Joyriding with the Devil

by Kay_kat

Summary

After his little talk with Azrael, Lucifer thinks more about his growing friendship with Ella and when an effort to cheer her up goes wrong, an unexpected confession is made.

Notes

This is for my good friend Liv, I know it's not exactly what you wanted but hopefully you still enjoy it!

For everyone else - I was requested to write something with Lucifer & Ella bonding. I love their sort of brother and sister style relationship. Also I have had the headcanon that Lucifer has more cars than just the corvette for quite a long time and this seemed like the perfect time to bring that up. It's a bit silly, probably crack but hey ho. Hope you enjoy anyway :)

Joyriding with the Devil

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See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

When Ella is feeling down, Lucifer makes an effort to cheer her up as he struggles with difficult feelings of his own.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lucifer bounces down the steps into the precinct, spotting Chloe sat at her desk, head down in her paperwork. Coming to a halt beside her, he greets her with a big grin and a cheery, “Good morning, Detective!”

Chloe ceases her writing, glances up at him, her brows knit in confusion. She checks her watch and then looks back at him. “Lucifer, it’s almost three.”

“What?” he asks in a disinterested tone. Honestly, he can’t care less what time it is, all that matters is that he is here with the Detective and ready to dish out some punishment. “My mistake. Good afternoon, Detective!” he repeats making sure to use the same cheery tone.

She rolls her eyes. A gesture he’s come to love seeing so much he’d often say things to try and illicit such a response from her. Sighing and capping her pen she asks, “What’re you doing here, Lucifer?”

He frowns. Isn’t it obvious? “I’m here to help, of course. Punish the wicked and all that!”

“Okay…. I’m touched that you’ve come all this way but, we don’t have a case right now.”

Oh.

“I do, however, have this huge pile of paperwork that I could use a hand with, partner,” she adds with a sweet smile.

Oh.

Bloody hell. That smile and the twinkle in her eyes as she bats her lashes at him, how can he say no? But paperwork is boring. He can think of tortures currently used in Hell that he’d rather subject himself to than do one piece of bloody paperwork. Conflict swirls within him and he must let it show because after a long moment of indecision she speaks once again.

“I mean, I can handle it on my own if you—”

And that’s all he needs to make his escape. He quickly turns on his heel, shouting his goodbyes and good luck with her paperwork and heads for the nearest exit. That had been a close call. Imagine, the Devil doing paperwork. It’s absurd.

On his way back to the stairs he spots Miss Lopez entering her lab looking uncharacteristically forlorn. The way in which she holds herself just doesn’t seem right somehow. Lucifer stops in his tracks, considering going to check on her.
After his little chat with Azrael he had made a substantial effort with the bubbly forensic scientist, perhaps enough to call her a friend.

Yes.

She is his friend.

Friends look out for each other, or so Linda often tells him.

Perhaps he could help her? He’s come all this way, after all, may as well make himself somewhat useful.

Nodding to himself, he decides to go see if he can help his friend. Of course, he and the Detective are friends as well, one might even venture to call them best friends. He glances back at Chloe, sat there, writing away, only about a third through the mountain of paperwork. Annoyance at a flurry of human emotions he can’t quite identify bubbles up. He’d described it to Linda once, the one that feels like a fat man sitting on his chest but, not in a fun way. Guilt? What on Earth does he have to feel guilty for? He hasn’t done anything wrong has he?

Has he?

He stands, lost, in the middle of the precinct, feeling thoroughly perplexed by the barrage of strange emotions. Maybe he should go see Linda? Yes, she can surely help him. As he turns back towards the stairs though he remembers Miss Lopez. Perhaps he could find out what’s wrong and she could help him with his problem? Two birds, one stone as they say.

He strides over to the little lab and lets himself in. He’s oddly greeted by silence. Usually, much to his dismay, he gets a hug or at the very least an upbeat greeting, that is when she’s not got headphones in, dancing like no one is watching. But, no, today she sits in the corner of the lab hunched over a file, no music playing and certainly no dancing.

“Miss Lopez?”

She looks up from her file, despite the low light Lucifer can see that her eyes are tinged slightly red and are puffy. “Oh… hey, Lucifer,” she says, trying to put on a smile but failing miserably.

He finds himself moving, closing the distance between them until he is within, what he has dubbed the ‘hugging danger zone’. It’s… strange. He has no idea what’s wrong, but he has this overwhelming need to… protect her? Yet he can’t possibly know if she even requires protecting… he finds all these strange feelings quite baffling. Maybe he should have gone to Doctor Linda after all.

“Is something wrong?” he asks, tilting his head to one side.

She looses a hefty sigh. “Just family stuff…."

“Ugh, I feel you,” he says, throwing a loathing look upwards. After an extended, rather uncomfortable moment of silence he decides he should probably say something. What to say though? What would Linda or Chloe say to him? They’d probably ask if he wants to talk about it. That’s what friends do isn’t it? They talk. “Do you… um… want to… talk about it?”

For the first time since he’d entered the room a genuine smile graces her lips. “That’s sweet, Lucifer.” Her smile fades again. “I’m sure you’re not interested in hearing about my problems though.”
“I don’t mind,” he says before he can even think about it.

“Really?”

He hums an affirmative, bobbing his head once and pulls out the closest chair to sit down next to her.

For the next half hour, he sits and listens to her talk about her family, occasionally offering his thoughts and she listens, even if he is the last person in the universe she should be taking family advice from. Her usual smile eventually creeps back to her face.

“Thank you,” she says with such genuine gratitude in her voice that he can’t help but be taken aback. She then gets that look in her eye, the one that he’s become all too familiar with, the one that says I’m-going-to-hug-you-now. She flings her arms around him, enveloping arms and all, holding him tightly for a moment before releasing him. “I feel much better. It’s nice having someone to talk to, thank you. I mean it.”

Despite the uncomfortable hug he finds himself smiling. “You’re quite welcome.”

“When I was younger, I didn’t have anyone like that.”

“Oh?” He raises a quizzical eyebrow.

She looks wistful for a moment, the shadow of a smile upon her face. She hums. “Whenever I felt down, I’d do something reckless. Count cards, steal cars, that sort of thing. It made me feel better for a bit, but it never lasted.”

“Stealing cars?” He lets out an amused chuckle. “You are just full of surprises, aren’t you?”

She gives him an open-mouthed smile, eyes wide and nods vigorously. “It’s not fun unless you drive them really, really fast!”

Lucifer sits ups a little straighter, for some reason feeling proud of her as an idea forms in his mind. He stands suddenly, shoving the stool backwards with an ugly scraping sound. “I want to show you something,” he says with his best devilish grin, extending a hand to her.

“Uh….”

He scoffs. “Nothing like that. Just… trust me. It’ll be fun.”

She hums, checks the time and then shrugs. “Alright, I suppose I can leave a little early,” she says with a smile, taking his hand.

He glances across at her from his place in the driver’s side of the corvette as he weaves through traffic in complete disregard of the speed limit. Chloe would reprimand him, telling him it’s dangerous and that he’s putting lives at risk but, Miss Lopez doesn’t seem to mind. Quite the opposite in fact, she seems to be enjoying it. Her eyes are closed, her head raised slightly as if enjoying the feel of the wind in her hair. He knows that feeling. It’s the reason he loves his convertible so much, the wind in his hair, the thrill of breakneck speeds. It reminds him of flying, oh so long ago.

“So,” she pipes up suddenly, seemingly content in not knowing where they are going. That has an
unexpected effect on him, the realisation that she trusts him. It’s not something he’s particularly used to. Nor is having friends for that matter. Completely platonic friends that is. It seems to be becoming more of a thing in his life though, first the Detective and now her. “We talked about me, let’s talk about you.”

He frowns, his brows furrow in confusion. She wants to talk about him? “About what?”

She gives him a knowing smile which he catches in the periphery of his vision. “You and Chloe.”

His frown deepens, and he briefly takes his eyes off the road to glance at her. “What about me and the Detective?”

“You know.” Her grin widens.

“I’m not sure I do know.”

She gives him an exasperated sigh, like he’s really missing something strikingly obvious. “You and Chloe,” she repeats with an exaggerated head bob, raising her eyebrows, as if that is going to bring him clarity on the situation.

He gives her a blank glance, shaking his head before turning his attention back to the road.

“Look, there’s clearly something going on between you two.”

“Something going on?” he parrots in a questioning tone.

“Yeah, it’s so obvious, dude! I mean just the way you act around each other, the way you look at each other. Come on, tell me there isn’t something there.”

An unfamiliar feeling settles in his chest, like a pressure building inside of him. “I-I…” he stutters, feeling himself squirm under her scrutiny. “I care very much for the Detective, yes. She is my partner… my friend.”

Ella hums, unconvinced. “Riiiight. Friends. That’s all?”

“Yes. Friends. That’s it. Just friends,” he agrees, nodding, though he senses the scepticism in her tone.

“You see, the way you look at her when you think no one is watching suggests otherwise.”

“It does?”

“Uh-huh. You totally have a bad case of the heart-eyes, dude.”

He falls silent. Not quite sure how to respond to that.

“Look. All I’m saying is, you shouldn’t deny how you feel. It’s not good to keep it bottled up! If you have feelings for Chloe, which you totally do, anyone with eyes can see it, you should tell her!”

“But I don’t know how I bloody well feel! How am I supposed to tell her?!” he snaps, feeling a little bit distressed at the turn the conversation has taken.

Ella sighs. “I know it’s difficult. How about me, try telling me how you feel when you see Chloe.”

He swallows, tightening his grip on the steering wheel, his knuckles turning white. “I… I…” He lets out an exasperated huff. “I just feel… like I don’t know what I would do without her. She… she
means everything to me.” As he starts to talk the words come easier and easier. He finds himself unable to stop. The tap is on and now his innermost desires are spilling free. “I just want to be around her and when I’m not, I feel… empty, alone. I just want to be close to her— and not even in a sexual way! Just the way she looks at me, with those beautiful blue eyes. It makes me feel… I don’t know. I just… I don’t understand it…”

“HO-LY SMOKES!” she exclaims, with a huge open-mouthed smile. “Lucifer! You are totally in love with her! I mean, I thought you had a crush but… that’s just… You have to tell her!”

His throat constricts at the thought. “I can’t,” he whispers.

“What?! Why not?”

Why? Why? Perhaps because if he doesn’t tell her she can’t reject him like everyone rejects him. He couldn’t bare her rejection. It would destroy him. “She doesn’t feel the same way.”

“How do you know that? Trust me, Lucifer,” she says, putting a hand on his shoulder, “she feels the same way. You just need to talk to her.”

He swallows trying to rid himself of the lump that has formed in his throat. “Truly?” Could she feel the same way? He hadn’t even considered it possible.

She nods offering him a comforting smile. “Yeah.”

His heart flutters as he imagines the possibilities, he and Chloe. Could it really be true? “Thank you, Miss Lopez.”

“You’re welcome,” she says as they approach Lux. “What did you want to show me anyway?”

He throws her a devilish grin. “Oh, you’ll see.”

“OH. MY. GOD.”

“Please keep Dad out of this, Miss Lopez,” he grumbles.

“How have you been keeping this to yourself the whole time?!”

Lucifer shrugs.

They stand in the underground level of Lux which he had had turned into a huge garage when he’d purchased the building a couple of years back, shortly after he’d almost been evicted. Not many people knew that it was here. He only showed very few people and had, begrudgingly, restricted access to it by the main elevator. As it turns out, drunk humans and fast cars do not mix well. He’d learnt that lesson the hard way.

The garage stretches a few hundred metres, with enough room to park a row of about fifteen cars on each side of the driveway in the middle. Their footsteps echo in the room as they walk across the glossy, white flooring. It’s a bit ostentatious but then again, he’d never really been known for being modest.

“Dude…” she trails off, walking towards the first car on the left with her eyes wide with her hand out, almost as if she’s got a magnetic attraction to it. She reverently runs a hand along the bonnet of his red Ferrari 488 spider, a quiet awe-filled sound slipping from her mouth. She takes a long look
around the rest of the garage and turns back to him with a look of amazement plastered across her face. “There must be millions of dollars in cars here!”

He shrugs again, a satisfied smile on his face. “What can I say? I find cars quite fascinating.”

“I can see that,” she laughs, wandering in between the cars, stopping periodically to admire each one whilst Lucifer watches, leaning on the bonnet of his silver Aston Martin DB5.

“Hey, you could so be James Bond,” she says looking up from the black Lamborghini Aventador she had been ogling. “Maybe one day, huh?”

Lucifer huffs. “For the last time, I am not a method actor.”

“Right,” she replies, clearly unconvinced.

He shakes his head, straightening and adjusting his cufflinks. “So, are you going to just look at them all day or are we going to take them out for a spin?” he asks with a gleeful smile, waggling his eyebrows.

She directs him an unbelieving, open-mouth smile. “You’d let me drive these? For real?!”

“Why, of course. That’s what they’re here for. To be enjoyed, not just to look pretty, though I admit they do look pretty. After all, you said it was fun to drive really fast and these cars are really fast so, lets have some fun!” he says clapping his hands together. “Which do you fancy first?”

Her eyes widen, and she suddenly looks like a kid in a candy store. She walks further down the rows of cars, coming to a sudden stop. “Is this a SuperSport? Oh. My. G—” She throws him an apologetic look and quickly amends herself, “gosh. I’ve always wanted to drive one of these.”

“Good choice,” he says, striding over to her and opening the passenger side door of the Bugatti Veyron, “It’s the fastest here, had this colour custom made as well.”

The deep metallic red paintwork sparkles in the harsh electric lighting. “Red because you’re the Devil?”

“Exactly.”

They both slide into their respective sides of the car, Lucifer looking somehow graceful folding himself into the passenger side despite the small space and low roof.

She adjusts the seat, gripping the steering wheel in both hands and gives him another, slightly worried look, “are you sure you’re okay with me driving this?”

“Of course,” he answers without hesitation.

She turns the key in the ignition and the vehicle roars to life beneath them and settles with a satisfying rumble. She bobs excitedly in her seat before hitting the accelerator, speeding out of the garage and onto the streets of L.A.

At first, she sticks to the speed limits, getting used to the handling and the power of the car and then she takes it onto the highway, putting her foot down. Lucifer gives her an approving smile as she breaks 150km/h swerving in and out of the traffic, gaining angry honks from other vehicles. She lets out a long whoop as she grows more confident, daring to go faster and faster. Her joyous laughs as
she speeds about the city warms his heart. It’s so good to see her happy after she’d been so down earlier. Lucifer can’t explain the effect she has on him. Perhaps he’s becoming soft?

He shakes the thought. The Devil is not soft.

Red and blue lights reflect in the mirrors and a police siren pierces through the air, a shrill, positively grating sound.

“Uh-oh,” Ella mutters as Lucifer huffs an annoyed sigh. “I can’t get anymore points on my license.”

“I wouldn’t worry about it,” he says nonchalantly, leaning back in his chair. “After all, they can’t give you points if they can’t catch you,” he says with a devilish grin.

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Driving home after a long, boring day of nothing but paperwork, Chloe sees a flurry of patrol cars fly past her in the opposite direction, sirens blaring. At first, she dismisses it, deciding that they probably have it covered and then a message comes over the radio.

“All units, high speed pursuit in progress, registration Foxtrot-Alpha-Lima-Lima-One-November-One.”

Chloe frowns. Isn’t that Lucifer’s registration? She should probably go see what trouble he’s gotten himself into this time. She quickly flicks her siren on and responds to the call.

When she arrives on the scene, an expensive looking car has been stopped in the middle of the road, the front wheels taken out by a spike strip. Both doors are open. As she hops out of her car and weaves through the crowd of officers, Lucifer comes into view, stood in the middle of the chaos. An angry looking officer is stood a few meters away, pointing a taser at him. As she gets closer, she also sees Ella stood next to him, her hands in the air, looking around skittishly.

What on Earth?

“Put your hands in the air and get down on the ground now,” the officer shouts at Lucifer, her patience clearly wearing thin.

“I’d rather not,” Lucifer moans. “This is Versace.” He gestures to his suit, because of course that’s what he worried about when there are a dozen armed officers surrounding him.

“Lucifer!” she hisses as she approaches, staying in line with the other officers. “What the hell is going on?!”

He stands a little taller and gives her that winning smile that she finds more attractive than she probably should. “Ah! Detective!”

“Oh… hi Chloe,” Ella says with a sheepish smile.

She flashes her badge to the officers standing by. “He’s my partner, let me talk to him.”

The officer nods. “Lucifer just do as they say, please? I’ll sort this out once we get back to the
precinct."

He looks hesitant for a moment, like he might refuse and then raises his hands and turns around. "Fine, but I’m not going to lie on the bloody floor."

She gestures to the officer that it’s alright to cuff him. She approaches him, taser still pointed directly at his back and shove him roughly against the car, pulling his arms down and slapping cuffs on his wrists. He quips some lewd remark about bondages and the officer shakes her head looking thoroughly done. She does the same to Ella who puts up no resistance.

When she turns around however, Lucifer is free of his cuffs, waving them in the air with a smug smile on his face. “I told you no human lock can hold me, you’ll have to do better than that!”

To which the officer shoots him, dead centre of the chest with her taser and he falls to the ground with a buzz of electricity, his head hitting the asphalt with a sickening thud.

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Lucifer wakes with a groan. Everything hurts.

“Hey,” a soft voice says, though it sounds very far away.

He grumbles and tries to rub his face. His limbs feel very heavy. Someone is shining a light in his eyes when he cracks them open, forcing him to blink against it. He looks around, realising he’s sat in the back of an ambulance.

A hand rubs his shoulder and he looks up realising that it’s Ella sat next to him. Her wide brown eyes filled with concern. “Hey, take it easy okay? You were tasered, you hit your head, do you remember?”

Right. Humans and their weapons. He nods, mumbling an unintelligible response. His tongue currently feels too big for his mouth. He blinks a few more times, attempting to clear his double vision but to no avail. A paramedic kneels in front of him and asks him simple questions, but he finds it difficult to concentrate to answer them.

The paramedic rises and exits the ambulance, tapping a blonde woman on the shoulder and presumably informing her of his condition. Chloe? He can’t focus far enough to tell.

The woman climbs into the back of the ambulance, taking a seat next to him, and he sees that it is Chloe.

“Lucifer what were you thinking?” she scolds. “You could’ve been killed!”

He opens his mouth to respond but before he can, Ella answers for him, eyes wide, “It’s my fault, he was just trying to cheer me up. Please don’t blame him.”

Chloe shakes her head, her beautiful golden locks free and shining in the setting sun. “I expect this kind of thing from him Ella, but not you.”

“I know, sorry.”

“I’ve straightened everything out, you’re free to go. Don’t let it happen again or neither of you will
be so lucky.” Chloe sighs and he can’t quite take his eyes off her. She looks down, her sparkling blue eyes meeting his brown ones. “You’ve got a concussion, you’re coming home with me so I can keep an eye on you.”

He doesn’t object to that.

As she shuffles him to her car, Ella takes his arm. “Hey, I wanted to say thank you for today. For cheering me up. And, I’m sorry about your car.”

He shrugs. “It doesn’t matter, it can be easily repaired. You, on the other hand, you are much more important, Miss Lopez.”

She envelops him in a hug, whispering her thanks into his shirt, before peeling away and climbing into the back seat of Chloe’s car.

~

After they drop Ella off home, she heads back to her place. She glances at Lucifer in the passenger seat. What he had done had been so reckless, but she can’t help but find the fact that he was trying to cheer Ella up at least a little bit sweet, even if he went about it completely the wrong way.

She sighs reflecting upon how much he’s changed since they had started working together. Or maybe he hasn’t changed, maybe he’s just opening up more? Either way, he’s become more thoughtful, more caring about the people around him. She has to admit that some of the things he’d done for her made her heart swell with love for him and those moments were becoming more and more frequent.

He is her best friend and the thought of losing him scares her, which is part of the reason she’d been so harsh on him about his reckless behaviour. Sometimes she wishes their relationship could be something more but, he can’t possibly feel the same way. He’s a rich playboy. He could never possibly be interested in her, a tired cop with a nine-year-old daughter. Even if he were interested it would probably never work. She sighs, looking at him, his eyelids droop as he struggles to stay awake.

“Lucifer. Try to stay awake, okay?”

He hums in response.

“Chloe…” he says, blinking sluggishly.

Her heart skips a beat at the sound of her name on his lips. “Yes?”

He takes a breath, pulling himself a little straighter in the chair. “I need to tell you something.”

“What is it?”

“I-I love you…” he mumbles before drifting off to sleep.

She grips the steering wheel tighter, looking directly ahead at the road. Telling herself that he’s just confused from the concussion. He can’t really love her.
Can he?

Chapter End Notes

P.S. I know they are technically not joyriding because the car isn't stolen but oh well.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Lucifer continues to struggle with his feelings for Chloe and Ella offers him some advice.

Chapter Notes

It would seem that this story isn't quite done with me yet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chloe paces restlessly up and down the length of her small kitchen, occasionally glancing over at the unruly mess of jet-black hair sticking out from under a pile of blankets on the couch. The words he’d said the day before replay in her mind over and over.

Could he have really meant it?

That very question had plagued her all night long, keeping sleep just out of her grasp.

She sighs, sipping her coffee when a soft knock comes at the door. Lucifer stirs a little, turning over under the mountain of blankets but doesn’t wake.

Ella stands on the other side of the door, a huge, if not hesitant smile on her face, three Starbucks take out cups in a holder in one hand and a small white paper bag in the other.

Before she can say anything, the Forensic Scientist is babbling away.

“Chloe, I am so sorry about yesterday. I will totally take the blame for everything. I just—”

“Ella,” she laughs, “it’s okay. Honestly.”

She stares back at her wide-eyed, brow creased, lips parted slightly.

“Come in,” she says, moving away from the door to let her in. “Quiet though, Lucifer’s asleep.” She gestures to the couch.

Ella closes the door behind her and sets the coffee and the paper bag down on the kitchen counter.

“Aw! Is he okay?”

She worries her lip between her teeth, nodding a bit too vigorously. “Yeah. He was um… a bit confused yesterday. I’m sure he’ll be fine.”

“Confused?” she asks, worry creasing her face.

“He just said some… weird things.” Ella raises her eyebrows in response, a silent, “Oh?” forming on her face. Chloe waves a dismissive hand. “I’m sure it’s nothing.”
Ella gives her that look that says you know you want to tell me, and she caves immediately, leaning over the counter almost conspiratorially.

“He said,” she looks over Ella’s shoulder, checking once more that Lucifer is still asleep. As a precaution she continues in a hushed tone, “He said he loves me.”

Ella’s mouth forms an “O” as she nods with wide eyes. “Did he say anything else?” she asks slowly.

Chloe hums, pausing before shaking her head. “No. Not really. He can’t have meant it, right?”

Just as Ella opens her mouth to respond a muffled groan comes from the living room making them both turn to look. The pile of blankets rises as he sits up, throwing one aside with an annoyed huff.

He groans again, squeezing his eyes shut and holding his head as the two move to join him on the couch.

“Hey,” she says softly, “How are you feeling?”

“Bloody awful,” he grumbles, slumping back into the couch.

Ella offers him one of the coffees she’d brought along with her, which he takes offering her a grateful nod.

Chloe rises, heading for the bathroom and searches the medicine cabinet, picking out a packet of paracetamol and popping two into her hand. When she re-enters the living room, she catches the back end of a hushed conversation between the pair. It ceases as soon as she enters the room though and she doesn’t catch any of it. Ella looks up at her with a smile of forced innocence whilst Lucifer drops his head into his hands once again.

She eyes the pair for a moment, wondering what they’d been talking about that they obviously didn’t want her to hear, but dismisses it. It’s probably nothing and besides, seeing them together is heartwarming. Their unlikely friendship seems to have blossomed over the past year. At one time Chloe suspected they were something more than friends, but no, she quickly learnt, as strange as it is considering who he is, that their friendship seemed to be completely platonic. It’s nice that he has found someone he can confide in besides his therapist even if it does sting a bit that for some reason, he doesn’t think that that person could be her.

Forget it Decker, he didn’t mean what he said. Let it go.

She takes a breath, sitting back down next to him. “Here.” She holds out the two white pills to him. He simply stares at her outstretched hand with a questioning look.

“They’ll help with the headache.” She remembers the all too familiar feeling of having a concussion. Call it an occupational hazard.

Shrugging, he takes the pills and swiftly downs them easily without a drink, subtly reminding her of his, undoubted excessive drug use.

Is that really what you want for yourself and your daughter? A delusional, drug addicted, functioning alcoholic?

The annoying voice in the back of her mind has a point, but she doesn’t think of Lucifer that way, does she? He’s her best friend and yes, he obviously had a difficult upbringing and if she ever meets his family, she will make the lot of them sorry because, deep down, Lucifer is a good person. He’s
sweet and thoughtful and despite all his… Luciferness he is always there for her.

“Decker?” Fingers snap just in front of her face pulling her back to reality, she must’ve been staring into space for a while because both Ella and Lucifer give her an odd look. “Where’d you go?”

“I… uh. Sorry. I didn’t get much sleep last night.” She takes a sip of the coffee, savouring the richness on her tongue. “Thanks for the coffee, Ella.”

“It’s the least I could do,” she replies with a cheery smile. She turns to Lucifer who still looks bleary-eyed. “Are you going to go pick up your car? It should be in impound, right?”

“Nuh-uh. He shouldn’t be driving for at least another day,” she says before he can reply. He grumbles a little. “I wasn’t planning on picking it up myself.”

Of course he wasn’t because when did Lucifer Morningstar ever clean up his own mess?

She watches him as he pulls his jacket from where she’d hung it over the back of the sofa and searches the pockets, pulling out his flask. She intervenes before he can spike his coffee, snatching the thing out of his hand.

“No alcohol either.”

He opens his mouth to protest.

“Nope.”

Crossing his arms, he slumps back, pouting. He looks adorable and she can’t help the laugh that slips from her lips. She only narrowly resists the urge to ruffle his messy hair.

Ella watches on quietly from her position at the end of the sofa, a knowing smile on her face as she glances between the two. “Aw you guys!”

“What?” Chloe asks and before Ella can answer she is cut off by the shrill ringing of her phone. Pulling it out, she checks the caller I.D. “It’s Dan,” she explains.

“Hey, Chlo.”

“Hey Dan, what’s up?”

“Don’t freak out, but,” he says, his words having the complete opposite effect because now she’s freaking out. “I’m at the hospital with Trix, she had a little fall on the playground. We think her arm is broken. She’s asking for you.”

She glances to Lucifer. “Hang on Dan,” she lowers the phone. “Ella can you watch Lucifer for a few hours?”

Ella nods enthusiastically. “Sure!”

“I don’t need bloody babysitting,” he whines.

Jovially smacking his arm, she adds, “Aw come on, Luce, it’ll be fun!”

“Watch Lucifer?” Dan asks.

Chloe sighs. “It’s a long story. I’ll tell you later. Text me the info, I’ll be there as soon as.”
“Alright, Chloe, see you soon.”

Quickly rising and grabbing her jacket, she stuffs her phone in her pocket and scrambles to find her keys.

“Detective?” Lucifer asks, worry tinting his voice. “What’s wrong?” He sits up straighter, looking like he might leap off the couch to assist her in a heartbeat despite his state.

“Trix had a little fall at the playground. They think her arm is broken.” She takes a breath, steadying her shaking hands as she plucks her keys out of her bag. Before she knows it, Lucifer is stood right next to her, so close that she can feel his hot breath on her skin. Her arms reach out for him, like an instinct and he’s there, his arms wrapping around her, rubbing soothing circles on her back. It feels solid and secure. In his embrace she feels safe. Her worry seems to bleed away and suddenly she can do this because he gives her the strength that she needs.

Like always, he’s there for her.

~

He agrees to accompany Miss Lopez back to her flat until Chloe is done at the hospital even though it’s completely unnecessary. He tells them that but, as usual, they don’t believe him when he says he’s immortal. Well… most of the time. Once he’s out of the Detective’s range he starts to feel better, his pounding headache dulls significantly and the bouts of dizziness cease. What a horrible thing mortality is. He would’ve accompanied the Detective to the hospital, but she had insisted that he would just get bored and make a nuisance of himself.

On the way he gets Ella to stop at Lux. He is in desperate need of a shower and a change of clothes. She happily obliges once he’s, begrudgingly, given his word that he won’t drink any kind of alcoholic beverage.

He emerges from the master bathroom almost an hour after they’d arrived at the penthouse, dressed impeccably as always in a crisp grey, three-piece suit. Ella sits at his piano looking as though she wants to play but is restraining herself.

“Do you play?”

She jumps having not heard him enter the room and then shakes her head. “I wish. Didn’t exactly get the opportunity growing up, you know?”

Lucifer hums, sliding onto the bench next to her.

“Nice singing in the shower by the way,” she laughs a little, nudging him with her elbow. “Good song too.”

He chuckles. “I wouldn’t have guessed you for a Radiohead fan.”

“Oh yeah dude! They’re iconic!” She turns to him, a wide smile on her face and begins to sing softly.
“When you were here before. Couldn't look you in the eye.”

He stares in awe for moment, her voice soft, yet powerful and so very beautiful he finds himself smiling.

“You're just like an angel. Your skin makes me cry.”

His fingers fall into place, at home on the ivory keys, plucking out the accompanying melody and joins in with the song. Their voices harmonise perfectly, easily rivalling the music he had created with his siblings so long ago.

The song comes to an end, the notes fading out underneath his fingers. Next to him, Ella claps, an open-mouthed smile on her face. “That was a-mazing!”

“It was quite something, wasn’t it?” he replies with an amused smile, crossing his arms. “You should join me in Lux sometime.”

She laughs, playfully pushing his shoulder.

They leave the penthouse, heading for Ella’s place per Chloe’s instructions. It really isn’t necessary but, he finds himself remiss if it means he has an excuse to spend the night at Chloe’s. For some reason the thought of spending a few hours with the overly cheerful Forensic Scientist, whose lack of respect for other’s personal space is… questionable, doesn’t exactly repulse him.

No. Quite the opposite in fact. The thought of spending time with her makes him… happy? Goodness knows why. He’d have to discuss this troubling development with Linda at some point. Perhaps he’s... broken?

Ella’s flat is small but, cosy. It’s colourful, the very opposite end of the scale to his apartment’s subdued colour scheme of black and orange hues. The decor strikes him as very nerd chic with posters and fan memorabilia adorning the walls. A large flat screen takes pride of place against the wall of the living room.

“Make yourself at home,” she calls as she disappears into the back of the apartment, leaving him to amble about.

He raises his eyebrow at two large beanbags that accompany the sofa, one red and one green. He nudges one with his foot, the beans inside crinkling in the quiet, and he wonders how one is supposed to sit on one of those things without sinking down to the floor. A small potted plant sits on the window sill, happily basking in the sunlight. He picks it up and reaches for his flask thinking the thing could use a little pick me up, but grumbles when he remembers that the Detective had taken it off him. Instead, he meanders around the little room studying various knick-knacks and oddities. He pauses at the neat rows of DVDs that line several shelves and picks out a black box set with the words “Game of Thrones” emblazoned on it. He wonders what it is, he does, after all, love a good throne and decisively approves of the one on the front that appears to be made up entirely of swords.

He slots it back into its proper spot and spins on his heel when he hears Miss Lopez re-enter the room. She proffers him a dark coloured mug with a pattern of stars and constellations on. He takes it, noting that her own mug has the chemical structure of caffeine with the words "caffeine powered" below it.

She takes a seat on the couch and pats the space beside her, gesturing for him to follow suit.
“So,” she says with a big grin, staring at him intensely as he sits himself down. “Tell me about what happened yesterday.” At his briefly, blank expression she elaborates, “In the car. With Chloe.”

He stares back at her puzzled. “I’m afraid, I’m not entirely sure what you’re talking about.”

“Dude! Chloe totally told me what you said!” Her grin widens leaving her looking slightly psychotic.

What had he said? It all seems, annoyingly, rather fuzzy. A side effect of the concussion he’d been suffering from at the time, he guesses. He opens his mouth to respond and she looks at him expectantly. “I don’t remember,” he admits.

Her smile fades replaced by a more serious expression as she lays her hand on his forearm. “You totally told her that you love her.”

He blinks a few times, trying to register the gravity of what she’d just said. His fist tightens around the mug in his hand and his heart pounds hard against his sternum, the thrumming pulse of blood in his ears drowning out the world around him. “I bloody said what?!” he manages, shaking free from his stupor.

No, no, no, no, bloody no.

This is not how he wanted the Detective to find out.

Her hand tightens on his arm, squeezing a reassuring pressure. “Hey, don’t freak out! You were gonna tell her anyway, right? I mean… come on, Chloe’s a great detective, she was going to figure it out sooner or later.”

Was he going to tell her? He’d thought about it in depth yesterday after Miss Lopez’s wise words and Linda had certainly pushed him to disclose his feelings in the past but… how can he? The Detective doesn’t know who he is, who he really is. And even if she does feel the same way about him, how can he be sure that she has control over her feelings and it isn’t another vile manipulation, courtesy of Dear Old Dad? But he can hardly contain his feelings as it is, now that she knows might she begin to reciprocate? Could he still manage to keep quiet if that were the case?

He huffs, realising that they’ve been silent for several long minutes. Swallowing, he finally decides to share his concerns. “I… just… I don’t know if…. What if she doesn’t feel the same way?”

“Lucifer,” she says softly, “you need to tell her properly, you can’t keep on like this. Tell her what you told me yesterday. I know you’re afraid of rejection, but you’re such a sweet guy and Chloe cares about you a lot, she would never do anything to hurt you. Promise me you’ll talk to her about this?”

“I…” Promise? If he gives his word, he’ll have to do it. No more skirting around the truth. No more bluffing…. He takes a deep breath. “Fine. I give my word, Miss Lopez. I shall tell the Detective how I feel.”

She smiles, wide and genuine, rubbing his arm. “About time too!” She places her coffee mug down on the table and rises, clapping her hands together. “Right! What shall we do until Chloe calls?”

He shrugs, too preoccupied with thoughts of the Detective to care too much about how he spends his time until then.

“You clearly need a distraction. Here,” she says handing him some sort of controller, switching on the tv. He takes the pad, humming as he places his coffee down and holds it in both hands comfortably.
He examines the thing, it’s black with several different toggles and sets of buttons including a few trigger-like buttons at the back which his fingers naturally settle on. “What’s this?” he asks as she turns on a black box under the tv and inserts a disc.

She turns to look up at him from her place crouched on the floor. “You don’t know what an Xbox is?”

“Well yes, I know what it is. I’ve just never seen what humans find so fascinating about video games.” He shrugs. “Seems like a waste of time, staring at a screen to me.”

She gives him a somewhat outraged look. “Waste of time? Video games are amazing! It’s like you can be anyone or anything you want, escape from reality for a little while, you know? Personally, I think people underestimate the power of games and the stories that they can tell.”

“You can be anything?” he asks with a puzzled look, he’d always thought that video games were best suited for greasy teens and people who live in their mother’s basement.

She nods excitedly. “Yeah, pretty much! One day you can be a cowboy exploring the wild west and the next travelling the universe fighting for a just cause or solving nitty gritty crimes in 40s L.A.”

And they sit for hours, playing different games, the controls come relatively easily to him. They play shooting games, racing games, cooking games and all sorts of other fantastic things. He’s never felt anything quite like it. The thrill of having the power to be anything he wants at his fingertips. He’s certainly getting himself one of these for the penthouse.

Eventually he ends up in the red beanbag whilst she occupies the green one. The thing is surprisingly comfy.

“Are you sure you’ve never played this before? You’re on a ten-kill streak!”

He stares at the screen, his tongue sticking out of his mouth slightly as he concentrates to line up a shot, ending another player’s streak and grinning madly. “Nope,” he replies popping the “p”.

“You’re a natural gamer, bro!”

The little endearment brings a smile to his face. “Bro”… he likes it. She does remind him a lot of Azrael, his younger sister who he has many a fond memory with. “Well, I am the Devil. I’m good at everything I do,” he says throwing her a devilish grin.

She laughs, probably dismissing the Devil comment as more method acting.

A loud buzz reverberates through the room as her phone rings, vibrating against the glass coffee table. She puts her pad down and hauls herself from the beanbag, looking only slightly awkward whilst doing it, and picks up the phone. “It’s Chloe.”

“Ah,” he nods whilst she walks behind him answering. He only half listens to what she says, too enraptured in the game to care much.

When she finishes on the phone, she tells him that they are done at the hospital and Chloe’s asked her if she would bring Lucifer back and stay for dinner.

He grumbles when she takes the pad off him and rises, as gracefully as one can from a beanbag, to head back to Chloe’s.
When they arrive, he’s greeted by a loud, “LUCIFER!” as Trixie barrels into him wrapping herself around his legs in a vice-like grasp.

He freezes at the contact, almost stumbling through the doorway. “Ah, yes, hello Spawn.” He looks down at her wondering how she’s so happy after having broken her arm.

“Look at my cast! Isn’t it awesome?!?” She pulls away slightly to show him the cast and looks up at him with wide eyes. “Will you sign it? Pretty please?”

“Of course, Child.”

She whoops, releasing him and dashes off to her bedroom presumably to fetch a marker pen.

“Hey,” Chloe greets the pair from the kitchen where ingredients are spread out across the counters and a frying pan sits on the stove, sizzling away.

He finds himself smiling just at the sight of her. “Hello, Detective!”

“Hey, Chloe!” Ella ventures into the kitchen to offer her services in the preparation of dinner, whilst Lucifer lounges against the counter.

Chloe narrows her eyes at him. “Has he behaved?” she asks with a cheeky smile directed at him.

“I’m not a bloody child,” he grumbles.

“Debateable,” she quips with a little laugh.

Being called a child should make him mad but, for some reason when it’s Chloe it doesn’t bother him. He’d do anything if it would allow him to see her beautiful smile.

He grins back at her, waggling his eyebrows and she laughs harder.

Perfect.

Ella smiles at the little interaction. “He’s been great.”

Chloe hums, eyeing him with suspicion once again. “Maybe you hit your head a little too hard. The Lucifer I know never behaves,” she chuckles, giving the contents of the frying pan a stir.

“I assure you, Detective, I’m fine. And,” he holds his finger up, exaggerating his point, “I can behave when I want to.”

“I know, I’m just teasing you.”

He grins, finding he quite likes being teased by her.

She starts transferring food to the dining table just as Trixie rushes back towards him wielding a permanent marker. Chloe glances over at him. “Nothing rude please, Lucifer.”

He gives her a mock offended look, pressing his hand to his chest. “I would never!”

Chloe hums sceptically.

He would and has but would never do it to the Spawn. He takes the marker, uncapping it and kneels
to sign his full name in perfect, curling script and tops it off with a little, smiling devil face emoji.

“Thank you, Lucifer!” she squeals, admiring the fine signature. “Ella will you sign my cast?”

“Sure Trix!”

He wanders over to the dining table where Chloe is setting out the food.

“We’re having tacos. It’s Trixie’s favourite,” she explains when she sees him eyeing the ingredients.

There’s a moment of silence between them and then they both scramble to speak at once.

“How are you—”

“Detective are you—”

They both stop, looking at each other. Pink tints her cheeks slightly and he admires how adorable she looks.

“You first,” she says.

“Are you okay? You seemed… rather upset earlier.”

She smiles softly. “I’m fine. Kids get bumps and bruises, it happens. She’s fine. It was just a shock, you know?”

He hums, bobbing his head.

“Thank you though.”

“Whatever for?”

She steps closer to him, resting her hand on his forearm and squeezing it a little. “For just… being there for me.”

The contact startles him and he’s not quite sure what to do. His arm tingles with anticipation where her hand rests and his heart flutters in his chest. “Y-you’re,” he clears his throat, trying to hide the wobble in his voice. “You’re quite welcome.”

“How are you feeling?”

He smiles, touched at her concern for his well-being. “Fine, thank you. You needn’t worry about me Detective.”

She hums. “But I do anyway.” She pauses, their eyes meeting and holding each other’s gaze. “More than you know,” she whispers softly.

His heart pounds a mad thing in his chest as he gazes into her stunning blue eyes, glistening in the light like crystals. His throat feels tight and his breathing quickens as their lips inch closer together.

“TACOS!” Trixie’s loud whoop wrenches them from their moment in an instant, parting them like the red sea before Moses.

Lucifer rubs his neck, regretting the moment lost and Chloe seems to shake it off, returning to setting the table.
After dinner and some interesting topics of conversation, Trixie insists that they all watch a movie and they oblige, gathering on the couch as she picks one out. Lucifer perches himself at the end of the couch, but Trixie grabs his hand pulling him to the middle to wedge herself between Lucifer and her mother. They watch *Lilo and Stitch* and by the end of it, Trixie is fast asleep, snuggled into Lucifer’s side. Usually he’d complain about the Spawn drooling onto his suit, but it’s something about how content she looks in her deep slumber and the way Chloe smiles at him. It makes the potential harm which may come to his jacket somehow worth it.

Ella thanks Chloe for dinner with an over enthusiastic hug and pats Lucifer on the shoulder, leaning over and whispering, “*Tell her,*” in his ear before announcing that she really must get going.

Chloe sighs contently and rises, gathering Trixie up in her arms and carrying her to bed, leaving Lucifer to fret over what exactly he’s going to say. In the end he rises himself, stretching and decides to busy himself by washing the dishes.

~

Chloe returns to the living room to find Lucifer has vacated the couch and is now stood at the sink with his back to her, his jacket and waistcoat discarded and his shirt sleeves rolled up exposing his perfectly muscled forearms. She watches him for a moment, admiring his lean figure, perfectly highlighted in the low light. She can see the muscles in his back dancing under the thin white cotton of his shirt.

Deciding to stop creeping on him, she moves closer, leaning over the breakfast bar as he turns to look at her with a wan smile, placing the last dish into the drying rack and wiping his hands on the towel. He holds her gaze but looks… nervous?

“Thank you for dinner. It was delicious.” There’s a slight tremor in his voice that causes a worry to settle in the pit of her stomach.

“*You’re welcome,*” she says.

He takes a shaky breath, planting his hands down on the counter either side of him, his gaze falling to the floor.

Now she is definitely worried. She rounds the counter, a hand stretching out to touch his shoulder, but he jerks away at the unexpected touch. “Lucifer?” He takes a few more deep breaths, clearly trying to steady himself as she looks on in concern. “What’s wrong?

“There’s something I need to tell you.”

The words make her heart pound like a jackhammer. She tries to stay calm despite the worry that wells within her at the statement. Whatever it is he seems genuinely anxious. “Okay,” she says as she slowly reaches out to take his hand. She leads him to the couch, sitting down at an angle to face him.

He’s silent for a long time and she gives him time to calm. His Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows several times.

Her hand settles on his knee and she looks into his eyes. “You can tell me anything, you know that
He squeezes his eyes closed and nods. “It’s—” His voice cracks and he stops, taking a breath before continuing, “It’s about what I said yesterday.”

Her heart skips a beat.

“Lucifer—”

He raises a hand, stopping her.

“N-no. Please. Let me speak.”

She nods, swallowing against the lump that’s formed in her throat.

“I-I need to say this.” He pauses again, visibly steeling himself before his eyes meet hers, the warm brown of them alight with a soft intensity as he takes her in. “I care about you a great deal. I can’t imagine my life without you. You make me a better man. I feel… good when I’m around you.” His voice is thick and raw with emotion and a stray tear slips down his cheek. The familiar sting of tears builds behind her own eyes. “I can’t explain it, but you make me feel better about myself. I just want to be around you, to hold you, to make you smile.” He rubs his hand over his face and she inches closer to him, tears now flowing freely down her cheeks. “I don’t understand it… I just— I think… I…” he stammers, pausing and taking another breath. “I-I love you.”

