Redemption by Love

by Corantien

Summary

Lucifer has been granted his vacation by his Father on one condition: He will become mortal the longer he stays on Earth.

Faced with the decision of returning to Hell's safety or the possibility of dying of old age - if he is careful - only one thing stands between him and the obvious answer.

That one thing is a person named Chloe.

Notes

I do not own Lucifer - I wish I owned Tom Ellis but alas...
*Explicit Gifs*
Mazikeen was doting disapprovingly while glancing over the superficial wound on Lucifer's leg. She quickly opened up a page on Wikipedia on how to treat wounds and her master hissed loudly when she promptly dumped a glass of Macallan '39 over it.

"Careful now! That stings!"

"Don't tell me Satan's become a pussy."

"I have not!" Lucifer exclaimed loudly. "That's some first class scotch you're dripping over my hardwood floors now."

Maze rolled her eyes when she noticed the trembling of the liquid behind the window panes of the cupboards.

"Lucifer..." she started warningly hoping to catch the attention of the preoccupied fallen angel with his wound.

A flash of light blinded them for a second followed quickly by ominously rolling thunder. Deafening the two for a moment.

"You've got to be kidding me!" the handsome man shouted with disbelief.

"Hello Lucifer." a warm voice sounded from behind them.

"I should leave." Maze, for once frightened, started to get up but the Lord of Hell halted her fleeing movement with a dark look.

"First Amenadiel, now you. To what do I owe the pleasure... Raphael? Are we recruiting children now are we?"

"Don't be insolent. She was the first pure being in the vicinity that would not be bothered by my
manifestation."

"Your meat suit couldn't be less... Innocent?" Lucifer eyed the little girl in front of them warily.

"Don't... Disrespect me." the warning was followed by another flash of light and bout of thunder. "I have come to bring you a message from our Father."

The head full of curly blond hair came up closer to the sitting Devil. Her blue eyes and slightly freckled bridge of her nose placed right in front of her fallen brother.

"Never heard of personal space, have you." the dark man muttered.

"It has already begun. I can see it in your eyes," said Raphael en she leaned back to take in her brother from head to toe.

"What has begun?" Maze piped up. Suddenly worried about her master.

"Our Father has deemed it fit to grant Lucifer his wish."

"Whoopee me!" Lucifer sarcastically replied. "On what conditions now? I've already lost my wings. Do I need to kiss all my brothers arses now too?"

Raphael manifested in the child frowned adorably cute.

"You may take your well-deserved vacation from Hell on the condition that you will become even more mortal the longer you spend your time here on Earth."

"More mortal? What does God mean by that?" Mazikeen asked again.

The window panes behind the girl broke. Glass filtered into every direction and only the silhouette of a shadow with great wings kept the pieces from hitting the demon and devil sitting on the piano bench.
"This is the second time you have spoken out of turn. I will not permit a third. Lucifer, you need to keep your children better in line."

"What can I say?" Lucifer replied while glancing warmly at Maze "She's one of my freeform creations. I adore her rebel side. I've made her into my own image."

"Blasphemy!" the girl sniffed loudly.

"Bite me." Maze snapped.

Raphael drew herself up to display even more power when Lucifer suddenly stood up tall.

"Before you start performing - I thank you beforehand for the first row tickets to your little hissy fit - could you, at least, reply to her question? How far mortal can I go?"

"Until you die."

The word die seemed to echo through the large chamber for all eternity and the empty space - where the Archangel had stood - was vacated. Leaving the two remaining persons to stare at the now fixed cabinets.

"Well then..." the Devil started after a moment of quiet contemplation but Mazikeen interrupted.

"You have to return to Hell, Lucifer! I can't have you dropping dead."
"I thought you didn't care."

Sulfuric smoke started clinging to his sense of smell and as abruptly as it had appeared, it disappeared.

"You know I do."

The tall man drew Maze closer and embraced her fatherly.

"Does this mean, we'll go home?" she asked in a small voice.

"My dear child, why leave when everything has just become even more interesting?"
"Mommy! Mommy!"

"What is it, sweetie?" Chloe shouted through the bathroom door. Her concentration half focused on finishing the crown braid in her hair and the other half on the noise her daughter was making.

"Lucifer is at the door. You told me I am not allowed to let him in anymore. Can he come in? Please? Pleeeaaase?" Trixie whined.

The detective huffed wondering what Lucifer had done to make her daughter like him so much.

"You put on your clothes. I'll start breakfast and talk to him."

With a happy giggle, the girl ran into the room and they swapped places in front of the tall mirror.

Determined to send Lucifer away again she tore open the door readying herself to bite his nose off when the sound of him made her halt.

She opened the door and the first thing she said was "Are you whistling 'Knocking on Heavens Door'?"

"Mama, put my guns in the ground." Lucifer charmingly sang with a huge grin.

"Yeah, yeah. I can't shoot them anymore", she completed the verse with a reluctant smile, "What are you doing here? And how is your leg?"
"Good as new." the man replied with a tap of his hand on the leg she shot. "Healed completely overnight. I'm becoming mortal now, you know, so it took longer than normal."

"Yeah, sure," she rolled her eyes. When would he realize he was only deluding himself. Something must have hurt him terribly enough to repress himself in such a way and pretend he was the Devil. "Again, what are you doing here?"

"Have I told you how stunning you look, more than ever, today with that captivating braid? It really pops those high cheekbones of you. I swear I almost cut myself watching those today."

"Lucifer..." Chloe began but a rush of air passed her and before she knew it Beatrice had fastened herself on Lucifer's leg.

He hissed softly under his breath and Chloe's eyebrow went up. Apparently not as good as new. Feeling guilty, she opened the door wider. She couldn't possibly leave him standing outside on his
injured leg. The leg she shot.

"Well, come in then..."

"Hurray!" Trixie shouted and quickly pulled Lucifer inside. Poking and prodding at him until he sat next to her seat at the head of the table making the detective's place face that of the filthy rich club owner.

Awkwardly, as always, Lucifer tried to extract himself from her daughter's clutches and pulled up the carton box with ears he was holding.

"I stopped on the way here and brought these. They should compliment any breakfast. Or so I've heard."

Promptly he pulled out three steaming cups and distributed them in front of their plates.

"Thanks, Lucifer!" Trixie grinned and took a sniff at her cup. "It's coffee." She leaned closer to the man and whispered loudly "Mommy says I can't have coffee."

"You can't?" the Lord of Hell exclaimed. His face fell when he met the disapproving stare of the girl's mother.

"Children don't drink caffeine."

"Says who?"

"Says, anyone. Have you ever taken care of a child high on coffee? Not pleasant. They turn in some sort of... Hyperactive squirrels."

"Ah. Duly noted."

Chloe was already pouring out some apple juice for her daughter when she noticed Lucifer staring at her again, completely ignoring Trixie's blathering at his right side, and she stared right back at him.
"Do I have something on my face?"


"Like what?"

"I'm waiting for you to push me out the door again... Or Detective Douche dropping in at any time now to berate you for letting me in instead of rejecting me anew."

"Dan's not coming by." Her guilt only intensified. The man clearly had been through something horrendous, his way of coping was unhealthy and his social day to day interactions seemed to be lacking some fundamental cues. The Detective was starting to think he could not help any of... him.

"Do you have a case today?"

"Maybe. Why are you asking?"

"I could be of assistance?"

"Like the last time when you blew my cover?" Chloe frowned. Had he already forgotten?

"Oh, well yes. I paid for that, didn't I?" he dared to say while jumping his leg audible up and down.
under the table, "It would never have happened if you would just admit you want me and we can go right to the steamy hot se..."

One warning look made him stumble over the words and with a glance at Trixie he continued "... cuddle time?" he lamely tried.

"How many times must I repeat myself? I do not want you, Lucifer."

His face changed through several emotions until he settled on consternation.

"Oh. Is this how hurt feels?"

Chloe could tell he was speaking more to himself than to her when a quick rap on the door got followed up by Dan entering.

"I thought you said he wouldn't be coming by today." Lucifer gritted his teeth. Still feeling off balance by the repeated rejection.

"And I thought you wouldn't be taking breakfast with my family again."

"What are you doing here, Dan?" Chloe interrupted the stand-off of the two men vying for her attention.

"There's a case." and he held out the file in his hand, "I thought..."

"Then why didn't you say so immediately!" Lucifer cheerfully interrupted. "Here have a coffee." and dropped the coffee Beatrice couldn't drink in Dan's hand.

"Huh, thanks.... I guess." Dan stumbled to catch the drink.

"Let's go! People to be punished, Detective Decker!"
"You're not coming with me, Lucifer. Can you drop off Trixie at school?"

"Yeah, sure. Come on sweetie. Grab your coat." Dan said and Beatrice hurried to comply so she wouldn't miss another second of the talk between the grownups.

"Not coming with you? But haven't you heard, Detectives?"

"Heard what?" Dread starting sinking in and she met Dan's eyes for a moment conveying her confusion.

"Lt. Monroe has allowed me to consult on cases while we spoke yesterday and because you don't have a partner, I stepped up for the job of your loyal sidekick. Isn't it wonderful?"

Chloe really started to hate her life.
Forgiveness Comes In Pairs

One hour of discussing - and keeping from shouting - with the Lt. left Detective Decker with no choice but to take Lucifer with her.

"You don't say a word."

"Of course."

"You do exactly as I say."

"Kinky," the Devil grinned.

"One misstep and I'll..." Chloe had to search for words for a moment in her fit of powerlessness.

"You'll shoot me again?" Lucifer roguishly finished for her.

She shot him a cool look instead.

"Look, I know you like to get me all flustered and stuff. But it's not working okay?"

"Why on Earth not, I wonder."

Finally fed up with his attitude Chloe snapped.

"Maybe because you wouldn't even talk to me if I didn't look like this. I see what kind of people you sleep with and being superficial is a big 'no' for me. You're arrogant, selfish and uncaring of those you hurt with your comments. And now you've made my life even harder by leeching yourself onto me and my job. The only thing I want is to do my job good - something you are making near impossible - and take care of my daughter. If you really want this fine, but it'll be on my terms. Understood?"
"Might I point out that..."

"No, you may not! Grow up Lucifer! If you're so high and almighty then why the Hell are you following me? Get your head out of your ass and your feet back on the ground. This is the real world and I have no time for any of your delusions. So don't bother trying to get me into bed again. It's inappropriate not to mention a frankly disgusting idea to me. Try to be a professional - for once in your life!"

Lucifer drew back as if slapped. He seemed to be searching for words and then internally decided not to give in.

With a terse nod and frown, he pointed his hand in front of him.

"After you, Detective Decker." he bit out.

Chloe was amazed. For once - in all the time she had known him - Lucifer was quiet. He listened carefully to the explanation of the people they interrogated by her side. Only when she threw him a look he asked them the real question 'What do you desire most?' and took a step back when he had his answer.

There were no cheeky replies, no flirting banter or inappropriate phrases trying to catch her off guard. The Devil remained a gentleman.

A gorgeous girl had been twirling her hair around her fingers - trying to catch the tall and dark man's attention - while they discussed the new information in a corner of the bar and Lucifer didn't even glance her way.

"I think we're finished for today. We'll meet tomorrow at 10 at the precinct and get to speak with the eye witness. Someone must have seen the robbery of that diamond necklace." Chloe looked up and saw the girl still desperately trying to get her companion's attention.

"There's a girl over there who wants to meet you. Do your thing. We're done. I'm getting Trixie."
Finally, the dark-haired man looked up at the girl and averted his eyes immediately. Without looking at the detective, he pulled on his coat.

"Contrary to popular belief. I am not superficial."

"So now you're letting that girl miss out on you because you're trying to prove a point to me?" Chloe asked feeling amused. Apparently she had made an even bigger impression on the club owner than she previously thought.

When he had left she quietly stared at the file in her hands. Maybe she shouldn't have been so harsh.

They solved the case the very next day. It had been the owner trying to get money from his own insurance company while trying to sell his own necklace on the black market.

Lucifer got the information out of him in only a matter of seconds and when there had only been paperwork to complete the Devil took his leave from her.

And so it went on. He came when she told him a time and place. His help - she reluctantly admitted - invaluable and all the time he kept his mouth shut. Remained perfectly well mannered and never seemed to be smiling anymore.

Chloe swore she heard him mutter once 'why he was still bothering' and before she could ask him what he meant another thing had come up and he had needed to leave.

"Mommy?" Trixie shook her mother from her thoughts.

"Yes, baby?"

"Why's Lucifer not coming around anymore? Did you break up with him?"

"I don't know, Trixie. We weren't a couple, you know."
"I miss him." she got as a reply and Beatrice dropped her two Barbie's only to mumble something about homework and go to her room.

"I miss him too, sweetie," Chloe whispered to herself.

The long drive out of town - to go visit the scene - was long and uncomfortable.

Chloe swore she felt him staring at her, but whenever she took her eyes off the road his were gone. Focused in front of him or following the stream of passing by trees and grass.

Nature started closing in on them when they reached the Sheriff's outpost. A board pointing out 'Camping Site 1.5 miles' was the first sign they saw at the little cabin in the middle of the National Park.

"Welcome, Detectives." the old Sheriff said warmly.

"I'm the Detective. He's a consultant. Detective Decker. Mr. Morningstar. Good afternoon, Sir." Chloe spoke.

"The witness is over here. Poor girl, completely distraught, gave her some cocoa."

The detective grimaced and followed the grey man. Lucifer swiftly fell into step with her.

The girl - Anja - was trembling under an orange blanket. Clutching the cup of hot chocolate milk to her as if it were her last lifeline.

She told them everything. How she and her boyfriend had been camping and he went out this morning to pee and didn't return and then she found him hung up in the middle of the woods. A steel cord wrapped tightly around his ankle and some sort of wooden mechanism punched through his chest. Anja told how she had tried pulling him off of it and searching for a sign of life. She heard the sound of snapping branches and fled the scene. Not stopping with running until she reached the
outpost where they had left their car.

"Eric is still there," she sobbed "You need to fetch him. He needs a proper burial."

"There, there." Lucifer murmured. Softly rubbing the young woman's back to comfort her.

"I'll go at once." Chloe said and stood up "Could you show me the direction?" she asked the Sheriff.

"You'll have to go on foot. This here is the last place cars can pass through. The rest's all rocks and creeks if you know what I mean."

"Nice." she angrily muttered and turned back towards her companion "You stay here, the Sheriff and I shall..."

"No, can do missy." the old man regretfully said, "With this hip, I can't even climb one step to fetch me my wife's jar of cookies on the top shelf."

"Fine. Lucifer. Come with me. We'll take a pair of walkie talkies and a flashlight each. I'll send our coordinates to the precinct before we leave."

The trek would take more than an hour so they changed into mountain boots you could hire at the little depot next to the Sheriff's cabin.

Chloe steeled herself for the long silent walk and Lucifer was still suspiciously quiet.

It was fifteen minutes in when she was the first to break.

"Look. I'm sorry, alright."

"Sorry? About what?"
"Do you really have to do this now?"

"Do what?"

"Don't pretend you're the innocent party here."

"And you are? Some of the things you've said are uncalled for, you know."

Chloe flinched and halted for a moment. "You're right. And I apologize."

After another minute of walking, Lucifer bent his will.

"Apology accepted."

"So... Yeah, that means you can be yourself again. Only try to keep the new professional streak whilst we're with witnesses and such."

"My, my, Detective Decker, have you grown fond of my devilish persona?"

"Maybe."

"Chloe joked back."
"You have, haven't you?"

She wisely didn't reply in case it fuelled his questions even more.

"I have missed our banter if I may say so."

"I'm sure you did."

Another long silence - but, this time, comfortable.

"How is Beatrice?"

Chloe recognized the question for what it was - a conversation starter - and gratefully latched onto it. Before she knew it she had told him almost anything he had missed in his absence from her life in the last few weeks.

Lucifer listened carefully and barely interrupted her monologue.

When she was done, Chloe flushed at realizing how much she had dominated the conversation.

"And how about your ex-hubby?"

"We're fine. Just friends."

"I think I may have figured out what happened between the two of you."

"You did?"

"Yes. Young, in love, freshly out of college. Pregnant too soon. Married too young and then... I believe he cheated on you."
"What says I didn't cheat on him?"

"Because he looks at you like you're the injured party. And you are."

Chloe remained silent.

"How peculiar you are. You have forgiven him almost enough so you could keep an amiable relationship for the sake of your daughter."

"Forgiveness is a good way to cope with bad things."

"Punishment is even better."

"Not in every case."

"You truly believe forgiveness can be sought when you've made a mistake."

"Depends on the mistake."

"What if you've betrayed your Father?"

The Detective carefully weighed her answer before replying. Knowing his question must have something to do with the scars on his back.

"A parent should always be ready to forgive his child. A parent's love should be unconditional. Mine is."

"You're not my Father. He created me and I am a disappointment in his eyes." It was not hard to decipher the bitter note in Lucifer's spoken words.

"You could see him as your Creator."
"He is."

"But then you could also say you are his Creation. If he gave you the feeling you are a disappointment, and he made you by his image -does that not mean he's disappointed in himself?"

"I've never really thought about it that way."

"There's always a time and a place for forgiveness. Especially between a father and his child. It should."

"I don't think my Father will ever forgive me," Lucifer grumbled. The small dash of hope immediately extinguished at Chloe's words.

"Then he doesn't see what kind of man you've become."

"An arrogant, selfish and uncaring man?" Lucifer quoted back at her with a maybe too strained smiled to be believable.

"I was wrong," She admitted without looking at him "Yes, you're arrogant. But you're not selfish nor uncaring. You wouldn't have saved my life if you were uncaring and you wouldn't have listened to my words and followed my demands if you were selfish. I was selfish and uncaring of your feelings."

"You're a strange human..."

"Thank you." Chloe huffed at the strange compliment.

"... And I forgive you. There. I've said it! I forgive you."

The Detective wanted to reply with some witty comeback when a noise startled the both of them.

"Who's there!" she shouted while pointing her gun at the shrubs on their right.
Trapped Tenderness

It was all rather comical how the suspense spat apart after the standoff which lasted only a couple of seconds. When the detective let out a relieved huff the cause of the rustling in the bushes - an innocent little doe - ran off.

"Are you... Are you filming me?" Chloe shrieked.

"You should have seen your face! This is going to be my best tweet this year."

"NO! No! No. Lucifer. No."

The Devil hesitated for a moment - feeling that he maybe after their 'fight' should give a sign of goodwill - and shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well then. At the very least, let me keep it. Of our fun times together. Please?" he pouted.

"Fluttering your eyelashes like a moron will not make me change my mind. But fine. You can keep the picture. Only for personal use!"

"Personal use? Oh, my, Detective Decker. The things I'll do..."

"Oh God... Please don't say another word."

"And why do you always have to keep getting my Father into the conversation. Such a cockblock you are!" Lucifer shouted to the darkening sky.

"Let's just get a move ooooooon!"

"Detective!" her companion shouted surprised.
Chloe had taken one wrong step and her foot had gotten trapped into some sort of wire which had then snapped and pulled her upwards making her dangle head down from the trees.

"Help me Lucifer. This hurts like a bitch."

"Language, language. I'll just pop you out of it in a moment if I can just..."

Mechanical whirring sounded from between the trees closely behind them. Lucifer turned and with an inhumanly speed reacted to the danger coming his way.

"LUCIFER!"

The splintering of wood followed Chloe's scream and then a groan.

A huge block of wood with spikes had jumped up from out of the woods held on a treelike arm and it had stood under a lot of tension causing it to come forwards at an enormous velocity.

"What in my name is this contraption?" Lucifer hissed.

"Are you alright? Lucifer, you just jumped in front of it and tore it from its arm in one go. That's... I can't... How?"

"I'm fine. One of the spikes merely scratched my beautiful visage. It doesn't matter. You're safe again. And I told you. I'm becoming mortal. Losing my other powers is out of the question. Only my immortality."

"You could've died! What's wrong with you?" Detective Decker stammered.

"Call it daddy issues. Now, do you need any help getting down or are you willing to keep on screaming all the lovely and possible dangerous forest creatures to our location?"

"Ha. Ha. Very funny. Get me down, please. The blood is running to my head and I don't want to pass out. There's a pocket knife in my bra."
Lucifer's eyes widened.

"A knife in your bra. I almost dare to ask where you keep your gun," he grinned.

"In my holster, you idiot. Now take the knife and slowly let me down. Don't let the wire go at once or I'll slam down and I guarantee you'll get another shot in that other leg of yours if I end up with any broken bones."

"Easy girl." and the dark man neighed like a horse before continuing "I know my fair share of basic mechanics. Thank you very much."

Chloe just rolled her eyes - a habit she was getting addicted to the longer spent in Lucifer's presence - and watched the man at work.

Carefully he cut the wire and held the loose end with his hand wrapped in his tie to refrain from cutting himself up. Almost tenderly - and without a hair out of place - he let her come down.

The last rays of the sun illuminated her descent and Lucifer gasped.

"What? What?" Chloe started frantically looking around in search of the source of his surprise.

"Nothing. No worries."

"Then what?"

"It's just... The resemblance. It's... Uncanny."

"Resemblance? With what?"

"An Angel coming down from Heaven..."

The detective huffed with disbelief.
"You laugh but have you ever seen the painting of Rubens? Fall of the rebel angels?"

Chloe touched the ground and Lucifer immediately kneeled down at her feet. Removing the wire and together they took stock of her injuries.

"I haven't seen the painting. Never took you for an art lover."

"You would be surprised at what I perceive as beauty." his voice had dropped down an octave and unwillingly he let his eyes flicker to her lips before snatching them up again and towards the tree line.

Chloe suddenly remembered how to breathe.

"Well, we know how Eric lost his life. We should go back so I can assemble a team to remove all of these contraptions for the safety of the hikers and campers. And then we can safely secure the body."

"Agreed. Rather sooner than later. Before it becomes completely dark. It would be ironic to die after getting torn in pieces by stray dogs or even wolves."

"Ironic?"

"Tearing apart by Hell Hounds has always been one of my favorite punishments." Lucifer's eyes lit up in fond remembrance and he stood up again. Holding out a hand for the Detective to use and pull herself up.

"Auw!" Chloe shouted. "Damn. I've sprained my ankle. You should go back and get some help. You have your flashlight."

"Don't be ridiculous." and before she could say another word Chloe got swiped up into two strong arms bridal-style.

"Apologies for my infringement of your personal space but I've been told your forgiveness game is up to par."
She really wanted to be angry but in that moment, she only felt safe. He wouldn't leave her behind and that was something that stayed with her for the rest of their trip back.

Not even breaking out a sweat he got them both back safely - and slightly scratched - to the cabin. They left instructions, called into the precinct and Lucifer stepped into the car behind the steering wheel before the Detective even realized he had pickpocketed her keys whilst he had been carrying her.

Annoyed she flopped down onto the passenger's seat and resolutely turned her head to the window. Not wanting to show him she was in a sulk about the fact he was right and she should not drive.

He should've just asked for the keys.

Forest became trees. Trees became a tree every other ten meters and then...

"Wake up, Princess. We're here."

"Wa... Wu.. Where?"

"Home."

"Is mommy going to be okay?" Chloe heard Trixie asking and she tried replying but only a soft mutter came out of her mouth. Suddenly caught up in a state of extreme exhaustion she let Lucifer carry her into the house and place her on a soft surface.

"She's going to be just fine. We had to take a long walk to help someone. Your mother did good today." the Lord of Hell answered the little girl.

"Aren't you tired?"

"I don't need sleep as much as you humans do."
Trixie giggled. "You're strange. I like it."

"And I like you. Surprisingly." Lucifer seemed shocked with his own statement.

"You like us both?"

"Yes, both."

A soft hand brushing through her hair was the last thing she remembered before surrendering to sleep once more.

The first thing she did when Chloe awoke was not to Google Rubens' painting of Fall of the Rebel Angels.

She just happened to be interested in European art. Maybe Beatrice would get a school assignment about it in the future.

You never knew.

It took over a week to disassemble all the wooden deathtraps in the National Park. And another week to find the culprit. Apparently some poacher thought he could make quick money with catching deer, wolves and maybe even bears with his smart invention.
What he did not think of were the dangers it implied to any other being passing by. Including hikers and the poor young man. Robbed of his life forever.

The poacher was convicted of accidental manslaughter, illegal hunting in a National Park and poaching out of season.

He would be locked away for a very long time and had to pay a fine for the rest of his life.

Lucifer almost thought it just enough. The realization of unwillingly killing a person almost made the poacher crack up completely out of guilt.

And those cases were the best according to the Lord of Hell.

He told Maze all about it, but the only thing she was worried about was about Lucifer meeting his death too soon.

She even talked about baby proofing the corners in his bar after reading an article about the dangers of pointy ends.

Lucifer had replied the only danger brought by a pointy end she should be worried about was the one between his legs.

Speaking of which...

The door opened and he soon stepped inside for his next session.

"Hello, Dr. Martin."

"Hello, Lucifer. Talk first?"

"Very well, I have a lot to say."
"You always do." Linda sighed before closing the door behind her tall client.
"So you see. She has forgiven me, took back her callously spoken words and I forgave her. It was rather amazing, don't you say?"

"And do you seek forgiveness?" Linda asked while glancing over the rim of her glasses.

"Well, not really now do I. But it's always nice to know someone likes you."

"Apparently you've invested a lot of yourself into this Detective Decker. You've been behaving oddly ever since she pointed out her problems with you."

"I have not! I just happen to be... More than she expected. Yes, that's it!"

"And now you're in denial. You like her."

"Of course, I like her! She provides me entertainment. Don't be silly, Linda."

"Is she the first person you think of when you awake? The last person you think of when you go to sleep?"

Lucifer was gazing darkly at the middle of her coffee table between them.

"Admit it, Mr. Morningstar. She has taken a space inside your heart. Unknowingly to you."

"I don't think I like this session anymore."

"Run all you want. Your feelings won't be left behind here when you flee this room."

"I am not fleeing! What you are saying is simply preposterous. As if I would feel anything more than... Fondness to a certain being. I cannot!"

"Don't." the Lord of Hell had stood up and his hand was touching the door knob. It remained there for a moment while he took a couple of deep breaths.

"I don't love my Father. I don't love her. I simply cannot love!"

"The first stage is denial Lucifer. You're well underway passing into anger right now."

"Well fuck you, Linda. I'm not up for making sweet love to you in any case now you've made me..."

"Feel so unbalanced? Deep down you know I'm speaking the truth."

"You've even lowered yourself to curse words. Something you're not prone to do." Linda put down her pen to gaze steadily at the suddenly trembling person standing in front of her.

"Well, you would curse too if you were accused of something!"

"Accused? Love feels like an accusation to you?"

"I don't do love! Love is for the weak and pitiful creatures slumping around on this plane until they die."
"According to you, your Father loves every one of us. Is he weak?"

"He is a fool!"

"Nevertheless, you're trying to redeem yourself for him. And now you're mortal too. Doesn't that say something about the evolution you're going through?"

Her only reply was the slamming of the door.

Lucifer's first thought has been to visit Detective Decker. She always made him feel better, but the words Linda had said echoed through his mind.

Determined to proof he did not feel anything for the woman he continued to his club. Driven by the sudden need to sleep with anyone who came into his sight.

Covered in warmth he sleepily blinked his eyes. Realizing he was covered in naked bodies. A scene not unfamiliar to the Devil.

He blinked again and the first thing he heard in his mind was Decker's voice.

"Then he doesn't see what kind of man you've become."

With a grumble, he picked himself up from between the men and women slumbering on his king sized bed. Padding barefooted towards his kitchen he poured himself some whisky.

After staring at the glass for five minutes he remembered he had not yet drunk from it.

"You like us both?"
Snarling angrily he slammed the tumbler down on the bar table.

"You're right. And I apologize."

Desperately he raked a hand over his face. Ruffling his hair in one go. Trying to get the memories out of his mind.

"But you're not selfish nor uncaring. You wouldn't have saved my life if you were uncaring and you wouldn't have listened to my words and followed my demands if you were selfish. I was selfish and uncaring of your feelings."

The glass shattered against the wall.

"You might want to call in your friend." Lt. Monroe said with a smile when she put a new file before Chloe.

Detective Decker had been chewing on a pencil, trying to fill out most of her paperwork when she realized her hand was already reaching towards the phone.

"Yes, alright."

Monroe turned and Chloe hesitated to call.

*When* did she start to think of Lucifer as a *friend*?
Chloe did call that day.
And the day after that.

Lucifer simply didn't pick up his phone and she was starting to get worried until one day she called again and Mazikeen answered.

"Prince of Darkness' phone, speaking to Mazikeen."

"Mazikeen, hello!" Detective Decker spoke feeling utterly relieved. If something happened to Lucifer, Maze would know and tell her.

"I've been trying to reach Lucifer for ages. Can you tell me if something happened to him?"

"My Master is not available for the moment." Maze parroted as if she was reading it off a note.

She probably was. Knowing Lucifer...

"Maze..." Chloe started warningly "If something happened to him..."

"Fine. Just a moment."

Decker waited impatiently. Tapping her foot against the file cabinet on the right side of her desk. She had crossed one arm over her chest and noticed Dan staring at her from the other end of the office. Quickly she let down her arm and turned her chair around while listening on to the noise on the other end of the line.

Damped voices filtered through.

"It's the detective."
"Tell her I'm busy."

"I told her so. She insists on knowing you're fine."

"Tell her..."

"Don't tell me anything! I can hear him. Just hand him the phone." Chloe shouted.

"... Hand him the phone."

Lucifer heard the shout all the way through the mobile. Mazikeen smirked and threw him the phone, which he barely caught before sighing and lifting it to his ear.

"Hello, Detective. It's been a while," he tried to smile and resumed his activities from before while Maze left his room.

"No, thanks to me. What is your problem, Lucifer?"

"Problem? I don't have any problems."

"Like Hell, you don't."

The irony didn't get lost on him and for a moment, he faltered his movements.

"First you're all up into my face about joining me on cases. Then you seduce my superior to actually let you into it and when I finally accepted that you would be consulting and accompanying me, you don't come in!"
"Maybe I've just lost my interest?"

"In the cases?"

Lucifer remained silent on the other end of the phone.

"Bullshit! In me, Lucifer?"

He stopped moving altogether when he heard the hurt note in her voice.

"In me?" Chloe repeated so brokenly that it almost made him want to wither like a flower dried up by too much sun.

The Devil gritted his teeth and stared unseeingly at the wall in front of him.

"Thanks. I guess. You asshole."

A click and the conversation had ended.

"Lucie..." the girl under him moaned "Please, don't stop."

Lucifer stared down at the young woman he had been having sex with and noticed how he had softened at once when he had heard the tears in the detective's voice.

"I'm sorry dear. Pressing matters have arisen."

"You've got to be kidding me. Get away from the car, Mr. Morningstar."
"Are we returning to mister again now, are we? Detective Decker?" Lucifer stood up from leaning against her car. Holding two cups of steaming coffee in his hands.

"Yes, we are. After you decided this was not worth it anymore."

"And what's this if I may ask?" he held out the cups and reluctantly she took the one in his right hand. Chloe was damned to ignore her craving for coffee that early in the morning.

"This? This is definitely not healthy."

"Healthy is boring. What's the fun in that?" the dark haired man grinned cheekily.

Without another word she entered her car and waited for Lucifer to get in.

When he had folded his long limbs elegantly in his seat, wrapped around his belt, he turned his face towards her and waited for something more.

"Don't. Think you're forgiven." Chloe muttered angrily.

"Oh, I've still got time and you've got the patience of a Saint."

"Did you know that your name comes from the Greek fictional goddess of Demeter?"
"Yeah, I've heard that somewhere," Chloe grumbled eyes fixed on the road and angry at their investigation not going so well.

"Do you know what Demeter stands for?"

