign of life. Was it too much to ask for him to let her know why he was still gone?

It was a bad sign! For sure, it was bad! Certainly he would have called by now if everything was okay between them.

Annoyed by her train of thought, Chloe pulled the covers back, turning to one side. She put her arm under the pillow while burying her head into it.

She’d come up with two theories about Lucifer’s lack of communication. Either he was just so busy that he couldn’t find a free minute to call, or he just didn’t want to contact her anymore. The fear about the latter had grown constantly in her head over the last days. What if Lucifer had chickened out? She knew he wasn’t a man who liked talking about his feelings, and it was definitely something they both needed to do. Maybe he was confused by her initial rejection and therefore didn’t contact her. Or maybe - and that was the worst theory – he’d lost interest in her. After all, she’d gotten him involved in some pretty messy situations. She’d even rammed a knife into his back. Not exactly a declaration of love.

With a heavy sigh, Chloe rolled to the other side of the bed, staring at her alarm clock again. It was five minutes later and the much-needed sleep just didn’t want to overpower her. Should she start counting sheep? An attempt certainly couldn’t hurt.

She began to run through the numbers in her head, imagining the fluffy sheep creeping over a fence. It took her until thirteen, before the eyes of the animals suddenly reddened and nasty horns were growing from their heads.

Irritated, Chloe sat upright, leaning against the back of the bed. The blanket slipped into her lap, exposing her blue-checked pajama in the process.
Maybe Lucifer was in danger again? There was a possibility that Cain had overpowered him, and the Lord of Hell was lying on the ground somewhere bleeding and waiting for help…

But before Chloe had even finished the thought, she rejected it again. A dagger had pierced the lieutenant's heart. The chance that he’d succeeded in overpowering the Devil was minimal to nonexistent. No! Lucifer wasn’t calling her for other reasons.

Chloe ran a hand through her slightly disheveled hair. Today was Saturday and she had a day off. The last few days she’d been distracting herself with work, but the prospect of a free weekend with too much time to think worried her.

Chloe’s gaze fell on the mobile phone next to her alarm clock. She never turned it off in case the LAPD needed to reach her. Unintentionally, her hand moved to the phone. Maybe Lucifer had texted her when she’d drifted away for a while. She looked at the display.

Nothing…

Of course, there was nothing! Lucifer was an idiot! And she was the fucking queen of stupidity because she’d fallen for his charm. How could that have happened? How had she fallen in love with the biggest womanizer in the world, who by the way had turned out to be the actual Devil on top?

*Because he’d risked his own life to save yours repeatedly.*

In spite of Lucifer's often self-centered and arrogant nature he was selfless towards her. She could feel that there was an intense and more meaningful connection between them. Why on earth did her partner resist it so much? What was he so afraid of?

Chloe’s gaze fell back to the mobile phone display. Should she just text him, asking if everything was alright? Her thumb rested over the keyboard, but her head didn’t gave her the order to write. She was frightened by the rejection she might receive.

Cursing, Chloe threw the phone back on the nightstand, getting up instead. Sleep was out of the question anyway, so she might as well start the day.

She padded through her bedroom, carelessly grabbing some clothes out of the closet before stepping into the adjoining bathroom. A long shower was exactly what she needed right now. And after, she would think about a way to get Lucifer out of her head - Lucifer Morningstar, a fallen angel and the Devil, but also her lifesaver and the man of her dreams. Cursing, she bit her tongue while slamming the door shut behind her with a loud crash.

******

Patiently Lucifer Morningstar reached for the glass carafe on the coffee table, pouring some of the water into a glass before leaning back.

"So, Chloe finally knows about your true identity, if not entirely voluntarily," Dr. Linda summarized his narrative. Lucifer had told her about the events in the strip club and in Chloe's house to bring his psychologist up to date. Of course, he'd just enumerated the facts, leaving out the bigger emotional component of the past events.

"Indeed, she does, Doctor," the Devil agreed, while studying her with caution. Linda was wearing a
dark blue wrap dress with matching pumps. Her blond hair was loosely attached to the back of her head so he could easily see her sparkling eyes. Eyes that were watching him way too curiously. He already suspected this session might end up rather unpleasant for him.

"And how does that make you feel, Lucifer?" Linda asked in a neutral voice.

There it was; the question about his feelings. Lucifer's grip on the glass of water tightened. He had no bloody idea how he was supposed to feel. The whole cocktail of different emotions had mixed up into a big mush, irritating him.

"Somehow I feel relieved," he finally admitted, crossing his legs. At least he could take a breath again, now that Cain was no longer a threat to Chloe or him.

"Hmm," Linda said thoughtfully, leaning slightly forward from her chair. "Why are you relieved?"

Lucifer was staring at her for a long time. "The detective is out of danger. I took care of Cain. She is safe now."

Linda returned his intense look with one of her own. He could see how her psychologist's radar set in, trying to analyze him. As the Devil waited expectantly, she presented him her thesis. "It's really nice to hear that Chloe is doing well, but don't you think you might feel that relief for quite different reasons, Lucifer?"

He tilted his head, eyebrows raised questioningly.

Linda sighed. "Chloe knows who you are now. This has been the last obstacle between you two. Nothing is stopping you anymore from fulfilling your deepest desire."

Immediately her words left a bitter aftertaste. Linda had hit straight to the core problem.

"She fled from me, Doctor. I highly doubt the obstacle is just vanished."

And then there was his returned Devil face. Certainly Chloe would never want to be in a relationship with a monster like him. Lucifer's face stiffened as he thought back to the events on his yacht. Cain had finally received his punishment. It was the right way to isolate him from humanity, and what would be better than having tons of water over his head while drowning all over again?

That particular night on his yacht had already been three days ago, ergo five days since he'd left Chloe. Five days in which he hadn't called her. Not that the Devil was counting!

More than once he'd stared at his phone, searching for an adequate reason to contact her, but he hadn't found the courage to call her. What was Chloe thinking about him now? She'd begged him to stay away from her, begged him to give her some space, before she'd fled from his penthouse. But on the other hand, she also would be waiting for a call from him, and the Devil knew he had a lot to explain...

Linda seemed to notice that his thoughts had drifted away, because she cleared her throat. "Lucifer?"

He raised his head, looking at her sadly.

"What is it you haven't told me yet? Of course, Chloe was running away first, but you also know how I reacted to your Devil face. Humans just need some time to process the knowledge of divinity. You protected Chloe with your life, and you said she pulled the knife out from your back..."

"You mean the knife she stabbed me with in the first place," Lucifer reminded his therapist.
The woman in front of him raised an eyebrow. "It doesn't matter, Lucifer. The important thing is she was on your side. She helped you defeat Cain - a man she put her trust in before. What's this supposed to say about her?"

Lucifer's lips were pressed together tightly. "That she's naive?"

Vigorously Linda shook her head. "It means that she's chosen you."

Her words hurt him, unprepared. Lucifer had seen the look on Chloe's face before he'd flown away with Cain. He'd read so much warmth and closeness in it. He hadn't expected such a reaction and it had overwhelmed him immensely. Of course, before the whole strip club incident, he'd wanted to reveal his feelings to her, telling her the full truth, but now that Chloe really knew and reacted with fear towards him, a new kind of panic dawned on him. It had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that they might be manipulated by his father, but with the very thought that the detective was a kind-hearted person. She deserved someone who could promise her the world, and above all, she deserved someone who was as good as she was.

Certainly not a monster like him!

With a heavy heart, Lucifer was leaning back into the couch, placing an arm on the backrest. Linda's scrutinizing gaze unsettled him.

"Why do I get the impression you don't like the idea that Chloe might have chosen you?"

Lucifer made a contrite expression. "Because she doesn't understand the full story," he replied.

"What do you mean by that? What haven't you told me, Lucifer?" Linda drilled unabashedly.

The Devil avoided her gaze. The real reason he hadn't told Chloe was the shattering self-knowledge he'd come to. He sighted heavily. "I don't deserve her, Doctor. The detective, she deserves someone better."

"Someone better like Pierce?" Linda provoked him.

His head shot up instantly. "Don't be preposterous! Cain is the worst of all and he's suffering for his actions."

Linda's penetrating gaze pierced his. He tried to meet it with a blank expression, but his therapist was excellent at her job.

"Cain said or did something that changed your mind about Chloe, didn't he?" she said soberly.

Sometimes she was too good in her job. Lucifer felt like he was an open book anyone could just read in. Was it that obvious?

He nodded, taking a deep breath. "He helped me remember who I really am." A moment later, his eyes turned fierily red while his face changed to his devilish side.

Although Linda wasn't seeing his true form for the first time, she flinched in surprise as her gaze wandered over his scars and burned skin. However, she recovered quickly, straightening the glasses on her nose. "It's back," she said calmly.

Lucifer expelled the pent-up air between his teeth before taking a deep breath and returning to his normal face with his dark brown eyes again.
"And your wings?" Linda asked.

"Still there. Dad has a weird sense of humor," Lucifer said sarcastically. He’d spent the last few days finding out what had happened to him and why his Devil face had returned. Unfortunately, he had no bloody idea. What should be the meaning to the whole story? And if he cut his wings off again, would they finally disappear forever or would they regrow like before? Maybe his dad had just found a new way to manipulate and control him.

Bloody Hell! Now his father was also responsible for his body functions, was he? He wasn’t a goddamn puppet!

Lucifer's hands clenched into fists. "I have absolutely no idea which lesson Dad wants to teach me here," he hissed angrily. "First, my Devil face just disappeared after that wing incident in the desert, and then it reappeared all of a sudden! I'm so done with this insanity!"

Linda eyed him appraisingly. "What makes you so sure God is responsible for all of this?"

Lucifer's upper body shot forward. "C'mon, Doctor. Who else should it be? The Sinnerman? No one but dear old Dad has that much power, not even my siblings."

"What about you?" she asked directly.

"Pardon me?"