“Oh, Lucifer.” Her vision is blurry, and her cheeks are flushed with heat. Flinging her arms around him she pulls him in, burying her head in his shirt. She can hear his heart pounding and feels him tremble against her. His ragged breathing gradually begins to even and his arms wrap around her encompassing her in his warmth. She inhales, the scent of woody cologne, a touch of smoke and something she suspects is just him tickling her nose, easing her racing heart. Her tears soak his shirt as his hands rub her back, tracing soothing patterns.

“Chloe….” His voice is a deep rumble in his chest and she feels it resonate within her, a watery smile pulling at her lips.

She pulls back, feeling immediately bereft at the loss of his warmth but, desperately wanting to look deep into his beautiful, soulful eyes.

They inch closer together, staring into each other’s eyes until she can feel his hot breath on her lips. “I love you too.”

Her arm snakes around his neck, finding purchase, her fingers caressing the short hairs there as their lips meet in a soft yet passionate kiss. In this moment she is happy. Happier than she’s been in a long time. Everything about it feels so right.

She smiles against him pulling away slightly to rest her forehead against his. Their breath mingling between them. She closes her eyes and savours the feel of him against her.

Her partner. Her best friend. Her Lucifer.

She never wants this feeling to end.
Chapter End Notes

:’) <3
[Edit: I forgot to say the bit where Luci and Ella are playing the song 'Creep' was inspired by this BTS video]
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

In the aftermath of Lucifer's confession he finds himself worrying about how to move forward and seeks out the assistance of one Ella Lopez for advice.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all you out there who are following this story, your comments and kudos really make me smile!
More fluffy feelings incoming :P

“I love you too.”

Time seems to slow and the world around him fades out. In this moment the only thing that matters is her. His Chloe. She said she loves him. It feels surreal. He can’t quite convince himself that it is real. Doubt stirs in his mind. Had he fallen asleep? Is it all a dream? If it is, he never, ever wants to wake up.

Then she kisses him, and he knows. This is real. The feathery brush of her lips against his is pure bliss. A second of ecstasy, sweet and simple yet burning bright with unrivalled passion. For a second, he forgets. Forgets about all the pain, all the torment he has suffered in his long life. In this moment, he is truly happy. At last he has found peace.

She smiles against his lips and his heart sings. She loves him. When she pulls away, he feels immediately bereft but, then she pulls him closer again, resting her forehead on his.

They stay like that for… a minute? More? Time is lost to him. It’s perfect because he never wants this moment… this feeling to end.

Eventually it does though, as all good things must. She pulls away, her beautiful, aqua eyes finding his. They glisten in the low light, rimmed slightly red from her tears. Her lip trembles and he feels a sudden urge to hold her and never let go, but he’s frozen. Unable to tear his gaze away from her.

In a jerky motion, almost as if she’d read his mind, her arms wrap around his middle and she crumbles into him, burying her head in the crook of his neck. Instinctively, his arms come to rest on her back, enveloping her and pulling her in closer.

When she pulls away again, she’s sniffing. Fresh tears streak her cheeks. She blinks several times, taking one of his hands in hers. Her thumb brushes over his knuckles. The gesture makes him feel loved like he never has before. He can only stare in amazement at her whilst she studies his hand intently, trying to comprehend how such a simple touch can make him feel so… cherished. She turns his hand over, her finger tracing the lines of his palm. Without warning she squeezes his hand tight and rises from her seat.
He blinks at her. His confusion must be evident on his face because she gently tugs his hand, silently telling him to stand. He does. His legs feel wobbly, uncertain beneath him. He isn’t quite sure what’s overcome him, but his limbs feel heavy, his mind dazed. Lightly pulling, she guides him through the living room and up the stairs.

It’s only about half way up the stairs that his brain connects her actions with her intentions. She pulls him into her bedroom and lets go of his hand, softly closing the door behind them. She leaves him there, disappearing into the on-suite. He just stands, unsure of what to do, until she returns a few minutes later clad in an oversized plaid shirt he guesses is a makeshift nightgown. She looks more radiant to him than she ever has before.

He can only stand and stare, lost in her eyes. She stands in front of him, bringing her hands to rest on his shoulders. They hold each other’s gaze, never faltering. She runs her hand along his shoulder and down his chest, slowly beginning to unbutton his shirt. He’d dreamt of this moment many times before, but this isn’t how he’d ever imagined it would be. No, it was better. There is no hunger, no senseless blind, burning, passion. Each touch is purposeful, filled with love and care as she pushes his shirt over his shoulders, dropping it to the floor in a crumpled heap at his feet. She breathes a contented sigh, stood so close to him that he can feel her hot breath on his, now bare, chest. Her arms wrap loosely around his middle and she reaches up on her tiptoes to place a soft kiss on his stubbled cheek.

He watches as she walks around the bed, pulls the covers back and climbs in. She looks at him, smiling. Oh, how gorgeous she looks. “Are you just gonna stand there or are you gonna get over here and keep me warm?”

He blinks a few times, not quite believing his ears. “A-are you sure?”

“You think I’m going to make you sleep on the couch after all of that?” She laughs. The sound is music to his ears. He shifts his weight from foot to foot. She sighs, patting the bed next to her. “Come on.”

His legs seem to move of their own volition, carrying him towards the bed. He sits on the edge and unfastens his belt buckle, pulling it through the loops of his trousers until it’s free and tosses it to the floor. Sliding into the bed next to her, he lays stiffly, careful to leave space between them. As desperately as he wants to hold her close, he doesn’t want to overstep his bounds. If he messes this up now he will never forgive himself. It takes every ounce of his restraint not to move closer so, when she cuddles up to him, draping an arm across his middle and resting her head on his shoulder, he breathes a sigh of relief. Pulling his arm out from under the covers, he wraps it around her, resting his cheek against her hair.

They fall asleep like that, content just to hold each other.

When she rouses in the morning, she finds herself stuck in a twisted tangle of long limbs. Lucifer sleeps peacefully, his head half buried in her pillow and neck as his arms hold her close and his legs intertwine with hers.

Lucifer Morningstar, playboy and notorious debauchee, is a cuddler. Who’d have thought?
He looks so much younger with messy, slightly curling hair and a soft expression gracing his handsome features. She feels bad at the thought of disturbing him, but she really has to pee. She extricates herself from his octopus-like hold as carefully as she can but, fails to do so without waking him. He grumbles, scrunching up his face and pulls the covers over his eyes.

“Morning,” she smiles, brushing a stray, unruly curl away from his forehead and leaning over to kiss him there.

He peeks an eye out from under the covers and blinks several times at her.

She frowns when he doesn’t respond. “What’s wrong?”

Pulling himself to sit up, back resting against the headboard, he tilts his head at her. There’s a curious expression on his face, he’s smiling but he looks… shocked?

After a moment he chuckles and shakes his head. His lips part slightly, and a gentle whisper slips free, “It wasn’t a dream.” His voice is full of awe as he looks at her with those expressive eyes of his.

She giggles and shakes her head. He’s so unsure of himself. It’s such a contrast to the confident, suave Lucifer she has come to know. He’s oddly adorable. “Definitely not a dream.” He grins at her as she rises and heads for the bathroom.

When she emerges, showered and changed, she finds the bed empty. She’d expected him to go back to sleep, he doesn’t seem the early morning type and often waltzes into the precinct wishing her a good morning late into the afternoon. She ventures downstairs. A delicious smell wafts through the air, tickling her nose. Half way down the stairs she hears voices.

“Pleeeeeeaaasee Lucifer? Pretty please?”

“Ask your mother.”

“Pretty please with a cherry on top?”

He makes a frustrated, half strangled sounding cry and she decides to intervene.

Trixie is stood staring up at Lucifer, puppy dog eyes in full effect and he looks like he’s about to cave to whatever demand she is making of him. He spins on his heel when he sees her, relief flooding his features. “Ah! Detective, please call off your offspring.”

She giggles as he waves a spatula in Trixie’s general direction. “Trix stop bothering Lucifer.”

The girl screws her face up before looking up at him and saying, “Double chocolate pancakes with chocolate on top.”

Lucifer crosses his arms, a little smirk forming on his lips. “Plain pancakes with syrup.”

Trixie narrows her eyes and counters, “Chocolate chip pancakes with syrup.”

Uncrossing his arms, he waves the spatula at her once again. “You drive a hard bargain, Spawn.” He narrows his eyes before smiling down at her. “Fine. Chocolate chips it is.”

She whoops and dashes off to plant herself in front of the tv to watch her morning cartoons. Chloe approaches him as he stands at the cooker carefully watching an omelette sizzle away in the pan. “What was that?”
He hums and flips the omelette with careful precision. “She wanted chocolate cake for breakfast.”

She raises her eyebrows surprised that, he, the man who is so hellbent on the fulfilment of desires would deny her daughter anything.

He shrugs. “I didn’t think you’d approve. I tell you what though,” he turns, frying pan in hand, placing the omelette onto a plate with an audible plop, “she would make an excellent negotiator.”

She chuckles as he hands her the plate with the freshly steaming omelette on. “Thank you,” she says, standing on her tiptoes to kiss him on the cheek. A lopsided smile spreads across his face as he stares back at her, making him look positively lovesick.

The omelette is delicious. She wonders where he learnt to cook. Probably a fancy British boarding school, it would certainly explain a lot. The thought of a young Lucifer, curly haired and all gangly limbs has her smiling into her food.

“What?” he asks, obviously catching her smile.

She feels her cheeks flush with heat. “It's... uh, nothing....”

He narrows his eyes but, doesn’t say anything, turning back to attending Trixie’s chocolate chip pancake.

She could get used to this.

~

Lucifer can’t understand what the Spawn finds so fascinating about the talking, dancing sponge that currently occupies the tv screen.

“I don’t understand,” he says pointing at the screen, “He’s a talking sponge that lives in a pineapple under the sea?”

Trixie nods, not taking her eyes off the screen. “Uh-huh.”

Lucifer sighs. “Firstly, sea sponges don’t have a nervous system so the fact that he’s even moving of his own will is absurd. Secondly, why would he live in a pineapple? It makes absolutely no sense whatsoever.”

“You know that it isn’t real, don’t you?” she asks, looking at him with a somewhat dubious expression.

“Of course, I know it’s not bloody real,” he huffs, crossing his arms and slumping back into the sofa. “I just don’t know why you’d want to watch this drivel,” he grumbles.

She shrugs. “It’s funny.”

“Right.”

He glances to the kitchen where Chloe is sat with a stack of files, typing away on her laptop. He’d rather endure this nonsense than do paperwork, so he stays put, turning his attention back to the colourful cartoon.
“Patrick Star? Seriously? Talk about lacking creativity,” he grumbles as the star orders something called a **krabby patty** from the sponge. He grimaces. Krabby patty sounds like something that should be incinerated immediately not sold as food.

Just when he thinks it can’t get any more bizarre the crab’s daughter comes along. “Wait, wait, wait,” he says turning to the girl and holding his palm up to her. “Hang on, so, the **whale** is the **crab’s daughter**?”

“Yup.”

He looks in disbelief between the girl and the tv screen. “How the **bloody hell** does that work?”

She shrugs. “Maybe her mom was a whale?”

Lucifer raises an eyebrow. “Then the result would surely be some hybrid crab-whale offspring. Do you not know anything about procreation, Child?”

Trixie’s face scrunches up. “Pro-crea-tion,” she says slowly, carefully enunciating each syllable. “What’s that?”

Lucifer scoffs. “What do they teach you at that, so-called, school of yours?”

She shrugs again. “Math and stuff,” she says before turning back to the tv and becoming reabsorbed in the program.

“Right.”

It’s when they light a campfire underwater that Lucifer rises from the couch with a huff, “Bloody ridiculous program.” He strides over to where Chloe is sat, still occupied with her paperwork. “Do you always let your child watch nonsensical rubbish?”

Chloe pauses, looking at the screen and then back to him with a questioning look on her face. For a moment she looks like she might retort, but then shakes her head like she’s thought better of it. “You could always help me instead,” she says with a sweet smile and a flutter of her eyelashes.

Lucifer gestures to the pile of papers with his index finger. “Booooring.”

Chloe rolls her eyes and returns to her work.

“Besides, I best be off back to Lux. Business to attend to and all that.”

“Oh.” She looks up at him and for a split-second sadness touches her features before it’s quickly covered with a smile. “Okay.” She rises, glances at Trixie who is still glued to the tv screen and takes his hands in hers. The move surprises him, it still seems so surreal. “I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“Of course.” A smile creeps to his face, not a smile he uses to hide himself, no. A genuine smile that tugs at his lips that he couldn’t keep away if he tried.

“Great,” she says as she leans up to place a short, sweet kiss on his lips, no more than a peck really, but it gives him the best feeling he’s ever had and he finds himself craving more.
“Detective!” he calls across the bullpen, a spring in his step as he strides towards her desk.

She looks up from her computer and smiles as he approaches. “Hey! I wasn’t expecting you this early.”

What could he say to that? That he’d been sat in the Penthouse, watching the minutes tick by just waiting for the moment he could see her again? No. She’d surely think him mad. That is if she didn’t already. No, instead he just dismisses the remark and proffers her the coffee he’d brought. “Almond milk latte with sugar-free caramel drizzle?”

“Thank you,” she says, taking the cup and setting it down on her desk. “I think Ella wants to speak to you by the way.”

“She does?”

Chloe nods and returns to her work. “I just need to finish up this report and then we’ve got a new case so come back okay?”

Lucifer nods. “Alright.”

“So?” Ella spins around looking up at him, eyes alight. “Did you tell her?”

“Of course,” he scoffs, “I gave my word, didn’t I? And I am a—”

“—Devil of your word, yeah I know.” She smiles shaking her head. “So? What happened? What did she say?” Tugging the sleeve of his jacket, she guides him to a stool where she sits down to face him. She stares intently at him, leaning in. Suddenly he feels at an inexplicable loss for words.

“I…”

She nods encouragingly.

“I told her how I feel and she… she said,” at the thought of her words, his heart pounds triple time in his chest, “that she loves me.”

Her mouth drops open, her face lighting up like a Christmas tree. “OH. MY. GOD!” Before he can protest her blatant use of his Father’s name, she is on him, flinging her arms around him and holding herself awkwardly against his seated form. Pulling himself free from her grasp, he straightens his jacket and adjusts his cufflinks. “I’m so happy for you, Luce!”

“I owe you my undying gratitude.” If it hadn’t had been for Miss Lopez, he might never have confessed his feelings to Chloe.

She puts a hand on his forearm. “Aw dude, don’t worry about it. It’s what friends do, right?”

Friends. He smiles and somewhere in the back of his mind wonders what he’s done to deserve such caring people in his life.

“So… have you made any plans?”

“Plans?” he parrots.

She nods. “Yeah you know, like a date?
He blinks at her. A date. He doesn’t know anything about dating. Does the Detective expect him to take her out? Where? When? It’s suddenly difficult to breathe like there isn’t enough oxygen in the room. What if he messes up? Makes a fool of himself? Or worse, disappoints Chloe.

“Lucifer?” A hand grips his shoulder. “Just breathe, take a deep breath okay?”

He nods following her instructions. Eventually his panic subsides. She looks on in concern. “You’re nervous, that’s normal! Try not to freak out though, okay?”

“I-I can’t. What if I mess up? I don’t know anything about courting.”

“You’ve never been in a relationship?”

He had of course had relations with humans, but that was different. He’d never cared for them, it was always about fulfilling desires and as he had come to realise it had all been meaningless. This, what he has with Chloe, is something more. He shakes his head, feeling his throat constrict. “I don’t know what to do. I-I’m afraid…. I don’t want to ruin this.”

Her face creases in concern and she edges closer to him, her hand coming to rest on his forearm. “You won’t ruin anything, Lucifer! I believe in you,” she says it with such an air of sincerity that he feels his heart flutter in his chest. It had been a long time since anyone had had such faith in him. “Buuuut,” she adds, her grin growing, “if you’re really feeling that nervous, I suppose we could talk about it. I can help you plan the perfect date.”

When he speaks again, he barely recognises his own voice, it sounds so small and unsure. “You’d do that for me?”

She nods enthusiastically. “Of course! It’ll be fun!”

“Thank you.” He hopes that she understands how much this means to him.

The door to the lab opens startling the pair and Chloe pops her head in, smiling at them both. “Hey Ella! Can I have my partner back?”

“Sure, Chlo.” She pats Lucifer’s arm. “We can talk about this later, right?”

“Yes. Pop by Lux after work.”

“Sure.”

The day passes quickly, another boring case open and shut, but it had allowed him to spend time with the Detective. Not that he’d been able to do any of the things he would have liked to, being on the job and all that, but he takes what he can.

Now he lounges against the bar at Lux, the crowd still thin and the music low at this early hour in the evening, eagerly awaiting Miss Lopez’s appearance. He’d thought about what she’d said all day. If he wants a proper chance with Chloe, he has to get his head around all this human courting behaviour. He’d once asked Amenadiel if he thought he was boyfriend material. His brother had, rather unhelpfully, told him that he was the only one who knew the answer to that. He still,
worryingly doesn’t feel equipped to answer it now. Perhaps Miss Lopez’s advice might shed some light on the matter.

But the question still remains, what if he’s not boyfriend material. Bringing his glass to his lips, he drains it, savouring the burn of the whiskey on his tongue before swallowing and banishing such thoughts from his head. Sighing, he leans with his back against the bar, observing the scene around him. He watches couples mingling some hand in hand, some staring longingly into each other’s eyes and he wonders, how do they do it so easily, love and care. Why is it so difficult for him? He’s sure he wants it as much as any of them do. He longs for something meaningful. To wake up to Chloe’s sweet smile, to hold her and please her. Just to be happy with her….

“Hey!” A cheerful voice pulls him from his reverie and he turns to see Miss Lopez standing next to him, her wide smile dazzling in the low light of the club.

“Ah, Miss Lopez! You came!” He grins back at her. There’s something about her smile that is infectious, and he finds himself smiling more and more genuinely around her in recent times.

“Of course, I came,” she replies, her smile softening ever so slightly as she looks at him with an unmistakably fond expression.

The bartender comes over and refills Lucifer’s tumbler and asks Ella what she would like to drink. All the bartenders know that Lucifer’s friends drink for free and are not to be kept waiting, he makes sure of it. She orders her usual poison, a mojito. He’s not particularly fond of fruity cocktails, they’re more Amenadiel’s thing, but he’s been told that Lux has the best mojito’s in L.A.

“Do you mind if we take this upstairs?” Lucifer asks, shifting his weight from foot to foot. “I was actually wondering if I might ask a favour of you.” She raises her eyebrows at him in silent question. “Another favour, that is.” He hates being in anyone’s debt and Miss Lopez is annoyingly stubborn when it comes to asking favours in return. Unfortunately, this is something he really could use help with and he’s not sure who else to turn to.

She studies him for a moment, eyeing him sceptically. “Favour?”

He bobs his head, pressing his lips into a thin line. “Yes, for a favour in return, of course.”

She frowns. “I don’t get why you’re so adamant about everything being a favour. Can’t a friend just ask for help without wanting anything in return?”

“I’m the Devil, favours are what I do,” he says with a smile that’s all teeth.

“What if I don’t want anything in return?”

“I insist.”

She falls silent, a contemplative expression on her face whilst she worries her lip between her teeth. The bartender comes back, sliding her mojito to her and she thanks him before turning back to Lucifer, a mischievous glint in her eye. “Okay.”

“Okay?”

“I know what I want in return.”

He hadn’t expected her to ask a favour in return without some measure of cajoling on his part, so her statement catches him off guard. She smiles and it has a somewhat roguish quality to it. He finds himself getting quite nervous wondering what she’s going to ask of him. Last time she’d taken him to
church and it hadn’t been as bad as he’d expected. It was mostly just boring. “Alright,” he says putting on a brave face, “What is it you desire?”

Her grin widens and her eyes twinkle as she holds her arms out wide.

He looks down at her incredulously.

“I want a hug.”

Bloody hell. He’s no idea why the woman has such a fondness for hugging, but he’s endured them many times before he can easily endure one more. In fact, he’s a bit disappointed that she’s wasted a damn good favour on something so mundane. “Alright go on then.” He stands stiff as a board, waiting for her arms to warp around him but they never come. He looks down at her with a frown. “Come on, what’s the hold up?”

“I want a hug from you.”

Oh, bloody hell indeed.

He sighs, looking down at her. “And they call me evil incarnate.”

She chuckles, rolling her eyes. “Such a drama queen. I’m waiting.” She makes a grabbing motion with her hands.

He twitches his fingers as he takes a breath trying to compose himself. It’s just fulfilling a favour. Nothing more. Just a favour. Steeling himself, he steps forward, easily wrapping his arms around her body and holding her against him. He stays there for a second, but it seems to stretch for an eternity, before letting go. She smiles at him in a way that makes him feel oddly proud. He did it. If he’s honest with himself it wasn’t as bad as he’d expected.

“Right, come on then, I believe you have your end of a favour to fulfil,” he says as casually as he can, hoping that the pride he feels doesn’t show on his face.

They reach the Penthouse, drinks in hand a few minutes later.

“So… what is it you want my help with anyway?”

He leads her over to the area by the couch and gestures at the flat screen. On the floor beside it sits his brand new Xbox. He’d frankly found the thing quite intriguing when she’d shown him hers and had quickly decided that he wanted one.

She turns to him with wide eyes and an open-mouthed smile. “Duuuude! This is awesome! We can totally play together all the time now!”

“If I could figure out how to get the bloody thing to work that is,” he grumbles.

Placing her drink on the coffee table, she scoots round to the back of the tv and fumbles with the wires for a few minutes before re-emerging with a triumphant smile. The tv screen lights up green with the Xbox logo on. “Easy peasy!”

“Fantastic!” He grins, clapping his hands together.

She sits down on the sofa, takes the control and goes through all the set-up instructions. After putting in the basics she looks up to him from her position. “You need a name.”
He narrows his eyes, not understanding what she means. “I have a name.”

“No, silly,” she chuckles, “I mean you need a screen name.”

“Oh.” A screen name. He’s not fond of nicknames so he decides to go for something simple. “What about ‘Lucifer’?”

She gives him a half shrug. “It’ll probably be taken but, I can try.” They fall silent as she types the name. “Nope, taken.”

“Someone’s bloody taken my name?”

She gives him a knowing look, her lips pressing into a sly smile. “Right, your name.”

He sighs, not finding it in him to tell her once again that he’s not a bloody method actor. “What about Lucifer the Morningstar?”

“Nope, taken. You gotta be more creative.”

“But that is my name. What else am I supposed to put?” he whines.

She hums, “I’ve got it!” She types something and giggles to herself.

He reads the name and scoffs. “LordLucifer666?”

“It’s available,” she counters, unable to stop her giggling.

He huffs. He’s not anyone’s lord, not anymore but, he supposes it doesn’t really matter. “Fine,” he grumbles crossing his arms.

She grins and proceeds to set a little devil emoji as his icon. “I’m gonna add myself, okay?”

“Yes, fine.” He watches her flicking between one screen and another. “LoopyLopez?”

She spins around to look up at him, her grin growing wider. “That’s me!”

He chuckles.

An hour or so later they lay, splayed out on the sofa each with a controller in their hands. He hasn’t yet found the courage to broach the topic that they are really here to discuss. A long time seems to pass with neither of them talking. He gets the feeling that she’s waiting for him to say something until she finally speaks, breaking the silence.

“So…” she says, pausing the game and placing the controller down. “Have you decided what you’re gonna do for your first date with Chloe?”

He sighs, shaking his head and pressing his lips into a thin unhappy line. The thought had nagged at him constantly all day, but every idea he came up with he ended up dismissing almost immediately. He can’t understand it. He’s Lucifer Bloody Morningstar for goodness sake. If there’s anyone who knows how to have a good time, it’s him. But he doesn’t want it to be just good, he wants it to be perfect. To be special and meaningful and he has absolutely no idea how to do that.

She pulls her legs up, crossing them beneath her and turns to him. “Tell me what’s on your mind.”
“I…” he takes a breath and after a moment decides he needs help. “I’ll be back in a moment.”

When he returns, he’s armed with two tubs of ice cream and two spoons. He sits back down, handing her one of each. She takes them with a questioning look.

“I’ve heard it helps with the,” he makes a disgusted face, “feelings.”

Chuckling she opens her tub and takes a spoonful. “And you just happen to have two tubs of Häagen-Dazs in?”

He shrugs as he opens his own tub and takes a mouthful, savouring the sweetness on his tongue. “What can I say? The Devil has a sweet tooth.”

“So, about Chloe?”

“I just… I want to do something special. Something meaningful.” He stops to take another mouthful of ice cream before continuing, “I just don’t know how to do it.”

She smiles sweetly at him, a tender glisten in her eyes. “You are so sweet, Lucifer. Chloe is lucky to have someone who cares so much. A lot of people don’t you know.”

He hums not quite agreeing with her. If anyone is lucky it’s him.

“You and Chloe have been friends a long time, right?”

He nods.

“So, you must have something or somewhere that’s meaningful to your relationship.”

“I suppose…” he trails off thinking of the moments they’d shared in the past. All the times that he thought could go somewhere but never did. All the times he’d royally screwed up. And yet here he is. Forgiven in her eyes with another chance. A real chance. He is not going to mess up this time.

“The beach.”

Where they’d shared their first kiss. A moment he’ll never forget for as long as he lives.

“The beach?” she asks, waving her spoon at him.

He hums, recalling the memory with fondness. He’d been so confused at the time, he’d given up and then there she was, his guiding light, giving him a chance. He treasures the moment, remembering every detail in perfect clarity. The gentle crash of the waves around them, the soft caw of seagulls overhead. The way her eyes glistened in the afternoon sun, a loose strand of golden hair slipping free, framing her gorgeous face. Her hand against his face as her lips met his. If only he hadn’t have run away, they might have been in a very different position right now. “It’s where we first kissed.”

Her hand goes slack and she gapes at him. “You guys kissed before? When?”

“Oh, it was about a year ago just before…” He can’t bring himself to finish that sentence, to bring back the memories of the pain he’d caused them both.

“Vegas,” she breathes the word, sorrow filling her features. “You were scared….”

He stares at his ice cream, the shame of his past actions heavy on his shoulders.

“Is that why you’re so afraid of messing this up? You think she won’t give you another chance?”
He swallows against the lump that has inconveniently formed in his throat. “I… yes.”

Suddenly he finds himself enveloped in warm arms, the cold tub of ice cream pressed against his back. “Don’t worry. We’ll plan the perfect date.” She pulls back to look into his eyes. “I promise.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Lucifer finds out the hard way that Ella doesn't handle her alcohol well and eventually he and Chloe go on their first official date.

Chapter Notes

Hello again! Back with another chapter! Thank you to all who have left feedback and kudos and have shown their love for this story on twitter! It's so appreciated and talking to you all is really one of the reasons I've loved writing this story so much! Hope you enjoy this chapter :) <3

They had stayed up until the early hours of the morning that night planning what he and Chloe would do for their first date. And as Ella had promised it was perfect.

That had been a week ago.

He had intended to ask her when he saw her at the precinct the next day, but when he’d tried, he’d found himself at a loss for words. He only managed, “Detective, I was wondering if—” before she’d turned to him, her stunning blue eyes sparkling in the golden sunlight. Her smile tender as she regarded him. The hopeful way in which she looked at him was enough to render him speechless. Just one look and all the fear of disappointing her had come rushing back. He’d stood there with his mouth hanging open until eventually her smile faded into a frown, her brow furrowing. He snapped his mouth shut, realising he was making a mess of it.

“You were wondering if?” she’d asked, her confusion at his odd behaviour clearly evident.

His brain stuttered leaving him unable to say what he really wanted to, and he panicked. “I-If…. I… um…” he stammered. The room had suddenly felt several degrees hotter. What could he have said? Oh! “I… I was just wondering if the Spawn’s arm had healed yet?”

Her frown had deepened at that, “Lucifer, broken bones don’t just heal like that. They take time.” She had paused for a moment, looking at him with a suspicion in her eyes before it faded away, replaced by something softer. “Thank you… for asking, I mean.”

He just nodded, relief flooding him that he’d successfully managed to divert her attention from his botched attempt to ask her out.

After that he’d tried again and again… and again. Every time had yielded no better result than the last. For some inexplicable reason every time he tried to bring the subject up he would be hit with a tidal wave of emotions that washed away all his confidence, leaving him looking like a stammering fool.
Now he’d just joined her at a crime scene in a dreary little suburban street, lined with hedge rows and white picket fences. “Good morning, Detective!” he greets her cheerily.

She turns to him with a radiant smile, draped in the early morning sunlight. She looks like a goddess. “Hey.” She smiles softly, touching his forearm as he comes to stand by her side. His skin tingles underneath his jacket where her hand rests for a moment, aching for the feel of her skin against his. Taking a breath, he decides this time he will definitely ask her.

“Detective, might I ask…” and suddenly he turns to jelly. Again. “If… um….”

She whirls on him, grabbing his arm tighter and pulling him away from the crowd of officers and forensic techs on the scene. “That’s it!” she says releasing him and throwing her hands up in frustration. “What’s wrong?”

“I… what do you mean?”

She rolls her eyes. “You’ve been acting weird all week.” She pauses and then adds, “Weirder than usual, that is.”

“Nothing’s wrong.”

She sighs, the annoyance melts from her face and, to his horror, is replaced by disappointment. “Is this about what happened between us? If this,” she gestures between the two of them, “isn’t what you want you need to tell me, Lucifer.”

His heart pounds in his chest. She thinks he doesn’t want this? “No!” he replies quickly, desperation tugging at him. “I do want it!”

Relief flickers across her features for the briefest of moments. “Then what is it?” she asks shaking her head. “You’re clearly going through something and I want to help, I really do but, how am I supposed to if you don’t talk to me?”

He swallows and finds himself twisting his ring around his finger as he fidgets on the spot. “I… I want to…. I do.”

“And what? Why can’t you just tell me what you’ve clearly been trying to say all week?”

He blinks as she looks expectantly at him. She reaches out, taking his hand in hers, effectively stopping his fidgeting. “I-I wanted to ask,” he pauses, taking a breath to steady himself. He can do this. He’s Lucifer Bloody Morningstar. “If you’d allow me to take you out one evening,” he says so quickly that he finds himself flinching.

She steps forward closing the space between them, a soft, watery smile staring back at him. “That’s what you’ve been trying to ask me all week?”

He nods, his tongue refusing to cooperate with him. “I’d love to.”

“Really?”

She tilts her head, her forehead creasing slightly. “Of course. Why would you think I wouldn’t?”

He takes a breath. “I-I’m not sure.” He can’t explain why he’d acted the way he had. It seems that all she has to do is look at him and he crumbles into a pathetic, incoherent excuse of a Devil.
She squeezes his hand. A smile tugs at his lips. “Great! Do you have something in mind?”

“I do.” When she gives him a questioning look, he simply responds, “It’s a surprise.”

Releasing his hand, she hums, narrowing her eyes.

“What?”

“I don’t like surprises.”

He’s suddenly hit with another bout of nerves as the thought of her not liking what he’d planned for her hits him. “I would never intentionally do anything to upset you.”

She smiles softly. “I know, it’s just you and surprises. Makes me nervous.”

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“So… are you looking forward to it?” Ella asks, sat on one of the bar stools, nursing her second mojito.

He lounges against the corner of the bar, elbow propped up, turning his glass in his hand, swirling the dark amber liquid inside before downing it in one mouthful and setting it down. “Yes…” he trails off.

She picks up on his apprehension. “But?”

Eyeing her, he wonders briefly how she knew there was a "but". “I’m just… afraid that I’ll mess it up.”

“You won’t!” She leans forward in her seat to place her hand on his arm. “And I mean, even if you did Chloe would forgive you. If you hadn’t noticed she’s totally in love with you, Dude.”

A thin, uneasy smile spreads across his face. As much as he appreciates her words, he’s not sure that they’re true. He’s not sure Chloe would ever forgive him if he hurt her again. Not after last time. A tense moment of silence passes, and she looks at him with sorrow-filled eyes. He’s not sure why she’s looking at him that way, but then a wide smile appears on her face and she pats his arm, leaning back to take another long sip of her cocktail. “Anyway… tell me something about you.” He gives her a blank look. “Like… how did you get this place?” She gestures to the club, the crowd around them now heaving, pulsing and swaying along with the heavy bass that fills the air, sending vibrations through the floor.

He shrugs. “When I came to L.A. I was looking for a place to be free, to escape my Father’s foul manipulations and finally be my own man. This place just… felt right.”

She nods, slurping the remains of her cocktail and pushing the tall glass to the side. “Your dad doesn’t bother you anymore?”

“Oh, He tries,” he shoots a bitter glance upwards, “but, I’m happier now. Happier here.”

“I’m glad,” she says with a smile. “You know, I came to L.A. to look out for my stupid younger brother.” She rolls her eyes, grabbing the fresh mojito that’s appeared in front of her and taking a
long sip. “Now he’s gone back to Detroit and sometimes I feel like I should go back, but I feel like I belong here, you know?” Her smile widens.

He huffs, shaking his head. “Siblings, am I right? They do what they want without a care for us.”

She shakes her head with an easy smile. “I don’t think so, growing up with four brothers wasn’t easy. I mean we used to fight, like *alllll the time* but, they were *always* there if I needed them. *Always.*” Lucifer makes an unconvinced noise at that. Her brother Jay, the sketchy diamond dealer hadn’t a care for how his actions had affected her. She stirs her drink with her straw, looking rather thoughtful before she turns back to him. “Is it just you and Amenadiel?

He chuckles. “Oh no. Certainly not, I have many siblings.”

“What was that like growing up?”

Sipping his once again, full drink, he says, “There was a time when it wasn’t awful.” Sighing ruefully, he stares down into his glass. “That was… a long time ago.”

“What happened?”

A puff of air escapes his lips as he leans forward against the bar, crossing his arms on the surface. “I rebelled against Dad and he didn’t take too kindly. He threw me out of the house and they all just stood by and watched.” He closes his eyes for a moment, shaking his head as he recalls the painful memories. “Except for Michael, of course, who helped him. Dad’s loyal little soldier.” He spits the words with bitterness in his voice before looking back to her, the sadness in her wide eyes fills him with sorrow. “Believe it or not, Michael and I were once inseparable. There was a time when he would look out for me, protect me from Dad’s fury.” He takes a long pause before saying in no more than a whisper, “I don’t know what changed.”

“Michael? He’s your older brother?”

He gives her an amused smile. “Barely. I wouldn’t call a few seconds older, as such.”

Her eyes widen in shock, mouth hanging open for a moment before she manages, “You have a twin?”

Downing his drink, he bobs his head once.

“Identical?”

“Unfortunately.”

She blinks several times and turns back to her drink, breathing an awe-filled, “Woah.” She looks thoughtful for a moment before saying, “Is it too late to fix things?”

He sighs. That’s the question he has asked himself many times over. With his relationship with Amenadiel on the mend it seems more possible than ever before. And now with Azrael showing herself after so long… Even if he could fix things though, he doesn’t know if he wants to. After what happened with Uriel—

He quickly banishes that particular thought. Tonight is not about that. He looks back to Miss Lopez, who is staring at him with a certain sadness in her features. Not pity so much as a compassion, a desire to help. “I-I don’t know.”

They sit there in contemplative, companionable silence as she finishes her drink. She perks up when
the song playing comes to a finish and a new one starts, the pounding of the drum reverberating in his sternum. She turns to him with a wide smile. “I love this song!” A grin forms on his face as she rises, wobbling slightly, and grabs his arm pulling him towards the dancefloor.

Several hours and many cocktails later, he finds himself with one very drunk Miss Lopez. He catches her upper arm as she stumbles over the step from the dancefloor, preventing her from falling. She stops, turning to him with a shocked, unrecognising expression before it fades, replaced with realisation. “Luuuuucifer,” she slurs, giving him an open-mouthed smile, her eyes at half-mast. “’Ss funnny.”

He raises an eyebrow at her. “What is?”

She points a finger at him, her arm swinging violently and her eyes unfocused. “You,” she hiccups and jabs her finger at him, “yooou… call yourssself the Devil.” She hiccups again, then takes a step forward, almost losing her balance in the process, “buuuuut,” she draws out the word, grinning and waving her finger in his face. “’sss not true.”

“I assure you, Miss Lopez, I am the Devil.” He takes her arm again. “Now come on, let’s get you upstairs.”

“No.” She plants her feet firmly, stubbornly refusing to be led by him. “No ’ss not true.” She shakes her head. “I dunno ‘f you’re a method actor or what, buuuuut I. Don’t. Believe. It.” She punctuates each word by prodding him in the chest. Lucifer finds himself frozen, regarding her with his head tilted. “You,” she pokes him in the chest again, harder this time, “you are a gooood man. ’m sorry your family suuucks.” Her face softens and her bottom lip juts out slightly. “You ‘serve better.” And then without any warning she flings her arms around his neck, hanging all her weight on him. He stumbles forward a little at the unexpected move.

“’M always here for you,” she mumbles into his shoulder.

He finds himself standing stiffly, trapped in her over-enthusiastic, inebriated embrace, shocked into silence by the sincerity in her words. “I-I… thank you.”

As he says the word though he realises that her grip on him has loosened and her head is slackly slumped onto his shoulder. Pulling his head away he can just see her closed eyes. “Bloody hell.” He stands there helplessly, his arms spread, glancing around for a few seconds trying to decide what to do. He shakes her slightly, but she just grumbles and tightens her grip. “Alright….” He extricates himself from her hold, carefully moving to support her weight over his shoulder and then bends down to lift her in his arms. He carries her to the elevator, chuckling to himself.

By the time they arrive at the Penthouse, she is sleeping softly in his arms. He sets her down on the settee, finding himself smiling when she seems resistant to let go even in her sleep, and goes to set up the guest bedroom.

When he returns a few minutes later though, he finds that she is no longer soundly asleep and is now leaning by the bar, her shoes haphazardly discarded in the middle of the floor. He strides over to her. “Ah, Miss Lopez, you’re awake.”

She turns to him, looking bleary-eyed, squinting as she struggles to hold her gaze on him. “Can I ask you a question?” He opens his mouth to respond, but before he can, she says, “Screeew it, ‘m gonna
ask you anyway.”

He frowns wondering what she’s going to ask him as she leans in closer and catches her by the arm when she overshoots and stumbles into him.

“Why’d you call me that?”

“Call you what?”

“Miiiisss Lopez,” she slurs. “’S so formal….” For a moment she just stares up at him with those big brown eyes of hers, a look of hurt flashing across her features before she whispers, “’ Thought we’re friends.”

His brows knit, and he finds himself quite confused by her inquiry. “You don’t like it?”

She shakes her head vehemently.

“Would you… prefer if I called you something else?”

“Ellaa, ‘ss my name,” she says, weakly patting his chest, her eyes fluttering shut several times as she fights to stay awake against the effects of the massive amounts of alcohol she’d consumed. He makes a note to cut her off earlier in the future.

He nods, moving to support her weight. “Alright. If it’s what you desire. Now, let’s get you to bed.”

“’Kay,” she says, letting herself be led towards the guest room.

She manages to climb into the bed on her own and as soon as her head hits the pillow, her eyes close. For a moment, he looks at her, reflecting upon her words from the evening and her kindness towards him and finds himself smiling. She’s offered more to him then any of his siblings have ever done and for that, he will always be eternally grateful.

He glances over his shoulder as he exits the room. “Goodnight… Ella,” he whispers softly, gently closing the door behind him.

~

Ella wakes, head pounding, in a strange yet unbelievably comfortable bed. She groans, hand rubbing her forehead, not yet feeling brave enough to open her eyes and figure out where she had ended up. Odd fragments of memories from the previous night surface in her mind, but not enough to form a full picture of what had happened. She remembers talking to Lucifer at the bar in Lux and after that it’s mostly a blur. Cracking her eyes open, she squints against the beam of light that filters through the crack in the dark curtains. The room she’s in doesn’t look familiar but the décor does. Rich but not ostentatious. It doesn’t take her hungover brain too long to figure out that she must still be at Lux.

She kicks the silk covers off and finds herself still fully clothed, aside from her shoes which are no where to be seen. A glass of water and two Advil sit on the bedside table which she gratefully takes, greedily slurping down the whole glass of water in a futile attempt to rid her dry mouth of the horrible aftertaste of whatever she’d drunk last night. Judging by the intensity of her headache and the way the room still wobbles slightly, she wouldn’t be surprised if she’d drunk the bar dry.
Taking a breath, she manages to pull herself up out of the bed and, after taking a moment to steady herself on her feet, ventures out of the room, her bare feet padding along the cool, tile flooring. She finds herself in a previously unseen corridor and heads through a wide archway to what she presumes is the kitchen. She hesitates in the entrance when she spots Lucifer sat at the breakfast bar with his back to her. To her surprise he’s clad in a tight white T-shirt and sweatpants, his hair decidedly mused and free from whatever product usually graces it.

He spins around on his chair, greeting her with a wide smile. “Ah! Miss—” He pauses. “Ella, you’re awake!”

“Sheesh, not so loud,” she says wincing against his far too cheery voice. And then she realises what he’d said. He never calls her Ella. She briefly wonders if she’d said something that had made him do that. “Mornin’,” she says, stifling a yawn.

“Coffee?” he asks as he rounds the breakfast bar, striding over to the coffee machine.

Coffee sounds fantastic. “Please.” She takes the seat next to the one he’s just vacated, leaning her elbows on the black granite countertop, watching him as he pours fresh coffee from an ornate glass strainer. When he comes back with the mug, he slides it across the counter and leans against the opposite side, a wide grin on his face. She takes the coffee, the smell alone is enough to make her feel slightly more awake and lifts it to her lips taking a sip. It’s amazing and she’s sure it’s probably wildly expensive, but she tries not to think about that. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

She eyes him as he continues to grin at her and tries not to think about whatever potentially mortifying things she’d done in her state last night. Finally, when he doesn’t speak, she decides to just accept her fate and deal with it head on. Everyone gets stupidly drunk and makes a fool of themselves at some point, right? Though Lucifer seems no worse for wear, guy must have an insanely high tolerance. “Sorry,” she pauses and he frowns at her, “for last night. If I said or did anything stupid, I am sorry.” His frown deepens. “What?”

“You didn’t do anything that I would consider stupid, maybe there were a few questionable dance moves, but aside from that you were… well, you were quite lovely.”

A grin creeps to her face. “I was?”

He nods and straightens himself. “Right, shall I get some brekkie on?”

Her smile widens as she regards the man in front of her. “Breakfast sounds great.”

“Feel free to take a shower whilst you wait, use mine if you like, it’s nicer than the others.”

“Thanks, I will.”

He’s right, it is a damn good shower, the best shower she’s ever had. She takes her time, luxuriating in the scorching hot water and even steals some of his, surprisingly fruity scented shower gel. When she’s done, she finds, the fluffiest, heated black towels waiting for her. They’re even monogramed with a little, red "L. M.” because of course he has monogramed towels.

