Our new reality

by Jellysocks

Summary

Chloe shouldn't have run, but her brain seems to be having trouble rebooting this new reality.

Except Lucifer is hurt, and now she has to deal. With more than just his literal Devilish side.

(Set after Cain.)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Chapter 1

Everything had somehow gone not quite literally to hell. Yet it was hell, or some version of it.

Lucifer was...well, Lucifer, the devil, fallen angel, old scratch (his favourite apparently). Chloe had seen his face, his true face where the skin was scorched red and angry, stretched so thin over bone it might tear and in the recess of her mind Chloe thought how painful it must have been. She could reflect back on it later-not as her mind seemed to be trying to reboot a new level of existence - that the eyes, while no longer human had looked on with panic. Almost as if she were the one to be feared.

"Detective?" The voice was the same, the same candence, the same accent and it seemed to have shattered the stoney resolve so she did the only thing her body would let her do. Chloe ran and she mutley realised much later that he had simply let her leave.

Chloe Decker sat at the desk not really paying much mind to the screen in front of her, everything seemed to swim out of focus every now and then. Lucifer was still not here, but why would he be? She'd left without saying anything, well fleeing was more apt a word she mused. Three weeks seem to have floated by since the shit storm that Cain had brought round down their heads and not a word, no text, no email, not nothing and she was beginning to realise that perhaps she had made a mistake.

Chloe groaned as she ran her hands through dark blonde hair, no one said anything to her. There seemed to a unanimous agreement through out the station to leave her alone and give her some space. Now that she could think about it without crying, the whole devil thing didn't seem that bad (I mean she'd dated Pierce afterall), it was just everything else that it implied. When Lucifer complained about his dad, as he did often and loudly he had been talking about God. God was real, heaven and hell were real tangible places that existed and that's what made the bubble in her chest nearly pop with hysteria.

"Detective?" The deep voice was cautious but was still not enough to bring her out of the panic rising to the surface. It was the large hand on her back and the warmth between her shoulder blades that did the trick.

"Holy crap!" She flinched, regretting it as she saw hurt in those huge brown eyes. Not red, but brown.

"I apologise." The coffee was placed before her as a peace offering and Lucifer stepped away from her desk his hands raised in surrender, if he'd had a white flag on a stick he may have waved that as well. He was dressed in the usual attire, crisp white shirt undone at the collar and tailored navy suit with shoes that probably cost more than her car. Yet there was something off about him, he didn't stand as straight as he normally did, as though gravity was something he was losing a battle against, angular face pinched in pain and none of the usual confidence that always seemed to ooze out of him.

"I'll leave...I just wanted to...damn...no case?" Lucifer's words trailed off and his smile was pained and Chloe took a deep calming breathe.

"No case yet Lucifer, I'm sorry, you took me by suprise." Three weeks she wanted to scold him, I haven't heard from you in three weeks but that wasn't fair. It had been her choice not to reach out to
him, and now that he was here did she want him to go? Yes? No? She was so confused right now.

Chloe let her head thump against the desk, "What is my life right now, the devil has brought me coffee."

"Well I would have brought you something else a lot more tantalising my dear all you had to do was ask." The remark lacked some of its usual vigour but Chloe turned her head towards him and offered him a small smile. Lucifer was trying for her it seemed.

"Only in your dreams Lucifer," She replied, and in her own before all this had happened if she was being honest (and they'd been good dreams), when he was just the weirdo with unusual coping mechanisms.

"Are you okay detective?"

Chloe stood up and her heart sank as he seemed to move even further away from her as though she scared him.

"Yes. No." She glanced around, but the paddock was all hustle and bustle and no one was paying attention to them but she still lowered her voice to a whisper. "I don't know Lucifer. You are the devil, God is your dad and hell is real, and god is real and you are the literally fucking devil her thoughts seemed to spiral and Lucifer had no right to stand there looking like a kicked puppy.

"Pier- Cain, Lucifer. Honest to God Cain, the first murderer. There is just so much to unpack...and you.." She hissed a little too loudly before drawing back. No, this was not Lucifer's fault, he had tried to warn her. This was not the right way to go about fixing what was broken between them.

"Well yes," His tone was clipped, he had clearly taken her silence as something else entirely "I am sorry detective. I should not have come here. I'll be back when I can appear more normal to you delicate human sensibilities." There was that hurt again in his voice, so much hurt, millions of years of it and the churning in her stomach told her to grow up, get over this mess and help him.

They were saved from doing anything as a voice barked across the bullpen in their direction. "Decker! Morningstar! Case for you."

Oh thank God Chloe thought not voicing it to Lucifer.
The car ride is long and uncomfortable and Chloe can't help but notice the way Lucifer can't sit still, the pale tone of his skin against the dark contrast of his suit. The way his back wont rest against the seat.

The case was a double murder in a swankier part of LA, husband and wife and while that would usually draw out Lucifer's somewhat gallow humour he had remained stoic and distant.

"Is everything okay?" She asked not looking at him.

"Never better detective thank you." His tone broke no argument as he fished his silver flask from the inside of his pocket taking a deep swig. Chloe decided it was best not to push him so she turned her thoughts to the case, speaking to herself if only to fill the uncomfortable silence.

"Ella says the husband was stabbed roughly forty times, mainly to the chest and genitals," Chloe expected some response at that, but there was none so she just carried on, "his wife seemed like she put up no trouble at all, Ella's thinking poison and will let us know if she finds anything, maybe two killers? Time of death indicates the wife died before the husband. Both were members of a country club where neighbours say they spent most of their time, there were reports made a few nights ago where witnesses say the wife argued with a Ms Maria Finch. Seems like the best place to start as nothing of value seems to have been stolen from the property."

"As you wish detective." Chloe ground her teeth, she had honestly not expected him to come with her when the acting lieutenant had thrust the case file at her. He'd followed her anyway and Chloe had begun to hope that maybe it could all be put behind them. She was dealing wasn't she?

The country club was exactly as Chloe had pictured it as she pulled up in the gravel driveway. Expensive, over the top and a thousand times out of her comfort zone. Lucifer didn't seem to mind as he unfolded himself from the car and strolled through the building as though he owned it, the only signs of anything wrong were the hard lines of his shoulders.

Chloe followed him through vast ornate rooms, each one seemed to have their own bars, cocktails being poured and made in earnest despite it being eleven in the morning. The front porter in the large reception room with diamond chandelier had given her directions to one Maria Finch who was currently the most senior member on the clubs council.

They found her sitting on a large oak table in front a bay window which overlooked the meticulous eighteen hole golf course with one other women chatting idly, wine glasses in their hand. She was an attractive woman, her body still toned despite her age, hair perhaps a little too bottle blonde for the fake orange tint of her skin. The tight bun that she had her hair pulled into emphasised the lines of her face. She reminded Chloe of a strict librarian complete with a pin striped pants suit.

"Excuse me ladies" Chloe said placing her hands on her hips so the badge showed. They didn't seem surprised by their visit, instead their eyes lit up with a curious glean and Chloe got the feeling that she was sitting down because they had allowed it.

"Oh my, " Maria looked her up and down with watery blue eyes and perfect makeup, but Chloe refused to feel so judged in her bargain boots and jeans. "You must be the police, we'd heard about what happened."
"I'm detective Decker, this is my partner Lucifer Morningstar."

"Poor Carla and Simon, they were such a lovely couple." The woman on the right sympathised, she was younger than Maria by at least ten years with her nails perfectly manicured, dark brown hair swept over one shoulder.

"Lucifer?" Maria hummed, ignoring Chloe as though one would ignore a fly "what an interesting name."

