Meeting the Monsters

by Antarctic_Echoes

Summary

Lucifer introduces Chloe to Godzilla and Company, and Trixie makes a new monster friend (Titanosaurus). Meanwhile, Lucifer tries to figure out the best way for Chloe to get to know him better.

Notes

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The first thing Chloe realized when she woke up was that she was not alone in bed.

There was an arm wrapped around her waist -- an adult arm by the weight and feel of it -- and a body radiating heat at her back. She couldn’t keep her body from jerking in surprise, but then her police brain started running through possible scenarios as she kept still. It couldn’t be Dan -- she had changed all the locks after they separated. He could possibly still break in if he really wanted to, but it was doubtful. Dan wasn’t like that. Could it be a rapist? No, a rapist would have attacked her by now. It could be some pervert who liked to break in and sleep with strangers, but that seemed unlikely. That only left --

“Good morning, Detective,” Lucifer’s sultry bedroom voice murmured in her ear.

Chloe squeezed her eyes shut. Oh god. This was a nightmare. Wake up, her brain screamed. Wake up!

The problem was that she was awake. Okay, first thing to check -- was she still wearing clothes? Yes, she still had underwear and her comfortable nightshirt on. Had she drunk any alcohol last night, leading to this horrible situation she found herself in? No. She had come home late from work, dismissed the babysitter, checked in on Trixie, and then went to bed, herself. So then why in god’s name was Lucifer in her bed?!

With a quick motion, like a bird’s, she flipped onto her back and looked at him. The tall man lay next to her, his head propped up on his arm, with sleepy eyes and a smug, sexy smile on his face. The covers had fallen away to his waist, revealing his bare chest. Oh lord, he was just too handsome for his own good! Taking refuge in anger, Chloe grabbed his arm from around her and shoved it back at him.

“Lucifer! What the hell!” she yelled at him. His eyes widened at her tone before he gave her a smouldering look. If she didn’t know better, she would have said he was actually turned on by her temper.

“My dear Detective, I’m giving you the chance to get to know me better,” he purred.

“Are you kidding me?! When I said I wanted to get to know you better, I didn’t mean in bed!”

He blinked, surprise crossing his features. “But... how else are you to get to know me?” he asked.

Chloe just stared. Was he serious?! He certainly seemed serious, so she answered him back in kind. “With little things first, Lucifer. You know -- lunch or dinner... dancing, movie. Long walks on the beach, talking all night... That sort of stuff. You just don’t jump into bed with someone!”

He looked stunned. “I do,” he said. “I’ve always had sex right away.”

Oh. My. God.

Turning in bed again, this time so that she faced him, she started shoving at his chest. “Get out. Get out of my bed. Now! Out!”

He resisted at first. “But -- but Detective!”
“Out!”

Hurt filled his eyes, and for a brief moment he looked like a puppy that had just been kicked. Chloe felt her heart clench at the sight, but then she hardened her resolve. He couldn’t break into her house and just get into bed with her! Glaring at him through narrowed eyes, she watched him heave a big sigh and pull himself out of bed.

He was naked. Stark naked.

Oh, crap. Crap, crap, crap!

Faster than she thought possible, she turned and sat herself up on her side of the bed, keeping her face averted from him. She could feel a blush coming on at the thought of Lucifer -- *naked* Lucifer -- in bed with her. Although he was incredibly beautiful and she was attracted to him, after the disastrous relationship with Dan, she just wasn’t ready to jump from the frying pan into the fire. And Lucifer *was* the fire -- there was no denying that.

“Why are you naked?!” she snapped.

There was a long pause; Chloe could feel the surprise coming off of him in waves. “How else would I be when in bed with a beautiful woman?”

Had he just called her beautiful? She buried her face in her hand. It was that combination of childlike innocence and sweetness that really got her. That, all wrapped up in one sexy, gorgeous package. Sure, he was an incredible ass most of the time, but every once in a while the other Lucifer shone through -- the one she really, really liked.

“You need to get some clothes on!” she cried.

She could hear him getting closer. “Right. Listen, Detective --”

Chloe made the mistake of turning to look at him -- and found herself face to face with his wedding tackle. His *very* impressive wedding tackle. A squeak escaped her as she turned to look at the wall again. Oh god. Oh god oh god oh god...!

“Are... are you blushing?” he asked, his voice filled with... fascination? She felt him stroke her turned cheek with a gentle finger. His touch sent a shiver down her spine, filling her with warmth... and making her blush harder. Heat from his body scorched her as he leaned forward to whisper in her ear, “It’s very charming.”

“Get some clothes on,” she ground out. “Now. Or I will arrest you for indecent exposure!”

There was regret in his sigh. “Oh, very well, Detective.”