Soon, the delicious smell of fried foods wafts through the air making her mouth water, drawing her back to the kitchen. She sets herself down at the breakfast bar as he spins on his heel at the cooker, plate in hand, to face her. She laughs at his “Kiss the Cook” apron. He slides the plate over and
brings his own to sit down next to her. He’s done a full English and it looks amazing. She finds herself greedily clearing her plate in no time and thanking him through mouthfuls of crispy bacon.

After breakfast they sit in companionable silence as she nurses a second cup of the amazing, probably ridiculously expensive coffee.

“So,” she finally says, and he perks up, regarding her with a tilted head, “you’re going out with Chloe today, aren’t you?”

He wrings his hands together, carefully inspecting his ring as he twists it on his finger. Something she’s come to realise is somewhat of a nervous tick. “Yes. I’m picking her up at four.”

“You’re nervous.”

“I suppose I am,” he replies, looking up at her with pursed lips.

She smiles. “Don’t worry, it’ll be perfect, okay?”

He nods, looking unsure of himself.

“Now, what are you going to wear?”

He raises an eyebrow. “I do believe I’m quite capable of dressing myself, thank you very much.”

Her grin widens, Chloe had once told her in confidence about this one time he had worn a leather jacket and how much she loved it. Well, she hadn’t quite phrased it like that. She shakes her head. “I just once heard Chloe say something about how much she loves you in your leather jacket, you should totally wear it. You know,” she waves her hand in the air, trying her best to be nonchalant, “be a bit more casual than you usually are.”

“Oh?” His eyebrows creep towards his hairline and he preens slightly. “She said that?”

“Oh-huh.”

He grins, flashing his pristine white teeth and waggles his eyebrows. “Thank you for the tip, I shall take it into consideration.”

~

In the end, he takes Ella’s advice, going for a more casual look, darks jeans, a black tee and, of course, the leather jacket that Chloe, apparently, loves him in. He lets Ella pick a car but, after what happened last time she’s hesitant to drive so, he drives her home in his Ferrari. She has exceptional taste in cars, he’s looking to impress the detective, and nothing impresses more than fine Italian leather upholstery. He puts the top down, the risk to his hair far outweighed by the feel of the wind caressing his skin as he speeds along. When he drops Ella off, she wishes him luck and warns him against exceeding the speed limit whilst Chloe is in the car. Once again, another good piece of advice.
Chloe paces restlessly up and down the length of the kitchen. She’s going on an actual date with Lucifer and she can’t quite decide whether she’s more nervous or excited. The prospect of a surprise is unsettling, especially considering him and all his… Lucifer-ness, but if she’s honest with herself, she’s looking forward to seeing him and spending actual time with him. After what he’d said, she’d really felt happy, happier than she had in a long time. She’d always had an inkling that there was something between them, ever since that first kiss on the beach. After all they’d been through, she’s not sure why only now had he told her how he truly feels but, she’s glad he has.

She finds herself, checking her hair in the mirror for the fiftieth time when a knock comes at the door. Taking a deep breath to steady her pounding heart, she opens it and finds Lucifer standing on the other side, a bunch of red roses in his hand and a winning smile on his face. Her mouth opens to greet him, but the words don’t seem to form. Not only did he knock, which he never does, he brought her flowers and is wearing jeans, a tight tee, that hugs him in all the right places and the leather jacket that she finds irresistible. She blinks several times, mentally scolding herself for practically drooling over him as he stands in the doorway, his smile fading, replaced with confusion.

“Detective?” he asks, his voice laden with uncertainty.

She shakes herself out of her stupor and gestures for him to come in. “Yeah! Yeah, sorry, come in.”

He tilts his head to the side and she muses that he looks like an adorable little puppy. “Is everything alright?”

“Yes! I just… I mean… you look good that’s all.” She feels heat rush to her cheeks and ducks her head to try and hide it, the way he stands up a little taller, his smile widening tells her that he probably saw anyway.

“Thank you.” He fidgets on the spot for a moment, a sudden awkward tension in the air. She curses herself for making it awkward. It shouldn’t be should it? It’s just Lucifer, her best friend, after all. “I… um… got you these.” He proffers the bouquet to her and she takes them. Taking a deep breath, she inhales the flowery aroma and smiles.

“They’re beautiful, thank you. I’ll put them in water,” she says, going into the kitchen to find a vase.

He stands there and jams his hands into his pockets. “You’re quite welcome.”

Finding a suitable vase, she places the flowers in, arranging them and sets them on the kitchen counter, pride of place in the room. “So,” she says, turning her attention back to him, “where are we going?”

“Oh,” he holds his index finger up to her, a devilish grin spreading across his face, “still a surprise.”

She sighs, reassuring herself that he wouldn’t do anything that would upset her. She hopes.

When she sees the car though she can’t help but grimace. Flashes of the results of a certain high-speed pursuit coming to the forefront of her mind. She has to admit, the car is nice. Red always suits him and for, what she supposes must be considered a super car, is quite classy. The top down reveals a rich, luxurious looking black leather interior with a red accent and a myriad of controls and buttons that she can’t even begin to imagine what they all do.

He rounds the passenger side and, like a true gentleman, holds the door open for her. She hesitates.

“I’m only getting in if you promise not to drive like a maniac.”
“I never drive like a maniac but,” he holds his palm up to her, “I solemnly swear that I will adhere to all the,” he grimaces, “speed limits.”

“Thank you.”

He sticks to his word and the drive is uneventful and, actually quite pleasant. He still skilfully weaves between traffic, albeit slower than usual and she wonders whether he’s had some sort of advanced driving training considering how well he seems to handle powerful cars.

They drive along the coast for a long while. The sea breeze and the warmth of the sun feels good against her skin. Eventually he pulls up at a fair, of all places. She loves fairs, her dad had always taken her to the county fair. She had never expected Lucifer to bring her here.

“The fair?”

He looks at her, a weak, uncertain smile on his lips. “Is that okay?” His eyes widen, and he quickly adds, “We can do something else if you’d prefer?”

Her heart clenches as she realises just how unsure of himself he is underneath his confident persona. She reaches across and takes his hand, smiling softly at him. “No, this is perfect. Just… unexpected.”

“Well, I did say it was a surprise.” He smiles a little easier, looking more confident and shrugs. “And I know how much you used to love going to the fair with your father.”

She opens her mouth to respond, but he exits the car and rounds it to open her door before she can. How had he known that? She can’t recall ever telling him. The door swings open and he offers his hand to her. “How did you—”

“Contrary to popular belief, Detective, I do actually listen when you talk.” He smirks, but she still doesn’t remember telling him. She knows he has a good memory but, perhaps she’d underestimated just how good it is.

They wander around the fair, her hand resting in the crook of his elbow, occasionally stopping to look at various wares and knick-knacks. The smell of sweet treats and the sound of laughter and fairground rides fills the air around them, but it all seems pale in comparison to him. The generous, thoughtful man beside her. She’s sure this isn’t what he wants to be doing, but he’s doing it because he knows what it means to her. She smiles and pulls him slightly closer, so that they are walking almost shoulder to shoulder.

A man calls out to them as they walk past a game stand. “Try your luck! Knock all the cans down and win any of these prizes!” He gestures to a variety of large stuffed animals adorning the walls of the stand. Her dad had always tried to win on these games and she finds herself laughing at the memory. Of her telling him she didn’t really want the giant stuffed bear and him not quite believing her. “One more try, Monkey,” he would say for about the fifth time.

“Just reminds me of my dad, you know. He’d always try these things.” She smiles, it feels good to be able to open up about this kind of thing and to think fondly of her dad. For a long time all those thoughts had ever brought her was sadness and she’d never really, shared things like this with anyone, not even when she and Dan had been married. With Lucifer though it’s different. It feels
He takes a step towards the stand, pulling a wad of bills out of his pocket and hands one to the man who has a jovial, yet somewhat greasy, smile on his face.

She pulls his arm so she can speak into his ear, “Lucifer these games are rigged, you’ll never win.”

He grins. “Want to bet?”

He takes the three balls from the man, takes a breath and with one, surprisingly powerful and precise throw knocks down the stack of cans. The man blinks a few times, obviously not used to seeing anyone win at this game. She laughs as he turns around with a lopsided smile plastered on his face.

She teaches Lucifer the art of carnival food and is shocked when he devours a foot-long hot dog loaded with extra cheese and jalapeños in a matter of minutes. On some level she’s surprised he’s even touching the food considering how he turns his nose up at the "poisonous vending machine sandwiches" in the precinct. But then again, this is the man who once thought Pringles and Nutella would make a good snack.

After that she insists that they have to go on the Ferris wheel. He makes a comment about how he can’t see the fun in it, but she drags him anyway, promising herself that she’ll make him see the fun. The wheel rises, allowing them to see the surrounding area, she hadn’t realised how close to the beach they were. He grumbles when the wheel stops at the top so, she inches closer to him, wrapping one hand around his waist which instantly silences him, his frown turning into a suggestive smile. Taking his face in her hand, she leans in placing a soft kiss on his lips, lingering until the wheel jars back into motion. When she pulls away he looks breathless, a slight pink tinge colouring his cheeks.

“Perhaps the Ferris wheel isn’t that boring after all.” He smiles, draping his arm across her shoulders and pulling her closer.

The sun starts to set on the wonderful day they’d spent together and somewhere inside her she’s sorry it’s ending. When she’d imagined where he would take her, she’d pictured some fancy restaurant with a menu she couldn’t understand and her feeling completely out of her comfort zone. But today had been… perfect. She’d felt relaxed. It just feels so… right with him. “Thank you for today, Lucifer. Really.”

His face lights up. “I’m not quite done just yet, Darling.”

She frowns at him, a strange mixture of worry and excitement swirling within her.

He takes her hand and leads her away from the fair, her giant stuffed bear still tucked under one arm. “Come on, it’s not far.”

The sun slowly dips beneath the horizon as they walk along the soft sand, hand in hand, the gentle
crash of waves filling the air around them. Her hand in his feels like it belongs there, a warm familiar
weight that he realises he feels incomplete without. He looks at her, the very last of the day’s sunlight
basking her in a golden-orange glow. She looks radiant, positively heaven-sent. More beautiful than
anyone or thing he has ever set his eyes on. Catching him looking at her, she turns to him, a tender
smile gracing her lips. “Penny for your thoughts?” she asks, her smile widening, flashing her perfect
white teeth.

A contented sigh escapes him as he takes in the perfection of the moment. “I was just thinking how
beautiful you are.”

She laughs, a little too sceptically for his liking and it has him frowning.

“What?”

She purses her lips, a glint in her eyes that makes her look a little bit sad. “I bet you say that to all the
girls.”

He stops walking, her hand pulling his slightly as she fails to anticipate his movement and carries on
walking a step or two before stopping. “No.” She turns to him and he takes her other hand in his,
looking deep into her sparkling blue eyes. “Listen to me, Chloe. You are beautiful. Not just out
here,” he lets go of her hand and touches her cheek, gently caressing it with his thumb, “but in here
as well.” He lets his fingers fall, giving the briefest of touches to the area above her heart. “You are a
beautiful soul, the closest to perfection I have ever seen. You shine brighter than the brightest of
stars. The love, the compassion, the care you put into everything you do, it is truly awe-inspiring. I
love you. I love every little thing about you. The passion in your voice, the way you come alive
when you talk about the things you love. The way you truly care about what you do, about helping
people.” He pauses, regarding her with a warm smile fuelled by all these warm, confusing feelings
within him. “I don’t understand these feelings, but that doesn’t matter because, you, Chloe Jane
Decker, are truly a miracle and I don’t know what I’ve done to deserve you in my life. I don’t want
anyone else but you, for as long as you’ll have me.”

Tears roll freely down her face, a watery smile on her lips. For a moment she stands there, breathless,
staring lovingly into his eyes before flinging her arms around his neck and kissing him with all that
passion, all that fire that he loves so much. Her fingers tease the short hairs at the back of his neck,
creeping up to find their way into his hair, curling in it as she presses deeper, moves closer. He can
feel the heat of her body against him as his fingers explore the curve of her hips and come to rest on
the small of her back. For a moment their passion burns a bright spark before fading out, replaced
with a tenderness as she pulls his head to rest her forehead against his.

She closes her eyes, her cheeks streaked from the tears that have crossed them and he chuckles
lightly. Cracking her eyes open she asks, “What?”

He smirks. “I believe you owe me a penny.”

“You’re an ass,” she says, though it lacks all enthusiasm, as she chuckles and playfully pushes
against his shoulder.

“I know.”
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Chloe attempts to piece together the puzzle that is Lucifer Morningstar and an incident at a crime scene has Ella questioning everything.

Chapter Notes

Hello again! As always thank you for sticking with me through this story and leaving such lovely feedback <3 I hope you enjoy this chapter! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They stand at her door, the overhead lighting illuminating them, separating them from the darkness. She looks at the sweet, kind man in front of her as his soft brown eyes stare back. The giant teddy he’d won for her at the fair tucked under one arm.

“Thank you for today, Lucifer,” she says, and his gaze drops to the floor, looking almost bashful. She smiles and takes his face in her free hand, gently guiding him to look into her eyes. “I mean it Lucifer, thank you, it was perfect.”

Before he can open his mouth to respond she leans into him, tiptoeing to place her lips on his. It feels different to last time. He feels different. She pulls him into an embrace and his usual solidness is noticeably absent. He feels smaller somehow, less confident. She can feel the shake in his hands as he hesitates to wrap his arms around her and hears the pounding of his heart as her head rests against his chest.

Pulling away slightly, she looks into his face. His expressive eyes betray his otherwise impeccable exterior. She can see his uncertainty. Taking his hand in hers, she gives it a squeeze. “Are you okay?”

“I…” He squeezes his eyes shut and exhales a shaky breath. “I think I best be going.” When he opens his eyes it’s like a mask has slipped into place, all the vulnerability she’d seen just a moment ago carefully hidden behind a wan smile.

Her breath catches and before she can say another word he’s already backing away. “Goodnight, Detective,” he says with a smile that doesn’t reach his eyes.

“Night Lucifer,” she manages, watching him walk away. She stands here for a long while after he’s disappeared around the corner wondering what has just happened. A part of her wants to chase after him, tell him to stay but, something holds her back. He’s clearly not used to this, or relationships in general for that matter, and she tells herself that he needs time. That, with her help, he will get used to it. She just has to be patient.
He wants more than anything to stay. To hold her in his arms as she drifts off into a peaceful slumber. But he doesn’t. He’s not exactly sure why he leaves. There’s just this feeling building inside of him that he can’t quite identify. An impending dread filling him up, threatening to drown him. His heart races, breathing becomes difficult as his throat constricts. And then before he even realises what he’s done, he’s walking away, rounding the corner, just leaving her there. He stops, leaning against the wall, the strange feeling subsiding somewhat as he catches his breath.

“I don’t know what happened,” he sighs, sinking down into the plump cushions of his Italian leather settee, wearing nothing but his black silk boxers and a matching robe. “Everything went perfectly, she loved the fair and the beach and then… I don’t know.”

“So, you had a little freak out, it’s not the end of the world,” Ella replies, her voice coming through the headset that’s attached to his Xbox controller.

He scoffs, his eyes focused on the tv as he manoeuvres around a horde of zombies, taking a few out with his shotgun. “The Devil does not ‘freak out’.”

“I mean, call it what you want. It’s normal that you’re anxious, this is new territory for you.”

“Anxious?” he asks, brow furrowing.

She hums. “Having an anxiety attack is nothing to be ashamed of, you should talk to Chloe about it.”

He stops, his fingers going slack on the controls and blinks several times in disbelief at her words. “I did not have— oh, bloody hell. Now look what you’ve made me do. I’m down.” The screen splatters red around the edges and the controller pulses like a heartbeat in his hands.

“I’m coming hang on.” There’s a moment of silence as she concentrates on thinning the zombies out and attempts to revive him. “No wait, never mind, I’m down too.”

Dropping the controller into his lap, he slumps backwards, rubbing his hands over his face. “Well that was bloody pathetic.”

“I thought we did alright.”

He grunts in response.

“Have you tried, you know, talking to Chloe about what you’re feeling?”

Talking about feelings. That’s all he ever seems to be doing these days. So now why is it he doesn’t seem to be getting anywhere? He’s told Chloe how he feels about her, what more does he have to say? Tell her he has no idea what he’s doing and is terrified that he’ll mess up at any moment? She’d surely laugh at him. “Is everything always about bloody feelings?”

“Pretty much, yeah.”

He grimaces. He’s going to need a lot of ice cream.

“The foundation for a good relationship is communication, you have to tell Chloe what you’re
feeling."

Huffing, he picks up the remote. He does want to have a good relationship with the Detective and so far Ella’s advice has been solid. “She’s going to think I’m bloody pathetic.”

“No, she won’t. She’ll understand. Trust me.”

He does trust her. “Fine. I’ll talk to her tomorrow. Now come on,” he waves at the screen even though she can’t see him, “let’s go again.”

~

She dreams of him. A younger, scrawnier version of the man she knows. Mistreated by his family. Scared and alone and not knowing what love is. Locked in a cupboard, curled into a ball, silently crying. She sees the jagged, twin scars that mark his back, the skin ragged and uneven. She remembers the feeling when she’d first seen them and the words he’d said.

“Don’t. Please.”

She jolts awake, heart pounding as she sits up in bed. The dream is still vivid in her mind. Looking to the empty space beside her, she desperately wishes that he were here, so she can hold him and tell him he’s loved. That she loves him. She sighs, glancing at the digital clock. It’s almost 6am. There’s no way she’s going to get back to sleep now so, she climbs out of bed and goes downstairs.

Sipping her coffee, she debates texting him, telling herself that he probably won’t be up this early. But the dream remains distinct in her mind. When she closes her eyes, she can still see him. Eventually she caves, shooting him a quick message.

Chloe [06:21]: Are you awake?

To her surprise it’s read almost immediately, and three dots appear on her screen telling her that he’s replying.

Lucifer [06:22]: Yes. Good morning, Darling.

Chloe [06:22]: Morning. You’re up early.

Lucifer [06:23]: As are you.

Chloe [06:23]: Couldn’t sleep. Had a bad dream.

Lucifer [06:23]: Are you okay?

Chloe [06:24]: Yeah. I was wondering if you wanted to come spend the day with me and Trix? We’ll probably just be watching movies. It’s okay if you’re busy though.

Worrying her lip between her teeth, she awaits his response. She wants nothing more than to spend the day curled up in his arms watching movies.
Lucifer [06:26]: *I’d love to.*

She releases a breath she hadn’t realised she’d been holding.

Chloe [06:26]: Great! See you later.

Hopping out of her seat, she heads for the shower, leaving her coffee behind.

A knock on the door comes and she rises, struggling to hide her growing smile, to let him in. When she opens the door, he stands there, impeccably dressed in a charcoal suit and shirt and stares at her. His mouth opens but no words come out.

“Hey,” she greets him with a smile, moving to let him in.

He blinks as he steps over the threshold, starry-eyed gaze still trained on her.

“What?”

His eyes crinkle as he smiles at her. “You look gorgeous.”

She looks down at herself, clad in only an oversized plaid shirt and comfortable jeans she doesn’t look anything special. Well, she doesn’t think so, but Lucifer has this way of making her feel special no matter what she’s wearing or how tired she looks. “Thank you,” she says, blushing slightly as she steps into his personal space, grabbing his lapels and pulling him down to reach his luscious pink lips.

When she pulls away a squeal comes from the living room that has them both turning. Trixie stands, still dressed in her pyjamas despite it being almost noon, pointing at them with an open mouth smile. “Finally!” she cries, bouncing up and down on the spot. The pair share a look when she adds, “Took you long enough!”

“Excuse me, Spawn?” Lucifer says, arching an eyebrow at her.

She makes a face like he’s asking the most obvious question. “You’re finally together! It was so obvious you *liked* each other. Duh!”

Lucifer’s eyebrows creep towards his hairline and he bobs his head once. “Inquisitive little Urchin, isn’t she?” he says turning back to Chloe.

She laughs, nodding in agreement. “So, you’re okay with this?”

“Oh-huh,” she nods her little head vigorously. “Daddy said that it’ll never happen. He said that Lucifer’s a playboy and wouldn’t know a real relationship if it hit him in the face.” They both stare at her in shock and she shrugs. “I told him that you love each other and he laughed. He said if you ever got together he’d take me to Disneyland!”

They’re left speechless as she whoops and rushes past them towards the bathroom.

“That’ll show the Douche.” Lucifer smirks.

She rolls her eyes.
They spend the day just how she’d imagined, snuggled on the couch watching movie after movie. Lucifer protests sitting next the "The Spawn", but after some persuasion on her part he caves and ends up being sandwiched between the two of them. His long arm easily wraps around her as she snuggles into his side, his warmth seeping into her. Surprisingly he doesn’t complain at the Disney movie marathon. She swears she even hears him quietly singing along to some of the songs. She only smiles to herself and files the information away to tease him mercilessly with later.

After yet another delicious meal cooked by Lucifer, she puts Trixie to bed and reads her a bedtime story. She lay, squashed on the side of the small bed, one arm around her daughter, holding the book in front of them both.

“Mommy?”

“Yeah, Monkey?” she replies replacing the bookmark and laying the book down on the bedside table.

She yawns. “I’m glad you and Lucifer are together. I like him.”

“I do too, Baby,” she says, smiling down at her daughter.

Her eyes drift close and Chloe rises, tucking the blanket in around her, kissing her forehead as she snuggles in. “He needs a family,” she yawns again, “His family aren’t nice to him.”

Chloe frowns. “Lucifer told you about his family?”

The girl shakes her head, the pull of sleep clearly growing stronger. “I read ‘bout them,” she mumbles and then adds, “on the internet.”

Then she’s asleep. Sighing, she should probably have a proper talk with her and try to explain that Lucifer isn’t really the Devil. How do you explain trauma induced delusions to a nine-year-old though? She supposes eventually she will grow up, her child-like imagination will wear off and she will figure it out. Her train of thought is cut short when she realises she’d just assumed that Lucifer would be around to see Trixie grow up. She smiles at the thought and leaves her daughter’s room, quietly sliding the door closed behind her.

She finds him perched on the couch, a glass of white wine in one hand and his phone in the other. She draws her hand across his shoulders as she walks around the couch and sits down next to him.

“Hey.” She smiles as he leans forward, placing his glass down on the coffee table.

He smiles back, genuine and unfiltered.

“Today was nice, thank you for coming.”

He laughs a little and scoots closer to her, she can feel the heat from his thigh as it presses against hers. “I suppose it wasn’t all that bad. Could’ve done without the fiftieth bloody showing of Frozen though.”

“Don’t pretend you don’t love it. I saw you mouthing all the lyrics,” she giggles, nudging him with her shoulder.

“Doesn’t mean I like it.” He pouts a little, raising his chin like a petulant child which has her laughing even harder.
After her fit of laughter has subsided, she sinks into his side. Eventually she feels him relax beneath her and his hand strokes her hair. They sit there for a while until his voice, surprisingly soft, breaks the silence, “Chloe….”

She pulls away so she can look into his beautiful, expressive, brown eyes. They hold a certain glint of sadness. She takes his hand in hers, squeezing it slightly, sensing he’s about to open up to her.

“About last night,” he swallows once, eyes focused on a spot somewhere behind her, “I… I’m sorry for how… abruptly I left.” He takes a deep breath.

“That’s okay,” she says in her best reassuring voice, brushing her thumb over his knuckles.

He looks down at the floor, closing his eyes for a few moments and rubbing his palm over his forehead. When his eyes meet hers again, they look watery. “No,” he takes a breath, shaking his head. “No, it’s not okay. I don’t know why I ran. I just… well, I suppose I was afraid.”

“What?”

He sighs, looking down and resting his forehead in his palm. “I don’t know,” he whispers.

“Lucifer look at me.” She takes his face in her hand, guiding him to look at her. “You don’t have to be afraid with me. You can tell me anything, okay? You don’t have to hide anymore.”

He stares back at her unblinking, tears welling in his eyes. He presses his mouth into an unhappy line. “I don’t deserve you….”

“Yes, you do,” she says pulling him into her, his head coming to rest on her shoulder. Beneath her she feels his breathing grow uneven and she holds him tighter as he trembles slightly. Tears wet her shirt shoulder, soaking through the material, dampening her skin but she doesn’t say anything, just holds him. “Do you want to stay here tonight?”

He nods against her and she rubs soothing circles onto his back.

~

She wakes once again with Lucifer clinging to her. His long arms wrap around her body, encompassing her in an envelope of heat and his face is buried in the crook of her neck. She smiles, thinking about how happy she would be to wake up like this every morning.

He looks peaceful as he sleeps, younger with all the confidence and poise he usually carries drained away. As she looks at him she reminds herself of her promise to herself. To help him get used to this, to show him that he is loved. She gently pulls her hand through his unruly black curls, trailing her fingers along his scalp. He stirs a little, sleepily nuzzling deeper into her neck and mumbles something incoherent. Her hand trails down the side of his face, thumb caressing his temple. She feels his breath on her neck as he looses a contented sigh.

When she stops suddenly, frowning, his grip on her tightens a little. She presses her hand against his forehead, surprised to find he feels hot. Not just cuddling and sharing body heat hot but, red, almost feverish, hot. She’s well aware that he runs hot from the little touches and the warm embraces they’ve shared but surely this can’t be normal.
“Lucifer?”

He mumbles something and nuzzles her neck, softly kissing the skin there.

She strokes the side of his face with the back of her hand, rasping over his neatly trimmed stubble.

“You feel really hot, are you okay?”

“’m the Devil…” he mutters against her neck, voice thick with sleep, “’m always hot.”

Pursing her lips, she pulls her fingers through his hair once again, her eyes stinging as a pang of sadness hits her. It always does when he says he’s the Devil. The images from her dream flood back to her. It hurts to even imagine what must’ve been done to him to still affect him so severely after all this time. “No, you’re not,” she whispers, leaning down to press her lips to his temple, “not to me.”

She wraps her arms around him careful, as always, to avoid where she knows his scars are. He rouses slightly and turns in her embrace, holding her arms tightly against him and pushing his back to her so that the line of his body rests against hers.

Blinking several times, she pulls away, staring at his back. Flawless, smooth skin lies where the twin crescent scars once were. He grumbles beneath her pulling at her hand to get her to hold him, but she doesn’t. They had been real, she’d seen them with her own eyes. They weren’t make-up or special effects and scars like that don’t just disappear. She trails her fingers along his shoulder blade. The skin feels very real and hot just like him. To her surprise he giggles.

“Mm… that tickles…” he mumbles, the words muffled by the pillow that’s covering half of his face.

“Lucifer,” she breathes, “what happened to your scars?”

He tugs her hand once again and she complies, wrapping her arms around him once again. He curls into her, fitting surprisingly well as the "little spoon" despite his much larger frame. She rests her head against his hair, pressing her lips to his scalp as he mumbles, “Got m’wings back…”

What does that mean? She hears his breathing even out as he dozes and figures she’s probably not going to get much more out of him. She sighs, trying to think within his metaphors. He got his wings back. She doesn’t know much about the Bible, she wasn’t raised religious and never went to church, but she had done research when she’d first encountered the man who claimed to be the Devil. The Devil, a fallen angel, cast out of Heaven and sent to rule Hell as punishment for questioning God. If the angel Lucifer had his wings back, would that mean God had forgiven him? So, does Lucifer think that his father has forgiven him?

That doesn’t explain magically disappearing scars though. Plastic surgery? That’s the only logical explanation her brain can come up with.

After all, he’s not really the Devil and he definitely doesn’t have wings.

~

Two days later.

Lucifer hops out of the corvette and strides towards the crime scene with a spring in his step and a smile on his face. Lately he’s been getting this elated, dare he say giddy, feeling whenever he so much as thinks about seeing Chloe. It has gradually grown within him since their date and it’s
fantastic, unlike anything he’s ever felt before. He never wants to be without it. Without her.

So, naturally, when she had messaged that morning informing him that they have a new case, he had dropped everything and hurried to meet her there, not wanting to waste even a second of time with her.

He whistles an upbeat tune as he ducks under the crime scene tape that cordons off the entrance to the derelict warehouse. Inside the place is mostly empty, save for a few old, rusting shipping containers that are covered in graffiti. The dirty concrete floor is cracked with weeds pushing their way through, struggling for life, and stained black in patches where remains of long dead fires lay.

“Someone’s in a good mood,” Ella smiles up at him from her position crouched over the body of what looks like a middle-aged man, face down in a pool of his own blood.

Lucifer hums, returning her smile. “It would seem I am, yes.” She returns her attention to whatever she’d been doing before and he stuffs his hands into his pockets, glancing around the area. He doesn’t catch sight of that golden hair he’d know anywhere. In fact, he looks over his shoulder double checking, he hadn’t seen her car when he’d arrived.

As if reading his mind, Ella, without looking up from her task says, “Chloe’s not here yet. Feel free to take a look around,” and then she adds with a little hunched over shrug, “Just, you know, don’t touch anything.”

He sighs, he’d really hoped she’d be here. Perhaps he’d been a bit too eager in getting here. Oh well, perhaps he can take a look around and dazzle Chloe with his insights on the case when she arrives. “How did this poor sod kick the bucket then?”

“Likely cause is the single gunshot wound to the chest, looks like there was a struggle though.” She moves the victim’s hand to show him the freshly grazed, bloodied knuckles.

Lucifer hums and wanders around the body. Among the rubbish that litters the floor he spots a broken syringe a few feet away and crouches down, catching the scent of vinegar. “So not the Heroine then?”

“Nope,” she says, popping the “p”. “Though the dude was definitely a junkie, that’s for sure. Got track marks, new and old here.”

Rising, he moves to look around the crime scene. Aside from a few spots of blood soaked into the pavement nothing else seems to stand out. He moves to stand over the body once more as Ella continues her examination. “A fight over drugs taken a more lethal turn perhaps?”

Ella shrugs. “I mean, I’m not a detective or anything but Occam’s Razor, dude.”

“The simplest solution is often the correct one,” he adds more quietly. There’s nothing to suggest anything more convoluted had taken place here that he can see. Perhaps it’s just that simple. Oh, the Detective will be pleased!

As if on cue his phone buzzes in his pocket. He quickly slides it out and sees a message from the Detective.

Chloe [10:37]: Stuck in traffic. Be there ASAP. Stay out of trouble please.

He huffs, shooting a quick affirmative back before replacing his phone in his pocket.

“What’s wrong?” Ella asks as she rises and walks around the body to crouch at the other side.
“The detective is running late,” he explains as he pulls a packet of cigarettes out, taps the bottom and takes one out. “Stay out of trouble she says,” he says, waving his arms to gesture at the derelict building around them. “What trouble could I possibly get into here?”

Ella sniggers. “Well, you are quite good at making trouble.”

“But this place is booring,” he whines. “What am I going to do? Scare a bloody pigeon?” He notices the uniformed officers that were on the scene when he arrived have gone, leaving only the one officers standing guard at the cordon. “See?” He points to where the group of officers had been. “Everyone else has gone this place is so bloody boring.”

She rises, looking to where he’s pointing and nodding. “No witnesses so not much for them to do, I guess. Don’t worry Buddy,” she pats his shoulder as he sticks the cigarette between his lips, “Chloe’ll be here soon.”

He makes a disgruntled noise as he flicks his lighter several times attempting to light his cig and failing. Cursing under his breath, he tries again and finally manages to get it to work. Tucking his lighter back in his pocket, he takes a long inhale and wanders off to explore the rest of the building, leaving Ella to her work.

He wanders around the place, through empty shipping containers, not seeing much of note besides more of the same graffiti and rubbish he’d seen before. Until something in one of the containers catches his eye. A tatty looking sleeping bag and a makeshift sack. The sleeping bag is laid out, the zip partially undone and pulled back like it’s been recently used. Crouching down, he holds a hand to the lining feeling a lingering heat inside. Someone had definitely been here very recently, perhaps a witness to the crime or the killer! Imagine if he caught the killer without the Detective’s help, she would be impressed indeed. He can only dream about how she might reward him as he rises, quickly making his way back to Miss Lopez to share the news of his find.

As he weaves through the shipping containers, he hears a gruff, hushed voice.

“Jus’ gimmie what yer’ve found, missy, I don’t wanna have to hurt yer.”

Lucifer feels a pang of dread at the words and carefully continues making his way towards the voice, moving stealthily now on high alert. He stops just behind the edge of a container, peering around the corner, getting a clear view of what’s going on.

A shaggily dressed man wearing a beanie that can’t contain his wild, greying hair stands, arm outstretched, shakily pointing a gun towards Ella, with his back towards Lucifer’s position. She stands there, gloved hands in the air with a look of terror in her big, brown eyes. “I don’t have anything to give you! Please put the gun down,” she pleads with him. Lucifer feels his heart thud hard in his chest. He looks to the entrance of the building but sees no sign of the officer that was standing watch there before.

“Yer lying. I’ve been watchin’, I have,” the man says.

Ella shakes her head, desperation clouding her features. “No, I swear! I haven’t found anything yet!”

The man takes a menacing step towards her. “Stop lying t’ me!”

He has to intervene soon otherwise that madman might hurt Miss Lopez. He carefully starts to approach the man from behind, Ella spots him and her eyes grow even wider with worry. He’s confident in his ability to sneak up on him unheard though, he is, after all, the Devil.
“I’s an extra on CSI once, I know ‘bout that evidence and whatnot.” He waves the gun in her face a bit. “Now hand it over.”

The thought of Ella getting hurt in the crossfire as he apprehends the man bubbles to the surface of his mind and he silently gestures for her to run. She doesn’t. She stays glued to the spot, eyes darting between him and the barrel of the gun. The man shifts nervously from foot to foot and Lucifer can see his finger twitching on the trigger. He can’t wait for Miss Lopez to get to safety, he has to do something now and hope for the best.

He grabs the man firmly by the shoulder, causing him to yelp in surprise and spin on the spot to face him. The man visibly panics as Lucifer grabs the barrel of the gun. A shot rings out and he feels the bullet impact his stomach and hears it deflect, causing no more than a moment of mild irritation before plinking to the floor. Lucifer growls, the fires of fury burning bright within him, and yanks the gun out of his hand tossing it to the side. It clatters to the ground, echoing in the vast warehouse. Lucifer feels a flash of hellfire rage in his eyes, a feral grin spreading across his face as the man stumbles backwards, tripping and crumbling into a useless, blubbering pile.

The man cries out when Lucifer strides forward, bends down and lifts him by the front of his dirty, torn jacket. His grin widens, hungry for the punishment of this filthy cretin. That is until his focus shifts to Miss Lopez, who is staring at him, mouth open and eyes filled with horror. He’s seen the look before many a time. That pure primal fear that is ingrained into the DNA of all humans. Fear of evil incarnate. Fear of the Devil.

His hold on the man slackens as the stoked hellfire within suddenly dies out. The man falls to the floor once again with a thud and he scurries to curl into a ball at Lucifer’s feet, muttering and rocking back and forth. Ella holds his gaze, frozen on the spot.

She saw him.

He opens his mouth to respond but before he can the officer that had been stood outside, comes running into the building, gun out, searching for the origin of the gunshot. He looks between the two of them. “What happened?”

“Killer, murder weapon,” Lucifer states pointing to each respectively, his eye contact with Miss Lopez remaining unbroken. A long moment of silence stretches between them as the officer scrambles to pull the killer up from the floor and slaps cuffs on his wrists.

Finally, the officer drags the killer off somewhere, calling for back up on his radio as he goes, and they are left alone once again.

“Ella,” he says, taking a slow step forward, hands raised. “I mean you no harm.”

She shakes her head, taking half a step backwards, her eyes growing wider.

Lucifer freezes. The last thing he wants to do is scare her. He’s assaulted with a barrage of emotions. His eyes sting and he blinks a few times in rapid succession. His breaths grow shaky and uneven as the full gravity of the situation dawns on him. Ella, someone who he has come to care deeply about, has seen the truth and now… now he’s lost her. He can see it in her eyes. She’s terrified of him. The one person who has really tried to help him, despite everything… gone. Just like that. Torn from his life in an instant.

He feels like he’s drowning. Breathing becomes increasingly difficult and before he realises what he’s doing, he’s running. Running away from her. Leaving her standing there, probably irreparably damaged from just a glimpse of his true nature.
He doesn’t know where he’s going. His mind is clouded with a thick fog that seems to block all rational thought. He lets his legs carry him out of the warehouse and around the building until he’s leaning with his back against the corrugated steel. The cool air soothes him, lifts a weight from his chest that he didn’t realise was there and he can breathe easier again. Squeezing his eyes shut, he sags against the wall and desperately struggles against the current of emotions that’s pulling him further and further into the icy depths of sorrow.

At the sound of a voice, his eyes fly open. In front of him stands Miss Lopez and she looks… angry?

“You,” she prods him in the chest hard as she steps into his space, eyes wild, “owe me an explanation.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the cliffhanger :P
“Well?”

Lucifer stands there, speechless as she glares at him with a fierce intensity in her eyes, the likes of which intimidates even him. He swallows, pushing his back up against the cold, corrugated steel wall of the warehouse as she stalks closer to him. “I….”

She lets out an annoyed puff of air and curses under her breath in Spanish. “Tell me what I just saw, Lucifer, because right now I’m having a hard time believing my eyes!”

He swallows and opens his mouth, but no words form on his lips. She saw him, the real him and now here she is, stood in front of him demanding answers. It’s unprecedented. No human has ever seen the truth and not suffered as a consequence. He’s seen every reaction from horrified screams to complete mental breakdowns, but never this.

“You were shot.” Her eyes focus on the bullet hole in his shirt, her hand rising, fingers outstretched as if she’s going to touch it but stops short. “I saw it.” She looks up, her brown eyes meeting his, her mouth slightly open. “Your eyes… they were….”

She shakes her head, taking a wobbly step backwards. Her hand goes to clutch at the cross that hangs around her neck and she holds it tightly in her fist as she begins to pace back and forth in front of him.

He watches her erratic pacing, wary about making a move lest he spook her. Or worse. Finally, he takes a breath, gathering the courage to say something. “I-I never lied.”

In one swift motion, she whirls on him, once again stepping a little too close for comfort. “But you didn’t tell the whole truth either!” He winces as she raises her voice at him, an anger he’s never seen in her before clouding her features. “You knew we didn’t believe you! I thought you were a method actor!” A quiet, incredulous noise, somewhere between a laugh and a sob slips from her lips.

He doesn’t know what to say. It’s true. He never lies, but he doesn’t always tell the whole truth. It would have been so easy to prove to her, to any of them, his true nature but, how could he have? Knowing he would most definitely lose them forever. His only friends. He couldn’t have known that this was going to happen. That she would react like this.

It would seem now, though, that his hand has been forced. No more bluffing, as it were. It’s time to
“Miss Lopez— Ella….” His heart pounds hard in his chest, the thrum of his pulse loud in his ears. He knows that she’ll likely reject him, but there’s no other way to go now. He needs to face this head on, come what may. “I am the Devil.” His throat feels tight, his voice squeezing through, coming out thick and gravelly.

She stares at him for a long, tension filled moment. Finally, she releases a long breath, all the anger she’d held just a moment ago seemingly melting from her and she begins to pace again, rubbing her hand over her face. He’s frozen to the spot, unnerved by his inability to anticipate her next move.

After a few minutes of pacing, she stops, turning to him once again with a renewed fire in her eyes and, to his surprise, she strides towards him, stern determination radiating from her. Then she hits him. Well, not so much hits as slaps on the arm. Repeatedly. Cursing very loudly in Spanish as she does. He stumbles backwards in shock, hitting the wall once again.

“How could you do this to me Lucifer?!” Her assault ceases and she lets out a long frustrated sounding, strangled cry. He watches her, stunned into silence, his mouth hanging open. “How could you keep this from me?!”

He just stands there for a long moment, his brow furrowing, finding himself quite baffled by her. She stares at him, holding her hands out to the side, an expectant look on her face. “I…” he starts, his voice sounds small and foreign to him. “I don’t understand.” When she gives him a blank look he elaborates, “You aren’t… scared of me?”

“No,” she says firmly, squaring her stance with him, her face softening for just a brief moment. “I’m pissed at you, Lucifer!” And then she hits him again.

He raises his hands, holding them close to himself until she runs out of steam and stops hitting him. She deflates, letting out a defeated sigh. He gives her an apologetic look. “For what it’s worth, I am sorry.” Because he is. Of course he wanted to tell her and for her to actually believe him. How could he though? After all the people he’d driven mad. After Linda. He was protecting them. Wasn’t he?

She gives him a hard, scrutinizing glare that seems to last forever. The tension in the air seems to draw each second out into an eternity. Eventually her face softens, a look of disappointment filling her features as she averts her gaze from him. “You were my best friend, Lucifer,” she whispers the words so softly they can hardly be heard even in the silence of the area around them.

Her words hit him harder than any physical blow ever could. They echo in his mind. A pain fills his chest. It feels like his heart is in a vice. Finding out that she considered him her best friend and that she no longer felt that way in the same sentence. The world around him seems to slow, fading out into the background as his grief takes centre stage. He slides down the wall, hitting the floor with a soft thump, his legs no longer able or willing to support him. He tents his legs, hanging his head. His eyes sting with newly forming tears. He covers his face with his hand, attempting to hide his shame.

The Devil doesn’t cry.

He can’t help it though. His sorrow surrounds him like a vast, open ocean and he doesn’t have the strength or will to fight against the harsh current that’s pulling him under the surface. An hour ago, he’d felt better than he ever had before and now… now it’s all gone. Just like that. Once again, he is falling, only this time he’s falling from a ledge of his own making. The orchestrator of his own downfall. In some ways it hurts more.

He doesn’t look up. If he does, he knows he’ll have to watch her walk away, out of his life forever.
and he doesn’t know if he can take it. He listens for the sound of her receding footsteps, but it never comes. Instead she does the opposite. Her footsteps echo off the asphalt as she walks towards him.

His hands fall limp to his sides as he lifts his head to see her sit on the floor beside him. “W-what are you doing?” he manages.

“I’m sorry,” she says, mimicking his posture.

He blinks and opens his mouth to reply but once again, nothing comes.

“You are my friend. I just…” she looks down, twirling her cross between her fingers, “this is just… a lot.”

Swallowing, he dares to ask the question. “Y-you don’t want me out of your life?”

She turns to him, a mixture of emotions he can’t quite identify stirring within. “No,” she says softly, her lips parting slightly as she moves her hand to his forearm, hovering for a second before visibly steeling herself to touch him lightly.

His heart swells. She hasn’t rejected him. All he can do is stare back at her.

“It’s not you. It’s just… everything else. You’re real, that means everything else is real…. Heaven,” she grimaces a little and adds more quietly, “Hell…” Pausing for a long moment, she stares, unseeing at her jean-clad knees. “I always believed, but… actually knowing. It’s… I don’t know!”

She makes a frustrated sound. “Overwhelming seems like the understatement of the millennium.”

“I suppose you have… questions.”

She gives him a flat look. “Like… a lot.”

“Fire away.”

“That’s the thing. I don’t know if I should.” When he gives her a blank look she elaborates, “So, faith is all about not knowing, right? What’s the point if we know everything? Are we even supposed to know?” Her eyes widen slightly. “Am I going to, you know,” she points down at the ground, “for being friends with you?”

Lucifer sighs. “It doesn’t bloody work like that. Where you go when you die has nothing to do with your religion. You don’t go to Hell for worshipping the wrong deity or attending the wrong church. Religion, worship and all that malarkey is my Father’s schtick. If you ask me it just feeds his overinflated ego. And if every human I’d consorted with were eternally damned then half the population of L.A. would be taking the trip downstairs.”