Lucifer hadn't sat down, but now he leaned over the table large hand braced to give him balance, giving the women a peek down his shirt where it opened at the hollow of his neck. "I'm rather interesting all over my dear." His voice was a rumble, cologne soft and subtle.

"I'd say," The brunette let slip, "my name is Charity."

Of course it was.

Chloe had a feeling that she was losing control of this conversation and normally Lucifer's flirting didn't bother her, but this grated her nerves and made her eyes twitch.

"Perhaps instead of oggling my partner you could answer my questions?"

"But detective, I do like the attention so. Wouldn't you agree? I'd say it's my only redeeming feature, I'm a right devil at heart." His threw a wink at the women, but Chloe felt his hidden barb aimed at her.

"I bet you are." Maria bit her lip and Chloe wanted to be sick.

"Right, you can either answer my questions here or back at the station." At their blank stares Chloe struggled with the urge to scream. "How well did you know Carla and Simon?"

"Not that well detective," Maria shrugged slender shoulders, "Carla was interested in running for a council table position, and Simon had his own issues to attend to the poor dear, they hadn't been members for long. New money I heard."

"It wasn't very subtle." Charity rolled her eyes, "At least the other husbands had the good sense to go to a more reliable drug dealer, you can never be too careful."

Maria's glare cowed Charity into submission and the younger woman gulped greedily from her wine glass. "Ooo and what little drugs did the husband sniff up his nose?" Lucifer seemed to be enjoying himself while Chloe made a mental check list to ask Ella for the results of the tox screen.

"Simon had fallen on hard times somewhat," Maria said, "quite loose lipped after a few drinks, his position at his father's law frim was tenuous at best and with a bad case of wandering hands."

"Was he having an affair?" Chloe asked.

"Carla wouldn't say, only that she suspected he'd been unfaithful, I have it on good authority from the women here that he chased anything with a pulse. Are you married Lucifer?"

"Now where's the fun in that?" Lucifer chuckled, "So many interesting things to try." Chloe wanted to elbow him in his stupid head, his stupidly handsome head.

"Could you tell me where he got his drugs from?" Chloe asked.

Maria turned to Charity, as though giving her some unspoken to permission to answer. Whoever this
Maria was, she was clearly in charge. "I think it was one of the groundskeepers, I saw him and Simon arguing a few days ago, Simon seemed really angry. Had him pinned against the tree and kept ranting about his next shipment."

"Mister Franklin has been with us for many years," Maria shook her head. "His knowledge for our floral decorations nearly outrival my own."

"We'll need his address. We have reports of a disturbance at their house three days ago. Neighbours say you argued quite heavily with Carla."

"Ooo, is that because she wanted your job?" Charity smiled, quickly dropping her gaze as Maria levelled the girl a glare that could have turned milk sour.

"My position is elected," Maria turns her gaze back on Chloe. "I welcomed to competition, I felt that Carla would have been a good replacement for me. The dear had bite. I was supposed to go over last night to discuss club business, the poor dear had been so unwell recently complaining of stomach aches and headaches, but we recieved a shipment of wine for an upcomming function that I had to be here for. Our small disagreement was over nothing more than the setting for our next fundraiser."

Chloe stood up, it was clear they were going to get no further and Lucifer didn't seem as forthcoming in using his devily powers and she couldn't help the shame that bubbled up in her stomach. He was hiding who he was from her and it stung, this was not what she wanted. "I'll need to see invoice records and time stamps, we'll be in touch if we need anything more."

Maria smirked and Chloe thought she looked as though she's sucked a lemon "Of course dective, we hope to see you again soon, perhaps on more inviting circumstances."

She turned to go, Lucifer following her at a distance. Chloe still wanted to elbow him.

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The groundskeeper lived an hour way and with each passing moment Chloe was tempted to fling herself from the car while it still moved. It pained her how the silence stretched out between them, awkward and unsure. Lucifer refused to look at her, instead she heard the familiar sound of him drinking from his hip flask shuffling and uncomfortable.

They pulled up outside a single story house, windows boarded up and whatever garden had once managed to grow was now brown and dying despite the occupants apparent profession. Chloe took her frustrations out on the door as she thumped her fists against it.

"Mister Franklin, we have a few quesions for you." The door swung open but there was no one there. Chloe reached for her weapon, indicating she would go first.

They worked together now and Chloe pushed down her relief as she felt him at her back as she crossed the threshold. It was stifling in the house, the humidity settling around her like a blanket. She walked slowly across the thread bare carpet noting that despite the heat there was a smell of bleach in the air. Someone had been hard at work cleaning.

Chloe failed to spot the glint of the baseball bat before it was too late.
"Lucifer!"

THWACK!!

The sound cracked through the air as the bat connected with Lucifer's back. Chloe expected righteous fury, she did not expect the scream that tore from the man's throat, she did not expect the way Lucifer fell the floor and she most certainly did not expect the wings that exploded from his back.

Chloe took only a moment before she holstered her gun, climbing over the suspect who now lay on the floor his pitiful moans only half registering with her, she slapped some cuffs on his wrist just incase he got over his initial shock.

"Oh god, oh god, wings, he has wings. How much did I fucking smoke?!"

Lucifer lay unmoving on the floor, taking in harsh rasping gasps, the wings splayed out either side of him having sent the contents of the room flying. The white beheamouth things were bent and broken, shards of glass glinted in the shattered blood stained feathers.

"Lucifer?" She shook his shoulder, her panic rising when he wouldn't move. His screams had been loud, deafening and she hoped that no one decided to figure out where they had come from. "Lucifer, please, I need you to wake up." Her voice took a pleading high pitched tone. Long eyelashes fluttered, his open but not seeing.

"Mmm tective?"

"Stand. Up. Lucifer," Her voice was stern now, she would not give in to her panic, not when he needed her and it seemed to be the motivation he needed to stumble to his feet. Chloe grabbed a large woollen blanket that covered a couch and swung it over his back, trying to hide the wings.

"I'm sorry," she whispered as he moaned in pain, leaning against her. His weight almost crushed her but she gritted her teeth as her muscles told her to stop. "Can you walk?"

"Too..too much d-devil," He mumbled sadly. "S'rry."

Chloe felt her heart almost break in two. "Lucifer it's fine, I'm fine, but you're not. We have to get you back to Lux." She bundled him up as best she could, walking around the suspect who still lay on the floor arms behind his back.

"He has wings, he has wings."

Chloe rolled her eyes, "Welcome to my world."
Chapter 3

Chloe called in the incident and then drove to Lux as fast as she legally could (perhaps close to six over the limit), parking in what she had come to think of as her own space. No one else ever seemed to park there despite how heaving business could be.

She somehow managed to get Lucifer out the car, where he had been folded up in the back and together they stumbled in to the penthouse. Chloe groaned as she managed to drop Lucifer on the bed not caring how graceful it was only that he landed, removing the blanket as well as his shoes. Her whole body ached and was drenched with sweat and Lucifer had hardly moved.

Chloe fished out the phone and dialed the number with shaking hands.

"What Decker?" Maze snarled, they had not spoken since Chloe had found out that Lucifer was the devil and that in turn Maze was telling the truth about her demonic nature. Still the bounty hunter had answered on the first ring, it seemed that Chloe had more bridges to mend when this was over.

"Maze, Lucifer has wings," Chloe rambled, "but they're broken somehow and he's not moving and I don't know what to do." Chloe tried not to look at the still figure on the bed, he should be moving, Lucifer always seemed to be doing something and now he wasn't.