After she heard him walk into the bathroom -- presumably to get dressed -- she relaxed. Shoulders slumped, she wondered how in the world this had happened.
Lucifer jogged down the stairs in his suit and strode into the kitchen, feeling a little disappointed, but not too much. It had taken all of his willpower not to seduce the detective while he was lying in bed next to her, feeling her body in his arms. She had felt so good.... In her sleep she had actually turned to him in the night, throwing an arm and a leg around him like he was a giant pillow. The feel of her hand on his chest had burned like a hot coal, and her leg tangled with his had been wondrous! It had been a lesson in self-control -- his heart had been pounding all night -- but it had been worth it. Just feeling her wrapped around him was Heaven. In the early morning hours she had turned away, giving him the opportunity to spoon with her.

And then she woke up. He had felt her jerk against him and wondered how it would all play out. Not quite what he would have wished -- he had wanted her to have really rambunctious sex with him -- but her temper at finding him in her bed aroused him to no end. And her blush when she saw his crown jewels! That had given him hope, and made him puff up with pride. She wasn’t as immune to him as she wanted him to believe! Maybe he should be naked around her more often...?

As these thoughts flitted through his head, Lucifer dug through her refrigerator, wondering what he could make for her and her little one for breakfast. Omelettes were always a good choice, but today he wanted to make something different. He didn’t want Chloe to get bored with his food -- or him!

Would the detective get upset if he made beer and bacon pancakes? It was tempting, and he knew they would make her swoon in ecstasy, but her little one might not care for the taste. Chloe would most likely shoot him as well, for making something slightly alcoholic and feeding it to her child. Well, she had all the ingredients for vanilla cinnamon buttermilk pancakes, so he went with that.

Shucking off his jacket and laying it on a nearby chair, he rolled up the sleeves of his dress shirt and got to work. Digging around, he found a “kiss the cook” apron and put it on. Maybe the detective would follow the apron’s advice? That made him break into a huge grin.

As he cooked, he started to hum a happy tune. These days it seemed he was happier than he had been since... well, forever. The thought that he would soon be in a relationship with Chloe sustained him from day to day. The love he felt for her overwhelmed him, filled him with joy -- he could no longer imagine a life without her in it... which was scary, when he really thought about it. She made him mortal! She was human! How could he love her?! And yet he did, with every fiber of his being.

At times he feared he had lost his mind, but then he’d see the detective from afar and realize that he had never felt more sane in his life. This felt right, as if the last piece of a puzzle had fallen into place. Her and her little one made his life complete.

As if she had heard his thoughts, Chloe’s little spawn came running around the corner and barreled into him, giving him her customary hug. He jumped; he never could get used to her spontaneous actions! His insides grew warm at the little girl’s displays of affection, although he still tried not to touch her. He told himself that the feeling the child instilled in him was uncomfortable, for he’d never admit to anyone -- not even himself -- that a child could make him happy.

“Lucifer!” Trixie greeted.

“Hello, child,” he replied.

“Whatca making?”

“Vanilla cinnamon buttermilk pancakes and scrambled eggs with chives, basil and Parmesan cheese.”
She screwed up her face at that, looking up at him with unhappiness. “No chocolate cake?”

Lucifer rolled his eyes. Would the child ever learn to appreciate gourmet food?

“No, child. Your mother threatened to shoot me the last time we tried that.” Indeed, Chloe had actually pulled out her gun when she caught him starting to give the child a slice of cake for breakfast, which had him quickly handing it to her, instead. Needless to say, the little ankle-biter had not been pleased. Neither had he -- he hated seeing the child unhappy. The little girl had stared at him with big, mournful eyes until he handed her forty dollars under the dining table to make up for the loss of cake.

“Okay,” she said sadly as she gazed up at him with those soulful eyes. Oh bloody hell. What did the child want now? He didn’t have to wait long to find out.

“When are we going to see Godzilla again?” she asked.

Right. Godzilla. He owed the big bloke a playdate and had to introduce the detective him, as well. Leaning down close to the little girl, he said, “Are you doing anything this Saturday?”

Trixie’s face lit up. “I don’t think so!”

“Well, go ask your mother if she’s free. If so, I’ll see what I can do.”

“Thanks, Lucifer!” She gave him another hug which made him cry out in distress, then ran to find Chloe.

He could hear the little girl asking her mother -- pleading, actually -- and it brought a reluctant smile to the Devil’s lips. Yes, indeed, he was getting softer than a blob of Jell-o... and it strangely did not bother him one bit.

The fast pitter-patter of feet alerted him to the child’s reappearance. She skidded around the corner and launched herself at him. Lucifer barely had time to drop everything and catch her before she ended up burning herself on the stove.

“She said yes! She said yes!” Grinning hugely, she gave him a big hug before running off again.

The child’s exuberance left him reeling. To bring happiness to her made the warmth in his insides increase, and brought an ache in the general vicinity of his heart. He felt happy, and yet... a little sad at the same time. Had his father ever felt this same warmth for him? Shaking his head at the unusual bout of melancholy, he shrugged off the strange feeling -- it was probably IBS or acid reflux or something.