She gives him an apologetic look. “How does it work? Who decides who goes where?”

“Well, the gist of it is you do.”

She points to herself, her mouth open and eyes narrowing slightly. “Me?”

He nods, humming. “Essentially, you control your own destiny. If you feel guilty about how you’ve lived your life, or you feel a great amount of guilt for a particular action then you spend the rest of eternity being tortured by that fact.”

“Oh.”

She falls silent, seemingly mulling over the information he’s just given her. He shifts a little, growing
uncomfortable on the hard floor. They stay like that for a long while. He doesn’t push her. He’s well aware that this sort of revelation takes time for the human mind to process and so far, compared to Linda, she’s doing well, all things considered.

“Would you ever have told me?” There’s a long pause. “If this hadn’t happened, I mean.”

He takes a breath and looks out into the distance. The silence that falls across the empty expanse of concrete and derelict warehouses disturbed only by a flock of seagulls, cawing over a morsel of food. “Proof of divinity tends to have a funny effect on the human mind. People become, at least to some degree, unhinged when faced with it. So far, you’re the only human that hasn’t gone insane, temporarily or otherwise…. It would appear there is more to you than meets the eye.” Of course, her resilience to divinity could have something to do with her exposure to Azrael or perhaps there’s something different about her. Azrael had mentioned something about being drawn to her, hadn’t she?

“Is that a no then?”

His gaze falls to the floor. Would he have? He can’t really say. “I-I never had the intention to.” There’s a long pause before he adds quietly, “I couldn’t risk it.”

They sit there, side by side, in silence for a few long minutes until she suddenly shifts, awkwardly pulling herself off the floor. He looks up at her as she stretches and walks a few paces. She’s leaving after all, she’s gotten her answers and now she’s leaving. He hangs his head. He’d thought she was different, but he was obviously wrong. At least that’s what he thinks until her outstretched hand appears in the periphery of his vision.

He looks up at her again. She’s stood in front of him, offering him her hand. He stares at it for what seems too long a time.

“I was getting stiff sat on the floor,” she explains. “Can we carry this conversation on somewhere else?”

Nodding, he tentatively takes her hand. It feels small and warm in his as she helps him to his feet. He stretches and brushes dust and debris off his suit and straightens out his jacket.

Her gaze falls to the bullet hole in his shirt. “How are you not dead?”

“I’m immortal,” he states simply, buttoning his jacket, covering the hole lest someone else see it and ask questions.

“How does that work? I mean, you had a concussion last week and I’ve seen you with cuts and bruises… and didn’t you get stabbed that one time?”

He shrugs. “It’s complicated.”

She raises her eyebrows giving him a look that says no shit. “I’ve got time,” she replies flatly.

“Well,” he sighs, “I’m mostly immortal. Any object or being of celestial origin can harm me.”

Her eyes narrow as she considers the idea. “So… if I punched you, it wouldn’t hurt you?”

He shrugs again. “you’re welcome to try but, I—” She clocks him straight in the jaw cutting his warning against her breaking her hand on his face short.

It hurts. He looks at her with wild eyes, tentatively touching his lip, his hand coming away with a
few spots of blood coating it. She looks just as shocked as him, covering her mouth with both her hands. His mind races. Does Ella make him vulnerable? How can that be? She isn’t a miracle like Chloe. “How did you—”

As if in answer to his question Chloe comes jogging around the corner, and as soon as she lays eyes on him, flings her arms around him before he has time to react. After a moment, his shock recedes, and he relaxes, wrapping his arms around her. She pulls away slightly, her hand touching his cheek, dragging her thumb over his stubble, producing a quiet rasping sound.

“I heard about the gunshot over the radio, I was worried that….” There’s a wobble in her voice and tears well in her eyes as she pulls him closer burying her head in his shirt. He holds her tightly against him, rubbing her back up and down as she sniffs.

“I’m okay, Love.” He attempts to make a soothing noise as he rocks her against him.

Eventually her sniffing subsides, and she pulls away, her glistening blue eyes taking him in. “You’re bleeding,” she says, her voice laced with concern as she touches his, now slightly pink tinged cheek.

A thin-lipped smile forms on his face. “It’s nothing.” He brings his hand to caress her face, tucking an unruly strand of golden hair behind her ear.

Her hand falls, coming to rest on his forearm, rubbing up and down as she looks past him at Ella. “What are you two doing back here anyway?”

He turns to look at Ella who is standing there, her mouth slightly open.

“Just needed some air,” he replies, thinking on his feet. “Miss Lopez is a bit shaken up by what happened.” Ella’s gaze lands on him for a moment before she looks back to Chloe and nods. “I was actually just about to take her home.”

Chloe gives a sympathetic nod in the smaller woman’s direction. “Are you both up for giving a statement before you go?”

Ella nods again, mumbling that she should go do that as she jerks into motion and hastily disappears around the corner.

“Is she okay?” Chloe asks, watching her go.

Lucifer hums. “She’s better than I expected.”

She nods, worrying her bottom lip between her teeth, glancing sideways. “The officer that was on scene seems to think you saved her.”

He nods. “I suppose I did.”

“That was brave of you,” she says softly, taking his hand in hers, a weak smile gracing her beautiful lips though a certain sadness lingers in her eyes, “and reckless.” She squeezes his hand, her eyes meeting his. “He had a gun. What if you’d have gotten hurt, Lucifer?” She shakes her head, a stray tear rolling over her rosy cheek. “I can’t lose you,” she adds quietly.

He snakes his arm around her waist, holding her close to him. Cradling her head in his hand. “I’m sorry.” Her arms wrap around his waist, clutching at the back of his jacket. They hold each other like that for a long while. When she pulls away. She’s sniffling, her eyes rimmed slightly red.

A watery smile appears on her lips as she runs her hand over his lapel, flattening it where she’s
pushed it up.

“Come on,” she says taking his hand, “you should go give a statement and take Ella home.”

He complies letting himself be led back towards the crime scene, wondering if Ella will allow him to keep his secret or if that had been his last chance to be close to her.

~

Ella says nothing to him or Chloe whilst the uniformed officer takes their statements, only speaking to answer her questions. She bids Chloe a quiet farewell as Lucifer shuffles her off towards his Corvette.

They drive in an uneasy silence for a while. When she finally speaks up, the question she asks sets him on edge.

“Does Chloe know?”

His grip on the steering wheel tightens, his knuckles turning white with the pressure. He keeps his gaze trained on the road ahead, not daring to look at her lest he give the answer he’s unwilling to speak away with his expression.

As he pulls to a stop outside her flat, he hears the leather of her chair squeak in the silence as she turns to look at him. “Lucifer.”

Forming tears prickle his eyes and he grits his teeth, turning to look at her. “Of course, she doesn’t bloody know!” he snaps at her, not sure who he’s upset with. Probably himself. He got himself into this mess. Took what he has no right to and now he’s going to lose it all. It was stupid— He had been stupid to allow himself what he doesn’t deserve, knowing that it wouldn’t— Couldn’t last.

He pushes his door open, swinging his legs over the side of the seat and turns back to her. “No one can love the Devil,” he says quietly, his voice laced with a mixture of sorrow and bitterness. He doesn’t wait for her to respond, lifting himself from the car, slamming the door behind him.

As he walks away, he fishes in his pocket, retrieving a cigarette in shaky fingers. He lights it and stalks over to her door, leaning against the wall, taking deep puffs in a futile attempt to calm his frayed nerves.

A few minutes later, she appears next to him, standing a few feet away. He looks at her, raising an eyebrow when he sees a too familiar look on her face. His brow furrows, she can’t possibly mean to— No that’s ridiculous. He frowns studying her as she stands there, shifting on the spot looking almost like she’s fighting the urge to—

And then she steps forward, flinging her arms around him. He stiffens, his lit cigarette falling to the floor in his shock. He blinks several times, not understanding what’s happening. Perhaps she had gone mad after all? Regardless, he finds himself revelling in the embrace. She’s not scared and she’s not running. No instead, the impossible is happening. She might actually be accepting him for who he truly is.
She pulls away, looking up at him with her big, brown eyes. “Don’t say that.”

His frown deepens. “Say what?”

“That no one can love you.” He gives her a blank look to which she rolls her eyes. “I love you like a brother, Lucifer!”

His breath catches in his throat at her words. Not only is she accepting him, she thinks of him as family. He stands there stunned as she continues talking, seemingly oblivious to the fact that he’s no longer listening.

When he tunes back in, she seems to have gone off on a tangent. “It’s totally bonkers, I mean, dude! You’re a freaking angel—”

“Not anymore,” he interjects, to which she shoots him a scathing look.

“You’re still an angel, fallen or not right?” He hums dubiously, and she shakes her head, raising a hand to him. “Whatever, it’s beside the point. You’re still you, Lucifer, Chloe will still love you no matter what.”

He sighs and gestures to the door. “Right well, lets deal with one existential crisis at a time, shall we?”

She nods. “Alright,” she says and then pauses before adding, “but, we are talking about this later.”

“Fine.”

“I’m sorry about your lip,” she says, looking apologetic as they enter the apartment.

“It’s nothing.”

She wanders into the kitchen, coming back a moment later, handing him an ice pack. “I thought you were immortal?”

“I am. Mostly.”

“So… how did that happen?” she asks, pointing to her own lip.

He sets himself down on the small sofa, squeezing the ice pack in his fingers before setting it down on the arm rest. “Sometimes I’m… vulnerable. It’s actually a more recent development.”

“Oh. I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“That’s quite alright.”

She sighs flopping down into one of the beanbags, leaning back and staring, wide-eyed and all too aware at the ceiling. They stay like that for a long while. Lucifer resorts to picking up the ice pack to fiddle with before giving it a disgusted look and discarding it on the table when condensation drips onto him.

Suddenly she looks up, narrowing her eyes at him. “Why are you here?”

He raises an eyebrow, giving her a half-shrug. “Here as in Earth? L.A.? Your apartment?”
“L.A.”

He leans forward, resting his arms on his knees. “Well,” he sighs, “I left Hell behind and, as for why here in particular… I guess it just felt right.”

“Not Vegas?”

He scoffs. “The Devil in Sin City? I’m not interested in being a cliché, thank you very much. Besides, I’m not interested in your sins,” he rolls his eyes, raising his hand to her, “I get a bad rap for that.”

“Right.” She nods slowly, carefully digesting his words. “Why do you work with the LAPD?”

“I may be retired from Hell but, I’m still a punisher. It’s what I do.”

“And your desire… thingy? How do you do that?”

He grimaces at her phrasing, but lets it slide. “I have the power to draw out people’s hidden desires. As for how exactly… I’m not quite sure. Maybe its something about this face.” He gives her a toothy grin.

“Do you have other powers?” She sits up in the beanbag, her gaze falling to him. An excitable awe-filled look on her face, not unlike the look the Detective’s offspring gets when given chocolate cake. “Wait, if you’re a fallen angel, did you used to have wings? Could you fly?”

“I do have other powers, of sorts, yes. I do have wings and yes, I can fly.”

Her gaze widens, something he didn’t think was possible and she leans forward, her mouth hanging open. “You have wings?” She stands up, continuing to gape at him. “Where?”

“They’re… hidden. Sort of. They don’t exist on this plane of reality unless I will them to.”

“Dude… that’s trippy.” Her face screws up for a moment, her eyes narrowing and then she asks, “How do you have wings if you fell?”

“I didn’t fall from grace. My fall was a bit more… literal than that.”

“Oh.”

They fall back into an uneasy silence as she looks at him with something uncomfortably close to pity. He doesn’t want to be pitied. Yes, he may have suffered many injustices in his long life, but that doesn’t mean that he needs anyone’s pity. He hums and tries to take control of the conversation, steering it away from him. “Unlike Amenadiel, I still have my grace.”

She slumps back down onto the beanbag, the beans ruffling in the quiet. “So, Amenadiel really is your brother then? I always thought one of you must’ve been adopted.”

“My siblings and I aren’t born, we don’t share genetics like you humans do,” he waves his hand, vaguely gesturing to himself, “obviously. I am clearly much better looking than Amenadiel.”

A little laugh slips from her lips. It’s good to hear. A little bit more proof that she isn’t broken. He’d still have to keep a close eye on her for a while just to be sure. “Why did he fall?”

He sighs, his eyebrows knitting. He’s still not entirely sure about that one himself. Shrugging, he leans back, sinking into the plush cushions of the couch and crosses his legs in front of him. “Not certain. Though,” he adds, holding his index finger up to her, “I would imagine it’s at least partially
to do with him trying to have me killed and succeeding.” She blinks at him several times. “I mean of
 course he felt bad about it and did at least attempt to prevent it in the end. Had to make a deal with
Dear Old Dad,” he says nonchalantly, tilting his head to one side, “but we were all fine in the end. I
believe Amenadiel’s celestial time out has done wonders for that angelic ego of his.”

“You died?” She gapes at him and he questions whether she’d heard anything that he’d said after
that.

He simply nods in response which doesn’t stop her gaping. “Twice now, in fact. You remember the
formula for Doctor Carlisle’s antidote when Chloe had been poisoned?”

She nods, her mouth hanging open.

“You died and went to Hell to save Chloe’s life?”

He frowns. “I did yes.”

“And you think she won’t still love you if she knew? Dude!” She shakes her head in disbelief.

He doesn’t know why that surprises her. He’d do anything for Chloe, surely, she has to be aware of
that by now.

He gives her a look that must convey his displeasure at talking about the previously dismissed topic
because she says, “Right sorry, we’ll talk about Chloe later.” And after a moment of thought she
changes the subject. “So, when you were talking about your twin brother Michael, you meant the
Michael as in the archangel, Sword of God?”

“Yes.”

“So, all of the angels are your brothers and sisters?”

He nods.

“Are any of them on Earth besides you and Amenadiel?”

“There’s Azrael as well. Her work requires her to be on Earth, you see.”

“Her work?”

He hums. “As the angel of death, yes.”

She makes an interested noise. “How come I’ve never seen her? She doesn’t visit you?”

He hesitates, knowing about her former relationship with Azrael and her misinformed belief that
she’s a ghost. He clenches his jaw and twists his ring. She must pick up on his apprehension because
soon she’s looking at him like she knows he’s holding back.

“Lucifer?”

Taking a breath, he leans forward. He can’t lie to her and she seems to be coping with the whole
Devil revelation so, he decides to tell her the truth rather than skirt around it. “You… have met her.
And she did visit me rather recently, but we aren’t on the best of terms at the moment.”
She frowns. “I have?”

He nods, pursing his lips.

“I don’t remember meeting an Azrael.”

He shoots her a hesitant apologetic look, knowing that she probably won’t take this well. “She often goes by Rae-Rae.”

To that she launches out of her seat and in a flash is stood in front of him, wide-eyed, the anger he’d seen earlier slowly seeping into her features. “Rae-Rae is your sister?!”

He nods slowly, shuffling along the couch away from her, lest she decide to attack him again.

“She told me she was a ghost! A ghost! Everyone thought I was crazy! Why would she do that?” She waves her arms erratically, distress settling in her features.

His eyes follow her as she begins to pace the length of the glass coffee table that separates them. “I think you’d be best off asking her that.”

“I don’t talk to her anymore. Because apparently, it’s not okay to talk to,” her pacing stops, and she glares at him, leaning forward slightly menacingly, “invisible ghosts!”

Lucifer swallows, sinking further into the couch. Perhaps telling her had been a mistake. “You could try calling her,” he offers hesitantly, “She would hear you, whether she would respond though….”

She looks at him sceptically. “Are you being serious?”

“Always.”

The look on her face tells him she highly doubts that that is true but, she doesn’t argue with him.

“How?”

“Put your hands together like this,” he demonstrates by pressing his palms together in front of him, “and then, well… just think in her direction.”

She hesitantly copies him, closing her eyes as she does. When she’s done, she looks at him. “What happens now?”

“Well—”

His explanation is cut short by the sudden appearance of Azrael in the middle of the small room. She looks panicked at first, only taking notice of the somewhat distressed Ella. Upon receiving Ella’s icy glare her panic only seems to intensify. Ella looks to Lucifer on the couch, Azrael’s gaze following.

Azrael looks between the pair, grimacing. “Aw, crap.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Ella has a chat with Azrael as she tries to come to terms with recent revelations. Lucifer struggles with the idea of revealing his true self to Chloe.

Chapter Notes

Hello again! Apologies for this chapter taking a while longer than usual, I've been busy with Christmas and such. This chapter seemed to get away from me and ended up being quite a bit longer than I'd intended so hopefully that makes up for the delay! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Azrael glances between the pair and attempts to smile through her grimace though it doesn’t quite fully form leaving her looking awkward and guilty. Lucifer watches the whole thing with a smirk on his face. This is just one of many good reasons not to lie. Her duplicity has come back to bite her in the arse and judging by the look on her face, she knows it all too well.

“Uh…” she says, squirming under Ella’s intense glare and rigidly brings her hand up to wave at her. “Hi?”

Ella continues to stare, her mouth open. Lucifer doesn’t envy Azrael right now. Not so long ago he’d been on the receiving end of an equally fierce look and he knows it’s unnerving, to say the very least. She takes a step forward, fists balled at her side, looking distinctly menacing but, more than that, she looks upset. Lucifer is suddenly overcome with the urge to comfort her. It’d been wrong for Azrael to lie to someone who she considers a friend. Much as it had been wrong for Miss Lopez’s sleazy brother, Jay, to lie to her. Family can’t be trusted but friends, friends should be there for you, as he is beginning to realise.

Azrael looks to him, still sat on the couch. “Does she…?”

“Know?” He raises his eyebrow, at the question she clearly already knows the answer to. “Oh yes.”

“Dang.”

“You told me you were a ghost, a ghost! Everyone thought I was crazy!” Ella shouts as she advances. Azrael holds her hands up in front of her, stepping backwards until she hits the wall of the small room and there’s nowhere left for her to go.

“I can explain!” She grimaces tilting her head, her eyes wide as she looks at some distant spot only she can see. “When you asked me what I was, I panicked, okay! I thought,” she shrugs, looking extremely uncomfortable, “that if I told you I was an angel you wouldn’t believe me sooo I… told you I was a ghost.” Those last words tumble from her mouth too quickly and she grits her teeth.

Ella stills for a moment. Azrael watches her warily and practically jumps out of her skin when she all
but explodes into motion again in front of her. “How is that any better?!” The sudden outburst even makes Lucifer flinch a little.

“Look, Ella. I’m sorry. I panicked. I wanted to tell you, I did, but it was just too weird.”

Lucifer huffs in disbelief. It was the exact same excuse she’d given him when he’d asked why she’d abandoned him for millennia.

Ella seems to deflate, all the anger draining from her as she covers her face with her hand. Azrael stands completely still, looking like the proverbial ‘deer in the headlights’, whilst Lucifer fidgets on the couch. Eventually Ella takes her hand away and starts to rub her temples, pacing the small flat slowly.

Azrael shoots him a questioning look. Miss Lopez’s distress is clearly evident, but it would seem that neither him nor his sister are equipped to help her. Being the source of her distress certainly doesn’t help either.

He desperately wants to help though. She’d seemed to have been dealing well when it had come to finding out his true identity. Yes, she’d been angry at first, but she’d come around after only a couple of hours, much to his surprise. Now though, he fears that Azrael’s revelation had been a step too far for her. He needs to do something, but what?

Thinking back to all the times that Ella had helped him, it hits him. She needs a distraction from everything that’s going on in her head.

Both women eye him cautiously as he rises, retrieving the Xbox controllers from beside the TV. He hands one to Azrael who holds it sideways, staring at him like he’s grown a second head.

“What’s this?”

“A distraction,” he answers, feeling that’s all the explanation she needs, and turns her remote the right way in her hands.

Then he approaches Ella, who doesn’t look convinced at all. He proffers her the remote, but she just looks at him with sadness in her eyes. “How can I play games with you, Lucifer? You lied to me.” she looks back to Azrael, “both of you lied to me. I don’t know if that’s something I can forgive just like that.”

“I’m sorry— We’re sorry. We never meant to hurt you. In our own misguided way, we were trying to protect you.”

Her dark brown eyes are wide and full of conflict as she takes in his apology.

Then she engulfs him in yet another hug. “I’m sorry,” she mumbles into his shirt as he wraps one hand around her, patting her back awkwardly. “I understand why you didn’t tell me, it’s all just a lot to take in.” She pulls away, looking up at him. “I do forgive you,” and then looks at Azrael, “both of you.”

“Thank you,” he says. It means more to him than she could ever know. To know that she has truly, fully accepted him and is willing to overlook his transgressions. He grins at her, holding the remote out once again in silent question.

A close-lipped smile creeps across her face, widening as she takes the remote from him. “How could I ever stay mad at you?”
Azrael and Lucifer are slumped down in the beanbags whilst Ella perches on the couch, all of their gazes firmly fixated on the screen in front of them, controllers in hand.

“Azrael, you’re walking into the wall!” Lucifer cries, waving wildly at the screen.

“I am? I thought I was the cat?”

Lucifer huffs. “Ella is the cat, I’m the bear, you’re the snowman. Now bloody come on the rice is going to be ruined.”

Their little cartoon characters flit around the kitchen onscreen.

“What d’you need, Luce?” Ella asks him as he begins to assemble a dish.

He leans forward, too absorbed in the game to even pay heed to the use of her little nickname for him. “Chicken. Then Beef. And two rice, Azrael?”

“Rice. On it… I think,” she adds more hesitantly.

A second later a rather annoying bleeping sound cuts through their silent concentration. “Azrael! The rice is burning!”

“It is?”

The beeping noise becomes more intense until the pot which had once contained the rice bursts into flames.

“Oh, bloody Hell.”

Lucifer shakes his head whilst Ella makes her way over to the fire. “Where’s the fire extinguisher?”

“Also on fire,” Lucifer notes flatly as the flames spread across the counters of the cartoon kitchen.

“Riiiiight….”

Azrael’s character begins to run around in circles on the screen and she shouts, “We’re all going to die! Aaaaaargh!”

Lucifer slumps back in the beanbag, throwing his head back with a huff as their current game appears unsalvageable and Ella bursts out laughing.

Lucifer tilts his head to look at Ella. “Feeling distracted enough yet?”

She smiles at him, nodding. “Yeah, it’s good to focus on something else for a while other than, you know, the mind-blowing revelation that my best friends are the actual Devil and the Angel of Death.” She pauses for a moment, looking thoughtful and then adds, “I still don’t understand that last part actually. Like, if you weren’t around, people wouldn’t die?”

“I don’t go around killing people if that’s what you mean. I’m sorta like…” she shrugs, “a guide.”
Ella’s mouth forms a little ‘o’ as she nods in understanding. “So you’re just a psychopomp?”

Azrael smiles. “Exactly!”

“So how come I can see you and other people can’t?” Her brows furrow as she thinks more deeply on the topic. “I first saw you after the car wreck.” Her eyes go wide. “Does that mean I—”

“You didn’t die,” Azrael quickly interrupts, “I guess… I made a mistake. False alarm. It happens…” she bobs her head, “occasionally.”

“How occasionally?”

Azrael shrugs, screwing her face up. “Maaaybe… a dozen times.”

“And have you creepily stalked all of those people?”

“What? No! Only you! I mean— I wasn’t stalking you. I just— I don’t know. I guess… I guess I just,” her voice goes small and quiet, “wanted a friend.” She pauses for a long moment. “This job gets lonely and you…” she swallows, glancing meaningfully at Lucifer, “you reminded me so much of what I’d lost. So, I stuck around, we became friends and then well… you know the rest.”

Lucifer’s heart clenches at that. He knows she means him. They’d been close once. In the beginning he’d had Michael and they’d been all but inseparable until Lucifer had started to ask questions. Michael hadn’t understood and they inevitably grew apart. But Azrael… she had always been there for him when he’d had no one else. He in turn was there for her when their other siblings thought it funny to bully her for being different. For not having a clear purpose as the rest of them had. It had remained that way until he rebelled and she left him. For eons. Like everyone does in the end.

Ella shakes her head. “No, I don’t think I do. It can’t be a coincidence that Lucifer just happened to work at the precinct that I happened to get a job at?”

Azrael grimaces, shifting in her beanbag. “I… encouraged you a little. You know, a little mention here, a job advertisement there.”

“You’re the reason I came to L.A.?” Ella asks, her lips parting slightly, her expression edging on distress once again.

“I just planted the idea, you still had a choice. You love it here anyway, right?” Azrael nods her head hopefully, as if the mostly positive outcome of her manipulation makes it any less foul.

“Why? Why was it so important that I came here?”

Azrael opens her mouth to respond but before she can Lucifer speaks up. “It would seem that, yet again, my family were trying to interfere with my life.” He looks at Ella apologetically, “I’m just sorry that you got caught in the crossfire.”

“I wasn’t trying to interfere with your lives. I just saw how much you both needed someone and I thought…” she rubs the back of her neck sheepishly, “I thought that because that person couldn’t be me maybe, you could be there for each other.”

Silence falls across the room.

Ella sighs, rubbing her hand over her face. She looks conflicted, like she wants to be mad but can’t find the energy to do so. Either way, what’s done is done. Azrael’s actions, as misguided as they were, have left them both better off. Ella does love it here, she’s never been quiet about that fact and
Lucifer... well, he has gained a friend because of it. He looks at Ella, turning the events of the day over in his mind. He’d known Azrael had pushed them together and had still opted to continue building their friendship. Ella just has this effect on him, she was there for him when nobody else had been. She’d helped him with Chloe and now she knows the truth and she’s still here. She’s accepted him for who he is and that... that is the most extraordinary thing that has ever happened to him.

He must’ve been quiet for a long time because eventually Azrael shuffles closer to him. “Look, Lu, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you feel manipulated, I was just trying to look out for you, like you used to do for me.”

Lucifer sighs. He has missed his sister deeply. There wasn’t any excuse for what she’d done, but he’d been ready to forgive her when she’d visited his penthouse regardless. If only in hope that they could be what they once were. And then she’d left again.

“I’m glad you two have each other,” she looks between him and Ella, her gaze falls back to him and he sees a sadness in her. “I’m glad you’re happy. You deserve it, Lucifer.”

She rises from the beanbag and he knows what she’s about to do. “Azrael, wait—”

But she’s gone before he can stop her. He rubs his hand over his face. He might have escaped his punishment, but she’s still living hers. He can only hope that that wasn’t the last time he’d see her again for another few millennia. Squeezing his eyes shut, he presses his palms together in prayer.

“Azrael, I forgive you.”

He realises it’s something he should have said a long time ago, he only hopes that now it isn’t too late.

“You okay?” Ella asks.

He hums, lifting himself from the chair, pulling the lines of his jacket straight. “We haven’t been on the best of terms for... well, a very long time,” he tells her with a weak smile that he knows doesn’t reach his eyes.

“Oh. I’m sorry, I wasn’t thinking when I uh... called her.”

“No need to apologise, you had every right to answers.” His phone vibrates in his pocket and he pulls it out, glancing at the screen. Ella shoots him a questioning look as he hesitates to reply. “Chloe,” he tells her, “Wants to know if you’re okay.” Ella frowns and he adds, “After the shooting.”

Realisation dawns her face. “You know, I’d almost forgotten about that with... everything else.”

Lucifer eyes her gingerly. “Are you okay with... everything else?”

She looks up at him, eyes bright, the hint of a smile forming on her face. She nods. “Actually... yeah. I am. I mean it’s all totally crazy, but I mean... you’re my friend Lucifer. Nothing about that has changed, I just... know a bit more about everything now.”

He finds himself smiling back at her. “You are truly an extraordinary human, Miss Lopez.”

She shrugs, blushing a little at the compliment. “What can I say, apparently I’m good at befriending angels.” He chuckles. “Are you going to text Chloe back?” she asks, gesturing to the screen where Chloe’s message still sits unanswered.
“Oh. Right, yes of course.” He replies telling her that everything is fine. Another message comes a moment after, asking if he wants to come around for dinner. He answers with a yes, letting her know that he’ll be there after he’s done at Ella’s.

When he looks back up, he sees that Ella is watching him. “What?”

Her eyes flicker between him and his phone which he promptly slides back into his pocket. “Can we talk about Chloe yet?”

He sighs. He knew it wouldn’t be long before she pushed the topic again, he just hadn’t realised they’d be having this conversation now. “What is there to talk about?” he asks, thinking that Linda would probably call it deflection. He doesn’t think it is. It’s merely him expressing his thoughts that there isn’t anything to talk about because he’s not going to tell her.

“Are you going to tell her?”

“Of course I’m not going to bloody tell her. I’ve no desire to drive her mad or send her running, thank you very much. Not everyone is as strong as you, you know.”

“Don’t you think that she has a right to know?”

He shifts his weight from foot to foot. Of course, she has a right to know, but he can’t just tell her. This is Chloe they’re talking about after all. His everything. At the very best, she’ll reject him and he’ll lose her forever and at the worst she’ll go mad and lose herself. He can’t do that. He has no right to risk her life. For the first time in what feels like forever, he’s actually happy and he doesn’t want to lose it all.

“How can I tell her?” he asks shaking his head, trying hard to keep the annoyance out of his tone. He’s not annoyed at her. It’s the impossible situation he’s being put in.

Chloe does have the right to know. He knows that. By not telling her he’s taking her choice away, just as his Father had done to him by putting Chloe here or Azrael had done by ‘encouraging’ Ella to move to L.A. But in telling her he will almost certainly lose her and he can’t. He just can’t lose her.

He rubs his hand over his face. Suddenly his throat feels tight and breathing becomes more and more difficult. He puts a hand on the top of the sofa, supporting himself as he becomes lightheaded and the air around him seems to become stifling, suffocating him.

“Hey.” And then Ella is there beside him, her hand on his arm. “Just breathe. You’re okay.” Her voice is a soothing anchor, tethering him in reality and he soon feels a pressure release from his chest.

“I-I can’t tell her,” he manages, his voice sounds small and so unlike him. So filled with fear that he’s not used to showing anyone. “I can’t lose her.”

“Okay.” Ella nods, slowly patting his arm. “I know you don’t want to lose her.”

He nods mutely, swallowing hard. “I need to go,” he says breathlessly, pulling his arm away from her. He turns away, intent on heading for the door.

“Lucifer.” Her voice stops him in his tracks. “She’s going to find out eventually, don’t you think it’d be best if it came from you?”

He hesitates, not turning around to look at her. “I’m not ready.”

And without another word, he leaves.
“Hey,” Chloe says as she moves to let him in, “You know you don’t have to knock, right? I mean it’s not like you ever did before.”

He smiles weakly back at her. “Right. Sorry.”

She frowns, taking a step towards him, her hand gravitating towards his arm without a second thought as if it’s where it wants to be. “Everything okay?” Her brows crease with concern, he seems on edge and uncharacteristically uneasy. Maybe he’s more shaken up by the shooting than he’d let on.

He hums, taking her face in his hand, his features softening. “It is now.”

Her heart flutters at his sweet words, but she’s still not entirely convinced. She knows he struggles to articulate his feelings, often opting to hide them rather than talk about them. She often wonders how Linda had managed to get anywhere with him. It’s not his fault though, between his family treating him the way they had and presumably never having anyone to open up to he’d probably been forced into developing unhealthy coping strategies. She doesn’t want him to have to deal with things like that anymore. “You know you can talk to me, Lucifer?” She squeezes his bicep lightly.

“I know.” His soulful eyes twinkle as he stares at her with what she can only call adoration. She feels like she could drown in those eyes. “Thank you,” he adds quietly.

Leaning up on her tiptoes, her lips meet his. She revels in the taste of him, her hand snaking around his waist. He leans into her, his strong hands settling on her hips.

Something in the kitchen beeps and she, regretfully, pulls away, not without lingering a second longer than she probably should first though. She smiles apologetically at him. “I should get that.”

When she rounds the counter into the kitchen he follows like a lost puppy. It only furthers her suspicion that there’s something going on with him that he’s not willing to talk about yet. She sighs as she takes the lasagne out of the oven and starts dishing it out on the three plates that sit on the island counter. She wishes he would open up to her, he’d seemed to be doing better lately so, maybe given time he would.

Shaking herself from her thoughts, she notices that he’s set the table and smiles at him in thanks.

“Trix, dinner!” she shouts.

The girl comes barrelling in from her bedroom and spots Lucifer standing by the table, immediately making a beeline to attach herself to his legs. He flinches a little, but doesn’t make any attempt to prise her away as he once would have. “Spawn,” he greets, looking down at her. “How’s your arm?”

She smiles up at him, pulling away from him slightly to hold out her cast. Her face scrunches up in disgust. “It itches.”

“Oh?”

“But Mommy said that means it’s getting better so, it’s okay I guess,” she finishes with a shrug and,
much to Lucifer’s evident relief, releases him from her grasp.

They settle at the table, eating as they listen to Trixie chattering about some play at school and how she wanted the lead part, but didn’t get it because Sarah from Mrs. Peter’s class got it but that was okay because she got to be an alien on Mars instead that she liked just as much. Lucifer remains unusually quiet, only humming politely every now and again. He usually has at least a couple of comments on her daughter’s rambling stories.

He remains the same way for most of the night, offering no protest, or even as much as a sarcastic comment when she drags them into watching Finding Nemo followed by Finding Dory after dinner.

Later, after she’s put Trixie to bed, she comes up behind him where he’s stood at the breakfast bar and loosely wraps her arms around his waist. He makes a surprised little noise and places his wine glass down on the counter, turning in her embrace to meet her gaze.

“Are you sure you’re okay? You seem… quiet.”

He sighs, rubbing a hand over his face. She hadn’t noticed before, but he looks tired. Not just ‘it’s been a long day’ kind of tired more like he’s carrying the weight of something on his shoulders and it’s exhausting him. “I’ve just,” he releases another world-weary sigh, “got a lot on my mind.” He smiles weakly and then adds, “Nothing for you to worry about, Love.”

She presses her lips together, pulling him a fraction closer. She hates it when he says that, it’s nothing for her to worry about because, she does worry about him, more than she thinks he can understand. “I do worry about you though.” He doesn’t respond but a sad smile crosses his face, a glisten in his eyes that tells her he’s sorry that she does. He shouldn’t be though, she needs him to know that, but she’s got a feeling that no matter how many times she tells him he can talk to her or tells him that she cares about how he’s feeling, nothing can ever repair the damage that was done to him. It doesn’t stop her from trying though.

She sighs, knowing he’s not ready to say more on this and takes his hand. “There’s something else I’ve been wanting to talk to you about,” she says. He swallows hard, his lips parting slightly, his eyes going wide and she quickly adds, “Don’t worry, it’s nothing bad.” It’s been on her mind for a while now, she was going to have to bring it up sooner or later. “We’ve been going slow with our relationship and I know that it’s not what you’re used to, but I care about you a lot and when we do… you know—”

“Have sex?” he asks, raising his eyebrows, the ghost of a smirk on his lips.

She rolls her eyes and smiles at him. “Yeah.” She feels her cheeks flush with heat. “I just want to be sure, you know? I want it to be special.”

“Trust me, Darling it will be,” he says, smirk now fully formed.

“Best night of my life?”

He chuckles. “Definitely.”

“I just don’t want you to feel like I’m holding out or having second thoughts, that’s all.”

His brow creases a little. “I didn’t think that.”

“Okay, well, do you want to stay tonight? No funny business, not with Trixie in the house, I just… I
like being close to you.”

He smiles softly, his soulful eyes sparkling, looking at her as if she’d just given him the moon. “I’d love to.”

~

“She edges closer, her hand gently caressing his shoulder. “You can tell me anything, Lucifer, you know that.”

“I’m afraid…” he swallows, his voice growing hoarse, “I’m afraid it’ll change the way you look at me.”

Shaking her head, she says, “You know that’ll never happen. I love you, Lucifer Morningstar. Nothing will ever change that.”

“And I you.” Hearing those words from her gives him the strength he needs to do this, to finally tell her what she deserves to know. To tell her the truth.

“Chloe…” he steels himself, “I am the Devil.”

She smiles at him, her hand coming up to touch his cheek. “No you’re not. When will you start believing that?”

“I can’t because it’s true.”

Her hand stills, her eyes go wide with horror and before he even realises what he’s done she jerks away from him violently.

“It’s all true,” she manages, all the colour draining from her face. She looks terrified like she’s seen a monster….

He looks down at his hands and sees his own horrible, charred flesh. He didn’t mean to show her, he’s not sure how it happened, but she’s seen and now he can’t take it back.

“Chloe,” he says, reaching a hand out to her. She jumps up off the couch, pulling out of his reach, her eyes still fixed on him.

“No!” She shakes her head, holding her hands close to herself. “Stay away.”

His heart races. “I’m not going to hurt you.” He tries to will his human form back into existence but finds that he can’t. “It’s still me, Chloe.”

“No! You don’t say my name! You’re not Lucifer,” she snarls, slowly backing away from him. “You’re a monster!”

“I…” She thinks he’s a monster. Chloe the love of his life, his everything, is terrified of him. He can’t bring himself to move from the spot. He’s stuck, only able to focus on the fact that he’s lost her
for good.

Then she’s holding her gun out in front of her, trained on him. Her hands shake violently. She wants to shoot him, he can see it in her eyes.

“Please,” he begs, gingerly stepping forward.

“Don’t come any closer.”

“Chloe, it’s me, Lucifer. Please put the gun down.” Choosing to ignore her words, he inches forward a little more, his hands held out to show her he means no harm.

She squeezes her eyes shut, shaking her head and then a shot pierces the air. The pain that blossoms in his chest is nothing compared to the pain of his heart shattering.

Chloe wakes suddenly, at first not quite sure what had woken her, and blinks a couple of times, orienting herself. Beside her, Lucifer thrashes, his face contorted, sweat beading on his forehead.


He jerks awake, half sitting up, wild-eyed and tense.

“Hey,” she says softly, reaching out to touch his arm. He flinches away at the contact. “Lucifer, you’re okay. It was just a dream.”

His shaky, ragged breaths begin to even. “Chloe?” He sounds scared. His dark eyes glisten in the low light of the room.

“I’m here. You were having a bad dream. You’re okay,” she reassures him, though his posture doesn’t become any less tense.

He stays still for a long while, eventually settling back against the headboard. She watches him, wishing that she could help. She wonders if he has nightmares often or if that was caused by the shooting today? She remembers reading an article about PTSD symptoms in survivors of abuse. It’d be understandable considering his upbringing. Eventually when he seems to have calmed down, she slowly moves closer. “You want to talk about it?”

His mouth is downturned in an unhappy line and he squeezes his eyes closed, shaking his head.

“Okay. You know you can tell me anything, though right? If you ever want to talk, I’m here for you, Lucifer.”

He oddly seems to grow uneasy at her words, shifting away from her slightly. Suddenly he pulls himself from the bed, throwing the covers back in one swift motion.

“Lucifer?”

“Need some air,” he replies not giving her a second look as he leaves the bedroom in nothing but his boxer shorts.
She waits a while, giving him space. He obviously needs it. Soon though, she’s waited as long as she’s willing to, she doesn’t want to smother him but doesn’t want him to feel alone either. She climbs out of bed and ventures downstairs but doesn’t find him there. Her heart skips a beat as the thought of him just leaving nestles its way into her mind. Then she sees his jacket, still slung over the back of the couch from earlier. He’d said he needed some air. When she tries the back door, she finds it unlocked.

He’s slumped into one of the garden chairs, his head thrown back staring up at the few stars that can be made out through the light polluted skies of L.A. She hesitates at the door, a soft breeze prickling her bare arms and legs. Wrapping her arms around herself, she makes her way, barefoot across the little patch of grass.

“You okay out here?”

He turns his head, still resting on the back of the chair, to look at her sideways. “You should go back inside, Love,” he says, eyeing her oversized L.A.P.D shirt come makeshift nightgown.

“I’m not going to leave you out here on your own, Lucifer.” She moves to stand next to him, taking his hand in hers and squeezing it gently. “I don’t want you to have to be alone.” She worries her bottom lip between her teeth with the sudden thought that maybe he wants to be. “Unless you want to be,” she adds, the words tumbling out of her mouth a little too quickly, “alone, that is.”

His mouth opens. He looks like he’s about to say something, but doesn’t. Instead, his brow furrows and he pulls himself up to sit in the chair properly, looking at her with his head tilted to one side like he often does when something confuses him. “I… I don’t think I do,” he says slowly, his frown deepening as though he can’t understand why he’d say those words to her.

She wonders if he’s ever admitted that to anyone before. Aside from Maze he hasn’t really had anyone that she knows of to open up to. They both know Maze isn’t exactly welcoming when it comes to talking about feelings. “Okay.” She nods, smiling at him.

He tugs her hand lightly, guiding her around the chair and gestures for her to sit in his lap. She does and is surprised when he doesn’t make a lewd remark about it. The heat from his skin seeps into her. She’s not sure how he’s so warm to the touch sat out here in next to nothing, but she’s grateful for it nonetheless. His free arm wraps around her, his other hand still firmly held in hers. He tilts his head back, staring up at the skies once again. It’s a crystal clear expanse of the deepest blue, stars tiny pinpricks of light fighting to be seen over the slight fuzz of the city’s glow.

“They remind me of a time when things were simpler,” his voice breaks through the peaceful silence of the mostly sleeping city that surrounds them. “That was… a long time ago though.”

She has no idea what he means by that, but in his own way, he’s finally sharing with her. Sensing he’s not quite finished she remains silent.

“I know I can’t go back to what I once was… I’m not certain I’d even want to given the chance, but sometimes it’s nice to remember what it was like.”

“I wouldn’t want you to change. I love you just the way you are.” He turns to look at her, his eyes full of wonder as she leans in to softly kiss his luscious lips.

They sit there like that for a while, staring up at the stars holding each other. She doesn’t want it to ever end but, can’t stifle her yawn betraying how tired she feels. The thought of having to get up in
only a few hours suddenly bubbling to the surface of her mind.

“Come on, Love,” he says prompting her to rise, “you should get some sleep.”

Lucifer hopes that the nightmare was a one off. Their time spent looking up at the stars had been nice, but had ultimately been another reminder of all that she doesn’t know about him, another reminder of how he’s taking her choice away by not telling her.

He doesn’t sleep again that night, laying awake staring at the wonderful woman beside him who has somehow become his everything, turning the idea of telling her the truth about him over and over in his mind. It’s an impossible choice. He’ll surely lose her if he tells her, the chance of another human reacting to him as Ella had is unlikely to say the least and there’s always the chance that she’ll go mad just at the sight of him. In truth, he can’t know how she’ll react, she’s a miracle, one of a kind and he has no idea how that might factor into the equation.

By staying with her and not telling her the truth, he’s just as bad as everyone who has ever manipulated him. He tosses and turns, unable to come to a conclusion on the matter. Every which way he thinks about it, he always ends up losing.

As the days drag on, he wrestles with the decision, the nightmares get worse. Every time he so much as closes his eyes he sees Chloe terrified of him. Sometimes she runs, sometimes she shoots him, each one ends the same though, with his heart an irreparable mess leaving him a hollow husk of what he once was.

Eventually, he gets sick of them, sick of waking up after what feels like mere minutes of sleep, drenched in sweat and gasping for breath and decides the best way to deal with them is to not sleep at all.

Chloe frowns, putting her pen down as Lucifer slumps down into his chair beside her desk.

“Lucifer?”

He looks at her and blinks slowly. “Good morning, Detective,” he says, lacking his usual cheeriness. Her frown deepens. “It’s two in the afternoon. What happened? You look like Hell.”