"Harvest and fertility or something like that."

"Yes, but she stands for more than that. Harvest is the most common known occupation of Demeter."

Detective Decker didn't even try to answer before Lucifer continued on with his rambling of some random facts.

"Demeter presides over the sacred law and the cycle of life and death."

Chloe did not know that but replied anyway "Your point being?"

"You'll catch the baddies eventually. You stand for upholding the law and should not doubt yourself in your pursuit of justice."

She frowned. Wondering if it had been so obvious that she had felt bad at her work going down the drain in the past and now at the failing pursuit of the new suspect.

"How can you tell?"

"The same way I can tell you're incredibly attractive."

"So, because I'm pretty, you know for sure I'm insecure."

"No. Because it dims your light and that is something I take immediate notice of."
"My light?"

Static crackled making the two of them jump after their intense conversation.

"10-71, please respond near Main." a voice spoke from the dashboard.

"10-4, Detective Decker. We receive."

"Copy that Detective. Caution advised. Over."

"What's a 10-71?" Lucifer asked while rubbing his hands with glee.

"Shooting," Chloe replied grimly.

"This is not going as I would like it to go!" she shouted over the noise of gunfire.

"Life rarely is. Isn't it marvelous though?" the Devil laughed back. Almost madly cackling when a bullet wedged itself in the car door behind him. Luckily he had been sitting on the other side of the assaulted side.

"Stop laughing, Lucifer! We could die!"

"So we shall all. One day!"

A clicking sound permeated the sudden silence.

"Seems like our gangsta is out of bullets." the Prince of Darkness grinned and without much ado starting walking towards the perpetrator.
"Lucifer! No!"

A gunshot sounded and the Devil went down. With a well-aimed shot, Decker took down the shooter in the leg. With a shriek full of pain he sank to the floor and Chloe ran up to him, pulled out a white zipper binding and secured the target before leaping over the body to her friend.

"Lucifer?" the man had not moved.

"I am relieved you could convince me of wearing one of these ghastly things." the tall man groaned. His dark eyes suddenly clear again and staring into her blue ones.

"That's what bulletproof vests are for. You idiot, you forgot that people can reload their guns."

"Yes, well. Quite used to being an idiot by now in your eyes."

Fondly she placed her hand on the middle of his chest and plucked the smashed bullet out of the white stuffing.

"You should keep it. Brings good fortune."

"I thought that's what you did."

"Charming. Very charming."

"I try to be."

Chloe climbed back on her feet and helped pull him up. Lucifer leaned forward - with his hands on his knees - gasping for air.

"That hurt more than I thought it would." he finally coughed out.
"More than the bullet in your leg?" the detective grinned back.

"I would high-five you for that witty remark but I've decided to remain like this for a moment longer."

"Take all the time you want. I'll take a look at it when we get home." Chloe replied distractedly and watched the other police cars and an ambulance arrive.

Lucifer blinked.

When we get home.

"Take off your shirt." was the first thing Chloe said when they entered her kitchen. She went rummaging in the cupboards and slammed a bottle of disinfectant on the table when she found it.

"Detective. Rather a bit straightforward, don't you think." Lucifer smirked.

"Just take the damn shirt off, please. I need to see if it pierced your skin."

"I'm perfectly fine."

"No, you're not. I saw you rubbing your chest in the car."

"Just a minor irritation."


The King of Hell wanted to comply - out of habit - but hesitated. She did see him once without a shirt on. He was not keen to repeat that experience. Detective Decker saw way too much than was good for him.
"Only when you take off yours." Knowing she would never do it and considered it a win for himself when his jaw dropped.

"Fine," she sneered and started popping the buttons of her satin blue shirt.

Chloe had no idea what she was doing when she shrugged out of her shirt. She only knew that Lucifer's mind did not work like that of an ordinary person. He had pranced around naked after he saw her naked. Quid pro quo.

And she remembered all too well how uncomfortable he had become the moment she had seen and almost touched those scars on his back.

The rest of her hesitation disappeared like smoke for the sun when she saw him take a step back. Effectively hitting his back against the wall.

"Take off your shirt, Lucifer. I won't ask it again. You need to be cared for."

"Detective, isn't this inappropriate? You've been lecturing me about it since the day we met..." his confident smile failed spectacularly.

"And now I'm rescinding those words in favor of taking care of you."

"I must insist..."

In the blink of an eye, she had him pinned against the wall. Her fingers deftly opening the buttons in front of her.

Lucifer knew he was being ridiculous. A gorgeous woman trying - desperately - to take off his clothes. By force if necessary... And he was backing away like some coward.
Something in her face made him falter his confidence. His arrogant talk. Satan had the distinct impression she could see right into his soul and for once - since he fell from Heaven - did he feel fear.

Fear of what she would do once she saw who he really was. Fear of how she would turn her back on him.

Like everyone was prone to do whom he took a liking to.

_Oh._

Oh. That was rather nice.

With this last thought, his mind went blank and he could only stare at the two slender and warm hands placed on his chest on either side of the dark bruise above the place where his heart should be if he had any.

What the Hell was she doing? What the...

Chloe stopped for a moment. Her hands placed on the warm body in front of her. She felt the heart beat and relief overwhelmed her.

The Devil wouldn't have a heart, would he. And here he was - or so he proclaimed to be - with a rapidly beating heart in front of her. Beneath her hands.

"I should disinfect this. The bruising is bad and the skin's barely nicked, but just to be sure."

Detective Decker turned around and she could feel the dark eyes nearly piercing her back in intensity. Calmly she looked up while she took a cotton ball and soaked it in the solution.

Lucifer was not gazing at her like he normally did. At this moment, he was looking at her as if he'd never seen her before.
She was not merely a piece of meat. And he completely ignored the fact she was only clad in jeans and a white soft cotton bra. Nothing impressive to speak off. But still... His mouth ran dry.

"This may sting a little." and she pressed the cotton ball against the tiny wounds around the bruising.

Lucifer let out a soft hiss and unknowingly he clasped her hand with his. Holding it against his chest. His eyes flicked back towards her lips and her mouth opened in anticipation.

They were panting as if they had just run 5 miles and he was still closing in.

That was when Dan and Trixie stormed through the door making fun of one another and halting in their steps when meeting the tableau in front of them.

"What the Hell?" Dan shouted.
"... the Hell?" Dan shouted. "What's going on here?"

The two guiltily jumped apart. Chloe immediately went for her shirt and buttoned up. Lucifer was much slower on the uptake and it took a pointed look at the detective for him to remember his bared chest. A situation he remedied abruptly because of the child.

"Nothing! Lucifer was wounded and I was helping." Chloe started.

"Nothing? Then why were you undressed as well?"

Lucifer frowned when he noticed Trixie putting her fingers in her ears whilst starting to hum a lullaby. Her big eyes sad and distant.

"None of your business!"

"It is my business!"

"No, it's not! Not since I found you cheating on me!"

Oh, now this turned interesting.

"Are you going to drag this into the conversation again! You're unbelievable! Sleeping around when I allowed Beatrice to live with you!"

"Allowed? I won her in court you asshole! And I will never forget that day!"

"Might I suggest lowering your volume for the sake of the child?" Lucifer piped up.
"Stay out of it, Lucifer." Chloe sighed.

"Shut up, man! Trixie go to your room." Dan commanded their daughter. Whom immediately moved to comply, showing once more that she knew what was being shouted at one another.

"Don't you shout at him like that! He's been to Hell and back again today." Detective Decker defended him. Making the King of Hell appreciate her even more.

"Yeah! Defend your fuck buddy! The moment my back's turned..."

"HE'S NOT MY FUCK BUDDY! LUCIFER IS A FRIEND!"

"Oh he is, is he now! Well..."

"SHUT UP!" Lucifer shouted before he even knew he did. With a determined glance at Chloe, he spoke up again in the sudden silence.

"This is Detective's Decker's house. Remind yourself of that before you go prancing around as if you're the great big bad alpha around here. Your ex - might I remind you again - should not have to explain herself and her actions to someone who's not a part of her life anymore. We're the 21st Century in my Father's name. Behave like you remember that female emancipation happened. The child and I shall be talking a walk around the block and when we return - and we will soon - I hope you've resolved this petulant phase of immaturity. Come on, Miss Beatrice."

Without a qualm, Trixie placed her hand trustingly in the bigger one of the Devil and followed him outside for a walk.
"Daddy's car is gone." was the first thing Beatrice said when they came up to the house. The two had spent their walk deep in thoughts. Forgetting that they were still holding hands, Lucifer knocked one time and pushed open the door.

"Mommy?" Trixie called.

"In here." Came the muffled sound from the bedroom.

"Can I come in?"

Her dark haired friend remained in the kitchen. Noticing the two broken plates and the portrait next to the door hanging askew. He remedied the last and went in search for a duster to solve the first while listening in on the conversation.

"Just a moment, love. Go take out your school agenda, I'll be out in a sec to look through your homework. Okay? We'll order some pizza."

"Okay." Trixie sadly replied.

Lucifer had just straightened out after cleaning the shards when a pamphlet was thrust in front of his face.

"Mommy says we can order pizza."

Silently he took it from the girl and did what he had never done before ordered pizza from some dingy home delivery service place.

By the time Chloe came out of her bedroom, the table was set and with reluctance, she met Lucifer's eyes.
Hers were slightly swollen and red. Her mouth tried its best effort to turn up and without delay, he returned the slight smile with one of his own.

"Do you have a mommy, Lucifer?" Trixie asked.

"My Father is my mother. He is both," he warmly served as a reply and then the bell rang to pierce the awkwardness.

"Oh wait, here, let me grab my purse." Chloe started. But the Devil had already pulled out his own wallet and paid the delivery boy royally.

"Keep the change." and slammed the door in the face of the pimply teenager.

"You shouldn't have..."

"And you shouldn't have to be put through this."

He strode up to the table and distributed the warm - faintly good smelling - boxes.

His first exclamation of delight after his first bite made the two women giggle helplessly. A giggle turned into outright laughter when a slab of mozzarella splat on the table.

"I normally eat pizza with a knife and fork." Lucifer pointed out his clumsiness. Glad to be the center of their attention again even if it was to be the joke at their service.

"Who eats pizza with a fork in Go... for Heaven's sake?"

The Prince of Darkness noticed how she adjusted her words in the middle of the sentence and was grateful. There was no need to be reminded of his Father every conversation they had.

"I'm sorry." Chloe uttered after another piece of pizza. Lucifer didn't deem it worthy of a reply. After all, she did not choose to make a scene. Nor to be cheated on. He didn't understand the concept of monogamy. However, if it was a term Dan and Detective Decker had agreed upon, and he broke it - then Lucifer understood why she was so distraught.
Betrayal was a cruel, cruel thing.

"I'm a mess." Chloe continued with a sniff. Quickly wiping away a tear that had escaped all of a sudden.

"Nonsense," he replied without looking at her. His chest was throbbing uncomfortably and he didn't know if it was because of the bruise on his chest or the hurt coming in waves of the woman in front of him.

"So..." he went on "There is to be an event next Saturday at Lux. Care to come?"

Her reply was a huff of laughter and then "I might."

"I could need my own personal police concierge." he joked effectively lightening the mood.

"Lucifer?"

"Yes."

"Call me Chloe."

She didn't say thank you, but he could read it in her offering.

Beatrice bit her lip not to squeal out when she saw the long tender eye contact the two adults shared in front of her.

"You seem nervous," Mazikeen commented.
"Nervous? I'm not nervous. You certain the purple shirt fits me best for this occasion?"

"What occasion? What are you keeping from me?"

"Nothing Maze. I meant the event this night."

"You've never worried before about the success of our parties. Why bother now?"

"Never mind. Shoo, I see an interesting young woman has been staring at you the last hour. Over there in the corner."

Maze hopped from her barstool and stalked her prey - effortlessly moving through the crowd - and making the girl in the corner nearly swoon with desire.

Lucifer proudly smirked when his attention got caught to the entrance of his very own personal Detective.

The reception drinks were still going around and softer music - than usual - was playing. The noise of the people around him filtered away and all he could hear was the song. The pounding of his heart and the blankness of his mind.

Send your dreams
Where nobody hides
Give your tears
To the tide
No time
No time
Light shone upon her pale and radiant skin. Her hair cascading down her back in lush waves. His chest was constricting and he wondered if he would need the aid of a medic for the first time in his existence.

There's no end
There is no goodbye
Disappear
With the night

Suddenly he didn't want her seeing him at once. Not before he had looked his fill. Not before he had enjoyed the fact that her simple, but elegant burgundy dress had no need for extra glitter and glamour.

For she was beauty.

No time
No time
No time

Her inner light nearly blinded him and he was reminded of the Gates of Heaven. How much he loved entering them and how much it had hurt seeing them for the very last time.

No time
No time

Chloe loved this song and she ignored her clammy hands only to search for a certain tall and handsome - not that she would ever admit it out loud - owner of the club.

Failing in her mission she made her way as elegant as possible - not used to the high heels - to the bar and ordered a Cosmopolitan. It was not often she had a weekend off and she would enjoy the most of it. Maybe even get laid after noticing the several looks shot her way.

After the first gulp - to calm her nerves - she found Mazikeen in the corner of the dark room and made a note to herself not to disturb her. From here Chloe could tell Maze had her hands quite full.
Goose flesh rose upon her arms. Suddenly not so sure about wearing this revealing and simple dress. Feeling a tad insecure the detective watched other women parade around in much nicer clothes.

More expensive too - but a detective didn't pay that well and Chloe always has been a woman who didn't want to spend a lot of money on something as clothes.

Now she regretted that fact for a tiny bit.

Slamming back the rest of her drink - even though it was not done with a cocktail such as this - she squared her shoulders and made her way into the crowd. Gently bobbing around them. The alcohol finally loosening up some of her muscles. Enough to find the beat and enjoy herself at this very moment.

His tongue turned into sandpaper and after a soft sigh, he drank his scotch in one go.

Chloe's pale neck stretched out. Her face tipped towards the ceiling.

Lights danced up and around her and Lucifer could definitely tell she was enjoying herself. After everything that has happened to the detective, she still found the courage to retreat into her own mind and relish in a simple thing such as dance.
She was mesmerizing.

Give in and get out
We rise in the dying
We rise in the dying
Give in and get out
We rise in the dying
We rise in the dying

He nearly wanted to give in.

A movement caught his eye and Lucifer growled deep in his throat. The sound drowned out by the ending notes of the music.

Think I can fly, think I can fly when I'm with U
My arms are wide, catching fire as the wind blows
I know that I'm rich enough for pride,
I see a billion dollars in your eyes
Even if we're strangers 'til we die

Chloe lifted up her arms. Fingertips spread wide and her hips swaying in time with the music. And he was moving.

Moving.

Another man had pressed up against the detective and when she didn't react he pulled her closer still.

Satan snarled and wished to flay the man touching her. The unknown man took one look at the upcoming owner of the club and stumbled back in his haste to let go of the attractive woman still enjoying the deep pulsing beat.

Without a hitch he took his rightful place - according to him and then Chloe moved. As if she knew it was finally Lucifer taking a hold of her.

I wanna run away
I wanna run away  
Anywhere out this place  
I wanna run away

Her hands closed over his on her hips and she closed her eyes. Tucked herself under his chin and into his chest and they were moving together.

His grip tightened and Lucifer leaned slightly forward. Smelling her - in a non-creepy way of course - and moaned softly. She smelled *divine*.

*I wanna run*  
*Chase the morning sun when I'm with U*  
*Give it all away*  
*Catching fire as the wind blows*

Chloe suddenly understood those silly novels speaking about romance and lust. Scattering around words like desire and heat as easily as leaves leaving trees in autumn.

The little moan next to her ear made her knees go weak and reacting instinctively she pressed closer to the hard planes of the man behind her.

"Chloe..." Lucifer murmured hotly against her cheek. Warning her when they both knew what she now could feel pushed up against her backside.

She flushed and felt an immediate pride fill her being. Never before had she felt so powerful.

She, Detective Decker, could get this man. Nearly bring him down upon his knees in desire for *her*. Until now, she hadn't realized what she did to him and she believes he doesn't either. Still doesn't realize.

How horrible it must have been for Lucifer to be rejected time after time by the only woman who ever mattered to him.

He was her friend. She trusted him. And without another doubt, she tipped her head back again. Surrendering.
"God." the man sounded absolutely wrecked to be brought to use his own Father's name and Chloe smirked. She arched her back in reply and clutched his hands tighter. Bringing them higher.

Over her belly - for once not minding the little imperfections there after giving birth to her beautiful wonder - and stopping only short of touching the underside of her breasts.

Just U and I

Lucifer choked on his own spit. What was this woman doing to him? Never before had the King of Hell been so aroused. So lightheaded. If he didn't die from a bullet, this body pressed up against him - pressing all the right buttons - would surely be the death of him.

The song had ended and the spell broke.

As graceful as possible he let go of Chloe. Slightly stumbling backwards and glad for the dark jeans obscuring the most of his indiscretion.

Detective Decker turned around and eyed him with blown out pupils. The tips of his ears felt heated and the Devil was astounded at his own behavior.

Where was all his bravado? His arrogance? His strutting way of conquering anyone he wanted?

"I'll get you another drink." he mouthed to hide his embarrassment and left to the bar.

Chloe let him go. Knowing he needed the space to regain his footing.
I haven't been posting right until now. Let me remedy it.

The crown braid I talked about:

The dress:
The painting by Rubens:
First song: Wait by M83

Second song: Lost it to trying (Paper Towns mix) by Son Lux

Third song: Runaway (U & I) by Galantis

Chapter End Notes

I updated this chapter and saw I had precisely 666 views. Is it a sign of Satan? :-D
I have absolutely no beta, so please forgive me making any stupid mistakes. I hope to catch them all on the go whilst I update.

Lucifer passed the time by surreptitiously glancing at his friend sipping her second Cosmopolitan of the evening. Some people came up to them to talk to him and ask Chloe's name.

He acted as a buffer for her as much as possible for the most of the attention. She never told him, but he just knew she didn't like to be put on the spot.

After the sixth person demanding her name - in a friendly but non-subtle way - he decided for a change. Maze had been sending him knowing looks and he ignored all of them in favor of trying to hold a responsible conversation with the woman who heated his blood like no one had ever done before.

What do you say in a situation such as this?

Hello, I've been pressing my stiff cock against you twenty minutes ago and now don't know how to proceed?

Nice try that would be.

His bitter thoughts safely guarded away he scanned the increasing crowd and suddenly Lucifer wanted to impress her.

"You've heard me play before?" he asked Chloe with a nod of his head towards the piano.

"Yes, I have. You play beautifully," she chivalrously admitted.
"Why thank you," he grinned "I adore being a player." and he winked. The tension simmered lower after that and without barely a backward glance towards Maze he pulled the detective with him towards the piano.

"You want me to play for you?"

"Oh, no. I could possibly... No, Lucifer. All those people... And staring." Chloe's eyes widened and the King of Hell took it as a sign to press on.

"Come on. It'll be fine. You can sing along. I'll play something everyone knows." his voice has turned distinctly into a whiny one to the amusement of his companion.

"You don't take no for an answer, do you?"

"Detective!" he faked a scandalous exclamation "Have you met me?"

Chloe burst out in a bout of laughter making Lucifer halt in his proceedings towards the piano. He had never seen her laugh like that before. So uninhibited and decided promptly he had to make her do the sound again.

He patted the place next to him on the piano bench and reluctantly she sat down next to him after securing her dress was tucked neatly beneath her.

The music turned down and the spotlight turned on the couple sitting at the beautiful instrument.
Lucifer could tell how uncomfortable she felt and unconsciously started the first tune that came into his mind. After the first couple of chords, he felt her relax and slightly lean into his side.

Recognition for the song came too late to make him stop and when Chloe softly started to sing along, he couldn't get it over his heart to change the tune.

Why do birds suddenly appear  
Every time you are near?  
Just like me, they long to be  
Close to you

Now he was in for a pickle. Maze was staring daggers into his back and all he could do was continue playing the notes and listen to her voice of liquid gold.

Why do stars fall down from the sky  
Every time you walk by?  
Just like me, they long to be  
Close to you

Why did he pick that song? Where was his mind? He cursed inwardly.

On the day that you were born  
The angels got together  
And decided to create a dream come true  
So they sprinkled moon dust  
In your hair of gold  
And starlight in your eyes of blue

Chloe turned her eyes towards him and they held his gaze captivated.

"This should be our song from now on." she smiled.

He gulped and nodded softly in agreement. She shyly blushed and looked back down to his nimble fingers. And he could do nothing but play in automatic mode. The curve of her ear too interesting to join her gaze upon his hands.
The echo of the last note died out and immediately the music started up again. Excited chatter filling up around them, discussing the eccentric Mr. Morningstar and the mysterious lady by his side.

"What have you done to me, woman?" he whispered. "I thought I could only fall once."

She hushed his scared declaration with a hand upon his thigh. Chloe's eyes locked upon his lips for a moment and a storm assaulted his mind.

Chaos erupted his stomach and he felt so... Explosive. Dangerous and vulnerable at the same time.

Lucifer had been thinking about this moment forever and now... He didn't want to kiss her. Humanity disgusted him. He didn't want it.

Why did people do this to themselves? It was an ill feeling. What if she rejected him again?

Chloe closed in but stopped at his next words.

"Don't."

Her eyes widened.

"Please. Don't."

And on that note, he left swiftly leaving a stunned detective sitting on the piano bench.
Chapter End Notes

Short one

Song used is 'Close to you' - Link to what I imagine Lucifer playing (music starts around 0:08)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J-6mpjtS5Kc (take out the spaces behind the dots)
The next Monday, Chloe was typing away on her laptop when a magazine got slapped in front of her screen.

"What's this?" a voice snapped at the same time she shouted "Careful."

The female detective looked up to see her ex waving around with the glossy tabloid.

"Since when do you read 'US Weekly'?"

"Since my ex-wife is featured on page sixteen with a certain asshole."

"What?" Chloe shouted and immediately tore open the page in question.

Famous and wealthy Lucifer Morningstar was seen with a beautiful companion (photo on the left) at the latest event in Lux (club of Mr. Morningstar - see photo on the right). Who is she? Where is she? And how did she capture the rich bachelor's heart?

"He couldn't keep his eyes off of her." Witness confirms.

"Glared me down when I wanted to dance with her." Another witness told us.

"It was so romantic the song they played."
What song was it? No other song that 'Close to You' originally played by the Carpenters. More photos about the event on the next page.

She quickly turned to the next page and wanted to cry and laugh at the same time. From an objective point of view, you could easily admit how beautiful the pictures were. Artfully taken. The lights flattering in all the right ways. And Lucifer.

Lucifer. Suddenly so much more desirous to her when she saw the look on his face. Printed on paper, right in front of her. She barely noticed Dan starting a screaming match with her. Her finger traced the contour of the Devil's face on the last picture.

She was mouthing the words from that moment along with her picture-self and never knew how intense Lucifer had been watching her.

His face spoke of longing and tenderness. And a word too soon to say.

"What do you have to say for yourself?" Dan finally shouted at the end of his rant. Chloe tuned in again.

"I say: It's none of your business and I'm keeping this magazine."

His mouth dropped open and Detective Decker could definitely hear some snickering in the cubicle behind her.

"Hello, Detectives. Are we ready for another case?"

Chloe closed her eyes. Hoping she did not just hear whom she thought she heard.

"You!" Dan shouted and ripped the magazine from Chloe's sudden numb hands. He shook it in front of the lead player of the pictures.

"Yes, I've seen them. They do seem to know my right side is my better side," he grinned. Absolutely ignoring all the insinuating looks that were thrown his way and his friend realized that he would deny anything that could be read between the lines of those photographs.
Lucifer did not see that fist coming.

Head first he tumbled into the desk of Officer Martha Jones. He pulled himself upright again and his startled eyes told Chloe everything about how he had not expected that. Nor did he expect the blood dripping from his lip where his teeth had cut him during the hit.

"I'm bleeding!" there was no hurt lacing his voice only confusion. "Goodness!" and he smiled amazed at yet another human mystery unlocked.

"You freak!" Dan snarled and lifted his hand again only, this time, his fist got stopped mid-air by Lucifer's hand.

"Not a wise decision. And in front of your colleagues and ex-wife no less. Bad taste, Detective Douche." followed up by a punch to the gut throwing the male detective several meters backward. Where he promptly threw up his breakfast.

Chloe had slapped her hands in disbelief in front of her mouth.

"Be a protector...?" Lucifer said and leaned on the police officer standing by stunned by the events. "Oh, sorry. I thought you were a cabinet. A fat little cabinet." he said in such a charming way nobody could be mad at him. "Right?" and grinned at Chloe.

"Simple biology." Detective Decker choked out before Lt. Monroe started to mingle. The Devil only needed to flash her a winning smile and Dan was suspended for a week for attacking a civilian in their own precinct.
Once outside Chloe howled with laughter. Hands slapping her knees, honest to God, tears rolling down her face laughter. Almost killing herself with a shortage of air before she got herself under control again.

"Thank you." her smile nearly blinded him and before he knew it she had wrapped him in a hug. Slowly he let his arms rest on her back, awkwardly rubbing her shoulder and desperately trying to ignore her divine scent.

"You're welcome."

The weeks flew by and both never mentioned the pictures again. Or the near kiss.

"How are you and Detective Decker doing?" Linda asked as soon as Lucifer was inside.

"Don't you want payment first?"

"You can start paying me in cash if you really want to."

"Why would I want that?"

"Because I could tell the last time your enthusiasm wasn't in it."

"Do I hear a complaint?" Lucifer asked with a frown.

"No! No no no no. No. No complaints about... That." and she gave a meaningful glance towards his cross. "I only meant that... If you don't feel like having sex with me... Or any other person... Have you been having sex with others actually?"

"Of course, I have!" Lucifer started indignantly when he realized the last time he had sex was over a
week and a half ago with this very woman. His mouth formed an 'o' in realization.

"I thought so. Tell me about Detective Decker. Have you said anything about the pictures?"

"There's nothing to say about the matter," Lucifer grumbled. His hands all of a sudden busy clipping the dead leaves of the bonsai tree on the desk behind his therapist.

"What does Maze think about the matter?"

"Ignores it mostly. She knows she can't change my mind."

"And your heart?"

"I've been informed several times that I lack one." he replied and glanced over his shoulder at his therapist.

Linda tapped her pen against her cheek.

"I don't believe that." and continued her questions, "Do you think of her when you masturbate?"

"What? What does that have to do with anything?" Lucifer accidentally snapped off a whole twig in his surprise.
"So you do!" Linda cackled triumphantly.

"It's not like that." Giving up completely on the bonsai he stared out the window. Looking down to the pavement where humans were crawling about like ants and he started to miss the days where he could just wipe them out the moment they bothered him.

What was keeping him from not doing that anymore?

"Then explain to me how it is like."

"She's not some..." he waved his hand next to his body in an attempt to explain without words.

"Someone like me? Someone you pick up and fuck?"

"Don't be crude, Miss Martin." Lucifer clucked making Linda squirm in her seat.

"I've never thought of her in that way."

"But you want to."

He gave no answer. How could he explain that he didn't want to sully her in his mind in a cheap way like that?

"You're still placing her on a pedestal. Not only did you fail into making her your equal, you keep on raising her even higher. Don't raise her too high before she's out of your reach."

To hide his unbalanced feeling Lucifer carried Linda in one brusque movement to the desk where he swiped everything to the floor with the wave of his arm.

Angrily snarling he ripped open her shirt and closed his mouth to her sternum. Sucking furiously on that spot only to make her stop talking.
Linda moaned. "For your homework... You have to masturbate."

"Can't I just masturbate on you?" he flirted. Her eyes fluttered and she slumped down on the desk in a puddle. Near incoherence almost disabling her to find the strength to utter more words.

"And you have to think of her."

With a roar of anger and frustration, the Devil reared back. His hand already in his chest pocket, pulling out his wallet, ripping out several hundreds and he threw them at his therapist before leaving the room with a slamming door.

"Well. That went well." Linda whispered staring at the 400 dollars on the floor. She didn't want to push him away but it was her job to help him. Even if it meant not giving in to her own selfish desires.

His arm sore Lucifer slumped back on the bed. He couldn't remember the last time he took care of himself in this way.

All those women and men passing through his bedroom. None of them felt so satisfying as... As this.

Semen cooling on his abs he flitted back through the images he had just used.

The images of Chloe in that movie. Of her dropping the towel. It had worked for a moment but then his thoughts had turned towards her in the red dress he had loaned her.

Her smell. The day she wore a crown braid in her hair. How she felt in his arms carried all the way
out of the National Park. Her red and puffy eyes after she had a fight with her ex. Her roaring laughter and the following hug. Her soft curves pressed up against him and the way she had held his eye during the song he played.

The Devil was almost ashamed to admit he had come under two minutes like a randy teenager.

"Chloe." he whispered out loud.

"Chloe." he repeated.

His mobile started ringing. And he picked up without looking at it first. Annoyed at the interruption he smoothed out his hoarse voice.

"Lucifer. I need a favor. Big time!"

"Chloe?" he choked. A flush spread down his chest and he wanted to go back into time to stop doing what he had just done before she called.

"Are you alright?" her voice spoke worriedly in his ear.

"Yes! Yes! Just dandy." the traitor between his legs had already started to rise again. "What's that about a favor you want? Are you going to make a deal with the Devil, my dear?"

He certainly hoped not.

"A deal is when something is offered in return. I'm not going to offer you anything. That's why it's called a favor, Lucifer."

"Sound logic. Hit me baby."

"I... Never mind. I just thought because you're my friend. It doesn't matter. See you tomorrow." and on that uncomfortable note, she hung up.
"What in my name?" the King of Hell spoke out loud.

"Don't worry mommy. It'll be fine. Becky's mom is coming alone too."

"That's because her husband is in the army, sweetie. Don't you mind me. How bad could it be?" Chloe grimaced when the doors opened. Showing the two of them standing small in front of an entire hall full of couples.

"I hate parental admitting events." the detective muttered under her breath. Trixie just tightened her grip on her mother's hand.

"Stupid superficial bitches," Chloe said again. This time quiet enough so her daughter didn't hear her say it.

The glances were already bad enough. She could read pity and curiosity as easily as contempt for her status as a single mom with a career.

"Oh, Miss Decker? Can we borrow Beatrice for a moment? She promised to help us set up the stage."

"Not a problem." Chloe smiled at the young teacher and she squatted down "I'll be just over there at the punch table, Trixie. You can come find me there before the performance starts."

"Okay." her daughters eyes conveying her regret at leaving her mom for the wolves as she left.

No sooner had Chloe reached the table when two other mothers swooped in.

"Chloe! How wonderful of you to come!" Bianca cackled.

"Yes, you look so nice. All alone again this year?" Margaret added.
Detective Decker wanted to reply but the two women were already chattering on.

"I told you she would be alone again this year, Bianca."

"Right you were, Margie. That's like what? The fifth year in a row?" and she threw a condescending look at Chloe asking for confirmation.

The detective wanted to sink into the floor.

"I see you've beaten me to the punch, darling." a smooth voice sounded behind her. A hand on her lower back made her less prone to startle and drop her cup.

The two harpies looked confused and then enamored at Lucifer.

"Chloe? Do you know this man? Care to introduce us?" Bianca nearly begged. Not minding how she suddenly started pushing her bigger boobs - Chloe couldn't help comparing - further out even though her husband was just standing on the other side of the table talking to other dads.

"Of course, she knows me. I'm her partner." Lucifer grinned charmingly "Lucifer Morningstar, at your service." he continued with a gentlemanly nod towards the two swooning women.

"How did you get here?" Chloe hissed under her breath.

"I don't make deals with children." he whispered in her ear making her face heat and her body shiver at the same time.