Linda tilted her head, reassuring his undivided attention. "What if you're responsible for the appearance of your wings and the temporary disappearance of your face?"

"That's preposterous," Lucifer said indignantly.

"Is it?" she countered. "You told me yourself that people end up in Hell because of their own guilty feelings. They create their own personal cells, having the possibility to leave at any time if they manage to free themselves from their guilt. It's their own decision. What if God has granted you that decision as well, Lucifer? What if your own thoughts and feelings are responsible for the wings and the Devil face? What if you brought these upon yourself?"

Disturbed, Lucifer reached into his jacket pocket, searching for the hip flask. He was in desperate need of a drink. Linda's thesis was absolutely crazy. He wasn’t responsible for his wings! After all, he’d cut them off several times because he didn’t want them there. Why did his body subconsciously retrieve them though?

Unfortunately, Lucifer had left his hip flask in the penthouse, so he had no choice but to reach for the glass of water on the table instead. Hurriedly he emptied it in a fast gulp.

"What did you do when your face returned?" Linda asked him.

His gaze met hers. "I sunk Cain in the ocean in a container," the Devil reported bleakly.

"Oh my God," Linda exclaimed, eyes widened in horror.

"I thought Dad has nothing to do with this, Doctor," Lucifer chided her with a clear touch of sarcasm.

His psychologist grimaced, a sign of apology set on her face. "That sounds very brutal, Lucifer."

"It’s just the right punishment for his actions," he replied with a shrug.
Linda recrossed her legs, cupping one of her knees with her hands. "And is it really your deepest conviction?"

Lucifer opened his mouth to reply promptly but he hesitated. Of course, it was a cruel way to drown over and over again for the next eons, but Cain had murdered several times and he had to be kept away from humanity.

On the other hand, Lucifer could certainly have found a less dramatic punishment. Maybe Linda was right. The severity of Cain's punishment had arisen from his self-serving desire to eliminate the man who'd caused his detective so much pain.

Lucifer began to recall the conversation with Maze in his penthouse. She'd been the first seeing his red eyes. They'd come back when he'd shouted at Maze because of that stupid bait idea. A behavior that hadn't been very appropriate.

Was that even possible? Had he really made himself a monster? And then there still was his banishment from Heaven...

Slowly the Devil raised his gaze, staring thoughtfully past Linda's head. "The first time I landed in Hell, I had just rebelled against dear old Dad. I lost. Everyone hated me for it, including myself, as I later discovered." His downcast look met Linda's. Encouragingly she smiled at him, so he went on. "I felt like a monster, and when I looked at my reflection in the mirror, there was my Devil face. I always thought it was Dad’s punishment for me, but now…” He stopped, sighing heavily. "Maybe you're right, Doctor. I felt like a monster before I became one. Just like now. Cain gave me the impression that I was a monster and I believed him. Shortly after, my Devil face was back."

Linda watched at him for a long moment. "That's a big step forward, Lucifer. This self-knowledge can help you."

The Devil snorted. "And how? It doesn't change how I feel."

"Think about it," Linda hurriedly interjected. "This realization shows that you're not being manipulated by your father. You are responsible for yourself. You can decide who you want to be."

Lucifer lowered his head while propping his hands on his knees. "It doesn't change anything, because the detective deserves someone better. I'm just not worthy of her."

"You just think you're not worthy of her," the therapist countered. "Although Cain's punishment sounded very cruel in my ears, I suppose you're the expert in how a person should be punished properly. You only punish those who didn’t deserve better. That doesn’t make you a monster! You’re just doing a job and you’re fighting evil next to Chloe’s side. It makes you a respectable and honored man here on earth."

Lucifer looked down at his long pianist fingers, which were gripping his knees. Linda's argument confused him deeply. All the insights from their session were overwhelming. Linda would probably call her meeting a great breakthrough, but he just felt tired and drained. Why the hell were human emotions so bloody complicated?

"Do you remember our previous session?" his psychologist asked.

Lucifer nodded.

"You kept Chloe at bay because you thought your father was manipulating you and she had no control over her own feelings. But Lucifer, you're doing it again right now." She paused, letting her words sink in. "You take Chloe's choice away. Let her decide whether she would like to be with
Bloody Hell! Linda Martin had hit the mark again. If he’d follow her train of logic, there wasn’t one single reason left that kept him from running to the detective and talking to her. It would take a lot of work to reprogram his subconscious. Certainly a part of him would always think he was a monster, but there was also a part that was the opposite. His wings were the visible proof of that. Chloe had seen both sides of him now. She’d gotten a glimpse of the darkest parts of his soul through his red eyes, but she’d also seen him protecting her with his life. It was up to the detective now to decide which part she thought was truer to his nature. It was her choice to decide if she wanted to be with him.

With renewed vigor, Lucifer jumped up from the couch. "I have to go," he said quickly, turning to the door next to the couch.

"Where do you think you’re going?" Linda stopped him. Obviously she wanted to check if he’d listened to her for once.

Grinning, the Devil turned around. "I have to prepare a few things for a date with the detective. Thank you for your help, Doctor." He no longer understood Linda's answer as he tore open the door, storming out. He’d just show Chloe how it might be to have a relationship with him and neither Cain, his father nor his own unstable emotional state would stop him from that.

*****

Chloe Decker rested her chin on Trixie's head, pulling her child closer. She’d cuddled in the armchair with her daughter a good hour ago, putting on a DVD. Trixie sat in her lap. She chuckled from time to time when Olaf, the snowman created by Princess Elsa, made a terrible joke. They had seen Frozen many times before, but it still was Trixie's favorite movie at the time, so she just couldn’t get enough of it. Chloe herself didn’t really care what they were watching, because her thoughts were constantly moving back to a very particular prince, letting her blend out the surroundings.

Maze was lying on the couch next to them and was already feeling much better. She was definitely healing faster than humans, but Chloe had insisted she would take care of her roommate for a few more days. After all, Maze had saved her life and that was the least she could do.

Chloe’s gaze fell on her friend, who tried to bear the princess's film with an annoyed expression. At some point, Maze had rolled her eyes, looking like she was about to vomit in disgust or stab the Disney princesses with her murderous look.

Chloe smiled weakly. It was amazing. Next to her was sitting a real demon, a servant of the Devil, and Chloe wasn’t afraid of her for a second. Maze had never given her a reason to be worried, and the way she treated Trixie was anything but demonic. The two got along great and Chloe could see that her daughter was important to Maze. She entrusted Trixie to Maze without thinking twice.

It was amazing how quickly she got used to the fact that neither Maze nor Lucifer were human. Probably because both had come to save her.

Of course, a thousand questions were whirring around in her head. A few had already been answered by Maze, but many of them were about Lucifer, and she felt like it would be best to ask about them personally in his presence. There was only one small problem.
This idiot wasn't calling her!

Suddenly Trixie chuckled. "Olaf is so funny."

Chloe glanced at the TV. The snowman had just fallen apart, asking if someone could grab his butt.

"The snowman sucks. There are cells in Hell where I used to torture humans with Walt Disney movies. Now I definitely know how they must have felt," Maze snorted, annoyed.

Chloe shot her friend an accusing look, but Trixie chuckled cheerfully. "I like the movie," she announced proudly while focusing on the TV again. When Anna, the younger princess, began to sing, Maze grunted.

Chloe had to grin. She liked most Walt Disney movies. Sure, they were often clichéd and cheesy, but when thinking about it, a lot of deeper messages were hidden behind the obvious. Messages that advised her to follow her heart and not always believe her mind. Messages that told her that love came from within and wasn’t limited to the external appearance, and messages that showed how love spoke through actions and not just through words.

Immediately, her thoughts wandered back to Lucifer. His actions had been quite ambivalent. There were times when he’d treated her as if she was the most precious and fragile thing in the world, and the next moment he’d treated her feelings like a joke, trampling on them ruthlessly. Why did he do that? What exactly did she mean to him?

"Decker, stop being a chicken and just give him a call. Nobody can handle that any longer." Maze pointed at her phone on the coffee table. Chloe had been taking it with her everywhere in case Lucifer might call.

She glared at the woman next to her. "I certainly will not. Lucifer said he'll get in touch with me after he cleared up the matter." Her eyes flickered to Trixie, but the child was distracted, grinning wildly at the television.

"Don’t be so damn stubborn," Maze replied. "I see how you’re going crazy here."

"I'm not crazy," the detective defended herself in a weak attempt, but Maze only raised an eyebrow, looking at her with an accused expression.

Trixie stirred in her lap, grinning mischievously a moment later. "I think Lucifer likes you very much."

Chloe smiled. At such moments, she loved her daughter even more. "Why do you believe that, monkey?"

Trixie beamed at the TV. "Lucifer sometimes looks at you like Kristoff looks at Anna. Especially if he's jealous of Hans the prince."

Chloe's eyes widened in surprise, while Maze began to laugh loudly. "Got it, Decker? Even Trixie sees that Lucifer is into you. So there’s no reason why you shouldn’t just call him." The demon laughed but a moment later her face twisted into a pained expression. She put a hand on her stomach.

"Unless you are having second thoughts," she mentioned, when calming down.

Chloe stared at the phone. "I don’t have second thoughts. I'm afraid."

Carefully Maze brought herself into an upright position. "No risk, no fun, Decker. I know Lucifer
has a strong urge to suddenly disappear, but he comes back every time. Also, in my entire existence, I've never seen him so concerned about another person's life before. Just call him!"

"Yes, mommy. Please call Lucifer," Trixie pleaded from her lap. The begging of her daughter was too much for Chloe to handle. With a heavy sigh, she pushed Trixie from her lap, standing up. "Fine. I’ll do it."

Her heart began to throb loudly in her chest, and she got uncomfortably hot. Nervously she reached for the mobile phone on the table. Just then, it vibrated in her hand. Startled, she dropped the device like she'd burned herself on a hot stove.

Maze and Trixie chuckled at the same time.

"Very funny," Chloe muttered more to herself than to the two ladies on the couch. Tensed, she picked up the phone from the floor. It was a text message…

From Lucifer.