Saturday couldn’t come soon enough for Lucifer. Excitement ran rampant throughout his body, making his heart beat at a frightening pace. His limbs tingled and those wretched butterflies were hard at work, making those fluttery feelings in his stomach. Rubbing his midsection unhappily, he wished they would stop. It made it bloody hard to get anything done!

Throughout the week he vacillated from unbelievably excited about the weekend to extremely anxious that things would not go right. While he kept LUX running like a well-oiled machine, he
made calls to a bakery that owed him a favor, contacted his monster friends via somewhat unreliable seagulls, and tried to figure out a menu for the food he planned on making.

A shaft of disappointment went through him when Chloe called to tell him that Trixie wanted to eat In-n-Out burgers, and they’d eat before meeting him. Well, that nixed the picnic basket. Perhaps it was for the best, anyway -- he wouldn’t have to worry about the detective getting completely smashed on Scotch. Not that he would have brought any alcohol this time -- he had learned his lesson, but good.

It would have been nice eating with Chloe and her spawn, but he could understand why they would want to eat early. By the time they reached the beach, the sun would be setting and it would be late. Wining and dining the two would have been nice, even if the little one had no taste for gourmet food, but... Oh well. With anyone else, he could have gotten whatever he wanted. With the detective, he’d take whatever he could get. And wasn’t that a sad attitude for the Devil to have?

When evening came around, Lucifer hopped into his Corvette and took off for the detective’s house. His two-seater couldn’t fit everyone, so Chloe had volunteered to drive. He just hoped she didn’t drive like a bloody snail, like she always did. Perhaps he should enroll her in some drag races? He knew of a few speedways that had that....

Pulling up in the driveway, he saw Chloe leaning against her car, dressed in jeans, a knit shirt, and a nice coat. Oh, how sexy she looked! It made his heart beat even faster. He hopped out of his car, smartly dressed in an expensive suit, trying to impress her with his cool moves. Not that the detective could be impressed -- oh no. Nothing could impress that woman! Just that thought brought a bubble of laughter to his lips. He had tried everything!

“Hello, Detective!” he greeted in a bright voice as he approached her. My, she looked bloody fine. Would she swoon with passion if he bent her back over the car and kissed her senseless? Or would she threaten to shoot him? Both options filled him with excitement.

“Trixie’s already in the car,” she said, almost as if she sensed his lustful thoughts. That stopped him in midstep. So much for the kiss.... Had his face given him away? Was he casting bloody sheep’s eyes at her again? Bloody hell, these days he had no idea what his face was doing!

She shot him a smile as she started to get into the car.

“Sit here with me, Lucifer!” Trixie cried from the back seat.

Oh, bloody hell. He had wanted to sit up front with Chloe -- hold her hand during the drive, maybe even place it strategically on his lap? -- but he couldn’t disappoint the little one. She’d stare at him with those big, soulful eyes of hers, and he would feel like someone had stamped all over his insides.

With a sigh, he said, “Right. Of course, child.”

As he climbed in the back seat, Chloe said, “You don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

“It’s quite all right,” Lucifer replied as Trixie grabbed his sleeve and pulled him close to her. “Can’t disappoint the child.”

A quick glance at Chloe in the driver’s seat showed her looking at him over her shoulder with approval. Well, that was encouraging! With a grin, he asked, “Shall we be on our way?”

She chuckled and started the car. “Here we go.”

“Just don’t drive like a bloody snail....”
“I’m a cop, Lucifer. I have to set a good example,” she said as she pulled out of the driveway.

“Nonsense, my dear! Live a little!” he encouraged, but she only laughed at him.

They reached the beach in good time, despite the detective driving like a bloody snail. Lucifer thought he was going to have a conniption from her driving so slowly. Why couldn’t she just couldn’t cut loose and floor it? Bloody hell, she was with the Devil, after all! He really needed to get her onto a race track....

Before Chloe could even park the car next to two big rig trailers, Trixie hopped out and ran for the cliff’s edge.

“Trixie!” She yelled out as she scrambled out of the car, but Lucifer stopped her.

“Let the child go,” he said. “She’s anxious to see her friends.”

The detective looked at him, a strange look on her face. “The monsters?”

The fallen angel nodded. “That’s right. Let’s go meet them, shall we?” he asked as he offered her his arm.

The feel of her hand in the crook of his arm made Lucifer’s insides grow warm with excitement. He shortened the pace of his long legs so that they could walk together, and wondered at the joy that simple action brought. To walk next to her, like this, on a balmy evening with a beautiful sunset painting the sky... it was like he was back in Heaven.

The feeling was so odd. He had never felt the like. It was a little scary, yet exhilarating at the same time. Someday, they wouldn’t have just a sunset, or one evening. Someday, she would fall in love with him, and they’d have all of eternity together. An eternity filled with wonderful, never-ending sex. He could just imagine her naked splendor --

“...isn’t it, Lucifer?”

He blinked. Had she been talking to him? Oh, bloody hell. He had been too wrapped up in his daydream. What had she been saying? Playing it safe, he replied, “Ah....”

Chloe gave him a narrow-eyed look. “Are you okay? You looked... far away.”