"Trixie." she concluded before turning back her attention to the flustered hags.

"If I might steal my partner for a moment." and Satan deftly steered her towards the other end of the room. Ducking the paper garland just in time - he was easily the tallest person in the entire auditorium.

And Chloe wished for a moment it were really true what he had said. With a glance back she could tell how rapidly the new scoop was spreading.
"It'll be all over town by tomorrow that we're together. We're not a couple, Lucifer."

"I didn't tell any lies. We are partners, are we not?" another one of his trademark smirks made her forgive him at once.

"How did Trixie reach you?"

Instead of replying he showed her his mobile and the still open text.

```
Hi lucifer

my mom and I are going to the school performens

it starts at 6

mommy hates going aloen

please come?
```

"She must have sent it while I was in the shower."

Lucifer needed to blink to get that image out of his head.

"Now tell me, what's this performance all about?"

"The children made costumes and are going to play out several scenes from the Bible."

"What?" Disgust twisting his face in a funny way.

"Oh, you should've seen your face. Might have been something for my Twitter page if I had one."
Chloe smiled. "Relax. they're enacting the Wizard of Oz. The Tin Man, the Lion, you know..."

The King of Hell let out a relieved sigh. His shoulders sagging.
"Lucifer!"

"Hello, little leech." He was getting more and more at ease with extracting Trixie from his leg.

"Hi, little traitor." Chloe burned a hole in Beatrice's forehead. Who was easily ignoring her mother's fury.

"I saved you a seat, Lucifer. Come follow me."

"Oh, that's just adorable. You do know these are made up." and he held up his name card, obviously written by Trixie herself, including two little red horns on top of the curl of the 'T'.

"Real devils don't have horns. Some demons do, but I don't."

"You're funny," Trixie repeated for the thousandth time in the last six months or so.

The lights flickered on and off and for a moment Lucifer thought one of his brothers would appear again.

"Hush, it's going to start. Run off, you little demon." Detective Decker said to her daughter before pulling her companion down on the seat next to hers.

Lucifer couldn't deny being fascinated by the children's play. He laughed when they laughed. He was angry when they were angry and when a scene turned sad he became as quiet as a church mouse.
Chloe bemusedly watched him and the emotions play over his face. For once forgetting about all those unrightfully judging people around them.

"I shall take the heart, for brains do not make one happy and happiness is the best thing in the world." the teacher narrated while the tin man held hands with the Trixie-lion.

Lucifer glanced at his neighbor as she was proudly smiling at her daughter skipping off the stage. He looked up and saw several people staring at the two of them. He narrowed his eyes in warning and glanced the other way, noticing the same thing happening on their other side.

Feeling a moment of vindictiveness he put his arm around Chloe's shoulder. Proclaiming her as his for all to see in that instance. Possessiveness a rare thing for him to come by.

"What are you doing?" she quietly asked when she leaned into his side. A musical intermezzo knitting two different scenes together played in the background.

Somewhere over the rainbow.

"Just enjoying the show," he whispered back with a smile. His smile turned definitely shark like when he met the eyes of the two women they had talked to earlier. Flustered they turned their heads together - to the annoyance of their almost sleeping husbands - and continued gossiping.

A hand touched his knee. His eyes snapped downwards and flicked in question towards his companion.

Chloe remained smiling warmly in front of her when the next scene began. And he snapped himself out of it. It would not do to be caught again staring at her like some 'something' struck fool.

He tried focusing on the rest of the play, but the hand - sometimes squeezing his knee - made it impossible.

An earthquake might have happened. Lucifer wouldn't let anything dislodge that hand.
Sweat pooled in her armpits. Should she do it? Wasn't it... Shameful? Or maybe just plain wrong?

She possibly couldn't.

Eyes closed she clicked the cursor to confirm the payment and slapped her laptop closed.

She did it.

Trixie was loudly playing in the bathtub, making a mess on the floor as usual when the bell rang.

"Mommy, the doorbell!"

"I know. Just play on and call me when you want breakfast."

The two of them had one of their rare and lazy Saturday lie-ins and completely relaxed Chloe opened the door. Glad for her super fluffy chamber robe covering her from head to toe when she noticed who was standing in front of the door.

Blushing to the root of her hair she hastily signed her name and received the discrete brown cardboard package.

Hearing her daughter still in the bath she hurried towards her bedroom and tore open the package with her nail clipper.

There it was. Her heart started beating so loudly she missed the sound of her front door opening.
"Hello!" someone cheerfully called down the hall. "Your door wasn't latched in the lock. I hope this does not count as inappropriate."

"LUCIFER!" Chloe shouted. "Don't come in..."

"Knock knock!" Lucifer said at the same time as her warning and the door - also not closed properly - just swung open. Revealing a reddening detective scrambling to cover the package.

"Is that a Flirting Demon Vibrator?" the Devil exclaimed gleefully. "My, my, detective. You naughty girl!" he grinned.

Chloe let out a dry sob and slammed the door in his face.

"Lucifer?" A dripping wet - wrapped in a towel - Beatrice quietly asked: "What's with mommy?"

"I might have crossed the wrong line. Go dress yourself. I'll make pancakes."

"Okay." the girl smiled and ran off to her room.

Lucifer quickly Googled the recipe for pancakes and pointedly ignored the quiet sniffs coming from the master bedroom.

Linda threw her file in a fit of surprise into the air. Papers fluttered down and astonished she looked at a frantic Lucifer.

"She didn't come out her bedroom at all! What have I done?"

"Euhm, Sir. I'm in session." A small voice piped up from the couch in front of the therapist.

"Shush, this won't take long." and he turned back towards Miss Martin.
"There's nothing wrong with a healthy sexual appetite. Then why is she so embarrassed! I haven't heard from her in two days. Two, Linda! An eternity! I know souls that have spent less time in Purgatory. Explain it to me, you're a woman!"

"Maybe because... Because... How did you notice her sexual appetite?"

"She ordered a purple vibrator called 'Flirting Demon'! When she could just ask me..." he stopped himself. She couldn't ask him, could she now. He asked her not to. At the piano when he couldn't bear any more closeness.

"That still doesn't explain my question!" he went on instead.

"She's divorced, yes?"

The King of Hell nodded.

"How long?"

"I don't know. Her daughter is 8 I think. I'll ask next time I see her. And they divorced when she was 2 or something like that. I never noticed how children aged. Boring! They age. They die!"

"And in all the time you've known her mother" desperately trying to conserve the privacy of the people involved in front of another client "to meet someone else?"

"I know she's been alone ever since... Oh, for Heaven's sake! You can't mean a woman like her hasn't had a man in over six years?"

"It could be. She was hurt very badly by someone she trusted. Years of no intimate touch can put fears and insecurities on persons."

"But why not speak to me again? I don't mind! She can ask me anything!"
"Maybe because you intruded on a moment where she bought that vibrator after working up years of courage to purchase something like that. Any decent person would nearly die of mortification."

"Oh, I see. Excuse me for interrupting." and with a nod, he left the room again. Taking all the air in one go.

"Wow." the woman on the couch said while fluttering her hand towards her face for some fresh air.

"I know, right?" Linda sighed captivated.

The car door slammed close and for a moment, she had her own private moment of silence. An oasis of quiet when the passenger door got pulled open and Lucifer plopped next to her.

Her mouth dropped open in a silent shriek.

"Finally! I've been trying to make contact with Planet Decker for three days now! Do you know how it feels to have to stalk you to get you to talk to me?"

"I really don't want to talk to you, Lucifer," Chloe muttered.

"I understand but I have some things I need to say to you. I apologize for intruding your privacy and you have nothing to be ashamed about. You're a healthy young and attractive woman. Curiosity never did kill any cat actually."

"Please stop talking." the detective closed her eyes feeling humiliated all over again.

"I'm almost finished. I've used toys. Several in fact. I didn't enjoy the strap-on that much but there was this one prostate bunny and I guarantee you even though I'm a topping kinda guy some experiences have left me..."

"STOP TALKING!" her forehead slammed onto the car horn in her steering wheel several times to halt the flow of verbal diarrhea coming from the mouth of the man next to her.
Sudden silence reigned once more.

"So that's that." the Devil concluded. "It's perfectly normal."

"Is it?" Chloe moaned in her hands.

"You've picked a good one. I have a similar one in my nightstand. The blue one if I may say so."

"You have and I did?"

For the first time in days, she looked up at him even though it only was to show her grimacing as in pain at him.

"Oh, you have chosen well. Very trendy decision too."

The detective giggled embarrassedly.

________________________________________________________________________________________

And if she did christen that Demon that night and had to bite her pillow to keep from shouting a certain name - she definitely did not imagine that certain person using that same vibrator on himself.

Oh. If she only knew what he did that same night...

Chapter End Notes

I'm not going to insert a picture of the mentioned toy. Go Google it yourself you dirty minded people ;-) In no way am I talking about personal experience or participating in a commercial scheme. I just searched for a toy with a devil like name to fit into the story.
They were up late at the precinct. Chloe was just putting some finishing touches on her report when she noticed the dozing Lucifer in the chair at the desk facing hers.

Stealthily she raised herself up to glance over the cubicle walls and noticed everyone had already left. Even Lt. Monroe's light was out.

"Lucifer." she hissed.

Was he drooling? She threw an M&M at his face.

"Yes, darling!" the Devil shouted and shot up from his chair making it clatter loudly against the desk behind him.

Detective Decker snickered and scanned the office again. "Follow me."

Like thieves in the night they sneaked towards the lower level of the building.

"Take a break, Steve." Chloe smiled charmingly. "Just going to let off some steam," she told the guard while keeping Lucifer out of sight.

Steve nodded gratefully, took his keys and went to stretch his legs.

"We have approximately twenty minutes. Put this on." and thrust noise absorbers in his hands.

Counting one and one together the Prince of Darkness smiled and followed the detective.

With the push of a button, the claw came forward and she fastened a new target on it.
"We'll start at fifteen meters. Okay?" put on her own ear protection gear and handed him one of the practice guns.

"I can shoot with this?"

She nodded.

"It's like Christmas coming early!" Lucifer shouted before emptying the gun with shot after shot.

Some might say it was their idea of a date.

If they did date.

Disturbing dates that is.

"Okay, so hear this." Dan started after one cautious look at an innocently looking Lucifer. "There is this famous couple going to this event. There have been threats towards the couple. Serious threats and they requested some protection."

"And..." Chloe asked.

"You two need to go - as much as it pains me to admit it - you're both famous." he spat "And... He's rich. Your family has connections in the actor world so it wouldn't look suspicious if you two were to go."

"What if there's danger. Lucifer has no protection."

"He'll get a subtle bulletproof plate under his shirt and we'll wire him of course."
"What about her?" the Devil asked.

"I'm a big girl, Lucifer. I'll find a place to hide my gun."

His gaze heated for a moment. Remembering the knife in her bra before returning his attention towards the other detective.

"Monroe will brief you before you go. We'll have a team listening in so we know when to interfere if it all goes..."

"Tits up." Lucifer completed the sentence with a smile.

"Right."

"Splendid!"

Chloe just slapped her hand in front of her face already dreading the event.

"Our car is here. Are you ready?" Lucifer was feeling jumpy. Maze just rolled her eyes when she came out of the walk-in closet.

"She's looking good and it'll compliment your outfit. No worries. I checked before she bought it."

Lucifer started to notice a recurring event here. For the hundredth time since he met Chloe, the woman made him able to feel something new for the first time again.

He was speechless when she appeared shyly in the opening of his dressing room.
"Thanks Maze for helping me with the braids."

"No problem, babe." Maze smirked at her master's big eyes.

"We'll be the handsomest pair of this little soiree!" the Devil exclaimed while holding up the two golden tickets he had been safekeeping in his inner jacket pocket.

"How do I look?"

"You're a very pretty girl, Lucie." the detective dared to joke. Lucifer closed his mouth with an audible snap and glared at her and then at a laughing Mazikeen once he noticed her fun at his expense.

"Okay, let's go over this again." Monroe said and got closer to the Devil pretending to be busy - for the tenth time - adjusting the wire under his shirt.

"We had to leave off the bulletproof vest because it interfered with the receiver. Do you have any problem with that?"

"What's life without a little danger," Lucifer smirked. Over the shoulder of the Lt. he noticed a slightly glowering Detective Decker staring at them.

Maze smirked behind her hand.

"Ready?" Lucifer turned again towards his partner.

"Ready." and she easily slipped her arm through his and together they stepped into the elevator.
"I hate this," Chloe muttered with a smile. The blinding lights around them almost causing her a spontaneous epilepsy attack.

"Just smile dear. We need to look enamored enough to blend in." Lucifer grinned back.

The detective's only response was to simper stupidly at him. Something that should have made him smile but only caused a rise in temperature.

He loosened the hold of his bowtie with one trembling finger to ease the flow of air again.

"It's time to go inside. Don't lose sight of A and B."

Lucifer nodded. They had agreed to call the woman A and the man B to not attract any attention by mentioning the names in front of suspects.

"No suspicious movements," Chloe confirmed again out loud for the sake of the wire.

"Relax, detective. People might think we're up to something going by the intense way you're scanning the crowds."

"I'm doing my job."
"And I can tell nothing is going to happen during the banquet. The perfect time for a crime would be during or after the dancing. When they'll take a quick breath outside or leave the party."

Detective Decker sighed. Lucifer was right. Now was not the time to plan a murder. Not in front of thousand of witnesses. She would still keep an outlook on everything but planned to, at least, try to be a good conversationalist to her friend.

Dinner courses ran smoothly and Chloe tried a bit of every plate. Even going so far as stealing Lucifer's raspberries off his dessert when his attention was captivated by the beautiful ceiling painting.

Oh, he had noticed. But pretended he didn't and went on about the art in the room.

Once dancing commenced he was quick to pull her against him and guided her easily into a waltz. Never too far, never too close from the couple they needed to keep a watch on.

Song after song passed and Chloe enjoyed herself until the Devil received a text.

_The couple wants to leave. Can you escort them out. We'll take it from there. Dan_

"Escorting them out. Over." Detective Decker murmured subtly into her companion's chest and together they trailed behind A and B. Determined to see them out.

The police car - in civilian - pulled up and with a nod from Dan he helped A into the car, followed closely by B.

"I'll send another text when they're safe." and her ex left.

"Good. Now let's return to the party." Lucifer asked.

"Really?"
"Of course! Job's done but the night's still young, detective."

After a refreshment, he led her back towards the dance floor when a tango started playing.

"Can you tango?" he asked with some hesitation. A tango was a dance he could not always guide for his partner.

"Of course, I can. I can lead you better than you can lead me," she challenged him.

With a dark look and a promise in his posture he let himself be pulled into the emptying dance area. Most people thought it too challenging.

Not them. They loved a good challenge.

She definitely surprised him by twirling her feet around and gazing steadily in his eyes. He was impressed and before he well knew it she was leading him around on a leash.

It may seem like he was pulling the moves when as a matter of fact she was dictating his every step.

Lucifer felt his bowtie constricting his breathing once more but he dared not fall out of line during their staring contest.
Something else started waking up too and he bit the inside of his cheek to keep himself in check.

The song ended and people applauded. The three remaining couples - included themselves - bowed and resumed their stance for the next song. When they heard the first notes the other two couples left the floor.

Chloe and Lucifer didn't even notice.

His heart was beating like crazy and he carefully reminded himself he did not have a heart.

Roxanne
You don't have to put on that red light
Walk the streets for money
You don't care if it's wrong or if it is right

Roxanne
You don't have to wear that dress tonight
Roxanne
You don't have to sell your body to the night

His eyes, upon your face
His hand, upon your hand
His lips caress your skin
It's more that I can stand

The Devil was reminded about that nameless man touching her at his club. Of her ex-husband and with a sudden clarity he knew what the appeal was about monogamy.

Giving yourself to one. Completely. Was a heady feeling. Lucifer imagined her being his. Only his.

Why does my heart cry
Feelings I can't fight
You're free to leave me

He couldn't bare Chloe leaving him. Her leg hooked over his and their groins touched. Inflaming them both even more at the knowledge of his erection grinding into her during that move.

But just don't deceive me
And please, believe me when I say
I love you

He didn't. He didn't.

A twirl. A grasp. Pull back. Push close. Air slammed out of his lungs. Chloe lost her composure and her face changed from tightly held control into lidded eyes and gasping moans driving Lucifer completely out of his mind.

His moves - now again dominating - radiated power. Onlookers took a step back at the fire streaming off the couple. Their hands clasped roughly. Their hearts beating as one.

"Lucifer," she groaned when his leg slipped between hers. His cock was throbbing. He would burst and her head dropped backward in surrender.

They twirled and twirled. The climax approaching. She clutched him closer. Her nails gripping into his vest.

There was no air between them. They had merged together into one being. Breathing the oxygen coming out of each other's mouths.


Her hands smoothed over his back and rested on the place where his wings had been. The song ended and they trembled against one another. Each one of her hands covering one of his scars. Pressing into them.

Applause sounded but it was all forgotten when their eyes met.

"If you run now. I will chase you 'til the end of time," he promised her darkly. She had awoken his remaining dormant soul and it would not rest until it had its fill.
She ran. And he pursued.

The dress
Her hair:
The tuxedo of Lucifer (and some extra helping of Mads - You're welcome Hannibal fans)
(Mads approved of course)

Chapter End Notes

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dyAPG43crso (waltz)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NTj9fCbhydo (tango 1)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ic4PQ-tnwJw (you all know the Moulin Rouge - don’t lie)

(take out the spaces behind the dots)
He was going to kill her. Chloe thought hysterically. Hall after hall she ran. Twirling in her dress around corners and standing chandeliers.

Great mirrors reflected her flushed look and manic grin when she ducked behind a huge velvety red opera curtain hanging from floor to ceiling.

"Detective." a low voice growled and it was the only warning she got before she got pushed up against the wall. Her legs instinctively wrapping around his waist.

Lucifer's warm hands were slipping up her dress running over smooth legs and coming to a stop when he touched her hip.

"Of course, you wouldn't be wearing underwear." his voice was ruined. All bets were off now. Lucifer apparently needed a moment to regain his bearing before continuing. His face pressed against her chest. His groin throbbing against her core with heat nearing molten iron temperature.

Sharp pants warmed her chest.

"Tell me you're wearing your knife." he huffed out.

"No knife. A gun."

His eyes rolled up when he let his other hand explore her outer left thigh and he fingered the pistol for a moment.

"You're the danger."

"And you're the Devil." she moaned. For once going with him in his fantasy of Lucifer aka Satan.

"That's right and you've opened the gates of Hell, my dear." his voice sinister and sexy at the same time.
"I'm going to take you now." he promised darkly.

Chloe hoped her voice didn't sound so garbling as she imagined it did. Deftly Lucifer held her steady with one hand and his other started fumbling at the buttons on his pants.

"Lucifer?"

"Yes?" he asked distracted.

"Kiss me."

That startled the Hell right out of him.
"I don't... Normally. I mean." the man stammered. What she did to him.

"Shhh..." she whispered and slowly closed in. Giving him the time to pull back his head if he wanted to.

Even though he wanted to, he couldn't. She had him paralyzed.

Her lips softly touched his and sparks ignited behind his eyelids. He snapped open his eyes again, trying to remember when he had even closed them and met her starburst blue ones.

"Chloe." he moaned helplessly. For once at a loss what to do - another new situation for the Prince of Darkness.

She shushed him again and pressed their mouths together again.

He surrendered with a growl and licked his way into her mouth. His fingers clasping her hair. Interwoven into her braids and clutching her face to his.

Lucifer was kissing her like a starving man. He kissed wet and aggressive but oh so good. You wouldn't forget whom you were kissing when you were kissing him.

He towered over her and her legs had slid down again in his need for holding her face closer to his. Pressed up close they kissed languidly.

Her tongue exploring his mouth and sucking the tip of his tongue into hers. Chloe felt especially daring after noticing the trembling in his knees - luckily she had the wall to lean on - and let her hand slip down. Gently rubbing over the bulge poking her in the belly.

The sound he made was nearly inhuman. Lucifer keened. Almost gratefully pressing up against her fingers for more friction. His eyes wide and confused.

"Chloe." he choked out.
She was dripping wet. She felt the slick running down her legs. Making her nether regions tingle for something more. Something solid.

She felt empty and achy.

"I need you inside me." she begged so prettily. Lucifer pushed closer again and in that moment, they noticed the trembling of his cell phone pressed between them.

"What?" Horror overtook her face.

"The wire," she groaned. The moment she said it out loud the trembling stopped. Lucifer pulled out his mobile. Not yet understanding what was happening and saw he had six missed calls by Detective Dan and two by Lt. Monroe.

"Chloe..." He whined. Still pressed up against her hand. He was starting to feel the pain of going so long without any relief.

"We can't do this here, Lucifer. We can't." she pouted. Detective Decker desperately needed him to understand her. "Please, Lucifer. I'm sorry."

His trembling seized and he pushed himself of off her. Anger rolled in waves off him and she guiltily bit her lip making him want to kiss her all over again.

Didn't she realize...

"FUCK!" he screamed.

For a second Chloe thought she caught a glimpse of a red face in the mirror before it burst into a million pieces.

Lucifer ruined a second mirror by throwing another chair at it.

"FUCK THIS! FUCK IT!"
"Lucifer! Please stop! I'm sorry!" She knew how hard it must have been for him to open up and again he needed to feel the pain of unwilling rejection.

With one bitter look at her, he wiped back his hair and strode off. Leaving her standing in the middle of a thousand pieces of shimmering glass.

The last thing she heard was him shouting another profanity before ripping open his shirt to throw away the wire. Then a huge door slammed shut.

"I'm so sorry." Chloe cried silent tears.

"Let me talk to him!" Detective Dan shouted over the loud bass of the music. Lucifer lazily looked up from his throne on his VIP platform. Smirking at Dan trying to get passed Mazikeen.

"No can do, pretty boy." Maze smirked.

"If not for me, let me through for Chloe and Beatrice!"

Lucifer looked again and saw Beatrice at the hand of her father. Her cheeks streaked with dried up tears and her lip was trembling.

With a wave, Maze stepped aside and Trixie immediately ran up to Satan.

"Child, what in my Father's name is the matter?"

She couldn't get anything out passed the sobbing and he turned his attentions towards her father instead of the leech on his leg. He awkwardly patted her head while waiting for an explanation.

"Chloe never came home after..." Dan flushed.
Lucifer looked away. Bitter resentment rose up in him. Did everyone knew of his moment of weakness?

"Look... I know you like her and I'm sorry for being a douche but I'll always care for her. She's still the mother of my daughter. So please, if you have any idea where she might have gone too?"

"Haven't the foggiest." Lucifer angrily spat back "And take your child with you."

"So that's how you're going about it? Yeah, we all saw a different side of you but does that mean you'll ignore the fact that she needs you. She's probably in danger!"

"What makes you say that?"

"There was blood in the hallway you left her before you ripped the wire."

"So, it could've been mine. There were broken mirrors."

"Yeah we know. But it's hers. We tested it. And there's something else." and Dan held up a small recorder close to the club owners ear and pressed a button.

"Lucifer! Please stop! I'm sorry!"

"For fucking buggering..." it continued and Lucifer pulled back his face as if to say do I really need to be reminded of this and Dan nodded explaining wordlessly that was not all.

"I'm so sorry." the broken little sobs broke the empty space in his chest - he was still not admitting anything.

A long silence filled with spurs of white noise and even more sniffing. Some shuffling noises and crackling - presumably under high heeled shoes - filled another minute or so.

Then...
"I can explain. There's been an acci.. Hey! Wait! What are you doing! Stop it... LUCIFER! LUCI..." her voice got muffled and terror stiffened his spine.

She had called for him and he had not heard.

Trixie got dropped at her grandma's place with the sweet promise she would soon be reunited with her mommy.

"What else do you know?" Lucifer immediately interrogated Detective Dan the moment Beatrice left the car and had entered the house.

"We've got a team on site. Security footage from outside the building is being watched as we speak. As soon as they've found something we'll know."

"And now?"

"We'll go back to the scene. Footprints have been left thanks to your shattering of the mirror. We could follow which fire escape they used following the pieces of glass."

Good fortune sometimes did happen when bad struck.

The scene didn't make Lucifer feel any better about himself. The memories of yesterday assaulted him at once.

Their dancing. The comfortable silences and funny banter. How she had felt folded into his arms. Her heat.

Lucifer had to close his eyes for a moment before he could look at the curtain they had been...
Their first kiss. His sight became blurry all of a sudden.

Worried about his human body he touched his face. Salty water glistened on his fingertips.

"I'm crying," he murmured to himself. Another first, thanks to Detective Decker.

He hurriedly wiped them away, knowing they would not help him in this situation.

"Let me walk you through everything again." Dan spoke and Lucifer gladly accepted the unspoken truce between the two of them.

*Anything* to get her back.

This is how I imagine the hallways of the place where the event is taking place:
With these kinds of curtains:
"Detective!" one of the police minions shouted attracting the attention of the people surrounding him. He was carrying a copy of something and brought it closer for inspection.

"It's a ransom note," Dan stated.

"No, shit Sherlock." Lucifer rolled his eyes and read the letter.

If you wish to see your precious detective again
Meet us at the southern docks at midnight
Leave a bag with three million dollars there
Then we'll return her
If all is as it should be...

Lucifer, come alone

"The police department can't get so much money together in such a short notice." the male detective paled at the last sentence.

"But I can." his companion grimly concluded.

"Just like that? You know her for about six months. Kissed her yesterday for the first time and today you're willing to throw away 3 mille?"

"You, detective, have no idea of how invaluable her soul is to me."
And that was that.

Dan had to admit it was the most romantic thing he had ever heard - and he wasn't even a girl into that shit.

Darkness fell and the three bags - one million each - got dropped at Checkpoint Chloe. Lucifer had chosen the code name and place.

"You sure about this," Dan stated instead of asking again when he glanced at the Devil recounting the money in the bags.

"Dead sure, detective," Lucifer replied in a clipped voice. Something he had been doing ever since the police detective had seen tears rolling down the tall man's face. As if he was keeping it all tight under wraps or he would lose it all.

"You've got the wire in your shoe? They'll undoubtedly pat you down."

"Yes."

"We have a helicopter on standby."

"Fine. Take a stop here."

"What for?" Dan asked and before he could even turn his head another person stepped into the vehicle. Securely buckling herself in.

"Evening Maze. We're about to punish some people." Lucifer spoke. Their driver smartly closed his mouth. Not in the right mind to start fighting with this kind of people.

"Good, I was bored out of my skull." and she popped a gum in the backseat. "Hi, gorgeous." Maze flirted.
The rest of the ride was filled with updates from the precinct and confirmations of the standby teams.

"This is where I'll drop you off. Checkpoint Lucie."

Maze chuckled. "Really Lucifer?"

Her master smiled wryly "She will find it funny once she's out of that mess. See you later."

The first order of business was that the King of Hell had to say something so Dan could confirm the microphone worked and got received into the car.

It did and then he was on his way with the three heavy bags.

"Not noticing anything out of the ordinary yet," he quietly muttered under his breath. Easily mistaken for a man talking to himself.

And then he was at the drop.

He waited. And waited.

Ages passed when all of a sudden tires screeched in the distance. The car came closer and Lucifer was blinded for a moment.

Another car stopped.

Four men stepped out. Two remaining between the vehicles. Safely ensconced by the metal and keeping an eye on everything from there.

They were wearing ski masks and one pointed at the other. The taller one did, so he must be the leader. The Devil directed his attention towards the taller man.
Obviously four men.

"First the money." the man grunted after Lucifer had been patted down by the other.

"I need a sign of life." he remembered Chloe teaching him.

"First. The money."

"I give you two bags with one million each. The third when I'm assured of her safety."

The two men stepped back towards the cars and they discussed it for a moment.

"Very well." the leader replied. Taking two bags and dropping them in the hands of his lackey who brought them to the other car.

The other two accomplices took the bags, put it in their trunks and drove off.

"I'll give you a sign of life the moment I am certain they are in safety. Not a second sooner."

Lucifer hoped the agents standing by understood what was at stake here and almost begged his Father not to let them fuck it up in a desperate chase to capture half of the abductors team.

"Then we should make ourselves comfortable, shall we?" Lucifer smiled instead. Acting unruffled.

"Why me? Why her?"

"We know how rich you are and we had been waiting for ages for us to find your weak spot."

"And you think she's my weak spot?" he huffed in reply.
"We don't think. We know." the man said smugly. Getting something out of his pack and holding up the notorious US Weekly up for all to see.

"We've had our eyes on you from the very first moment you opened your eccentric little club. And now we finally know the chink in your shiny armor.

Lucifer ground his teeth with anger.

"And how did you get to her?"

"We knew you were playing the consultant for the cops. She was your partner. So we had to give you both a case nobody else could do."

"Expensive gala. Famous people." the Devil continued in realization.

"Exactly. My, did we enjoy the both of you dancing around each other for ages only to end with a serious case of blue balls. The famous womanizer Lucifer Morningstar finally brought to his knees by some MILF with dubious career choices."

"Shut your mouth!" Lucifer snapped and his nostrils flared in anger.

"Hit another vulnerability, did I?" the leader joked. "Alas, we roughed her up a bit but didn't get the time for something more. She is a tasty morsel isn't she?"

"What have you done with her!" his eyes flashed red for a moment.
A beeping noise went off and the tall man read something from the device on his belt.

"Good to go." he murmured against his partner in crime and fixed his stare back onto Lucifer.

"Mr. Morningstar. The last bag please."

"First Detective Decker."

The abductors colleague sniggered quietly and pointed at a barrel on the other side of the dock.

With quick strides, Lucifer ran towards the metal container and opened it. A pair of frightened blue eyes stared up at him and he reached inside.

"Chloe..." he murmured gently. Carefully extracting her from her cramped and bound position. With the patience of a Saint, he removed the duct tape taping her mouth shut.

Her eyes widened and she opened her mouth to say her first words and they were a shout of warning but it was too late.

Lucifer only missed a minute or so of time but when he opened his eyes time stood still. And not in an Angel - kind of way. But in the way of when your heart stopped because you know you are fucked.
Dan and Maze were bound to chairs. So was Chloe.

"Now. We are going to play a game, dear Mr. Morningstar. You can only save one. Which one shall it be?"

The Devil wanted to smirk and pointed at Chloe.

Lucifer pulled back his hand at the sound of a gun. Maze slumped forward.

"No!" Chloe screamed through her new tape."

"I told you Lucifer, not to bring any cops." Followed by another shot to the chest of Dan.

Chloe was sobbing loudly by now. Looking at Lucifer in betrayal. How could he pick so easily?
Where was the bloody helicopter if you needed it or the rest of their standby team.

The two abductors turned back towards the couple before them.

Lucifer was kneeling and he looked upwards. Sneering.

"You've seemed to have missed one little detail of my life."

"Which is?" the tall man mocked.

"I am the Devil."

And Maze rose from her chair, followed quickly by Dan rubbing his chest. Maze flashed her hidden dagger and threw it at the accomplice. Killing him at once.

"Are you seeing your life pass before your eyes? I can assure you. It's not pretty where you are going. By now your little friends have been captured by the rest of the team standing by." Lucifer smiled back.
Maze flashed her teeth. Bloodthirsty for vengeance.

"And you seem to have forgotten one detail about my life." the man grunted back.

He pointed his gun at Lucifer and this did halt the Devil. Now that he was mortal...

There was no way in Hell he was returning back below and unconsciously he took a step back. The hesitation was enough for the man to really see what would absolutely break the King of Hell. His gun slid a couple of centimeters to the right and Lucifer's eyes widened in realization.

He jumped. A bang followed.

"Lucifer! Lucifer!" a tear-stained Chloe hung in front of his face. How did she do that? Was he floating?

"Call a medic, Dan! Show them where we are!" she shouted and turned her attention back towards the man lying beneath her hands.