"Chloe," Maze's sharp tone was almost like a balm against her panic, "look away from his wings. Humans aren't meant to stare at the divine for long."

"Maze." Chloe rolled her eyes, she'd seen Lucifer's true face, she wasn't going to go mad because of some wings. Especially wings that honestly looked like they'd been through a woodchipper. "How the hell do I fix them? Will fixing them wake him up?" She had no time for more mysterious mind games. Her brain was about to break from stress and Chloe needed to do something.

"It should. You'll need to wash them and remove the broken feathers, straighten the bent ones. Even if it's not perfect it should be enough." Chloe did not hear the amazement in the demon's voice. "Thanks Maze...I'm sorry. For everything. For how I reacted...how...I...I'm sorry." The apology hung the air.

"Don't worry about it Decker, buy me a drink and we're even. Not that box wine crap. Look, be careful, the first three feathers on the wing will be sharp and he may not like it." Maze hung up without a goodbye and Chloe got to work.

Chloe gathered what she needed on advice from a text Maze had sent her; warm water, cloth (she hoped the monogramed towels she was going to use weren't too expensive) and a small pair of scissors.

She'd also peeled off her disgustingly filthy top and changed into one of his black dress shirts, rolling the sleeves up.

Chloe cut away at his shirt and jacket revealing the extent of his broad back, the wings seemed to have no trouble sprouting through the expensive material. She moved to the end of the wings that trailed off the the bed and onto the floor and reached out for the largest feather with trembling hands. Gritting her teeth she straightened it, careful of the sharp edge that Maze had warned her about.

The effect was instantaneous. Lucifer growled as he shot up on the bed and onto his knees, wings
whipping around with a sickening crunch, he grabbed her wrist and lifted her up to his eye level as though she weighed nothing. He was no longer wearing his disguise and the same angry red skin stared back at her.

Chloe expected the fear to be back, but there was none, this close she could still see the high cheekbones, his strong nose and she wondered whey she hadn't seen the similarities before. It had to have hurt, there was no area of skin that was not blistered. She refused to back down from the hellfire in his eyes, what did it matter when she could still see who he was underneath?

"Lucifer?" Chloe gets her legs steady beneath her, rather than just dangling in his grasp. She stroked his face carefully, softly, letting him see her hand before she does and she can feel the slight tremor that races through him under her fingertips, how hot his skin is. Impossibly hot as though someone has lit a coal furnace at his very centre.

"It's me Chloe. It's okay."

Slowly the anger leaks out of him and he lets go of her, slumped awkwardly against her. His disguise in place once more.

"I'm so sorry." He whispers.

"It's okay Lucifer, lets get you back lying down yeah?"

"How? Where?" He hisses in pain as Chloe helped in manoeuvre once more onto his stomach. Lucifer seemed to catch sight of his tattered wings and sighs.

"Bloody things,"Lucifer blinks as he recognises his own bedsheets and the familiar surroundings of his bedroom.

"All y-you had to do was ask." He tries to wiggle his eyebrows and a fresh sheen of sweat breaks out over him.

"You are an idiot," Chloe growls, hot tears spilling down her cheeks.

Lucifer blinks in surprise.

"How long have they been like this?" Chloe gestures to his mangled wings, wiping her tears away quickly with the back of her hand, hating that she was crying. Hating that he'd hid this pain from her and hating the fact that she was losing him. That she had ran away from him.

"S'nothing, devil fterall." Lucifer struggled to get the words out. His brain felt very much like it had been pulverised and every muscle he possessed seemed to protest even the mere thought of lying down. He's pretty sure he'd give anything to escape the confines of his penthouse and the detective's tears.

"Just because you're the devil," Chloe whispered and her voice sounded far away, "doesn't mean you're the devil humans have been writing about. You told me that, just took my brain awhile to catch up."

"D'don't follow?"

Chloe watched him carefully, the purple bags under his eyes, dark hair tousled and out of place and the longing in his eyes as he realised she was not leaving his side. Lucifer had said it to her before once, when she thought it was all some elaborate game to him. God had created the devil yes, had given him position as the lord of hell, but humans were the ones that demonised and vilified him.
They blamed him for all their wrong doings and evil within the world. An entire planet of people hated him and he didn't deserve it. He deserved non of this. How can one preson be blamed for so much evil.

"I'm going to clean your wings now is that okay?" She can still hear the tears in her voice.

"Can't get away."

No he couldn't, Lucifer seemed to be less aware of his surrondings with every breathe he managed to get into his lungs. Chloe placed a hand on his back, careful not to touch any of the smaller fluffier feathers.

"That's not what I mean Lucifer. I want to help you." Had no one ever helped him? How lonely his existence had been. "I'm not going to touch you if you don't want, we'll figure something else out if we have to."

"Okay." Lucifer spoke softly as though he had never been given the choice before before closing his eyes.

Chloe began quickly before either of their resolve shattered, removing all the pieces of glass that had been embedded in the feathers, using the scissors to pry bullets out of bone listening to them clang to the floor with a sense of detachment. Just get the job done, freak out later her mind told her.

Lucifer tries not to move, but his body twitches beyond his control as he hides his groans in the pillow he's buried his head into. It takes an agonisingly long time to straighten what she can, and when some are beyond repair she clips them at the root ignoring the blood that stains her fingers. It's more than he can bear when she does the same to the other wing and Lucifer honestly thinks he's going to be sick.

They don't talk as the clock ticks past the agonising minutes. Chloe doesn't trust herself not to burst into tears again. She can't believe it when the last of the feathers fall to the floor around the bed as the job is done. Before she can relax she's soaking his towels in the bowl of water. Chloe washes the wings gently, careful not to ruffle them, surprised at how fast the water turns red.

She changes the water quickly and carries on.

"Finished," she breathes heavily, sitting back on her ankles as every part of her aches. His wings looks much better if not a bit bare now they are straight, clean and no longer covered in glass and bullets.

Lucifer blinks, eyes no longer able to focus and everything is an alarming shade of black. "Chlo?" His voice is panicked and she scrambles to the top of the bed around the wings to kneel there by his head.

"Shh Lucifer," she strokes back his hair, surprised by the soft sigh that escapes his lips as he leans into her touch.

"Stay?" It's a plea as his eyes start to drift close.

Chloe leans over and places a small kiss on the devil's forhead. "I'll be here when you wake up."
She gathers up the feathers and leaves them in the fruit bowl on the piano, not quite sure what to do with them but she's pretty certain you can't just throw angel feathers in the bin.

Finding another shirt she changes again, it doesn't clean the grime from her skin but she's too tired to even entertain the idea of a shower. Instead she goes to his personal bar, picking up items as she goes; coffee cups and whiskey bottles. Lucifer had always struck her as being meticulously clean but the loft is in alarming disarray as though he had simply just given up caring.

Picking up the first full bottle she gets her hands on she pours a generous amount into a glass- she deserves one if she does say in her own defence- and walks back to the bedroom, settling down on the chair at the end of the bed.

The sun is starting to dip in the horizon and she plucks her phone out of her pocket before texting Dan.

-Can Trixie stay with you this weekend please?-

-Sure I can take her to my mom's, she's been goin on bout seeing us. Evrything ok?

Chloe snorts as her fingers begin to text -yeah Lucifer's wings got beat up, long night. She erases it before typing more sensibly. -Lucifer got hurt on case- just watching him, all okay. Give Trixie a kiss for me. Thanks Dan.