Her heartbeat stopped for a long moment, and she stared at the device in her fingers in disbelief. That was a really strange coincidence.

"It's Lucifer," Chloe breathed in a scratchy voice.

"What's he writing?" both ladies shot back.

Chloe swallowed hard, before reading the message.

_Please step to the front door, Detective._

Irritated, Chloe looked at the door. What the hell was Lucifer planning? And why was he acting so mysteriously? Oh my God! Was he standing outside, waiting for her?

"C’mon! Don’t leave us hanging here,“ Maze pursued.

Chloe blinked nervously. "I'm supposed to go to the front door," she replied dryly.

"Then what are you waiting for, Decker?“

That she didn’t know either. Hastily Chloe ran her fingers through her hair after straightening her clothes. She was wearing cozy sweater and sweatpants. Not the ideal outfit to face the Devil.

A little uneasy, Chloe strode to the door, opening it a moment later. Of course, nobody was to be seen. With a disappointed feeling, she was about to turn around when she spotted the elegant black package with the red rose on the door ledge. The former was wrapped in a black velvet bow and the rose had been put between the ribband. The elegant look alone screamed of Lucifer's taste.

Carefully, Chloe stooped, picking up the package. It was easy.

"A present," Trixie shrieked happily as the detective stepped back into the living room.

Chloe gently stroked the ribbon before opening the package and setting the rose aside. Her heart was pounding with nervous anticipation and her feelings were already starting to flip.
When the detective could take a clear look inside the packet, her breath caught. She reached into it, before taking a beautiful, burgundy dress out. Overwhelmed, she blinked. The fabric of the dress was silky smooth and felt heavenly expensive. From the length she estimated that it might just reach down to her knee, and the lace-edged cowl neck would certainly be wonderfully flattering to her bust. The dress oozed the words noble and exquisite. A quick glance at the label confirmed that first impression: Versace!

Sure, it was…

"Wow," Trixie said next to her, admiring the dress just as Chloe spotted a small card in the package. She fished it out, reading the message.

My dear Chloe,
I would like to invite you on a date with me. I pick you up at seven tonight.
Lucifer

Perplexed, the detective read the message once again. She didn’t trust her eyes. That bastard really had the nerve to not call her for five full days and then he came up with that incredibly beautiful dress, wanting to go out to dinner with her? Her mind literally screamed to be mad at him, but her heart was just overjoyed. What were all those Walt Disney wisdoms saying again?

Right! Listen to your heart!

In disbelief, she stared at Maze and Trixie. Both of them were staring back as her phone vibrated again. Hurriedly she reached for it.

Just in case you’d like to shoot me now, Detective. May I remind you that you already stabbed me successfully. See, you owe me one.

Chloe couldn’t help it. Against her will, a stupid grin sneaked on her face. It was so typical for Lucifer, and yet it was terrifying how well he could read her. She quickly typed an answer to his message.

If so, I’ll be waiting for you at my door, Mr. Morningstar.

Chloe was about to put her phone away when it vibrated again.

You won’t regret it, my dear. An evening with me is an absolute pure pleasure. Be ready. I’m going to shake your world upside down, Miss Decker!
Chloe blushed as the desire awoke in her body with full force. Lucifer's message flashed up tons of pictures of their night together. Pictures that definitely weren’t G-rated… Unconsciously she pressed her lips together.

"What's up, Decker?" Maze asked impatiently.

The detective turned to her roommate, beaming all over her face. "I have a date with the Devil," Chloe announced joyfully. She really had a date with the man who’d already succeeded in shaking up her whole world.
you're not a monster - not to me

Chapter Notes

Hey Lucifans,
that's it! The finale chapter of this story. I suppose this is what you've all been waiting for, right?!?
Thank you so much for all your lovely support and your lovely comments on this story. It really encouraged me to go through with all the translating stuff. It was the first time for me that I translated a whole story in English and I'm more than grateful that you liked it so much. So, a big thank you!!!

Well, have fun with the last chapter. I'd love to hear what you think about it, and I'm curious if you're interested in reading more of my stories. I'm thinking about translating another project of mine.

Chloe Decker spun around in front of the floor-length mirror in her bedroom, watching the red-colored dress elegantly caressing her body. It ended just above her knees and felt incredibly silky on her bare skin. In a way it was almost terrifying to see how perfectly it fit. Lucifer must have memorized her body to the last detail, a thought she would rather not explore more closely. Her bust was favorably emphasized by the lace-trimmed waterfall neckline and her waist looked feminine and slim because of the pattern. For sure Lucifer's eyes would pop out of his head when seeing her in this beauty of a dress.

She really had a date! She had a date with Lucifer Morningstar, the most charming Casanova in the world. The mere thought was enough to spark a sensual throbbing between her legs, next to a thrilling nervousness of course. Though they'd already spent a night together, this felt new. It was exciting beyond measure, because the evening would be a perfect opportunity to clarify their relationship status. Chloe was determined to talk about Lucifer's feelings. She just had to know. She had to know if there might be a future together or not. At least the mere fact that the Lord of Hell had invited her on a date was a promising start. Chloe couldn't remember a single situation in which Lucifer had asked other women out. Mostly he'd simply faced them with his outrageously good looks while flirting unrestrainedly, and taken the women or men straight to his penthouse. The detective was sure that dating was a big step for Lucifer, and she was more than happy to see what the evening might bring.

The sudden ring on the front door ripped Chloe from her train of thought. Her nervousness returned with full force, and she bit down on her red-painted lips. He was right on time.

One last time she checked the subtle make-up on her face before running her fingers through her wavy hair and straightening her shoulders. A thousand butterflies exploded in her stomach, making her feel like a nervous high school girl again.

Slowly the detective stepped out of the room, walking down the stairs to the front door. Maze and Trixie were still sitting on the couch, giving her outfit appreciative looks.

Chloe faked a small smile, palms pressed together tightly before turning to the front door. Her heart was pounding. It was an indescribable feeling. Never in her life had she been so nervous to go out with a man. Well, admittedly, Lucifer wasn't an ordinary man, but the actual Lord of Hell.
It rang again and the shrill sound penetrated Chloe's ears, causing her to jump.

"C'mon, Decker! Just open the door!" Maze yelled from the couch. "He won't bite... at least not right away."

Chloe scowled at her roommate. She straightened her shoulders once again before opening the door with an elegant movement. Lucifer's cocky grin was the first thing she spotted. He must have heard Maze's comment! Fantastic! What better way to start the date...

Her anger was soon replaced by a captivated fascination as she absorbed Lucifer's appearance. He looked stunning in his dull black tuxedo. Underneath he wore a night-black shirt with silver-gray buttons and a matching black bow tie. His elegant outfit was rounded off with a handkerchief matching the color of her dress. Slowly, her gaze slid along his well-defined torso back to his face with these dark brown eyes that had suddenly darkened with desire. She swallowed hard and bit on her lower lip.

Lucifer cleared his throat, irresistible smile on his face. "Detectiiiive", he stretched her title with that unmistakable emphasis. "You look ravishing in that dress. Very tasty I might add."

The rogue in his eyes immediately told her that it was an allusion to Maze's comment, but her body still responded to his compliment.

For Heaven's sake! The evening hadn't even started yet and she was already pudding in his talented hands. Hands that could caress every inch of her skin...

A hot shiver ran through her body. In exasperation Chloe shook her head, trying to free herself from her rigidity.

What had just happened? Not long ago she'd finally processed the fact that her partner was the actual Devil and one moment later she was on the brink of jumping his bones?

"Lucifer, you're on time." Chloe spoke out the first thing that came to her mind.

Her partner tilted his head. "I think I've already been waiting long enough, Detective."

Was that an allusion? That was definitely an allusion! Chloe was staring at him. Her mind was gone totally blank. Confronting Lucifer after all what had happened was quite overwhelming. Her feelings were flipping upside down. A part of her still wanted to shoot him out of fury. A tiny part was still unsure about his devilish revelation, and yet another just wanted to hug and thank him. Her head started to buzz. His presence was too much to take in right now.

"Shall we?" the Devil asked gallantly, offering her his arm. He'd noticed her uncertainty and deftly avoided the verbal treadmill.

"Yes," Chloe replied, smiling. She said good-bye to Maze and her daughter, before linking arms with Lucifer. All gentleman, he led her to his Corvette, which was parked in the driveway. Her partner opened the passenger door and helped her in, before closing the door after her. It was these little gestures that Chloe loved so much about him. Although he'd always been polite, Dan had never internalized the book of etiquette. More than once he'd slammed the door right into her face instead of holding it open. Lucifer, on the other hand, was the perfect gentleman. Maybe it was because of the decades of experience, or the fact that her partner had lived through all epochs, or he simply knew that women appreciated those gestures very much.

Chloe took a deep breath, as the Devil rounded the car and sank into the driver's seat to start the engine. An oppressive silence spread as he finally pulled out of the driveway.
With a long sidelong look she stared at Lucifer. He looked relaxed and self-assured at first sight, but when she became aware of the details, she noticed some nervous signs too. His hands were firmly gripping the steering wheel and his posture seemed somehow stiffer than usual.

"Where are we going?" Chloe asked to start a conversation, trying to break the uncomfortable atmosphere between them.

Lucifer turned his head. "To the beach. The rest is a secret, Detective."

"I hate surprises," she replied when playing with her fingers in her lap.

Lucifer chuckled. "Just relax. You’re going to love it."

Chloe rolled her eyes in an oh-so-typical gesture. Clearly he hadn’t missed the fact that she was nervous. She studied his profile.

"Maybe you should relax as well," she suggested as she spotted his narrowed eyebrows.

A moment later, her partner stopped the car at a red light. He sighed, before turning to her, his intense gaze meeting hers. "Detective, there's something I need to know before we start the evening."

There were a lot of things she wanted to get out of her system as well to calm down, but Chloe swallowed the snappy comment and nodded instead. A few strands of hair fell over her shoulder.