"Don't you dare die, Lucifer. Don't you even think about it."

"Chloe," he tried saying. Blood gurgled up out of his mouth making it even more difficult to speak. His eyesight went hazy for a moment and suddenly all the pain slammed into his body.

He shouted in agony. His heart. He had one. Blood was gushing over his now blood-soaked shirt.

"Lucie?" Maze asked with a trembling voice coming close enough for him to distinguish her from the muddy smudges of the background.
She was holding the abductor in control with a knife to his neck.

"Kill him." Lucifer spluttered around a mouthful of blood.

"What? No!" Chloe started but it was too late. Maze had already cut the man's throat open.

"See you in Hell, Lucie."

"See you... In Hell, my Child."

Chloe had to blink twice before she realized Mazikeen was gone. So was the body.

Another fit of his body fighting to hang on wracked his frame and her attention fastened back to his face.

"Lucifer. Please, don't leave me."

He felt the salty drops dripping on his face and he was so glad she would be the last thing he'd ever see on this Earth.

His breath faltered.
"You can't die. You can't. I won't allow it!" she wailed. Her careful braids loose and tendrils of hair curled around her beautiful cheekbones.

"Chloe... I'm sorry..."

"No, you can't be sorry. You will be if you leave me." more tears gathered into her blue as sky eyes.

"Your light. I... Can see it... You have... Such a beautiful soul." more blood came up and he felt his body turning cold. The Prince of Darkness had seen enough of death to know he was entering his once well-known realm of the Afterlife.

"I love you Lucifer." she said.

With a last effort, he focused back on her pale face.

"I didn't... Know. Too late. I have... A heart. It's... yours." he coughed blood and a tiny drop landed on her right cheek. He tried lifting his hand to wipe it away but failed at controlling his limbs.

Chloe understood what he wanted to do and lifted his ice cold hands towards her face. She kissed it repeatedly without breaking eye contact and held it against the warmth of her cheek.

"I love you." she whispered brokenly.

"I will gladly... Go for eternity... Remembering your kiss.."

Chloe only wept harder and pressed her mouth to his bloodied one. Again and again. After several seconds? Minutes? Hours? She leaned back.

His body was still.

And her heart broke.
Meeting The - in this case - Parent

Chapter Notes

No blasphemy is intended - purely fictional. I do not pretend to know how to interpret the word of the Bible. All my respect goes to everyone who believes.

Short chapter - but I couldn't leave you hanging after such a cliffhanger

"Hello Lucifer." a childlike voice sounded to his right.

The King of Hell gasped loudly. Everything was white and light. The first thing he noticed was that he was naked.

"Raphael?"

"Welcome brother."

"Why am I..." Lucifer started dazed.

"In Heaven? Our Father wants to speak to you."

"About what? Another eternity guarding Hell for him. I already know that. No, need to rub it in. Chloe? How is she?"

The girl's brow lifted in surprise. "Am I hearing this right? Is the Lord of the Underworld concerned about a mere mortal?"

"She isn't a mere mortal! I lo..." He choked and his body got sucked forward to the sun so bright his eyes watered.
"We meet again," Lucifer muttered and slumped his head in defeat. Naked as a baby.

A booming voice spoke. Not out loud, but in his mind. In his heart, he previously thought he didn't have.

You have come a long way, my Child. Bringer of Light.

Tears were streaming down Lucifer's face. Hearing his Father's voice made him weep like an innocent.

"I have done anything you ever asked of me for so long! It was just a vacation! A Seventh Day took over a period of several months. Not even a year!"

My Son, always full of jokes. The voice chuckled.

Do you know why you are here?

Lucifer shook his head passionately.

I realized I was going about it in the wrong manner. I, too, can make mistakes. That's why you're the eldest of my children. I made you into my image. You carry all that humanity can carry. You feel deeper than any other being. You rebelled against me and I cast you out but I regretted it the moment I've done so. I wished to call you back...

"But I cut off my wings." His Father did want him back only he cast himself out for all of time.

And I can't grow those back. My Creation was meant to be perfect and unaltered for its complete existence. So I had to find another way to call you back to me.

"By making me mortal? Granting me my little holiday on Earth?" Lucifer sneered.

Not exactly. By granting you one of the strong line of Righteous Men.
Lucifer wracked his brain for any encounter with a Righteous Man.

"Chloe?" he whispered in disbelief. "Then how...?"

You fell in love with this Generation's Righteous Woman and sacrificed yourself for her. Better yet... She fell in love with you.

For if, by the trespass of the one man, death reigned through that one man, how much more will those who receive God’s abundant provision of grace and of the gift of righteousness reign in life through the one man or in this case... Woman.

"Romans 5:17." Lucifer completed the rest of the verse "For just as through the disobedience of the one man the many were made sinners, so also through the obedience of the one man the many will be made righteous."

She wishes you alive. And you saved her. If that is not a - how do you call it - a one-way ticket to Heaven, then even I can't understand how else it happened.

"Leave the jokes to me, Dad." Lucifer joked in relief. It was too much information to digest.

"What about Chloe? Shall I ever see her again?"

I shall grant you a choice.

"Sounds like a deal with the Devil." Lucifer grinned.
To say she was inconsolable was, to say the least. The Heaven's wept as if in agreement with Chloe Decker.

Dan had come after Beatrice to portion off most of her mother's grief.

It would have been easier if there were any bodies to speak off. The abductor who had ki... Even her mind choked on the word - Was gone. So was Lu...

Too fresh.

One dead body and two accomplices were accounted for. And that was it.

They had the tapes. The proof of them really being there and poof. Gone.

Lt. Monroe had given Chloe some time off to deal with things. The only thing to keep her going was her daughter and now Dan had taken her away too.

She had been on a rampage through the house. Destroying everything that reminded her of him. Even the Flirting Demon. The memory didn't even get close to getting a sad smile on her face.

Dan came by and forced her into the shower. Placed food before her and poked her until she folded to his will. He didn't say a thing about him. Only that he understood. He wouldn't even give her pity sex after she had latched herself onto his body.

"Lucifer loved you, Chloe," he sadly spoke. "If you'd asked me weeks ago I would've jumped at the opportunity. You're his, Chloe. I can't do this to his memory."

It made her skin crawl in shame and self-hate. She hid away for days to an end in her bedroom until he carried her out and placed her in the bathtub so she kept out his way while he cleaned the rest of
the house.

She couldn't say his name. Sometimes she thought he stood in front of the door peeping inside hoping to catch her doing something he could joke about. At night, she screamed the neighborhood together with her nightmares.

And there were moments she jumped and ran like crazy towards the kitchen because she had imagined the sizzling of the pan and *him* attempting yet another normal - for humans - breakfast.

Her moods were the worst after such a thing happened.

Weeks passed and when the one month mark passed Chloe decided she was strong enough. She went to Lux. Let herself into his apartment.

She meant to take a final goodbye and it only resulted in her crying in his sheets. Smelling his faint scent - almost completely gone - and drinking his scotch.

"YOU’RE GONE!" she screamed and threw the bottle away. It broke and whisky seeped into the expensive carpeting.

He wasn't there to berate her for it. It gave her a catharsis so she continued throwing bottles around.

She giggled madly and then sunk down knees first in the glass.

It reminded her of the night they'd kissed.

If she had just been brave enough to ignore the wire or smart enough to cut the receiver before...

They could have...

Yet, she could not speak his name.
I'm not sure if I should swap the previous chapter with this one for a better flow. What do you think?
Dan had just left after forcing her into another shower and through a cup of soup from his mother - who was worried about her ex-daughter-in-law.

She went through the motions on automatic pilot and nodded at whatever her ex-husband said before he left. Something about that he would return tomorrow evening after his late shift.

The door latched into the lock. He rattled it - to make sure it was secure - and left.

Chloe's gaze went around the room and her eye fell onto the papers on her coffee table.

With a tremendous effort, she leaned forward and pulled them towards her.

**Thought you might want this**

*I nicked it from evidence*

**Dan**

She turned the cover of the file case and her own face looked up at her.

*Famous and wealthy Lucifer Morningstar was seen with a beautiful companion (photo on the left) at the latest event in Lux (club of Mr. Morningstar - see photo on the right). Who is she? Where is she? And how did she capture the rich bachelor's heart?*

"He couldn't keep his eyes off of her." Witness confirms.

"Glared me down when I wanted to dance with her." Another witness told us.

"It was so romantic the song they played."
What song was it? No other song that 'Close to You' originally played by the Carpenters. More photo's about the event on the next page.

She traced the lines of the once so close face and wet splotches started crinkling the pages.

An idea popped into her head and Chloe remembered her strength long enough to get up into her crawl space attic. With a heavy sigh, she pulled a dusty box towards her and took it with her downstairs. Letting the ladder slap back up she huffed until she was back on the sofa.

If she remembered well... She wanted to show him before but with her busy detective life she always forgot.

Rapidly she filtered through the box with plates of her father.

And then she found it.

A purple, white and green printed cover.

She hurried towards her record player. Glad to have left it standing out of respect for the vintage machine and in memory of her father. Five minutes later had her standing in the middle of her house.

Why do birds suddenly appear, every time you are near?
                Just like me, they long to be close to you.

Why do stars fall down from the sky, every time you walk by?
                Just like me, they long to be close to you.

Chloe had no more tears to shed and just gently swayed on the tune. Sadly wrapping herself in her own arms. Trying to ban out the cold enveloping her heart.

On the day that you were born the angels got together.
                And decided to create a dream come true.

So, they sprinkled moondust in your hair of gold
"Lucifer," she sniffed "I miss you. I need you. Why did you leave me?"

Lightning struck and her eyes opened by the jump scare it had given her. Did she just imagine someone knocking on the door? Chloe went to her record player and replayed the song.

"Lucifer." she murmured again.

This time, she was sure she heard a knock. Cautiously she opened her front door and gasped.

There he stood. Dripping wet from the rain. His hair plastered against his head and he was looking at her as if he hadn't seen her for an eternity.

His dark eyes flitted from the magazine on the sofa and the player playing their song back to Chloe.

He stepped inside and she could only step back to make room for the tall man.

Waiting for one of them to start to speak.

"You called m'lady?" he joked to break the ice.

She slapped him in reply.

Chloe lifted her meaner right hook to plant another one on his stupid smirking face but his hand caught hers. And he pulled her closer. Her hand on his chest. Feeling the comforting beating of his heart - showing him he really was there. The sting of her hand now filtering through her shocked mind and she knew it to be the reality.
"You were dead," she whispered into his chest. He still smelled the same.

Lucifer's arms went around her. Clutching her closer and burying his nose in her hair enjoying her unique scent.

"Thanks to you."

Chloe pulled back "To me?"

"You are the Righteous Woman."

"No. No, that can't be right," she pushed him completely away from her. "I saw you die! I still had your blood on my hands when your body..."

"Disappeared and awoke in Heaven."

"It can't be. What about Mazikeen?"

"Working - with full pleasure - back in Hell."

"And you?"

"I told you I'm..."

"The Devil. Right."

"And God restored me thanks to you."

"Restored you?"
Lucifer may not have his wings anymore but black shadows spread across the walls. Wings of Darkness shrouded his person and thunder rumbled in the distance.

"I am a Fallen Angel who has fallen twice. First from Heaven. Then for you."

The song screeched to a halt and with the wave of Lucifer's hand, the song started anew.

Chloe didn't know if she should be scared, relieved or be calling the asylum by now.

"Prove it to me."

"Prove what? That I'm an Angel or that I love you?"

"Don't say that if you don't mean it." She couldn't bear it if it were another one of her illusions fooling her into believing he was real and loved her.

"We never slept together. You were my first kiss because I normally don't kiss during intercourse. Or should I tell you about me whistling Knocking on Heaven's Door after you shot me, the dropping of the towel, me seeing your Little Demon toy or you trying to touch my wing scars?"

"It is really you," she gasped. Her hand flew upwards to cover her gaping mouth. "It's unbelievable."

"Believe it. And I have you to thank for it. You are the Righteous Woman of this Generation and your love combined with my sacrifice for you made it possible to visit my Father again. He gave me another chance and Chloe... He forgave me." Tears glistened in Lucifer's eyes when he said that.

"What about Hell then? Your Father was disappointed because you ran away from your work."

"I am still the King of Hell. And have returned to do my job only to wait for you."

"Wait for me?"
"God and I made a deal. I can only visit this Earth when you call me. When you need me. The rest of the time I need to deal with the lost souls of our dearly departed."

"That's it? What if you grow tired of me?"

"I won't. I love you."

She shushed his mouth. Why was he saying such a thing over and over again?

"What if I die? If I am one of the Righteous - shouldn't I go to Heaven?" Chloe did remember some of her religion classes.

"I'm not Fallen in disgrace anymore. When I ask I will be received into Heaven on the condition I won't slack up on work."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that... I'm yours. Forever. If you want me. And only if you want me."

"Forever?"

"And all eternity."

"Tell me again." she commanded.

Lucifer barely suppressed a sigh. He knew humans would have a hard time understanding these matters and started to cite the verses from the Bible when Chloe hushed him again.

"Not that you silly."
The Devil quieted down and frowned in confusion for a moment.

"Oh." he murmured and bowed closer to her face, "I love you."

"Again," she closed her eyes and her skin had changed in a matter of minutes during their conversation. From sad and grey to radiant and beaming.

"I love you, Chloe Decker."

"Again."

Lucifer smiled "I absolutely adore you, Chl...Mmppf!"

Her lips had descended upon his and with that simple gesture, she bound Satan's smart mouth.
Reunion - Obviously

Chapter Notes

IF SOMEONE IS OFFENDED ABOUT THE GIFS: Please, don't report me. Tell me and I'll remove them at once. Hope you enjoy them giving the story something... More.

She slammed him against the wall next to her bedroom door. Air rushed out of his mouth and she breathed it right back in.

Life-giving life.

Their kiss deepened and Lucifer turned them around gripping her wrists tightly and pulling them up against the wall until she had to stand on top of her toes to keep on kissing him.

Chloe sucked his tongue inside her mouth, remembering how he had reacted the previous time. Something she had been replaying over and over again inside her head. She smiled.

Lucifer groaned and wildly thrust his leg between her legs. His knee folded upwards making her throbbing center writhe over his strong thigh and holding all her weight for her feet had left the floor by now.

"Lucifer," she gasped and bit his ear roughly. The Devil choked on his own spit. Or was it hers? Hard to tell when you couldn't even see where one of them ended and the other began.

"Chloe." he roughly grunted back.
"I'm yours. All yours," she breathed against the pulse of his throat before licking up a stripe over the nearly smooth stubble. His knees turned to mush for a moment and he was glad for his arms trapping her between him and the wall.

Without a hitch, she wrapped her legs around his waist. Keeping herself balanced there. Enough to use her arms to pull off her shirt.

She may not have been wearing her most sexy lingerie but Lucifer uttered a sound that affirmed Chloe's belief of her own attractiveness in his eyes. His eyes traced the handful filling out the pale blue cups. Satiny to the touch.

He kept staring.

Apparently he needed more encouragement.


"I only want you," he hoarsely whispered with wide eyes latched onto hers. "Chloe, I must warn you. I've been reborn. And I've wanted you for so long. It might not be..."

Her mouth smothered his words. Something she told herself would be an addictive habit in the near future.

"I don't care. We have all the time." She said all the time. Not all the time in the world.

"Eternity," Lucifer replied before sucking on her lower lip. She threw her arms around him. Rubbing
her breasts over his chest.

Gently he thrust back and forward against her core. Trying to catch just enough of friction for the both of them before it all ended too soon.

"No clothes, Lucifer. Off," she pouted between sucking a bruise to his neck and pressing his hand to her cup.

"Bed." was all he could mutter in response to that. With some clumsy and impatient shuffling, he got them inside the master bedroom. The door shut behind him with the wave of his hand. Another wave made the lights dim. Only lightning, stars, and the neighbors garden lamp filtered through the windows.

Carefully he dropped her on the bed, making her bounce for a second when he let go and then Lucifer stood back.

"Undress," Chloe asked again. Lust thickening her voice to the point of madness.

Lucifer hastened to pull off his shoes and socks when she halted him.

"Slowly."

His eyes turned upwards. "Only you can have Satan on his knees."

"And will he behave tonight?" Chloe dared to say.

"He most certainly will not."

She grinned and he complied anyway by removing his clothes in the slowest torturous manner possible.

The wet tie slipped first from his neck. Landing on the floor with a splut. Then he shrugged slowly out of his vest. Followed by his nimble fingers unbuttoning the buttons on his shirt.
The white a stark contrast with his golden tanned skin. Chloe felt ready to combust and bit her lip making Lucifer groan out loud.

She touched herself over her jeans and his next reaction was a growl. Her eyes widened at that and she reached back to open her bra.

"No." the tall man begged. "Jeans first. Let me... Please."

After popping another button she wiggled down her jeans. Pushing them off all the way with her toes. Glad she, at least, put on a matching pair of underwear.

"Now lay back. Spread your hair. I want to see you."

Chloe followed his wishes and he panted loudly. Clutching the hard lump sticking forward in his trousers and closing his eyes for a moment.

"Since when does the King of Hell have crossed eyes?"

"Since the moment, you robbed him of every secret. Laid him bare before you and made him worship you. My desire for you is indescribable."

"Then show me, Lucifer." Chloe said and arched her back in welcome for him. His eyes tracked down her smooth body and focused on the wet patch forming between her legs.

"You'll be the death of me, woman. Something that was so last month if I may say so."

Chloe giggled and it was the most beautiful sound he has ever heard of since his revival.

"Stop talking, Lucie and fuck me."

"Maze taught you nothing but bad manners." and pulled down his trousers revealing he was wearing no boxers or anything else underneath that.
"No." Chloe moaned "You taught me."

"And have I taught you well?"

"Let me proof it to you." and she grasped his stiffness tightly into her slender hand. Wrapped around it warmly she tugged on it gently.

He halted her hand with a regretful look. "You don't want this to end before it has begun."

She frowned but laid back down, watching him full of desire.

Lucifer kissed her mouth. Then her cheek. Her chin. Throat. Both clavicles and slid lower still.

"A gentleman always sees to it that his lady comes first." he murmured while tracing a pattern on her skin with the tip of his tongue.

His powerful figure elegantly slid down until he rested between her legs. Nose pressed to her pubic bone and he inhaled deeply.

"Divine," he grunted before placing his mouth over the wetness seeping through. His hot breath making her whole body seize with pleasure and her mouth opened with silent gasps. Lucifer's dark eyes were locked upon her reactions and he moaned when he saw how much she enjoyed his touch.

The vibrations made her clamp her legs but his broad shoulders kept them apart.

"Lucifer. Please." Chloe begged. The Devil did not need to be told twice and with a sharp twinge, he tore her panties from her body. Throwing the useless piece of scrap far behind him.

The detective remembered a little too late how long it had been since she had shaven. Over a month by now and she wanted to hide her most intimate part with her hand in embarrassment. But Lucifer caught her wrist and pressed a kiss to the smooth inside of her arm before pushing it away.
"You are gorgeous. Au naturel. I like it." he smirked. His eyebrow roguishly quirking up and making the insecurity bleed out of her body in a matter of seconds. "I know it has been a while."

Chloe bit her lip.

"I'll go slow."

She nodded.

"At first." he smirked making her flush spread even deeper down her body.

"At least prep me enough so I can take all of you in one go." Chloe proposed.

Lucifer's forehead dropped downward onto her thigh. Shaking all his muscles tensed and his hand disappeared between his legs. After a moment of trembling, his posture eased again and he let out a deep breath.

"Don't. Give a man such ideas when he is all but ready to shoot."

Chloe didn't joke about it. She could see the blush high on his own cheekbones and knew he was trying his very best to make this experience the best she ever had.

"Here kitty." was the last thing he said before he went to town.
The tip of his tongue teased her outer seam up and down, passing he clit onto the other side, only to repeat the same gesture there.

Her thighs quivered and Lucifer held them trapped with his hands. Granting him a complete view of her pussy.

He drank from her. Whilst moaning loudly too and shivers wracked her spine.

"Luci... Lu.. Aah!" Chloe shouted. His mouth bypassing her little button on purpose. He pressed his freed hand towards her face and she opened her mouth. Greedily sucking on his two longest fingers.

He bit her thigh to distract himself from the feeling.

Wetted fingertips ready he resumed teasing her with his tongue. When she was all but gushing on the sheets - from her own slick and his spit - Lucifer gently pushed in with one fingertip. Feeling the rim all around until he noticed which side was most sensitive.

Softly he pressed in and out for only a centimeter or two into that sensitive spot. Sometimes replaced by a swipe all around and quick deeper thrust but never too deep.

Chloe’s hips had started to move on their own accord. Wanting to press closer and fuck herself on his fingers more roughly. But Lucifer was patient and after another ten or so minutes, he placed his mouth back. This time. Right on the spot.

"LUCIFER!" She could feel his lips turn upwards at her exclamation but she did not care. She had already risen too high and was passed the point of no return by now.

Short soft flicks on her nub combined with the gentle finger at her opening had her falling apart in no time gasping his name.
Numbly limbed she flopped back on the bed while he kept on the soft strokes until most of the sensitivity passed by. When she gave another groan and thrust her hips up, he knew she was ready.

Less patient now he thrust his wet finger deeper until his hand stopped against her mons. He kept it there for a moment. Curling it slightly and slid out carefully. All the while curling his finger every other centimeter he lifted his finger out of her tightness.

On the third try, Chloe was surprised to hear herself utter a guttural moan. Animalistic in its sound and not one she had ever heard herself make before.

"Jackpot." Lucifer smiled against her leg.

She wanted to slap him and ride him at the same time. Maybe later she could.

He let her get used to the finger massaging that tender spot deeper inside her before he joined it with his middle finger. Lucifer alternated between quick hard thrusts and circling motions. Both were fine but he found out soon that her pleasure spiraled higher when he surprised her by changing rhythm.

His lips curled around her pulsing button again. This time sucking on it softly.

"Oh! Fuck!" Chloe shouted. Her legs were less restricted now and she clamped them around the Devil's head.

She was sure she was dying when Lucifer didn't gentle his administration this time but only fastened them. Rougher. Quicker. Harder.

He nipped carefully at her clit, teased it between his clamped down lips and sucked on it all the while keeping a steady harsh rhythm with his fingers.

Lucifer's hand was soaked. His other keeping the base of his cock firmly and sometimes pulling down his sack so he wouldn't embarrass himself. Her taste was driving him made.
His tongue flitted quicker and quicker and he was pushing her higher up the bed with his rough thrusts when he felt her clamp down one more time on his fingers.

Lucifer panted and was proud of his girl when she fell apart for the third time. Tears streaming down her face and entering Valhalla for a long and blissful moment she repeated his name loudly.

A tiny spurt of wetness dribbled over his palm and onto his wrist.

"A squirter now, are we." Lucifer grinned like the cat that got the canary. "Good girl. Naughty girl, Chloe." and leaned over her.

She moaned her assent and curled her spine to get closer to him.

"Now Lucifer." and Chloe bit her lip. He immediately made her seize that move by capturing it himself. Making her taste her essence on his tongue.

"You're not too sensitive?" he asked while pressing two fingers inside of her again. He scissored them for a moment knowing that he was larger than average.

"I'm fine, Lucifer."

"I don't want to hurt you, Chloe." he whispered back with a chaste kiss to her forehead.

"I want it. I want you. I want this. I'm calling you in need here."
"I see. You'll be abusing that power in no time."

"Mmm. A quickie on the shooting range. Doggy style on the carpet. My knees over your neck on the kitchen table and me on my knees in front of you taking that lovely thick co..."

"That and many more situations but please. Don't utter them now." Lucifer's face was pinched in concentration.

"I don't mind. As long as you fill me up. In every corner of my body. And soul." Chloe added.

Now his face was starting to look pained.

"I regret to inform you this won't take long but I'll make sure to make it up to you."

"You've already paid forward, my love." and Chloe wrapped her arms around his back. Pulling him closer and widening her legs to make room for him between her thighs.

With some adjustment of his hand, he breached the love of his eternal life.

Now it was the Devil himself biting his own lip in order to keep in check.

Only the head of his cock was inside and stars were shooting through the sky. His powers were held so tightly against him and he sunk in deeper. Careful. Sweat was dripping down his chest. Slicking both of them together.
"Lucifer?" she whispered hotly in his ear.

"Ye..es?" he hoarsely replied.

"I'm not breakable." and promptly scratched her nails over his scars. He snapped.

Shadows filled the room. Creating enough wind to blow the books off of her nightstand and the lamps flickered on and off. One or two even broke from the pressure weaving around them.

Lightning struck near and Lucifer groaned long and loudly.

Slamming himself all the way in making Chloe shout in the surprise of the huge stretch.

"Now you've done it." he grumbled an octave lower than normal and drew back out only to repeat the slamming inside gesture.

"Oh!"

He gritted his teeth and pulled her closer before he pushed her repeatedly against the headboard. With ease, he folded her around him in such a way so he could take her hard.

Every up he went he squeezed her sides. Every down he ended with a slow circular grind onto her pubic bone.

He pulled her closer until Chloe was sitting upright in his lap. The back of her knees hooked over the insides of his elbows. Lucifer was kneeling. Legs spread slightly and thrust upwards. She could only hang onto his neck for the ride.

Her breasts jumping up and down with every push were a great distraction. He lifted her when he retreated and pulled her close when he ground up.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Fuck...Ing Hell!!" Chloe shouted.
Lucifer let out a bark of laughter "Exactly!"

He had wanted her to climax once more like this. Clamping down on his cock but it'll have to be next time. Lucifer turned them over and let her dictate his ending. Ending by her hand. Poetic. Her mouth following his.

"I'm close, Chloe." his hands guiding her hips. Following the sensuous strokes, he provided him with her body.

"Call me, Detective Decker." came the tart reply.

Lucifer squeezed his eyes shut and shook his head. Letting her know he was too far gone for any other games.

Chloe slowed down.

His eyes flew open. "What are you doing?" he desperately cried afraid of losing the rhythm.
She grinned and slowly kept lifting herself up and down his ready to burst member. Her face one of great concentration and then he felt it. She was clamping down on him. Hard. Pulling him into her like some fucking suction sleeve.

"Chloe!" he chanted.
"Chloe!"

Another light bulb shattered.

"Lucifer." she moaned and he was done. Dead. Le petit mort.

Soundlessly he shouted. Mouth gasping in the air while spurt after spurt left him and coated her insides. The pleasure too great to describe.

"Fuuuuuu..." he tried shouting when it went on and on due to her useful trick and slowing down.

He slumped back on the bed. Not even aware of the fact how he had pushed them both up and away from the mattress only held up by his heels, back of his head and elbows.

Sweat intermingled when she dropped forward. Tucking her head under his chin. Lazily he pulled her closer into his arms and with a wave the blankets were on top of them.

"I love you." Chloe sleepily said.

"As I love you."

And contrary to popular belief - Chloe went out first like a light - while Lucifer stroked back her hair and stared at her until day broke.
Goggles and Questions

After another round of serious love making*** Chloe walked towards the kitchen intent to make them some breakfast. Lucifer nipped her ass when she passed him on his way to the bathroom and she squealed happily.

"You want some eggs?"

No reply and the answering sound of the shower was answer enough for the detective to begin cracking eggs in a cup.

Softly humming to herself and smiling whenever she saw her reflection in one of her kitchen appliances whilst wearing her lover's white shirt.

"Chloe?"

Dan stood in the door opening. Letting himself inside with his spare key. She almost hit herself for being such a bad detective and not even noticing someone entering her own home because of her daydreaming.

"You look... Better? Are you alright?" her ex started.

The shower turned off and Chloe's eyes widened like a deer in front of two headlights.

"Chloe?" both men asked at the same time. A door opened and they faced one another.

She really had hoped he would've been wearing well... *Something.*

"You're alive?"

"Oh, hello there detective. Yes, as a matter of fact. I am." the towel he had been using to dry his hair loosely hang by his side. Chloe pointed at it in an attempt to belatedly cover most of his modesty.

It was a small towel. But it was better than Dan gaping at her naked new boyfriend.
"Boyfriend. Oh God."

Dan keeled over.

"Quite used to having that effect on the ladies. Not so much with men." he turned back towards her after eyeing the unconscious body on the floor "Ooh, eggs. I'm starving!"

"So you're really Satan. It's not some delusion." Dan repeated for the tenth time.

"He is."

"I am the Devil."

"Prove it."

Lucifer smiled, picked up his fork and slammed it down on his hand.

"Lucifer!" Chloe shouted in horror but stopped her rushing up to him in concern.

The fork had bent. His skin was undamaged.

"This is not real." her ex said loudly.

"Circus acts are only before 10 AM and I'm afraid it's 10:01. So ask me again tomorrow for a next trick." Lucifer dryly replied.

"No, it's fine. I guess. Just..."

"A lot to wrap your mind around." Chloe finished for him.
Dan nodded. "We'll have to explain to the Lt. and to Trixie. What about your death certificates?"

"Already have a lawyer on it. I'll go in at the precinct today so Chloe can take up her work again and I might come back again to speak to Beatrice herself. Later this week?" his last question he directed towards the woman of the house.

She flushed and nodded in agreement.

"Boy. This is really unexpected." Dan whistled impressed "But I'm actually glad. For you and for Chloe." he gracefully admitted.

"I appreciate that."

"No prob, asshole."

"Up yours Detective Douche."

They both chuckled and Chloe asked herself again why she was the Righteous Woman when she had to deal with this shit.

"So how does this work?" Chloe asked Lucifer after they explained the - slightly censured - version of events during the shooting.

"I go back to Hell." Lucifer sighed.

"Not really jumping to go back to work."

"Like most of the population if I might guess."
Detective Decker grinned. "That was not what I meant. Do I call you? How?"

"Whenever you have a need for me. Say my name and I'll come as quickly as possible."

"As quickly as possible?" Chloe frowned.

"It might take a moment if I were to be in the middle of a session."

"Session."

"You really don't want to know about all the fun I have punishing bad souls."

Slightly queasy she nodded.

"Thought so," Lucifer smirked.

"Well then. See you later?"

"Oh no, missy. You won't get off so easily." and he devilishly swooped in for a kiss. Clutching her at the small of her back against him and even dipping as far as physically possible for her. He thoroughly invaded her mouth and pulled her back up again.

"Catch you later." and he was gone in the blink of an eye.

"Guuurl, you lucky." a young Afro-American woman whistled passing by.

Chloe patted down her clothes awkwardly and went to search for her car.
The next day she explained everything to Beatrice. Who was so glad to see her mother return to her normal behavior that she barely ingested something else besides the fact Lucifer was alive and a mistake had happened during the shooting. Now everything was good again.

"You need to call him, now he's your boyfriend," Trixie whined.

"I can't. He's at work."

"Oh. Can he come by later this week?"

"Saturday."

"I'll make him some welcome back flags."

"You do that sweetheart."

The weekdays passed too slowly and Chloe couldn't help herself thinking about Lucifer night and day. She knew she had no reason to worry. He was immortal and was in no danger of dying anytime soon.

She just couldn't help herself. Losing the man you love in your own arms does that to you. However, she dared not to call him to her.

Saturday finally arrived and Trixie had put up the birthday garlands including a freshly drawn banner with Lucifer's name on it.

The rest of the afternoon they had spent making pizza from scratch and both girls were quite proud of their result.
"When will he be here?" Trixie asked.

"Lucifer, will be here any moment now."

A knock sounded.

"Lucifer!" Beatrice shouted and tore open the door. "I'm so glad you're alive."

"I can tell." he smiled warmly while glancing around at the paper adorning walls and ceiling.

"Thank you for this royal welcome, leech."

He turned a questioning look towards Chloe.