There was no response to her last message but that had been expected. There was no love lost between the two men, especially with all that happened recently. Chloe knew that Dan was jealous and that Lucifer just enjoyed antagonising her ex but sometimes she honestly couldn't care anymore, her and Dan had well and truly set sail. The ink drying on her divorce papers had made her ridiculously happy. Did she want Dan out of her life? Of course no, he was the father of her child, but he no longer had any hold on her heart.

She spared a glance at Lucifer on the bed as she cradled her drink to her chest. He seemed more relaxed now, his wings hung limply over the bed and most of the floor drying quickly in the warmth of the loft. His sharp face seemed softer in sleep, mouth open slightly and Chloe wondered what those lips would feel like against her own.

_Nope. Nope._ She downed her drink in one burning gulp shaking the thoughts from her mind.

Apparently her mind was no longer laser focused on the whole he's the devil thing, and wasn't that an interesting insight.
It's dark when Lucifer begins to stir, feeling lucidity come back in drabs. He tries to make sense of what happened but it's fragmented.

There had been a case hadn't there? No, not at first, he'd gone to that precinct when he could no longer bear to be away from his - no not his, never his- detective. He'd stayed away from her for as long as he could. Pathetic, he was pathetic. He'd been so lonely and Lux had been so suffocating. Crowds of people and he didn't want any of them.

Women next, raking their eyes over his body as he played the part, how boring and quaint.

Drug dealer, not paying attention or he would have noticed the bat.

The baseball bat.

His wings.

Oh hell.

He gave them brief exploratory wiggle, still there only not as broken. Chloe had fixed them, pain stakingly straightening his feathers and prising bullets from the bone. Doing what he had been unable to, doing what he didn't really deserve. Besides there was no one else he could have asked. Maze hated him, Linda probably would have been driven insane and Amenadiel maybe would have killed him.

Maybe, maybe not but it wasn't quite worth the risk.

It had been agonising at first, but then Chloe had washed them. Her fingers had been gentle and caring and he had felt a comfort in longer than he could remember. His brothers and sisters had stopped grooming his wings long before he had been thrown down to hell and having fingers woven in his feathers again was more than he could have asked for.

"Lucifer?" Chloe's voice was husky with sleep and oh his father was not that cruel.

She moved slowly into his field of vision and he caught sight of of one of his shirts hanging past her legs. Her bare legs in woolly socks.

He'd died. This was his hell loop he was sure of it.

Chloe frowned as she knelt down on the hard floor. She'd just been starting to doze as he'd shuffled on the bed, wings giving a little flap but he just seemed to be staring at her and a blush started to heat her cheeks.

"Do you need anything?" She asked.

"You stayed." He spoke before he could stop himself.

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Chloe brushed the hair back from his face, "Of course I stayed." Lucifer resisted the urge to close his eyes at the touch, he wasn't quite that pathetic.
"Room for one more in here detective?" Chloe snorted when he waggled his perfectly groomed eyebrows and she swatted at his shoulder.

"Sorry!" She gasped at his hiss of pain.

"Quite alright detective," he assured her quickly letting her move back so he could slowly sit up. It took longer than it should have, folding his wings slowly as his vision blurred at the edges.

A glass of water was held to his lips and he drank greedily. "No scotch? Whiskey?"

"No Lucifer." Chloe took the water away and tried not to stare the sight of his bare chest. The wings were pretty of course, but only part of a more impressive package.

"Are you okay?"

He looked up at her, long bare legs and hair tumbling over her shoulders and oh it wasn't fair. "I'll be fine in a few days I imagine."

"Will the wings...can the wings go back in?" Chloe's eyes trailed over them. Beautiful as they were, they weren't exactly practical. She was not expecting the burst of anger in those brown eyes. Not hell fire and brimstone, but something far more human, someone who was as hurt and as miserable as her.

"I'm sorry if this is too much of a reminder of what I am detective," Lucifer spat. "I'll be fine on my own until I heal, and then I can hide them from you."

"Stop looking at me!" His roar made her flinch and tears blurred her vision, but the man infront of her did not stop his tirade. "You've had your fill of divinity, had a good look and a free feel. What's next? Want to ask me about Hitler? What I did with Mussolini and Stalin? The torture, a millennia of never ending screams, it's all Dr Martin wanted to ask me."

He turned his back on her and it made her feel cheap and worthless. Chloe should go, she should go and live her normal boring human life. It would do no good to argue with the devil; but he was her partner, her friend, her who-the-hell-knows. Lucifer made her life so much better and Chloe, well Chloe was never any good at controlling her anger.

"How dare you," her voice was low but she shook with anger. "I don't care about your wings, I don't care about your stupid face and I don't care that you're the devil you asshat! I ran away and I'm sorry, I really am. I'm sorry you felt you had to be someone you're not. I don't want that, I want you back Lucifer, all of you."

"You...you can't possibly mean that."

Chloe closed some of the distance between them, "Don't tell me what I think Lucifer. I don't care. You never lied to me."
He scoffed but didn't interrupt her further.

"You didn't, you never lied to me once. It was...Lucifer it was everything else it implied. Your dad is God, heaven and hell all real? My brain needed to process that, but not you. I never doubted you. I saw your other face again and I don't care" Please believe me she begged silently.

His head fell forward bowed low. "You give me more forgiveness than I deserve."

"Turn around Lucifer," he doesn't move and Chloe can't help but feel that she is losing him, she needs him to believe her. Needs to show him how much she cares for him, because she does Chloe realises with stark clarity. It was the devil she'd fallen for all along it seems.

"I- I desire you to turn around."

He growls at her request but does as she asks and they are so close now that Chloe can feel the warmth from his skin. "I'm sorry Lucifer," she smiles up at him, eyes wet. "I should have stayed, I should have just dealt with it and trusted you. I do trust you. I have a million questions, but I'm not going anywhere."

The smile that lights his face makes her heart stop in her chest, and how is it fair he looks at her like she hung the moon when he created the sun and stars. "I'd be more than happy to answer anything, but I think, I think standing up was a mistake."

The lord of hell crumpled to the floor in a pile of feathers.

x

It was Maze who rang Chloe first, checking in on her ex-boss. Not that she would admit it. Chloe wondered if she was ever going to sleep again.

"He collapsed again," she whispered into the phone, not sure why as Lucifer had barely so much as twitched after she'd managed to drag him onto the bed. "He's cold and shivering and his stupid wings get in the way of the blankets. It was only a baseball bat."

Maze for once took pity on the panicking detective. She was growing to like it up here, and if that meant friends and giving them advice then so be it. Man, Linda would be proud of her. "The wings couldn't heal properly before, it was like getting hit in your leg, except your leg is broken and you are too much of a dumbass to get it fixed. He'll be fine now."

A siren blared in the distance and the demon swore down the phone. Chloe didn't recognise the words, only that she should be scandalised by them.

"You okay Maze?"

"Shit, I think my bounty has got himself into more trouble he can handle. Look, call me if he grows another head but just give it time. Order some food on Lux's account, Lucifer won't care. Later Decker."

The phone went dead and Chloe felt oddly calmed by Maze's rough words, she was someone else that rarely lied. Her words as sharp and honest as her blades. What a weird family she was gathering around herself Chloe mused.

Her stomach gave a low growl and while she should try to get some sleep food seemed the more
tempting idea. She pulled up the menu of her favourite pizza place and gave them a ring.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos give me the happy!
I've really enjoyed working on this, they are just such fun to write.
Lucifer groaned as the kiss deepend, the detective's hands reaching for his belt as he purred against her delicious mouth.

"Detective douche won't bother us," she smiled into the kiss and Lucifer frowned, unable to figure out why that was wrong. When her hand brushed against more sensitive areas it didn't seem to matter anymore.