Lucifer's body tightened visibly. "Are you afraid of me?" he asked straight ahead.

She met his gaze for an endless moment. The fear of further rejection was written all over his brown eyes. Eyes that faced her with a warm glow and reassuring familiarity. Chloe immediately knew the answer to his question.

A soft smile played on her mouth as she leaned forward. "In the beginning I was," she admitted honestly. "You have turned my world view upside down and I was confused. It was all too much to handle and I was overwhelmed by my own feelings. That's why I fled from your penthouse that morning. But meanwhile..." She paused, taking a deep breath. "You saved my life, several times, to be exact, and I'm more than thankful for that. I know you would never deliberately harm me. So no, I'm not afraid of you anymore, Lucifer. I just needed some time to come along with all that new insight."

She could see her answer lighting up the mood. His eyes sparkled with joy and he gave her one of those rare - but genuine - smiles that she loved so much. It was a look behind his thick barrier, and what she saw there was warming her heart.

A horn sounded behind them. The traffic light of the intersection must have jumped to green during their conversation. With an apologetic smile Lucifer turned to the street, driving on. "I can't say that about you, by the way."

Chloe frowned. "What do you mean?"

She saw exactly how her partner tried to suppress a laugh. "That I'm not afraid of you. You stabbed me in the back, darling. Have you forgotten already?"

She rolled her eyes. "You know I was under the control of the siren, Lucifer."

He turned his face, one eyebrow raised.
"You're holding that against me forever, aren't you? Just like the one time I shot you in the leg."

"Oh, I certainly will," the Devil replied with a smile.

Chloe shook her head in amusement before getting serious again. "I'm really sorry, Lucifer. You've suffered a lot because of me."

"It was worth every bullet, Detective," he replied immediately. The sincerity in his voice made her heart leap. Out of an instinct, Chloe put a hand on his thigh, squeezing it lightly.

Lucifer's gaze flickered from the road to her face and his thigh, taking his own hand off the steering wheel and placing it on hers. His thumb moved in small circles on the back of her hand.

It was supposed to be an innocent gesture, but Chloe had to inhale the air sharply into her lungs. It felt like small electric shocks, tingling right through her nerves and meeting in the middle of her body.

"How are you?" she finally asked, trying to ignore the feeling of his hand on hers.

"If you mean my wings, it took me ages to clean them. Your help would have been quite beneficial." He smirked as vivid images appeared in her head. Pictures in which they stood under his shower, naked while she let her fingers slide through his snow-white feathers. Instantly, Chloe bit her lower lip, shifting restlessly in her seat. Was it strange that the image of a naked angel was arousing her?

She was pretty sure that Lucifer knew what pictures he'd placed in her head, but he didn't respond to them. "One of my wings hasn't healed completely yet. I also feel the spot where the knife was stuck in my back, but the other, more superficial injuries already disappeared thanks to my divine metabolism."

Chloe swallowed, turning away from him. Her gaze fell on the passing surrounding. They'd already reached a coastal road on their way out of the city and the ocean was glittering in the late evening sun. The wind had increased slightly, running through her hair, but most of it was held away by the cleverly constructed form of the Corvette.

"It's my fault what happened to you," she breathed flatly. "Without me you wouldn't have been vulnerable, would you?"

Lucifer squeezed her hand again, but she averted his gaze, continuing to study the landscape out of the convertible.

"Indeed, you're making me vulnerable whenever you're around me, Detective. But it's not your fault, it's Cain's. He worked with the siren and he was the one shooting at us."

The memories of the lieutenant hurt. It was still hard for Chloe to accept that she'd gotten involved with a traitor. She'd dated a man who had wanted to kill Lucifer. She would never forgive herself for not seeing the signs earlier. The whole emotional chaos had blinded her. Her rage at Lucifer's refusal and the ignorant desire to meet someone with whom she could build a relationship had made her act naively and thoughtlessly. A faux pas that had endangered Maze's, Lucifer's and her own life. It had been absolutely unprofessional.

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Detective. Cain was a cunning man. He deceived us both. Even I didn't get his intentions right away. "Lucifer had interpreted her mood correctly.

"I could have believed you," Chloe replied, still avoiding direct eye contact. "You warned me several times, and even when you revealed yourself to me, telling me who Cain really was, I didn't
"You are way too stubborn, darling. Even the Devil doesn't have a chance against that."

Contrary to her initial melancholy, a smile crept on Chloe's face. "Thank you for the compliment," she replied, rolling her eyes and turning back to the Devil.

He grinned widely. "My pleasure!"

They spent the next few minutes in a peaceful silence. Slowly Chloe was calming down, beginning to enjoy the evening. But there was one question remaining on her tongue.

"What did you do to the lieutenant?" she finally asked. "If I understood correctly, Pierce cannot die. How did you get rid of him?"

Lucifer kept silent for a while. Chloe could literally feel she'd touched a sensitive topic, but she would never be able to close the chapter about Marcus if she didn't know how it had ended.

"I made sure Cain won't get close to humanity ever again," Lucifer finally pressed over his lips.

"So he's still alive?" she pursued.

Her partner nodded. "Don't worry about him, Detective. The lieutenant got what he deserved, and he will never ever bother you or anyone else again."

Skeptically Chloe looked at his profile. Lucifer sounded like some mob. Did she really want to know more about what had happened? It was obvious that she wouldn't like the answer. Her partner was often moving on a thin line between legality and illegality. He'd already pulled off one or two shabby jobs in his past. Her heart told her that she wouldn't get Pierce out of her head until she knew the full truth, but she decided that this wasn't the right time to do so.

It was not long before Lucifer held the convertible in front of an expensive looking restaurant. Even as her partner circled the car to open the door, Chloe blinked several times. The view was quite overwhelming. The restaurant had been built on the edge of an idyllic cliff. It was decorated in a Greek style with white walls and a blue roof. At the maritime-designed entrance, Chloe discovered ancient fishing nets and red flowers. It looked quite adorable.

Lucifer led them past the main entrance of the restaurant to a modern terrace that had been built over the cliff and a part of the ocean.

A waiter greeted both, before escorting them to a pretty and elegantly decorated table right in front of the glass railing. Lucifer - of course all gentleman – pulled her chair back, helping her to sit down.

"It's beautiful," Chloe breathed as the Devil settled in across the table. Her gaze glided over the wild cliff and the glittering sea to her right.

"The seafood restaurant has quite a reputation. It’s well-known for its stunning view," Lucifer agreed, letting his gaze wander.

Chloe drew the salty-smelling air into her lungs, taking a deep breath. It was a thoroughly romantic setting he’d chosen for her date. "But it must have been incredibly hard to get a reservation. It also looks very expensive," she mentioned.

Lucifer chuckled. "Money doesn’t matter and regarding the reservation, the boss owes me a favor. He had a bunch of gambling debts."
Chloe shook her head, smiling. "Of course he owed you a favor. Who in this city hasn’t still sold their soul to the Devil?"

Lucifer raised his eyebrow. "I’m not interested in their souls, Detective. A repaid favor at a later date is quite sufficient."

She rolled her eyes. "You’re really different from what’s reported in the Bible or on television. Where are your horns or your tail, for example?"

Lucifer looked like he wanted to roll off his chair laughing. "It almost sounded like you’re disappointed with my appearance, my dear. That definitely would be a first."

Chloe couldn’t stop her eyes from rolling again. It was so typical for Lucifer to make fun about his looks. What an oversized ego he had. How could she have ever doubted in him? He was the Devil, but that didn’t change the way he acted around her. She still felt incredibly safe and relaxed in his presence.

"I suppose your red eyes are all that identifies you as the Devil then?" Chloe asked curiously, leaning closer across the table.

Lucifer's expression grew serious as he shook his head. "You only saw a small part of my other face, Detective."

"Can you show it to me completely?"

Her partner looked at her for a long moment. "Maybe later," he announced hesitantly.

Chloe was about to respond to his vague utterance when a young waiter approached, handing them the menu. Lucifer ordered a bottle of white wine, which even by its name sounded so expensive that Chloe didn’t dare to ask more closely. Sometimes she just forgot how much money her partner really had.

The waiter disappeared, leaving them alone again. The restaurant was fully booked and most of the seats on the terrace were occupied, but the tables were arranged far apart, giving the guests a pleasant privacy.

Chloe brushed a strand of hair behind her ear, focusing on the menu in her hands. When she glanced over the edge of the card, Lucifer smiled charmingly at her. "I say it again. Red is a color that suits you excellently. You look really beautiful in that dress."

Chloe felt her cheeks blush. He’d made a similar compliment back in the sex shop, when he’d showed her some sexy lingerie.

"Thank you, Lucifer," she replied hesitantly, ignoring the hidden allusion. "Even though this dress probably costs more than my car."

"You only deserve the best, Chloe," Lucifer promptly told her. It was the first time he’d used her real name tonight. Chloe dropped the menu, trying to face the emotional weight of his statement. Her own feelings were rushing to the surface, leaving her staring at him for a long moment. His warm and honest gaze made her lose focus.

"Lucifer," the detective breathed, perplexed. "I..." She stopped, searching for the right words that described her mood, but she was once again interrupted by the waiter. He put a wine cooler next to their table, before pouring the wine into their glasses.
"Mr. Morningstar, what may I bring you and your company?" he finally asked, putting the bottle down.

Of course her partner was well-known in such an exquisite restaurant. Uncertainly Chloe looked at Lucifer. She had been too distracted to take in anything from the menu, so she just waited for him to order.

"We'd like the hake with saffron mashed potatoes and as an appetizer the seafood salad," he ordered promptly.

"A good choice, Sir," the waiter nodded, approving the decision before retreating.

The emotional moment had passed by. Chloe leaned back, watching the white-crowned waves break on the cliff. Uneasily she kneaded her fingers in her lap. How should she start the conversation? She didn't even know what Lucifer felt. What if he rejected her again? It had been a typical behavior in the past. Whenever she took a step closer, Lucifer had fled in panic, creating a mile gap between them. His ambivalent behavior had given her a whiplash.