His hair is an unruly mess as he’s obviously forgone his daily taming which she would honestly find quite appealing under any other circumstances. The dullness in his usually bright eyes and the lines in his face coupled with the creases in his shirt and general lack of care he’s taken in dressing himself tells her something is very wrong. He looks exhausted.

“Nothing’s wrong.”
“Lucifer, you look like you haven’t slept in days and you’re telling me nothing’s wrong.” She remembers the nightmare he’d had a few nights ago when he’d stayed at hers. “Are you still having bad dreams?”

His gaze falls on her, his mouth creased into an unhappy line. A certain sadness lingering within the depths of his eyes. The urge to pull him into her arms and hold him is overwhelming. She doesn’t though, instead, she rises from her seat taking his hand in hers. “Come on, I’m taking you home.”

He follows without question.

She takes him back to his penthouse. He doesn’t say much on the way there and when they get there he flops down onto his bed, face first. She takes his shoes off and manages to negotiate his jacket from him. For a while she sits on the edge of his bed, pulling her hand through his messy hair until he seems to be asleep and leans down to kiss his temple.

She feels bad about leaving him alone when he’s so obviously struggling, but he’s asleep and she can’t just abandon her work. She wonders if he’s seen Linda recently or whether she should call her friend and share her concerns about him. The nightmares must have been triggered by the shooting unless something else had happened that he hadn’t told her about.

Ella bounces up to her desk, her bag slung over her shoulder. “Hey Chloe,” she says with a bright smile, “Is Lucifer around? He hasn’t been answering my calls.”

“He was here earlier, but I took him home.”

“Oh, is everything okay?”

She caps her pen and props her head up in her hand, sighing. “I don’t know, he hasn’t been sleeping well. I’m worried about him. I wanted to go check on him after work, but I have to pick Trix up and Dan’s busy.”

“I can check on him,” she says quickly.

“Are you sure? I wouldn’t want to put you out.”

Ella shrugs, smiling a thin-lipped smile. “It’s no trouble. He’s my friend, I wanna make sure he’s okay.”

“Thanks, Ella. Seriously, I appreciate it.”

He’s not sure how long it’s been since he last slept as he lays sprawled on the couch. Chloe had brought him home earlier. He knew she meant well, but he didn’t want to sleep. Sleeping means dreaming and that means seeing her reject him again. He’s not sure he can take it. So, as soon as he’d heard her leave, he’d changed and relocated himself to the settee. The tv is on in front of him but he can’t concentrate on it for long enough to figure out what he’s watching. His head hurts, his eyes
sting. The buzz of the dozen energy drinks he’d downed about an hour ago has worn off leaving him feeling far worse than he had before.

He doesn’t hear the elevator ding, announcing someone’s arrival to his penthouse. It’s only when she sits down on the couch next to him that he realises someone is even there.

“Hey,” she says softly.

He tilts his head to look at her, blinking a couple of times, trying to decide if the woman in front of him is real or if he’s finally lost his mind. “…Ella?”

She nods, a sympathetic smile on her face. “How are you doing Buddy?”

“What’re you doing here?” he asks, frowning.

“You haven’t been responding to my messages. Chloe said you haven’t been sleeping well, I just wanted to check you were okay. Clearly,” she looks him up and down, her gaze lingering on his fluffy bunny slippers, “you’re not. Cute slippers by the way.”

Pulling himself up, he slumps against the back of the settee, sluggishly rubbing a hand over his face. He glances down at his slippers and squints, he doesn’t remember owning these never mind putting them on.

She shuffles closer to him. “You want to tell me what’s wrong?”

He looses a weary sigh. “I’ve been thinking about what you said. About telling Chloe the truth. I want to, I really do, I just…I don’t know if I could bear losing her.”

“Lucifer,” she takes him firmly by the shoulders, “you’re not gonna lose Chloe. She’s so in love with you. It might take her some time to come to terms with it, but you won’t lose her. I promise. She’s a detective Lucifer, it doesn’t take a genius to realise that what they say about you isn’t true.” She gives a pointed look at his slippers.

“I… I don’t know.”

She rolls her eyes. “Lucifer, listen to me, do you trust Chloe?”

“I do, yes,” he replies without hesitation.

“Then you have to trust her to be able to handle this, she’ll come through, I’m telling you.”

“Okay,” he says nodding, the decision firm in his mind, “I’m going to tell her.”

He slowly lifts himself from the settee, wobbling slightly on his feet and heads towards the elevator, but is stopped by a small hand on his arm.

“Um… you might want to change and maybe take a nap first? You look exhausted.”

He looks down at himself, nodding. A robe and bunny slippers not exactly the best choice of outfit to go see Chloe in. And perhaps a powernap would help to quell his pounding headache.

~
Ella watches as her best friend, the literal Devil, sleeps soundly, face down on the bed. He’d fallen into a deep sleep as soon as his head had hit the pillow. He must’ve been exhausted. Even the Devil needs to sleep she thinks with a little smile.

She takes her phone out and snaps a picture of him, taking a second to admire how adorable he looks before sending it to a no doubt worried Chloe. Hopefully it’ll settle her until he’s ready to see her tomorrow.

She stays the night and ends up falling asleep on his ridiculously comfy couch.

~

Lucifer wakes up slowly, squinting against the harsh light that filters into his bedroom. His head feels groggy from sleep, but he feels better than he has done in days. He slept through the whole night without a single nightmare and he feels fantastic because he’s going to tell Chloe the truth.

After showering and changing into one of his favourite suits, the grey one with the purple waistcoat that he knows she loves, he heads for the elevator and discovers a sleeping Miss Lopez on his settee. Smiling, he reflects for a moment just how lucky he is to have her as a friend who, against all odds, accepts him and is willing to help him be happy. He leans over her, pulling the blanket up to cover her when he notices that she’s no longer wearing her cross. He can’t help but laugh a little at the fact that one of Dad’s precious humans had disowned him in favour of the Devil.

With that he leaves her to sleep, headed for the precinct where he’s finally going to tell Chloe the truth.

~

She spots Lucifer standing at her desk, his back to her. She quickly glances around the bullpen, it’s quiet even for a Sunday morning, the few officers that do mill about pay her no heed. Quietly, she approaches him and wraps her arms around his waist from behind, she wouldn’t usually do so at work, but somehow, she can’t stop herself. She wants to show him he’s loved and giving him affection whenever she can seems like a good way to go about that. He stiffens in her embrace and she can feel his muscles tense beneath his shirt.

“Hey you,” she murmurs against his back. “Feeling better?”

She’s not sure exactly what it is, his lack of response or the way that he doesn’t melt into her touch like he usually would.

No, something about it just feels wrong.

Remaining stiff, he pulls out of her embrace and turns to face her, that’s when she realises why it had felt so wrong.

It isn’t Lucifer.
“Chloe Decker, I presume,” he grins, tilting his head at her and extending a hand that she’s all too familiar with, “Michael. Pleased to finally meet you. I’ve heard so much.”

Chapter End Notes

Anyone wondering what game Lucifer, Azrael and Ella were playing - it's called Overcooked and it's like a crazy co-op cooking game. Love it. Ha.

Also am I sorry for another cliffhanger ending? No I am absolutely not :P
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Michael causes trouble whilst Lucifer tries to figure out what he's up to.

Chapter Notes

Hello again and Happy New Year to you all! :) Again a slightly longer chapter than I intended but I hope that sort of makes up for the longer wait between them! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chloe gapes at the man standing before her. It was obvious to her the instant he turned around that it wasn’t Lucifer. He looks exactly like the man she knows, the exact same towering stature and, she could feel when she hugged him that he had the same deceptively muscular build. Even the way he’s dressed is very similar, a well fitted, expensive looking three-piece suit except, he wears a thin matching necktie. She’d never seen Lucifer wearing a tie.

The differences between them, slight though they may be, make it strikingly obvious to her that it isn’t him. Unlike Lucifer, his hair is wildly curly, untamed locks of dark hair, slightly longer than his brother’s. His face is clean shaven. He’s not wearing a ring like Lucifer’s either, she’s never seen him without it. The thing that stands out most though is, despite his smile, he lacks that spark in his deep, brown eyes. That depth of emotion and vulnerability that she’s beginning to see more and more of. Lucifer’s eyes always betray his emotional state, it’s one of the things she loves about him, the fact that she can physically see in his eyes his love for her. The eyes that stare back at her now though, as similar as they may be, hold none of that. They regard her with an icy, unfeeling glare. It’s enough to send a shiver down her spine.

She realises that she’s been staring at his outstretched hand for a beat too long and his toothy smile fades away. Uneasiness seems to settle in his features, a light grimace appearing on his lips as he slowly drops his hand.

“Are you broken?” he asks, sounding surprisingly genuine, raising a quizzical eyebrow at her. “You humans,” he says shaking his head, “much more fragile than I remember.”

Her mind reels at his words. "You humans”’ sounds so very like Lucifer. “I… uh, no,” she replies, shaking her stupor. “It’s just, I didn’t realise—”

“My brother hasn’t mentioned me?” He scoffs a little, stuffing his hands into his trouser pockets. “Figures. Suppose he’s still mad then…” he says, more to himself than to her.

Lucifer has an identical twin brother that he’s never told her about. She wonders why, though she’s beginning to understand the biblical theme of his delusion, having siblings called Amenadiel and Michael.
“If you’re looking for him, he’s not here.” She glances to the forensic lab and sees that it’s still empty. Ella had told her the previous night that she was staying with Lucifer to make sure he slept properly, as far as she knows they’re both still at the Penthouse. She studies Michael for a moment, debating whether to tell him where Lucifer is. If it’s true what he said, that Lucifer is mad at him, he probably wouldn’t appreciate her sending him to the Penthouse. “I can call him and let him know you’re here if you want?”

Michael holds up a palm to her. “That won’t be necessary. I’ve heard he doesn’t stay away from you for long.” His eyes narrow as he leans into her personal space, nose wrinkling as he analyses her with a scrutinizing gaze. It makes her skin crawl and she takes an involuntary step backwards. “What I can’t understand is why, though,” he murmurs quietly, again seeming like he’s talking to himself rather than to her.

After a long, tense moment he sighs and straightens himself. “I’ll just wait here.”

She feels uneasy about the whole situation. From what she knows of Lucifer’s relationship with his family it seems… strained to say the least. It’s not her place to interfere but, she worries that Lucifer’s brother, with whom he’s supposedly angry at for something, dropping by unexpectedly will just upset him. She’s already worried about him not sleeping well, this could very well push him over the edge.

She worries her lip between her teeth as she sits down at her desk, watching as Michael wanders towards Dan’s empty desk and begins to pick up and examine his knick-knacks. She really shouldn’t interfere. Maybe Lucifer won’t come in today anyway.

~

Dan leaves the breakroom, pudding in hand, the smile on his face lessening when he spots Lucifer loitering by his desk.

“Hey, Man, what’s up?” he asks, taking his seat and leaning back. Lucifer looks at him with an odd expression that lacks any recognition. Something strikes Dan as seeming off about him but, then again, something seems off about him every day. The guy is a weirdo and Dan has quickly learnt not to think to much about his strange behaviour.

Lucifer continues to stare at him, a smile quirking the corners of his mouth. “Did you need something?” When the other man continues to stare, he adds, “Seriously, stop staring at me like that. You’re giving me the creeps.”

“Apologies,” he replies, tilting his head, “it’s just you’re rather intriguing, aren’t you?”

“What the Hell is that supposed to mean?”

Lucifer places both his hands, fingers splayed on his desk and leans forward until their faces are mere centimetres apart. “There’s something different about you, Daniel Espinoza. You have a hidden strength I can’t quite identify…” he trails off, his brow creasing and eyes narrowing.

Dan pushes back, his chair rolling on the smooth floor until he hits the desk behind him, successfully getting out of range of Lucifer’s… Lucifer-ness. “Look dude, if you’re hitting on me, no offense but, I’m not interested.” He holds his hands up in front of him. “Besides aren’t you with Chloe?”
The other man straightens suddenly and hums. His eyes dart between Dan and his desk and he rapidly snatches the pudding that he’d set down and strides away.

“HEY! Give that back!” Dan leaps from his chair and follows him around the corner but when he gets there Lucifer is nowhere to be seen. A few sheets of paper land on the floor by his feet as if blown by a gust of wind. Dan frowns as he picks them up, placing them back on the desk and makes his way back to his own.

He plonks back down into his chair, fuming that Lucifer had had the nerve to steal his pudding from right under his nose. He’d known it was him all along stealing it from the breakroom fridge, but now he doesn’t even have the decency to do it sneakily.

The dude’s a freaking whack job and he’s going to give him a piece of his mind the next time he sees him.

~

Lucifer strides into the precinct, anxiety gnawing at his insides like a starving rat. He’s going to tell Chloe, Miss Lopez could handle it and he trusts Chloe can too. He trusts in her. With each step closer to her desk though, the paralyzing fear of being rejected creeps back just a little bit more.

Halfway across the precinct, Daniel appears in the periphery of his vision and puts a hand on his arm halting him. “What the Hell is wrong with you?”

Lucifer frowns. Dan seems to be angry at him for something, but he doesn’t remember doing anything that would upset him. He opens his mouth to reply but is cut off when Dan speaks again.

“That, earlier, was totally outta line! Just,” he huffs, his face tinted slightly red, fists curling at his sides. “Last warning. Stop touching my stuff, Man and I won’t have to report you to the lieutenant.” He lifts his chin, determined gaze meeting his. “Alright?”

Lucifer’s frown deepens. Earlier? He blinks a few times, completely baffled by the Douche’s odd warning. He watches as Dan huffs and turns, storming away from him back towards his desk leaving him stood, staring after, wondering what had just happened.

He’d clearly been mistaken. Lucifer hadn’t touched anything of his today, how could he have when he’d only just gotten here?

After standing in the middle of the bullpen for a few long minutes pondering over what he could’ve possibly meant, he spots Chloe approaching her desk, an open file in her hand. She hasn’t noticed him yet. His heart skips a beat, the strangeness with Daniel forgotten in an instant as his previous anxiety comes flooding back stronger than ever.

He takes a deep breath, steeling himself and strides over to her. He’s going to tell her everything. Not here of course, he’ll ask her if they can talk somewhere else. But it has to be soon before he loses his nerve.

“Detect— Chloe,” he corrects himself. Old habits die hard, as they say.

She looks up from her file, perfect blue eyes wide and flings her arms around him. The move catches him off guard and he tenses in her embrace before relaxing into it. He brings his arms up,
encompassing her, holding her tightly against him. A voice inside reminding him that this could very well be the last time she allows him near her and he plans to make the most of it.

Disappointment washes over him when she pulls away slightly, her arms still wrapped loosely around his waist, but he’s left feeling bereft, nonetheless. Her eyes glisten as she looks him up and down. “Are you okay?” she asks, her face so full of concern for his well being that it stings a little, knowing that it could be the last time she looks at him like that.

“I’m fine.”

“I was worried about you that’s all, after yesterday,” she reaches up to touch his face. His skin tingles beneath her fingers. “And now with your brother showing up, I was worried something was wrong…” she trails off.

He frowns, looking over her shoulder to glance around the precinct. “Amenadiel was here? What did he want?” Before she can answer, he waves a dismissive hand, “Actually never mind, he can wait. I have something much more important to tell you—”

She puts a hand on his forearm. “Lucifer, it isn’t Amenadiel.” She points somewhere behind him. He turns, following her line of sight.

“What the bloody Hell is he doing here?!” It’s almost as if a flip switches in his mind, moving him from anxiety to anger so fast that it’s almost enough to give him whiplash. He feels rage boiling inside him and spins on his heel to face her, taking her firmly by the shoulders. “Has he hurt you? I’ll tear him limb from bloody limb!”

Michael. That Bastard. How dare he show up here. He grits his teeth and begins to stride towards where his brother is lounging against a filing cabinet.

“Lucifer.” Chloe catches his arm as he goes, taking his hand and effectively stopping him.

He turns back to her, the softness in her touch and the caring in her eyes enough to tame his rising fury, if only for a moment. She always seems to have that effect on him. The ability to soothe him and allow him to see clearly even through the thick, red haze that clouds his judgment.

“He hasn’t done anything to me,” she pauses, squeezing his hand. Some of the tension he’d felt a second ago bleeding away. He hasn’t hurt Chloe when he seems to have had ample chance to do so if that was what he’d wanted. But that still begs the question, what is he doing here? “Look, if he’s going to be a problem, I can make him leave. You don’t have to speak to him if you don’t want to.” Her thumb rubs soothing circles over the back of his hand as she speaks.

Somehow, he doesn’t doubt that she could stare down his brother if she wanted to. His Detective is headstrong, and it would seem she doesn’t let even archangels intimidate her. What a sight it would be to see Michael, Dad’s mightiest warrior put in his place by his Chloe, but, no he can’t allow her to fight his battles for him. “No, thank you. I’ll deal with this.”

“Okay,” she says, lightly touching his cheek. “Just keep it civil okay? I can’t have you two fighting in the middle of the precinct.”

He nods. He wouldn’t dream of fighting Michael here, not with Chloe here, he’d never forgive himself if she got hurt. “Of course.”

And with that he strides off to collar his sorry excuse for a brother.
He walks across the precinct, gaze firmly locked on his brother who is leaning against a cabinet, eating what looks like one of Dan’s puddings with a stupid smirk on his face. That’s probably why Daniel was angry with him, he realises.

“Michael,” he hisses, grabbing his brother by his jacket and towing him towards the empty conference room.

“Brother! You came, finally,” he replies with an easy smile, putting up no resistance as Lucifer drags him away.

Lucifer opens the glass door and pulls him through none too carefully. Michael trips through the door, narrowly avoiding falling and seems to put a great deal of effort into saving ‘his’ pudding.

As soon as the door is shut Lucifer whirls on him, his entire body tensing as a surge of anger courses through his veins. “What,” he snaps, “are you doing here, Brother?”

Michael looks him up and down with one eyebrow raised, slowly takes another spoonful of pudding and pops it into his mouth before responding, “That’s no way to greet your brother is it, Sammy?”

“Do not,” Lucifer snarls, fists balled at his sides so hard that his nails dig painfully into the palms of his hands, “call me that.”

“Why?” he asks, tilting his head to one side. “That’s your name, is it not?”

Lucifer takes a breath, attempting to calm his racing heart. He promised the Detective he wouldn’t fight. “Not anymore,” he mutters through gritted teeth.

Michael hums, waving his spoon in Lucifer’s face. “Is that right?”

“My name,” he takes another breath, “is Lucifer.”

His brother chuckles. “Light-bringer. Of course, you were always fond of that little… party trick.”

He knows the comment is intended to wind him up and unfortunately it succeeds. Lucifer tries his best to keep his growing rage under wraps though. For the Detective if nothing else, he’d happily smash his brother’s face into the ground right here if not for his promise to her. So, he lets the comment slide to avoid the inevitable fight that would come if he pursued that particular topic of conversation. “It seems I have to repeat myself, Brother. What are you doing here?” he asks again, slowly enunciating every word to make himself extra clear.

“Well,” Michael moves to lean back against the edge of the table and makes an amused little noise, “Imagine my surprise when I heard that my brother has fallen in love with a mortal.” His eyebrows creep towards his hairline and he chuckles again. “You! Of all our siblings. I couldn’t quite believe it so, I thought I’d come and see for myself.”

Lucifer frowns, trying to piece together what exactly his brother means. “I’ve been with lots of mortals, you’ve never visited me before.”

“You’ve never loved one before though, Sammy! In fact, I remember you despising them, but here I find you now, toiling amongst them.” He holds his hands out to his sides. “It would appear you’ve changed, Brother!”

“Right…” he replies slowly. “And why do you care?” he asks, eyeing his brother with suspicion. He has to be up to something, he always is.
Michael shrugs. “Call it… curiosity.” He turns, surveying the precinct beyond the glass of the conference room. “That’s her then?” he asks, pointing to Chloe.

Lucifer doesn’t reply.

“I have to admit, they are quite fascinating, these humans. Though I’m not sure what you see in her, doesn’t seem anything special to me.”

That does it. He grabs his brother by the collar of his jacket and feels the hellfire roaring in his eyes as he easily pulls the other man towards him.

A look of feigned innocence crosses Michael’s face. “Oops. Did I hit a nerve, Sammy?” he asks with a smile that suggests he knows exactly what he did. “Still got that wicked temper I see.”

“Enough. I don’t know what you’re really up to and I don’t care.” He lets go of his collar, shoving him backwards. “Leave. Now. Before I make you.”

He rolls his eyes, an amused puff of air slipping from his lips as he places the now empty pudding cup on the desk in front of him. “Still a drama queen as well then,” he chuckles.

“I said LEAVE,” Lucifer roars.

Michael holds his hands up. “Fine. Leaving.” He opens the glass door and takes half a step outside before pausing. “Oh and, Sammy,” he glances over his shoulder to his Brother, a smirk on his face, “see you round.”

~

Chloe watches as Michael leaves the conference room. Lucifer doesn’t follow, he stands watching his brother leave and then sinks down into one of the chairs, leaning over, holding his head in his hands. He looks like he could use someone so she’s there in an instant for him.

“Hey,” she says, taking the seat next to his and rolling it closer. Her hands itch to hold him, but she doesn’t want to invade his personal space whilst he’s so clearly distressed. Like a startled cat, he has a tendency to be flighty when he’s upset. “Everything okay?”

He shakes his head, face still covered by both his hands.

“Want to talk about it?”

For a long moment he says nothing. She knows it’s best to give him time, let him set the pace.

Suddenly he lets out a weary sigh, one hand dropping limply to his side, the other scrubbing over his face. “Seeing him brought back a lot of… unpleasant memories.”

Slowly edging forward, she takes his hand.

He looks up at her, a fond smile pulling at his lips. “I know he’s up to something. Dad must’ve sent him. I just don’t know why.” He huffs, his gaze dropping to the floor as he rubs his temples with his long fingers. “I’m sorry,” he says shaking his head slightly.

She squeezes his hand. “You’ve got nothing to be sorry for.”
“I….” He trails off, his gaze meeting hers again. He exhales a sad sounding noise. “Everything’s just been a bloody mess recently. I’m sorry you have to put up with me. I’m bloody pathetic.”

“Lucifer,” she says firmly, taking his face in her hand. “You’re not pathetic. I know things have been difficult for you lately but, I’m always here for you okay? You can tell me anything.”

His dark eyes grow wide as he presses his lips into a thin line. She can see conflict stirring in his features. “I….” He stops and takes a breath, his Adam’s apple bobbing along the smooth line of his throat as he swallows. She wraps her other hand around his, sandwiching it. “There’s something I want to tell you. I’ve wanted to tell you for a while now.”

He pauses again, briefly squeezing his eyes shut and taking a few deep breaths to steady himself before meeting her gaze again. “Chloe, I—”

“Hey Chlo,” Dan pops his head around the door to the conference room. His eyes dart between the two and an apologetic look crosses his face. “Sorry to interrupt, I just thought you’d wanna know, your suspect’s just been brought in. He’s in interrogation room one now and it sounds like he’s ready to confess everything.”

“Okay. Thanks Dan. I’ll be there in a minute.”

Dan bobs his head and retreats, closing the door behind him.

“Sorry about that. What were you going to say?”

Lucifer blinks at her, his mouth slightly open and pulls his hand from between hers, the momentum causing his chair to roll back slightly. “I… uh. It’s not important, Detective,” he stammers, rising from the chair. “Go solve your case.”

“Lucifer,” she calls after him as he makes a hasty retreat out of the room. He doesn’t stop though, doesn’t look back. She’s left staring after him as he walks away.

It really is like dealing with a spooked cat with him. Damn Dan for interrupting.

~

He doesn’t go far. He can’t. Not with Michael hanging around. He doesn’t want to risk leaving Chloe alone in case he comes back. He seemed to realise how important she is to him and he wouldn’t put it past his brother to use her as leverage against him in whatever scheme he’s cooking up. Michael doesn’t do anything without Father’s command, well, the last time he’d seen his brother he hadn’t anyway. He’s sure nothing’s changed. He’s still a colossal prick after all.

He’d been so ready to tell Chloe the truth and then he had to show up, ruining everything. Just like old times.

With a hefty sigh, he drops his cigarette butt and crushes it underfoot before meandering back into the precinct to check on the Detective.

She’s sat at her desk, filling out paperwork. He hesitates for a moment before walking over and
sliding gracefully into his chair at her side. She stops writing and looks up at him.

“I thought you’d left,” she says, her brow creasing ever so slightly.

He gives her a wide smile though his heart isn’t in it. By the look on her face she knows it. “No,” he replies, “just went for a smoke.”

“Right.” She bobs her head a couple of times. “Well, I just closed a case so, I’m finishing up my report. You can go if you want, there’s nothing really for you to do.”

“Well done, Detective, another murderer brought to justice. If you don’t mind though, I think I’ll stick around.”

Her eyes narrow slightly, and her mouth opens making her look vaguely like she’s going to question him, but thinks better of it and simply nods in response, turning back to her paperwork.

After an hour or so of watching the Detective fill out form after form, in what seems to be a never-ending stream of paperwork, he grows restless. She hasn’t asked him about the abrupt end to their conversation earlier. He has a feeling that she wants to though.

It’s when he starts playing with her little toy police car that she puts her pen down, her annoyance palpable though he can’t think why.

“You know, you could help me,” she says, “it’d get done a lot quicker.”

Oh. That’s why.

Lucifer grimaces. “Paperwork really isn’t my thing, Detective. Besides,” he sighs, rising from his chair, “I believe the danger has passed. I doubt Michael is coming back.”

She frowns. “That’s why you’ve been sat here this whole time? Is your brother really that bad?”

“He is,” he replies quietly.

An uneasy silence falls between them. She worries her lip between her teeth as he adjusts his cufflinks and tugs his jacket sleeves straight. “Anyway,” he clears his throat, “I best be going. If he shows up again, please call me.”

When he arrives back at the Penthouse, Ella is still fast asleep on his sofa.

He stops at the bar to pour himself a drink, mind still turning over the day’s events. He sighs downing the drink and pours himself another when Ella stirs on the couch.

She sits up, throwing the blanket she’d commandeered to one side and stretches her arms above her head, letting out a long, contented sigh.

“Good morning,” he says, tipping his glass to her. She squints at him and rubs her eyes with the back of her hand.

“Mornin’,” she yawns, covering her mouth with her hand. “What time is it?”

“Almost noon.”

Her hands drop, and she stares at him with wide eyes. “Damn. Good job it’s my day off or I would
be *totally* late.”

He chuckles a little. “Indeed you would.”

She swings her legs over the side of the settee, rises and walks over to join him at the bar.

“Thank you,” he says, “for last night.”

She shrugs, a shy little smile curling her lips. “That’s what friends are for. Did you sleep okay?”

“Like a baby.” He downs his drink.

“And you’re going to tell Chloe today?” He hesitates which she clearly notices because a disapproving look crosses her features. “Lucifer?”

A slight grimace appears on his face. “That was the plan, yes. I’ve been to the precinct already.”

Her eyes widen, her mouth opening. When he doesn’t reply she waves a hand in a motion that says *don’t-keep-me-in-suspense.* “And?”

“Well I was about to tell her and then there was, well a… problem.”

Her eyebrow arches as she looks up at him. “What sort of problem?”

He clears his throat, shifting his weight awkwardly from foot to foot. “My Brother showed up.”

“Amenadiel? Why is that a pr—”

“No Amenadiel.”

Her eyebrows creep towards her hairline. “Another brother? Who?”

“Michael.”

Her jaw goes slack, her eyes widening further. “Like… Michael, *Michael? As in the archangel?*”

“Don’t forget biggest prick in the Universe,” he quips, waving a dismissive hand.

“Riiiiight…..” She blinks a few times. “Like *whoa.*”

He turns to face the bar placing both of his hands flat on the cold surface. “I was so ready to tell her,” he says quietly.

Her hand touches his shoulder. It frankly still amazes him how comfortable she is around him even though she knows the truth. She hasn’t seen his nastier side though, not that he could show it to her even if he wanted to. “It’s okay, there’s still time, right?”

He nods, swallowing hard.

“What happened with Michael?”

Sighing, he rubs his hand over his face. “We talked. I tried to get him to tell me why he’s suddenly decided to drop in, but he wouldn’t give me a straight answer. Always was a devious bastard.” He turns to her. “I’m afraid he’s up to something, Ella. He seemed awfully interested in Chloe.”

“Is he…” she hesitates, “*dangerous?*”
“Oh yes. We’re all dangerous. My siblings and I, that is. Whether he intends harm though, I really can’t say.” He shakes his head lightly.

She swallows, paling slightly. “You are?” she asks quietly.

He frowns, blinking a few times as his brain deciphers her meaning. His heart skips a beat when he realises. He holds up a hand. “I mean you no harm.”

“I know!” she replies quickly. “I know that, I do. I just… I mean, you said that you had powers but, I didn’t really think about it too much at the time.”

He hums, realising there’s still rather a lot he hasn’t told her.

“What makes you dangerous? I mean,” she adds quickly, with a look of awe, “do you have like superpowers?”

“I suppose you could say that.” He smiles.

She stares at him, eyes bright with an open-mouthed smile. “Come on dude, don’t leave me hanging! What sort of powers?”

He chuckles. It’s funny that a topic that would terrify most humans fascinates her. She really is special. “Well there’s telekinesis. That one’s particularly useful.”

“You can move things with your MIND?!” She practically vibrates on the spot. “Show me!”

“Sort of,” he says with a grin. “It doesn’t have a very long range and it’s not particularly powerful, but it is very useful for manipulating locks. Do you have a coin?”

She shoves her hands in her pockets, retrieves a quarter and hands it to him.

“Thank you.” He places the coin in the palm of his hand and manipulates it to rise in the air. She gapes, an awe-filled sound slipping from her lips. He flicks his thumb, causing the coin to spin on its axis.

“Wooooaaah….”

The coin drops into his hand and he passes it back to her. “And then of course, there’s what the Detective calls my ‘desire mojo’, ” he chuckles.

Ella nods. “Seen that one. So, what is that, like, mind control? Wait, can you read minds?”

“No, I’m not a bloody Jedi!” he scoffs. “Why does everyone always think that?”

She laughs, pushing his arm amicably. “What else?”

“Well, there’s my wings. Arguably my most dangerous asset.”

“Your wings are dangerous? How?”

“Why, because they’re weapons of course.”

Her face goes blank, her brow creasing slightly. “Weapons?” she parrots.

“Yes. My siblings and I, we’re warriors. Our wings are very effective weapons.”
She swallows, opening her mouth like she wants to say something, but hesitates. He nods, raising an eyebrow, as if to tell her she can ask whatever it is she’s clearly holding back. “Can I… see them?” she asks slowly.

He folds his arms in front of him, sighing heftily. She’s already seen his eyes, he doubts seeing his wings is any risk to her, but still, there’s a nagging feeling inside of him. Something that doesn’t want to show her. Maybe because that’s not who he is anymore.

“It’s okay, if you don’t want to, I mean. I understand,” she says quickly, picking up on his unease.

He doesn’t want to hide anything from her though. Not anymore. Not when there’s no need to.

Silently, he steps away from the bar, making sure there’s plenty of space either side of him and then rolls his shoulders, unfurling his wings behind him.

Ella’s jaw drops. Her features slackening, her eyes filled with awe and wonder as she takes him in. Her hand rises and she slowly steps towards him, pausing just before her hand comes in contact with his feathers. She looks at him for a second, clearly the wings don’t affect her as they do most humans. “Can I…” touch them she doesn’t say but, he understands regardless and replies with a small nod.

She gently touches the surface of his feathers and then runs her fingers through them. “They’re… amazing,” she breathes.

He can’t help but preen a little at the compliment.

“Lucifer,” she pulls her attention away from his wings and turns it back to him, “you have to show Chloe.” She smiles sweetly at him. “Forget about Michael, whatever he’s up to, you can still show Chloe. They’re beautiful, she will love them.”

“I…” He swallows, his throat suddenly constricting. “You really think so?”

“I know so.”

~

Lucifer sits at his piano, fingers hovering over the keys. After a moment he sighs and drops his hand, picking up the empty tumbler from the top of the piano and rises, walking over to the bar. He selects a random bottle and pours himself a generous helping.

He thinks about the conversation he’d had with Ella yesterday, she’s right, he can still tell Chloe the truth. He will not let his brother interfere with his life again. He hasn’t made another appearance yet, despite his little ‘see you round’.

It’s Friday, he checks the time. Chloe will be done at work soon and, if he’s correct, Daniel has the Spawn for the weekend. Perfect.

Picking up his phone, he sends a quick message to Chloe.

Lucifer [16:56]: Any plans tonight?
A reply comes almost immediately after. He can’t help but smile at that.

_Chrise[16:57]: Nothing special. Have something in mind?_

_Lucifer [16:57]: There’s something I want to tell you. Perhaps I could bring dinner? Chinese?_

_Chrise [16:58]: Sounds great. About 6?_

_Lucifer [16:58]: Perfect. *Devil Emoji*_

Lifting his glass to his lips he downs his drink in one mouthful and turns on his heel to retrieve his jacket.

A gust of wind sweeps through the apartment stopping him in his tracks. Lucifer scoffs. Unbelievable. Of course, he chooses now to show up again.

“I’ve been thinking,” he says, his voice cutting through the quiet.

Lucifer turns to face his brother. He’s still dressed in the same clothes he had on the other day at the precinct. “Oh?” Lucifer replies with feigned interest and then adds with a nasty smirk, “Did it hurt?”

Michael frowns, his face creasing in confusion. “Did what hurt?”

Lucifer scoffs at his brother’s idiocy. Too stupid to insult it would seem. Nothing really has changed after all. “What do you want, Michael?” he asks, making sure his tone conveys how little interest he has.

“I’ve been thinking,” he begins again, “you supposedly love this human woman—”

“Chloe,” he snaps. “Her name,” he takes a breath through gritted teeth, “is Chloe.”

Michael nods. “Right. You supposedly love her, but does she love you?”

“Why do you care, Michael? Hm? You haven’t cared about me for _Eons_,” he snarls, letting his anger reign. Now that it’s just him and Michael there’s nothing to lose, he can finally say what he’s wanted to since he first showed up. “And now here you are, _intruding_ upon the life I’ve made for myself. You have _no right_.

His face falls. “You’re mad at me?” he asks with a seriousness in his voice that makes Lucifer want to throw something.

“Of course, I’m _bloody mad at you!_” he roars, his whole body tensing. “Did I not make that clear?”
Michael stands, dumbfounded. His eyebrows knitting in confusion. “Why?”

“Why?” An incredulous laugh slips from his lips. “WHY? You’re telling me you don’t bloody know?” His muscles strain as he tenses, his fists balled at his side, barely containing the rage that’s been brewing for centuries within.

His brother just stares blankly back at him.

“You betrayed me, Brother.” His mouth downturns in an ugly mix of anger and sorrow. His brother, with whom he’d once been inseparable had turned on him, led an army against him and struck him down, casting him into Hell. Now he has the audacity to ask why he’s angry. “You were supposed to protect me,” he continues, his voice shaking and wrought with emotion, “Instead you fought against me, abandoned me!”

“You know that wasn’t personal, Sammy. I was following Father’s orders. There was nothing I could’ve done.”

He can feel the hellfire burning, a terrible inferno in his eyes as his brother simply shrugs at him. “That’s just it, Michael,” he spits the name, his face contorting, jaw tensing, “you could have stopped it all. But no. Good little Michael always does as Dear Old Dad says, even condemning your little brother, who you promised to protect, to be vilified for Eons! To be warden of humanity’s filth!”

“Sammy.” He takes a step forward, raising a placating hand. “I didn’t come here to fight with you.”

“What did you come here for then?!”

Michael advances until they’re standing no more than a foot apart. His face softens and for a second Lucifer sees the old Michael, the one who hadn’t forsaken him. His brother who’d had his back through everything.

“Isn’t it obvious? I came, Brother,” he says, raising a hand to Lucifer’s face, “to forgive you.”

Lucifer slaps his hand away, pulling back from his touch. “Forgive me?” he snarls. “What, pray tell, have I done that merits your forgiveness?”

His face creases. “You disobeyed Father. You left us—left me.”

“I left you?!”

Michael nods, firmly, seemingly not intimidated by his anger. “Father tasked me with monitoring both you and Azrael here on Earth. I saw your little conversation with the human, Ella Lopez. It’s time, Sammy, this,” he gestures between them, “has gone on long enough. It’s time I forgive you and we can return to the glory that we once were!”

He can’t believe his ears. He stares at the other man in disgust. “You don’t understand, do you? You’ve never understood,” he utters, shaking his head, his lip curling slightly. “You’ll never understand.”

“That’s the final straw.”

Lucifer roars, bringing his fist up to swing for Michael. He easily dodges. “And there’s the infamous temper.”
Undeterred, Lucifer lunges forward pushing his brother into one of the bookshelves. The shelves break with the force, sending books flying to the floor. Michael recovers quickly and twists around him, getting his arm around his neck, holding him in a headlock.

“You don’t want to do this, Sammy. You know I’m stronger than you.”

Lucifer growls, struggling against his Brother’s hold. “Oh, I do want to do this,” he says as he elbows him in the ribs, using the momentum to free himself and turns to deliver a swift kick to his chest that sends him flying across the room. He slams into the wall, cracking it, dusts and chips of stone exploding into the air with the impact. “I’ve wanted to do this for eons.”

He picks himself up off the floor quickly, casually brushing stone dust and debris from his jacket. He sighs, eyeing his brother, an air of disappointment in his expression. “I thought you’d changed, Sam.”

Lucifer growls, lashing out in his Brother’s direction, charging towards him.

“It would seem I was mistaken,” he says just as Lucifer barrels into him, bracing him against the wall with his forearm to his throat. “Do I have to show you the error of your ways once more?”

“Do shut up, Mike!” Lucifer snarls, delivering a swift blow to his Brother’s face.

Michael takes it, a trickle of blood running from his nose. “With pleasure,” he replies with a nasty smirk. He delivers a powerful blow to Lucifer’s stomach, causing him to stagger backwards and then follows through with a few powerful shots to his head.

For a second the world spins, black dots appearing in his vision, the metallic taste of warm blood filling his mouth.

This is them. He remembers it all too well.

Taking advantage of his momentary loss of senses, Michael tackles him, throwing them both into the piano, a shower of wooden splinters exploding around them as the instrument buckles beneath their weight.

They both struggle, grappling with each other in a fight to gain the upper hand. Michael’s superior strength gives him an advantage and, in the end manages to pin Lucifer to the floor, striking him repeatedly until the world is nothing more than a swirling blur of red and black and pain.

“I gave you a chance. I thought you’d have learnt the first time, Sammy, but nothing’s changed. You’re still the same, questioning our Father’s plan,” he spits, sneering down at him. “Just give up. Like you gave up last time. It’s the only thing you’re good for.”

Taking advantage of his brother’s pause, Lucifer roars, using a surge of rage-fuelled energy to overthrow him. Michael topples onto the floor, surprise on his smug face. “Oh, that’s how you want to play. So be it.”

He jumps to his feet before Lucifer can pin him, his wings unfurling behind him. The feathered limbs stretch wide in the flat, knocking over vases and ornaments.

Lucifer runs at Michael, but razor-sharp feathers slash at him, slicing across the length of his forearm. He stops, looking down at the cut as the blood soaks into the material of his shirt. “Never could fight fair, could you, Mikey?” he growls.

“It’s not my fault you choose not to use Father’s gift to you. Although it still wouldn’t be a fair fight
even if you did, I’m still going to beat you, Sam, like I’ve always beaten you,” Michael leers, clearly trying to get a rise out of him. It works.

Lucifer unfurls his wings, charging forward towards his Brother. They tumble into the living area, furniture smashing as they exchange blows, lashing out at each other with their wings. Long cuts lance his body. Blood soaks his shirt. Michael’s fist connects with his face several times in quick succession making him see stars. His mind grows fuzzier, his body weaker with each blow. When he manages to get a shot in it surprises Michael and he stumbles backwards over what remains of the glass coffee table. Lucifer takes his momentary lapse in concentration to launch them both through the glass and onto the balcony. Plant pots shatter, a sea of glass shards rain down around them as they both hit the hard, tile floor with a thud, landing in a tangle of bloody, feathery limbs.

Michael kicks at him, his foot connecting with Lucifer’s jaw as he pulls away, getting behind him. He kicks Lucifer in the back as he pulls himself to his feet, sending him sprawling into the living room face first.

Before he can scramble to his feet, Michael slams a booted foot down onto his arm. There’s a sickening crack and white, hot pain radiates through his body. He grits his teeth to stop himself from screaming. He pants, his breathing ragged. Blood runs down his face, stinging his eyes and blurring his vision.

“Had enough, Sammy?” he asks, taunting him.

He takes a breath and braces himself for a surge of pain as he yanks his arm out from under Michael’s foot, momentarily knocking him off balance, and scrambles to his feet. He’s suffered for eons because of his Brother and now is his chance to deliver punishment. He’s not going to let it slip through his fingers.

He swings clumsily, almost tripping over his own feet and misses.

Michael uses the opportunity to slam into him, pushing them both into the bar. His head hits the wall. A wave of nausea washes over him. Bottles fall, smashing to the ground making the floor slick. They both tumble into a pile. Michael manages to get above him, a knee in his back, an arm behind the joint of his wing, holding him to the floor with all his weight.

He lets out a laugh that edges on maniacal as he yanks on his wing sending pain shooting throughout his entire body. His vision fuzzes around the edges as he struggles to remain conscious against the wave of agony that riddles him. He remains limp on the floor, his body jerking as Michael jabs his knee painfully into his back and rises to stand beside him.

He can see Michael in the periphery of his vision, a disgusted look on his face as he stares down at him. Lucifer desperately wants to get up and fight him, wipe that look off his stupid face, but he can’t. Everything hurts. His muscles scream at him. His limbs refuse to cooperate as he pours all his remaining strength into attempting to get up and fails, falling back to the floor.

His vision swims. His head pounds. Seconds stretch as he fights against the pull of oblivion.

“I don’t know why I bother,” Michael sighs. “You, Samael, are nothing but a disappointment.”

The world turns black.
Lucifer doesn’t show up at six. At first, she thinks he’s just running late, probably got held up at the take-out. Or in the Friday rush. She calls him a few times, but he doesn’t pick up.

Minutes turn to hours as she perches uneasily on the edge of the couch turning her phone over in her hands. He probably just forgot to charge his phone and is running late she reasons, attempting to sate her worry. She clicks her phone on and checks the time. More than two hours late….

Don’t panic, she tells herself. She’s probably worrying over nothing.

He’d just seemed so upset these past few days, what with the nightmares and then his brother showing up. She fidgets, pulling the too long sleeve of her woollen jumper, wrestling with her gut feeling that something is wrong.

Taking a breath, she dials Ella, maybe she’ll know where he is. To her relief she picks up the phone after the first couple of rings.

“Hey Chlo, what’s up?” her cheery voice comes across the line.

“Ella, hey. I was just wondering if you’d heard from Lucifer today?”

There’s a pause that serves only to intensify her worry. “He hasn’t been answering my calls. Is everything okay?”

Don’t panic. She takes a shaky breath repeating the words in her head like a mantra. “That’s what I’m trying to figure out.” An image of the Penthouse, the furniture covered in white sheets flashes through her mind’s eye. What if he’s run off again? Or worse. She takes a second to calm her nerves, there’s no sense in overreacting. She should go to the Penthouse and check if he’s there before she panics. “I think Something’s wrong, Ella. I’m worried.”