Then detective douche tried to speak his displeasure behind them, the ropes keeping him immobile and the gag keeping him pleasantly silent.

_Well, that's definitely not right_ his brain warned him and he opened his eyes to ask Chloe what was going on. Only it wasn't Chloe, her skin was blistered and cracked, skin bleeding over her teeth as her eyes shone red. Drawing him down back to hell, where he was no longer king.

"LUCIFER!"

His eyes snapped open.

"Bloody hell," he winced at the hoarsness in his voice.

"Are you okay?" Chloe's small hand covered his own. He felt like hell, quite literally, both physically and mentally. It was exhausting waiting for the ball to drop. When she would decide that being the devil was just too much and all the pain he would bring to her and her daughter. He wanted to be better, to do better but had no idea where to start. It had been a long time since had ever felt the inclination to do so. Lucifer didn't think he could cope if she ran away again.

Chloe's heart had almost stopped trying to escape from her chest, she'd finally managed to fall asleep on his couch when his screams had woken her.

Lucifer tried to sit up and couldn't. "Bad dream I suppose. What time is it?"

Chloe could appreciate the change of topic, her own fuzzy dreams had been far from ideal. "Just after four am, I saved you some pizza."

His stomach recoiled at the thought of food. "What I need is a bath, I feel dirty and not the fun kind." It was starting to bother him now, the feeling of grime on his skin weighing him down. Reminding him of how he had felt crashing to earth.

"I don't think that's a good idea."

"Please Chloe." Damn the way he says her name. "I need to be warm and clean...I need...I haven't felt like this since...since I fe..." Lucifer can't bring himself to admit it to her, to throw more of his devilness in her face.

"Your fall." She says the words easily when he can't and he doesn't need to answer, it's written on his face. Holy crap he really did fall to earth.

"Okay, but the wings have to go, I don't think even your bath is big enough and they probably shouldn't get wet so soon after being injured." Lucifer didn't actually think she'd agree, he was half ready to crawl along the floor and drown in the tub if he had to. He closed his eyes and waited for
his wings to obey. Instead of their usual gracefull retreat to the metaphysical plane he could feel the bones shift and groan as they vanished.

"That didn't look good."

Lucifer breathed through the last of the pain, confident he wasn't going to throw up. "Not how it usually goes, but they'll be fine now." He remembers his outburst from before and shame burns through him. Humans were often transfixed on the divine, there was a reason why most angels started their heavenly messages 'I mean you no harm' and yet once again Chloe had proven him wrong. Proven to him that she better than most that walked this earth.

"I'm sorry about my previous behaviour...angel wings can have an unusual effect on humans. I didn't...I didn't...I didn't want you to think they were a commodity."

"Yeah, Maze said something about looking at them for too long. I mean they are nice don't get me wrong, they look like those wings you see those fancy breeds of chickens have but bigger. An angelic chicken." Chloe couldn't help but wind him up she and even prodded him in the forehead for good measure.

"Chickens?!" Lucifer bristles before he catches the smile on her wonderul, beautiful face as she shakes trying to hide her laughter.

"I'm glad I could help." She smiles softly leaving him to his thoughts as she walks to his bathroom.

x

Chloe didn't quite realise what she was agreeing to when she said she'd help him. Running the bath had been the easy part, the tub was massive and with the stupidly expensive bubbles -the devil liked bubble baths- she'd dumped in there she was tempted to hog it for herself.

Still Chloe could undertand his need to wash the dirt away, she hadn't told anyone how she had scrubbed her skin raw trying to get the remains of Cain's touches off her body. Her utilities bill was going to be sky high this month.

He stood up a little easier from the bed than before with her help but still leaned against her, his skin skick under her touch. "Awww detective you poured me a bubble bath."

"Just take your damn pants off Lucifer," her cheeks heated as he unlooped his belt fumbling with the buttons on his stained dress slacks.

"Oooo dominating. The devil likes."

Maybe the ground could swallow her whole she mused. She'd gradly crawl into a hole if one were to randomly open up at this rate as he slipped out his remaining clothes, boxer briefs as well. She makes a point to keep her eyes pointed upwards as she helps him step in the tub, thankful that there is no mirror on the ceiling. Not that she'd put it past him.

Lucifer sinks into the bubbles, head and back leaning boneless against the porcelain. "Thank you." He has no intention of moving , the walk to the bathroom seemed to be enough.

Before better judgement can catch up to her she strips off her socks and sits on the ledge behind him, her legs on either side of his arms while her feet soaked in the warmth of the water and it's a pleasant contrast to the cool tiles underneath her. She grabs one of the champagne glasses from a nearby
platter, trying not think about the people he's entertained here. Dipping champagne strawberries into their mouths and listening to their dirty, soapy desires. Stop it, she chides herself filling the glass with water and pouring it gently over his head.

He shuffles, turning his head to look at her as though he hadn't realised she had clambered over him. "What?"

She tries not to laugh at his befuddled expression, "I'm washing your hair."

"Oh." He lets his head fall back against her as she carries out her task, selecting a bottle of shampoo she squeezes some on to his head, using her fingers to work it into a lather. He sucks in breath as her fingers work the soap in and she's careful no to do it too harshly. Her nails scrape at his scalp as she gives him a little massage, enjoying the way he hums beneath her, his head now resting on her bare knee.

Chloe makes him lean forward, washing his back slowly over the scars before she lets him lie back down rinsing down his arms. Leaning forward so she can clean his chest, her breasts pushed up against him. She sits like that for a while and Lucifer stays still as her hands offer him comfort. LA has never felt more peaceful.

Annoyingly Chloe is aware of the water growing cold around her feet, dimly aware that Lucifer needed to rest in a bed and not a cold bath. Something has shifted in their dynamic and it's gentle and intimate as she helps Lucifer dry, helping him change into clean underwear and some black sweat pants she finds tucked deep in his wardrobe. Chloe refused to look at the price tag as she'd ripped it off, Lucifer really did have more money than sense sometimes.

Lucifer is still quite as she helps into bed after changing the sheets for fresh ones. "What's wrong?" She asks as he sinks into the pillows, eyes closed and looking so old and weary.

"Long day detective." He mumbles but it does nothing to dampen the rising anxiety in her chest. It feels as though she's being dismissed. It's like an emotional whiplash.

"I'm sorry," she says numbly, "I'll go, let me just change and I'll let you rest."

The word is so quiet Chloe isn't sure she's heard him correctly. "Stay." Oh, she wanted to, she wanted to so bad that it was like a physical ache in her chest. Chloe knew if she looked at him now, she wouldn't be able to say no. The devil had the worst puppy dog eyes.

"You humans give touch so freely, a pat on the shoulder, a hand squeeze. It means so little to you all but...well." He shrugs a shoulder and now Chloe does turn to look at him, his sharp edges dulled by the lamp light.

"No one has washed your hair before...or washed you? But Lucifer...your bath, you are constantly having people touch you."

But you don't like them, she thinks as he watches her, they don't mean anything, a distraction at most. Just sex. "They just want you for your body, or what you can do for them." The words slip from her mouth as she climbs into his bed, ignoring his startled face. "If you tell me it's a nice body I'll punch you." She brings the heavy blankets around them and scoots closer to him.

"Tell me what you want Lucifer." Her face is framed in light and he ducks his head, her hands reach up to stroke the stubble on his cheek. She was in bed with the devil and wanted nothing in return.

"I want..." He can't say the words, can't bring himself to but she seems to know what he needs as her
thick thumb begins to rub circles on his jaw. Just to be touched like this, touched like he means something to someone.