"To a beautiful evening," Lucifer toasted, holding his wine glass in the air.

Chloe took her own and toasted back. Smiling, she put the glass to her mouth, taking a long sip. The wine was refreshing, leaving a sweet taste on her tongue. To relieve her anxiety, she took another sip before putting the glass back down.

Lucifer scrutinized her. "You're still tense, Detective. What's on your mind?"

Chloe sighed heavily, taking a deep breath. It wasn't wise to delay things further. "It's..." She stopped and restarted. "I'm confused, Lucifer," she finally confessed. "I... please don't get me wrong, but what's this all about?"

Lucifer's warm-hearted expression vanished. "I'm trying to do the right thing in your presence," he mumbled.

Chloe's fingers played with the neck of the wine glass. She lowered her gaze to the table. "I'm just scared this beautiful evening will end in another rejection, Lucifer. Every time we get closer, you retire afterwards. I just don't know how much longer I can stand it. Why do you keep doing this to me?"

"It was never my intention to hurt you, Detective. You have to believe me."

His sincere tone made Chloe lift her head. "Why have you done it anyway?" she whispered back sadly.

The pain in his eyes hit her with full force. "I tried to protect you," he replied with a sadness that shook Chloe to the core.

"I don't understand," she breathed haltingly.

The Devil kept silent, staring past her head.

"I need a minute. Excuse me please," he apologized while jumping up from the chair.

"Lucifer?" Chloe exclaimed his name irritably, but her partner had already turned away from the
chair, hastening to the other side of the terrace. Shortly afterwards he took a staircase and was gone.

The detective couldn’t believe what had just happened. Lucifer had been about to open up to her, and at the last moment he’d chickened out again. The Devil really was the biggest coward she’d ever encountered, at least when it came to his feelings. Anger boiled up in her. He’d done it again. He’d turned away from her again.

Hot tears were forming in her eyes as she stared at the stairway the Devil had just used to disappear.

The actual Devil!

Chloe faltered. A bitter realization mingled with her effervescent feelings. Lucifer didn’t know much about human emotions. The way he spoke about his family - about God - made her realize that he had been disappointed more than once. He never truly experienced what it meant to be loved. Perhaps he was afraid she would also reject and hurt him, just like any other person close to him had done in the past...

Determined, Chloe jumped up from the table, heading for the stairs to follow him. She wouldn’t let Lucifer run away from her and his feelings again. By now, they should have left that point far behind, considering what they’d been put through together.

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Lucifer Morningstar reached the bottom of the stairs. From the restaurant, the steps had led down the cliff to a small, artificially raised sand beach, which was below the restaurant. The beach was deserted, offering him a much-needed break. He felt miserable about leaving the detective alone, but all the emotions that hadn’t stopped overrunning him were too much to handle. Chloe’s hurt expression made him ache, and he was again overwhelmed by the devastating realization that he just wasn’t worthy of her. Dr. Linda had said that it was Chloe's decision, but how could he face Chloe if he couldn’t even stand himself?

He’d hurt her. Again and again he’d pushed her away out of fear she might get too deeply involved with him, tying herself to him. And now that Chloe took a cautious step towards him again, he drew in his horns, running off.

Again!

Bloody Hell!

Why were all those human emotions just so hard to bear? Why couldn’t he just get involved with Chloe? He wanted her! He only wanted to be with her, and yet his own self-doubts kept him from taking the final, decisive step forward.

Lost in thought, Lucifer stomped against a small stone in the sand, while staring at the dark blue water that was illuminated by the low sun. The sky had already turned a picturesque orange, announcing a beautiful sunset.

"What do you think you’re doing here?" Chloe’s excited voice suddenly sounded behind him. Surprised, the Devil swirled around, watching the detective in that sexy red dress and black pumps stepping down the last few steps. She made a few awkward steps with her heels in the sand before brushing her shoes off and walking barefoot towards him.
"Stop shutting me out, Lucifer!" she demanded angrily. "I don’t know what your problem is, but it doesn’t get better if we aren’t able to talk about it." With flushed cheeks, she stopped close to him, raising her head to stare into his eyes.

Lucifer was completely overwhelmed by her appearance for a moment. In his head the thoughts were rolling over. She’d followed him. She wanted to talk to him, and she wanted to understand him.

"Detective," he whispered, taking his hands out of his pockets. There was so much emotion in the way he pronounced her title that Chloe’s gaze softened instantly.

"You wanted to protect me from yourself, am I right?" she asked him.

Impressed by her conclusion, he nodded hesitantly. "There is something you need to know, to understand."

Chloe said nothing, just leaning closer instead.

Lucifer inhaled the air into his lungs, trying to calm down. He owed her this explanation. "We didn’t meet by chance, Detective. It was predetermined by my father. Has your mother ever told you that it was difficult for her to have a child?"

Chloe blinked, confused. "She always said I was her little miracle."

"A divine miracle," the Devil added. "Amenadiel came to earth, blessing your parents. So my father was responsible for your existence. He deliberately let you cross my path."

"But," she stuttered, irritated.

He could spot those adorable wrinkles forming on her forehead.

"What does that have to do with us? Isn’t it good a sign that God created me for you?" she asked.

Lucifer could see her struggling with the revelation. Without thinking, he grabbed a strand of hair with his hand, smoothing it back behind Chloe’s ear. "It's crucial because for a long time I thought that your feelings couldn’t be real, that my Dad was looking for a new way to manipulate me. That's why I’ve withdrawn myself from you. I was protecting you from your own feelings." His hand lingered in her hair while he looked straight into her blue eyes. "But you've made it so hard for me, darling. Constantly you’ve destroyed my self-control."

"You think my feelings for you aren’t real?" she repeated flatly.

Lucifer kept silent, just staring into her watery eyes. It was an important reason, but it wasn’t the only one.

The detective blinked several times before reaching into her hair and gently stroking his hand there. He felt her touch. Like bursts of electricity, it shot through his body, almost making him moan. How much he’d longed for that kind of body contact.

"Does this feel real to you?" Chloe asked back, leaning forward. Their upper bodies almost touched. There were only a few inches left until she’d press her sensual body against his.

Lucifer swallowed hard. "It feels very real," he answered her question without second thoughts.

Chloe smiled gently. "Then it is real, Lucifer. If we both feel it, it cannot be bad. It doesn’t matter if your father is responsible for our meeting. The only important thing is what we make out of it, and I’d really like to spend more time with you. I want to feel all those feelings in your presence."

"Chloe," Lucifer breathed, hypnotized by her words.
Her hands lay on his chest and she stood on tiptoes to get closer to his face. In slow motion she reached for him. Oh, how much he'd like to taste her lips. Every fiber of his body was screaming to kiss her, to take what he so desperately desired.

But he couldn’t!

Chloe had almost reached him. Her lips parted slightly as Lucifer pushed her back with a heavy heart. "I'm a monster, Chloe. You deserve better than me."

Her hurt expression softened, and she shook her head. "You aren’t a monster, Lucifer. Not to me."

He felt her words trigger another heatwave in him. "How can you say that?" he asked in dismay, allowing the transformation of his body. He felt the heat escaping through his skin, felt the horrible scars forming on his skin, and he felt his hair disappearing. In Chloe's surprised eyes he could spot the red glow of his Devil eyes. "How can this," he pointed to his face, "not be a monster to you?"

The detective stared at him, wide-eyed. Anxiously he searched for any hints of fear and rejection in them, but he couldn’t find any. She just tilted her head, watching his face attentively.

"Detective?" he whispered her name in a fragile voice.

That seemed to take her out of her temporary rigidity. Contrary to his assumption, she leaned closer. "I don’t see a monster because I know you, Lucifer. You are more than your external appearance shows."

With these words, she tentatively reached for his scarred face, cupping his cheeks. Gently, her fingers strokes the scarred contours. "You're a good man, Lucifer, and anyone who sees beyond your appearance will recognize that."

"Chloe," he stuttered her name, emotionally overwhelmed.

The detective chose that moment to pull his head down. Softly she pressed her mouth on his, kissing him, although he’d presented her his darkest side. Frozen, the Devil felt her lips delicately stroking his. Her kiss was gentle and full of emotion. His heart beamed with joy. A warm feeling flowed through his entire body, making him glow from the inside. Chloe had chosen him. She'd really chosen every bloody side of his personality.

Finally Lucifer awoke from his immobility. He gently put his hands around her waist, pulling her closer to his body. Immediately he noticed his Devil face retreating, and he was overwhelmed by a strong wave of happiness.

It took an endless moment before Chloe withdrew herself from his lips. Her hands had moved to his neck, and she was playing with the ends of his raven-black hair. With flushed cheeks, she smiled at him. Her appearance made him melt instantly. Lucifer still didn't know how he'd earned this woman, but he would do everything in his power to fulfill her every wish and to be worthy of her, for she was his anchor and the radiant light in the darkness of his soul.

Lucifer cleared his throat as he tore his gaze away from her bright blue eyes, which threatened to hypnotize him once again.

"How about going up again? Our food has certainly been served already," he asked, smiling. "After all, it would be a waste to miss it, and I promised you a real date."

Chloe rolled her eyes, happily leaning back from his embrace. "I wasn’t the one jumping away from the table first," she reminded him with a grin.
Lucifer's mouth pulled up and he brushed another strand of hair behind her ear. "Touché, darling."

He still couldn't believe she'd chosen him. With a stupid grin on his face, he pointed to the stairs that would lead them back to the restaurant.

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Chloe Decker laughed, shoving the last bite of her fish into her mouth. They'd started a casual conversation a while ago and she'd been questioning him about the various situations of her professional partnership in which things had happened she hadn't been able to explain herself. Ever since she'd seen and accepted the truth, all these images suddenly made so much more sense. It was almost hilarious she hadn't seen it earlier. The signs and the evidence had been lying under her nose the whole time, but she'd vehemently resisted against the truth. Nonetheless, it was nice talking so lightheartedly to Lucifer now. She was almost bursting with joy and happiness.