"Detective Decker." he awkwardly said not knowing where to look for a moment and Chloe's heart fell.

"Sweetie, get your extra special drawing from your room to give to Lucifer. I'll show him his place."

The moment she ran off Chloe turned back towards her lover.

"What's wrong?"
"Nothing is wrong."

"Lucifer..."

He unwillingly took another step closer to her. He couldn't help it when she said his name and her eyes widened in horror.

"Oh, my G... I mean. What the Hell? Have I really turned you into a slave?" Tears sprang to her eyes.

"No! No! No, Chloe."

"Yes, I apparently did. I say your name and you cannot do anything but comply."

"It doesn't work like that."

"Then how does it work like." she asked through trembling words.

"Yes, it's true I feel a certain compulsion whenever you say my name. But I am still very much my own person. When I say no, it is no and vice versa."

"But...?"

"The compulsion would break the moment I fell out of love with you."

"So..."

Lucifer scratched the back of his head hoping for Beatrice to interrupt the difficult conversation. "So... The moment I don't appear when you call, you would know I don't love you anymore. Something that's quite impossible as you well know."
"Then why did I feel something was wrong the moment you entered?"

"Because I thought... Never mind. Is that pizza? Amazing smell!" he tried changing the conversation.

"Lucifer," he took another step closer. She smirked.

"Lucifer." his chest was pressed up against her and he could not ignore her stare anymore. Visibly he deflated and spoke up again.

"You didn't call during the week."

"We agreed on Saturday."

"And I told you, you can call me whenever you feel like it."

"Are you using me to get out of Hell-duty?" she incredulously asked.

"Little loophole my Father made in our pact," Lucifer smirked. "All I have to do is to remain in love with you. He believes you will keep me on the right path as his personally appointed Righteous Woman."

"You're unbelievable. I could send you right back to Hell whenever I wanted?"

"Now. You spoke of showing me my place?" he flirted.

"Go to Hell."

His face fell
and he poofed out of existence.

"Lucifer." he reappeared and opened his mouth to say something.

"I rescind me calling you." Poof!

"Lucifer?" she smiled. Noticing how chagrined he was starting to look.

"Very immature, Chloe." he started.

"I've learned from the best. To Hell with you," she laughed out loud now.

"Mommy, where did Lucifer go?" Trixie suddenly spoke up next to her.

"Lucifer?" the detective repeated and now the Devil was prepared for her silly games. The moment he reappeared he kissed her into silence.

When they came up for air after a very long - long - time he arrogantly smirked down at the two women.

"Devil's out off the bag now, isn't it?"

It took some time getting used to and Chloe admitted to Lucifer she needed some space to adjust
Satan didn't like it but complied anyway.

"Call me whenever you want." he repeated with a pointed look.

"I will. I promise." and he poofed away.

She was driving home four days later after their serious talk on pizza night when she realized she really missed him.

"Lucifer?"

She was just driving up the Freeway when the Fallen Angel flopped in the seat next to her making her almost miss her exit and drive into the side of the road.

"Hello there." he smiled through goggles.

"Why the goggles?"

"Intestines." Lucifer grinned back. "Terrible mess."

He quickly pecked her on the cheek as not to disturb her any further behind the steering wheel.

"Why the good mood?" Chloe grumbled. Still trying to calm her wildly beating heart.

"You missed me."

She pulled off the road onto the next exit leading towards an abandoned tank station hidden by trees. The detective parked behind the dilapidated remains of the old building. Graffiti covering almost every stone not left unturned.
"Did you miss me?" she asked the moment the car stood in P.

"I always miss you."

"Because you hate your work and need a way to get out?"

"Because I miss you. My Father was right. He did get the better part out of the deal and left me to explain everything. I thought all had been cleared up between us?"

"I have questions."

"Apparently." Lucifer huffed annoyed.

"So I can really call you whenever I'd like? God wouldn't be angry with me or something like that?"

"Have I turned you into a god-fearing person, Detective Decker?" the Devil smiled.

"I remain with my answer that there's good and bad and the decision you need to make between the right and the wrong choice."

Lucifer plucked at the elastic of his goggles when he suddenly answered.

"Yes, for the fourth time. You can call me whenever you want. And no, he won't be angry. I'm still the King of Hell and being the Prince of Darkness is kind of a 9 to 5 job at the moment."

"9 to 5 job? What do you do the rest of your time?"

"Work some more until you deem me worthy enough to call upon you."
"That's just sad." she joked.

Lucifer turned an angry glare at her when he noticed her hands sneaking towards her seat buckle.

"What are you doing?"

"Can't you deduce, oh Prince of Darkness? I missed the King of Hell." and promptly crawled over into his space. It was a tight fit but she fit right over his lap.

"My belt," Lucifer said suddenly extremely eager to get closer towards the beautiful woman sitting in his lap.

"No, leave it on. Open your trousers."

"Preparat..."

"Don't bother. I've been soaked ever since I saw you in those goggles." Chloe flushed while admitting that.

The Devil was struck dumb for a moment before a lazy smile curled his mouth corners.

"Shall I put them back on then?"
*** I found this porn gif (I'm sorry - I didn't mean to) and thought it fit right with the scene I wrote the morning after...

I'm not going to paste in on here, but I'll give you the link.

You're warned: it's porn! NSFW and with a little bit of imagination... It could be (a blonder) Chloe and Lucifer doing her from behind.

Don't like - DON'T VISIT THIS LINK ***WARNING*** (I'm not out to offend anyone!)

http://33.media.tumblr.com/eb6c08611d3d7fe59117e30f79f420a3/tumblr_nczy6l1lKp1tkki1wo6_r1_500.gif (remove the spaces behind the dots)
Lucifer appeared and it took him a moment to recognize his surroundings.

Chloe was sleeping on her side, curled up in a fetal position with her hair spread around her head like a halo.

She must've called him in her sleep and tenderly he gazed upon her.

Without a sound he fitted himself right behind her and in her unconscious state she let herself be pulled closer. Warmly spooning together the Devil sighed in content before closing his own eyes.

Blearily he awoke and for a moment Lucifer thought nothing that made him so happy had happened. He was still in his apartment, he had imagined Chloe Decker and a warm body was wrapped around him.

He blinked at the ceiling.

"That's not my ceiling." he spoke out loud.

"Are you in need of a ceiling?" a sleepy voice murmured hotly against his hip.

"Detective Decker. Always a pleasure." relief crashed over him. Sometimes it was just too good to be true.

"Trixie is in the room next door and we have about twenty minutes. Can you be quiet?"

"Of course I... Aah! Can be quiet! Heaven!" Lucifer clenched his eyes tightly shut when a warm mouth descended upon him.

"Tell me what you like," Chloe whispered while lavishing his morning wood with her tongue. Slicking him nicely up and he had to grip the bed sheets beneath him to keep from groaning out loud.

"That's nice."
She sucked softly on the head of his member.

"Definitely that." he moaned softly.

Her left hand came up from against her to hold the base of his erection. Angling it better upwards so her mouth could slide easily over it. Her wide blue eyes caught his once he opened his own and he desperately wanted to keep eye contact.

Technically she may not have been the 'best' blowjob he ever had, but it being her made him see stars in no time.

"Both now. Both." Lucifer gasped.

Chloe took the request seriously and started tugging harder and faster on hic cock while sucking on the head. Her tongue flitting up and around the crown.

Lucifer hid his face with his hands and opened his legs. Pressing them flat onto the mattress and thrust his hips slightly up.

"Oh, Detective Decker," he moaned so filthily Chloe had to take a deep breath through her nose to calm down. And with a determined look upon her face, her throat constricted once, then twice and then relaxed before she took him in. Deep.

"SWEET BROTHER OF MINE!" Lucifer cursed loudly. His hands flying towards her head and holding her hair carefully in a failing attempt to take back control. Scratch what he thought previously. This was amazing! Better than he could even remember getting.
"Chloe!"

He felt her mouth twitch into a smile the moment she went upwards and then he garbled another thing - not necessarily human English language - when she took him in again. Making her throat flex around him.

Her other free hand started exploring the sack underneath and she caressed the vulnerability there carefully.

Lucifer felt him draw closer and closer than the speed he was accustomed to.

"Can I..." he tried to beg with a slight nudge of his hand against her head. The blue eyes gave him permission and with a less tender hand, he gripped her hair tightly between his fingers.

Chloe let her head be guided roughly up and down. Impaling her mouth on his cock over and over again. She noticed he was starting to tremble. His breathing was irregular. He started sucking in his abs and she knew now was the moment.

The detective tightened her lips even tighter and sucked even harder than before while she let her hand slip beneath his balls. Teasing his perineum with - first - soft tender circular strokes and when he started tensing up she pressed two of her fingers hard down.

"I'm about to...!" the Devil started shouting and his back arched in an explosive rush of air out of his lungs. "Fuck! Oh, Hell! Chloe! Chloe!"

She felt his cock twitch in her mouth but nothing came out and when he was nearing the end of his dry orgasm she let her fingers pressing down drop away making him come for real immediately following up his first climax.

"BUGGERY HELL!" a jet of semen landed on her tongue and she sucked him closer in so the rest would paint the inside of her throat.

"CHLOE! Ah! Ah!" Lucifer spatured and collapsed back onto the bed. His bones sated and muscles quivering pleasantly in aftershocks.
"Let. Me. Adjust my statement," he panted and turned on his side where Chloe had fitted herself right against him.

"You're the Devil." he continued.

"Sweet brother of mine?" Chloe quirked her eyebrow in amusement.

"Let us agree to never joke about the things we shout in bed? Hmm, for I know for sure many more colorful exclamations will happen between the two of us."

"Agreed." his lover smiled in return.

"Now, as I can tell we have another seven minutes," he spoke while glancing at the clock on the bedside table. "Care to sit on my face because apparently you've turned my limbs useless at the moment."

That was a deal from the Devil she wouldn't hesitate to take.

"Good morning, sweetheart." Chloe sang happily when she pulled open the door of Trixie's chamber to wake her for school.

The bed was empty. Her heart hammered in her throat until she heard sounds in the kitchen. Then it only dropped in her stomach.

"Trixie?"

"In here mommy!"

The little girl was setting the table for three and turned towards her mother "Is Lucifer eating breakfast with us?"
"Luci... What? When did..."

"Good morning, Beatrice!" Lucifer said behind the detective. His wet hair brushing past her mother's cheek so he could give her a kiss on the juncture between head and shoulder. Luckily he was wearing some clothes - *this time.*

"Hi, Lucifer! We have honey loops and coco pops. Mommy doesn't want to buy me..."

The rest of her speech got whitened out when Chloe realized what she was seeing.

*Domesticity.* Lucifer ruffled her daughter's hair and answered her. His voice light and warm whilst he reached in the cupboard behind him - when did he learn the layout of her kitchen - and pulled out two mugs. Her favorite one and another for himself.

He continued putting on the coffee machine whilst chattering away with Beatrice, making the little girl giggle at his jokes and pressed not five minutes later a cup of freshly brewed coffee in her hands.

Lucifer noticed how she had frozen upon overseeing the scene in her own home. He smiled warmly and pulled her down on the chair next to him. Chloe snapped out of it and focused her attention back towards the girl on her left side.

Her hand firmly clasped with the Devil.
"Does Lucifer prefer white or dark bread?" Beatrice asked while weighing both options in her hands. The loaves of bread making crunchy noises while she held them up to her mother in their paper bags.

"I... I actually don't know." Chloe stammered. All of a sudden reminded how little she knew of her partner. They were standing in the bread section of the local Whole Foods and doing some necessary shopping on her Wednesday afternoon off.

Trixie had been asking the same question again and again. Does Lucifer like dark chocolate more than white? Does Lucifer hate sprouts too? What does he eat in Hell?

Detective Decker couldn't answer any of them and it made her feel bad. She chewed her lip frowning in hesitation. Should she...

"Euhm... Lucifer. We have some stupid questions for you. Don't come if you don't wa..."

"Hello dears." the man interrupted. "What questions?"

Chloe blushed when he took a hold of her hand and kissed it lingering too long to be decent quickly followed up by a soft kiss on the corner of her mouth.

Trixie immediately bombarded him with question after question not leaving him any time to actually answer any of them. When she ran out of air the girl gazed admiringly up at the Lord of Hell.

"Well... Don't put too much effort into buying foods for me. As a matter of fact, food is not a necessary option for me."

"You don't eat? What about breakfasts together?" Trixie shouted in disbelief.

"I can eat and I like to eat. But I don't need to."
"Then why?" Chloe asked of him.

Lucifer sighed "The first thing I noticed when I came to Earth was how uncomfortable people became when you never ate. Makes for awkward dinner conversations, you know. I enjoy most meals. They're just not mandatory."

The two women were quiet for an instant gazing at the content of their shopping cart.

"I prefer whole wheat." Lucifer quickly spoke up again. "Don't mind soy milk. Like my meat red only one grade less bloody than it was alive. Sprouts only with Thanksgiving. Dark chocolate for president and I absolutely enjoy pizza night."

"Then what happens with the food in your body? Do you digest like a normal person when you eat?"

Lucifer leaned down and whispered loudly in Trixie's ear - "Yep, I can poo." Making the girl laugh loudly.

Chloe smiled and she too turned towards her daughter "Get some dark chocolate and put back the white loaf."

"Yes, mommy." and skipped passing the bread shelves down to the candy corridor.
"I noticed you heard my saying we had questions. You said 'What questions?' Is that because I said it immediately after pronouncing your name? I open a line when I say Lucifer?"

"Correct!" the tall man grinned at her.

"What if I say Mr. Morningstar? Does that call you to me too?"

Lucifer's face fell. "Not exactly. There are people called Morningstar."

"In contrast, there being only one Lucifer like you?"

He nodded and snapped his fingers.

An apple flew into his hand and he took a bite out of it.

"Excuse me, Sir. You first have to pay for that." a store worker confronted the Prince of Darkness.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Do I? Want a bite?" and he offered the apple towards the flushed young boy.

Chloe was reminded about the snake offering the Forbidden Fruit en secretly hoped the young man
would refuse. It was not good when you received what the Devil granted you. What did that make her?

"No, thank you Sir." the Whole Foods worker blushed "Enjoy your apple." and continued wiping down the rest of the alley with his cleaning machine.

Lucifer turned back towards Chloe.

"Care to stay?"

"Gladly! Any interesting cases lately? I do so miss punishing the bad guys - Oh, wait - I mean fighting for justice. Punishing people is my job."

Detective Decker continued her shopping whilst talking about a funny case she had involving the theft and swapping of several beauty products line. Making costumer's hair turn purple so it would rain complaints for the bamboozled company.

She sighed when she seemed to have lost him again. Another thing she learned was that he really needed to touch everything he saw and now Lucifer had run off with Beatrice towards the toy section.

"Two children. Honestly," she groaned when a dart plopped onto her forehead. Lucifer giggled and ducked out of sight with his newly found weapon - a nerf gun.

"I'm not paying for those!" she shouted after the two children playing a war when she noticed they had torn off the packages around the toys.

"The patience of a Saint." the detective muttered to herself before proceeding her shopping.

The woman - Susan - cooed adoringly when she saw Lucifer and Beatrice trod up to Chloe standing at the till. They were covered in round shaped suction marks and the Devil placed the two nerf guns - including darts - with the rest of the shopping.
"The Devil approves." he grinned, making Trixie nicker and put her hand in his.

Detective Decker just continued placing the products in their respective shopping bags standing in the cart when Susan interrupted them.

"She can have one of them," she said to Lucifer with a nod towards Trixie. Lucifer glanced up at the floating balloons above them.

"You want one?" he asked the girl. She nodded enthusiastically.

He reached out to take the nearest.

"No! Not that one!" His hand changed directions "Not that one either! Eew, orange is ugly. No! No! Nope." Trixie continued popping the 'p' on her last word.

"Say another no and I shall be taking them all and you can explain to your mother why you floated away."

"Why?"

"Because I will bind them all onto your backpack," Lucifer smirked. "Now, this one?"

Beatrice shook her head in a definite no making the King of Hell clench his fist pointing at the lot. The lights flickered for a moment above their head and Chloe frowned warningly at her companion.

"She didn't say it." Trixie's mother pointed out.

Barely concealing his snarling face Lucifer picked up the child under her armpits. Holding her far away from him and lifted her near the balloons.

"Pick one."
She took the first one he had been reaching towards and with a roll of his eyes he wanted to put the girl and her yellow balloon back on the ground but two little hands on his biceps stopped him.

"What?" he asked her.

"Thank you, Lucifer."

Susan sighed in the background and Chloe had just put the last of her bags away so she could look at the bizarre scene. Lucifer was looking at her daughter like she was the strangest animal he had just found trapped under his car.

"Aren't they just the cutest," Susan spoke up. "She looks so much like her father."

That startled both adults, looking incredulously at the lady behind the checkout.

"Oh, he's not my daddy. He's my mommy's boyfriend and my bestest friend! Aren't you Lucifer?" the little girl smiled widely. Her happiness evident to anyone who had been watching.

"Bestest friend... Is that some sort of code I don't know about?" Lucifer frowned at Chloe.

"Nooo, silly. That means that you're the best of my best friends. Bestest!"

"I see. Can I put you down now?" Making bystanders wonder if he meant putting her down on the floor or putting her down at the vet.

"First we need to do the bestest friend kiss!"

Chloe knew it had not been a good idea to let Beatrice have more than three candies back in the tasting section of the shop. She blamed the Devil. They thought her more stupid than she was. It was obvious to even the simplest of detectives that Lucifer had filled most of their pockets with the tasters - including more pieces of sugary candy.

"Help." Lucifer mouthed at Chloe.
"You've brought this on yourself." she unforgivably laughed.

"Fine," he spat and leaned forwards so Trixie could reach his face better. He closed his eyes and they shot back open when her little arms closed around his neck bringing their faces nearer.

The tip of her nose touched his and she rubbed them together.

"There." Beatrice warmly said and leaned back with her arms remaining around him.

He was stunned. An odd warm feeling started to spread through his body and he was shocked to find he was growing very fond of this little girl. With a glance towards Chloe, he decided that to be expected. Beatrice was an extension of the woman he loved.

Cracking emotionally for all to see he shifted the girl to his side so she could sit on his hip and she laid down her head upon his broad shoulder. Closing her eyes in contentment.

"Let me." Lucifer said whilst carrying the girl and pulled out his card to pay for the groceries.

"Lucifer, you can't..."

But his look said more than enough. He wanted to.

"You said you didn't want to pay for the toys. And I want them. Trixie wants them and they happen to be lying together with the rest of the purchases."

That earned him another Inuit kiss. This time from Chloe to the great amusement of the cashier.

Chapter End Notes

Not doing a commercial stunt for Whole Foods! (to be clear) It could've been an Aldi, Wal-Mart, Trader's Joe... I really don't have a preference but Chloe seems like a person
who would be careful about her shopping - wanting organic and such - and Whole Foods was the first shop I thought of.
Steamy Shower

It was a rare day when Chloe got home from work to a deserted place. No giggling daughter - she was with her grandma - or whistling Lucifer lounging around.

She had all but closed the door when a knock sounded. Curiously the detective opened the door again.

"Hi, Chloe." an elderly lady said.

"Good evening, Mrs. Connor. How are you?" Chloe smiled at the nice lady.

"Oh, very well. I signed this off for you." and promptly displayed a gift wrapped box to the lady of the house.

Chloe was careful not to show her surprise and held out her hands to receive the gift. Mrs. Connor halted a moment before letting go of the package.

"Isn't your new gentleman at home?"

"What? Oh, no. No. He's at work."

"A pity. I'd love to meet him. You have good taste." Mrs. Connor said and let go of the colorfully wrapped box. She turned and shuffled off the pathway leading to the front door.

Detective Decker bemusedly watched her go. Even the elderly cat lady from the neighborhood seemed to have developed a crush on the Devil.

With the push of her heel, she closed the door. Her eyes fell back upon the gift. A small card hangs under the big pink bow and it seemed to be printed out.

I noticed something missing
"What the Hell?" Chloe loudly said and ripped the gift paper apart in a matter of seconds. She stared at the discrete brown package.

No way.

The brown cardboard gave way to a minimalistic designed white box with a purple picture printed on the front.

No way. How did he know? Had he been rummaging through her closets while she lay sleeping?

Another purple vibrator. With 30 settings. Remote control. Voice control?

"What the Hell?" she whispered this time. Her heart beating in her throat when her eye fell on the last line of the product information.

Waterproof.

A diabolic grin painted her face all of a sudden.

Lucifer didn't want to admit how much he was checking his watch. Chloe had come from work over an hour ago. Still she had not called for him.

"Lucie," he heard the whisper in his mind. The Devil gritted his teeth together and looked down upon his kingdom from his throne. Screams sounded in the distance and yet he waited. She knew he could not come until she used his full name. Morningstar didn't work...
Smart girl. Figuring out Lucie counted when thinking of him.

"Lucie. I received your package."

Lucifer chuffed and waited for the call.

"It feels sooo good," he heard her moan. The Lord of Hell sat up straight in the blink of an eye. "Call me damn it!" he shouted out loud. His cock quickly stiffening in his pants.

"I'm in the shower and ooh, fuck. Lucie... Aah! Ah! Ah!"

Lucifer gulped. A wet spot starting to form against the cloth concealing his erection.

"I can't feel my legs anymore. I wonder if your dick can fit inside me together with the toy." Chloe gasped in the distance.

"Yes! It bloody well can! That was the meaning of it, you minx!" he angrily snarled whilst pinching his member until it lay more comfortable inside his trousers.

Maze blinked up at him in her leather corset. Smirking when she realized what was going on.

"Glad to see your little kitty's got claws. I'll leave you to it." and nimbly made her way down the
stairs leaving the King of Hell alone in his Great Hall.

"Sex kitten," Lucifer mumbled. His hands already tearing off his clothes.

"Oh! Lucie! Again! Ah! Ah! Ooooh..." another drawn out moan had him wanking furiously to relieve some of the pressure building up in his loins.

"Damn you, Chloe!" he groaned lowly.

"I'm curious..."

"About what my seductress? About what? Tell me?"

"How it would feel, Lucie, lower down. Should I try putting my fingers inside..." she demurely trailed off.

"I'll stuff you so full with my cock and fingers and toys next time I see you! Call me! Say my name! My name, Chloe!"

"Lucifer." she gasped.

Only a heap of clothes remained on the throne.

Chloe had one foot up on the window ledge beside her in the wide transparent cubicle. The greenish gray tiles reflecting the light of the candles she had lit around the bathroom beautifully.

She was closed in by water. The huge showerhead above her steaming up the place with ease. The detective was getting so close again for the third time.

Her hand holding the vibrating toy close to her so it wouldn't slip out.
"Lucifer." she murmured for the second time.

A hot hand squeezed her the thigh of her leg leaning on the low window sill.

"You've summoned me, tease," he close to her ear. His other hand roughly closed around her left breast. Kneading it and using it as a lever to pull her back against him.

Lucifer was naked and wet. The beat of his heart tangible in the pulsing cock pressed between her butt cheeks.

She snorted out laughter and broke off into a moan. His voice was pushing her quicker towards the pinnacle of pleasure but he was not for nothing the King of Hell. Quickly he pulled away the toy zooming against her pubic bone - massaging her clit - to torture her even more.

"Uh uh uh, Detective Decker. Not yet. Repeat after me." His smirk trailing over the rounding over her shoulder up to her neck only to nibble on her earlobe.

"Forgive me Satan, for I have sinned. Then – maybe – I'll grant you some relief."

"Fuck you." Chloe spat out. Both could play this game.

"Wrong answer." and without much further ado, he gripped her tight against him. His arm squeezing her against him so it was hard to breathe. Lucifer' other hand let go of the toy and ripped the remote control out of hers. He pushed the setting to 0 and hooked that same hand under her popped up leg.

"Second chance." he muttered dangerously.

A shiver made goose bumps rise over her body. Noticeably to the Devil behind her and he bit her in the back of her neck. Like some animal keeping the female in check so he could mate with her.

Lucifer tongued the bruise he was certain to appear there in the future and waited for her answer.

"Fuck you." she repeated herself.
"Tut tut, detective. I could've been nice." and that was the last warning she got before he lifted her a tad higher only to enter her brusquely from behind in one go.

She screamed. He grunted when he repeated the same gesture. Water blinded her for a moment when her hair was roughly gripped in the hand he previously had around her. Pulling her face up so he could keep seeing her whilst taking her and whispering filthy things in her ear.

"I'm going to let you choke from my cock alone. Say, yes please, Chloe."

Stubbornly she pressed her lips closed. Chloe rather passed out from oxygen deprivation than giving him the pleasure.

Lucifer gripped her hands tight and pushed her against the wall. In this position, she did not have the danger of drowning - like before - but it had made her stance more vulnerable. Her body curved forwards at almost 90 degrees. Her behind sticking out and the Devil pushed open her legs wide with his foot. Kicking them aside. Her face rested on the inside of her upper arms. Hanging onto the bar on the wall above the water regulator.

"A shower with a view. How lovely." Lucifer smirked and slapped her ass once before placing his hands on her fuck handles - namely her hips. He slightly bent through his knees and pressed in again not granting her a moment to catch her breath after he pushed he pulled out again.

His thrusts deep, hard and steady. Not too fast. Not too slow. So deep. Chloe bit her own tongue in an attempt to keep the cries inside.

She failed.

"That's it," Lucifer growled, "Let it out."

"Oh! Fuck! Lucifer! Lucifer! I can't... Ah!" she shrieked push after push.

"No need for calling me now is there." he snarled and slapped her rosy cheek once more.

Chloe choked loudly and Lucifer grinned at his completed mission. Skillfully he pressed the button
on the remote. Putting it on a setting where it slowly climbed towards a stronger buzz.

"Say it!" he warned her again and slammed faster inside. Heavy sobs from delirium wracked the petite body under him.

"Forgiv... Ah! I'm.. I'm.."

"No, you're not." and he paused the toy.

"Nooo!" Chloe keened. The pleasure was beyond words or sounds and she kept gasping.

"SAY IT!"

"For... Forgive me, Sa.. Satan!"

He turned up the purple vibrator to the hardest setting and enjoyed the trembling of the piece inserted in her sliding up and down his cock.

"FOR I HAVE SINNED!" Chloe yelled and her pussy repeatedly starting clamping down hard on his member flitting in and out.

"LUCIFER!" her arms flailed around and her lover grabbed them to keep her from keeling face forward on the tiles. She shook and trembled and sobbed some more while the heavy tremors settled over her limbs.

Chloe collapsed against him and with a low drawn-out moan Lucifer followed her into nirvana. Her fluttering channel massaging every drop out of him.

"Lucie..." he heard her hoarse voice whisper and he snorted. She really did need to have the last word.

With a wave of his hand, he shut off the shower and carried her barely conscious body outside the cubicle. Wrapped her into several towels and lifted her again over his arms towards the bedroom.
"Morning," Lucifer smirked at the exhausted visage of his Lady Love finally turning up at the breakfast table.

She grumbled something and grabbed the already prepared steaming cup of coffee close before she sat down.

Chloe hissed when she did and her body completely tensed up for a moment.

He had been sitting opposite of her but in one blink he was sitting beside her. His hand gently touching the small of her back and worriedly trying to catch her gaze.

"Did I..."

"Just a bit sensitive." the detective replied through her teeth.

Lucifer's face fell. "I'm sorry. I sometimes forget my strength... I'll try to keep it better reined the next time." he bitterly spoke - for once angry at himself

"No! No. Don't. I... I enjoyed it. My body's just not used to regular battering like that." Chloe calmed his guilty conscience. The irony was not lost on the Devil.

"You did?"

"The bestest." she replied.

"Best of all the best you ever had. I like that." the King of Hell smiled and he touched his nose to hers. Momentarily surprising her that he had remembered. They rubbed their noses together and shared a soft lingering kiss.

"I wouldn't mind a repeat performance," she honestly told him and leaned forward to grab a piece of
toast when her face got that pinched look again "Only... Not so close to today if you please."

"Duly noted." he muttered while buttering a piece of toast for her.

The toy: (not trying to advertise the product in any way - this is just so you can know what I imagine this kind of toy being like)

The shower: (I know it's not similar to the one used in the series but this fits my story better)
"Do you have any time later today to pass by my flat? I need to pick up some things." Lucifer asked while peering over the newspaper.

"Euhm... Maybe. I'll see." Chloe answered. "Trixie! We need to leave now if you want to be on time!"

No answer.

"Beatrice!" grabbing her daughter's lunch box she marched down the hallway leaving her boyfriend alone. He grabbed his phone and quickly wrote a mail with instructions for retrieving the rest of his clothes and such to bring them to Detective Decker's address.

"Bye!" Chloe rushed by, gave him a quick peck and pulled the little girl along with her. "Last day of school!" she threw over her shoulder. Lucifer pressed send. The door closed.

The newspaper twirled to the table.

"Trixie's gone with Dan, Lucifer."

The Devil blinked back into existence before her. Clutching her close for a moment to show her how much he had missed her. Their breaths mingled and tongues fought for control.

"Let me... I have... Just wait here!" Chloe grinned and disappeared into her bedroom.

Lucifer smirked and quickly checked his inbox while he waited for the good to go signal. He really wanted to get all his affairs in order. It had been three months since his resurrection and Chloe hadn't had the time in all that time to go to his place. He could've conjured them right here but there were some delicate things he needed to rifle through first before bringing them back to his partner's place.
The Devil quickly flicked through his emails. His frown deepened.

"Chloe?"

"Wait! Don't come in!"

Lucifer pushed open the door with no hesitation.

"Oh, come on. You've ruined the surprise," she pouted. For the first time since they'd been together, she was wearing a tempting and sexy negligee showing off her curves in all the right places for his eyes to see.

"What's wrong?" the detective put down the extinct matchstick back in the box with the other sticks. Shrugging at the remaining unlit candles artfully placed around the bedroom she turned her attention towards the brooding figure in her doorway.

"I've sent one of my minions to fetch my things from the loft," he began. Her eyes widened in fear.

So she knew.

"Imagine me surprised finding the place totally wrecked."

"I... I can explain."

"Not only did you ruin every carpet at my place months ago - so too late for me to return them to their previous state if I may so - but my whole..." his voice went so silent with anger.

"... My whole collection. Gone. Too late to salvage," the Lord of Hell's nostrils flared.

"Lucifer..."
He interrupted her "Do you have any idea how long I've been collecting all those whiskies? Do you?"

"No, but I..."

"Since the FUCKING existence of mankind, Chloe! You knew and you didn't tell me!" he finally snapped.

"I thought you were dead!"

"Which gives you the right to destroy my possessions?" Lucifer stepped closer to her pointing his finger accusingly at the woman in front of him cowering back with guilt.

"I was angry! You died! You were gone!" She tried.

"Because I caught a bullet meant for you!"

"I was there in the first place because of you! And aren't you glad how it all turned out?"

"How it all turned out?! I didn't have a bloody clue this would've happened! I risked my life for you without knowing what would happen and you just INVADE my privacy and destroy the one thing I have carried with me through all of your species' time?"

"Don't you go on lecturing me on invading privacy! I was angry!"

"Yes! I heard you the first time! Angry at me for saving your goddamn life, Chloe!"

"Angry for leaving me!"

"Lea..." his face turned apocalyptic "Leaving you?" he thundered. The curtains started to draw inwards. Sucked towards the anger radiating in front of the bedroom door.
"I left you?! You've had all this time to tell me about the flat and you didn't! Did you think I would never find out?!

"No! I wanted to tell you! I just... I just didn't want to ruin this. We were so happy and I did not want to rake up any bad memories." Chloe ended on a whisper.

"Bad memories? Bad memories?" Lucifer laughed incredulously "If you hadn't gotten caught..."

"I was distraught!"

"If you hadn't gotten caught" he interrupted "This would never have happened at all!"