"You are worth more than you think Lucifer." Chloe says making a silent vow to touch him like this whenever she can. Every touch she can offer him to make him feel wanted, to make him feel like he belonged.

"Chloe please." He voice is rough, eyes black and wanting.

He's been waiting for her, Chloe knows this, and she knows that if she said no now then he would accept that no matter how much it would hurt. He would make things go back to normal for her, as normal as they could when your partner was the devil.

Normal was safe, it was what she knew.

Normal was boring.

Her lips catch his by surprise, they were as soft as she imagined when he eventually caught up to her and returned her advances. His large hand wrapped around her waist, his leg hooked over hers. Her fingers slid from his face, over his shoulders and she wouldn't forget the moan that tore from his throat from a simple touch.

Breaking apart they lay there, foreheads touching, fingers entwined as sleep finally settled around them.
Chapter 6

Chloe felt an unfamiliar warmth on her back and wondered briefly if she'd left the curtains open last night. Then she realised that the source of her heat seemed to be snoring slightly. A large arm wrapped around her waist and a leg tangled up in her own.

Who would have guessed the devil was a cuddler.

She turned gently so not to wake him, just enjoying how relaxed and calm he looked, rather than the manic persona she'd seen recently. She refused to use the work angelic. Chloe did not know where this would lead, both of them unsure and awkward. She'd built up so many walls from the fallout of Dan and Cain, and to say that Lucifer was without his own issues would be an understatement. Still, looking at him in the early hours of LA's sunlight Chloe found she wanted very much to see where this would lead. Did it matter that he was the devil? Chloe was finding the more she got to know the real him, the less it seemed to matter. There didn't seem to be anywhere else to hide.

"Enjoying the view?" His voice was thick with sleep and Chloe couldn't deny the heat that flooded her belly at the way he looked at her. That accent was unfair.

"Mmmm," she stretched in his arms, her stomach arching into him knowing it was cruel but enjoying herself far too much.

"Oh my, you tease."

"How are you feeling?" She asked pointedly ignoring the feeling that she was about to be eaten alive and would thoroughly enjoy it. Lucifer seemed more coherent and alert than he had been yesterday but she was still worried at the lingering bags under his eyes, and she would not take advantage if he was not one hundred percent.

Lucifer seemed to think about her question, now teasing her as he tensed and relaxed his muscles. "Much better it seems thanks to you, amazing work my dear."

Chloe smiled as her stomach let out a rumble, interrupting any mood they had begun to set. Lucifer placed a kiss her to head before slowly getting up stretching as he did so only letting out a small hiss.

"Almost as good as new, now I believe it's time for breakfast."

Lucifer leaves her lying there until her bladder and the smell of cooking draws her out of the egyptian cotton bed sheets. She briefly contemplates changing back into her own clothes, but just settles on fishing out a pair of his socks from a draw (thankful that all she finds are socks) and pulling them on her feet. Eventually she'll have to change, but it feels nice and strangely domestic to pad into the bathroom in his clothes.

Lucifer is humming when she emerges, placing a breakfast infront of her. "Mmm thanks," she savours her first mouthful of french toast as a coffee is also nudged towards her.

She finds great joy in watching Lucifer be, well Lucifer. The kitchen is spacious and extravagant with every kitchen appliance seemingly known to man. Some don't even look used but he looks just at home here as he seems everywhere. Lucifer doesn't join her for breakfast but does pour himself a coffee even if he does add a rather generous amount of amber liquid from the nearest decanter. Apparently the alcohol isn't just confined to his private bar.

Her phones beeps from her side and she looks down at it, "Damn it."
"Everything okay detective?" He asked, hip leaning against the edge of the breakfast bar dressing gown open, hair disheveled as his face is open and curious. Chloe has to shake her head to get rid of the naughty thoughts that invade her mind.

"Husband's tox screen came back positive for heroin, the wifes came back positive for..hemlock?" She raises an eyebrow.

"Very poisonous little flower," Lucifer supplies, "how they killed Socrates." He spoke as though he had been there and Chloe gets that sudden spinning feeling she gets when she begins to realize how old Lucifer is.

"Well batty but drug dealer has an alibi for the night of the murder, they found traces of heroin in his house but no signs of hemlock." Chloe glares at her phone as though it's to blame. "I was hoping to get him into the interrogation room myself after what he did to you."

"How did you get out of that one anyway darling? Seeing as I was rather incapacitated at the time."

"Left him mumbling into the carpet after handcuffing him. Dispatch were happy enough to pick him up after I explained you needed medical attention, turns out it was for nothing. Sorry."

"You have nothing to apologise for. Now what's the plan?"

"First I need to go back home and get changed," she gestured to his dress shirt and cut off whatever tawdry remark he was about to make. "Have a shower and get ready to talk to the housewives again." Something made her skin bristle about them, not quite thinking they'd told her the whole truth. She'd been too pissed off with Lucifer to think straight, and that made for sloppy police work.

"Shall I meet you at the station then?" His tone was normal as he took a sip of his coffee but Chloe could see the nervousness in his body. He needed to be assured he was wanted, that she wasn't going to run from him, from them.

"Sure, there is no way I'm setting foot in that country club without you." Lucifer groaned into his cup wincing.

"You know on second thought I have been neglecting Lux's books."

Chloe slid back from the bar and pressed a small kiss to his cheek, enjoying his little gasp of surprise. Chloe could get used to surprising him like this she thinks. Allowing hope to blossom in her chest that they could have this, that she could have him. If only for a little while.

"No chance, if I'm going down I'm taking you with me."

"My back still hurts?"

"Nice try, darrrrling," she drawled, gathering up her things and laughing as Lucifer's whine followed her.

"My wings?"
Chapter 7

Chloe waited patiently at her desk, going over the case files and Ella's notes. She was missing something and it was driving her mad. Still, she felt much better now she was clean and dressed. As nice as Lucifer's over the top bathroom was there was nothing better than showering in your own home. Chloe may have over indulged and arrived late to work, still she figured after all the extra she put in no one was going to call her out on it. She was contemplating going without Lucifer, he did say he would meet her here, but time was dragging on and she worried if maybe she'd pushed him too far. That there had been too many emotions, Chloe could only hope that he didn't run off to Vegas again.

Her light was blocked and she looked up expectantly hoping to see Lucifer. Only it was Dan and wasn't that slightly disappointing. Still she plastered on her smile and hoped it wasn't too fake otherwise those acting classes had been a complete waste of money.

"Hey Dan thanks for having Trixie, how is she?"

"Oh she's fine, my mom's spoiling her rotten at the moment while I just finish something up."

"No cookies for breakfast this time, I swear I had to pull Trixie of the ceiling the last time mama Espinoza spoiled her."

Her ex-husband laughed but it didn't quite meet his eyes or banish the ghost that seemed to haunt his face. Chloe wondered how well Dan was holding up, he had lost someone important no matter how short his and Charlotte's fling had been and she was not so callous to wish that upon anyone.

"Hey Dan I-"

"Detective!" Lucifer's cheerful greeting rang out clearly from the top of the stairs and Chloe couldn't miss the way Dan rolled his eyes or the muttered, "great, didn't he get hit with a baseball bat or something." News had travelled of Lucifer's accident it seemed. With some wishing his recovery hadn't been so quick, that was definitely not like Dan.

Chloe knew she should just wave and get back to work but she couldn't help but watch as he made his way over to her. He seemed so happy, more relaxed and she wasn't the only one to notice as eyes were drawn to him. Seems he really was magnetic although the deep black suit, crisp white shirt and wine red pocket square did not hurt the eyes at all. It made him look taller, more dangerous and Chloe found it incredibly hot. Can she admit stuff like that to herself now without the guilt that usually followed. The blush that crept up her cheeks seemed to decide for her.