After their talk on the beach, Lucifer had led her back to the table. Of course, the appetizer had already been waiting, and Chloe had been glad that it was a cold seafood salad. Until then, she hadn't noticed how hungry she was. Her anxiety and nervousness had overshadowed all other needs throughout the evening.

Between the courses, the sun had finally set over the sea. It had been a perfect, romantic atmosphere, and Chloe had had no choice but to lean over the table, kissing her partner profusely before thanking him for the date. Suddenly everything felt perfect and she had no longer been able to wipe the smile from her face.

Chloe still couldn't believe what had happened on the beach. Of course, there was still a great uncertainty left about their future, but nonetheless she was happy that she managed to eliminate some of Lucifer's doubts. When he'd told her about his monstrous side and even when he'd showed her his devilish face, she hadn't been afraid. She would never have guessed that this part of his identity had prevented him from coming closer to her. Of course, she'd been intimidated by his scarred face for a moment, but the vulnerability in his red-lighted eyes had shown her that Lucifer was more than he seemed to believe. She wasn't seeing a monster in him and gladly she'd managed to make that clear to him.

During the main course, the relaxed mood between them had finally brought Lucifer back to his old, flirtatious behavior. Although his inappropriate comments had often gotten on her nerves, she had to admit they were showing some results, because in the meantime, another tingling anticipation had spread through her body, demanding for salvation.

"Darling?" Lucifer asked, flicking a finger in front of her face. "Do not say you're already bored with my presence."

Chloe tilted her head, smiling. He'd obviously noticed her mental absence.

"Maybe you just have to be more convincing, Mr. Morningstar. May I remind you that I'm not that easily satisfied."

His brown eyes darkened with desire, and he was looking at her with a predatory smile. "Miss Decker, I know exactly how to please you, and when this night is over you will have problems walking straight."
Chloe let out a shaky breath as a wave of pleasure collapsed over her. She knew he would keep his suggestive promise. Images of their past night together flashed up in her head. As Lucifer provocatively stroked over his lower lip, and Chloe imagined his tongue on rather different parts of her body, a soft moan escaped her mouth.

Restless, her fingers grabbed the edge of the table. His intense gaze began to wander over her body, and she could almost feel him caressing every inch of her skin. Her heart began pounding and her breathing quickened.

Holy shit! This man hadn’t even begun to touch her, and she had already melted away. Chloe had to admit that there was something very exciting about the fact that she was dating the actual Devil. There was no other being that could control pleasure and sinful temptation better than he could. Certainly something she would benefit from now.

Lucifer's arrogant smirk caught her attention. He knew exactly what he’d done to her body. Bravely Chloe leaned forward, slipping out of one pump under the table, before running her bare foot along Lucifer's calf.

"I cannot wait," she purred, looking at him with a hopefully seductive look.

Immediately the Devil tensed, struggling for control. Her foot gently brushed against his calf, lingering in the hollow of his knee for a moment. A low growl escaped Lucifer's mouth and she just couldn’t hold back a triumphant smile.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the waiter approaching their table to collect the empty dishes. "May I bring you something else? Maybe a dessert or a coffee?" he asked politely.

Chloe's foot loosened from the hollow of his knee. She slipped forward on her chair, tracing her foot up his thigh.

Lucifer's fiery gaze didn't break hers for a single second. "We'll take the bill," he explained harsher than intended. "I'd rather enjoy dessert at home."

Chloe bit her lower lip as his words triggered another sinful tingle in her body.

"As you wish, Sir," the waiter replied professionally, before moving away from her table.

Lucifer leaned forward. "You're playing with hellfire, my dear," he murmured seductively. "I hope you know what you're getting yourself into."

Chloe managed to look at him completely innocently. "Oh, that I certainly do, Mr. Morningstar." Her foot rubbed playfully on his thigh. As she slipped to the edge of her chair, she managed to press her foot against his manhood, moving her toes.

Lucifer growled and instantly jumped off the table. His eyes were glowing with suppressed desire. Carelessly, he threw a bundle of bills on the table. "That should be more than enough. Come with me!" He held out his hand.

Chloe had to laugh. Lucifer was acting impossibly. Slowly she rose from her chair, but her partner lost all patience. He grabbed her hand, pulling her ruthlessly to his car.

"Lucifer," she laughed. "We've been waiting for so long now, a few more minutes won't change anything."

"Get in!" he commanded.
Chloe's heart rate quickened. It was incredibly sexy seeing him so domineering and sexually unsatisfied. She had mercy and did what he said.

Lucifer dropped into the driver's seat, before starting the engine and racing from the parking lot at a far too high speed. Chloe didn’t even have time to straighten up.

Smiling, she leaned against the headrest of the seat, looking at the man next to her.

"How long can you stay?" Lucifer asked after a moment, driving way above the speed limit along the coastal road. Normally Chloe hated it when he didn’t stick to the speed limit, but tonight she forgave him that habit. Truth be told, she wouldn’t mind getting into his penthouse as quickly as possible, either. The whole unresolved tension was nearly impossible to handle anymore, gnawing also at her self-control.

"Maze is taking care of Trixie," she told him simply.

Lucifer gave her a suggestive smirk. "That's wonderful news, Detective. Although I'm pretty sure I'm going to need years to do all these sinful things I have in mind."

Chloe swallowed as her lust returned with full force. The idea of years felt incredibly good. Was that the time they would spend together from now? She liked that thought.

The detective eyed Lucifer with a sidelong glance. She was startled as he returned it with a passion that sent a spark of lust right to her center. Shakily she inhaled the much-needed air while pressing her thighs together to get rid of the sexual tension. Unfortunately, it had the opposite effect and the friction just intensified the dull throb in her lap. To make matters worse, Lucifer seemed to have noticed her movement, as he took his hand off the steering wheel, placing it on her thigh instead. Infinitely, he stroked her bare skin, leaving small circles on the inside of her knee.

Should the gesture have a calming effect? Because she certainly felt anything but calm. The innocent touch only intensified her sense of pleasure. Chloe was absolutely sure that it must have been Lucifer's intention to do so. Maybe it was some kind of revenge for the action in the restaurant.

"Relax, Detective!" her partner whispered in a seductive tone that sounded so much lower than usual.

Chloe shivered pleasantly. "You're doing that on purpose," she hissed, trying to remain in control. His thumb circled sensually on her bare skin, creating little electric shocks. She felt hot and unbelievably horny.

Lucifer chuckled. His hand slid an inch higher, thumb touching the hem of her dress. With a tormenting slowness he stroked along the fabric.

Chloe gasped softly as his thumb disappeared under her dress, running up the inside of her thigh. His remaining fingers followed, pushing the red fabric up.

Aroused, Chloe bit her lower lip. It was a gentle touch, steadily increasing her lust, but it wasn’t enough to satisfy her.

Her gaze fell on his profile. Lucifer was grinning, his eyes fixed on the street. He was still driving way too fast and the landscape was racing past her at a terrifying speed. By now, they had reached the edge of the city and Chloe could only hope that they would get to his penthouse as soon as possible just to end this sweet torture.

Inch by delicious inch, Lucifer’s hand was working up her thigh, approaching her throbbing lust
center. Her right thigh fell aside automatically, allowing him better access.

That was absolutely crazy! Lucifer was driving through the busy city of Los Angeles and they were sitting in a convertible. It was more than likely that someone outside would see what they were doing here. The thought in combination with Lucifer's fingers, which had almost reached her lap, elicited a pleasurable moan. She bit her tongue immediately, but her partner had heard it anyway.

"What's up, Detective?" he asked with a sensual tone in his voice.

Chloe wanted to shoot him. His arrogant grin burned into her head and she pressed her lips together to prevent more sounds from leaving her mouth.

One of Lucifer's fingers had reached his destination. Briefly it touched the fabric of her underwear. Chloe winced with desire. Her hands were gripping the dashboard as she closed her eyes, trying to bear the sweet torture of his finger.

Lucifer chuckled as a result of her strong physical reaction. "Detective, you have no idea how much your appearance arouses me right now."

Chloe's mouth slipped a whimpering sound, and as Lucifer gripped her sweet center with his entire hand, she gasped before uttering his name. It was supposed to be a request, but his name sounded more like a plea on her lips.

Her partner growled deeply. Thank the Devil he had mercy on her, because a moment later he pushed the fabric of her underwear aside, running his middle finger right along her folds.

"Mhhmmm, darling," he purred. "I suppose you cannot wait to get home either." He spread the evidence of her excitement over a large area while touching her most sensitive bud from time to time.

Chloe's whole body cramped. Unrestrained, she moaned his name. She didn’t care anymore what others might think. She had closed her eyes, concentrating on Lucifer's touch on her body instead. It was indescribable and she was already close to bursting. With her hands she sought for support on the dashboard. Her thighs continued to open, causing the dress to slide dangerously far upward.

Lucifer's fingers were dancing lightly over her clit, slipping down her folds from time to time, but it wasn’t enough. He was still teasing her, making her beg and squirm. She couldn’t bear that torture any longer. So she began to move her hips, stretching out against his touch.

Immediately his fingers became faster and the pressure stronger. Now and then he pushed into her entrance, but the angle was too uncomfortable to sink his finger in completely. It felt amazing. He seemed to remember exactly what brought her closer to the edge.

Chloe whimpered helplessly. Her hand gripped the door handle, hips moving further in the process. Her breathing came jerking and heavy, mingling with the pleading of his name.

Lucifer increased the pace of his movement, settling the perfect rhythm. Chloe could feel her entire body being close to exploding. An inner fire was consuming her, pulling her constantly to the edge.

Gasperg, she opened her eyes. Lucifer had briefly looked away from the street, meeting her gaze with his own. "I promised to shake your world, darling. This is just one of many others tonight."