Clearing his throat the fallen angel said, “Never better, love.” He smiled down at her, for good measure. Glancing up, he saw that they were almost to the cliff’s edge. “Oh. And here we are, my dear.”

Upon reaching the cliff, Lucifer heard Chloe gasp. Monsters were all along the beach, sunning themselves on the sand and catching the last rays of light. Godzilla, King Ghidorah, Anguirus, Rodan, and -- oh! Someone new! Titanosaurus! He hadn’t seen him in a long time.

Letting out a shrill whistle between his teeth, he announced their presence. Godzilla was the first to look up with a rumble. Lucifer waved, a big smile on his face. He turned to the detective, to find her strangely white.

“Are you all right, my dear?” he asked her. She looked as if she was going to faint, and he felt her fingers tighten on his arm.

Laughing nervously, Chloe said, “Just a little overwhelmed, I guess. It’s hard to imagine these huge monsters being real....”
With a huge grin, he took her hand in his and said, “Come, come! You must meet them all!” and pulled her down the stairs.

Trixie was already on the sand by the time they reached the bottom, racing to and fro in order to greet the huge behemoths. King Ghidorah pushed everyone aside to get to the little girl first. Lucifer heard Chloe gasp with fear, but he squeezed her hand reassuringly.

The big golden dragon, with his three heads looking terribly excited, skidded to a stop just before Trixie, and one of the heads immediately fell to the sand in front of her. The little girl squealed, “Three!” and gave him a big kiss and hug on his big cheek. The dragon’s eyes rolled to the top of his head and his tongue fell out of his mouth in total bliss as his head flopped over, making Trixie laugh. Two came down next and shoved Three aside before butting up against Trixie. She gave him a hug and a kiss too, making Two grin happily. One rolled his eyes at the antics of his other heads, but he bent his neck in a dignified manner and got the next hug and kiss, which had him chirping loudly with pleasure.

Rodan shoved King Ghidorah aside for a little attention, and Godzilla came close to nudge Trixie with his nose like a big horse. She petted them both and gave them big hugs. Anguirus came next and sidled up next to the girl, rubbing his cheek against her. Then Trixie turned to the newcomer.

“Who are you?” she asked as she approached the large bipedal beast. He looked similar to a spinosaurus, except he had a fish tail, and was red with bumpy skin. Titanosaurus bent his head to examine the little girl.

“Trixie --” Chloe cried, one hand out to stop her daughter, but Lucifer held her back with an arm around her shoulders.

With a smile, he said, “Watch.”

Trixie stared up at the big dinosaur, awe in her eyes. “Wow, you look like a sea dragon! You’re so pretty!”

Titanosaurus blinked at her, surprised.

“No one’s ever called him pretty,” Lucifer whispered in Chloe’s ear, grinning.

“I love your tail! And your color! And the spiny fin on your back -- you’re so beautiful!”

The big dinosaur’s hide turned a darker shade of red, and he looked bashfully at the little girl. Lowering his head again, he nudged her with his nose, and she gave him a big hug.

“And she’s won him over,” the fallen angel continued.

Titanosaurus looked at Lucifer and trumpeted. Trixie turned to look at him as well.

“What did he say?” she asked.

“He wants to take you for a ride on the water.” With a smile, the fallen angel said, “Perhaps later, Titanosaurus. I want everyone to meet the child’s mother.”

The monsters all crowded around, which had Chloe clinging to Lucifer’s side in fear. Oh, how her body pressed up against him sent thrills through his veins! If only the monsters and the little one weren’t around -- he’d sweep her off her feet, lay her on the sand, and make love to her right there on the beach --
Godzilla rumbled, breaking into Lucifer’s thoughts. “Right. Yes,” he said, clearing his throat. “This is Beatrice’s mother, Chloe Decker. I know some of you met her before.”

Rodan squawked.

“Oh no, she knows you’re real now,” he said. Turning to Chloe, he said, “Let me introduce you.” Pointing to the giant fire-breathing lizard, he said, “This is Godzilla.”

“H-hello,” she squeaked, then cleared her throat and said in a stronger, clear voice, “Hello. I’m sorry I kicked you in the face when we first met.”

Godzilla chuffed out a laugh that had Chloe smiling. He rumbled, and Lucifer translated, “He says he doesn’t mind.”

“And this is King Ghidorah,” he said, pointing at the three-headed golden dragon.

“Hello,” she said. “Which one of you was the peeping tom?”

Three buried his head into the necks of the other heads in embarrassment, which made Chloe laugh.

“That’s Three,” the Devil said, pointing to the embarrassed dragon head on the right. “Two is on the left and One is the dominant head, in the center.” Both One and Two gave her a stately bow, which didn’t look very dignified with Three still trying to bury his head in their necks.

Pointing to the large pteranodon, the mutated ankylosaurus and the spinosaurus-like creature, he said, “And that’s Rodan and Anguirus. Titanosaurus is over there.”

All three dinosaurs gave her a bow.