"And is that what you want, is it? Return to how we were before?!"

"No, but apparently it is what you want! You don't want to talk about the past so I must assume..."

"Well, ASSUME away! I was angry at you for leaving me!" Chloe threw up her arms in frustration at his pigheadedness.

"And I told you I caught that bu..."

"LEAVING ME IN THAT HALLWAY!"

Silence invaded the room. Lucifer visibly deflated.

"You rejected me..." he began much quieter.

"I didn't. You took it that way. You left before I could explain why it felt wrong in that very moment. If it weren't for you I wouldn't have been there in the first place to begin with. And I called for you but you were gone, Lucifer. Gone!"
"How could I have known that would happen!" his temper rose again. Afraid of being blamed and much more attracted to the position of the victim.

Tears spilled over Chloe's cheeks "I screamed your name for hours. They beat me and touched me under my dress to harass me. And I screamed and cried and the next time I saw you... You died in my arms!"

"Why didn't you..."

"Tell you?? I didn't want to remember! Do you have any idea how it felt for me?! You got forgiven by God and patiently waited until I called for you! In the meantime, I went through Hell on Earth. I wanted to die myself if it weren't for my daughter! You abandoned me! Oh yes, scheme away with God but granting me one sign that the grieving was unnecessary... No! No! No! Mr. High and Mighty didn't find the time for that!"

Lucifer took a step back.

"So yes! I broke your fucking bottles! And afterwards, I felt even worse than before. I didn't want to tell you because I knew you would lose your temper about it while you deserve much worse!"

"Deserve much worse? I died for you! How much worse can it get?!"

"As I would have done for you!"

There they stood. Chests heaving. Flushed faces and flashing eyes.

"Dismiss me," Lucifer said while looking away.

"This is over when I say it's over!"

"Dismiss me!"
"No!"

"Are you keeping me here against my will?! I said: let me go!"

Lucifer could tell how hard it came as a blow to her in the way she shrank in front of him but still he needed to go.

"I don't want to be here." he spat.

"You can go." she whispered.

And he went.

"I never took you for a coward, Lucie."

And he closed his eyes hoping the fires of Hell would dry the tears inside them.
The next two weeks Lucifer spent punishing the souls of the men abducting and touching his Chloe. Day after day he flayed them alive. Only to have them regrow the skin overnight. He tortured them until their bloodied bones were the last thing to remain and then he left them only to return at the crack of dawn. Even Maze noticed how much murderous he was than ever but she dared not mention it.

Lucifer, the King of Hell, was a bit touchy lately.

Staying tuned for any call of Detective Decker he waited. The moment he had reached Hell - after her dismissal - he had wanted to return. There was this need to apologize to her. She was right and he did deserve much worse than some broken bottles.

Still, he remained furious too. She should've told him how she felt after that night. He never knew the detective had grieved so deeply. Had suffered so hideously and he was angry at himself for failing her.

Now all he could do was wait.

"So... Is Lucifer coming to the event?" Lt. Monroe asked.

"Lucie? No. I don't think so." Chloe murmured while keeping her eyes down.

"You should ask him to make time. He's been a very helpful consultant."

Detective Decker inwardly smiled - so you could drool all over him again? Monroe left only to be replaced by Dan asking her the same question he had been asking her the last two weeks.

She beat him to the punch.
"Lucie still doesn't want to see me."

Detective Dan shut his mouth. "I know it's none of my business, but perhaps you two could just talk it out."

"We've talked enough."

"So you're going to the BBQ alone tomorrow?"

Chloe threw a glance outside. Summer was full force this year and she had looked forward to going to the BBQ of the police department with her lover.

"Yeah. I guess."

"Just ask him, Chloe. Weren't you the one preaching about second chances when I fucked up the first time?" and he left her stunned. Since when was her ex playing matchmaker for her and Lucifer.

"You hear that, Lucie. Dan's taking side for your team," she murmured before bowing her head again over the new information she had just received about a break-in.

"I wish Mazikeen were here, Lucie. Trixie? Can you come help mommy for a second?"

Beatrice stomped into her bedroom. Still angry at not being allowed the knowledge why she hadn't seen Lucifer the last two weeks.

"How do I look? Too much?" she nervously picked up her voluminous skirt and turned around waiting for her daughter's opinion.

"You look fine." Beatrice bit out while crossing her arms petulantly. Her own yellow sundress bringing a smile to her mother's face.
"And you look stunning, young Lady."

"Lucifer would love the dress."

"Lucie wouldn't." Chloe sighed. Determined to keep on using Lucie when speaking about him.

"He would love the pale blue flowers and the gold and white. I'm certain! Why don't you call him?" Trixie pouted while slumping back upon the bed.

"He's angry with me, darling. I'll fix it. Just give it time."

"You could fix it by apologizing. So call him."

"That's all, young lady." her mother stamped her feet "It's none of your business so get you and your cute yellow dress in the car. Right now." Chloe snapped.

"I want Lucifer there!" Beatrice shouted before slamming the door behind her.

Most of the precinct had already arrived. Dressed for once - not in their uniform or formal attire - but in their Sunday's best and smart casual clothes. Chloe sighed before entering. Glad to spot Dan right away to meet up with him and the new girl he had met. She talked to them for a moment and then spotted Lt. Sanders. "Stay with daddy, alright. Be nice to Lisa," she told Trixie before stepping to the Lt. She had some questions about new administration procedures.

The conversation easily flowed between her and Sanders. Other soon joined and Chloe deftly avoided the subject of one absent person.

When the buffet table got readied Detective Decker glanced up expecting to find her daughter close to Dan and was startled to see that was not the case.

"Where's Beatrice?" she asked him.
"She told me she went to get you," Dan replied. His eyes immediately scanning the crowd.

"I'll go check the bathrooms." Lisa kindly proposed before leaving the pair.

"You go left. I'll go right." her ex said and they started the search. Certain that Trixie would be hiding behind a table because she was bored out of her mind at the grown-up party.

"She's not in the bathroom." was the first thing Lisa told the female detective upon her return. She and Dan shared a worried glance.

"Have you seen, my daughter?" Chloe asked the first person she saw. Soon followed by the other two in questioning around. Hoping to find an eyewitness.

Nobody had seen her.

"Trixie!" Chloe shouted into the abandoned office. Everyone was outside enjoying the sun and lounging upon the rented seats spread all over the park where the BBQ was taking place next to the precinct.

"Beatrice!" Dan screamed at the playground with the other children of their colleagues.

Their search brought forth nothing.

"Lucie, I can't find Beatrice." Chloe dared to admit out loud "I cannot find my daughter." Tears clouded her throat.

"Call him. He can help." Dan begged his ex-wife. Lisa was talking to the DJ, asking him to announce they had lost a child.

"I. Lucie doesn't want to see me right now."

"Please, Chloe. It's our daughter."
She bit her lip.

"Please... Lucifer."

There he was. Perfect as always. Not a hair out of place.

"I'll find her." his dark eyes fixed upon her. Unfathomable.

He deeply breathed in and out. When he opened his eyes he was standing on the pavement several blocks away from the precinct. Close to his club if he was not mistaken.

Lucifer looked around and saw something yellow disappear around the corner. He knew Beatrice had been wearing something yellow. He had heard them after Chloe had mentioned his - partial - name.

"Beatrice!" the Devil shouted. His heart had stopped when he his partner had whispered that her daughter was missing. He had blustered up a storm in Hell at the feeling of powerlessness and he was so grateful Chloe had called him for help.

"Beatrice!" he repeated while running towards the corner of the street.

"Lucifer?" he heard as a reply. And then her head popped up behind a mailbox. "LUCIFER!" Trixie shouted and ran towards him. Hands reaching.

He kneeled and opened his arms to catch the little girl. Relieved he clutched her to his chest and stood back up to twirl them around.

"Are you in trouble, Miss Decker." the Prince of Darkness warmly said while looking down at her.

"I only wanted to find you, Lucifer." her trembling lower lip made him crush her even closer to his
"Let's return you to your mother and father."

"There they are!" Dan shouted and pointed over his ex-wife's shoulder. They both ran towards Trixie and lifted her between them. Hugging her so she was forced to let go of Lucifer's hand.

"Don't you ever do that again, baby!"

"Listen to your mother! You have no idea... I'm so glad you're okay. Where did you go?"

Their daughter looked at Lucifer for a moment.

"I went to find Lucifer and he found me."

"Thank you." Detective Dan said when he turned to the taller man. He clasped his shoulder for a moment.

"Let's let them talk, sweetheart," he then said and lifted Trixie from Chloe's arms. Effectively giving the two a moment.

"I shall be going then." Lucifer stammered and turned.

A hand caught his wrist.

"Don't."

He looked at her.

"Please."
And she entwined their fingers.

I imagine Chloe's dress at the party like this:

And the clothes Lucifer's wearing at their reunion: (lose the handkerchief and the tie though + his shirt open at the top + a golden watch instead of the blue one - he needs to match Chloe - duh)
Holy Shit

Chapter Summary

Yeah. I don't know what came over me.

Chapter Notes

Keep in mind they are bound together by the workings of God himself.

Some candy...

A band had started playing and Chloe pulled him closer still. She was looking at the sliver of bare skin of his chest while she felt his eyes burn into her.

"I'm so sorry," she started. The emotional turmoil of the day catching up to her the detective let her forehead rest on his clavicle. Lucifer rested his chin on top of her golden hair.

"So am I."
"I am glad you are here." she whispered into his shirt.

The Devil leaned back and tipped her face up to look into his with a gentle hand.

"I have eternity to restore my collection. I have only one you." his hand slipped around her cheek. Holding her beautiful face up so she could read the sincerity in his eyes.

"I don't blame you for leaving me there. I know how hard it must've been..." she trailed off - realizing she had made a bad pun at the inappropriate time.

Lucifer snorted. "Quite right, my dear." His eyes were laughing too and Chloe stared mesmerized at the small crinkles around his eyes.

They fastened upon her mouth and her partner visibly hesitated. His fingers caressing her cheekbones down towards her chin. His thumb lightly passing over her lower lip. Her lips sprang open with a soft gasp and his pupils blew wide.

"We'll talk further after the party."
Detective Decker nodded dumbly.

"Like the grown-ups we are."
She nodded again. Anything to have him kiss her.

"I shouldn't kiss you..." he informed her with regret.
Her blue eyes widened and searched his face for the reason why not. Her arms already around his neck without her even realizing it until then.

"I don't think I can stop once I start," Lucifer explained with a soft growl. Chloe smiled.

"And I smell BBQ," he continued. Finally breaking the tension and making them both chuckle out loud.
"Let's feed the Gate of Hell." the detective beamed and pulled him after her back to the party.

"Have I told you yet how devastatingly beautiful you look in that dress?" Lucifer murmured into her ear an hour into the party after most of them had cleared their plates for the first time.

"Have I told you how curious I am about how your outfit fits so well together with mine?" she whispered back.

"Beatrice described it after you had said my name."

Chloe thought for a moment before remembering her slipping into her dress and calling Trixie for her opinion into her bedroom.

"So you thought you could dress to match before you even knew you were coming?"

"I don't necessarily wear appropriate clothing in Hell so I have to change either way. It seemed prudent the second I left - when you called - to conjure me up something complementing your wardrobe."

"I approve. It's very becoming."

"My Detective Decker. Are you flirting with me? You don't have to try so hard to get me into your bed."

Four police offers standing nearby - ones the female detective had never spoken against - giggled out loud. Obviously having heard the words of the tall, dark and mysterious man standing next to Chloe.

"Behave," she hissed at him whilst covering her blushing cheeks with her loose hair. Lucifer only stroked back her hair to clear her face again. Tucking the strands of blond hair tenderly behind her ears.

"You look lovely." he smiled warmly.
"How haven't you grown tired of me yet?" the detective asked before she could stop herself.

Lucifer canted his head to the side in confusion.

"I mean... You could've had anyone. You still can. Why do you stay with me? I'm ordinary. I'm mortal. Barely making a difference in the world. Look at you."

The Devil frowned.

"You're practically perfect." Oh God - She was gushing - That last glass of wine was too much. Still she continued. "Gorgeous, rich, immortal, popular, funny, intelligent,... You don't need someone like me holding you back."

His eyes clouded over in anger and he put his hands on her shoulders forcing her to look at him.

"Listen to me, Chloe." Lucifer started, "And listen carefully for I hate to repeat myself. Do you think I was happy before I met you?"

She didn't reply.

"I was at odds with the world. With my Father. With my existence. Nobody ever fulfilled me. Why do you think I passed through so many conquests? Yes, I enjoy sex and I've had thousands. Do you think I remember even one of them?"

He gripped her shoulders tighter.
"I remember you. And I'll always remember you even if you had decided you did not want me all those months ago. You scare me and exhilarate me. Ever since I met you all the troubles in my life have been cleared up. Problems I've had since the beginning of Time. You've been there for me and for the first time in my existence I'm happy."

"So yes. I could have anyone but I want you. You make a difference in my world. You're far from ordinary and I could never grow tired of you. We'll have more fights in the future but we'll always come together again."

"How are you so sure?"

Lucifer unbuttoned two more buttons showing her the scar - she knew all too well - left there by his death.

"Because of this. This bound us together. For neither can die when the other survives. For love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails."

Chloe could only stare.

"When a Son of God gives his life for the Good of the World - he shall be granted eternal life. And you shall sit on the Throne of Righteousness in the afterlife for God loves all of his Creations and love never fails."

She blinked away the tears blurring her sight.

"We. Belong. Together. Can't you see? Your soul is worth more to me than any other silly earthly concept of beauty or the ever changing ideas of society. You. Matter. Only you."

The crowd around them had grown silent and were watching the couple. Shamelessly listening into the intense monolog of the tall man. Several women were crying and Beatrice was chewing her nails.

Lucifer took a deep breath and kneeled.
"So they are no longer two but one flesh. What therefore God has joined together, let not man separate."

He took a deep breath and a small velvet box appeared in his hand - just like magic. Chloe gasped.

"I ask you, Chloe Decker, for your hand to enter into Holy Matrimony for now and all of time."

Lucifer popped open the tiny box with the blink of an eye. Displaying the most beautiful ring the detective had ever seen. People held in their breath.

She held out her hand and the Devil smiled. Smoothly putting on the ring. She stared at it and then at him.

Holding her hand he stood back up again. Towering over the woman of his eternal life and lifted her ring to his mouth. Never letting his eyes stray from her astonished face.

"I love you," he whispered. "And I want to spmmmph!"

Told you she was getting addicted to shutting his mouth with her own?
Ring: (there are just too many to pick from - so choose whichever one you'd like - I blindly pointed my finger on a random Pinterest board and this was the rightful winner)
Chloe was horrified with herself about how late she really realized what was going on.

She was brushing her teeth while looking in the mirror with bleary eyes. The detective spotting - much too late - first the third toothbrush laying on the sink and then the reflecting light from her ring into the mirror she had been staring into for the past minute or so.

Coughing up toothpaste in shock, she quickly rinsed out her mouth and grabbed the toothbrush joining hers in the pink plastic cup on the sink.

"I'm getting married." she whispered disbelievingly.

And then...

"LUCIFER!!!"

"What do you mean you can't do this? I poured out my heart for you there." Lucifer said while following a panicking detective through the house. She was throwing everything she found of him in a bag and ran to the master bedroom.

Chloe tore open her wardrobe and groaned when she saw how she had never noticed how much of his clothes started to take up space in her closets. Determined she began throwing them - with the rest of his stuff - on the bed.

"Chloe! Stop this!" he finally raised his voice. Her hands were trembling.

"The Devil can't marry! I can't be married to the Devil! What would God say of this! I've been divorced! I can't marry twice! I love you, Lucifer, your Father knows I do but this is just too... Too impossible."
"Nothing's impossible. I admit this is unprecedented but..."

"Love never fails. Yeah, I remember." Chloe huffed and plopped on the end of her bed. Lucifer quickly kneeled between her legs so their faces nearly were at the same level.

Detective Decker started turning the stunning ring round and round on her finger and tried to stop it. Great! Now she was developing a nervous tick with her engagement ring.

Her forehead touched his and she copied his peaceful breathing pattern until she calmed down enough to listen to what her fiancé - Hell's bells - had to say.

"We've both been forgiven our sins. Right?"

"Yeah. You're not fallen in disgrace anymore and I'm the Righteous Woman - I don't even know why I deserved it but..."

"My Father appointed you Righteous Woman. Hoping you would help me back upon the Right Path once we met. And you did it. Your love for me and my love for you absolved me. Our souls are pure again. I am an Archangel of the Lord and you are a Descendant of Jesus Christ. Don't we deserve this?"

"I want you to ask Him. Ask His permission. I will not go against His will."

"Fine. But you'll make me do something I rather didn't." Lucifer grumbled and shuffled sideways so the space on the bed in front of him was free.

"What?"

"Pray." And he folded his hands together. Closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on sending a message to his Creator.

Movement next to him had him opening the corner of his eye into a slit. Only to see Chloe kneel too
and imitate his praying stance.

"What are you doing?" he hissed.

"I need for Him to hear me too. He must know how much I want this."

"You're amazing. You go girl. Give God a piece of your mind." he grinned and closed his eyes once more.

"Father? May I visit you?"

Sunlight blinded him and suddenly he was no longer in Chloe's bedchamber.

**You've come to ask my Blessing.**

"I..."

Don't deny it. I can hear your fiancée praying to me. Do you want to hear what she's saying?

Before Lucifer could answer he heard Chloe's desperate plea for God's attention echo through the whiteness.

"Dear God. I haven't believed in You for such a long time. Your son made me see the way. I'm sorry for doubting Faith. I'm sorry for ever doubting myself but there is one thing I'll never doubt. I love him. I love Lucifer." she passionately spoke.

"I know he has caused you trouble and that you've forgiven him and I need not remind you that he is a good man. A good being. He has changed."
"Lucifer told me it was because of me and You. That You have appointed me to be his Guardian and keep him on the Righteous Path."

"I'll never understand why You chose me, but I promise You this. I will always try to make the right decision. I will always love Lucifer. And I will do what You've destined me to be."

"So please. Let me love him and let my love heal him into completeness. That's all I ever want. I know he shall make You proud. I am proud and I thank You for his Creation and Your forgiveness."

"Amen." Chloe sniffed and started waiting for Lucifer's return to Earth.

_________________________

She makes a passionate plea.

"You chose well, Father." Lucifer did not speak to flatter. He only voiced what he perceived to be the truth.

I believe I did. If you merge your souls for all eternity, you realize what this means. Holy Matrimony is not something to decide over lightly. You shall never have children.

"But will she have a choice like I did?"

When she dies she gets a choice.

"Please be merciful." Lucifer prostrated himself face first into the light. Hands held up in surrender.

When her time comes she'll have to decide whether she wants to spend eternity in Hell - by your side - or be granted everlasting peace by mine.

"She couldn't... I couldn't..." Lucifer stammered "Put the Righteous Woman in Hell? Right in front of all those tortured souls? It will drive her mad!"
But you can marry her. And your souls will always be connected.

"I'll never see her again when she dies! Never get to hold her! Only the faint link of our souls crossing millions of light years keeping us together! How is suffering that worth more than suffering in Hell for all eternity?"

Suffering for you or for her?

"FATHER! You told me I could visit her whenever I asked permission to enter Heaven! Father!"

Lucifer wanted to rage on but he lay panting on the bedroom carpet blinking up at the familiar ceiling once more.

"Are you alright?" Chloe worriedly asked.

"Yes. Just give me a moment."

The detective gave him some space to find back his footing.

"What did he say?"

"First, send me away from you first." Lucifer suddenly barked.

"What?"

"Please!" he desperately begged. "I need to verify something. Dismiss me and call me back in five minutes."

"Okay... I dismiss you, Lucifer. Go to Hell."
Nothing happened.

"It's not working," Chloe stated the obvious.

"I'm trying it myself. Only call me in five minutes once I'm gone." And Lucifer disappeared.

He immediately returned to Detective Decker's surprise. Frustrated the Devil flitted in and out of existence - in different positions - all around the room for over five times.

"What does this mean?" Chloe asked after his last reappearance.

The King of Hell was processing all the information he had at inhuman speed.

God had taken away his limitations of visiting Chloe. They could marry but he would have to make her choose between witnessing torture 'til the end of time or eternal peace.

How could he ask that of her? How could he tell her? Lucifer wanted to merge their souls. They were destined to become one. God himself had put her into his path.

If they didn't marry, he wouldn't have the soul connection once she was gone from this Earth. And he wouldn't get to see her as much as he'd like while she was still here.

So she would be condemned to Hell if she chose him.

"Lucifer?"

His Father had granted them time and a connection. Her soul - no soul could feel pain once in Heaven - would not suffer the distance but he would. The Devil would still roam around Earth. Alone. Feeling the ache of the distance. Never being able to see her again. But she would be happy. Not confronted with torture.

"Lucifer? You're starting to scare me. Please, say something."
"We..." he cleared his throat and tried again "We made a new pact."

"What pact?"

"You and I may marry and he lifted my limitation to visit you." Lucifer closed his eyes. Not yet decided what he should say next.

"In exchange for what?"

"Once you die you'll spend the rest of eternity in Heaven by my Father's side."

"And you can still come to visit me, can't you?"

This was it.

"Of course, I can," he smirked. Easily slipping into his devilish persona. Centuries of practice made it impossible for her to see through the lie.

"That's good. That's good, right?"

Lucifer nodded.

She threw her arms around his neck and peppered his face with kisses. Not one moment doubting her lover's words.

"I'm so happy," she cried quietly and gently pulled him on top of her on the bed.
They made sweet and tender love well into the night. Her cries spurring him only more on to exhaust the moment until all lines were crossed well into reaching something more than love.

And if she noticed he made love to her like it was the last time - Chloe never said a thing and thought it felt as such because of their happiness.

Lucifer did make love to her like it was the last time.

Every moment was precious and she was mortal.

He had to savor every second while she still drew breath...

... Knowing he had consigned himself to eternal suffering.
I'm sorry...

I've written out the plot- rough lines - until the very end on my computer. Just so you know... So I do know where I'm going with this. *could be a warning*
Some light (and steamy) reading to make up for the shock the previous chapter brought.

Pretending that nothing was wrong was easy to do now Chloe believed his Father stood behind their marriage. She was radiant and Lucifer basked in her light.

"Well, shit." Maze's first reaction was when he told her the truth. She was bound to obey him in everything and the King of Hell was glad to have at least one confidante. He wanted to go to Linda Martin too, but decided it inappropriate - after Chloe's slightly jealous reaction when he mentioned Linda - he entrusted Mazikeen with the truth instead.

"She can never know."

"Of course not, Boss." his Demon saluted mockingly.

"And I need you to be my best woman at the wedding."

"I would be honored." Maze smiled proudly.

"This is surreal." Dan groaned loudly while playing with the little bowtie at the end of Trixie's braid. "I'm helping my ex-wife with the shopping for her second wedding." His head slumped backward. Already tired of having to sit through over ten presentations of dresses by Chloe.

"Hush. This is lovely." Lisa said. Her boyfriend warmly smiled at her. She was such a great and open-minded person and wouldn't want to miss a moment of this. Their odd little family had closed her in quite rapidly and even Beatrice seemed to be fond of the new woman in his life.

"She's almost ready!" Maze said behind the rustling curtains.
Beatrice was excitedly bobbing up and down on her father's leg and clapping her hands. Her little bridesmaid dress - already purchased - lying between the numerous shopping bags.

"What was this one again?" Lisa asked the sales person - obviously working on commission - at their side. The woman - Mary - tried not to look annoyed at the fact that Mazikeen would not let her enter the fitting room too.

"Was it the blue one? Or the purple?"

"No. She already tried on the purple. It's the wh..." Mary started saying when her eyes started shining.

The demon had pulled back the curtain to present Detective Decker who was wringing her hands nervously together.

The crowd was speechless.

"Wow." Dan breathed. Lisa nodded in agreement - not feeling any jealousy - and wiped away a stray tear.

"Mommy! You look so pretty!"

"But it's white!" Chloe exclaimed "I can't wear white! I told you I couldn't and you all pressured me into trying it on..." She trailed off caressing the soft material gliding over her hips.

"This one's a definite yes." Maze nodded.

"No! I can't!"

"Oh, come on"

"You really should..."
"Take it!"

Several voices at once started and Chloe hesitated. "I'll think about it. Could you keep this one on the side? I'd like to try the purple one again."

"Of course," Mary said. Already knowing the purple dress wasn't even close to the simplistic white one now adorning the body of the bride-to-be.

Mazikeen smirked.

"Don't do this Joseph!" Lt. Monroe shouted through the megaphone "Think about your daughter!"

Chloe and two other officers in SWAT were carefully slinking closer to the deranged man holding his hand in hesitation above the button that would release a toxic gas. Killing everyone effectively at the bank.

"I need the money! To save the life of my child! The bank won't loan me any and I don't have an insurance!" Joseph shouted.

"This is not the way, Joseph!" Monroe replied, "We can help you!"

"THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! My wife won't even see me anymore knowing that I've failed to protect our daughter!"

"I'm sure we can reason with..."

"No! You can't! I won't press this button until you can assure me Gabrielle is safe and treated!"

"Leukemia is not something we can cure in a second! Give us time! We'll figure things out!"
"NO!" his hand hovering over the button. Face drawn with agony. "You **must** fix her!"

Chloe eyed her partners. Signaling they needed a distraction. Surreptitiously they scanned their surroundings seeing no way to get closer to the man - a clinical laboratory researcher - threatening them all with a self-made chemical bomb.

There was no way in Hell they could get close enough to...

Lucifer! Chloe thought and before she could voice out her need for a distraction the Devil appeared.

In a **poncho**. With a sombrero and little samba balls.

Barely two meters in front of the man.

"What the Hell!" Joseph shouted disbelievingly. For a moment forgetting what he was about to do.

"Did someone call for a distraction? **Now** would be a **good** time!" Lucifer said while shaking the maracas in his hands with a big smile.

Detective Decker tackled the laboratory tech and secured him on the floor. Once she did that she glanced up to glare at Lucifer.

"That was **not** what I expected with a distraction."

"It worked didn't it." the man dared to answer.

"This is an offensive way to do it." she said while eying the huge hat.

"¡Ay, caramba! "
The couple soon found out that they were deepening their soul connection. Even before they were married. Their thoughts - when directed directly at one another - became easier to read the more time went by.

Something that came in handy during cases, or decisions during the day and especially precious moments spent in bed.

"Oh, I am all up for that!" Lucifer smirked.

"I didn't say anything." Detective Decker frowned.

"I heard you thinking, my dear Detective. Soixante-neuf is the Devil's play."

Chloe flushed - now realizing she had apparently shouted the suggestion in her head - and yelped when the King of Hell rearranged her body with the ease of wiping off some lint from his costume.

She moaned when he buried his face between her nether lips. Loudly slurping on her labia and flitting his tongue around the sensitive nerves of her opening.

She hesitated to lean forwards, wanting to take his leaking cock in her mouth but if she did that the view...

"... Would be spectacular." Lucifer finishing her thought from between her legs. "Now bend over detective, like a good girl, and let me admire the fluttering of your a... Ah! Son of a bitch!"

Chloe effectively shut off his smug remarks by greedily sucking him in between her lips.

The Devil resumed his licking and lifted his hand for assistance. Quickly reaching over her quivering thigh to tease her clit into submission. Piercing her insides with the tip of his warm tongue over and over again. She was rising. Rising!

"Luci... Oh! Oh!"
Hastily he thrust two of his fingers inside of her while his thumb pressed down on her pulsing nub and she started to clench. Lucifer curled his fingers and pressed down hard inside on her sensitive spot. Repeated quick thrusts there hadn't really worked last time but keeping a steady pressure might...

His eyes flicked upwards to the fluttering star above him and he quickly put his - now jobless - mouth back to work.

The woman on top of him halted her deepthroating of him in exchange for crying out around his dick when she felt a warm swipe over her most private place. Thinking about how she had never before introduced that part of her into sex. And that was the last thought she had before spiraling into unspeakable pleasures.

Lucifer grinned when he felt the warmth begin the spread over his chin, down his throat and over his chest. His little lioness wasn't really much of a squirter - but sometimes she could gush quite generously with her arousal - *if* he pressed the right buttons.

Her last thought before she exploded made him follow her quickly. Greedily lapping at her essence he thrust his hips harshly up into her slackening mouth.

Filling her throat with burst after burst while he painted sloppy kisses against her slick pussy.

The woman of his life slumped down on him. Making a mess at swallowing all of him down and - for once - didn't give a shit about the come dribbling down her face onto the sheets.

They stayed there for a moment. In some sort of strange big spread out X in the middle of the bed. His head between her open legs. Stomachs pressed together and her mouth breathing hot breaths against his softening penis.

"We need a mirror on the ceiling." the Devil finally spoke up after they'd regained their breath.

"I am *not* putting a mirror up there."
"Pretty please?"

Chloe didn't deem it worthy to repeat her refusal - and he took it as a maybe.

Chapter End Notes

Wedding fluff and more cases up ahead. (I have been neglecting those.) The answers to all your fears shall be answered - in due time ;-)  

A small observation, though... I'm absolutely on cloud 9 seeing how many views my story gets. It is much - MUCH - more than I ever thought of receiving for one of my stories. I'm blown away every time I see my own story at the top of the list when looking and I want to thank you all for taking the time and reading (some) of it through. So, please... Enjoy yourself with this little piece of my mind and don't forget to leave a comment or a kudo (or maybe even bookmark) ;-) It really - really - makes my day in the jumping up-and-down-with-candy-it'ssofluffiyimgonnadie-floss. Thanks! X
Chapter Summary

Flashforward!!! And I lied about the upcoming wedding fluff and cases. Those will be next... For now: flashforward!

Chapter Notes

YOU MUST PLAY THE FOLLOWING SONG BEFORE YOU READ THIS - I swear -if you don't, Lucifer won't be renewed for another season. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QGtN3lpI2f4 (take out the spaces after the dots)

THIS WILL BE A FLASHFORWARD!

FLASHFORWARD PEOPLE! A SCENE FROM THE FUTURE! So you will know where we're going.

PLAY THE SONG!!!

Just play the goddamn song - it fits!

Did I mention: a scene from the future? Trust me!

Heavy heavy heavy angst!

"If anybody wants to say something. Now is the moment." the solemn priest said and took a step back granting anyone who wanted the stage.

Taking a deep breath Lucifer stepped up to the dais. All eyes on him. He resolutely did not look upon the white casket covered in the red roses he had ordered.
He couldn't look into the crowd and cleared his throat. He hadn't cried since the day she left him.

"It's custom for the husband to say something when his wife..." he trailed off. His voice already thickening with tears.

A cough sounded in the distance. And Lucifer tried to block out the ceremonial music in the background. Music he had put together.

"I'll start with a poem," he whispered into the microphone. And with trembling hands the Devil pulled a piece of paper out of his breast pocket. Carefully folded away that very morning.

"They witnessed her destruction,
then were left to wonder why,"

Lucifer's voice halted for a second.

"She saw nothing but darkness,
though the stars shone in her eyes,"

Beatrice's quiet sobs - muffled in the black coat of her father - permeated the sudden silence for a moment.

"But maybe they'd forgotten,
when they failed to see the cracks," the timbre of his voice trembled.

"That a star's light shines the brightest,
when it's starting to collapse."

Lucifer gripped the edges of the reading chair with tight-knuckled fingers.

"You warned me we're all made of glass,
that our lives are far too thin.

So why did I not believe you,
'til it was your shards in my skin,"

Audible for everyone he continued bravely. His words stammering for a moment.

"Now... Now these scars... upon my fingers,
run too deep to just forget."

Tears blinded him before he furiously blinked them away. Feeling them streak hot paths down his cheeks.