“Have you checked the Penthouse?”

“Not yet.”

“Right,” there’s the sound of ruffling fabric and movement on the other end of the line, “we should check there. I’ll meet you there in twenty minutes.”

Chloe nods, more than grateful for her friend’s trust and support in her. “Okay, thanks Ella.”

~

She meets Ella outside Lux almost exactly twenty minutes later. Her friend immediately engulfs her in a hug.

“You didn’t have to come, Ella.”

Ella looks up at her, brown eyes wide. “I wanted to Chloe. I’ve been worried about Lucifer ever since his brother showed up.”

She nods in agreement. Something seems off about that brother of his. He clearly upset Lucifer when he showed up unannounced, but there was something more than that. Lucifer had seemed to think he
was up to something and from the way he’d been acting she’s inclined to believe him.

They make their way into the club. It isn’t open yet, but the bouncers on the door recognise the pair and let them in without argument. Patrick flits back and forth behind the bar whilst other members of staff appear to be making preparations ahead of the club opening.

“Patrick,” Chloe says as she approaches the bar.

He turns on his heel to face them, an easy smile spreading across his face. “Chloe, Ella! What can I do for you?”

“Is Lucifer in?” Ella asks before Chloe has a chance to.

Patrick shrugs. “I haven’t seen him today, but his brother was here earlier looking for him as well. Didn’t know the boss had a twin. I think he went upstairs.”

The pair share a look. Worry swirls in the pit of her stomach.

“Thanks, Patrick,” they say in unison, giving nods of appreciation to the bartender.

“No problem.”

The elevator ride up to the Penthouse seems to take an excruciating amount of time. Nothing could have prepared her for what she saw when the doors finally opened on the top floor.

The Penthouse is completely trashed. His piano lay, a splintered mess of wood and ivory keys. The bar is destroyed, alcohol dripping from dozens of smashed bottles, filling the air with an overwhelming, sickly scent of whiskey. Bookshelves lay in ruins, the settee is toppled over, windows shattered, glass littering the floor.

And in the middle of it all lies Lucifer, face down, two radiant, white wings sprouting from his back all drenched in blood.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know, cliffhanger again. It would seem I can't quite help myself! :P
Chloe and Ella deal with the aftermath of Lucifer's fight with Michael.

Chapter Notes

Really wanted to get this posted before Lux con as to not leave you hanging too long and I managed to get it done, hooray! Hope to see some of you there! :D
Oh and p.s. I wanted to say a big thank you to all you lovely folks following this story, leaving kudos and comments. You are all awesome! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chloe stands, rooted to the spot. Her muscles refusing to move and her mind refusing to believe the truth that is so blatant before her now.

Her eyes are fixed on them. The wings splayed out behind him, stretching wide across the floor of the apartment. He has wings. Wings. She can’t bring herself to tear her gaze away. Despite the ruffled feathers and blood that coats them they seem to radiate light.

They’re beautiful. Beautiful on a level that shouldn’t exist. It’s completely surreal. She’d thought the wings she had seen at the auction had been gorgeous but these… these are something else. Otherworldly.

Her mouth goes dry as she contemplates the truth behind that. Because they aren’t from this world—He isn’t from this world.

It’s all true.

He’s the Devil.

And suddenly it’s like the world is falling away at her feet. How she manages to remain upright is beyond her. She’s vaguely aware of Ella beside her, a gasp slipping from her lips before she hurries across the room and drops to her knees beside him without a care for the swirl of liquor, blood and glass that covers the floor.

Chloe watches as she gently touches his neck, cradling his head in her hands. She lets out a relieved sigh. “He’s alive,” she says looking back to her, “there’s a lot of blood though....” Her lips part slightly, her eyes going wide. Worry saturates her features as her eyes flicker between her and Lucifer. “Look, Chloe,” she starts slowly, “I know this is a lot but, there isn’t time to freak out right now. We have to help him.”

When she doesn’t move Ella rises and takes a few careful steps towards her. “Look at me Chloe.”
She swallows hard and, after lingering a moment longer, manages to tear her eyes from him to look at her friend. She’s stood barely a foot in front of her, a smudge of blood on her face and her jeans already soaked through at the shins. She firmly places a hand on each of her shoulders, as if silently commanding her eyes to stay on her and not move back to the angel in the room.

“He’s still the same, Chloe. He hasn’t changed.”

She opens her mouth, but no words form on her lips. What can she say? She just found out her boyfriend is the literal Devil and that means everything is real. Heaven, Hell, God….

Oh God.

Her breathing quickens as her mind spirals at the thought. Her whole life she hasn’t believed in all of it but, it’s true. It’s really fucking true. All this time he’s told her the truth and she’s refused to believe it despite all of the weird things she’s seen. How could she have been so stupid?

She’s pulled from her thoughts when Ella gently shakes her shoulders. “This is Lucifer we’re talking about. Look, forget all the Devil stuff for a minute, do you love him?”

Her throat constricts. Lucifer. He’s her partner.

He’s the Devil.

Her best friend.

He’s the Devil.

She squeezes her eyes shut and tries to block out the annoying voice in her head. For a second, she tries to imagine her life without him. She can’t though. He and Trixie, they are her everything. She loves him with all her heart, she does.

You can’t love the Devil. He’s evil.

No, he isn’t. She fights against herself, that voice in her head reminding her of everything she’s ever been told about the Devil. He’s a tempter, Prince of Lies, a deceiver. The root of all evil. Ruler of Hell. Torturer….

That isn’t her Lucifer though, is it?

How can it be? He acts like a twelve-year-old at the best of times for God’s sake, and he certainly has the attention span of one. Is it all an act? Had everything he’d done for her just been an elaborate lie?

Oh God. She covers her face with her hands only now realising that she’s on the verge of hyperventilating. Is she losing her Goddamn mind?

This is Lucifer they’re talking about. He’s not evil. He can’t be. She can’t let herself believe that. Not yet. Not when he needs her.

Help him now, freak out later, she reminds herself.

Finally opening her eyes again, she sees that Ella is still staring at her waiting for an answer. She opens her mouth to respond but, can’t make her tongue work. Instead she just nods.

Ella’s face is creased in concern. “Okay. We need to help him. I can’t do this on my own Chloe.”
She nods again and somehow finds the strength to pull herself from the woman’s hold and take a step towards him, her eyes more focused on the man rather than the wings. She was right, there is a lot of blood. Suddenly panic bubbles within her and she dashes forward, falling to her knees at the side of his head.

Gently, she places her hand on the side of his face. It’s bloody and bruised and she is overcome with an overwhelming sense of fear and sorrow. He has to be okay. He has to be. “Lucifer?” She tries to coax a response out of him, dragging her fingers along his stubble, but he doesn’t stir.

She needs to assess his injuries properly, it’s difficult with him being face down on the floor though. There’s a nasty gash in the back of his head that oozes blood; that alone is enough to worry her, but his right arm is twisted at an angle that shouldn’t be possible and at least two of his slender fingers look broken. A deep cut slices across the flesh of his left forearm, the blood soaking into his surprisingly, mostly intact shirt sleeve.

Her eyes land on where the wings meet his back. They somehow seem to go through the fabric of his shirt, but it isn’t ripped. Her brain stutters at that for a moment before she pulls herself out of it, mentally scolding herself.

Help him now, freak out later, she repeats again.

Taking a breath, she steadies herself and returns her attention to his wings. His left wing is bloody were it meets his shirt and the whole limb seems to hang at a different angle to the other. She’s not sure how they are supposed to look, but she guesses that it shouldn’t be like that. With all the blood covering his feathers it’s difficult to tell what’s injured, but there’s one thing she knows for definite: they are not equipped to deal with this. And she hasn’t even considered the pool of blood he’s lying in that seems to centre around his middle.

She stands and looks at Ella, rubbing a hand over her face. “I don’t even know where to start. He needs a doctor, Ella.”

“We can’t just call an ambulance, Chloe! Look at him, he has wings!”

“He’s going to bleed out if we don’t do something!” she shouts, desperation slipping into her tone. She hadn’t meant to shout at her, but she’s letting her emotions get the better of her and who can blame her really? The man she loves is bleeding out on the floor in front of her and she feels helpless to stop it.

Ella takes a breath and visibly steels herself before walking over to his side and leaning down. “Okay then, let’s do something. We need to try and move him…. Maybe to the bedroom?”

She nods, moving to his side and mirroring Ella’s position. “How are we going to do this?” she asks, giving a pointed look at his wings.

“Um… just try and grab him under the arms.”

They both do just that and as soon as they try to move him, he lets out a pained cry.

“Lucifer!” She lets go and drops to her knees beside him. His breaths are coming in short pants and only one eye is slightly cracked open, but he’s conscious so that’s a good sign.

She takes his face in her hand as his eye flutters closed and sluggishly opens again. Tears wet her cheeks and a watery smile pulls at her lips as his unfocused gaze manages to settle on her.
“…Chlo…” he mumbles, voice thick and half muffled as his face is pressed against the floor.

Her fingers brush against his cheek. “I’m here, Lucifer.”

“M’ sorry….”

Her hand stills as her mind desperately tries to comprehend what he’s trying to apologise for.

“Didn’t want—” A spluttery cough wracks his frame cutting him off. Blood splatters his perfect pink lips. She knows he shouldn’t be talking, but she can’t bring herself to tell him to stop. After the cough dies down, he takes a shaky breath and continues, “You t’ find… out like… this.”

She lets out a breath she hadn’t realised she’d been holding as something finally clicks in her mind. He’d been trying to tell her something at the precinct the other day and they’d been interrupted by Michael and then Dan.

“There’s something I want to tell you. I’ve wanted to tell you for a while now.”

And then the text she’d received. He wanted to tell her. That has to count for something doesn’t it? If he had been lying to her all this time why would he want to tell her? “Lucifer,” she begins but stops when she realises his eyes are closed once again and his breathing evens out.

As much as his ebbing consciousness worries her at least he won’t be in as much pain. She sighs and sits back wondering how her life has led to this.

Ella looks up from where she’s inspecting his wing. “This doesn’t look right.”

“I thought that.” She nods and then shakes her head, awkwardly closing one eye. “I mean, I don’t know what they’re supposed to look like exactly but…..”

The other woman hums in agreement.

She pulls her gaze away from the blood on her hands and looks up at her. “So, you knew, huh?”

A guilty look washes over her features, her brown eyes going wide. “I did.”

“How long?”

“You remember that shooting the other week?” When Chloe nods, she continues, “I, uh… saw things that shouldn’t be possible.”

“Oh.”

Ella’s gaze falls to the floor. “Anyway we should… you know….” She waves her hand vaguely at Lucifer and goes to grab him under the arm again.

Chloe joins her and after a long struggle they manage to get him into a position leaning against the bar that doesn’t crush his wings behind him. He slumps down as soon as they let go, sliding on the slick floor, his head lolling forwards.

She can now see where the pool of blood on the floor had come from. There’s a long, thin gash across his stomach that’s seeping blood. The front of his once white shirt in tatters. Chloe kneels down in front of him and unbuttons it to get a better look. Briefly turning back to Ella, she asks, “Do you know if there’s a first aid kit in here somewhere?”

“I’m not sure. Bathroom maybe? I’ll go look,” she replies venturing off into the depths of the
apartment leaving her alone with him.

The cut is still bleeding badly, they really need to do something about it soon otherwise— She shakes her head, stopping that train of thought. Now isn’t the time to think like that. She presses her hands to his stomach doing her best to staunch the flow of blood and is surprised when a whimper tumbles from his lips. “Lucifer?”

His eyes drift open. They’re bloodshot and his gaze is unfocused, but he seems to see her because he mumbles a soft, “Chloe…” and tries to lift his arm. He winces violently, and she finds herself lifting her hand to gently touch his bruised cheek.

“Hey, Sweetie,” she whispers softly, doing her best to blink the tears back and offer him a weak smile. “Just relax, okay? Don’t try to move.”

“‘Re you mad at me?”

Her brow creases at the question. He sounds upset. He’s probably confused from the blood loss. “Why would I be mad at you?”

His dark brown eyes leave hers, falling to his lap. “For not telling you,” he croaks.

She pauses for a moment, not entirely sure how she feels about it all anymore. The one thing she does know though, is that she does love him. She doesn’t want him to die on her.

It’s not like he was particularly hiding the truth from her. In fact, he’d told her the truth from the very first time that they’d met, she’d just refused to believe it. And if she’s right about him wanting to tell her the truth once and for all she can’t exactly be mad at him over it can she? “Is this what you were trying to tell me?”

He replies with a weak nod.

“Then, I’m not mad at you, Lucifer,” she says, her thumb gently tracing patterns over his cheekbone. “We’ll talk about it later, okay? Right now, we need to get you fixed up.”

He lifts his head, his soulful eyes meeting hers, filled with a look of awe. Leaning his head back against the bar, his eyes droop to half-mast.

She knows he must be hurting, but she should really try to keep him awake. He no doubt has a nasty concussion and the fear of him passing out and never waking up again settles deep in her bones, chilling her to her core. “I know it’s hard, but I need you to try and stay awake.”

Perking up a little, he lifts his head and nods, mumbling a groggy, “I’ll try.”

“Did Michael do this?” she asks remembering what Patrick had said and attempting to keep him talking.

He just nods, blinking sluggishly as he struggles to stay awake.

Her cop instincts kicking in she asks, “Do you think he’ll come back?” This looks like more than just a tiff between brothers. It looks like Michael had tried to kill him and there’s always the possibility that he’d come back to finish the job.

Lucifer shakes his head, his lips parting slightly. “Don’t think…” he pauses, taking a shaky breath, “so.”
“Good.” She sighs a breath of relief. “That’s good.”

She glances down at her hands still pressed against his stomach. They are slick with deep crimson, barely a patch of clean skin left on her hand and she realises she’d wiped it all over his face. As his eyes lazily drift closed once again she scrambles to come up with something to say to him, anything to keep him talking. Her eyes flicker to his bloody wings, rows of misaligned and ruffled feathers desperately begging her to straighten them. “Is something wrong with your wing?” she asks.

He doesn’t respond straight away but one wing ruffles slightly, perking up. Whether he moves it, or it’s responding to her mention of it, she can’t be sure. The other wing lays limp on the floor, the longest feathers at the very end of the wing quivering slightly. It’s hard to tell what he’s feeling, but his mouth downturns and she can’t help but feel a pang of sadness for him. “’T hurts…” he finally responds, his voice thick with pain.

“I know,” she says, her heart breaking for him, “I know it hurts. I want to help you, I just don’t know what to do.”

He swallows thickly, his Adam’s apple bobbing along the smooth line of his throat. His jaw tenses as he manages to move his limp arm to rest his hand on top of hers, his eyes beginning to glaze over. “Azrael…” he manages to utter quietly before passing out again, his head slumping forward so that his chin is resting on his chest.

She pulls a hand out from beneath his and places it on top, sandwiching his hand and giving it a light squeeze. She doesn’t know who Azrael is, one of his siblings maybe, or if he was trying to tell her something. Perhaps Ella would know.

Ella returns a few minutes later with two band aids and a bottle of vodka. “Stands to reason that an immortal dude wouldn’t have a first aid kit,” she sighs, setting the bottle down on the bar. “Hey, won’t they have a first aid kit in Lux?”

Chloe nods. “They should do yeah.” She thinks about what Lucifer had said and looks up at her. “He was awake again. Michael did do this to him, like I suspected.” A disconcerted look crosses the smaller woman’s face. “He doesn’t think he’ll come back. I asked him about his wing too.”

“What did he say?”

She presses her lips together, shaking her head slightly. “I think he was confused. He just said that it hurts and something like ‘Azrael’. Does that mean anything to you?”

Ella’s eyes go wide, her mouth forming an ‘o’ shape. Without answering she presses her hands together as if in prayer which has Chloe frowning. Her face screws up in concentration and after a minute she opens her eyes and looks around the room. “Come on!” she shouts into the empty apartment.

Chloe glances around, idly wondering if Ella has lost her mind when a gust of wind sweeps through the room from nowhere. A figure with jet black wings appears from thin air causing her to jump a mile.

The woman rolls her shoulders and the wings disappear like they hadn’t been there at all. She’s overcome with the urge to rub her eyes or pinch herself or something to make sure what she’s seeing isn’t some hallucination. That this is really all happening, and she hasn’t just gone completely insane. She blinks a few times, but the other woman doesn’t disappear. After a quick look around the room...
she seems to spot Ella, they exchange some sort of hushed conversation that Chloe doesn’t quite catch in her stunned state.

Ella points her and Lucifer and the other woman practically lunges towards them. Chloe finds herself almost falling backwards where she’s crouched as the woman dives onto the floor beside him, but holds herself steady, not wanting to take pressure off his wound.

“Lu!” the woman cries, taking his slack face in her tan hands. Chloe watches intently as the woman inspects his injuries and then turns to her. Her wide brown eyes bear a striking resemblance to Lucifer’s, but the rest of her features couldn’t be more different. “Chloe?” she asks, her eyes wild with panic.

Chloe nods, frowning as she wonders how this person—*angel* knows who she is.

“What happened?”

Before she can answer Ella appears behind her. “Michael attacked him. Chloe this is Azrael,” she quickly explains, “Lucifer’s sister.”

Azrael’s eyes look like they might pop out of her head as she grimaces, her gaze flickering between the two. “Michael’s here?!” she asks, distress evident in her voice.

“He’s gone. Lucifer said he isn’t coming back,” Chloe answers.

The Angel sighs, relief flooding her features. “Good.”

Chloe frowns. “Isn’t Michael your brother? Why would he do this?”

“Michael is a bully. He always was.” Her gaze goes distant as she pulls a hand through her brother’s dark, curling hair. “I don’t know why Lu looked up to him like he did. Well… until, you know,” she shrugs.

When she doesn’t continue, Chloe doesn’t push. As much as she’d like to know more about well… *everything*, the most important task right now is helping Lucifer. “Ella can you go get the first aid kit from Lux please?”

“Right. On it.”

She’s not sure whether to feel apprehensive about being left in a room alone with Azrael or not. She doesn’t seem dangerous and if Lucifer trusted her perhaps she should too. Watching her go over his wounds with meticulous care settles her somewhat. When she gets to his wings though she grimaces, sorrow dawning her features.

“What’s wrong?” she ventures to ask, breaking the silence that has fallen over the apartment.

“His wing is pretty messed up. Michael always did like to go for the wings.” She shakes her head, her expression distant.

“Can you help him? He asked for you.” She hesitates, giving the other woman—*angel* a look up and down before asking, “Do you have like… healing powers or something?”

Azrael frowns and turns to her. “Lucifer hasn’t told you a lot about me, has he?”

She can only shake her head at that. He’d never even mentioned a sister as far as she can remember. “So, how does Ella know you?”
The other woman opens her mouth to respond but is cut off by Ella. She hadn’t even heard the lift arrive.

“She used to stalk me,” Ella replies, her face the picture of seriousness.

“I did not!” Azrael cries and then pauses, grimacing before adding with a half shrug, “Okay, maybe a little.”

Chloe stares at the pair, mouth open, eye twitching just a little. “Wait… what?”

“Long story,” Ella says with a sigh.

*Right. Isn’t everything.*

They quickly set to work with the newly acquired and much needed first aid kit. Chloe manages to mostly close the cut that mars his stomach using butterfly stitches though it probably needs actual stitches, she’s done the best she can.

Meanwhile, Azrael works on his wings, a beautiful, hushed song spilling from her lips as she does. It’s unlike anything Chloe has ever heard. The language is foreign to her ears, but the words seem to offer peace and serenity nonetheless. As she works Chloe finds herself enraptured by her movements, tender touches filled with love and care as she methodically straightens and cleans each feather. It’s clear to her that Azrael cares a great deal for her brother. Chloe can’t help but wonder again what had happened between them to make Lucifer omit her from his life.

Eventually they get him mostly cleaned up and, to Chloe’s surprise, Azrael easily lifts him despite the massive height difference with practiced grace and places him face down on the bed. His wings cascade to the floor around him, covering the floor either side of the bed. Azrael then skittishly looks around the room, shifting her weight from foot to foot.

“Don’t let him put his wings away, no matter how much he says it hurts,” she firmly tells her. “He should be fine in a few days.”

“Wait!” Chloe says quickly, sensing unrest in the angel. “You’re leaving?”

Azrael blanches, flinching a little. “I need to. I have… um… stuff I need to… do,” she says, squirming under Chloe’s interrogating gaze. “He’ll be fine now. Just, you know, stay with him.”

“O-okay…” Chloe says, sensing urgency in her vague explanation. It’s obvious that she doesn’t want to leave, but she has to.

“Thank you, Chloe.” And then she’s gone, leaving her alone with a soundly sleeping Devil.

~

Chloe stands just on the perimeter of his bedroom. The sun has long set over the city of L.A. plunging the bedroom into darkness save for the faint, ethereal glow that emanates from his outstretched wings. The man himself snoozes soundly face down in a pillow, his bandaged arm resting on another pillow by his head.
“You okay?” Ella whispers as she approaches from behind.

She sighs and rubs her hand over her face. “I don’t know, Ella. I really don’t.”

The other woman takes her arm, leading her away from the bedroom towards the balcony. She’d swept up the majority of the glass and other debris, but the apartment is still in complete disarray.

They settle, leaning against the railing, taking in the sea of twinkling lights softly illuminating the darkness before them. Ella doesn’t say anything, so they stand side by side in companionable silence.

“I don’t know what I thought. At first, I wondered about him, tried to figure out what I was missing. I knew there had to be something and then… then he saved mine and Trixie’s life and it just didn’t matter anymore, you know?” Ella nods silently. “I just accepted that there were things I’d never know about him and carried on, telling myself I needed the eggs.” Ella gives her a funny look at that but doesn’t interrupt. “There were always these moments though, when I’d see just how much he’d been hurt in the past, I guess I just thought he’d been abused or neglected or… something. I know he doesn’t lie, but I thought he was telling his truth. I’d be lying if I said that I never thought that there was some truth to the things he said but…” she shakes her head, turning to face Ella, “how was I supposed to believe that?”

Her mind flickers back through the past few years, through everything they done together. Every weird, unexplainable thing that had happened around him. How had she not seen it? It all seems so obvious now.

“I mean,” Ella says with a shrug, her gaze distant as she leans on the railing, “that is still true. He may not be human, but he still has a family who clearly don’t treat him right. His brother just beat him to a pulp, his Dad threw him into Hell and who knows what else? What sort of person does that to their kid?”

Chloe just shakes her head in disgust. She’s right, she can’t even begin to imagine the horrors he’s had to endure. He didn’t want any of it and he’d told her from the start. Bile builds in her throat as she remembers the horrible scars on his back. He’d really had Maze cut his wings off.

She rubs her temple trying to fend off the splitting headache that’s threatening to creep in on her. It’s all just so much to take in. There are so many questions that she wants to ask but she’s sure of one thing at least. If Ella has known for as long as she has and is still his friend, then she’s sure she has nothing to be afraid of. He’s the same Lucifer he was before, her sweet, immature best friend who always makes her laugh and who’s endless shenanigans never cease to amaze her. Who she is deeply, madly in love with.

And if tonight has taught her anything it’s how devastated she would be to lose him.

~

Lucifer wakes to pain. Everything hurts. He groans keeping his eyes closed and pushes his head further into the pillow. Michael has really done a number on him this time. He vaguely remembers talking to Chloe, but it’s mostly a hazy blur and he can’t quite remember what was said. What he does remember is her staying with him, despite all she’d seen. He doesn’t understand why, after he’d hidden so much from her, she would stay with him and help him as she had. It just doesn’t make sense.
When he hears someone moving in the room he slowly peeks out from the relative comfort of his pillow, cracking an eye open he sees a familiar figure standing by the window looking out, golden hair faintly illuminated by the city’s lights.

“Chloe?” he mumbles, not able to decide whether she’s real or he’s just hallucinating. She can’t have stayed, can she? She knows he’s the Devil, why would she stay?

She quickly turns to face him, blue eyes wide and sparkling in the low light of the room. “Lucifer, you’re awake.”

He grumbles, wishing that he wasn’t. Yes, the sweet, painless embrace of sleep would be very welcome about now. At least Chloe, real or not, is here with him though. “What’re you doing here?” he mumbles into the pillow.

He feels the mattress dip as she sits on the edge of the bed beside him. “Where else would I be?”

He can hear the confusion in her voice which only serves to deepen his own confusion. He lifts his head to look at her properly but immediately regrets it. His vision swims and the world blurs, a stabbing pain shooting through his head. “Don’t understand,” he says, slumping back down into the pillow.

Then her hand gently touches his head, fingers trailing soothing patterns over his scalp. Surely this must be a dream? She can’t really be here. Does he normally feel pain in dreams? He can’t remember.

Another groan slips from his lips. He tries to roll over. But his arm throbs painfully and he can’t seem to make it move. And his wings, the left one to be specific, screams in white, hot pain at every little movement he makes.

“Lucifer just relax, you’re okay,” her voice drifts through the air when he squirms too much, sounding like music to his ears.

So, he does, basking in the feel of her beside him and the touch of her fingers against his skin. If this is a dream, he never wants it to end.

He feels his body relax and soon finds himself pulled into oblivion once again.

~

“Michael?” Samael asks tugging at his older brother’s dark robes.

“What?” Michael snaps back, whirling to face him, eyeing him with disgust.

He faulters, feeling slightly guilty for annoying his brother.

“What is it Samael? Can’t you see I don’t have time for you?”

Samael offers an apologetic smile to his brother but asks his question regardless, hoping that Michael will come with him. “Can we go flying like we used to?”

At first Michael says nothing and hope blossoms in Samael’s chest only to be crushed a second later when he begins to laugh, regarding him with an incredulous smirk. “Pfft! I’m not going flying with you Sam, you pathetic little cretin. Why don’t you go play with Uriel or something? You’re about as
pathetic as each other."

“But Mi—”

“What?! Can you not see when you’re not wanted? Are you that obtuse?” Michael scowls at him as Samael feels his lip quiver. Don’t cry, he tells himself. “Go on then!” Michael shouts, kicking him to the floor. His wings splay around him as he falls onto his back. His brother just laughs and turns to walk away.

“Pathetic…."

“You are worthless, Samael. A disappointment. A mistake,” he snarls the last word as he kicks his younger brother to the ground, putting a foot on his wing to stop him from escaping. “You disobey Father. You are a disgrace to this family.”

“I have done nothing!” Samael screams, squirming, desperately trying to get away from his brother. “You’re on the wrong side, Michael. Can’t you see that?” His muscles strain as he tries to dislodge himself from under the boot.

Michael grits his teeth, holding his sword to his younger brother’s neck. “No, Sam, I am a loyal son, I do as Father commands, not like you. You coward,” he spits.

Samael feels rage and hurt swirl within him. Why is Michael doing this to him, fighting against him? He’s his older brother, he’s supposed to protect him. “Why, Brother—”

Michael’s face contorts into an ugly, hateful expression. “You are no brother of mine,” he says as he plunges his sword into Samael’s stomach and twists the blade before pulling it out and sneering down at him. Deep crimson spills from his stomach and all of his resistance vanishes in an instant. As he feels his life slipping away his brother kicks him. “Enjoy the trip, Sam, I’ve heard its hot where you’re going.”

And then he’s falling. Splitting pain exploding from every inch of him. Almost as painful as his brother’s words to him. Almost.

~

“Lucifer wake up,” she says, gently shaking him and taking his handsome face in her hand as his eyes snap open. Panic resides in the dark depths of them. He tries to sit up, the fear of whatever he’s dreamt about still lingering in his head, but winces and falls back into the pillows. “You were having a bad dream.”

His breathing is shaky as he tries his best to bury his head in the pillow, pulling the cover up to hide his face. Whether he’s hiding from her or whatever had scared him she can’t be sure. “Are you okay?” she asks hesitantly.

He shakes his head into the soft down, a muffled grumble she can’t make out tumbling from his lips. “Do you want to talk about it?”
He shakes his head again.

“Do you…” she pauses, thinking about how silly it sounds but remembers him once saying something about it helping with feelings, “want ice cream?”

The cover is slowly moved away from his face, his wide, brown eyes peeking out from under as he looks at her with a sadness in his face that makes her want to pull him into a hug and never let go. He looks so innocent, so child-like. It’s hard to believe that this man is the Devil.

He nods slowly, a watery smile forming on his lips.

She can’t help but chuckle and run her hand through his curly, black locks as she rises in search for ice cream.

When she returns, he’s managed to sit up, his wings out behind him somehow. She can’t even imagine how on Earth he’d manoeuvred the huge limbs in a room like this, especially when it seems he doesn’t have much movement in them. He leans against the headboard shovelling Chocolate fudge brownie ice cream into his mouth like there’s no tomorrow. This is the most lucid he’s been so far, and she carefully thinks about what to say to him.

“So, it’s all true, huh?” she asks, standing by the side of the bed, a smile playing on her lips as she watches him devour the pint. “Slow down, you’ll get brain freeze,” she scolds.

“’Fraid so,” he replies around a mouthful of ice cream. Then he pauses, spoon half way to his mouth and frowns. “Brain freeze?” he asks with a puzzled look on his bruised face. “Sounds bloody awful.”

She raises a questioning eyebrow. “You’ve never had brain freeze before?”

He just shakes his head, continuing his apparent mission to finish the pint in record time. She sighs wondering how she’s supposed to take him seriously knowing he’s the actual Devil. It seems to her that humanity has really gotten the wrong impression of him because he isn’t a bad person, isn’t evil, he’s just—

An idiot she thinks as he clutches his head in his hand, panic in his eyes as he screws his face up in pain.

“What the bloody Hell?”

“Brain freeze,” she sighs, “I did warn you.”

She sets herself down on the bed beside him, careful to avoid his wings and various other injuries. Gently prising the tub out of his bandaged fingers, she places it on the night stand. “It’ll go soon don’t worry,” she tells him with a sympathetic smile.

After a moment his face relaxes, and he sinks a little further down against the headboard. He’s covered in bruises and bandages and his face is a little swollen still. He looks tired, more tired than she’s ever seen him, but he doesn’t seem to be going back to sleep so she ventures to ask the question that’s been nagging at her since she walked into the apartment yesterday. “Can we… talk now?” she asks before quickly adding, “if you feel up to it, I mean.”

Something flickers across his face. It only lasts a fraction of a second, but she catches it before it’s hidden behind a smile that anyone would think was genuine but, she knows him better than that. “I
suppose, though there are much more fun things I’m sure I could manage.” He smirks, waggling his eyebrows at her.

“Don’t do that.”

He frowns. “Do what?”

She sighs, rolling her eyes a little. “Hide from me Lucifer. I can tell there’s something wrong, so what is it you’re not telling me? Why don’t you want to have this conversation?”

He looks taken aback for a moment and then his gaze abruptly drops to his hand as he touches the empty space on his broken finger where his ring usually sits. “I…” he swallows thickly, all traces of the humour now gone. “I just…” he trails off.

Leaning over she carefully takes his good hand, stopping him from fidgeting and gives it a light squeeze. Hopefully offering some reassurance with whatever is going on in his head.

“I…” he starts again before letting out an exasperated huff and presses the heel of his hand to his eye. “I feel like a bloody fool.”

She frowns, but waits for him to continue, not wanting to push him.

“I’m sorry I didn’t show you sooner. I’m sorry you had to find out like this. I just… I didn’t…” he takes a breath, “I didn’t want to lose you. I was,” he pauses looking as though his contemplating his next words and when he continues, he says the word so quietly she almost doesn’t hear him, “afraid.”

In fairness to him, he did tell her the truth. Even if it was a truth so unbelievable that her rational mind couldn’t have accepted it without proof. “I’m not angry with you Lucifer. I understand why you didn’t show me.”

There’s a long contemplative silence, and she uses it to shuffle herself closer to him. “Besides,” she says with a smile, trying to break the uneasy tension that seems to be forming between them, “I like your wings, they’re gorgeous.”

His jaw tenses, the muscles dancing as he grinds his teeth together. He squeezes his eyes shut. “Chloe…” he says softly, but it’s filled with anguish and it makes her heart clench. He opens his eyes to look at her, the dark depths swirling with a storm of emotion. “You have to understand, this,” he gestures to his wings, “isn’t me. It’s not who I am. Not anymore.” His eyes pleading with her, begging her to understand but, she doesn’t not until he adds quietly, “I’m the Devil,” his voice raw.

“Yes,” she says firmly, “you are the Devil and I love you.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter got a lot longer than I intended so I ended up splitting it into two. The next chapter (which carries on from this point pretty much) will be posted some time next week.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Lucifer reacts to Chloe's declaration of love.

Chapter Notes

Hello again! This took me waaay longer than I originally said it would so I do apologies for that, real life just had to get in the way.
This chapter picks up exactly where the last left off. Hopefully you all enjoy! :) <3

“No.”

The word slips from his lips before he can stop it. The woman in front of him frowns, her features filling with confusion and to his dismay, hurt.

He drops his head into his good hand, fingers rubbing his temples. His head pounds, each breath he takes stings a little bit more than the last. He feels like he’s been gutted and, he supposes it’s true in a way. The cut across his stomach burns with pain and his wing… his broken wing makes him want to scream. Every slight movement sends pulses of pain tearing through his entire body.

He tries his best to not let it all show, but he’s tired and maintaining his calm exterior drains more energy than he has. He can feel it crumbling with each passing second. Chloe’s eyes bore into him, but he doesn’t meet her gaze, can’t bear to see the disappointment on her face.

“You… you don’t love me?” she asks, her voice quiet, shaky and so wounded that his heart squeezes painfully in his chest.

That’s not what he meant, he does love her with everything he has, more than anyone or thing he’s ever loved before, but she can’t. She can’t love him. She doesn’t even know the real him because this isn’t him. He isn’t an angel, he hasn’t been for a very long time. He’s the Devil and no one can love the Devil. “You don’t understand,” he utters, shaking his head a little and immediately regretting the movement for the pain it causes.

There’s a pause and he hears her suck in a shaky breath. Hears her shuffle, her posture stiffening.

“What don’t I understand? Has this just been a game to you? Was it all a lie?” Her voice is filled with venom as she snaps at him.

“No!” he cries, snapping his head up to look at her, wincing at the sudden movement. “I never lied to you, Chloe. I do love you.”

“Then what? What is it, Lucifer?” She raises her voice at him.

He pulls himself up against the headboard, desperate to explain himself but the pain is too much and an unbidden groan resounds from his throat as he clutches at his stomach.
The weight on the bed shifts as Chloe rises. He looks up and sees her face has softened somewhat though she still keeps her distance from him. “Look, I’m sorry I brought this up. You’re clearly not feeling up to talking right now. Get some rest, I’ll come back later,” she says as she turns to leave the bedroom.

“No!” he cries, reaching out to try and catch her hand as she turns, missing and slumping down onto the bed. “Chloe…” he says softly, “please, let me explain.”

She stops in her tracks, and turns slightly, no doubt thinking what a pathetic mess he is. She doesn’t sit back down but, she doesn’t leave either.

“I’m the Devil. There are parts of me that you haven’t seen. Parts that I can’t show you, not now.” He swallows hard. “I’ve… done things. Things that I can’t take back.” Taking a deep breath, he drops his gaze to the floor and whispers quietly, “I’m not a good person. You deserve better than me.”

Chloe sighs and he feels the mattress shift once again as she sets herself down beside him, pulling one leg up underneath her so that she can face him. “Tell me something, did you want to do those things?”

Of course he didn’t. He wasn’t given a choice. He shakes his head meekly and her hand comes to hold his face, gently guiding him to look at her.

“Then you’re not a bad person, Lucifer. I know you’re not. You have to stop blaming yourself for things you have no control over and accept that you can be loved. I know you can.” Her thumb caresses his cheek sending warmth through him.

Her words leave him at a loss.

“I love you, Lucifer, nothing you can tell me or show me will ever change that.”

“I… I don’t deserve you,” he whispers.

Then she leans forward, pressing her lips to his. He remains rigid, too shocked to respond, and she pulls back, her brilliant blue eyes sparkling at him. “Yes, you do.”

He crumbles into her, burying his head in the crook of her neck as tears sting his eyes. She holds him gently, her hands pulling through his hair. How is it possible that both Ella and Chloe have accepted him? Never in his long life has he felt such emotions, it’s overwhelming and he doesn’t have the energy to fight off the tears that roll free.

They sit there for a while. If she notices him crying, she doesn’t comment, just rocks him, firmly holding him against her, soothing him.

“I’m sorry for bringing this up now,” she suddenly whispers, her hot breath ghosting his cold skin. “You need to rest.” She tries to pull away, but he shakes his head, reaching out to stop and yelps in pain as his arm protests the movement.

“No, please. Don’t go.” His voice sounds unfamiliar to him, frail and desperate.

“Okay,” she replies leaning into his side carefully. “Is this okay? I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Chloe you could never hurt me.”
Chloe wakes in shivers. She’s pressed against something cold and firm and her sleep addled brain can’t quite figure out what it is. Until she opens her eyes and she sees that she’s pressed against Lucifer’s side, his good arm wrapped around her and he’s soundly asleep, a somewhat peaceful look on his face. Pressing a hand to his bare chest she’s horrified to feel how cold to the touch he is. His skin feels like ice beneath her fingers.

“Lucifer,” she gently shakes him, panic bubbling within when he doesn’t respond. “Lucifer?” she tries again, desperation clouding her tone, but he doesn’t stir.

Rising quickly, she bounds into the sitting room where Ella has situated herself on the single surviving Italian leather settee with a fluffy, black blanket. She can’t see her face but, judging by how low the sun is in the sky, it’s still early so she’s probably asleep. “Ella,” she says, none too quietly. As bad as she feels about waking her it’s overcome by the sense of dread and urgency she feels for Lucifer. Something is very wrong. Call it a gut feeling.

The young woman grumbles and pulls the blanket closer to her, rolling over and mumbles something that sounds Spanish in a sleep addled voice.

“Ella,” she tries again, more determined. “It’s Chloe, wake up.”

The blanket is pulled back and her face appears from beneath. She squints against the light and rubs a hand over her face as she looks up at the other woman. “Chloe?” She blinks several times, clearing the fogginess of sleep from her mind. She must recognise the worry on her face because she immediately jolts up into a sitting position, her brown eyes wide. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s Lucifer, I think something’s wrong.”

When they return to the bedroom, he’s exactly as she’d left him. “I couldn’t get him to wake up,” she explains, stopping in the entrance to the room, folding her arms around herself as Ella walks to the edge of the bed.

“Dude’s probably just tired Chloe, he took a Hell of a beating.”

“No, he seemed fine earlier. He was awake and we were talking.” She nervously shifts her weight, fidgeting on the spot as Ella inspects him further. “He just feels so cold.”

Her hand touches his uninjured arm and then his head. “You’re right, he does feel cold.” Turning back to her she adds, “We should get some more blankets.”

Chloe sets herself down on the bed beside him whilst Ella searches the apartment for all the blankets she can find. Azrael had said he would be fine. There’s no need for her to worry but her gut is telling her there’s more to this than meets the eye. He was awake and talking now he seems completely out of it, it just doesn’t make sense.

Ella returns a few minutes later with a bundle of blankets. They’re soft and thick and knowing him probably cost more money than she could ever justify spending on something so frivolous. She spreads them over him, carefully tucking him in until he looks like some sort of winged burrito. The sight would make her laugh if not for the worry settled in the pit of her stomach.
“What else did he tell you about him?” she asks Ella. Maybe she knows something that can explain why he’s not getting better like Azrael said he would? “Anything that could explain what’s happening?”

The dark-haired woman pauses, looking up at the ceiling in thought. She hums. “He told me a lot. Honestly it was all a little hard to take in. He has powers, I know that. He heals faster than we do but he’s usually immortal.”

“Usually?”

“Yeah,” she replies nodding. “He said that other celestial beings and objects can harm him.” She narrows her eyes, rubbing her chin idly in thought. “There was something else he said, but I didn’t get a chance to ask him what he meant. Something about being mortal in certain situations.” She shrugs and gives her an apologetic look. “Sorry I can’t be of more help.”

Chloe shakes her head, folding her arms around her as she warily eyes the sleeping angel. “This is just... I just, don’t know what to do Ella.” She lets out a frustrated sound and scrubs her hand over her face. “I feel like something’s wrong and if I knew more, I might have been able to help.” She slumps down on the end of the bed with a sigh. “I feel useless. I should’ve believed him. He told me over and over and I didn’t. Why didn’t I believe him?” She says, more to herself than to Ella.

The bed beside her dips as her friend sits down next to her. “Chloe, I know this is difficult but none of this is your fault. You can’t be expected to have all the answers.” She purses her lips and shrugs, offering her a small smile. “As far as I can tell, you’re handling this all so well. I know that means the world to him.”

“I don’t feel like I am,” she answers quietly. She’d let her emotions overwhelm her and had snapped at him.

“Have you punched him in the face?”

She frowns at the odd question and shakes her head.

Ella tilts her head to the side slightly, her smile becoming more of a grimace. “Then you’re doing better than me.”

They both laugh and it feels good. It subsides quickly though, and she sighs, glancing over her shoulder at him. The silence between them makes her thoughts seem loud. Too loud. Questions flood her mind, buzzing like a horde of enraged bees. “Ella?”

“Yeah?”

She turns, staring out of the floor to ceiling windows as the sun rises over the city, basking it in a golden-orange glow. They’re high up here, far out of range of the hustle and bustle below as normal life continues in the city that seemingly never sleeps. She’d never thought her life had been normal. Her childhood cut short by her mother’s insistence upon her having a career in acting, her father cruelly torn from her life too soon, divorce (actually that one is pretty normal she supposes), Palmetto and then well… she’d met Lucifer. Things had gotten better, not necessarily more normal where he’s concerned, but better. Over the past twenty-four hours, though, her life seems to have spiralled so much that she’s beginning to question the meaning of the word normal.

Despite all that, she can’t help but wonder what his life has been like. “Do you think it hurt?”

Ella joins her in staring out the window and for a few moments they sit in contemplative silence. It’s clear the other woman has had that particular topic on her mind as she shifts uncomfortably, sorrow
dawning her face. “I wondered the same thing. He told me his Fall was literal and the Bible says that God threw Satan into a lake of fire and Sulphur…” she trails off and the silence between them returns.

She’s never read the Bible, but she knows the things it says about him. It’d been a logical place to start looking when she realised her partner really thought he was the Devil so long ago when they’d first started working together. Her heart squeezes painfully at the thought of what had been done to him. To him, the sweet, caring man she knows. How could anyone do that? It makes her feel sick to her stomach.

“I stopped going to church,” Ella says, suddenly breaking the silence. “I mean… I’m still thankful for life and everything else, but I just can’t worship someone who would do that to their own son. And he’s my best friend Chloe… I just can’t do that.”

“He didn’t deserve any of it.”

A grumble comes from under the blankets, shocking them both out of their reverie. Chloe is at his side immediately. “Lucifer?”

“Chloe…?”

She leans over, brushing a stray curl away from his forehead, concerned about how confused he sounds. “I’m here, Sweetie.”

His brow knits and he squirms slightly under the blankets seemingly trying to escape their confines before giving up and sinking back into his pillows. “Feel…” his frown deepens, his gaze distant. “Feel funny….”

“You feel funny?”

He just squeezes his eyes shut and nods, releasing a shaky breath. She glances back to Ella who just shrugs looking completely lost but like she’s itching to do something.