Lucifer chanced a peek at the detective’s face, and was satisfied to see the wonder and amazement on her face.

“They’re all so... different from how people say they are,” she said in awe. “They seem so... nice.”

“Like yours truly,” the fallen angel said. “We’re all bloody misunderstood.”

She looked up at him at that, her eyes soft and kind. “Yes, yes you are.”

Lucifer’s chest puffed out at her comment, feeling happiness flood his chest. Did that mean she was looking at him with favor? Perhaps she was falling in love with him, at last? The thought thrilled him.

Godzilla chuffed another laugh, which made the other monsters chuckle.

Oh bloody hell. He was casting sheep’s eyes again....

Cringing a bit, the Devil found a good rock to sit on, lifted Chloe to sit next to him, and threw an arm around her while they watched Trixie play with her monster friends.

Chloe and Lucifer ended up on the top of the cliff while Trixie taught the monsters how to play...
Marco Polo, since the ocean was so close by. She set up boundaries for them, specifying rocks that they couldn’t pass, then explained the elements of the game. Godzilla, Titanosaurus, King Ghidorah and Anguirus all stayed on the continental shelf, which was shallower than than the deep sea, so that the ankylosaurus quadruped could play. Rodan stayed on land, as referee.

“They really like her,” Chloe said with wonder as she stared at the monsters playing in the ocean, with her daughter staying close by Rodan on the beach.

“They love her,” Lucifer said simply. As I love you, he thought, but the words remained unspoken. She wasn’t ready to hear that from him, and he wasn’t ready to say it. He wasn’t sure if he ever would be -- the Devil in love?! Ridiculous! And yet....

But oh, this might be a good time for them to get to know each other better, since the spawn was occupied, and the detective did say a walk along the beach was a good way to do it.

“Would you like to take a walk along the cliffside?” Lucifer asked.

“Oh, that would be nice,” Chloe said with her back still to her companion. With a sigh, she turned, and her smile immediately fell off her face. “What the hell?!?” she squeaked, her voice an octave higher than it usually was.

Lucifer stood before her with his feet planted firmly into the ground, his arms akimbo -- stark naked. Standing there with his chest puffed out, he looked prouder than a male peacock. In the short time her back was turned, he had managed to strip off all his clothes.

The detective’s jaw dropped open and she nearly screamed, “What the hell, Lucifer! Why are you naked?!” She quickly whirled around to face the ocean.

“Right. You said a good way to get to know each other is by taking a walk along the bloody beach,” he said. “I know the cliffside isn’t exactly the beach, but --”

“Why are you naked?!”

Confusion washed over Lucifer. She wasn’t pleased? But.... “How can you get to know me if you don’t see all of me? How else am I to show you who I really am? You said you liked a man who has the courage to do so. Besides,” he added with a wicked grin, “you must admit, it’s a shame to hide this physique, is it not? Bloody perfection, if you ask me!” He turned a slow circle, showing off his entire body in all its glory, but was dismayed when she didn’t turn around.

Still, the big grin didn’t fall from his face until he saw Godzilla standing off in the water, looking at him with wide, panicked eyes and shaking his head furiously.

Lucifer stood there, puzzled, before glancing at King Ghidorah. All three heads were gaping at him in shock. Titanosaurus, realizing something had halted the game, turned to look at the cliff, turned three shades of red, and quickly averted his gaze. Anguirus saw what was going on and scrambled onto the beach. With a wail of distress, he quickly nudged Trixie further down along the sand, while the girl asked him what was wrong.

Rodan had the good sense to lean over, carefully pick up Lucifer’s boxer shorts in his beak, and hand them to the Devil.

“But --” he objected as he took his underwear from the pteranodon. Rodan squawked over his protest, and gently nudged Chloe with the side of his beak as he issued more squawks, getting her attention away from Lucifer as he dressed.
“I don’t know what you’re saying,” Chloe said apologetically.

Once Lucifer was completely clothed, Rodan gave him a narrow-eyed look and a long squawk before shuffling down the beach.

“What did he say?” Chloe asked as she turned to look at him. Relief was evident on her face when she saw that he was dressed.

“He was defending your honor,” Lucifer said unhappily as he straightened his tie. “Apparently it’s not bloody acceptable for the Devil to be without clothes in their presence.” The disgruntled fallen angel stared at the detective when she started laughing like there was no tomorrow. “What’s so funny?” he asked.

“The monsters have good sense!” she managed to say between chuckles.

“And you think the Devil doesn’t?” he said indignantly.

That just made her laugh even harder. “Not when it comes to being naked!”

Lucifer couldn’t hold onto his indignation when he saw how amused Chloe was. With a shake of his head, he started chuckling, as well. “Bloody hell... And to think,” he said, “all those bloody monsters are naked, and they complain about me....”

He perked up when she took his hand in hers and led him to the stairs. “Come on,” she said. “Let’s go join them.”

“Yes, let’s. I have to give Godzilla his bloody chocolate cake,” Lucifer said as he tossed his head in the direction of the two big rig trailers parked next to Chloe’s car.

