I'm Only Human After All

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8105791.

| Rating:     | Mature                        |
| Archive Warning: | Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category:   | M/M                           |
| Fandom:     | Supernatural                  |
| Relationship: | Lucifer/Sam Winchester        |
| Character:  | Lucifer, Sam Winchester, Cara Coburn |
| Additional Tags: | The Tomorrow People AU, Sam is not human, Lucifer is Jedekiah Price, Lucifer hunts Sam's species, Sam is Lucifer's best soldier, Until he finds out he's been used, torture (mentioned), Dubious Morality, Experiments, Not a healthy relationship |
| Stats:      | Published: 2016-09-21 Words: 1686 |

I'm Only Human After All

by wewillalwaysenduphere

Summary

“You don’t have to do this, Sam.”

Lucifer was wearing one of his custom-made suits, his face as expressionless as usual, his blue eyes cold and inscrutable, but Sam knew him too well. He gave him a crooked smile.

“But I want to.”

Sam was hooked to more machines than he could count, sensors all over his naked torso, IVs hooked to both his elbows. He knew the drugs could kill him. Lucifer knew it as well.

Notes

AU, based on The Tomorrow People. Sam belongs to The Tomorrow People, the next step of evolution, and Lucifer leads the govenment organization Ultra tasked with finding and destroying them. But Lucifer recruits some of them as his agents, and Sam is one of them. Until he finds out he has been deceived.

(The original character Jedekiah Price is played by Mark Pellegrino, and Lucifer is basially Jedekiah.)

Written as part of the Rare Ship Creations Challenge on tumblr. Prompt: “I ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice chianti.” The Silence of the Lambs

The title is also taken from Rag'n'Bone Man's "Human"
Maybe I’m foolish, maybe I’m blind
Thinking I can see through this and see what’s behind
Got no way to prove it so maybe I’m blind

Take a look in the mirror and what do you see?

Rag'n'Bone Man, Human

Sam didn’t know how much his life would change the first time Lucifer walked through the door to what he should probably consider his home, but the moment he spoke to him the first time – just thinking the words – he stopped breathing.

You can read my mind. I can’t read yours. If you understand me, nod.

He nodded once. So Lucifer took him away from foster home #5 and he never looked back.

Sam tried to leave Ultra once. He wandered the streets of New York for two weeks, starving, stealing, freezing, begging, until he stole from the wrong person. The man followed him into a dark alley, pressed him against the wall and started tearing off his too thin clothes. Sam tried to reach for his powers, to get away, to teleport, to push him away, but he was too scared, too nervous, and he couldn’t get a grip.

Then a single gunshot rang, and the greedy fingers wrapped around his slender waist disappeared. Blood was coming from a hole in the man’s chest, and he gurgled something incomprehensible before falling to the ground. Behind him was Lucifer, gun drawn, his face perfectly composed, but his blue eyes looked like the sea during a storm.

“You can read my mind. I can’t read yours. If you understand me, nod.”

He shrugged off his jacket, offering it to Sam, who took it silently, still looking down at the dead man. He would be lying if he claimed to be sorry.

“Listen to me, Sam. The real world is full of dark, warped, cunning individuals. And you don’t survive by looking at them with wide naive eyes.”

This time, he understood. Understood why the training was so hard, why Ultra’s rules were so merciless, why Lucifer did what he did. From that day on, Sam was focused on his training, to make sure his abilities would never leave him hanging like that again.
“You don’t have to do this, Sam.”

Lucifer was wearing one of his custom-made suits, his face as expressionless as usual, his blue eyes cold and inscrutable, but Sam knew him too well. He gave him a crooked smile.

“But I want to.”

Sam was hooked to more machines than he could count, sensors all over his naked torso, IVs hooked to both his elbows. He knew the drugs could kill him. Lucifer knew it as well.

“One could almost think you’re concerned about me.”

Sam was teasing, and Lucifer saw right through him.

“You’re my best agent.”

Still no discernible emotion in his eyes, his voice just as empty. But Sam knew there was more.

“When this is over, your best agent will be even better. I won’t disappoint you.”

Lucifer simply nodded, and then the scientists started shutting the chamber he was in, but Lucifer stopped them.

“Let me do it.”

He looked at Sam, and Sam gave him a simple nod. So Lucifer pressed the button, the door closing before Sam’s eyes, and he could feel the temperature drop.

Lucifer didn’t leave. He stood right there, watching through the glass, locking eyes with Sam, and Sam remembered feeling the liquid entering his body, his blood stream, Lucifer’s blue eyes, and then-

pain.

He was the first one to survive. He woke up and didn’t feel any different. His abilities were still intact, still the same – telepathy, telekinesis, teleportation, but the next time Lucifer handed him a gun, he could pull the trigger. He could kill.

“You know, I really believe your species is the future”, Lucifer admitted, amidst crumbled sheets, playing with Sam’s long hair. His head was resting on Lucifer’s chest, and his eyes were closed.

You do?

He didn’t bother speaking. Lucifer tensed up a little, the way he always did when Sam was inside his head. He took a deep breath and relaxed.