His sinful promise in combination with his intense gaze were too much. One last time, Chloe's body tensed, and as Lucifer rubbed her clit with firm pressure, she was driven over the edge. Instinctively she closed her legs, pinching his hand, which continued to rub on her bud to extend her orgasm. One delicious wave after another was rushing over her. It took Chloe an endless long time before the overwhelming sensations subsided and she could fall back into her seat.
She opened her thighs a bit, allowing Lucifer to withdraw his hand. As she took a deep breath, opening her eyes, she noticed Lucifer turning off the engine of his car in the rather familiar underground car park of LUX.

That was… No way! Had he really timed their arrival like that?

Astonished, she stared at him. His cocky smirk was confirmation enough.

*******

Chloe Decker watched the elevator doors closing. Lucifer had helped her to get out of the Corvette. With shaky legs she’d followed him to the elevator, which would take them up to his penthouse. The cabin was just about to move as Chloe threw herself against Lucifer's hard upper body, putting her arms around his neck and jerking his head down. Lucifer made a pleased sound before pressing his lips against hers. The kiss was very different from the one on the beach. Wild and uninhibited, their lips were moving together. Chloe was instantly carried away by a vortex of lust. As Lucifer nibbled on her lower lip, gently biting down, she felt her legs nearly giving way.

It was an intoxicating feeling when their tongues met in a seductive duel. Lucifer's hands were buried deeply in her hair, tilting her head for better access. The world around them ceased to exist and Chloe was dominated by nothing else than a burning desire that screamed for salvation.

Almost desperately, she pressed herself against Lucifer's body, moving them a few steps till his back hit the elevator wall. Her hands loosened from his neck and ran along his upper arms instead. Lucifer was growling with a deep voice, sending another wave of arousal straight to her core. In a quick movement, he broke away from her mouth, pushing her a few steps backwards, until her own back came in contact with the opposite wall. He left her no room and pressed himself against her front with his entire body. His hands parted from her neck, traveling down her sides before grabbing her waist. Demanding, he crashed his mouth on hers, entangling her in a new mind-blowing kiss.

Chloe's head was spinning from all the sensual sensations. She could literally feel Lucifer all over her body. Nevertheless all the layers of fabric were still in the way, preventing the much-needed skin contact. She was just trying to pull him closer, as his hands slid under her butt, lifting her up.

Kissing, Chloe wrapped her legs around his hips, grip tightened on his neck. Her back was still pressed against the elevator, capturing her in between Lucifer and the wall. Frenetic, the detective began to rub herself against Lucifer. She could feel his growing excitement through the thin layers of fabric, and the delicious friction was making her gasp sharply.

Lucifer broke away from her lips and nibbled all the way down her throat, his tongue leaving a hot trail on her neck. When he reached that sensitive spot just above her collarbone, his teeth penetrated her skin. A short, tingling pain shot through her body, making Chloe groan. To her astonishment, she enjoyed the sensation more than she would have thought. Lucifer repeated the gesture one more time, grinning against her neck as her arms tightened around his upper body. Slowly his tongue stroked over the bite mark, relieving some of the stinging, burning sensation.

The pinging of the elevator announced their arrival. Lucifer didn’t pause for one single second, involving her in another passionate kiss instead. His grip tightened under her butt, just as he swung them both around, stumbling out of the elevator. Apparently, the way to his bedroom seemed too far
away, because her partner headed for the nearby grand piano between the bar and the elevator.

Chloe gasped in surprise as he dropped her onto the cold surface a moment later. Her legs bumped against a few keys, creating a dissonant sound. Images of her pretty-woman fantasy came to life, causing a new wave of lust to break free.

Slowly Lucifer's hands trailed over her back, unzipping her dress before he stepped back. Greedily, his hands reached for the hem of the red cloth. Chloe lifted her weight off the piano surface to help him pulling the dress over her waist and head. Carelessly he threw it a few steps away, while staring at her body in pure fascination.

"You're beautiful, Detective," her partner purred, letting his hungry gaze wander over every inch of her bare skin.

Chloe smiled and opened her thighs a little further for Lucifer to position himself between them. His hands went up her waist, covering her breasts through the thin fabric of her lingerie.

She moaned his name and threw her head back. Lucifer began to roll her already hard nipples through the fabric, causing her to bite her lower lip as the electrifying tingle returned full strength, converging between her thighs. Through her veil of lust, she could see Lucifer bending over and kissing her neck. His mouth wandered up to her shoulder, softly nibbling on the skin under her bra strap.

Chloe felt like bursting with pleasure at any moment. Lucifer's sexual abilities were just driving her mad. She wanted more. She needed more! Somewhat clumsily, she fumbled at Lucifer's bow tie, untying the knot before throwing the black cloth aside and tugging at his shirt. She eagerly opened the buttons and watched as the fabric fell apart in the middle, revealing his hard muscles underneath.

Lucifer released his hands from her breasts and allowed his shirt to slip over his arms. Carelessly it landed on the ground. Chloe grinned, before finally touching his bare skin. Feather-light, her hands ran over his chest muscles, over his well-toned stomach and up the sides. Lucifer purred like a cat - not like one of those domestic cats, but more like a dangerous panther ready to catch its prey.

His hands moved to her back, opening the bra. Carefully, he stroked the black lace fabric from her body, absorbing the sight of her bare breasts. Gently his fingers were moving over her nipples, eliciting another moan from her.

It was amazing. In one moment he was wild and dangerous, like the monster he saw in himself, and the next moment he was tender and full of love. Chloe's heart skipped a beat and a deep feeling of attachment flowed through her body.

But it didn't last long. Agonizingly slowly Lucifer's hands stroked over her stomach, followed closely by his mouth. He stopped just above her panties, looking at her with those auspicious, darkly shining eyes. His seductive sight alone was nearly enough to catapult her right into another climax. The irresistible smirk on his lips, his tousled hair and his possessive gaze robbed her of sanity.

Without warning, his eyes suddenly changed color and Chloe was staring into the Devil's red-flamed irises. She gasped in shock as Lucifer ripped her underwear away the next second, giving her a look as if he wanted to devour her.

"Lucifer," she shrieked his name in surprise, but her partner put his index finger to her lips, silencing her. His glowing eyes bored right into her mind. "My dear Chloe," he whispered devotedly. His gaze wandered to her lust center, admiring his jackpot. "Every fiber in your body will soon go up in flames, screaming my name in ecstasy."
She whimpered helplessly and squirmed on the grand piano, but Lucifer simply grabbed her waist, pinning her in front of him. She was fully at his mercy now.

"I want you to lean back, darling," the Devil purred seductively. A moment later, his head dipped between her thighs. His cheeks felt hot and his beard stubbled on her sensitive skin.

Seeking for balance, Chloe grabbed his hair, while leaning back on the smooth surface of the grand piano. Her legs bumped against the keys again, creating a shrill sound, as she moved to wrap them around his back.

Lucifer's hellfire gaze met hers and for a long moment she forgot how to breathe. The next second his tongue moved eagerly over her wet folds. Chloe's mouth opened in a silent scream, breath quickened instantly, only to stop altogether.

In a fast rhythm Lucifer's tongue slid over her dripping center, lingering on her sensitive nub for an infinitely long time. Chloe moaned his name, throwing her head to one side.

He raised the pressure with his tongue, burying his face deep in her femininity. It felt like he wanted to eat her up. His tongue wandered down to her entrance. One of his hands loosened from her waist, stretching her thigh further to the side. The new position allowed him a better angle to push his tongue even further into her wet cave. Chloe screamed his name. Her hands jerked on his hair. She didn't know if she wanted to pull Lucifer nearer or to push him away. The sinful torture was almost too much to bear.

Lucifer moved his tongue, massaging her inner walls before pulling back and rubbing her nub with firm pressure. Chloe felt something big and powerful building up inside her. Orgasms before Lucifer had always been nice, relaxing and satisfying. But this one... This was a very different experience. She could feel how the overwhelming tension that he was building up inside of her would tear her entire body and mind apart.

Lucifer must have noticed she was close. She wasn’t sure if it was her accelerated and uncontrolled breathing, or her body, trembling and screaming for more.

With a powerful stroke the Devil’s tongue dipped back into her entrance. As he slightly tilted his head, he managed to hit that sweet point inside her with the tip of his tongue. It was too much. Chloe bucked up, back arching. Her entire body trembled as Lucifer continued his sinful penetration, massaging her inner walls with that delicious rhythm.

The climax rushed over her, hard and fast. Chloe threw her head on the piano surface, screaming his name as the tension in her body broke loose at lightning speed. The heavenly wave rushed through her whole body, reaching to her fingertips and toes. For a brief moment Chloe felt like she was seeing stars and close to fainting. She couldn’t prevent her trembling thighs from pressing against Lucifer's head, but it didn’t seem to bother him much, for he made a satisfied sound, helping her through the sinful twitches. Lazily his mouth trailed over her hips, kissing the spot under her belly button.

Breathing heavily, Chloe finally opened her eyes to look at him. Lucifer's arrogant smirk spoke volumes. She was pretty sure that with her constant pleading she had pushed his ego right into the immeasurable.

"Welcome back to Earth," he joked, grin still growing.

Chloe just rolled her eyes, feeling like her body wasn’t capable of doing much more. Thank the Devil she didn’t have to, because Lucifer simply reached around her hips, lifting her up. Carefully he
stepped in his bedroom, laying her down on the mattress and staring at her naked body. Chloe didn't have the strength to cover herself up. However, Lucifer's hungry gaze didn't give her any reason to do so. Slowly she bent her still trembling legs, staring back.

Lucifer just looked irresistibly sexy. His disheveled hair was jumbled and a light film of sweat had formed on his upper body, emphasizing the contours of his muscles. Chloe's gaze continued wandering, ending on the visible bulge in his pants. She was intrigued by how much Lucifer had held back, worshiping her in all those sinful ways instead.