“Those are all full of cake?!” she said, agog.

“Mm, I owe him,” he said with a smile, then turned to wave the big lizard down.

Later, Lucifer and Chloe sat in front of a bonfire with a blanket wrapped around them as Trixie slept in a little area where King Ghidorah’s three long necks interwove themselves to make a warm enclosure for the little girl. The other monsters stood protectively on the beach, guarding their friends.

“They’re so good to her....” Chloe said with wonder.

“Your little one has charmed them all,” the fallen angel replied.

“It’s really mind-boggling.”

“Why?” Lucifer asked, turning to look at her. “Her mother has the same effect on me.”

He studied her features as firelight danced on her cheeks and face. Being so close to her made his heart pound a furious beat. Just a little more -- he could close the gap, and then his lips would be on hers --
“I’ve charmed you?” she asked.

Whoops. Did he tip his hand too soon? But he couldn’t lie to her. Not ever.

“Yes, you have,” he said quietly.

A slow smile lit her face like a beacon, which fascinated Lucifer to no end. Perhaps she wasn’t as immune to him either...?

“You’ve charmed me, too,” she admitted softly.

He perked up at that. Struggling to keep his face calm while his insides exploded in joy, he said, “Really?”

She nodded.

“Right. I can charm you more if I’m naked --” he said excitedly as he began to yank off his tie.

Chloe laughed as Godzilla turned to the Devil, gave him the evil eye, and shook his head firmly.

“I don’t think Godzilla approves,” she said.

“Well, perhaps later...” Lucifer said in his best, sultry bedroom voice.

Rodan squawked once. The woman in the fallen angel’s arms looked at him for translation.

“Rodan says no,” he said with a roll of his eyes. “Bloody hell, these monsters are going to be the death of me!”

Chloe’s laughter rang out across the quiet beach.

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When it was finally time to leave, Chloe thanked each of the monsters while Trixie sleepily gave them all hugs and kisses. Lucifer translated all of the monsters’ roars and calls.

Godzilla rumbled. “Be good.”

King Ghidorah’s One chirped. “Please let Trixie come and play again soon.”

Titanosaurus trumpeted. “It was nice meeting you all.”

Anguirrus wailed. “I will miss the child.”

Rodan squawked. “Don’t besmirch Chloe’s honor.”

At the big pteranodon’s statement, the blonde woman gave the dinosaur a big pat. “You’re quite the chivalrous one, aren’t you?” she asked with a smile, which had Rodan puffing up with pride. When he leaned down, she gave him a hug on his beak. Lucifer swore the fool bird turned three shades of red.

How could these bloody monsters get more love and attention from the detective than he did? He just couldn’t understand it....
When they finally returned to the detective’s house, Lucifer carried the little child to her bed. Ambling out of the room while Chloe dressed the girl in her pajamas and tucked her in, he took a seat on the living room couch. When the blonde woman finally emerged, he immediately rose and strode over to her.

Her smile awaited him when he stood before her -- a happy smile that filled his insides with that pesky warmth that made him want to pull her into his arms and kiss her until her knees buckled. It was a hard urge to resist, but he managed... barely.

“Thank you for an interesting night,” Chloe said, looking up at him.

Her words made him stand a little straighter. “You’re welcome.”

“I like your friends. To think, all this time I thought you were using influential Hollywood movie people!” she laughed as she shook her head.

“Well, I do have Hollywood movie friends -- I just wasn’t asking them for a favor.”

“You and your favors.” She grinned when she said it.

Lucifer eased a little closer to Chloe. If he moved slowly enough, he could be right next to her without her realizing it, until he could kiss her....

“I am the Devil, my dear Detective.” His voice dropped lower, as he edged even closer. She was so beautiful, with her big eyes and her lips so kissable....

Chloe suddenly backed up a step, breaking the spell he had been trying to weave. Not to be deterred, Lucifer closed the gap and reached for her. Gently pulling her into his arms, he brought her so close that he could feel all of her against him. Her hands rested against his chest, burning him where she touched, and he felt arousal shoot through his body. Slowly he bent down, giving her time to pull away if she wanted to. Closer and closer he came, his lips just millimeters from hers, when she suddenly turned her head. Lucifer pulled back, puzzled. When he looked into her eyes, he saw them filled with... something. Passion, yes, but... something else. Fear?

“Are you frightened of me?” he asked worriedly in a soft voice. “Because I’m the Devil?”

She shook her head. “No. Not... because you’re the Devil.”

“Then why?”

“I... I don’t want to be hurt again.”

“Hurt...?! I’d never hurt you --” he cried, loosening the grip of his arms and widening the gap between them, only to see her shaking her head.

“No... not physically... and not intentionally, I’m sure.” He watched her bite her lower lip.

Lucifer didn’t understand. “Then how?”

Chloe pulled out of his embrace. Standing with her back to him, she rubbed her upper arms as if she
was cold. Unsure of how to proceed, the fallen angel took a step toward her, then stopped. He felt... helpless. What was she afraid of, if it wasn’t his Devil persona?