"Despite the wilted roses,
from the first time that we met,
and I don't know why I told you,
I was good at letting go,"

Lucifer sobbed and hid his face in the fabric clothing his shoulder. Breathing slowly until he knew he had himself under wraps again.

"For all I do now... Is watching dead flowers,
and pray somehow they will grow."

The paper got crumbled and the Devil simply refused to look anywhere but at the horizon over the heads of everyone present. Over her coffin reflecting the sunset's light.

"My Father told me - of all his sons - I felt the most. I did not believe him until I met her. Her gentle soul warmed me to the surprising wonders of this world. Now I curse God and I curse the day I met her. For nothing can replace the emptiness she left behind. The hollow feeling crushing my chest and making me want to abandon life."

"I never thought I could love someone until she learned me how. Chloe sprouted love like flowers."
Had a whole garden in her mind. And even on the darkest days, she was able, to show me with her smile the sun still shined."

"I'll never see her smile again. Nor give her one last kiss. All eternity I'd been greedy. To want my soul all to myself and she showed me that it could be much more helpful in the palms of someone else."

"I left my being bare, my existence and my heart behind and rejoiced in the feeling of trusting her. She made my life so much bigger with things I first perceived as something small. And if this is what broken means, I do not mind at all."

"On our wedding I told her that every time I saw the sea, the oceans started to weep. Wishing they were half as wide as my love for her is deep."

He gazed up towards the sky.

"I'm ripped apart and bleeding. And Chloe Morningstar is the reason. Yet... If I could turn back time. I rather spent our time together - the same like we did until now - better that than eternal life without."

"And she would tell me: Lucifer, love will conquer this. For it always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails. At all."
Inspiration, paraphrases, and quotes are from the poems of Erin Hanson. This is not all original work! No copyright infringement meant. Go visit her absolutely stunning collection of poems:

http://thepoeticunderground.com/ (take out the space after the dot)

The poems I've (ab)used for the sake of my story: (I'm not sure these are the real titles of the poems but I didn't find them - I'll update once I'm certain)

- They witnessed her destruction
- The ocean weeps
- We're all made of glass
- She sprouted love like flowers
- I remember when the world broke in

And what I imagine on the front of her obituary:
The amazing Erin Hanson people!! Not my works!
Chapter Notes

The promised case - to take your mind off of things

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Ah! You're finally home. We need to set a date." Lucifer smiled and clapped his hands together before turning back towards his creation.

"What is that?" Detective Decker asked.

"Our wedding mood board, of course, darling. Beatrice has been very helpful."

"I put on the little glitter hearts, mommy."

"Yes, I can see that. Beautiful Trixie. Could you... Go fetch mommy's black coat from upstairs while I talk with Lucifer? I'm a little cold."

Her daughter nodded and ran off.

"If you felt the need to send her away - try to use a better excuse next time. Even I can see your coat hanging on the coat rack from here."

"Set a date Lucifer?"

"Well, the big day of course!"

Chloe sank down on the edge of the table while staring at the many colors, pictures and ribbons crisscrossing a new pin-up board in the middle of her home. The many lines interweaving like some giant cobweb.
"What... What did you have in mind?"

"I first need to hear your likes and dislikes. You have thought about it, haven't you? We've been engaged for over a month. Together for four! That's a new record for me."

"I'm the first relationship you've ever had. Every day is a new record for you."

"You're welcome!" he smirked, "Now: walking dinner or seven courses, I thought ab..."

The detective held up her hand to shush him and her brows were pinched. Finally, she spoke.

"Something small. Only family, closest friends and some colleagues."

"There'll always be wedding crashers."

She rolled her eyes and continued "And not. I repeat. Not in your dance club."

"No, I already thought so," Lucifer affirmed while ripping off a picture of Lux "Season?"

"I would like to be engaged for at least a year."

"A year!"

"What's wrong with that?"
"But that's so long!"

"According to you, we'll have eternity. What's a year to plan the whole thing out?"

The King of Hell turned his back towards her so she could not get a good look at his face before he could smooth his worries off of it. Slowly pulling more things - like winter venues - off the mood board.

"Summer wedding it is. Anything else? Color scheme?"

"I absolutely don't care about any of that. You can prepare the whole thing. Just don't forget I want Beatrice as my bridesmaid and she'll be the ring bearer."

"Absolutely. Did you hear that darling?" Lucifer turned towards the little girl reappearing in the kitchen. All had forgotten about the coat.

"Yaaay!" she shrieked in reply.

"Don't you dare look at this." Maze threatened her Master with a dangerous glint in her eyes.

"I wouldn't dare. Remind me again, why are we here?"

"Your fiancée wanted this dress and didn't dare to buy it herself. So it's my gift to you both."

"Why on Earth wouldn't she want the dress of her dreams?" Lucifer murmured while roving his eyes up and down over the long black cover-up of Mazikeen's purchase.

"Just swear, you won't look at it." Her pointy nail pinched him in the chest until he complied.

"Alright, alright. I swear. No need to harass me."
"Swear it upon Chloe's immortal soul."

The reminder of it made his throat close up. "I swear."

And that was that.

"Lucifer."

Poof.

"You called, my dove?" Not minding the police crew standing around her. Chloe blushed slightly but pointed at a photo she was holding.

"It seems to be some sort of club but we can't pin the exact location..." Detective Decker started and showed the grainy cell phone picture to her husband-to-be.

"Hmm... It seems familiar. The leather sofas, dimmed lights... Is this all you have of the place?"

"It was the only picture we could access through her bad password protected dropbox-account."

"Can't you see the location it's been uploaded?"

"We're tracking the IP but it's taking too long and I had a feeling you might've had an inkling."

"Can I loan this for a moment?" he asked winningly "Maze might know this place going by the amount of leather."

"Yeah sure."
"I'll be but a moment," Lucifer smirked before giving her a lingering kiss and disappearing from their view in the blink of an eye.

By now everyone getting used to the fact Lucifer was some sort of magician - abusing his tricks all the time and getting his kicks from it - trying to dazzle them even more.

Detective Decker waited a moment before lowering herself into her chair. Lucifer could come back any moment now and she tried to jump up when she felt someone already sitting under her.

The Prince of Darkness' hand shot up to keep her in place on his lap and leaned forward to breathe in the scent of her hair.

"Found the location. It's a very exclusive underground club. The location changes all the time and only VIP-members get a text an hour before opening with the whereabouts."

Chloe shifted on his warm thighs so she could look at him.

"Are you saying this club - with special events - rebuild a place every other week or so?"

"It's very exclusive. Like I said." Lucifer smirked.

"Great," she sighed "We'll never find it until we get a hold of a VIP-membership. I guess the guest list is nowhere to be found online?"

"Nope."

"It'll take ages to find the next location. I'll start..."

"Just you wait a second. I love it when you 'detective'. Can I assist you in some way?" he murmured. His hot breath and warm lips lingering over the curve of her neck. Pressing a single kiss there.
"Assist me? Right now, not in the way you would like," she knew he could feel how she unconsciously had curved her back to press her neck closer to his mouth. Lucifer reacted immediately by sucking softly at the wet patch of skin before replying.

"Dirty minded girl."

Luckily she had already dismissed her colleagues before he arrived for she had no chance in Hell to keep down the ensuing soft moan.

"As a matter of fact. I might be of criminal assistance," and held up a silver card before her face.

GALAXY

Chloe sat back up and snatched the card from his hand. "Is that..."

"Yes, it is."

"Where did you get it?"

"Like I told you. Mazikeen might've known where the picture was taken. And she did. Apparently they just move the same furniture from location to location. She was very forthcoming with information and even gave me her cell phone."

Detective Decker jumped up in joy at finding another lead in her case.

"Now, tell me all about your situation."

Chloe rapidly told him about a dead girl they had found in an abandoned warehouse. Wrapped tightly in leather cords and strung up like a puppet.

"Galaxy is notorious for its hardcore specialties. She might've been carried away too far that fateful night."
"That was our first thought. However, we dismissed it as soon as we got the coroner's report."

"And now it get's interesting." Lucifer smiled and leaned forward on his knees gazing up at his fiancée his eyes resting on her engagement ring.

She smiled warmly when she saw where his look lingered and continued "We've found traces of aconite. Easy to miss if you'd only looked at the outward signs of her death namely..."

"Asphyxia. Aconite only has one post-mortem symptom. Easily mistaken for a rough play during bondage-themed sex. Brilliant!"

"Lower your voice. A person died."

"Oops, my mistake. When can we go?" Lucifer eagerly asked. Sitting up like a puppy waiting for its treat.

"We?"

The text came two weeks later at midnight. By then Lucifer and Chloe were fully prepared to go undercover. It came as quite a shock to the whole team that it was a fetish event.

Leather, bondage, sadomasochism, degradation,... You get the point.

"You'll have to blend in." Maze muttered while gazing appreciatively at the clothes in her own dressing room at Lucifer's penthouse.

"Nothing too leathery. Subtle, but dark. You're going to have to be a classy mistress or else you won't fit together with him." Her thumb pointed over her shoulder at Lucifer lounging in the seat by the door. Wearing his own costume.
The leather pants clinging to his shapely legs and behind. His white shirt opened with four buttons so you could easily see the leather crossing his chest and closing at the back under his shirt.

The Devil grinned at the uncomfortable aura the detective displayed and leaned back to enjoy the catwalk in his own home.

Several outfits got passed along for Chloe to fit - only to return to the third one she had tried - and sensible but sexy black boots laced up over her shins got thrown at her.

"I'm so glad we have the same size." Maze laughed when she saw the result. Laughing only harder when she saw her creator's fiancée fidgeting.

"Confidence, love." Lucifer spoke up and it made her straighten up right away. "Take risks!"

She rolled her eyes and underwent the quick applying of some make-up by her self-appointed personal assistant.

"There. That should do it." Mazikeen nodded content. Smudging out some more of the black eye shadow she had given the detective.

"The dark look fits you."

"Thanks. I guess."

"Let's get going!" her lover piped up.

"Monroe has already put a patrol on standby should anything happen near our location."

"Goodie. Back-up. Not a wire?"

"No. I refused. This time."
Lucifer did not need to ask anymore. He understood why she had refused.

"I don't understand how this is even possible," Chloe muttered. Her eyes wide with curiosity while they both strolled down the long hallway filled with art.

"Money. That's all this takes. Everybody has a price. Especially the curator"

The exclusive SM-fest was taking place in the basement of the local art museum. It's basement filled with never before seen pieces of art. And Detective Decker looked her fill. She had visited the museum with Trixie over three times and the best objects and paintings were down here.

Music started getting closer. And they knew they were almost there.

"You alright?" Lucifer asked quietly with a worried look at her. She needed to be fine for him or else he could not do this. If she had no confidence this would succeed, she could falter and she could get hurt. He would do anything in his power to stop that from happening.

Especially before they were married and had completed the bond.

"Yeah. Yeah. Just... Not really sure what to expect."

"We've been over this. You pull me with you. Where you go, I go. I'll be your slave for the night and you my Mistress."

"Okay, I got it. I got this. You're not to speak without given my permission and the like."

The King of Hell nodded. "Now fasten this to my harness."

Chloe looked slightly ill at binding him - literally - on a leash with a leather cord wrapped two times around her wrist and ending with a *click* on the ring in the middle of the cross on his chest.
"Are you ready?"

"Born ready, dear. Can't wait for you to tug me around. Play a little rough and dirty with the Devil."

She smirked. "We should have a safe word."

"What on Earth for! There is no way in Hell I shall make you stop punishing me."

"A word for when we are about to cross a line in public that we're not ready to cross yet and a word so we know when to send a distress signal to the team outside."

"Ah. What about monkey bottoms and... tortilla?"

"Seriously?"

"Always serious. Upon my choir boy's soul."

Chloe snorted. "Fine. Monkey bottom and tortilla for the team. Let's go inside."

And they pushed open the door together.

Loudness was the first she registered. Dark corners - filled with people slouching in leather sofas doing 18+ things with each other - the second.

A woman dressed completely in black with only a three holes free - for eyes and mouth - eyed the undercover detective up and down. Raking over the skinny black jeans, laced up boots and leather wrapped bodice preserving barely any of Chloe's upper skin before sliding her gaze upon her tall companion.

Detective Decker had to admit. Lucifer played his part well. Head bowed, hands clasped behind his
back and one step behind her. Not moving an inch before she told him he could.

"Invitation?" the mouth of the unknown woman before them spoke.

Chloe held up her card - Maze's card - and waited for permission to enter.

"The special begins at 2," the woman said again and her attention shifted back towards Lucifer. "Shall you share him?"

"I might," Chloe replied "If he behaves." and ignored the shiver her fiancé tried to suppress before tugging him brusquely forward so he could follow her. And she wondered if he pretended to almost stumble over his feet in surprise or if he really lost his footing at her dark answer.

"Yummie." the hostess smirked and with a last lingering and heated gaze she turned around to receive the next couple coming in.

They made their way quietly observing around the hall. Deep pulsing music beating them near deafness. A wire wouldn't have worked anyway.

Her mouth almost dropped open in shock when she noticed the price of the drinks.

"Twenty dollars for a pineapple juice. Are they crazy? It must be liquid gold with that price."

Lucifer wanted to reply her when he noticed another person - this time a man - come up to them. Also, in a leather suit leaving only his mouth and eyes free.

He wordlessly held out a tray with black lace masks.

"Put one on." Chloe snapped at her submissive. He followed quickly. Hiding his dark eyes for her to see.

"Now mine. Not that one. The one with the slanted eyes." the Devil complied without a grumble and the detective thought she could get used to that. Him not getting a chance to use his cocky mouth.
The man strode off to display the masks to a group of people trying to converse over the music.
Chloe eyed the group and dismissed them. Her attention turned back towards the several garçons running around behind the bar and another five persons in the restrictive leather suits around the room.

She pulled her fiancé behind her. Quickly stepping up towards one of the not yet occupied tables at the side of the dance floor. However, before she could sit down another couple had appeared before her. Standing at the same table.

"We can share!" the woman spoke. Tugging her own personal lapdog with her. The man sported a soft belly but otherwise attractive face while crawling over the floor.

Chloe noted that Lucifer was one of the few submissive to still be standing on his feet. Something that jumped out of the crowd like a sore with his towering figure.

"Sure." the undercover detective smiled and turned back towards Lucifer.

Her hand snapping upwards and gripping his hair tightly - making the Devil hiss through his teeth at the unexpected sting.

Thanks to her police training she knew exactly where to press down her foot and with the kick of her heel - in the back of his knee - had him kneeling on the floor. Face still upwards and eyes closed.

"Good boy." she crooned and petted his hair softly before letting go of him.

Lucifer shifted uncomfortably. He had been sitting for the better part of the evening kneeling beside his Mistress' side. His erection already flagged - after the unexpected move from his lady love - sometimes reared its head every time Chloe stroked his hair while talking to the woman in front of her.

She had been subtly extracting information about the previous parties - claiming it had been a while since they had come - while entering silly little chitchats so the conversation wouldn't halt in its easy flow. A conversation he had been tuning out until he picked up the mention of Chloe mentioning him.
"Yes, he's a good little momma's boy. Isn't he?" the detective smiled down at him. He dared not lift his head in case her companion would comment on his insolence by doing so without permission.

"This one took a lot of training. And he's still not as well behaved as yours." the woman jerked on the leash she was holding. "He's still not made up for what's he done today, haven't you Walter."

Walter - now they had a name - bowed his head down in shame.

"What did he do if I may ask?" Chloe curiously spoke up.

"He broke my favourite cup this morning and forgot the usual punishment when destroying one of his owner's possessions."

"What punishment did he forget?" Hoping it would be something like mixing up the wrong poison - knowing it would be too easy for the case - she still hoped.

"Show them what your usual punishment is, Walter."

The man immediately obeyed and lifted the leather skirt of his owner. Eagerly starting to eat her out and making her moan while she tightened the grip on his collar so his air supply was shut off short.

Chloe was proud of herself not to show any outwards sign of her shock at the kinky going ons in front of her.

Lucifer on the other hand cheekily glanced up to see the tongue of the man noisily lick up and down his Mistress' cunt. One sharp yank had him bowing his head back down in no time.

"What do you do to punish your momma's boy?" the woman asked and before the undercover detective could splutter out an answer a voice sounded over the music coming from the speakers.

"Please present the trophies upon the stage."
The music started back up again - slightly lower than before - and the public started gathering towards the front of the room. The two women sitting at the table and their two slaves made their way there and received a card with a symbol.

"Oh, pity. We haven't gotten the same. I would have liked to see yours in action." and with a curt nod, she strode away pulling Walter behind her.

Spotlights shone above several doors. Each one of them marked with a symbol. Chloe's was a crescent and without another word made her way relaxed towards the door bearing the same mark. The King of Hell close on her heels.

Six other persons were waiting inside the room with another six slaves sitting on their knees. Detective Decker quickly stood in the same line and her fiancé kneeled beside the slave closest to him.

"Which one will go first?" a high voice spoke up. It was another dark suited woman and she was standing beside some sort of contraption meant for strapping down a person.

"Lace up my boot again." Chloe suddenly barked and placed her foot in Lucifer's lap. The speaker's voice - Alpha she told them - slid over them when they saw they were busy rectifying a small wardrobe problem and pointed at the couple two places next to them.

"You two. Begin. I recognise your faces. And for the new faces here..." Alpha's eyes steadily looked first from Chloe and Lucifer to two other couples. "Listen well. I will only explain this once."

The two appointed people started readying themselves for the show and shackle after shackle from the contraption closed around the man submitting himself to the other man.

"You will each present your trophy. Then you will treat your trophy to a royal punishment. The best show receives the Golden Ticket and may go to the Belt. You may have heard of this place - and I assure - the rumours are true. It is the VIP of our little soiree and only accessed by the best of us. Good luck."

And they began. Detective Decker bent down - under the pretence of tightening Lucifer's harness - and whispered. "I believe our victim may have been bound in the Belt. She had been undergoing punishments for X amount of time before she died. So she must've made it there during the night. We need to get that ticket. Do you understand?"
"Then make sure we win it," he breathed back. Chin against chest so no one could see his lips move.

Chloe nodded determinedly and waited for her turn. Taking note of how the others punished their submissives and already plotting what she could do to hers.

Chapter End Notes

I have absolutely no idea how things work in the world of BDSM and I'm normally not into that but thought Chloe and Lucifer should get to know their darker side too. Lucifer - at least - seems to be familiar with some of the practices... And it's for the good of the case!
"Next!" Alpha snapped. The detective took a deep breath and eyed the - now dirtied - contraption wearily. Another person had come up between sessions to clean it off but she still felt a mild disgust when looking at it. And suddenly she had an idea. All of them had used the materials given to them. It was time for her to think outside of the box.

"Remember. Monkey bottom." was the last thing she murmured in Lucifer's ear - making his eyes widen in surprise - before stringing him forward.

With another kick of her foot she had him kneeling next to the contraption. His joints hit the ground with a resounding thud but he didn't make a sound. Nor did he look up.

"Look up." Chloe hissed. Channelling all the acting experience she had inside her to make this believable.

The Devil looked at the ceiling. His eyes far away. Distant. Not a smile in sight.

She tried not to feel sorry when she ripped the white shirt from his upper body. Displaying the harness for all to see.

"Isn't he a pretty boy?" the detective asked no one in particular. Nonetheless, she heard some soft assent in the background and then vowed to herself she would only think about him and she and nothing else mattered. Or else she would be too distracted.

"My pretty boy. What are you?" she snapped.

"Your pretty boy, Mistress." his smooth voice replied. Chloe's blood started to heat and she knew he knew it and the knowledge made her smirk. Time to test his patience.

"And do you love your Mistress?"
"Yes." she slapped him soundly.

"Yes, Mistress," he corrected himself once his head had righted up again. And they shared a brief knowing look before she unlocked his leash and tested its strength between her hands.

"Sit up like I taught you too." Her command giving Lucifer the power to decide what to do next - after all they hadn't discussed something like this being possible.

"With your permission?" the King of Hell asked. It gave her a heady feeling. The sudden might over the Prince of Darkness.

She nodded and he started pulling off his shoes. Then his socks. Still slightly bowing on the floor he held up his hand and it took her a second to realize he was asking for the leash. She gave it to him.

Deftly Lucifer wrapped it around his ankles. Pulling it up between his spread thighs in the kneeling position and resting back upon his heels. His toes firmly planted on the floor. He held out the end of the cord to her and she took over. Binding his hands and connecting it with his ankles.

The arrangement of his limbs couldn't be a comfortable one but he was immortal and could take it. That's what she had to keep telling herself.

In the distance murmurs sounded - probably their spectators commenting - but she ignored them. Faking confidence Chloe took off the harness. Folding up the leather so it formed one strip.

"Tell me, what is your deepest desire?" she smirked.

Lucifer had to keep a firm grip on his control when hearing her say his favourite line. He wanted to laugh madly at the irony and decided to test how far she was willing to go by playing hard to get.

A thing he surely was used to after dealing with her.

The leather rained down on his back and he flinched for a second. Not out of pain, but out of surprise and his cock started rearing its head again with the sudden rush of adrenaline.
"What do you want most?" Chloe repeated. Several biting strokes of the leather followed. The force almost making him pitch forward.

His erection throbbing painfully pinched downwards in the leg of his pants. Trapped against his inner thigh.

Detective Decker saw how there were no signs of welts or other blemishes on his skin besides the scars on his back.

"Tell me, my pretty boy." she sweetly spoke before caressing his neck.

Lucifer kept his silence. And with a wild laugh, she raked her nails down his scars - hard. His head shot up and he gasped loudly whilst curving his back. His eyes flashing red for a moment in a loss of control.

"I won't ask you again."

"You, I want you... Mistress," he belatedly added earning him several more hits with the leather.

"Do you want to fuck me?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Do you want to lick me until I drip all over you?"

"Yes, Mistress." came the hoarse reply. The fantasy she was painting in his mind too clear all of a sudden and he pressed his bound hands against the warm hard spot between his legs.

"Do you want your mommy kissing away your boo boos?"

He snarled loudly - she was having entirely too much fun with this - and immediately bit back a curse at the slap of leather on flesh.
"Yes!"

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Please, yes!"

Chloe almost dropped the harness in surprise. And shouted another command to hide it.

"Don't touch yourself. You're not allowed to touch yourself." and her nails tried - but failed - to rip open the flesh on his back.

Lucifer keened when she passed the scars. The onlookers probably thinking it was her who gave them to him.

With some effort, he tried to hold up his hands so they wouldn't touch his groin while giving his uncomfortable ankles as much relief as possible.

"What is your deepest desire?"

"For you to fuck me." the Devil finally admitted. Playing along with the scheme and secretly thinking he wouldn't mind her dominating him in such a way. "Mistress," he gasped when she twisted his right nipple.

"Good boy. Now... What would you do to get what you want the most?"

"Anything. Anything, Mistress."

"Would you come for your momma, hmm, would you?"

Lucifer doesn't know what shame is. He's without it himself but something holds him from replying right away. If she'd asked him months ago - before they were together - he would have complied at
once. Now... The thought of someone else seeing what he normally only shared with her now... It made his heart throb in a bad way.

"Not in front of them." he whispered.

"You having stage fright? My poor baby boy." Chloe petted his hair again and he rested his sweating cheek against her hand in relief at feeling her cool touch. He closed his eyes. Waiting patiently for her verdict.

"You don't want to share your cock with others?"

Lucifer shook his head. Only with her. To the surprise of himself. He only wanted her to see him at his most vulnerable.

"You're such a good boy. Remembering how your Mistress wants it. You remembered how I hate to share you. How possessive I am."

He nodded gratefully. His heart rapidly beating beneath his sternum. Territorial Chloe always making him ready for the next - sexual - step in any situation.

"What about you show them something else you can do on my command? What else do you remember mommy likes?"

Lucifer racked his brains. What could he do to satisfy both them and their public and not pass over the line right into monkey bottom.

"I could come for you, Mistress. Untouched."

"In your pants?" her voice sounded borderline surprised instead of agreeing and he quickly took back the attention so she had more time to properly school her expressions.

"Yes, Mistress."
"Do it." her command allowing no refusals - but Lucifer could hear the curiosity.

*Can you free my hands?* He concentrated hard in the hopes she would receive his thought. Evidently she could, hearing by the movement she made. Kneeling on one knee she started to unwrap his wrists.

*Can you do it, Lucifer?*

*Wrap my wrists above my head and hold them. I need to feel you behind me.*

"Such a good boy. Make me proud." Chloe said out loud. Binding his wrists again and hooking the leash around her neck so his bound hands were resting over her thumping heart. He could feel the soft swell of her breasts and the heat of her groin in his neck.

Lucifer took a deep breath. Knowing orgasm was something that originated in the brain and he had powers that could achieve things within the human vessel that no one else could. Fooling the bystanders that Chloe had the ultimate control over his mind and body. And she did.

Another deep breath and he centered his mind on the fantasy he had of Chloe naked upon their bed. The knowledge that she was seeing what he was seeing - in is mind - made him clench his teeth together. They could do this.

Fantasy-Chloe jumped into action and pulled fantasy-him upon the bed. They had not a lot of time so went straight down to business. They were both naked with a wave of his hand and he laid himself down, bent his knees and spread them out so the detective could see what to do.

*What about lube?*

*It's a fantasy.* He answered her in their mind.

And it was true. His fluttering hole already slick and relaxed for her to penetrate.

*I've never done this before.*
*I have. Push in and curl your finger. You'll notice at once.*

Detective Decker followed his instructions and slowly pushed in a finger and found it gave way right away.

Present Lucifer felt his arse twitch. Feeling what was done to him, in his head, in real life too.

*Another finger. Fuck right up into the sweet spot, my dear Chloe.*

His fantasy-fiancée chewed her lip and complied.

He gasped out loud. She repeated the gesture and hit the spot even better than before. His body started to slump forward on his knees but he kept his mind fixed on what she was doing to him in the fantasy world.

*Harder.*

"Ah. Ah. Det... Chloe." he bit off his sentence before he betrayed the undercover agent - again.

"You like this, baby?"

"Yeeesss..." he hissed. Feeling himself clench and unclench faster and faster upon her imaginary fingers.

*Curl more inside.*

"FUCK!" his hips started thrusting up and down. Feeling no friction at all at the front but grinding down on the fingers he felt in his backside.

"Yes! Just like that!" he moaned. Giving no attention towards keeping his orgasm at bay - the Devil's climax approached quickly.
Nearly there.

"Almost," he panted. His cock visibly twitching inside his tight pants for all to see.

One day I'll do this to you for real. Chloe thought while fucking him harder on her fingers.

"Yes! Please!"

And one day... I'll let you do it to me too. Would you like that?

"Bloody Hell, yes!" whiteness started to settle over his eyes even though they were clenched shut.

Would you like that? Being the first there? Taking something so innocent and until now has shied away from your touch?

"Fuu..." Lucifer moaned deep in his throat. Tiny sobs accompanying the shocks wracking his frame while he came.

A strange hand touched his shoulder while he was coming down from Cloud 9.

"Monkey bottom." he spat out - the first words he thought of.

"Don't touch him." the woman gently lowering his arms barked at Alpha who had come up to them. Shaking them from their moment, Lucifer tiredly wiped his face with his clammy right hand and looked up at his lover to know how to proceed from then out.

"Nobody touches him," she growled out loud "Except me. Understood," her teeth bared in a snarl and the Devil thought her the sexiest he had ever seen her.

"Take the ticket." Alpha murmured shocked. Her eyes still glazed over from the unique performance. And the others quickly took a step back when Chloe pulled her partner to his feet. Knees weak he
followed her meekly towards the entrance.

Head down he trailed behind his Mistress.
They got introduced to Bèta and were asked to follow the slender man - in the black suit - into the furthest room.

"Honestly. Couldn't they've gone more original with their names? Alpha, Bèta,... What's next? Gamma? Kappa? Lots of rich sissy boys with no imagination and sad that their fraternity life is over?" Lucifer hissed under his breath. Still feeling unbalanced after discovering another piece of information about himself and the way he felt about his body in relation to Chloe.

She quickly jabbed her elbow in his side when she noticed Alpha following them inside the new room. Detective Decker observed the unfamiliar surroundings and with a pointed look she steered Lucifer wordlessly closer to the rest of the remaining couples. Noting how some of the submissives were bleeding from various cuts and welts.

As long as it was consensual - Chloe wasn't going to be bothered too much about it.

"Guess what's dripping down my pants." the Devil whispered close to her ear. She tuned him out - knowing he was trying to get a rise out of her.

Alpha was quickly speaking with a man in a dark blue suit and blue mask while throwing a fleeting glance towards the couple.

"Might know who that is?" she asked her slave.

Before the King of Hell could answer the man spoke up.

"Welcome, winners of round one to the Belt. My name is Judge Galaxy and I am here to present you with the terms of the last contest of our evening. Some of you may have been working up to this moments for ages and today is your new change to reach the top."

Several dominators and dominatrix's were nodding in agreement.
"Our main theme is - and has always been - **TRUST**. Important for every relationship. We combine the main theme with a second one and change every month. Last time it was Trust and Preparedness. And I have seen several beautiful displays of bondage and asphyxiation."

Chloe stiffened for a moment.

"Tonight will be the most challenging night of all - for you get the last chance to transcend your performance from last time! For it is Trust and Preparedness that will lead you all again!" Judge Galaxy suddenly boomed. Surprising most of the crowd into startling.

"You shall swap places with your submissive. And follow the Golden Rule! Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The couple nearest to Lucifer and the detective started unbuckling the belt holding the submissive one of the two.

"Submissives... Take control! And dominators... Submit! For you cannot expect your partner to follow if you cannot agree to live through the same for his or her pleasure."

"What?" Lucifer's fiancé silently cried out.

The Devil blinked and smoothly went with the new proceedings by standing back up again. Pushing Chloe down to her knees. Imitating what the others were doing.

Cords appeared in front of them and all Dominators-turned-Submissives started to get tied up to the rings on the floor.

Lucifer followed and carefully wrapped his lover's wrists so her hands would not get cut off blood and oxygen.

The couple on their left side had started the punishment eagerly. The woman picking up a whip - laying on the table at the end of the room - and shouted with each slap cracking on the back of her female companion. The girl in question moaning loudly to encourage the behavior.
Chloe turned her head and saw the couple on their other side hesitate. The woman waiting for the man on his knees to give her orders. He nodded and she made her way towards the table. Hits followed - first hesitant - and when the amount of hits grew she started to get more confident. The man gritted his teeth proudly and took his punishment. She took it as something good and started to compliment him while alternating ways of beating him.

"What are you waiting for?" Alpha vindictively said and pushed a thin horse riding crop in Lucifer's palm. The tall man was stunned.

He looked up to see Bèta slip back into the room. Providing the table with fresh nourishments and then Lucifer looked back down at the whip in his hand.

The Devil softly trailed the head of the crop over Chloe's bare shoulder. She shivered and he was oddly reminded at the pleasure he felt while punishing souls in Hell in the same way.

"Hit her." Alpha spoke up. Her hands softly caressing his naked back. He pulled back before she could touch the place where he'd gauged out his wings.

Never before had he halted a punishment - only Chloe could've made him doubt his actions and stop him from doing something he would regret. Would she regret this too? Since when did he feel regret?

"You know you want to." the woman in the leather suit spoke up over his shoulder. Playing the Devil whispering bad suggestions on the King of Hell's own time.

"I actually don't." Lucifer finally spoke up.

"What's going on here?" Judge Galaxy spoke up.

"He's being a coward."

"I am not. I merely don't want to beat my companion."
"It's fine, Lucifer." Chloe softly spoke. Not wanting to attract more attention.

He pulled back his hand and the riding crop rained down. The Prince of Darkness withheld most of his force and still cringed when he saw his lover flinch towards the floor and cry out.