Unsure how to help she sets herself down on the bed next to him, carefully avoiding his outstretched wings, and pulls her legs up beneath her. She reaches out, gently touching his forehead. The cold seeps into her fingers but his skin feels clammy. “Can you tell me what exactly you’re feeling? We might be able to help you.”

His eyes remain closed and he tilts his head back, leaning it against the headboard as he scrunches his face up with an expression that’s equal parts annoyed and upset. “Don’t know,” he mumbles, his voice sounding small and pained. She wants to help, she really does, but if he doesn’t tell her what’s wrong, how can she? He’s seems to be something akin to a child when it comes to understanding his own feelings, something which is a lot more understandable now that she knows the truth.

“Hey, Luce,” Ella says, scooting up to sit on the opposite side of the bed to her.

The movement seems to startle him like he hadn’t realised that there was anyone else in the room with them. “Ella…?” he asks narrowing his eyes.

“You try and figure out how to get you better, huh?” She pauses but he doesn’t offer her an answer. Just a blank stare. “Right…” Her eyes flicker over him as she tries to figure out what to ask in order to coax the answers out of him. The woman stares at him though her gaze is somewhat distant as if she’s contemplating some complex puzzle in her mind, which she supposes she kind of is. She looks across to Chloe a few moments later. “You said he’d gotten worse?”
She nods in response. “Definitely. I mean… he seemed tired, but he wasn’t this confused. He was talking, even making jokes. Oh, and he had some ice cream.”

“Right. He shouldn’t be getting worse… unless,” she says, scrambling up from the bed with some sudden realisation. Chloe watches her as she leaves the room and disappears into the archway beyond the sitting room.

She returns a few minutes later with a small, gleaming kitchen knife. “Ella? What are you doing?” she asks, alarmed as she walks towards Lucifer with the knife in hand. She knows Ella wouldn’t hurt him but, it sets her cop instincts on alert, nonetheless.

“Just trying to figure something out, give me a minute.”

Chloe watches as she settles next to him and untucks the corner of the blanket, taking his hand in hers. He looks vaguely in her direction in a very delayed reaction to her touching him but doesn’t say anything. He does, however, jump a little and release a pained whine when she takes the knife and pokes the end of his finger releasing a tiny droplet of blood.

“Ella! What the Hell are you doing?”

Lucifer pulls his hand from her grasp and clutches it closely to himself, shifting his weight ever so slightly so he’s leaning towards Chloe. “Ow!” he cries. “What…” he starts, glancing between the pair with hurt in his eyes and oh, if that doesn’t break her heart. “Why?” he asks in such a frail little voice that it makes her heart squeeze painfully in her chest.

The dark-haired woman looks both guilty and concerned. “Sorry,” she says with a grimace, “I just had to check.” She turns fully to Lucifer, her voice taking on a more serious tone. “Why can I hurt you? Do you know why you’re mortal now?”

He doesn’t respond immediately, and she would have thought he hadn’t heard or understood the question if it wasn’t for the way he blanched at it.

“Lucifer?” she asks with uncertainty. If he knows what’s hurting him why would he keep it from them?

“Don’t… please,” he says with a vulnerability in his voice that she’d only heard once before, a long time ago right here in the Penthouse. When she’d seen the long, jagged scars that marred his back for the first time. He drops his head until he’s staring at the blanket that covers him. “I don’t… ‘m fine….”

It’s obvious whatever it is, is upsetting him for some reason. She can’t pretend to even begin to understand what or why and usually she wouldn’t push him, but his life is at risk and that’s not something she can stand for. “Lucifer,” she says softly, taking his hand and brushing her thumb over his knuckles ever so gently. He bristles at the contact. “Look at me. Please, Sweetie.”

He hesitantly obliges. “I know you’re scared but you don’t have to be. We aren’t going anywhere. We just want you to get better, okay?”

“Chloe,” he rumbles, voice rough and thick with emotion. His eyes glisten in the light.

She squeezes his hand reassuringly. “You can tell me anything, even now. You know that don’t you?”

He nods meekly, squeezing his eyes shut and swallowing hard. Bracing himself. “Please don’t… don’t make me,” he tries again, pleading with her. It hurts her to upset him like this.
“Lucifer if you know what’s hurting you, you need to tell us.”

His mouth downturns and for the briefest of moments he looks sadder than she’s ever seen him before.

“You’ve probably got internal injuries, Lucifer,” Ella adds. “They aren’t just going to get better. If we don’t do something…” she trails off and it doesn’t take much imagination for Chloe to figure out what she was going to say next.

He sighs giving her a defeated look. “Chloe,” he says again. At first, she thinks he’s going to continue but he doesn’t.

“Yes?”

“It’s you.”

His words don’t register straight away, and she frowns. Maybe he’s not following the conversation as well as she thought he had been doing. Just when she’s about to give up and tell him he needs to rest he speaks again.

“You make me vulnerable,” he says quietly. So quietly that she might have missed it if she hadn’t have had her full attention on him.

Her heart pounds so fast, the thrum of blood in her ears seems to block out everything around her. He’d said those words once before to her.

“It appears you make me vulnerable too.”

Only now is she realising the full gravity of the statement. Every time he’d gotten hurt flashes before her eyes in an instant leaving her feeling dizzy and breathless. He’d been burnt, strangled, stabbed, tasered… and it had all been her fault. He’d been hurt because of her. Her world spins. Almost automatically she stands and makes to step away from the bed. She can’t be near him. She can’t be responsible for him getting hurt, she doesn’t want him to hurt….

Lucifer jerks forward and makes to grab her hand but cries out in pain and holds his side, flopping down awkwardly. His wings ruffle and she has to side step to avoid standing on one as it swings towards her.

“I can’t…” she starts, shaking her head, wanting more than anything else just to hold him and make it better but knows now that she’s the reason he’s hurting in the first place. Well… Michael is the reason he’s hurt but she isn’t helping him by being here. “If I leave, you’ll be immortal again?”

He nods, looking up at her as he tries to straighten himself. “Please don’t go….”

“Lucifer…” she sighs. He really isn’t making this any easier. “I don’t want to leave you, I really don’t, but I can’t be here if it’s hurting you. I’ll be back the minute you’re feeling better, okay?”

“Kay,” he grumbles sounding increasingly rough.

She apprehensively steps towards the bed and leans over pressing her lips to his, running a hand through his thoroughly mused hair. He all but melts into her touch, his uninjured arm reaching out to hold her. She wishes more than anything that she could stay. “How far away do I have to be?”

He shrugs. “M not sure… a mile maybe?”
She sighs and kisses him again, a small, sweet kiss that feels like it holds some kind of finality she wishes weren’t there. Her hand trails through his soft, dark curls one last time, her fingers scraping along his scalp. “I’ll be back, okay?”

“’Kay…” he says in such a sad little voice it breaks her heart clean in two.

“Ella look after him please. I’ll call you to check up on him.”

The woman nods. “Of course, Chloe.” Her voice is hoarse like she’s trying to keep back tears.

“I love you,” she tells him firmly.

“’ Love you too.”

And with one last, quick glance over her shoulder at the man she loves, she leaves.

~

She drives home as fast as she dares, heart pounding, thoughts whirring through her mind at what feels like a hundred miles per hour. All this time. All this time he could’ve gotten hurt and it would’ve been her fault. She squeezes the steering wheel in a vice-like grip, her knuckles turning white from the pressure. She can’t think straight, she just has to get away. Away from him.

When she pulls up at her apartment she rushes inside, seeking the comforting solace of her own home. She quickly slams the door behind her and collapses against it, her back sliding down until she hits the floor with a thump. Her tears refuse to be held back any longer and she pulls her legs up, resting her forehead against them and sobs.

It’s all so much to take in. She’d thought she’d been handling it pretty well given that he’d been telling her the truth the whole time and he really is the Devil. The actual Devil. It’d been hard to get her head around at first but her love for him had won out in the end. She knows him, she knows he would never do anything to hurt her and she knows that she loves him with all her heart. So that makes it hurt all the more to realise that she’s the reason he’s been hurt. Her. A tiny, insignificant being compared to him, divine and immortal. And yet he still chooses to be around her. He still chose her.

Eventually, her sobs subside. She feels emotionally wrung dry. She wants nothing more than to be beside him, but she knows she can’t, she has to wait so she doesn’t hurt him more than she already has.

She stands and for a moment she feels lost in the empty apartment. It doesn’t feel like home without him by her side. Her fingers itch to call Ella and see how he is, but it’s been barely half an hour. She just needs to distract herself for a while, try, as impossible as it may be, to take her mind off everything. A shower seems like a good first step, maybe a nap to refresh herself.

She manages to make it into the afternoon before she caves and calls Ella. Her friend answers almost immediately which is a relief.

“Chloe! Hey!”
She pulls nervously at the too-long sleeve of her comfortable woollen jumper. “Hey, Ella. Sorry to call, I just— I’m just worried about him.”

There’s some shuffling of fabric on the other end of the line and she replies perkily, “That’s okay. I’m worried too, I can’t imagine what all this must be like for you. If you need to talk, I’m all ears, okay?”

“Thanks Ella, that’s… kind of you to offer. How is he doing? Any better? I mean, I know it hasn’t been long, but he heals fast right?” she stumbles over her words trying her best not to sound too clingy.

“That’s what he told me yeah.” There’s a pause and some more movement before she adds, “He’s still asleep. Poor guy must’ve been exhausted. Passed out almost immediately after you left.”

She sighs, feeling a little disappointed that Ella can’t offer anything to settle her nerves. “Okay, he probably needs the rest. Call me when—”

“Hey! No, don’t—” she suddenly interrupts her with a sense of urgency in her voice. “Relax, Lucifer. You’re okay.” She can hear his muffled groans over the line. “He just woke up, great timing, huh? It’s Chloe, you want to talk to her?”

She waits for a tense moment listening intently to the movements on the other end of the line until his gruff voice breaks the silence.

“Chloe?”

“Lucifer! Hi, Sweetie, how are you feeling?”

“M’sorry.”

Her throat suddenly feels tight. “No, don’t do that, you have nothing to be sorry for. I,” she takes a breath, steadying herself, “I know that we have a lot to talk about, but I need you to know I meant what I said before. I love you, Lucifer. I always will. Right now, I just need you to get better, okay?”

She can hear his breathing growing increasingly uneven. If she didn’t know better, she’d say he was crying. “Okay,” he replies, his voice thick and clearly still holding grogginess from sleep. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” she smiles as a tear slips down her cheek. “Now go, get better and I’ll see you soon, yeah?”

“Okay.”

~

The line goes dead, and his hand goes limp, dropping it onto the bed next to him. Tears wet his cheeks. Chloe still loves him, even after how horrified she’d been. She still loves him.

Thankfully Ella had left the room, leaving him to talk to Chloe in peace so he quickly wipes the wet from his cheeks before she sees what a pathetic mess he is. When she returns though she gives him a knowing smile that tells him he hadn’t been quite as successful at hiding it as he’d thought.
“Hey,” she says as she sits herself down on the side of the bed. “How’re you doing?”

He stretches a little. He still hurts but what was a sharp pain is now more of a dull ache. “Better.” His stomach rumbles loudly and she chuckles. “Hungry.”

Her wide smile makes him feel a little bit better despite the lingering sadness that’s come from not having Chloe around. He wants more than anything to hold her close to him, to pull his hands through her gorgeous, golden locks. To kiss her and tell her how much he means to her. Instead he’d frightened her. The woman that loves him despite all he is, is the one person who can’t be around him. What a cruel joke that is he thinks, casting a silent, hateful glance upwards. At least he still has Ella though. His best friend. He’s sure she helped Chloe through the difficult realisation of who he is and for that he is eternally grateful.

“I can tell,” she chuckles. “Well….” Her smile turns into more a grimace and she half shrugs at him. “I’m not much of a cook, but I am an expert when it comes to ordering food.” She grins at him and he can’t help but grin back. “Chinese?”

“Yes. Please. I am absolutely famished.”

They order the take out. Ella gives him a funny, almost sceptical look at the amount of food he orders for himself to which he simply responds with a shrug and offers, “Healing is hungry work,” by way of explanation.

She shakes her head and smiles like she’s trying to figure out how she ended up being best friends with the Devil. “Do you wanna go back to sleep and I’ll wake you up when the food comes?”

He huffs a great, weary sigh, shuffles against the headboard and directs a scathing glance at his wings. Bloody cumbersome things. He wishes he could put them away, but he knows that until they are properly healed it’s best to keep them out. “’M not tired,” he grumbles. “I’m bloody sick of sitting here.” He presses the heel of his hand to his eye.

Ella hums. “We could do something if you feel up to it?” She gestures to the flat screen that he’d recently had installed. “Watch a movie maybe?”

He nods as he grabs the remote from the bedside table and turns the tv on. She remains perched on the edge of the bed looking rather uncomfortable, like she doesn’t want to get any closer to him. Shuffling to one side, he makes room for her beside him and pats the empty space on the bed.

She gives him a doe-eyed look that flits between him and his wings.

“You can sit here if you don’t mind,” he waves his hand dismissively at the great white burdens and finishes with distaste in his tone, “these.”

Her mouth opens. “A-are you sure? I don’t want to hurt you Lucifer.”

“You won’t. Immortal, remember?”

“Right….” She nods, looking perplexed. “Easy to forget when you look like you’ve been beaten to a pulp.”

He hums and pats the bed beside him again. This time she moves and sets herself next to him, still looking slightly hesitant about leaning back on his wings. He assures her several more times that she can’t possibly hurt him any further and eventually she relaxes, sinking into his feathers. The contact
feels… *good* though he won’t admit that to anyone.

He passes her the remote and she flicks through *Netflix* with ease. “So, what do you wanna watch?”

“Anything,” he says. It doesn’t really matter to him. Just anything to take his mind off his hunger and the numbing boredom of sitting here. He shrugs and adds, “Something with lots of action.”

“Alright.” She flicks through lists of films and halts on one in particular. *Iron Man.*

He scoffs incredulously. “Pass.”

“Wait,” she turns to him with an alarmed expression, “you’ve never seen *Iron Man*?”

“Nope, nor any other super*hero* films.” He grimaces. “If I wanted to see some ponce prance around in a dress, trying to save people but actually doing more harm than good I’d call Amenadiel. Besides, aren’t they a little… juvenile?”

“Dude!” She spins on him fully, staring at him with a slack jaw and wide eyes. “You seriously don’t know what you’ve been missing out on! Trust me, the Marvel Cinematic Universe is *a-maz-ing!* We totally have to watch them all right now.”

A puff of air escapes his lips and he concedes. “Fine.”

After all, they can’t be *that* bad, can they?

He quickly realises he’d been so very wrong. Ella had been accurate, as usual with her assessment. Now they both sit, knee deep in take-out trays (mostly his), halfway through their second movie, *Captain America.* She’d insisted on watching them in the *proper* order, whatever that meant. He’s so enraptured in the movies he doesn’t really care what order they watch them in. A feeling of contentment washes over him as they sit there. His stomach is full, and Ella has snuggled further into his side. He can’t help but smile.

They carry on watching the movie after movie in an order that he’s not sure how she knows. She only insists that this is the right way to do it. At some point during *The Avengers* she falls asleep, now deeply nestled into his side. He switches off the tv and if he wraps his good wing around her, well… no one has to know.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Chloe and Lucifer are reunited. Michael is gone. Truths have been told. They can finally all move on with their lives.
Or maybe this is just the calm before the storm.

Chapter Notes

Hello again!

I do apologise for how long this chapter has taken me. Hopefully it was worth the wait though! Oh and also I should probably say that this story is nearing it's end, there will likely be 2 more chapters. I do however, have ideas for a sequel because I love writing Ella and Luci's broTP so much. Let me know if that's something you'd all be interested in!

I would also like to give a huge shout out to the fabulous and extremely talents @nightslux for producing this amazing piece of artwork inspired by the scene in chapter 2! Ona you are awesome <3

Ella wakes with a feeling of tranquillity the likes of which she’s never felt before. Like she’s had the best night’s sleep of her life.

She lays there, basking in that fresh, well rested feeling that since she grew up has been so very rare to come by. She soaks it in. The warmth that encompasses her is divine. The quilt that surrounds her feels so soft and comforting she just can’t bring herself to leave its sweet embrace.

That is until the blanket moves.

She snaps her eyes open, jolting awake suddenly and sees white. Perfect, pristine white.

Her blanket is not a blanket but actually a freaking angel wing.

Lucifer’s freaking angel wing.

He is fast asleep next to her. So close that she can feel the heat radiating from his skin. He looks so peaceful; she doesn’t want to wake him, but she has to move. It feels like an invasion of his privacy and she knows the dislike he holds for his wings. She has no idea how he will react if he wakes up and realises she’s touching them.

Hesitantly, she reaches out to push the wing away, but her hands seem to sink into the feathers. A happy little grumble tumbles free of his lips and he turns in his sleep, curling onto his side and
snuggling deeper into the armful of covers that he clutches close to his chest.

His hair is an unruly mess of curls and a small smile tugs at the corners of his mouth.

He looks adorable.

This might be the first time she’s ever seen him completely at ease. All the usual defences that he employs to hide his true feelings, namely the ten-foot wall he constructs around himself and the impassive, unreadable mask, are lowered. He looks… innocent? Younger even.

After she’d found out about him, she’d thought a lot about all the things he must’ve seen in his long life. He’s literally ancient and it occurred to her that if you really look you can see it in his eyes. They are the windows to the soul after all.

Asleep though, he looks normal. Peaceful. For once like the weight of the world isn’t on his shoulders.

She realises she’s totally creeping on him whilst he’s sleeping, shakes her thoughts and tries once again to free herself from his feathery grasp. Trying to worm her way free fails and she cringes when he stirs in his sleep, hoping that she hasn’t woken him up. Thankfully he doesn’t, but his wing curls tighter around her which is exactly the opposite of what she’d been trying to achieve.

For a while she just sits there, stuck deciding between trying to escape again or just waiting for him to wake up.

Eventually her predicament is solved for her when he rouses. She watches as his wing quivers, the feathers puffing out slightly as it stretches before he wakes fully, arching his back and stretching his non-feathered limbs.

She stares down at him with wide eyes, wondering how he’s going to react to her being so close to him, but he simply blinks a few times and pulls himself into a sitting position. He yawns, covering his mouth with his fist and directs a smile at her that practically makes him glow.

“G’ mornin’,” he mumbles groggily, voice still thick with sleep.

“Morning,” she replies happily.

He rubs his eyes and looks at her properly. A sheepish look skitters across his face and his wing lifts away, flopping over the side of the bed. “Sorry,” he says, rubbing the back of his neck and looking slightly embarrassed.

“No!” she replies quickly. “I mean, it was nice—Fine. It was fine. They’re surprisingly… warm.”

He hums, nodding. “Yes, exposure to divinity can feel like that I suppose.”

Divinity. Riiiight. Is that why she felt so good this morning?

She quickly shakes the thought, lest her brain crash and directs her attention back to him. “How’re you feeling anyway? Any better?”

He flexes his bandaged hand, testing it and tentatively touches his side before grinning at her. “Better.”

“That’s great!” She watches with interest as he unwinds the bandages and reveals almost fully healed over cuts and fading bruises. It’s hard not to be fascinated by it. She knew that he heals faster than a
human would, but to see him go from barely able to move to only slightly bruised in a little over a
day is amazing. The scientist in her wonders how his body does it…. “What about your wing?” She
asks, noting that he hasn’t tried to move it yet.

Sitting up straight he gives them a little experimental flap and grimaces. “Still a bit sore. Nothing I
can’t handle though.” She watches, fascinated as the wings fold neatly onto his back and remain
there.

“Oh.”

He gracefully slides out of bed and stretches his arms above his head. After a moment he gives her a
hesitant look. “I… thank you, Ella.”

She looks up at him from her place perched on the edge of the bed. “What for?”

He shifts on the spot, looking slightly uncomfortable and turns his attention to peeling the tape from
his fingers like it’s suddenly the most interesting thing in the world. “For… well, staying here… with
me,” he says, finding the courage to look up at her. His eyes glisten and she finds herself smiling.
“And for making sure Chloe was okay. I… I don’t know how she would’ve reacted if you hadn’t
have been here.”

“Awr, dude, it was nothing. I think Chloe’s stronger than you give her credit for. Speaking of,” she
plucks her phone off the night stand and holds it out to him, “do you maybe want to call her? She’s
got to be worried sick about you.”

He takes it with a smile. “Thank you, Ella.”

Chloe spends the morning pacing the kitchen. She still feels awful for being the reason he’d been in
pain for so long. She’d stayed awake most of the night replaying all the times she’d seen him get hurt
in her mind. It had all been her fault and he knew it.

Yet, he still stayed by her side, despite the danger.

She can’t help but wonder why when he could have just as easily left, never seen her again and he
would’ve been safe.

But he didn’t.

And she’s glad.

Her phone rings, the harsh tune cutting through the eerie silence that seems to engulf the apartment,
making her feel so alone. She’s there in a flash, only sparing a second to see that the name on the
caller ID is Ella.

“Ella?”

And much to her delight, the voice that answers is not that of the perky forensic scientist but the
bouncy British accent of the man she loves.

“Hm, I have been called many things, but ‘Ella’ is a first.” He chuckles and the sound makes her
“Lucifer,” she says, feeling the familiar sting of tears tickle the back of her eyes. “Are you—”

“Feeling better? I would say so, yes.”

She finds herself smiling. “You’re sure?”

“Absolutely. Do you… want to come—”

“I’ll be there as soon as possible. I love you.”

Clutching the phone to her chest she takes a moment just to smile. She has no doubt that he misses her as much as she misses him. She could hear it in his voice. That’s why he risks everything just to be around her.

Grabbing her keys, she rushes out the door, not wanting to be without him for one second longer than necessary.

~

After rushing across town as fast as speed limits allowed her, she stands in the ascending elevator to the Penthouse. The all too familiar feel of butterflies flutter in her stomach as button after button light up before dimming again.

The trip up always seems to take forever which only serves to amplify any nerves that one might have. Which always seems to be a lot for her. Considering some of the things she’d walked in on, it’s not unjustified.

Finally, the Penthouse button lights up and the Elevator smoothly comes to a halt. The doors slide open revealing the still wrecked apartment beyond. In the middle of the splintered mess of what was once his grand piano stands Lucifer, sweeping brush in hand and Ella crouched down beside him with her back to her, sweeping up some of the mess.

He doesn’t notice her straight away, not until she’s taken a few steps out of the elevator. She releases a breath she hadn’t realised she’d been holding as his eyes meet hers and whatever he’d been saying dies on his lips.

Neither move, both too caught up in the sight of each other.

Frozen in the moment.

Reunited.

Ella looks up at him with an expectant expression. When he doesn’t respond, she follows his gaze, craning her neck to see Chloe standing there. She immediately rises, glancing between them and awkwardly excuses herself with a jerky hand gesture before disappearing through the archway in the bookshelves.

“Chloe,” he breathes as she takes a few hesitant steps towards him. Hesitant only because he’s stood in front of her, the amber backlight of the bar reflecting softly off his red, silk robe, looking good as new. He’d told her as much, but some part of her brain hadn’t believed it until right now. After the
state she’d seen him in, she couldn’t quite get it through her head that he’d be better without seeing it with her own eyes.

Stood barely a foot away from him, she reaches out, pressing a hand to his chest as if to reassure herself that it’s really him. And it is. His body is very much real and solid beneath her fingers.

She looks him up and down, feeling tears born of joy tickle her eyes. Her hand moves almost of its own volition to hold his cheek, lingering for a moment over the fading bruise that adorns it.

He closes his eyes, sinking into her touch as her thumb caresses his cheek, rasping across his deftly cultivated stubble. His hand comes to rest on her hip and she collapses into him as if her body can no longer stand the space between them.

Her head rests against his shoulder, his against her hair. His arm engulfs her, holding her tightly against him.

She breathes in the scent of him and hears him do the same, releasing a content sigh.

“I missed you,” she whispers.

He presses a gentle kiss to her hair and murmurs, “And I you,” against it. He takes a breath and pulls away slightly. She feels his muscles tense beneath her grip and peels away to look deep into his dark eyes. A glimmer of uncertainty still resides within them and she realises, despite what she’d said that he hadn’t expected her to come back. It makes her heart ache. “I’m sorry,” he says quietly, his gaze searching hers.

He’s looking for something in her. An assurance for something he so clearly longs for. Something she so desperately wants to give him.

Acceptance.

She vows to try her best to do just that, because he clearly struggles to accept himself so believing that someone else can do it must be near impossible. She can be patient though. As long as it takes, as many times as she has to tell him. She will. Even if it takes forever.

“I told you, Lucifer, you’ve got nothing to be sorry for.”

He squeezes his eyes shut, the muscles in his jaw flickering as he clenches his teeth and exhales deeply through his nostrils. “I do,” he says slowly, opening his eyes to meet hers again. It looks like he’s putting a great deal of effort into doing so. Like he’d rather just run but is restraining himself. “I should’ve told you sooner.” He shakes his head, a little puff of air escaping his lips.

“No.” He pulls away slightly, holding his palm up to her. “I wasn’t fair to you.” He takes a breath, a pained expression dancing over his features as he mulls over his words. She lets him and after an extended moment of thoughtful silence, he continues, “When we first started… seeing each other, I… I should’ve shown you. You deserved the truth and I—”

He breaks off, rubbing a hand over his face. His breathing becomes increasingly uneven, but she still doesn’t interrupt him. He’s communicating and she’s learnt that it’s a step forward, and although it can be a struggle to say what’s on his mind, given time and patience from her, it will come.

“I’ve come to realise that keeping the whole truth from you is as bad as lying. Worse even. I’ve deceived you and you’ve been hurt as a consequence. For that…” he trails off before adding quietly,
“I don’t think I’ll ever be able to forgive myself.”

Sensing he’s finished, she softly caresses his cheek once more. “Lucifer,” she begins. His focus falls to a spot somewhere behind her. His muscles grow more tense beneath her fingers, and he swallows thickly, his Adam’s apple bobbing along the smooth line of his throat.

He looks scared.

Like he still thinks after everything, she’s going to throw him away like he means nothing to her.

He’s not wrong with what he says. He’d told her everything. He’d never lied to her, but he knew that she didn’t believe him. She didn’t know the full picture and it wasn’t fair to her. But when she thinks about all they’ve been through, all the heartache over the years she realises the truth.

She doesn’t want anymore.

She only wants to be happy.

With him.

She really does love him with all her heart and she’d finally thought that they were moving forward. He’d made a mistake and he’s admitting it. She doesn’t want to let it stop them.

She won’t let it stop them.

He is the Devil and she loves him. For once she doesn’t want to complicate it. She doesn’t want to think. So, she doesn’t. For once in her life, she is listening to her heart and it feels good.

“You made a mistake.” His gaze falls to the floor and she places both her hands on his cheeks, gently guiding his face to look at her once again. “That’s okay,” she says softly, smiling at the confusion that creases his beautiful face. “It makes you human. What I care about is that you admitted it. It’s a step forward, Lucifer.”

She brushes her hand along the side of his face and runs her fingers through his soft curls. His eyes twinkle with unshed tears as he looks back at her with what she can only describe as a mixture of gratitude and adoration. “I just need you to understand two things. Number one, you can tell me anything. I mean anything, Lucifer. You don’t have to hide from me ever.”

When she pauses, he nods a little to affirm his understanding and though it still seems weak, she lets it slide for now. She knows she will probably have to repeat this to him until the end of time to get it through that thick skull of his.

“Two,” she pauses for dramatic effect, trying her best not to smile. “I. Love. You. I know you don’t think you deserve it, but you do.” Shaking her head, she adds softly, “You really do.”

His lips are parted slightly, whatever words he was going to say are long gone and he just stares back at her, eyes dark with desire. He stays like that for what seems like a long time. She decides to take advantage of his rare bout of speechlessness and leans up on her tiptoes, pressing her lips to his.

It starts gently, tender at first. Feeling the softness of his plush lips with hers. Tasting the lingering tang of toothpaste on his breath. And then he reacts, pressing deeper. Hunggrily nipping at her lip. His hands roaming her body as his tongue explores her mouth.

They part briefly, just long enough to see the love in his eyes. The way he looks at her like she’s given him something he thought he could never have.
Their breath mingles in the small space between them as she pulls him closer, resting her forehead against his.

It’s comfortable and intimate and it’s just… them.

“Chloe,” he says suddenly, his voice thick. “The things I’ve done… I— You need to know the truth. You deserve to know the truth. To know what I’ve done. Before you decide anything, you need to know that I am a monster.”

“No, Lucifer, you aren’t—"

“I killed my Brother.” He says the words as though they physically pain him.

It’s as though they take the air from her lungs, leaving her gasping and unable to respond.

“My little brother,” he says quietly, closing his eyes and shaking his head slightly. “I didn’t want to. He gave me no choice.” His voice takes on a hint of desperation, his demeanour growing more erratic with each word. “He was going to kill you— Kill mum. I had to stop him. I didn’t want to,” he says the last words so quietly she barely registers them.

A tear breaks free, spilling down his cheek. Her cheeks are wet too. She hadn’t noticed her own silent tears until now.

She finds herself pulling him into her. Wrapping her arms around him and his folded wings. “You’re not a monster, Lucifer.” He isn’t. He’s a good man. One of the best she’s ever known. It’s clear to her now the guilt that plagues him over his actions even though he was defending her and probably himself. “You’re not,” she repeats, stroking her hand through his hair.

“Not to me.”


Four Days Later

They lie in bed, the sheets loosely covering them as they quietly doze in each other’s embrace. Her head rests on his chest as she snuggles into his side, his arm wrapped around her shoulders.

It’d been a good week. After everything that had happened with Michael it was nice to have their life return to some semblance of normalcy.

The penthouse is being repaired. They hope to have it done by the weekend. In the meantime, she’d taken a few vacation days off work and Lucifer had been staying with them.

They’d stayed up until the early hours of the morning, talking and just enjoying each other’s company. He’d made sense of some of the inexplicable things that had happened around her since they’d been working together. Charlotte being his actual mum for one thing. God’s ex in the body of Charlotte Richards who had come back once Lucifer sent his mum to another universe.

And then there was the blade that had gone missing from their investigation that time. His sister, Azrael’s blade that somehow wanted to kill.
Malcolm being brought back from Hell by Amenadiel to kill Lucifer. She will definitely be having words with him next time she sees him about that one. Lucifer apparently had been shot that night, it’d been obvious from the blood stain that had adorned his shirt that something had happened, she just couldn’t explain what. It is after all, difficult to solve a puzzle when you’re missing half the pieces.

A lot of it had been hard to hear. Not just because it’s all new and confusing, but because it’d been difficult to take in just how much he’d hidden from her. All the half truths he’d told.

She knows now though that he doesn’t want to hide from her. He didn’t want to hide from her, but he felt like he had no choice. He was afraid that she’d abandon him if she knew the truth.

She’s glad she knows though. Happy, even.

Tracing idle patterns over the toned muscles of his stomach, she admires him. His sharp, handsome features. The unruly, curly hair that just begs her to pull her fingers through it. His neatly trimmed five o’clock shadow that he takes so much pride in. His plush, pink lips that call to her, asking to be kissed.

She’s happy with him and no matter how crazy her life gets she knows that he always has her back.

“That tickles,” he mumbles, still half asleep after their morning’s activities.

She giggles and looks up at him as he grumbles. “You’re such a softy.”

One dark eye snaps open to stare at her. “I am not.”

“You so are.”

A sceptical little noise slips from his lips and she chuckles.

He sighs, shaking his head and extricates himself from her grasp, pulling himself from the bed and bends down to retrieve his boxers from where they’d landed on the floor.

She props herself up on one elbow and raises an eyebrow at him. “And where’d you think you’re going?”

“Lux.” His smile brightens as he plucks his shirt up from where it hangs over the chair in the corner of the room and turns to her. “My new piano is being delivered today and then I’m going to stop by the dealership.”

“Oh? You’re buying a new car?”

He hums and tilts his head, a smirk playing on his lips. The glint of mischief that sparkles in his eyes causes worry to settle in the pit of her stomach. “Thinking about it.”

“Should I be worried?”

“Darling.” He stops buttoning his shirt and leans over, pressing a light kiss to her forehead. “I am an excellent driver, there’s no need to worry about me.”

“It’s not you I’m worried about, I’m worried about L.A.”

He huffs out a laugh.

“I’m serious, Lucifer!” she says, trying and failing to maintain a serious tone.
“Right,” he chuckles.

She watches as he continues to get dressed, pulling herself up to lean against the headboard. Sunlight filters through the curtains, filling the room. She should probably get up, but somehow, she just can’t bring herself to.

“Did you hear back from Azrael yet?”

The smile fades quickly from his face as he looks up from buckling his belt and grabs his jacket. “Not yet.” He waves a dismissive hand and plaster a smile on his face that doesn’t quite reach his eyes. He’d tried to contact her when he’d been feeling better, to thank her after Chloe had told him what she had done. He’d tried again and again only to receive silence in return. “She didn’t speak to me for eons, I shouldn’t have expected anything to change.”

She can tell it upsets him. He’d hoped things could change and they hadn’t. “Lucifer,” she says softly, rising and moving to stand in his space as he turns his attention back to getting dressed. “Look.” She presses a hand to his chest, effectively halting his actions. He drops his hands and stares back at her with those dark eyes of his. “It’s okay to be upset. She’s your sister, she should at least answer you.”

“She’s probably busy. She has a job to do after all.”

“That doesn’t give her the right to ignore you.”

He sighs, his gaze falling to the floor. He doesn’t deserve to be treated like this and there is only so much she can do to make up for the fact that his family does. She raises a hand, touching his cheek. “I know you wanted her there this weekend but, it’ll still be fun, right?”

“I suppose,” he mutters. “I just— I wanted it to be perfect.”

She can’t help but smile at his dedication. “It will be. Ella’s going to love it. Trust me.”

He nods silently as she wraps her arms around his middle, pulling him into an embrace.

“I do trust you, Chloe. Always.”

~

She watches Lucifer standing by the bar from across the club. Even from a distance she can see the nervous energy that radiates from him. His fingers tapping on the shiny surface, glancing over his shoulder every few seconds at the entrance to the club. The building tension within him is plain as day.

It’s sweet really. He wants this to be perfect.

Maze, Linda and Dan lounge in one of the booths, chatting over the soft, upbeat music that fills the room. Other people mill around, chatting amicably, drinks in hand all eagerly awaiting the main event. It’s mostly people from the precinct, some of the other Lab techs and younger officers. A few people she’d managed to invite through Facebook. She’d met some of them before when Ella had dragged her out to a ridiculous neon party, others she only knew because of how much Ella talked about them.
The club isn’t empty by any means. But it’s still strange to see such a sparse crowd at this time on a Saturday evening when usually the place would be heaving. She’d told him that he didn’t have to close, but he’d insisted that for his plan to run smoothly this was the best option.

She hadn’t argued with him. After all it is his club, he can do what he likes with it. She certainly isn’t complaining about the absence of the scantily clad and drunken masses ogling him like a pack of wolves eyeing a juicy prime cut.

Not that he’d pay any attention to any of them. Not when she’s picked out this little red dress especially because she knew he’d love it. His eyes had come very close to popping out of his head completely when he’d seen her in it.

He’s too absorbed in the conversation he’s having with Patrick to notice her approach behind him. A surprised little noise slips from his lips when she loosely wraps her arms around his waist and rests her chin on his shoulder. Patrick offers her a smile as he quickly excuses himself.

“Hey,” she says, smiling fondly at the way he stiffens in her embrace before relaxing into it.

“Hello Love.”

She can hear the agitation in his voice. “Relax, Lucifer, this is supposed to be fun remember.”

He shifts a little in her embrace. “What if she doesn’t come?” he asks, sounding so unsure of himself that it breaks her heart.

The fear of rejection, of abandonment, still holding strong.

There’s only so much she can do to repair the eons worth of damage that has been done to him.

“If she said she’ll come, she will come.”

“But—”

She breaks him off mid protest by turning him in her arms so they’re facing each other. “She’ll come,” she says again before gently pressing her lips to his.

It’s not long before she turns up. Lucifer hears her coming before the door is even open and turns, snapping his fingers and gesturing for everyone to get down. Conversations fade into hushed murmurs as people shuffle to hide themselves behind furniture, hoping that she doesn’t stop and look too hard on the way down the stairs.

“Hey Chloe, Lucifer!” she exclaims as she makes her way carefully down towards the bar, her heels clicking on the hardwood stairs. Thankfully her focus seems to be on the pair at the bar. The light reflects, scattering off her sequined cocktail dress, her hair falls in dark cascades over one shoulder.

She looks stunning.

“What’s going on?” She asks glancing around the empty club with a raised eyebrow, her full, rouged lips parted slightly. “There’s no line outside. I thought we were meeting here for drinks?”

“We are,” Lucifer says, beaming.

He waggles his eyebrows playfully.
Ella’s face creases in confusion. “Any particular reason you’re closed?”

“A private function.” A devilish grin spreads across his face. “It’s very exclusive.”

She glances around once again before looking back at the pair, the crease in her face deepening. “Alright, are you messing with me? ‘Cause I kind of feel like you’re messing with me.”

He holds her gaze with a Cheshire grin for a few long moments before finally giving in. “Happy birthday, Ella,” he says cheerily, loud enough that the people hiding can hear it.

Her jaw drops. “It’s not—”

“SURPRISE!” Everyone leaps up from their hiding spots shouting with flailing arms and beaming smiles.

“—My birthday yet…” she trails off, a mixture of utter confusion and joy saturating her features.

Lucifer shrugs, stuffing his hands into his pockets as people make their way around to the bar area. “Well, I figured it wouldn’t be much of a surprise if it were.”

“And planning a party in the middle of the week is a bit difficult,” Chloe adds. Her birthday actually landing on the following Tuesday.

“You guys!” Ella exclaims, looking around at her group of friends with an open-mouthed smile, her eyes wide. “You went to all this trouble for me?”

He seems reluctant to take the credit, so she nudges him playfully. “Actually, it’s mostly Lucifer’s doing.”

“Yes… well,” he mutters, shrugging a little as he looks away sheepishly.

“Lu!” Her expression turns unmistakably fond. She steps towards him, her arms spread wide and wraps herself around him, arms and all.

“Oh, bloody Hell,” he sighs.

The smaller woman looks up at him, her face lit up with a bright smile. She squeezes him a little more before having mercy and letting him go. He grumbles, though she can tell his heart isn’t in it, straightens his shirt and adjusts his cufflinks.

“Thank you, Lucifer,” she says, touching his arm. “This is…” she looks around, taking in the joyous faces of all her friends, “amazing. Seriously, no one has ever done anything like this for me.”

“There’s one more thing,” he adds, reaching into his jacket pocket and pulling out a set of keys. He turns them over in his hands a couple of times. “I thought I ought to give you your present before we partook,” he says, dangling the keys in front of her. “Happy birthday, Lopez,” he says again with a fond smile.

Her eyes widen to an almost alarming degree. Her mouth hangs open. “You didn’t,” she breathes.

“Oh, I believe, I did,” he replies with a smug grin.

She takes the keys from him, staring at them intensely and handling them like they’re the most precious thing she’s ever held. After a moment she looks back up to him and something flickers across her face. Then she flings her arms around him again. Only this time she holds him and doesn’t let go. “Thank you, Lucifer,” she says quietly into his shirt.
He smiles softly and in a few jerky motions settles his hands on her back. “You’re welcome, Ella.”

The scene is heart-warming. Chloe is glad he has someone other than her who knows and accepts him. He has Linda, of course and Maze, but his bond with Ella is… different. Special. Anyone would think them an unlikely pair, but their friendship has grown and blossomed into something rare and beautiful.

“Right,” he says, regarding the milling crowd, “this is a party. Let’s crank the music up, shall we?”

~

After saying a quick hello to her friends, Lucifer leads her down to the parking lot below Lux.

She can’t wipe the smile off her face and has to resist the urge to jump up and down as the elevator descends.

Their footsteps echo through the concrete structure as she follows half a step behind him to his parking space.

Once again, her jaw drops when she sees the sleek, shining curves of the vehicle that sits next to his Corvette. The low lighting reflects softly off the metallic blue paintwork.

Her hand gravitates towards it, wanting to feel the cool of the metal beneath her skin just to make sure it really is there, and this is not a dream. She rests a hand on the hood, taking a few steadying breaths before turning to look back at him.

He just stands there, his arms folded with a wide grin on his face.

“Lucifer…” she says, swallowing hard, desperately trying against all odds to keep the tears from her eyes. No one has ever done anything like this for her before. No one has ever cared enough to even realise that she’s always dreamed of owning a Mustang, let alone bought her one. “You didn’t have to do this.”

It’s more than she’s ever been given in her life. Everything she has she’d either earned or, in her less law-abiding days, conned or stolen.

His smile wavers. “You… you don’t like it?” he asks, cocking his head and letting his arms fall to his sides as uncertainty floods his features.

“No! I mean, I love it!” she says quickly, desperate to get that smile back. “It’s just like… a lot. It’s too much, I can’t take this from you, Lu.”

“Oh.” He shakily exhales and blinks several times in rapid succession. The sadness that suddenly overcomes him clearly visible for her to see. It makes her heart bleed and she wishes she hadn’t said anything. “But… I bought it for you. I-I want you to have it.” He sighs, his expression softening, before he continues, “Ella, I have more money than I can ever possibly spend. I have a garage full of expensive cars, a wardrobe filled with the finest suits and a bar lined with the best whiskey money can buy. What’s the point in having all that if I can’t buy my, dare I say best friend, the car she’s always wanted?”

She can’t help the watery smile that tugs at her lips as she takes in his words. A tear spills down her
Her poor makeup.

His dark eyes glisten softly, the corners of his mouth quirking slightly. “I don’t usually beg,” he says with a little huff, “but I’ll make an exception for you. Please. Take it. I want you to have it.”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive.”

She practically runs into him, engulfing him in, yet another, hug. “Thank you. Again,” she chuckles, and he joins in with her.

“You’re quite welcome.”

Parting from him, she wipes the wet from her cheeks with the back of her hand, taking a moment to morn her makeup and stares in awe at the brand-new Mustang Shelby that is all hers.

He clears his throat after a few long minutes of staring at the car. “Right then, are we going to take it for a spin or just stare at it?”

“What about the party?”

“They’ll still be here when we get back. The night is young,” he says with a mischievous grin.

As she clicks the button the sound of the doors unlocking bounces off the walls.

“Let’s do this.”

~

He’s surrounded by his friends, laughing and enjoying themselves.

Chloe tucked under one arm as he sips a glass of his favourite scotch. The one that he saves for special occasions. Because for the first time in a long time, he’s truly happy.

And if that isn’t special, he doesn’t know what is.

On the other side of the booth, Ella animatedly tells Dan and Linda stories from her youth, when she used to steal cars. They both look an odd mixture of intrigued and terrified at the frankly, quite unbelievable tales.

He downs the rest of his drink and moves to rise from the seat, shuffling Chloe around him. When he stands up though, he finds himself wobbling precariously before he reaches out, putting a hand on the top of the chair to steady himself. He isn’t usually able to get drunk so easily. Obviously, Chloe makes him more mortal than he’d realised.

She raises an eyebrow at him. “Are you okay?”

“I… yes,” he replies slowly, his brow furrowing. “I believe I am a little bit tipsy, My Dear.” He shakes his head a little and immediately regrets the movement when the room sways. She laughs at
him; the sound is like music to his ears. “It’s entirely your fault, you know.”