Chloe wanted to pay him back, so she sat up, sliding down to the front edge of the bed before reaching for Lucifer's hips and pulling him closer. She knelt in front of him before opening his belt and pulling down his pants and boxers in a fluid motion. His erection instantly sprung free, causing her to release a whimpering sound as she imagined Lucifer moving inside of her.

Chloe raised her head, looking up at him. His dark eyes watched her every movement and a guttural sound followed as she gripped his erection with one hand, stroking it. Courageously, Chloe leaned forward. Never would she have guessed that she was able to elicit such pleasurable sounds from the Devil.

With a seductive smile, she opened her mouth, licking over the top of his cock. Lucifer's body vibrated with tension, but he didn't stop her. Very slowly, Chloe closed her mouth around his erection, moving along it. She took her hand to help, massaging the part she couldn't reach with her mouth. Her tongue kept slipping over his tip, making the Devil moan. He moved his hips a bit, gently rocking into her mouth.

Chloe felt her own pleasure reawakened. Hearing Lucifer making all those delicious sounds was sexy as hell. It was an incredibly satisfying feeling to see what power she had over the actual Lord of Hell. She raised the pace with her mouth, sliding vigorously along his erection.

Unfortunately, Lucifer stopped her soon, cautiously withdrawing himself. She looked up and had to suppress a grin as she saw how close he was to losing control.

"I think we both enjoyed enough foreplay, Detective," her partner said, clearing his throat. He stepped back from the bed, taking off the clothes that still hung around his ankles.

Chloe slid back on the bed and immediately Lucifer followed. He leaned over her and grabbed her knees to push her legs apart. Seductively she opened herself up for him.

His eyes glanced over her body again. Invitingly, Chloe lifted her back from the bed, pressing her breasts towards him. "Lucifer," she moaned impatiently, looking him into his desire filled eyes.

He understood her request perfectly. With an irresistible smile on his lips, he leaned forward, supporting his weight with both his arms next to her shoulders.

Chloe's self-control was at an end. Feverishly she grabbed his back, pressing his body firmly against hers. The contact caused her to gasp. A pleasurable tingling shot right through her midsection as his erection bumped against her entrance.

The next second, Lucifer bent down to kiss her, tongues meeting seductively. Her hands wandered up over his strong upper arms and over his shoulders onto his back, where she stroked his spine. He trembled in anticipation.

"Chloe," Lucifer murmured at her mouth. His voice was about to break. His emotions overwhelmed both of them, letting Chloe forget the outer world around them completely. She only wanted Lucifer.
She wanted to feel the man she loved inside her, stretching her deliciously. She wanted to hear the sound of rubbing skin, and she wanted to feel Lucifer everywhere at the same time.

Her body was so ready for him from the past orgasms. Wet and shiny, she was lying beneath him, whimpering his name between kisses. Lucifer's hand reached between their bodies, striking with the top of his erection along her dripping center. Chloe gasped again.

Holy shit! All the lusty sensations were overpowering her. One electric shock after another jumped through her body. She needed him! She needed to feel him inside her right now!

"Lucifer!" she desperately pleaded his name.

And finally! After a moment that certainly felt like infinity, the Devil pushed forward, slowly sinking into her.

Every rational thought that had hunted through her mind until that moment fizzled. Chloe groaned in exasperation, wrapping her legs around him. "More!" she demanded, rolling her hips.

She buried her nails in his shoulder blades as he pushed deeper, sinking all the way in. Lucifer was panting heavily in the crook of her neck. Her own mouth opened in a helpless whimper and she closed her eyes to enjoy the waves of pleasure that were rushing through her body.

When Lucifer withdrew himself, only to powerfully thrust back in, she bucked up, screaming his name like a sinful prayer. The sensations were world-shattering. Sex with Lucifer Morningstar - the actual Devil – felt like having a ticket to paradise.

What a contrary train of thought…

Lucifer gasped at her ear, creating a steady rhythm between them. Chloe could feel her desire being catapulted to even higher heights. She moaned, enjoying the sound of hips slapping together repeatedly.

Lucifer increased his pace, bending his upper body back. Decisively he grabbed under her knee, pushing it further apart to give him better access. He sunk into her almost furiously now, so close to losing control.

Her name was released by his mouth, his muscles trembled in anticipation, and his dark eyes changed their color again. As he penetrated her deep inside, Chloe bucked up in ecstasy. His flaming gaze caught her attention and she was unable to break eye contact. It was unbelievable that the devilish side of him only made her even more aroused.

Lucifer's fingers found a way back between their bodies and he rubbed powerfully on her clit. Chloe was on the brink of breaking into a thousand pieces. The lust was increased further, almost driving her over the edge.

"Lucifer!" she begged, yet unsure what she was begging for exactly. He moved furiously inside her. Again and again, he pulled back before ramming himself all the way back in, slipping against her hot walls and massaging a spot inside of her that spontaneously set her ablaze. His deep penetration, combined with his skillful fingers, rubbing her nub, were too much for her to bear.

She wanted to wait for him, but with a violent rearing she was catapulted into her third orgasm. Her vision blurred, her muscles began to tremble uncontrollably, and she felt her pelvic floor muscles twitching around his cock. The sensations carried her away and she could do nothing but surrender to the pleasure.
Lucifer leaned forward, gasping heavily into her ear. His body vibrated with uncontrollable force. He thrust a few more times before following her into salvation and spilling into her. Breathing heavily, he collapsed on top, burying her under a mountain of wet and shiny muscles.

Wearily, the detective lifted an arm to stroke Lucifer's black hair. He had closed his eyes, living out the last waves of his orgasm. She studied him for a long moment, heart overflowing with joy. He was hers now, and that revelation almost made her cry with happiness.

Slowly, her partner opened his brown eyes, grinning provocatively. "I'm not quite sure if I've already fulfilled my promise, my dear." He adjusted his hips a bit on her body. To Chloe's surprise, she could feel his manhood inside her hardening again.

That was completely impossible! No man was up for that! Not in such a short amount of time.

"Lucifer," she replied, staring at him in disbelief.

"I have an extraordinary stamina. Remember, Detective?" He wiggled his eyebrows while rolling his hips sensually at the same time. A hoarse groan escaped her mouth.

"I'm not sure if I'm up for another round yet," she admitted honestly, but her eyelids were already closing by the sensations that awoke in her body again.

"Oh, darling. The Devil is far from being done with you." His suggestive utterance caused her to shudder. Carefully, she angled her legs a little and was instantly washed away by Lucifer and the feelings he caused in her body a moment later.

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Lazily Lucifer Morningstar opened his eyes, blinking a few times. A smug smile settled on his lips as he remembered how many times he'd gotten Chloe to scream his name the night. She'd repeatedly claimed that she wasn’t up for another round, but he'd proved her otherwise. At some point, deep in the middle of the night, they’d finally fallen asleep from pure exhaustion. Lucifer had wrapped his arms around Chloe, hugging her body tightly. He still couldn’t believe that she belonged to him now.

When the Devil got aware of his surroundings now, looking down slightly, he realized with surprise that the detective had disappeared from his embrace. He was alone in his bed. It was still dark, and only the light of the illuminated city was falling faintly through the floor-length windows.

Just when a wave of panic was about to rise inside him, he discovered that the balcony door had been opened. There on the balcony he could spot Chloe’s silhouette. Her arms were wrapped around her upper body and she was wearing his silky bathrobe.

She looked gorgeous. Her disheveled blond hair was waving in the wind and just the sight of her half-naked body was enough to make him hard again. Chloe Decker had been the woman of his dreams and now she was the woman of his reality. He was overwhelmed by a strong feeling of happiness.

Slowly Lucifer left his bed, stepping out on the balcony, naked. The fresh breeze was pleasant, so he inhaled the air deeply into his lungs. He approached Chloe quietly, wrapping his arms around her waist.
"Darling, what are you doing out here?" he purred lovingly into her ear.

Chloe immediately reacted to him. She snuggled up against his chest while putting her hands on his and squeezing them lightly. "I couldn’t sleep," she confessed honestly.

He stared at the back of her head. "Earlier you almost fainted in my arms from pure exhaustion and yet you couldn’t find sleep?"

Chloe leaned her head back, nestling against his shoulder. "I suppose I just needed a moment to think," she told him.

"About us?" he asked cautiously.

Chloe sighed. "Amongst other things."

His body stiffened. Chloe noticed the gesture immediately because she lovingly squeezed his hands. "Not in that way, Lucifer," she replied quickly. "I don’t regret for one single second what happened between us. I’m just wondering about the future. What shall we do to prevent our relationship from negatively affecting work? What will all the others think? What might Trixie think about the idea of you visiting more often in the future? And how are you going to behave in your nightclub now? I know that flirting and being charming is a big part of your image, but..." She broke off, staring uncertainly into his eyes.

Lucifer beamed all over his face. His hands caressed her sides and he pressed a gentle kiss down her neck. "You worry way too much, Detective. Let's just take one thing after another. And when there really is a problem, I'm sure your little analytical mind will easily come up with a solution."

Chloe chuckled in his embrace.

"And as for the latter." He leaned forward, beginning to nibble sensually on her heated skin right above her collarbone. "I just want you, Chloe!"

She let out a noise that sounded dangerously like a combination between a whimper and a groan. "I only want to be with you, too," she confessed with a smile.

Lucifer's hands started to wander, covering her breasts through the thin fabric of his robe. He could feel that she was already reacting to his touch and that he was affecting her.

"I suppose we’re in agreement then." Grinning, he whirled her around in his arms, pressing a passionate kiss on her still swollen lips.

Everything was perfect.

She was perfect.

Them being together was perfect.

Lucifer couldn’t believe he’d finally managed to get what he desired most in his existence; the love and affection of the woman that meant so bloody much to him that he would go through Hell for her, figuratively and literally. She was a woman who accepted all of him, who accepted his shining angelic side and also his darker devilish part. But most of all Chloe Decker was the one woman that actually managed to show the Devil his human side, and for that he loved her even more.
The End

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