“Yeah. Sadly you’re also too dangerous to just let evolution take its course.”

Sam nodded. He’d seen it. Tomorrow People cheating in casinos, breaking into houses, credit institutes, museums, using their powers to get what they wanted, humans left confused, telling
unbelievable stories to the police.

A small part of Sam knew he was betraying his own species, but Lucifer had saved him years ago, from an abusive father, had given him a proper home, an education, taught him how to use his powers, and Sam loved the man.

More important, Lucifer loved him as well.

The first time Sam dared to doubt Lucifer was when he saw the Citadel. Tomorrow People, caged like animals, to be used for experiments he couldn’t stomach even looking at.

*How can you allow this?*

*This is a war, Sam. You’re too intelligent to think there wouldn’t be any victims.*

*Death is a mercy compared to what you’re doing here.*

Lucifer looked at him, and for the first time Sam could not look past his stoic mask, and for the first time he was afraid to look into his head.

It happened by accident, really. He was following the outbreak, a young girl, maybe sixteen, and when suddenly a group of other Tomorrow People appeared he just held onto her and found himself in a subway station.

They didn’t flinch when he drew his gun.

“*You can’t kill. You’re one of us.*”

Sam smiled, and pulled the trigger.

He’d shot their leader, so they tried to fight against him with their powers, but he was good. He killed two more of them before they managed to subdue him.

“*Why can you kill? Did they experiment on you?*”

Sam thought back to the Citadel, and thought about what they had done to him in comparison to that, and shook his head. Lucifer would come for him. He knew that.

“*Great. They warped his mind. The Devil probably got to his head.*”

Sam tilted his head slightly.

“I’m perfectly sane.”

“*Yeah, and that’s why you try to erase your own species.*”

“*Because some of us are dangerous. We might not be human, but we’re not above the law.*”

She leaned down then, long brown hair falling around her face like a curtain. Sam knew she tried to read his mind, but he was too well-trained for her to succeed.
“You’re nothing but their bitch”, she hissed, and Sam just gave her one of his sweetest smiles.

“So you call Lucifer ‘The Devil’? Really?” He chuckled, but she stayed dead-serious.

“You should call things what they are.”

Sam rolled his eyes. These kids down here might not be evil, but they weren’t really intelligent either. No threat, he decided. He would bring them in, Lucifer could take their powers, and they could continue their normal human lives.

Lucifer left no stone unturned to get Sam back. The telepaths tracked him in two days, and when the kill squad stormed the old, abandoned subway station, killing all of them, no questions asked, Lucifer on their heels, not hesitating to end whoever came close to him, Sam saw why they called him Devil.

Cara – the girl with the long hair – hid behind him and tried to bargain her way out of this, but Lucifer shot her right in the head, no hesitation. The others just teleported out then, and Sam was back where he belonged – only now he started questioning if Lucifer’s side was really where he belonged.

An Ultra agent managed to capture Cara’s boyfriend, and Sam saw him exactly once, before they shipped him off to the Citadel. He was safe now, back at Ultra, but when he looked at Lucifer, he didn’t see the man who saved him anymore. And when he looked in the mirror he didn’t see himself anymore. He saw a traitor, a tool, a boy that had been lied to.

It was the middle of the night when Sam teleported into Lucifer’s apartment, but the other had expected him. There was something broken between them, and Lucifer’s perfect mask had a crack, making it too easy for Sam to see all the things he never wanted to see.

“What did you do to him? Cara’s boyfriend?”

“I ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice chianti.” Lucifer laughed. “He’s being used for research. You know what they do at the Citadel.”

“But they were harmless. You said you have rules. Take their powers, not kill them.”

Sam still hoped Lucifer would say the right thing, would dispel his doubts, would pull him in, kiss him and make it all okay. But Lucifer didn’t.

“They took you. They attacked my agents. They were not harmless. No one of you is harmless.”

His eyes were cold and hard, just like his voice. Sam nodded, whispering, “So now I’m one of them.”

“You always were. I love you, Sam. But you know where my loyalties lie.”

“I do”, he rasped, trying to stay standing. How did he never see this? No matter what Lucifer felt for him, he was an asset before everything else.

Cara had been right. They had experimented on him, and he had let himself believe it had happened because he volunteered. Lucifer had had it all planned out. Had taken an emotionally starved boy in, given him what he needed most, and gotten a perfect soldier out of the deal.
Sam raised his hand, gun pointed at Lucifer’s head. He didn’t even flinch.

“You can’t kill me. I made you.”

And there it was: The perfect mask, the inscrutable expression Sam used to be able to read. But now? Now Sam knew he had been used. Knew why they called Lucifer The Devil.

“Maybe not. But I can kill everyone else who belongs to Ultra. I can give away all your secrets. I can break you.”

Sam’s smile was sharp and cruel, dangerous and deathly. He teleported away, and couldn’t help thinking he had become just what Lucifer used to warn him of: One of the dark, warped, cunning individuals lurking in the shadows.

End Notes

Thanks for Reading :)
Comments & Kudos are always appreciated :)

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