“Right,” she says still chuckling, flashing perfect rows of pearly teeth behind those plush and entirely kissable lips. Oh, the things he could do…. She clears her throat, snapping him out of his daydream. “Earth to Lucifer?”

“Right! Would you like another drink?”

She shakes her head much to his disappointment. “No thanks, I’ve had enough, I think. After all,” she says, giving a pointed look to Dan who laughs so hard that he loses half his pint on the floor, “someone has to remain the responsible adult.”

“That’s booooorrring,” he whines back at her. Really, it is boring. They don’t have to go anywhere afterwards. He’s offered the use of his newly fixed-up Penthouse to the group. What more could she possibly want?

“Lucifer,” she says with a fond little smile, “I don’t need to drink to have fun.” She rises from her seat and steps into his space, pressing her hand to his chest. “Besides,” her smile turns into a smirk, “it’s more fun to watch you get drunk. I don’t wanna miss the show.”

Her lips meet his and pull away before he has a chance to thoroughly ravish her as he would very much like to, leaving him pouting. She laughs again. What he would do to hear her laugh so freely, so blissfully all the time.

“You’re adorable.” Her hand touches his cheek making his skin tingle in anticipation. He unconsciously finds himself leaning into her touch, desperate to be closer to her.

His eyes flutter closed. “Am not…” he murmurs as she presses her lips to his once again.

She smiles against him.

He’s definitely one happy Devil.

~

The night draws on, the crowd thins until it’s only their little group left. Ella is somehow still filled with energy, dancing away whilst Maze watches on, drinking glass after glass of his whiskey. She’s seemingly made it her mission to drink him dry.

Linda sits at the booth, leaning heavily on her arms and staring blearily, looking like she might pass out. Dan is passed out, sprawled out and drooling into the upholstery.

Chloe removed herself to take a phone call some time ago. He thinks. Could’ve been a few minutes ago. It’s hard to tell when he can’t see straight to read the time on his phone.

He’s just wondering where she’s gotten to when she appears next to him, her face creased. It sets alarm bells off immediately and he stands, swaying but unable to steady himself.

“What’s wrong?” He asks, trying his best not to slur his words. He’s the Devil for Dad’s sake, he can hold his liquor better than this.

She shakes her head. “It’s nothing,” she says, though the wobble in her voice says otherwise. She’s
clearly upset. “That was my Mom. Trixie’s not feeling well. I should go.”

“Oh. What about Daniel?” They both look at the snoring man. “Right, maybe not then. Do you… want me to come with you?”

Her hand snakes into his, their fingers entwining. “That’s sweet, but no. There’s no need. Stay. Have fun, okay?”

He nods meekly, wishing she didn’t have to go but knows that there’s no sense in arguing. The Spawn needs her, and she is top priority. He knows that.

“I love you,” she smiles, reaching up to press a kiss to his cheek.

“Love you too.” He finds himself grinning like a fool at the words. He’s not sure why, it’s not like they haven’t said them before.

He can’t help but stare as she walks away. “I’ll call you tomorrow,” she says, waving before disappearing up the stairs.

~

He wakes the next morning to the light filtering through the curtains, illuminating his bedroom. When he stretches, he immediately notices the cold, empty space beside him. Chloe went to get the Spawn, he remembers as he sits up, yawning. He knows the little Urchin is more important than him, Hell he would do anything to protect her, but he can’t help feeling at least a little bit disappointed that Chloe isn’t with him.

That seems to be quite a common feeling these days. When Chloe isn’t with him, he gets this feeling that isn’t sad exactly, but like his heart is heavy.

Like something is missing.

Shaking the feeling as best he can, he throws back the sheets and rises to check on his guests.

His bare feet pad against the cold floor as he wanders into the living room. He finds Linda and Dan sleeping soundly on the settee and is surprised to see that Ella is up, leaning by the bar, sipping on a glass of water.

“Good morning!” he greets her cheerily.

“Sheesh,” she hisses, holding her head. “Not so loud, please.”

He chuckles as she looks him up and down with mock disgust.

“How come you’re not hungover? You were pretty wasted last night.”

Shrugging he replies easily, “Chloe had to leave. The Spawn is ill.”

Her face falls. “Oh no! That’s awful, I hope she’s okay!”

He hums, silently hoping the same thing. When he’d gotten so attached to the little Parasite, he’s no clue. She means everything to Chloe, so she means everything to him. It’s as simple as that. He can’t
possibly be fond of her for any other reason than she makes Chloe happy.

No.

Definitely not.

He’ll keep telling himself that.

Suddenly there’s a rustling behind the pair and a gust of wind sweeps through the apartment. “Lucifer?” a small voice comes.

He scoffs bitterly, grabbing a tumbler and the closest decanter. He knows exactly who it is. He really isn’t in the mood to get into it with her right now.

“You’re late, the party was last night, Azrael,” he says flatly without turning around to face his sister. Why should he pay attention to someone who is blatantly ignoring him after he’d done what he had? He’d forgiven her and she didn’t even have the gall to answer him when he called.

“Lucifer. I’m sorry,” her voice sounds shaky and he can’t help but smile to himself. She should be sorry.


He frowns, hearing the concern that fills Ella’s voice and turns to face her finally. His face falls when he sees her split lip and the blood that drips down her face. Ruffled feathers and clothes in bloodied tatters. “I’m sorry,” she repeats, tears spilling down her little face. “I tried to stop him….”

“Azrael,” he says, his voice commanding as he strides towards her. She reaches out for him and collapses into his chest. His arms wrap around her, supporting her weight as she threatens to collapse. “Tell me what happened. You tried to stop who?”

She sniffs, trying desperately to stifle the tears that fall. “I’m sorry, Lucifer… I couldn’t stop him.”

Ella looms over the pair.

“Michael,” she manages, “he has Chloe.”
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

After Azrael's news, Lucifer formulates a plan to get Chloe back from Michael.

Chapter Notes

It's finally done! It feels like this has taken forever and I am sorry for that, I've just found myself super busy recently. On the bright side, this chapter turned out a bit longer than usual.
Oh and the final chapter will likely be up sometime after season 4 as I have some binge watching to do, as do we all :D
Anyway, enjoy <3

“W-what?” Lucifer stammers, not wanting nor allowing himself to believe what his sister has just told him. “Azrael,” he says quietly, trying to rein in the anger that is already rising within, “explain and do so carefully.”
She sniffs and manages to pull her still shaking body to sit up properly in his arms. Her wide brown eyes meet his.
He wants it to be some kind of awful, misguided joke, but he knows that’s not true. Azrael would never do anything to intentionally hurt him. He knows that, but she’d obviously played some part in whatever had happened. He just needs to find out what exactly that was so that he can sort it out as quickly as possible.

If that bastard hurts Chloe… he doesn’t know what he’ll do.

Michael would never kill her directly, but nothing’s to stop him from hurting her or worse indirectly just as Uriel had done.

He can’t let that happen. Not again.

He has to find out what happened and put a stop to it, no matter what.

“I’m sorry,” Azrael sniffs again, managing to wipe the tears from her face with the tattered remains of her robe sleeve though it only serves to smear her face with blood.

He sighs. Despite the differences they’ve had in the past he’s always cared for her, has always been closer to her than any other of his siblings. Seeing her upset like this… he doesn’t like it and as angry as he is, he knows that he shouldn’t be directing it at her.

He brings his hand up to hold her cheek, his thumb gently swiping away the smear of blood or at least trying with little success.
Ella suddenly jars into life beside them, skittering over to the bar and returning with a handful of napkins. She hands them to him, and he gratefully takes them before using them to carefully wipe the blood from his sister’s cheek.

Azrael’s hold on him tightens, her body trembling against his as the last of her tears die out. He allows her the moment to calm herself, telling himself that pushing her will only slow them down.

“Lucifer,” she says eventually, quiver still discernible in her voice, “I tried to stop him, I swear. I didn’t know what he was up to until it was too late… I’m so sorry.”

“Azrael…” he says softly as he looks deep into her glistening eyes. He scoffs a little, sighing. He’d forgiven her before, but perhaps he hadn’t fully embraced the notion. It is time to let old grudges go, once and for all. “Rae-Rae.”

A small smile spreads across her face at that.

“Start from the beginning.”

She nods slowly, quietly composing herself. “Okay. He came to me. He said that he knew that I’d seen you… I think he’s been… watching us somehow.”

“Well, he did seem to know about Chloe and me when he came to see me at the precinct.”

Ella clears her throat from her place still stood next to them. “Er… that’s like… super creepy.”

Lucifer raises an eyebrow, tilting his head to the side. “Yes well, he is the biggest tosser in the universe, pervert doesn’t seem like too much of a stretch for him,” he quips.

Azrael lets out a pained little laugh.

Taking a breath and turning more serious he asks, “Did he say anything else?”

“He told me that I shouldn’t see you. That I should just do the job that Dad gave me… that he’d know if I didn’t. Then…” she trails off, her gaze falling to the floor.

He waits expectantly for her to continue, but she doesn’t. “Then what?” he prods.

“Well, then I heard Ella pray to me for help and I came, and I found you… saw what he did to you. It made me so angry….”

Lucifer doesn’t remember her being there, he’d been so out of it. Chloe had told him how she’d helped with his wings though. For that he is grateful.

“I went to Michael after that,” Azrael continues, “I demanded that he tell me why he would do such a thing. Then he started spouting nonsense about you being a disappointment, not worthy of something.” She pauses, her wide eyes pleading with him. “He wasn’t making much sense, Lu, I swear I didn’t know that he was going to do this.”

“I believe you,” he says with genuine sincerity, because he does believe her. She wouldn’t help Michael plot against him. She just wouldn’t.

She smiles softly at him. It reminds them of when they were younger. When he’d sit for hours comforting her after run-ins with their siblings, of which there were many. He’d hold her in his arms listening to her gentle sobs, his wings wrapped around them both. They’d stay there until her sobs receded into nothing more than mere sniffles and then she’d talk about whatever happened to be on
her mind and he would listen.

It was good for both of them.

In a place where neither had ever really fit in, they always had each other. Their time spent together was a solace, a welcome break from their family. The ones who didn’t understand them.

Her wide eyes glisten as she looks at him, her features softening. He knows she feels it too. Something lost, now found. Their relationship finally rekindled after all this time. “Thank you,” she says, barely a whisper.

It warms his heart, it really does, and he would love to dwell on it if not for the fact that his crazy brother has Chloe, his everything.

“Azrael,” he says, the shake in his voice betraying his calm exterior, “I need to know what happened after.” He takes a long pause, trying to swallow the lump that’s forming in his throat. “I need to know what he’s doing with Chloe.”

She nods. Her understanding of how important this is—she is—to him clear. “He said…” she hesitates until he gives her a firm look to continue, “that there was no way anyone could accept you for who you truly are. That you must’ve deceived her somehow. He said that he was going to be her saviour.”

He clenches his jaw, taking in her words. That bastard. He never could leave things well enough alone could he?

“I told him that he had no right. He couldn’t just take her, couldn’t keep her from you forever. We fought, he beat me and when I woke up, I came here to warn you, but I was obviously too late…. I can take you to her though.”

“How?” Ella suddenly interrupts looking thoughtful. “How do you know where they are if Michael knocked you out?”

Azrael tilts her head. “Tracking souls is kinda my whole thing.”

Lucifer frowns. Why would Michael let Azrael go knowing full well that she could lead him back to them? Then realisation dawns upon him. “It’s a trap,” he murmurs.

“Huh?” Ella looks at him, confusion on her face.

“It’s a trap.” He squeezes his eyes shut, shaking his head. “I don’t know why, but for some reason he wants Azrael to lead us back to him. I know Michael. He’ll have some convoluted plan to get what he wants, which for some inexplicable reason, is me away from Chloe.”

Both the girls nod, Ella looks deep in thought.

“So, if we don’t go, Chloe is stuck with Michael and if we do… we’re walking into a trap…. ”

“We?” he asks incredulously. “No, no, no. There is no we, Ella. As much as I appreciate the sentiment, I’ll be going alone. You saw what Michael was capable of, I’m not going to put you in harm’s way. Definitely not.”

She scoffs back at him, a reaction which had it come from anyone else, he would have found surprising. But this is Ella. Ever the one to defy expectations as he’s come to realise. “Dude, I’m coming with you whether you like it or not. I’m not letting you go alone, not after what he did to you
last time.”

He opens his mouth to protest.

“No arguing. This is happening,” she adds before he can.

“Fine,” he concedes. “But you’re to stay beside me unless I say otherwise.”

“Okay, but we know we’re walking into a trap. We need to be ready for it. Any bright ideas?”

Lucifer looks between the pair with a smirk forming on his lips. “Oh, I’ve a few.”

“Let me go, you asshole! You’re not going to get away with this.”

Michael scoffs, shaking his head.

He seems to loom over her menacingly as he stands in the shadows of the dank basement. A single window at ceiling height is the only connection to the outside world that she can see apart from the door that he stands by. It’s too dirty to make out any details that might help her figure out where she is, but a small amount of light manages to break through, giving a little more light than the quickly dying, bare lightbulb that hangs from the ceiling.

The location really couldn’t be more of a cliché for a kidnapping. It’s a small basement, four bare breezeblock walls surround her. The cold concrete floor on which she sits is dirty. Rusted pipes lead into a busted-up boiler that looks like it hasn’t been functional for quite some time. Judging by the build-up of cobwebs in the corners of the low ceiling and the abundance of spiders that occupy them, this place hasn’t been used by anyone in a long time.

She has no clue where she is or how she’d gotten here. One minute she’d been walking up the drive at her mom’s place and the next she was here. There’s nothing to give her even a hint as to where she is. Not even the sound of traffic passing by the window.

She must be somewhere secluded, but that could still be anywhere.

One thing she knows for certain though is that Lucifer will not rest until he finds her. He will find her, no matter what.

“Don’t you understand? I’m your saviour.”

A disgusted, sceptical laugh tumbles from her lips as she takes in the situation. He’s got her locked in a basement and he thinks he’s saving her from… what, exactly? “The only thing I need saving from is you. Can’t you see that?”

He scoffs, shaking his head. “Clearly, he’s manipulating you, deceiving you. That is what he does after all.” He pauses for a moment before adding, “Not to worry though, as soon as he’s gone, I’m sure we can rectify the situation. Help you to see the truth,” he says flippantly with a dismissive wave of his hand.

“I can see things just fine on my own. I don’t need any help from you,” she spits the words. “Lucifer has not been deceiving me. I know who he is, and I accept him,” her mouth twists into a nasty
frown, “unlike you.”

How can Michael treat his own brother as badly as he has? How can he misunderstand him so severely? She knows with absolute certainty that he’s wrong because Lucifer is a good man no matter what he or anyone else has to say about it.

Michael moves from his position leaning against the wall, straightening himself and taking a menacing step towards where she’s sat on the floor. “He has you deeper under his spell than I’d thought.” He shakes his head, sighing.

“Lucifer hasn’t done anything to me! I don’t know what you have against him— against your own brother— but he’s a good man. Nothing you can say will ever change my mind.”

“You don’t know the things he’s done. You don’t know what a monster he is.” He takes another step forward.

At that she rises, ignoring the way her legs protest the sudden movement after being sat on the cold, hard floor for so long. She lifts her chin defiantly. “He is not a monster. Not to me.” She says the words with such intensity, such passion that Michael almost looks taken aback for a second before swiftly recovering.

He lets out another laugh. “You think you know, but you know nothing.”

She takes a step forward, facing off with him barely a foot apart. “I do know, and I forgive him,” she snarls.

She can see the anger building beneath his calm demeanour. She probably shouldn’t be pushing him, she knows how dangerous he is evident by what he’d done to Lucifer, but she can’t stand to hear him talk like that. And if he was going to hurt her, he probably would’ve already done so.

The muscles in his jaw dance as he grits his teeth. “He’s a torturer,” he spits at her, eyes alight with growing rage, “a beast. He is not innocent.” His voice rises, each word more uneven than the last. Leaning forward, he stares at her intensely, pressing his lips into a twisted frown, nostrils flaring. “He murdered our brother!” he roars causing Chloe to flinch.

“He was defending himself,” she snaps back after quickly recovering. “Uriel was trying to kill me, trying to kill your mom. He attacked Lucifer.”

It didn’t take a genius to put the pieces together after Lucifer had told her. They’d talked about it a bit more afterwards, but the wound is clearly still fresher than he’ll likely ever admit.

She’d asked when it had happened, and he’d told her. The car crash had been Uriel like he’d tried to tell her at the time. He’d been trying to protect her, and she’d just dismissed his warnings as… what? Another one of his shenanigans, a ploy to force a ‘moment’ or perhaps just the ravings of a delusional man.

*Just think of me as your guardian Devil.*

Even though he knew that she thought his worries ridiculous, he’d still watched over her, still protected her.

She remembers the look in his eyes when he’d found her staring down the barrel of Kimo Vanzandt’s shotgun. That was the first time she’d ever seen Lucifer truly afraid. No mask, no hiding. Just fear. For her. Of losing her.
So, she’d understood when he’d told her he’d had no choice but to kill Uriel.

She doesn’t think him a monster for it.

No, actually, he’s the farthest thing from a monster because a monster wouldn’t try to get himself killed, put himself in harm’s way trying to punish himself for what he’d done.

_Every killer must be punished._

He’d been talking about himself…. If only she’d realised that sooner. If only she could have believed him, maybe he would’ve opened up to her, maybe she could have helped him. Relieved his suffering. But she hadn’t and he’d almost gotten himself killed in a misguided attempt to punish himself, to give himself what he thought he deserved.

Seeing him standing in that sniper’s line of fire… the bullets hitting too close. Just an inch closer and she could have lost him forever. It still haunts her.

But now is not the time for what ifs.

Now is the time to give his brother a piece of her mind, whether he has her as his captive or not, she isn’t going to let him intimidate her.

“He hated himself for what he was forced to do, for what your family forced him to do.” She prods him hard in the chest, the anger seems to melt away from him at the action. “So, don’t you dare call him a monster when you’re the one who treats him like he’s nothing, beating him up and leaving him to bleed out.” She grits her teeth, her muscles tense, anger seething from her. “You have no right to call him your brother,” she grinds out. “I love him for who he is and nothing you can say or do is gonna make me change my mind.”

Michael just stands, his mouth opens, but no words come out. He just stares at her for a moment, his features creasing slightly, the anger that was there now long gone. Then he averts his gaze, stepping away from her, shaking his head. “Sit down,” he bites out before walking away from her and opening the door. Light floods the dreary basement, it’s so bright that she has to squint against it.

He pauses for a moment, nothing more than a silhouette against the bright white.

She blinks a few times, trying to regain her vision to make out any detail outside the door that might give her a hint as to where she is, but he disappears beyond the threshold, slamming the door closed behind him before she can.

“Right,” Lucifer says, looking between Ella and Azrael, “Do we all remember the plan?”

Azrael raises an eyebrow at him. “No offence Lu, but there’s barely a plan to remember.”

He scoffs as he turns away from her, striding towards the bar. “It’s at least twelve percent of a plan.” He smirks, glancing over his shoulder to Ella who laughs a little at the reference. “And besides, I don’t hear you coming up with any better ideas,” he adds flatly as he pours himself a generous helping of his favourite scotch. He turns, lifting the tumbler to his lips and downs the contents in one swift motion.
“Dude,” Azrael says, stepping towards him, her eyes wide and filled with doubt, “It’s freakin’ Michael. There’s no way we can take him on. Can’t you call Amenadiel or something?”

A chuckle tumbles from his lips at the thought. Amenadiel helping? Yeah right. “Well, Amenadiel is bloody useless to us without his wings and we don’t have to ‘take on’ Michael.” He half shrugs as he reaches to pour himself another drink. “We just need to distract him long enough to get Chloe to safety.”

“What then?” she asks, throwing her hands out to her sides as she paces between the bar and the piano. “Say we do successfully distract him and get Chloe to safety, What then, huh?”

Ella nods. “She does have a point, Lu. Michael doesn’t seem like the type to just give up….”

Lucifer lets out a frustrated huff as he slams his now empty glass down on the bar. “We’ll deal with that later.” He grits his teeth, the idea of Chloe stuck with Michael whilst they bicker fruitlessly heavy in his mind. “All that matters right now is getting the Detective to safety,” he snaps, annoyance clear in his voice.

“Oh okay,” Ella says as she steps towards him, a soft smile tugging at her lips, and lays a hand on his arm. “We’ll get Chloe first.”

Lucifer purses his lips nodding in agreement. He takes a breath, steadying himself, trying desperately not to let the worry that’s settled in the pit of his stomach overcome him. He’s no good to Chloe like that, he has to stay strong. “So,” he claps his hands together, “Ella and I will distract Michael whilst you, Azrael, will retrieve Chloe and fly her to safety.”

Azrael swallows before finally conceding. “Fine, we’ll do it your way.”

He turns to Ella who looks rather dubiously back at him.

“Distract an archangel…” Ella says slowly, bobbing her head. “Riiiiight.” She blinks slowly a few times before turning to look at the settee where the still sleeping Dan and Linda lay. “What about them?”

“They’ll be fine,” Lucifer says, waving a dismissive hand.

Ella raises an eyebrow. “Don’t you think we should tell them what’s going on?”

He sighs heftily. There really isn’t time for this, they should be on their way to get Chloe already. “Well I imagine given their current state and mortal status, they’d be a bit more of a hindrance than a help to us against Michael.” He pauses, tilts his head as he eyes the sleeping doctor and detective and then adds, “Plus Detective Douche would simply write off whatever I tell him as delusional ramblings and I’d show him the truth as well, but we really don’t have time for another existential crisis.”

Ella nods slowly. “Fair point….”

“Well come on then, we haven’t got all bloody day.” He turns to Azrael. “You know what to do?”

She hums an affirmative, a serious look dawning her face. “Find Chloe, let you know where she is and stay out of sight until you arrive.”

“Good,” he pauses before giving her a small smile, “I’m counting on you Azrael.”

She returns his smile, soft and genuine. For the first time since forgiving her, it feels like it had when
they were younger; them against their family, but most importantly, they are together. And in that
moment, he knows that she won’t let him down.

With one last look she steps back, unfurls her wings and disappears.

“Right, come on then.” He makes his way towards the elevator only stopping when he realises that
Ella hasn’t followed him. She stands staring, unblinking, at the space where Azrael had just been.
“Ella?”

She seems to snap out of her trance at his voice, shaking her head. “Right… uh, sorry,” she replies
sheepishly, jarring into action and following him towards the elevator. “Still not quite used to the
whole… disappearing into thin air thing.”

He huffs out a little laugh as she takes the space next to him in the lift. Clearly, she isn’t all that
immune to his divinity.

“Where are we going anyway?”

“Why, to the garage, of course.”

“Uh….” She turns to him, her eyebrows creeping towards her hairline, and reaches out to touch his
arm. “We’re driving? Can’t you just… fly us there? Wouldn’t that be quicker?”

He cocks his head and thinks for a moment as he adjusts his cufflinks. “It would yes.” He looks
straight ahead at the closed doors in front of him, completely refusing to meet her scrutinizing gaze.

“So,” she pauses, her lips parted, her eyes questioning, “why aren’t we doing that?”

He clears his throat and shuffles a little on the spot. “Well, I… uh….“ He half shrugs, swallowing
and trying to rid himself of the tightness that suddenly squeezes his throat. “With my wings still on
the mend and Azrael still looking, I think this way is best.”

“Lucifer,” she says sternly, clearly seeing through his half-truth. “I know you’re not telling me
something.”

He’s the master of half-truths. Telling someone what they want to hear without telling them
everything. It’s an art that he’d long since perfected and yet, recently, he’d had difficulties keeping
anything from Chloe and Ella. Ever since they’d both learned the truth it’d been… different
somehow.

“Alright, well my wings are still healing, I didn’t lie, but…..” He takes a breath, before continuing,
“Well, if anything… happens to me, I want to make sure that you have a way out.”

Her grip tightens on his arm. “Lu… don’t think like that,” she says softly.

Squeezing his eyes shut, he takes a breath before turning to face her. Her eyes meet his, her gaze
gentle, pleading. “You saw what Michael did to me before.” He swallows hard. “I just need to make
sure that Chloe is safe.”

“We’re going to get Chloe and we’re all going to come home and laugh about what a dick Michael
is, alright? I’m not going to let him hurt you again, Lucifer. I won’t.”

He nods hesitantly. He appreciates the sentiment, but he knows, deep down that he can’t defeat
Michael. He doesn’t know why his brother is doing this, but he knows that he can’t win. All he can
hope is that he can get Chloe, Ella and Azrael to safety and give Michael whatever he wants to leave
them alone.

“Alright,” he says hoarsely.

~

“How do you know where you’re going?” she asks from the passenger seat of the brand-new Mustang.

“Azrael told me,” he replies flatly.

She raises an eyebrow. “She prayed to you?”

He hums an affirmative, his focus still on the road and on getting them to Chloe as fast as possible. Azrael’s directions had taken them through Angeles National Forest and now they are heading off the beaten track.

“How does that work? I mean… do you just hear **voices** in your head? Or is it more like a voicemail type situation?”

“It’s slightly more complicated than that, though I suppose you could say that your first assumption was correct.”

“Doesn’t that get… I don’t know, **annoying**? Like hearing everyone in the world that prays to you all the time.”

He sighs as he takes a turning onto a gravel road. The forest around them is starting to thin out.

“That’s where it gets complicated. I don’t **have** to listen to everyone. Bloody Hell if I had to listen to every misguided little delinquent that prayed to the Devil…” he trails off, shaking his head. Even the thought of having to listen to all those self-proclaimed ‘Satanists’ makes him feel a little bit queasy. “No, it’s more like I can filter out who I want to be able to listen to and who I don’t.”

“Huh….”

“It’s mostly an unconscious process now. It wasn’t so easy in the beginning though….” At first there hadn’t been a need to block them out, not when it had only been him and his siblings. And then humanity came along and as it grew and evolved, they started to worship. The prayers became more abundant to a maddening degree until the only option was to tune it all out.

Ella falls silent after that, obviously sensing that there’s more to the answer that he isn’t willing to disclose.

They continue in silence for a while until he comes to an abrupt stop at the end of the dirt road that they’d been on. Ahead of them stands a lonely, derelict building. It’s small and run down; what it’d once been he can’t really say. An outpost for the park rangers of some kind perhaps?

“This is it,” he says as he puts the hand break on and swings the door open. “In there.”

She joins him, sliding out of the car and looking out to the small building, shielding her eyes against the sunlight. “Are you sure? Doesn’t look like anyone’s been out here for a while….”
“This is where Azrael said.” He pauses, thinking about his next move. “Stay here, I’m going to scope the place out. Remember all we need to do is get Michael away from Chloe for long enough so that Azrael can get her.”

Ella nods and steps away from the car, closing the door behind her and stretching out her limbs.

He walks across the small dirt clearing in front of the building on high alert. The area seems eerily still; not even the birds disturb the silence. The place seems undisturbed, no footprints in the mud, nor any sign that anyone had been here recently.

This has to be the place though. This is where Azrael had told him.

Quietly, he approaches the metal door. The flaking red paint exposes the rusted metal beneath. He presses his ear to the door, his hand resting lightly on the handle. He listens but hears nothing.

He glances back to Ella, gesturing that he’s going to go inside before slowly pushing the handle down. The lock bends to his will, the tumblers clicking into place beneath his hand and the door opens with ease. It swings on its hinges, groaning as the twisted metal protests movement after what must be years of disuse.

No movement comes from inside as he stands warily on the threshold. He waits a moment. The room beyond is dark, illuminated only by the light flooding in from outside, causing unsettled dust to dance like golden flakes in the air.

After a moment of silence, he steps inside.

In the darkness he almost doesn’t spot the figure lurking in the corner. Almost.

“Michael.” He pauses, watching as his brother slinks from under the cover of shadow towards him.

“It’s about time, Sam,” he says nonchalantly. “I was beginning to think you weren’t going to come.”

Lucifer scoffs. “What are you doing Mike? Kidnapping humans? Really have you got nothing better to be doing?” He tries to play it cool despite knowing that Michael knows all too well that Chloe means something to him.

Michael just smirks back at him looking cocky as ever.

“Where is she?” he asks, trying to remain calm, but he can’t hide the hint of desperation in his voice. He takes a menacing step forward, muscles tense, unable to tame the rising fury within. “I swear Michael if you’ve hurt her—”

“Hurt her?” Michael laughs incredulously. “Oh brother, don’t make me laugh. Can’t you see I’m not the one that’s hurting her. Can’t you see I’m saving her?”

Lucifer can’t help but scoff. “Saving her? Are you being bloody serious? The only one she needs saving from is you,” he snaps out the word.

Michael strides across the room, a stupid, smug smirk on his face. He opens a door that Lucifer hadn’t seen in the corner of the room and steps back, his gaze falling back to Lucifer. “I have to make her see the truth. Finally, she’s going to see who you truly are.”

He frowns at that. He’s not sure what Michael is getting at. If he’s talking about Chloe seeing the truth, well… she already knows, and she accepts him regardless. His train of thought is cut off though when he hears hesitant footsteps echo from beyond the door. Chloe appears, her features
tense as her beautiful face peeks out from behind the door frame.

“Chloe,” he breathes.

She looks between the pair of them, unsure at first and then her eyes settle on him and her features soften. Without another second of hesitation she runs for him and then she’s there in his arms, her head pressed against his chest, his arms engulfing her. “Lucifer,” she whispers against him.

He doesn’t want to let go, but Michael still lurks in the corner, the smile on his face not fading. Whatever he’s planning can’t be good. The self-righteous bastard obviously knows what he wants.

Pulling Chloe away from him, he places a hand on each of her shoulders, looking her up and down. “Did he hurt you, Love?” he asks softly.

She shakes her head, her ponytail bobbing. “No… no, I’m fine. He didn’t…” she trails off shaking her head again and buries her face in his shirt once more. Her fingers dig into the material of his jacket, holding onto him as if for dear life.

She’s scared. Michael scared her.

He feels anger bubbling within. “Why, Michael?!” he spits the words. “Why are you doing this, hmm?”

“I already told you,” he snaps, leaving his place leaning against the wall and stalks towards them once more, “I’m saving her.”

“She doesn’t need saving!” Lucifer roars. He feels Chloe startle against him and wraps his arms tighter around her, carefully guiding her to the side before letting her go. He gestures for her to stay out of the way and hopes with all he has that Azrael will be here before things get out of hand.

Chloe moves into the corner of the room just as Michael pounces on him. His hand wraps around his throat, slamming him against the wall. A low, feral growl slips from Lucifer’s lips as his brother’s hand squeezes.

Their faces are mere inches apart. He can feel Michael’s breath ghosting across his skin. “I can’t allow this to go on. She needs to see you for what you are.”

His hand squeezes tighter.

Lucifer struggles against it.

He could free himself, but he really can’t afford to start a fight with Michael with Chloe here. So instead he suffers it for as long as possible. Submitting to his sanctimonious shit of a brother for Chloe. To keep her safe. Even if it costs him.

He would do anything to keep her safe, no matter the price.

Breathing becomes a struggle. He squeezes his eyes shut as the world starts to fade out, darkness creeping into the edges of his vision.

“Come on,” Michael sneers, “Let the big bad Devil out to play. You know you want to,” he purrs.

Lucifer growls, low and dangerous. He vaguely registers Chloe shouting his name in the background, but her cries seem to be faint to his oxygen deprived brain. Anger still simmers inside him. Angry because he doesn’t understand why Michael is doing this. He just wants to be left alone;
can’t he see that?

Michael squeezes again and Lucifer snaps his eyes open, meeting his gaze. The faintest flicker of hellfire dances across his eyes, the flames just the tip of what is brewing inside.

“There he is.” Michael smirks. “I knew you—”

Unable to remain any longer without passing out, Lucifer kicks him in the chest with full force, freeing himself from Michael’s grasp. They both fall to the floor, Lucifer slumping against the wall, gasping for breath.

It isn’t long before Michael is on him again though, a nasty glint shining in his eyes. He hits him, and then hits him again. It hurts. More than it did last time they fought. With Chloe here he definitely won’t be able to put up a fight for long.

He dodges the next punch easily as he finds his feet once again, tactics brewing in his mind.

Drag out the fight as long as possible and hope that Azrael is nearby.

Chloe’s safety is all that matters.

“WHY?” Lucifer roars again as he hastily slides out of the way of another hit. He hits the wall behind him as he tries to dodge again. He’s backed into a corner and Michael is coming at him.

“I told you,” Michael shouts as he throws another punch.

Lucifer lunges out of the way, his sights set on the door to the small cabin. Michael quickly follows, grabbing a fistful of his jacket and causing them both to stumble into the door frame.

“I need her to see!” he roars as they struggle, practically falling through the door into the clearing out front.

Lucifer scrambles away as Michael regains his footing. Good, they got outside. The further away from Chloe he can get the better for both of them.

He stands up straight, panting, feeling the sting of multiple cuts and bruises that Michael has inflicted upon him. His throat aches. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, and it comes away smeared with a streak of red.

He swallows against the lump in his throat.

The space between them quickly shrinks as Michael surges towards him, a nasty sneer twisting his features. “You are a wolf in sheep’s clothing, parading yourself amongst the humans, pretending to be one of them.” He laughs, a bitter noise. “I’m going to expose you for what you truly are; a monster.” He gets closer, his intention to attack clear as day. Lucifer knows though that if he engages, he won’t last long. “I will make them see your true self. Make them see what you are capable of. And then you—”

His voice is drowned out by the screeching of tyres and the roar of an engine. One second Michael is coming at him and the next he’s flying across the clearing propelled by the force of a car ramming into the side of him.

Lucifer blinks, looking from his brother lying face down in the dirt to Ella who slips out the driver’s side of the car with a grimace on her face. He gives her a questioning look.
Ella shrugs. “That was a distraction, right?” She laughs nervously.

“Well, surprisingly, it seems to have done… something,” Lucifer says, frowning slightly and looking back to his brother who still hasn’t moved. He glances to the front of the car. “Though the car did look better without the Michael shaped dent in the front of it….”

“Sorry,” she laughs sheepishly.

A groan comes from Michael as he pulls himself up from the floor. Obviously hitting him with a car wasn’t going to keep him down for long. Not an archangel at full strength. An inhuman growl slips from his lips as he gets to his feet and stalks back towards them, snarling. “You see what you are doing? Enticing violence and spreading sin; corrupting Father’s creation.”

Ella’s awkward smile fades as Michael bares his teeth, approaching Lucifer with an intense, blood thirsty stare that never falters. He stops barely a foot away from him, pressing Lucifer against the tree, somehow looming over him despite being the same height.

“So, you ask why I’m doing this, Sam,” he snarls, baring his teeth. His hand grabs the front of Lucifer’s shirt, holding him firmly in place. “I’m doing this because you don’t deserve this.”

Lucifer blinks, trying to comprehend his brother’s words. “What?” he asks quietly.

“You are a monster. You betrayed us—betrayed me and then I come here to forgive you and you all but spit in my face.” He huffs a dry hateful noise. “And you’re the one that gets…” he trails off looking around to Chloe and Ella who watch on with wide eyes. He grinds his teeth before continuing, “Who gets everything.” He breathes grow more erratic as he speaks, his movements become jerky. Lucifer can hear the growing distress in his voice, though he can’t fathom why.

Michael takes a breath, his gaze falling to the floor, his lips quivering just slightly before he snaps back to look Lucifer in the eyes. “You refuse to love me. ME. But you love THEM! These humans!”

He sounds… upset. Genuinely upset.

He doesn’t have time to dwell on it though before his untethered, crazed anger boils over and he hits Lucifer, his fist connecting with his face again and again.

“STOP IT!” someone screams, the ringing in his ears that accompanies his aching… everything makes it difficult to tell who it is.

His vision blurs, Michael’s face growing less defined before him. He can barely keep his eyes open against the pounding when suddenly, it stops.

Michael jerks away, seemingly caught off guard by something, but in his state, he can’t tell what. He just lets himself slump to the ground, his back against the tree.

Blinking a few times, the picture before him becomes clearer.

Michael is on the floor, Ella standing over him. She… she saved him.

“Stop it!” she shouts again. “Stop hurting him! If anyone is a monster here, it’s you! Can’t you see that?”

Lucifer feels pride swell within him as Michael sits on the floor looking utterly dumbfounded as she
gives him a piece of her mind.

“Lucifer is a good man, a better man then you’ll ever be. We love him and respect him, but you,” she scoffs, “you are a pathetic excuse of a brother. You’re supposed be there for him, not,” she gestures to Lucifer, “this.”

Michael remains sat in the dirt, looking between him and Ella and Chloe who at some point had joined them. “I-I…” he stammers, glancing to Lucifer and then at his bloody hands. “You’re right…” he trails off looking completely lost, helpless even. “I-I am a monster.”

“If you wanted to make up with him all you had to do was say so, not this.” She shakes her head, her lips pressed into an angry line.

“I thought… I-I wanted to forgive him and then we started to fight, and I just got so angry.” Michael says as he pulls himself from the floor, all his anger from earlier nowhere to be found. Maybe it’s all the blows to the head distorting his perception, but to Lucifer he actually looks humbled as he stands before her. “I saw how you both accepted him, and he forgave Azrael and it just made me angry because everyone had what they wanted except me. I couldn’t stand it. I thought if I couldn’t have you…” he trails off, taking a deep breath. “I just wanted my brother back,” he says quietly.

So quietly that Lucifer can’t quite believe that he’d actually heard the words. Maybe Michael had hit him too hard after all….

The group falls silent for a long moment.

Chloe kneels down beside him, taking his face in her hand. He hisses at the contact, pulling away slightly.

Ella turns to him. “Jeez, you angels really have communication issues, huh?”

“You can say that again,” Chloe mutters as she fusses over his face. She lets go of him after a second and he lets his head fall.

It’s a lot to take in. Too much.

“I mean, I thought it was just a Lucifer thing, but clearly you guys are a mess…” she trails off, grimacing as she looks between them.

“I don’t blame them,” Chloe says as she runs her fingers through his hair, her nails lightly scratching his scalp.

Ella just shakes her head, sorrow saturating her features.

Michael shuffles where he’s sat. He too is staring at the floor. “I don’t know what to do,” he mumbles.

To everyone’s surprise, Ella extends a hand to him. He stares at it for a long while looking thoroughly confused. “I think,” she pauses, “you can start by apologising.”

He swallows hard as his gaze wonders to Chloe and Lucifer. Nodding almost imperceptibly, he takes her hand and she helps him up from the floor. He rubs his fingers together, his gaze downcast. “I shouldn’t have taken your human.”

“Chloe,” Lucifer grumbles. “Her name is Chloe.”
“Right,” he bobs his head a little. “Chloe. I shouldn’t have taken her. And I shouldn’t have attacked you. I am sorry brother.”

Lucifer eyes him as he sits down on the floor next to him.

“You see, I had a bit of a revelation recently. I realised after Uriel, that I’d lost two brothers. I realised that it didn’t have to be that way though. I couldn’t bring Uriel back as much as I wanted to, but I could finally make peace with you.” He sighs before continuing, “When I came to you, I was remiss in taking your feelings into consideration. I saw how happy you were, how carefree you seemed, and I got angry. I didn’t understand how you could act in such a manner when you’d killed our brother.”

“I didn’t want—”

Michael silences his interruption by raising his palm to him. “Wait, let me finish, please. I know now that you didn’t mean for any of it to happen. Uriel was misguided and his actions led to his fate. I… I’m just as bad as he was…” Michael trails off. “I still miss him though, Sam. I miss you— us.”

A tense moment of silence hangs between them.

“I’m angry, brother…” he rolls his jaw, clenching his fist in his lap, “I’m angry and I don’t want to be. I’ve done so many things in Father’s name, things that I regret deeply, but I thought I was doing the right thing. I followed blindly for eons and I thought I was justified, that it was what had to be done, but I’ve come to realise that I’ve been driving a wedge between our family. I want to take it all back, but I don’t know how. So please, brother, I’m asking you— begging you, can you ever forgive me? Can we ever go back to what we once were?”

“No,” Lucifer mutters quietly, shaking his head despite the pain. “No, brother we can’t go back.” He sighs and glances to Chloe. “A very wise human once told me that going backwards isn’t good for anyone.”

Michael frowns, tilting his head to one side, his lips slightly parted as he listens.

“What I’m trying to say brother is that I’m not ready to forgive you. Not yet. I need… I need time. But this… this is moving forward, it’s,” he tilts his head to one side, slightly amused at how much his words sound like something Linda would say, “progress.”


His brother rises from the floor and stands for a moment before offering his hand. Lucifer eyes it warily.

This isn’t some scheme. He knows Michael, he knows when he’s playing a game and this hasn’t been one. He’s clearly hurting just as Lucifer had hurt, but Lucifer has been surrounded by the people he loves. People that have helped him through everything. People that love him no matter what.

Michael has had no one.

He’s been just as alone as Lucifer once was.

So, Lucifer reaches out and takes his brother’s hand, allowing himself to be helped up. It’ll take a long time for him to be okay enough to forgive him completely, but this gesture is a foundation upon which to re-build their relationship.
It’s a start.

Lucifer dusts the dirt off his thoroughly ruined suit.

“I believe I owe you an apology as well, Chloe,” Michael says, turning to her. “It was wrong of me to take out my anger on you. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me.”

Chloe folds her arms around herself and nods her head slightly. “Thank you.”

Ella strides up to him. Lucifer knows that anger in her eyes all too well. The same anger she’d directed at both he and Azrael after she’d found out the truth. She prods Michael hard in the chest. “I swear if you hurt Lucifer again, I will kick your ass. You’re gonna wish that hitting you with a car is the worst thing I do to you. Got it?”

“I—” Michael swallows hard, glancing to his brother for help. He actually looks scared of Ella and even holds up his hands in surrender. “Yes, you have my word, Ella Lopez.”

Lucifer chuckles at the scene.

“I like this one brother,” he gestures to Ella. “She’s fierce.”

“That she is,” Lucifer replies.

There’s a moment of awkward silence. Michael clears his throat. “I suppose… this is goodbye then.”

“For now, at least,” Lucifer adds.

Their eyes meet and for the first time since before the rebellion, Michael smiles at him, soft and genuine, his eyes twinkling. For the first time in so long, Lucifer finally sees the brother that he’d lost. He smiles back as Michael unfurls his wings and disappears.

Chloe immediately envelops him in a hug which he gratefully accepts, practically melting into her. He feels exhausted. Not just from the fighting, but from the emotional rollercoaster.

“Come on, let’s go home,” she mumbles into his shirt.

He nods against her hair, holding her just a fraction tighter, not wanting to let go.

There’s another gust of wind and the sound of feathers rustling. He frowns and glances around, at first thinking that Michael might have come back, that maybe it was a trick after all. But no. It’s just Azrael, late to the party as usual.

“Where is he?!” she cries, looking ready to attack.

“Michael’s gone, Azrael.” He shakes his head. Chloe extricates herself from his embrace, taking his hand in hers. “Your timing is just atrocious by the way.”

Azrael rushes over to him, her eyes wildly searching his beaten face. “What happened? Did he—”

Lucifer sighs. “We fought and we talked. It was… interesting to say the least.”

“Oh.”

“Now come on,” he says, glancing around at all the people he loves, “let’s go home, I am knackered.”
Hope you enjoyed! Follow me on Twitter if you fancy having a chat about Lucifer, Deckerstar or anything really @kaykat666. Thanks for reading! (I have a new Twitter because I'm actually an outlaw.)

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