“I... I made a big mistake with Dan,” she said so quietly that he had to strain to hear her. “I don’t want to make the same mistake with you. If... if I trust you, and you end up....”

She was silent for so long that Lucifer finally asked, “What, Detective?”

“I’m an idiot,” he thought he heard her say. Suddenly she laughed, and it took him by surprise. It was a harsh, bitter laugh, something he wasn’t used to hearing from her. He saw her smile as she turned, but her eyes shone a little too brightly. Was she... crying? “Nothing, Lucifer. It’s nothing. Thank you for a wonderful night. And now you have to go.”

“What?! Bloody hell, Detective, what --” He suddenly found himself getting pushed out the door. Trying to stop his backward movement, he threw his hand out and caught the edge of the front door frame. “Wait, tell me what --”

“I’m sorry, Lucifer.” Regret laced her voice as she gave him a final push over the threshold and shut the door. “It was a mistake. I shouldn’t have -- I’m sorry.”

The fallen angel stood on her entry porch, staring at the front door. Bloody hell, what had just happened? For a long minute he stood there, at a complete loss, before determination filled him. Something was wrong, and he was going to find out what it was. He wasn’t the Devil for nothing!

Chloe stood in front of the mirror, all ready for bed in her nightshirt, and called herself ten times a fool. She couldn’t believe she was falling in love with a playboy nightclub owner who was an ass most of the time -- a childish ass. This just proved she had zero sense when it came to men.

After Dan, she had told herself she’d find a man who was honest. Someone who made her laugh. Someone who was good to Trixie. Someone --

*Lucifer is all that,* a quiet voice in the back of her head said.

“But he’s not dependable,” she told her reflection. “Mentally, he’s ten years old. I can’t....”

*He’s handsome as sin and kind, to boot. He’s a good man. You said so yourself.*

“Shut up.” Sighing, she washed her face with a little too much vigor then rinsed it off, wiping it in the fluffy towel next to her. She just couldn’t get involved with Lucifer -- she just couldn’t. She was falling harder than she had for Dan -- and look what had happened with him. It had taken a long time to recover from Dan’s... boredom, and then on top of that, there was the Palmetto betrayal. What if Lucifer got bored, too? He had had sex with thousands of women, she was sure of it. What was to stop him from casting her aside once they slept together?

It would crush her. With the hold he was getting on her heart, he had the power to destroy her. No. She couldn’t do it -- wouldn’t do it. Even though it hurt like she was cutting her heart in half, she was going to end it. She had known she would when they had almost kissed downstairs -- when she had laughed bitterly. It had been agony then... and it was even worse now.
With a sigh, she threw the towel down on the counter, and went into her bedroom.

Lucifer was lying on her bed, fully dressed.

“What --” she gasped as he stood up, giving her a smouldering look with his sexy grin.

“Hello, Detective.”

“Why are you in my bedroom? I just sent you home --”

“Something’s wrong,” he said, cutting her off. “And I mean to find out what it is.” He doffed off his shoes and started taking off his jacket.

Chloe stared at him with big eyes. “What are you doing?”

Lucifer threw his jacket on the bed and started loosening his tie, a devilish grin on his face. “Well, my dear, unless you tell me what is wrong, I am going to take off all of my clothes. Now I know how much you love to see me naked --”

“No no no no no,” she cried, rushing up and grabbing at his hands as they threw his tie on the bed. “Lucifer, no. This is silly. You can’t --”

“Can’t I?” he asked as he grinned even wider and pulled out his shirt from his trousers. His long fingers started to slowly undo the buttons, one at a time. Chloe found her eyes going to his chest as the shirt fell away. Her mouth went dry. Oh god. He was so beautiful.... Damn it, this was not the time to be lusting after him -- she had to end this!

With one quick motion he slipped out of his shirt, his eyes never leaving her face. His eyes were full of fire, burning with determination, hunger, and something else. Something she couldn’t quite identify....

The shirt was tossed onto the bed with the rest of his clothes, and then his hands were at his trousers, undoing the fly. Before she could say another word, the material slid down his legs, and he stepped out of them. He still had his socks and his silk boxer shorts on... and then he removed the socks.

“I guess you really do want to see me naked,” Lucifer said in his sultry voice as his hands went to the waistband of his shorts. “Not that I mind, mind you, but I really would like to know what is wrong....”

“Wait!” she cried, stopping his hands with hers. Oh god, her hands were so close to his wedding tackle. Oh my....

Taking a deep breath, she said, “Let’s sit and talk.”

“And oh, so very close!” he teased, his tone low and sexy. “You know, my dear, we can talk after I take off my shorts. No? Oh, very well. Slightly disappointing, but only slightly.” He sat down next to her on the bed -- a little too close for comfort. She could feel his body heat pouring off of him, making her warmer than she already was.

“I... I’m sorry about earlier,” she said. Looking down at her hands, she said, “I think... I think we should call it quits.”