The riding crop dropped from his hand and he could not tear his eyes away from the line welting up on her beautiful back.

Alpha snarled and picked it up. "I'll show you how it's done."

"Alpha don't, it's against the rule..." The Judge started but it was too late and Lucifer was too slow to stop it.

The crack of the whip suddenly too loud to bear. Chloe sobbed loudly. Light flared up and Lucifer roared his anger slamming Alpha against the other end of the room with the flick of his finger. The shadow of his wings darkening the room even more and people where looking around to figure out what was happening in the confusion.

"LUCIFER!" his partner bound to the floor shouted through her tears. Knowing she could not jump between the Devil and the woman who had assaulted her.

The other couples halted their actions and the man serving their drinks jumped in Lucifer's path only to be blown against the table and slump together like a sack of potatoes.

"Lucifer!"

"Please, don't..." Alpha pitifully tried to get up and the King of Hell pinned her to the wall. His hand clamping around her throat and pushing her upwards.

Toes stretched her feet left the floor and blood vessels popped in her eyes.

"Lucifer!"
"I'll show you how it's done?" he spat. Flames rose in his eyes and Alpha tried to scream realizing she was about to die.

"HOLD IT!" a voice shouted "Or else she will die!"

The Prince of Darkness turned his red glinting eyes towards the source of the disturbance. When he saw the rope held by a man - the one who had regained consciousness - tighten around Chloe's delicate neck. Her mouth gulping for air.

With tremendous effort he plucked finger after finger off the throat squeezed between his hands and Alpha slid down the wall to crumple at his feet. Hot tears running over the black leather.

"He let go of Alpha, now let go of his woman." the Judge shouted at his colleague.

"No way in Hell!" the man shouted in reply "I'm not letting him walk out after touching what is mine!"

"YOU DARED TOUCH WHAT IS MINE!" Lucifer thundered in reply.

"Please, can't we just all calm down and..."

The Detective wriggled and managed to free her neck enough to shout out loud.

"Police!"

The word enough to make most of the occupants in the room start to flee. To afraid to be caught by the cops and risk their prominent positions in society with the ensuing scandal.
"Nobody leaves!" Chloe shouted again due to the slackening grip around her neck. "Lucifer, tortilla!"

"Shit! They've caught us! What do we do, Elise!" the man holding the detective shouted.

A gun cocked against Lucifer's temple.

"We'll not go without a fight, Vincent." Elise/Alpha grunted.

"Tortilla! Tortilla!"

And with one last glowering look - Lucifer disappeared to call for back-up.

"Where the Hell did he go! Quick, grab her! We're leaving! Get out of the way Judge!"

Chapter End Notes

So... I just saw the latest episode of Lucifer (1x05) and was wondering what your thoughts about it were? I was actually a little bit disappointed. Can't put my finger on it yet why but maybe it was the kind of episode they felt they needed to do to help thicken the plot... I remain loyal and it may all lead up to something much bigger. Talks about a second season are happening too if the X-files don't take most of the viewers. So - X-files fans - try to watch Lucifer instead and record (or somethiing) the X-files. All for the good of the viewing rate. Thank you!
Chloe was still trying to figure out where Alpha had pulled out a gun before noticing Vincent letting go of her.

"You just made this worse, Elise! Now they're really going after us!"

"Shut up, Vincent. If it weren't for you..." Alpha threateningly began.

"I know and I've told you..." A sickening crunch halted his flow of words making both women turn their attention back to him after it got lost in all the commotion.

Vincent was gulping loudly. Clawing helplessly at the hole in his stomach. Dripping blood in a steady stream. His trembling fingers trying to hold in his guts.

The detective opened her mouth in horror following the trail of blood from victim to attacker. Lucifer was holding his red glazed hand up to the light. Enjoying the warmth of the blood. The satisfaction of punishing one who deserved it.

Elise shot at him with a mad scream. Nothing happened and only the ripple of his skin showed the ineffectiveness of the ricocheting bullets planting themselves in the brick walls.

Vincent dropped to his knees. His eyes wide in disbelief. "Elise..." blood gurgled out of his mouth.

"No! No! This was not how it was supposed to happen!"

"Then tell me... What else did you expect?" the Devil grinned. His teeth sharper and deadlier than before. Crimson drops splattering the front of his chest.

"Please, enlighten me, dear Alpha or should I say, Elise? What should've happened?"
Elise stammered.

"TELL ME!" his face flashing back into the Lord of the Underworld's persona. Red. Fire. Blood.

Chloe snapped out of her stupor and gave a scared cry of surprise. For the first time seeing what he truly was.

"I'm sorry! I killed Maddie! I killed her! Vincent was too good for her and I made it look like she died from his beating!"

"Why?" Vincent cried on the floor. Slowly feeling the cold starting to seep into his body.

"I wanted you all for myself! She wasn't good enough for you! I thought I could bind you to me pretending I helped you hide the murder you thought you committed!"

"I loved you both..." the man still holding the split leather and guts together before dropping on his side. Labored breathing filling the sudden silence.

"My, my... Have you been a bad girl?" Lucifer smiled and started stepping closer towards Elise. Intent on ripping her limb from limb when a stricken voice halted him.

"Lucifer..." Detective Decker whispered "What have you done?" her face an utter look of desolation upon the ruins of the man dying in front of her.

"They deserve to be punished. They tried to take you away from me." he calmly replied. His fiery eyes still upon the trembling body of Alpha who had forgotten she was still in possession of the gun.

"Don't kill me." Elise whimpered.

"The situation's under control now. Free me and I'll call in back-up. You've done enough."

"Can't you see! It's never enough! There will always be situations like these! Threatening you and our future!"
"This is my job."

"And it's my job to protect you! Protecting what we want."

"I never wanted this. I'm a big girl and can take care of myself, Lucifer. Let me do my job."

"THEY NEED TO BE PUNISHED!"

"And they will!"

"Not like I want them to! They need to suffer!"

"By killing them, Lucifer? Taking their lives?"

"If necessary!"

"This is not you! This is not what I stand for! Who are you to decide who lives or dies! You can't interfere with fate! You are not God!"

"THIS IS ME, CHLOE! Finally opened your eyes to the fact I am the Devil? You knew all along! I've never hidden any of this!"

"I fell in love with the tender and good man you can choose to be, Lucifer."

"That man is a joke! I am what I am, Chloe! Nothing will change that! Not even you or my love for you!"

"I understand that! I swear - I do! But you can't interfere with fate."
"Try me." the Devil growled and turned back towards Elise. Manifesting himself - for once - completely to the eyes of humans.


Alpha sagged to the floor. The still smoking gun in her hand. Her last bullet lodged in her own chest in an act of desperation.

"Noooo!"

"Now, I can only wait for them to join me in my Realm," Lucifer smiled.

"LUCIFER! I SWEAR TO GOD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? SAVE THEM!"

"Save them?" he tutted "My dear, Chloe. Satan's justice does not work like that."

"You call this justice? This is an execution! How dare you! How fucking dare you! Save them! I know you can!"

"But why would I?" the Devil stroked his chin in thought. Crouched before the body of Alpha. Waiting for her last breath.

"If you truly love me you would do what's right! Save them! Please! Let them die on their own terms and not by your hand! If they go they'll be in your Kingdom in no time. But on their own terms! Please!"

"If I truly love you? You have no idea what I have sacrificed for you!" His anger flared again and his presence swelled. The oxygen dropped significantly and Chloe cowered in fear from the man she thought was more dear to her than her own heart.

"I never asked you to sacrifice anything for me. Everything you've done, you've decided yourself!" she bitterly replied.
"Exactly! Why should a human have so much power over me? Why should you dictate what I want?" high on might Lucifer spat back.

"I swore an oath to your Father."

"Gah! God has done enough!"

"Save them, Lucifer!"

"You told me not to interfere with fate. Well, I won't interfere now." and put his hands up in the air. Mocking her with his red eyes.

"I trust you! You've always given me a choice!"

"A choice? Very well." the King of Hell hummed "Who shall I save? Him or her, Detective Decker?"

There he had her. How could she choose between the two of them after saying he should have no power deciding who could live and who would die.

"I can't." Tears dripped from her eyes.

"You've been living in a delusion apparently, detective. How does it feel being outsmarted by the Devil?"

"I thought you loved me..." she whispered.

"And I thought you loved me! This is who I am and you need to accept that!"

"This is wrong!"
"Then we are wrong!" he roared.

"Fine, if you don't care for me at all... I shall have to outsmart Satan himself."

Before Lucifer could comment on the - to him - ridiculous matter he noticed Chloe getting up to her knees. Trying to right herself as good as she could bound to the ground and she met his eyes steadily.

"This is a choice, Lucifer. I, Chloe Decker, solemnly swear that if these people die - so shall I."

"No." he gasped.

"Deal with the Devil."

"NO!"

Rage filled his demonic being. He felt the lives of the man and woman on the floor almost entering into the shadows and knew Chloe's soul to be lost to him if that happened.

"You would die for these people?" Lucifer screamed.

"I would die... For what is good. My decision."

Dark eyes met blue.
Vincent's breath gurgled and Elise's body gave one last twitch. Lucifer had to decide. Right now.

Darkness enshrouded them and when light flared up again Chloe was alone.

"Lucifer?" she shouted to no avail.

The door got wrenched open and several officers streamed inside. She could not process everything that was happening around her at once. A man freed her and Chloe kept staring at the two spots of blood darkening the concrete.

"All clear." the man closest to her said and Dan came inside. Helping her up and taking stock of her bruises.

"What happened? Where is Lucifer?" he asked her.

Before she found her words the receiver on his shoulder sparkled to life.

"Two suspects in emergency surgery at UCLA. Over."

"Copy that," Dan responded and turned back to his ex-wife. "How did they get there? What happened?"

"Lucifer..." she breathed.

The press was having a field day. Several prominent members of LA society caught out during a kink fest. A murder. Two suspects.

Vincent was the first one to get out of his narcotic induced coma and Detective Decker was ready to ask him some questions.
From there on, it was a quick affair to close the case.

Vincent and Madison had been a couple for almost four years. They had tried the BDSM life for the last two with him as the submissive. Maddie started to enjoy it so much that they had started mixing with others. There Elise comes in. Elise and Vincent hit it right off and Maddie started to become jealous. Keeping Vincent from playing with Alpha at the club. Deciding she - and only she - should be his dominatrix.

The previous event gave him the chance to swap places and he used it to severely punish her. Madison let him - knowing it would help him - and was sure their relationship was going to come stronger out of it. The beating took place privately in the Belt - not knowing it was staged by Elise to get the couple alone.

She served the poisoned drink to Vincent's girlfriend and waited for it all to play out. Vincent panicked when he saw Maddie had choked and was horrified he accidentally had killed her. Not knowing what to do he confided in Alpha - by 'chance' at the club at the same time - and she rushed forward to help him. Without a girlfriend or a dominatrix, he quickly turned to her for guidance and she was his knight in leather armor.

Not counting on the undercover policewoman and Lucifer...

Aiding and abetting manslaughter - even involuntarily - gave Vincent a long time in jail and he agreed to witness against Elise in the stands. Having had enough of her lying to him and hurt by Alpha killing off his girlfriend.

"I still love Maddie. I was angry at her for breaking Elise and I up, but I thought we would get past it. I really loved her. I didn't want to be alone." he sobbed.

Chloe normally would have felt for him - but this time, she didn't feel a thing.

Knowing what the case had cost her...

Chapter End Notes
Oh dear... 3:-)
"Stop it, mommy."

"Stop what munchkin?"

"You're turning your ring over and over again."

Chloe looked down at her fidgeting hands and dropped them flat to the table once she saw she had indeed been turning her engagement ring over and over again.

"Sorry, baby You done with that?"

Trixie shook her head in answer and bowed back down over her homework assignment. Her mother already staring out the window. Autumn had arrived. No sign of Lucifer.

"LUCIFER!" she shouted. Her back arching off the bed and gasping for air she turned on the light on her nightstand. Looking around. Her hand on the empty cold spot beside her between the sheets.

"Just a nightmare, Chloe." she turned over and tried to find sleep again.

Dan kissed Lisa goodbye and called out for Beatrice "We're going to be late! I put some baby carrots for a snack in your backpack and I want you to eat them all!"

No answer.
"Trixie-babe?"

"Shh, daddy."

Lisa and Dan peeked inside the little bedroom reserved for Beatrice herself at his place. There she was. Kneeling in front of the window.

"What are you doing?" Lisa asked.

"Praying for Lucifer to come back." the girl replied. Frown between her tightly pinched eyes. Tip of her tongue out in concentration.

"We'll be la..." Dan's girlfriend tried to warn again when he interrupted her.

"Another minute then." and quietly closed the door between hallway and bedchamber.

In a fit of sudden energy, Chloe burst into action after the last Halloween pumpkins had cleared. Starting to clean her home from top to bottom and thinking about repainting her room. Anything to distract her. She even baked cookies for Mrs. Connor to thank her for gifting her the last roses in her garden.

Her favorite red flowers standing a vase in the middle of her kitchen table. She couldn't look at the red. Reminded of the blood staining Lucifer's hands. Nonetheless. It was a nice thing to do so she made chocolate chip cookies.

During the cleaning, she bumped into several old clothes hanging in her barely used spare wardrobe.

"I should bring these to the homeless shelter. Or do a swap party or something." Chloe quietly muttered when her hands touched something black.

"What's this?" she pulled out the long black cover on thick cloth enveloped hanger.
A card hung from its neck.

**Courtesy of one Mazikeen**

_Swore her not to peek_

_And I didn't_

_Devil's word_

_Love, Lucifer_

The zipper gave way quickly and Detective Decker gasped.

"Oh, Maze... The dress." tears filled her eyes. Wondering if the future of _them_ was still possible.

The flu passed and went. Beatrice having stayed home for a week due to the illness. She quickly recovered and together they decorated the house.

Tinsel wrapped around every leg of any chair coming between Trixie and her need to _Christamise_ everything. Even though it might've been too early for decorations. Chloe decided to live on as good as she could.

The Devil would come in his own time.

"You should both come."

"Are you sure?" Lisa asked - feeling uncomfortable - while glancing at Dan.

"You are a friend and Dan is family. Trixie would be over the moon having both of you over for Thanksgiving."
"We'd love to," Dan smiled. His warm hand entwined with that of his girlfriend's and Chloe tried to ignore the powerful twinge in her heart.

Tugging on the cut of cords with that of her other self.

*Lucifer.*

"Don't touch that! It's warm." Dan laughed. Warning his daughter to wait another minute or so before attacking the potatoes just out of the oven.

"Oops." Beatrice toothily grinned. Lisa chuckled and helped the rest of them to a serving of salad.

"Dan could you keep stirring this. I need the cranberries not to..." a knock sounded.

The happy banter quieted down and all eyes turned towards Chloe.

"Are we expecting..." her ex-husband started to say.

"No. No, we're not. It's probably Mrs. Connor."

"That old hag," Dan replied. Still, none of them moved. Broken vessels was playing in the background and the scrape of Trixie's chair made Chloe move towards the door.

*Oh I can see it now*  
*Oh I can see the love in Your eyes*

Her heart stopped.

Dark eyes met blue.
"Chloe." he whispered throatily.

"Lucifer."

"I..." he tried saying when noticing the others. "I... forgot. Thanksgiving. Right. I'll go."

"No!" her hand wrapped tightly around his wrist.

"I don't think I'm welcome now." Lucifer's eyes guarded away from the others bored into hers.

"No. Not now." she breathed.

His face turned into hurt and disappointment. Bitterly he replied.

"You're always welcome." she warmly said - effectively snapping his mouth shut - and pulled him inside.

Lucifer did not know how to approach the others. Should he keep his arms at his sides? Say something? Where should he sit? Do they give gifts at Thanksgiving? Her hand still guiding him towards the table.

Beatrice's smile as radiant as the sun on a spring's morning. Next to her an empty spot. His chair. They've kept it open. The cold resolve around his heart started melting. That happens when these people were worth melting for.

"We were just about to start," Dan smiled. The two men - both head of their family - had a quiet conversation with their eyes. The detective nodded and Lucifer gladly folded himself gracefully upon the stool and her hand let go of his arm.

"Let's say, Grace," Lisa said.

All of them held out their hands and the Devil's face turned pained. Hesitantly he placed his hands in Chloe's and Trixie's awaiting ones.

"Dan?" Detective Decker asked.

"I'm your guest." he smiled and Chloe nodded.

"Thank you, God. For this meal. The opportunities we've been given. For the safety and health of every member of this family. Thank you for looking over us and granting us one more chance at happiness."

Her hand squeezed his for a moment and Lucifer was floored. Did she give their happiness another shot?
Beatrice immediately launched into another description of one of her school situations while her hand remained into his. All noise drowned out. There was just this. The beating of her pulse warming his hand. The hand that has done so much bad in this world.

Her light was blinding.

Dinner passed and he had barely said a word nor touched any of the food. Intent on holding his last lifeline and looking everywhere but at the eyes throwing knowing glances at him. How could they know? He was damaged. Incomplete.

Without her.

"Lucifer?" Beatrice repeated for the fifth time before he caught on, "Have you seen the piano? Mommy brought it down from the upstairs room. It was grannie's old office. She used it to practice her plays."

"Oh, I hadn't noticed." he murmured distractedly.

"You should play on it after my turkeys!"

"Your turkeys, child?"

And she promptly placed some sort of card wrapped into a paper turkey into his hand. The shape of her hand outlined and cut out to represent the grown-out chicken's tail.

"Open it!"

The King of Hell pulled out the card held by the paper monstrosity and folded it open.

We <3 you

You are never alone
Thank you

for being family

Xx leech

He wanted to choke out a thank you but his throat seemed not to be working.

A drop splattered onto the turkey.

Loud wheezy noises were coming from somewhere and it took Lucifer a moment to understand it was he who was making these pitiful sounds.

He turned his face away from the others. Desperately trying to hide the shaking of his shoulders. His soul was so heavy and yet...

For fuck's sake! He was the King of Hell! He was not crying!

"I forgot the cake in the car. Can you help us, Trixie?" Lisa spoke up and in the blink of an eye all three had left leaving Lucifer - trying to get himself back under control - and Chloe alone at the table.

A warm hand touched his back. Rubbing over it and she pulled on his shoulder. Trying to make him face her. He did. Baring his tearstained face towards the love of his life.

"Why forgive me?" Lucifer whispered.

Chloe - with tears tracking down her own cheeks - gently placed herself in his lap. Her arms around his neck and she softly kissed the corner of his trembling mouth.

"What's not to forgive?"

"You almost made a deal with the Devil."

"Almost?"
"I wouldn't allow it."

"Why not?"

"I love you. My soul is charred and condemned. I could not burden yours. You have no idea..."

"Then explain it to me, Lucifer?"

"You put me in a bad position. I cannot have you barter your Righteous soul. For nobody or nothing. It's worth too much."

"It's my soul to do with whatever I decide."

"I can't have anything happen to you. Not before we're married - if we still will be doing that - and not before your time has come. Hopefully, when you're very old and wrinkly."

"It's not up to you to say when I'll meet my ending. It will happen one day and you can't save me from aging any more than you can save me from breathing."

"I could, Chloe." his face breathing in the scent of her hair.

"But you mustn't. You are not God and should let fate decide. You must promise me not to interfere anymore, Lucifer."

The day would come Chloe would die. He knew he could not stop that from happening. But knowing and wanting are two different things.

"Never again offer your soul. That's all I ask."

"Why not? It's already yours." she kissed his forehead and the Devil closed his eyes. She had a way of warming his heart more than Hell could warm his body.
"You have no idea what you're risking... You can't gift me your soul."

"It is mine to give to whom I will."

Lucifer clasped both her hands and raised them to his mouth. Kissing them passionately. His lips lingering. Eyes clenched. The last tears escaping from their corners and drying up.

"I won't pretend to have the power of my Father and you won't throw away your soul."

"We have a deal."

"And that's the only one I'm prepared to make with you."

His eyes flicked to her mouth but before he could gather the courage to kiss her there the others re-entered the house. Halting for a moment in indecision.

"I might play something now." Lucifer proposed and the tension dissipated.

The table got cleared and laid back out for the dessert while the Prince of Darkness stemmed the old piano. Yellow birch smooth and polished beneath his hands and he played several chords to test the instrument out.

Beatrice hurried to assist him by bringing up a chair closer once he deemed the piano play worthy.

Glad for his emotional indiscretion to be over with and grateful for the time granted, Lucifer turned towards the family.

"Any requests?"

"Play something that tells us how you feel." the little girl asked effectively stopping the discussion of the grown-ups about their favorite songs.
"I... Don't think..."

"Please?"

His fingertips rested upon the cool keys and Lucifer took a deep breath. Letting himself be guided by his humanity. Something only the best of humankind could bring out in him.

And he played.

You could hear a pin drop and Chloe shivered.

Was this how he really felt? This hurt. This afraid and yet... Hopeful. Grateful. Warm and gentle. Loving and bleeding. Heartbreak and forgiveness all at once.

A new chance.

The music spoke of a man clawing himself an unexpected way to freedom and his surprise at finally admitting there was good besides the dark.

The last note died out.

"What's it called?" Dan asked.

"Life and Death," Lucifer replied.

And Chloe knew. There would always be a choice.

"Bye now." Chloe kissed her daughter's cheek and waved them off standing on her doorstep. She looked over her shoulder and saw Lucifer looking for his sweater.
"Where do you think you're going?" she asked after closing the front door.

"The evening is over. I should leave," he replied without looking at her.

"Come to bed."

He snapped upright from rooting through the sofa cushions and cautiously looked over at his fiancée.

Detective Decker stepped closer to him and Lucifer kept stepping back. As if he were afraid of what she was going to do.

"I don't think I should stay."

"Why not?"

"Are you not scared of me? After everything? After me manifesting in front of your very eyes? I saw your fear!"

"Yes, I was afraid, but I am in no way deluded like you think I am. I love you."

"I am dangerous! Things like this will happen again and I can't keep you safe from all of it!"

"I don't need you to, Lucifer. You being the Devil does not frighten me. I am here. Always by your side."

He glanced over her shoulder. Disbelieving at the words she spoke.

"Have you not heard what I said right now?"
Chloe closed in and wanted to kiss him, but Lucifer pulled away and threw his hands up.

"I don't understand! This is not a good idea!"

"Why not?" Detective Decker noticed how much like a caged animal he seemed and non-threateningly she tried to get closer to the Devil freaking out.

"I'm condemned!"

She saw how much he believed it to be true. How much passed redemption he was.


"You can't possibly want me!"

"I want you. Even when you're..." Chloe waved her hand in front of his person.

"Even when I'm the Devil?" His eyes flashed red for a moment but she did not flinch.

"Yes." was her steady reply taking another step closer to the frightened man. The fearful Prince of Devil not ready to feel the rawness of doubt in himself and the possibility of happiness.

"You think this wise?" he stammered out. His back hitting the wall.

"I rebelled against Heaven. I've killed people. Took judgment into my own bare hands. Disobeyed my devotion to my one and only job and frightened you enough to..."

"To not show up for months? You care, Lucifer. Stop punishing yourself. You're the Devil and I forgive you."
"I do not deserve forgiveness!"

"Nonetheless. I gladly give it to you." and her lips touched his. His eyelashes fluttered shut and the Lord of the Underworld surrendered one more time.

Her brightness lifting the veil of darkness upon his heart and mind and he thought - for one fleeting second - that maybe - just maybe - he deserved this.

"Chloe." he moaned. His benediction, prayer and savior at the same time. "I can always count on you to show me the right way," he whispered against her mouth.

"You're God damned right I do. Not because you want me or need me to. But because it's my job. The job I chose and I'm not regretting a second of that decision."

"I love you."

"Now come to bed."

"And make up for all those months you had to miss out on me?"

"When I accused you of having a God complex - that did not mean you being a Sex God."

Lucifer smirked and easily lifted her up so she could wrap her legs around his waist.

"Au contraire, ma chère. Keep repeating that and maybe you'll start believing it. After an eternity or two."

"You ass."

"And you love it."

Chapter End Notes
Song playing on the radio when she opens the door for Lucifer
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C8Vw4L0khQg (take out the spaces after the dots)

Song he plays on the piano
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rWY99bGk-VU (take out the spaces after the dots)
"Never leave me."

"I won't. You'll have to try harder to get rid of me."

"That's a challenge I gladly won't rise to."

"You look happy." Maze said effectively snapping Lucifer out of his inner thoughts while roasting a rapist distractedly.

"I am."

"Chloe? Did she say something about the dress?"

His mind turned back to the memory.

"I love the dress. I love it. Next time I'll see Maze... I'll try to squeeze the life out of her." Chloe gasped between fervent kisses. Leaving Lucifer breathless and amazed.

"She might like that. Oomph." His back hit the edge of the bedroom door.
"I don't think I should wear a white dress. So white. Pure. Virginal. Anything I'm not."

"Still plenty to devirginify about you." he grinned while cupping her arse - pressing her center closer to his hardness.

"You're the Devil."

"Oh really, is that so? I've only been telling you that for the last..." his smart mouth got shut up by a tongue pressing inside and exploring everything there was to explore.

"Hell to Major Satan? Do you receive?"

"Yeah, she loved the dress." he sighed happily.

"You seem different... Like... You're glowing or something. What happened?"

Her Master was carving another heart and initials in the backside of the next rapist on the bench. Noting how Lucifer + Chloe, turned into L + C and drew a sun around the heart.

"You're absolutely pathetic." Maze barked with laughter at the smitten look of the King of Hell "You look at that woman like she is your salvation to this Hell."

"She is."

"What do you mean?"

"Lucifer? Turn into the real you. Do it."
His arduous desire suddenly plunged beneath the temperatures of zero and the Himalaya.

"What for? It's nothing pretty to look at. Especially not after I lost my Grace and wings." Lucifer muttered the last part.

"You’re lovely to me. In all your forms. Should a wife not know even the darkest corners of her husband’s soul?"

"There is nothing lovely about my damnation."

"I beg to differ. Please?"

Lucifer sighed and took a step back. His eyes lowered the floor in shame. For once not out to use his form to inspire fear. He flickered into his own self and waited for the exclaim of disgust or horror. Or both.

"Oh, Lucifer."

He flinched.

"There is nothing - I repeat - nothing wrong with you." Chloe reaffirmed.

The Devil didn't understand. He knew what he looked like in his full form. In confusion - why was she not repulsed - he looked into the mirror.

"That's not possible." he breathed. Her warm hand landed between his shoulder blades.

"She changed me Maze. She is my salvation."
"I'm still not following you, Lucifer."

"Let me show you." and promptly turned into his full form. The appearance he had been checking every day since that fateful night.

"Good God." Maze replied. "How did she..."

"She's the righteous woman. And she chose me."

"I don't understand. This was not the form I saw all those months ago?"

Lucifer didn't understand either. Where were the scars? The redness? The blood? All he saw now was himself with the slight manifestation of a silvery grey aura.

He turned his back towards his reflection to see her hand on his skin. His scars were gone.

"No. No. No." the Devil started yammering. Reaching his hands behind his head to grab the skin. To feel it for himself. "This can't be! This can't be!"

Quickly he hit the wall and concluded he was still immortal. Incapable of feeling physical pain. Chloe jumped up at the crack of his fist against plaster crunching underneath.

"I'm changing... I... My Grace... Chloe..." her fiancé tried stammering.

"Is this a good thing?"

He looked devastated.
"You mean to say she - her love for you - is healing you?"

"We believe so. You do not have the power of the Angels and don't see auras. I can. And our souls are balancing out."

"Does this mean that when she dies... You can see her in Heaven?"

"I honestly don't know. My wings haven't returned... So I must conclude that my Grace will never fully restore."

"What's her aura like then?"

"It's the purest I've ever seen. Whiter than my wings before I fell from Heaven."

"It's you! You are doing this!"

"I'm... I'm sorry?"

"No. No. This is... Amazing! I never thought... You know what this means?"

"Euhm... No?"

"My soul is getting purified! Clean! Uncontaminated! Blank slate! Tabula rasa!"

"And this means?"

"My sins are being wiped out! My Grace is being restored and it's because of you!"
"Lucifer... I'm still not following?"

"You've literally unburdened my soul. I can feel it now. Your Righteousness is healing me!" Lucifer turned back towards the mirror and could swear he was a tone lighter grey than before.

"How can I do that?"

"Because of your soul! It's the purest white I've ever had the good fortune to meet! It's what made you unique in my eyes. I could never understand why a mortal had a perfect soul like that even if you were a Righteous Woman."

"Does this mean you're taking the white out of my soul? Am I taking your burdens upon mine?" Chloe slightly panicked. Not looking forward to having to spend time in Hell once she died.

"No, yours is still pristine. You are such a wonderful - wonderful - being!"

"Euhm... Thanks? So I act like some divine detergent to your blackness?"

Lucifer laughed loudly and swooped in to kiss her silly.

"I am so glad for you Lucifer. No longer weighed down heavily by your mistakes of the past. You deserve it after all the time you spent suffering in here and still have to suffer in here. At least now you'll be fully recognized by God's divine power."

"It's too much to have ever hoped for and it's because of her."

"Remind me to never doubt the love of a mortal ever again."

The Prince of Darkness smirked.
"Let me wipe away the rest of your worries, love." Chloe murmured against his belly button.

He was still amazed by what had happened - was still happening and groaned when her mouth slid lower.

"Yes." Lucifer gasped. "Oh, Chloe."

After kissing, nibbling and licking every part of his body she could reach - she shimmied back up and straddled the hips of the handsome man trembling beneath her.

Slowly taking him in and guiding his hands upon her hips she rode him. Slow. Tender. Softly.

Drawing it out until his toes curled. His right hand gripping the headboard tightly until it creaked above his head. Ready to break down at any moment.

"I'm going to... Too fast... Chloe." Lucifer gulped loudly.

"Haven't you touched yourself while we were apart?" her voice laced with soft little hitches in her breath making him almost drive over the edge.

"No! No! Oh, bloody hell..." her only reply a loud moan.

Wood splintered and yet he held on while she drew out his pleasure.

"I own you and your pleasure." the woman on top suddenly growled. Making the Devil whimper at the truth of it.

He would have never expected - a year back - how much he would change because of the love of one good woman. The best woman. The most perfect woman in the history of mankind in his eyes.

Lucifer lifted his hips in the hopes of relieving some of the pressure building up in his loins. It only
resulted in her going faster and making him bite his lip.

"Come for me, Lucifer. Now. Please. I need to feel you warm me on the inside." Chloe groaned.

And what could he do but obey.

"FUCK! Oh, fuck! Fuck! Chloe! Shit!" spending himself quickly in her like she demanded of him.

She slowed down and draped herself across his chest. Kissing the sweaty skin beneath her and grinning lazily. Lucifer stared up at the ceiling.

"You haven't..." he started apologetically.

"Tonight's about you. Make it up to me some other time." the detective smiled. Pressing a kiss on his chin.

"I promise."

"Hope that's not another deal..." the cracking of her yawning jaw interrupting whatever else she tried to say.

Cuddled together. One again. Lucifer felt as if he were charging and she was his source for life, laughter, happiness and meaning.

"About that mirror. You certain you don't..."

She slapped his chest.

Chapter End Notes

So... I've just been to see the new Victor Frankenstein movie with Daniel Radcliffe and
James MacAvoy. The first fifteen minutes - GREAT - then more and more something of a meh.

Anyhooow, I listened to the soundtrack of that movie while writing this chapter. Maybe the recreation of divine powers inspired me to write this short chappie. (More specifically the song 'Body Parts' - best part starting at around 24 seconds in.)

Daniel - btw - played a very convincing badly treated hunchback and MacAvoy was over the top crazy but still handsome. No complaints on that front.

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