*Down girl, down libido.*

She wondered if it was possible to combust from blushing.

"Good morning darling," Lucifer smiled, hardly noticing Dan's presence. "You look even more beautiful than you did wearing my shirt this morning if that was possible."

Well that didn't go unnoticed.

There were a few claps, some wolf whistles and was somebody giving Ella money. Had there been bets on this? Ella just grinned from behind her lab windows, giving Chloe two thumbs up and miming knocking back a few shots. Chloe rolled her eyes but didn't bother trying to curb the smile gracing her face. What did it matter if people knew? As long as they weren't having sex on the station floor it
shouldn't matter, well that was image that was seared into her brain.

"Chloe, don't tell me, you and him?" Dan's thumb stabbed in Lucifer's direction, making them aware that he was infact still there.

"My relationship with Lucifer is non of your damn business."

Dan's eyes popped out of his head even more if it was possible and Chloe could have found it funny, if she weren't angry with how her ex just assumed he had an opinion on her love life. "Relationship? Since when?" Dan spun round to face Lucifer, who merely looked bored with the tiny mortal. "He thinks he's the devil Chloe, he's deranged and dangerous and I don't want him near Trixie. You hear that man, stay the hell away from my daughter."

Oh.

Oh that was a step too far, and were Lucifer's eyes looking a little red? Chloe grabbed them both by the sleeve (tempting as it was to grab Dan around the neck) and dragged them to the first avaliable interview room. Chloe pointedly ignored whoever had called out 'oooo someone's in trouble.'

She pushed them both in, contemplating just locking the door and turning around but Lucifer was apparently impervious to locks so that idea was a no go. Instead she strode in, closing the door behind herself.

"I would never hurt Beatrice," Lucifer's voice was like steel.

"Stop," Chloe stood infront of Lucifer, her back to him as she faced Dan with her arms crossed, a clear indication of whose side she was on. "You don't owe Dan an explanation Lucifer, and how dare you bring Trixie into this. After all the shit you've pulled recently Dan you're lucky she's allowed to see you at all."

Dan spluttered a protest but Chloe didn't care. Lucifer was not brilliant with children by his own admission, but there was no way he would hurt an innocent child. No way he would hurt either of them. "Lucifer wouldn't harm a hair on her head, and for you to think that is below you." Chloe pinched the bridge of her nose. "You're better than this Dan...Lucifer isn't pushing you out, spend some time with her. Drop her back to me sunday, enjoy some time together."

*Pushing you out.* Her own words echoed in her head and something clicked into place about their current case.

She reached behind and grabbed Lucifer's long fingers in her own. "Come on Lucifer," he followed behind throwing Dan a smirk as the door closed.

Their hands remained entwined until they reached her car.

x

The car ride was quiet as they drove to the country club. Chloe was furious with Dan. To imply that Lucifer would do such a thing, to imply that she would invite someone into her home who would hurt her own child. No, Chloe would gladly cut off her own arm before she allowed that to happen. Lucifer was the devil but he was not a bad man. He punished those that deserved it, but did not cause people to do evil. He would not harm a child. Maze wouldn't either, they were her friends, they would do what it took to keep her daughter safe.
Lucifer seemed just as lost in his own thoughts as he stared out the window. His silence was maddening and Chloe was torn between wanting to kiss him, smack him or strangle him. Perhaps all three? No he'd probably like that. She'd expected him to shout or to rant about Dan. Chloe was not expecting him to look so dejected and out of sorts, his previous good mood vanishing.

"It seems I owe you an apology detective." His solemn tone broke through her frustrations.

"Yeah you do Lucifer, I get what Dan said was out of line, I trust you with Trixie but do you have to wind him up so much?"

The devil frowned at his cufflinks as he played with them, concentration etched onto his face. "You are upset about Daniel? I assumed it was because I implied that our r...relationship was more than business. I should not have implied that we...well I'm sorry I suppose. It was foolish of me."

Well now Chloe felt like something had kicked her in the chest, all oxygen leaving her in a little *whoosh*, she had not looked at it from that perspective. Of course he would think she was ashamed. She'd dragged him away from all her colleagues, not really confirming or denying his accusations although she was certain that everyone had come to the same conclusion. What the conclusion were she was still unsure of. Chloe did not want to be another notch on his bedpost but she was not ashamed to be seen with him. Would not be ashamed of being with him if that's what they wanted. Oh, she wanted it very much, but would Lucifer want the same? Eventually they were going to have to talk about this.

She reached over and placed a hand on his knee offering it a gentle squeeze. "I never took you for the subtle type Lucifer I'm just glad there was no parade. I'm not ashamed of whatever this is between us. I'm not ashamed of what people think. I was upset that Dan implied you'd hurt Trixie, that he thought his opinion on us mattered. The only person whose opinion matters on this is mine and yours, and possibly Trixie."

Lucifer doesn't speak for a long time, just looks at the hand on his knee as though he's still getting used to her touching him. Unsure of what he was allowed to do in return.

"You know, I think we've been looking at this case all wrong." This conversation was safe, back to what they both knew.

"Enlighten me darling." He sounded as relieved as she felt.

Chloe took her hand back, sad at the lack of warmth but she did need to drive without crashing. "Ella said this could have been two killers, but what if it was only one?"

"Very different methods of killing, it takes some serious fury to plunge a knife through a man's chest. Not to mention the genital mutilation, even I'm not so callous as to realise how much that would hurt." Lucifer crosses his legs as much as he can in the cramped space, wincing just thinking about it and Chloe stifles a laugh.

"Yeah, but what if they just wanted Carla out the way, if she was trying to push me out the one place of power I have? What if they were seriously pissed off at the husband?"

"You think Maria Finch?"

"Carla was definitely after her spot. Pretty, young, new to the scene? Maybe Maria was the one having an affair with the husband."

"Do you want me to question her?" Lucifer turned to look at her and Chloe sighed her smile sad. He
never asked before, she didn't want him to now.

"Just be yourself Lucifer. I'll let you know if you go too far, but I'm not going to stop you from being you."

"This is going to be fun."

"Bad devil."

"You have no idea."
They walk into the country club again, this time side by side as Lucifer has slowed his pace to match her much smaller one and Chloe can feel their dynamic shift to something more familiar. They were a team again, maybe a team with something more but it felt good to have him back.

Maria Finch was hard at work it seemed in one of the offices located on the second floor, she sat behind a large dark walnut desk, a wine bucket by her side. Even hidden away from the other patrons this room was still rich and over the top, the smell of pollen lingered in the air from the large bouquet of roses on the desk.

"Well hello again," Lucifer purred leaning his long body up against the door frame.

Maria placed her pen on the desk, inviting him in and Chloe let him lead keeping back and not drawing attention to herself. It made her happy to notice the lipstick on the woman's teeth as she smiled.

"Aren't you a sight for sore eyes Mister Morningstar."

Lucifer chuckles, taking in the work infront of him, wine selections, party invitations, budgets and expenditures. "Planning anything fun my darling?" The pet name held non of the warmth it did for Chloe.

"Oh you know how it is, a little fund raiser. They get so boring, so tedious...I'd kill for a bit of fun." The woman looked at Lucifer as if he was her idea of fun.

"Is that what you desire?" Lucifer whispered and Chloe can feel the atomsphere in the room change. The devil had held the woman's interest before but now she was caught under his spell. "Come on." Lucifer promted, "don't be shy."