“What?!” His horrified voice brought her head up, her eyes flying to his. He truly looked distressed. “Bloody hell, you can’t mean that. We haven’t even started anything --”
“It’s not you. It’s me.” The old cliche. She felt bad using it, but it was true.

His eyes narrowed. “Right. That usually means it’s me, I believe.”

She was quick to dissuade him. “Oh no, Lucifer. It’s not you. Truly. I just....” There was just no
good way to explain. Heaving a sigh, she started again. “You have to understand.... When I met
Dan, I thought he was the one, you know? We’d live out our lives together happily with Trixie. I
never thought anything would ever go wrong. And then... he got bored.”

“What?!” Lucifer roared, his eyes burning red with fire. “Why that sodding douche! I’ll tear his
bloody limbs off!”

Chloe gripped his shoulder when it looked like he was actually going to jump up, seek out Dan and
do just that. “No, Lucifer. No. It’s okay. It was... a long time ago.”

When he settled back down, she continued. “I got over it, but now... I don’t trust my judgement in
men. And you’re --”

“The Devil?” he said dryly with a bitter twist to his mouth.

“No. You’re a playboy. How many women have you slept with?” she asked.

“Millions, I believe,” he said proudly, puffing his chest out, before glancing at her. With a confused
look in his eyes, he cocked his head and said, “That’s not good?”

Chloe ignored his question. “How many of those women did you have relations with for more
than... a week?”

Dead silence answered her question.

“And there you go. I don’t want to be one in a long string of women. You may be able to handle
that sort of thing, but I can’t. Not again. Someday, you’ll get bored --”

“I’ll never get bored!” Lucifer cried, but Chloe talked right over him.

“You will get bored, and I’ll be left in the same spot as I was with Dan. I can’t have that. It... it hurts
too much.” And with you, I’d be destroyed, she added in her head, but didn’t say it aloud.

Reaching over, the tall man plucked her hand from her lap and caressed it tenderly. For a long
moment he was silent. When he finally did speak, his low voice was soft and very gentle.

“Detective, I have never lied to you, and I never will. I will never hurt you, my dear. And I will
never get bored.” Chloe’s head shot up at his statement, her heart beating double-time. She saw in
his eyes that he was indeed telling the truth. Still....

“You may say that now, but later --”

“I won’t change my mind,” he said firmly. Leaning over, he cupped her face in his hands and kissed
her on her forehead. “I give you my word.”

Chloe squeezed her eyes shut, feeling a fierce happiness wash through her. Oh, if only she could
bring herself to believe him!

“Give us a chance, love,” he said quietly. “Give me that, at least.”

Don’t, her brain warned. Save yourself! If he betrays you, you’ll never recover --
“Okay,” she heard herself say shakily as her heart did a somersault in her chest. “We’ll give it a try.” She shut her eyes tightly. *I’m a fool,* she told herself. She could only see a bad ending to this, but perhaps if she tread very carefully, she could try to protect her heart....

“Good,” he said. Then a little louder, “Good! Now it’s time for you to go to bed.”

With careful, gentle hands, he helped her into bed and tucked her in. For a moment she thought he was going to leave, but then he slid between the sheets next to her.

“Lucifer, what the hell?!” she protested. It sounded a little weak in her ears, but she still made the effort.

“I still have my shorts on, my dear. Nothing for you to worry about. Now sleep,” he said in her ear as he snuggled up against her. His arm wrapped around her waist and he closed his eyes. In a matter of minutes, his breathing was deep and even. Chloe glanced at him, unable to believe he could fall asleep so quickly, then chuckled to herself. It was so typical of Lucifer -- he always did the unexpected. Reaching over, she switched off the lamp. For a moment she looked at the silhouette of Lucifer in the dark, limned by moonlight, and wished that time would stop. If only she could stay in this moment forever, with Lucifer sleeping peacefully beside her and her heart still whole -- but that was impossible. Getting comfortable herself, she fell asleep quickly.

Lucifer held Chloe until he felt her fall asleep, then slipped out of bed to strip out of his shorts and hopped back in again. She would kill him in the morning for being naked, but he loved her fire, and relished seeing her temper in all its glory. Pulling the detective onto his chest, he held on fast to her, thinking of everything she had said.

She had been hurt before, by that bloody sodding douche. It figured that now *he* had to pay for all the mistakes that bloody idiot had made.

He had to win her over.... It was imperative that he did so. Something deep inside told him that if he lost Chloe now, his chance for happiness would be gone forever. This was one battle that he could not afford to lose. He had to persuade her to fall in love with him -- trust him -- so that they could be together for eternity.

Glancing down at her in the dark, he studied her face softened by sleep. A life without her was unimaginable. Thinking hard, he began to make plans. Romance, yes -- in spades. Maybe more monsters to impress her? And definitely some nakedness thrown in! The detective clearly did not have enough nakedness -- his nakedness -- in her life. Smiling, he closed his eyes and dreamed of the future.
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