The older woman seemed to shake with whatever secrets she held back, "I want..I want..."

"Yeeees??" How did that work suddenly gain so many syllables, how did his voice turn so low and inviting? Chloe didn't feel the pull of her secrets, but she couldn't deny the power he seemed to posses. How had she not figured Lucifer out sooner?

"I want to show these fuckers I can still run this place. It's mine. All mine." Maria growled, shocked at her own slip of the tongue. Lucifer leaned back, arm draped over the back of the heavy chair he sat in. His body was turned towards her, and as the woman stared at him trying to grasp what had just happened Lucifer threw a glance in Chloe's direction.

Do you trust me? His eyes implored.

She nodded back immediatley. Yes, yes she trusted him above all others.

The smile he gave her tugged at her heart before he turned back, his smile now all teeth and predator.

"Why don't we show these people what a real party is, how about some real temptation I happen to know the perfect location?"
"You killed him?" Lucifer smiled brightly even as Maria Finch brandished the knife at him.

The plan over all had been simple, get the lady to Lux, poor some drinks, pretend to seduce her over planning her club's latest fundraiser at Lux and then get her to break. Her mind was a more complicated one and being at the club, where she had power had made it almost impossible to get to dirtier secrets.

She had cracked quite simply when Lucifer had poked holes in her alibi. Chloe had noticed them, the wine shipment she'd taken on the night of the murder was not an all night event, her car had been seen leaving the club and heading in the direction of the couple's property.

They had left the club to go to the victim's neighbourhood. One of the more nosier neighbours had provided rather daming CCTV images of Maria's car squealing into the drive way, and then they had spent a dreary afternoon in the precinct going over Maria's phone records. Which unshockingly had shown a phonecall from the deceased husband's phone to Maria, and hour before she had driven round. It should have been enough really, but Lucifer had always been fond of the theatrics. The thrill of a good chase and capture.

Still, Lucifer really need to speak to his staff about leaving knives behind the bar, and this one didn't even belong to Maze. It's not that Maria was not attractive, some of Lucifer's best sexual encounters had been older humans. Well, older women, they knew things that would make a prostitute blush and were often more flexible.

Normally Lucifer would have had no problem sleeping with a woman if it meant he wasn't going to get stabbed (or even if he wasn't). Yet he found he had no inclination or desire to sleep with her, despite how well her black dress showed of a lithe figure. Wow, she would have been really bendy.

"I had to. I was going to lose everything." Maria practically spat at him, oh yes, knife wielding woman in his bar. Lucifer hoped the detective could still hear him from her hiding place. She had been unhappy at first not wanting to leave him alone if the lady was dangerous, but had eventually relented with a steely gaze in her eye. It warmed a small part of him that Chloe worried about him being hurt especially as he was normally pretty immortal.

"What? The country club..." Lucifer had seen humans kill for less, positions of power were as tempting as they come. Yet Lucifer recalled Chloe speaking of the husbands wounds, the wife had been killed quickly, the husband made to suffer. "No, no, he turned you down didn't he?"

Lucifer tried to jump behind a barstool but Maria waved the knife around again and he decided that being still was probably the best way to go. "He loved his wife."

"Ha! That bastard couldn't keep it in his pants if he tried, he worked his way through the club like a dog with an itch, shooting up heroin with the help. " The tears made her mascara run down her cheeks and down the lines of her face. She looked quite insane and Lucifer was really not looking forward to being stabbed.

"Oh, so just you then," He smiled gleefully. Okay, so maybe he wasn't helping matters but it was fun. "He turned you down flat and the wife was running to take your place, she was going to win wasn't she. You poisoned her slowly, the hemlock in her tea when you got the chance, one cup too many. Her husband found her and suspected you, called you over." Human vanity never ceased to amaze him. Sure he was vain, and prideful but well had anyone looked at him recently?
"No one turns me down," Maria stalks closer, her smile forced. "Will you my lovely?"

Oh no.

"Now normally I would never decline, you know lust being one of my favourite sins." The knife is now pressed up against him, it's sharp edge digging into his stomach. He really hated getting stabbed. "However, that was past me. Trying to be a new devil for the detective and all that."

The knife presses in and Lucifer tries not to wince. "That snotty little bitch with the cheap boots?"

Lucifer can feel the familiar heat and anger flare in his eyes as the woman in front of her carried on with her tirade.

"I've seen her kind before, she'll sleep with you and leave you. She was just something to get out the way, the hemlock was too much but I'll know better for next time. Him." Maria shuddered, her thoughts were scattered and deranged. "I enjoyed killing him."

Chloe burst into the room with her gun drawn, not liking the scene in front of her. Lucifer was backed against the wall while the older woman had a knife digging into his stomach, his white shirt was beginning to become stained with blood.

"Back away ma'am and slowly put the knife on the ground." There was no time to call for backup, she had to get the woman away from Lucifer.

"This! This is what you want?!" Maria's high shrill voice made Chloe wince, she was less strict librarian and more nightmare on elm street at the moment. Her fragile grasp on reality made her dangerous, Chloe was glad that Lucifer had at least closed Lux for his little scheme.

"Ma'am put the knife down."

Maria turned on her now, hair whipping around strands standing on end. "'Forty years! Forty years and they were just going to throw me out like I was nothing. It was only a little bit of hemlock...I'll know enough for next time. You can't take it away from me."

She raised the knife away from Lucifer and moved closer to Chloe, her bloodshot eyes not focused enough to even recognise the gun pointed at her. Chloe didn't want to shoot this woman, never enjoyed taking a life but she mentally prepared herself for what was about to happen.

A large red hand grabbed Maria by the wrist, bones breaking easily as the knife clattered to the floor. Maria screamed as she came face to face with the devil.

I hope I didn't look that frightened. Chloe mentally winced.

"You dare touch her?" Lucifer did not shout, but the deep candence of his voice carried through the empty night club reaching every shadow.

"Oh my god! Please...please..."

"I'm afraid dear old dad isn't here to pass his judgement. Only me." He grinned, broken skin pulling back off his lips and Chloe holstered her gun as fast as she could. She managed to squeeze in between them ignoring the woman and focusing all her attention on the devil.

"Lucifer put her down, I'm fine. See, totally fine." She placed a hand on his cheek, feeling the smooth impossibly hot skin.
"She was going to hurt you." Hairless brows furrowed in concentration as Maria began to claw at the hand grabbing hold of her wrist in an attempt to get away.

"She didn't though, I'm here Lucifer, I'm not going anywhere okay. Let her go and arrest her." When he didn't move she leaned up to press a soft kiss on his lips. The fire died in his eyes as though doused with water and his human face stared back at her.

Maria fell to the floor in a heap and Chloe took great satisfaction in slapping the handcuffs on her wrists, only feeling a tiny amount of guilt at jarring the broken bones. "Maria Finch you are under arrest for the murders of Carla and Simon Jones." She went through the motions and the rest of her rights before calling in an ambulance and dispatch.

"Are you okay?" Chloe asked, trying very hard not to look at the bloody drying on his shirt. "Do you need stitches?"

Lucifer smiled, shaking his head and causing his hair to fall over his eyes, Chloe pushed it back without thinking. "I'm fine, healed up when I shifted, the only casualty was my shirt." He looked down at the damaged garment pulling a face. "I seem to be destroying my wardrobe at an alarming rate since I started this police malarky."

Chloe stared at him with fondness in her eyes as the club was suddenly swarming with police and first responders. "You are such a baby."

End Notes

I say case fic. It's kinda a case.

This story is finished, I just need to load up the chapters. (actually the next four stories are written,)

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