

# You are my sunshine

Von Alucard

## Inhaltsverzeichnis

|   |    |
|---|----|
| <b>Kapitel 1: Naughty steps</b> .....           | 2  |
| <b>Kapitel 2: The dangers of Sneezing</b> ..... | 5  |
| <b>Kapitel 3: Part of the family</b> .....      | 10 |

## Kapitel 1: Naughty steps

Lucifer hated Christmas. Every year the same, stupid thing, for 2,000 years now. Why did people feel the need to celebrate his stupid half-brother's birthday? It wasn't even the right date.

No, he wasn't jealous, of course not. The Devil didn't get jealous. Even the notion! Lucifer emptied his drink. Every Christmas he felt the same. Nearly everyone got ready to celebrate with their friends and families, happy decorations, lights, delicious food everywhere and people buying presents for their loved ones.

Not him though, he had neither. Well, he had the Detective, but why would she want him ruining her stupid festivities, anyway?

Lucifer preferred being alone in his penthouse. LUX also closed during the holidays. Not even all the lonely people would want to come here, so he was on his own.

With a sigh, he flicked what was left from his cigarette over the rail and put his wings away. Lucifer enjoyed the cool evening breeze on his feathers from time to time, but he had enough of that today.

Oh, how he longed for his Detective - sure, they had argued once more today about the stunt he had pulled with the Sinnerman. She wouldn't hear him out. Chloe had been so angry with him that she wouldn't even take him back to the station in her car, he had to get an Uber.

And later the revelations with Pierce? Cain? Whoever, Lucifer didn't care. Not when she wouldn't even read his texts. He tried to call her one more time. And again she ignored him.

Lucifer tried to ease his mind with a few songs on his beloved piano, but as soon as he sat down, he was flooded with memories of how they both had spent hours next to each other, talking, laughing and just enjoying each other's company.

So that wasn't an option, either.

The Devil paced in his penthouse; not even his favorite Scotch could calm him down. Maybe he could see her? Just a short glimpse through the window?

Normally he would have refused to use his stupid feathered appendages, but Chloe knew the sound of his car, so he didn't have another choice right now. Since his wings were back he had only used them one time, so he was pretty nervous when he dived right over the rail of his balcony.

For a few moments he fell and a long forgotten panic rose inside of him...memories he tried to forget so desperately were fogging his mind, but after a few seconds his muscles remembered what to do. The wings flared out, caught an air stream and stopped his fall.

Lucifer would never admit it, but he missed that feeling so much. The wind in his hair and in his feathers, to feel how the airstreams changed, the thrill when he missed a building by just inches.

6 long years he had been grounded and he still knew how to fly by heart. It just took a few minutes to arrive at Chloe's place. He knew Maze was on a bounty hunting mission, so he wouldn't get spotted by her.

The apartment door was decorated with ridiculous looking reindeer and chains of lights were placed in the windows which created a warm and cozy shine. Chloe was baking, he could see her moving in her kitchen from his position through the windows. Lucifer hoped she could bake better than she cooked.

And now? He just stood there, eager to knock, but he couldn't.

"I had your back on this, Lucifer, and for whatever reason, you still felt the need to go behind mine."

He just felt so betrayed by those words, like back when the stupid preacher had been shot in his bar. Or when she had thought he was the one who had tipped off Charlotte in court.

Lucifer just leaned against the wall, lit up a cigarette, closed his eyes and listened. At least he could pretend to be inside with them.

"Mommy, can we give Lucifer some of the cookies too? I'm pretty sure he will like them. Maybe when he is visiting us the next time?"

Chloe loved her little girl, especially when she smiled brightly like this. Trixie really loved Lucifer. He was like that weird, but fun, uncle to her.

"I don't know, monkey. Lucifer is very busy at the moment. You know everyone is busy around Christmas." She took another baking tray out of the oven so Trixie could decorate the cookies.

"I'm pretty sure he has to prepare his home for a big party with his friends and family." Chloe was convinced Lucifer was already looking for some slutty Santa and elf outfits for his Britneys.

She was still angry with him what had he done with the Sinnerman. What was happening with her partner?

He had reverted so much since his kidnapping, behaving like the man she had met some time ago at his piano at LUX.

Lucifer was also getting deeper and deeper into his delusions. She couldn't deal with him like this anymore. Sometimes she wondered why Linda couldn't help him, but the detective would not tolerate his bullshit any longer.

At the same time, she felt sorry for him. What had happened that he couldn't let go of his Luciferness? Who was the man behind the mask?

Trixie huffed while she decorated the little Christmas cookie trees with sprinkles. She missed the tall man dearly, but was sure he would come to visit. He did that so often it had become normal for her.

Lucifer got lost in his thoughts a while ago. He was smoking another cigarette, still listening to the sounds inside. He could hear Chloe cleaning the dishes, sending Trixie to bed and calling Dan to invite him to Christmas dinner. Well, the Douche was better than Pierce, but why did he care anyway?

The fallen angel sank to the ground, leaning against the wall. Just a few more minutes. He could imagine himself sitting on the couch, playing on his phone till Chloe would join him and they would watch one of those ridiculous romantic comedy movies she liked so much. In the end she really did watch a movie. Lucifer knew he should have left, but he didn't want to. He told himself that just a few more minutes wouldn't harm anyone. Or would it?

"LUCIFER!"

He startled awake, blinking at the human in front of him. His brain was still rebooting, but why was Beatrice here? Shouldn't she be in bed? He blinked again; it was daylight.

He had fallen asleep in front of Chloe's apartment. The same Chloe who had been on her way out to bring Trixie to school, but was now standing in front of him, puzzled and angry.

"Lucifer, what the hell are you doing... Did you sleep here?" Why should he? She looked at the club owner and even Trixie eyed him skeptically. His hair was a curly mess, his suit was wrinkled, and he had the texture of the floor imprinted on his face.

"You know what? I don't have time for this - it's my day off, I need to bring Trixie to school...come on monkey."

The latter hugged Lucifer who was still not fully awake.

"Don't worry, you don't have to stay on the naughty step forever." She grinned at the Devil before running after her mother.

## Kapitel 2: The dangers of Sneezing

When Chloe came back from the school, she had just wanted to make a quick stop at home to grab her shopping list. She needed this day to buy presents for everyone. Lucifer wasn't in front of her apartment anymore. Good. What had he been doing there anyway? That had been weird even for him, and hopefully he had gone home again.

No...of course not, the Devil sat on her couch, munching on her cookies.

"You definitely bake way better than you cook, Detective."

She eyed him. His hair was tamed a little, she was sure he used her products; his suit jacket and shirt were ironed, of course with her iron that was still standing out to cool down. He looked nearly as perfect as ever, well his stubble was a little longer, but still very attractive.

But something was wrong, she couldn't place it exactly, but he just was so different. The anger mostly left her and was replaced with worry for her partner at this moment.

Chloe snatched another cookie he was going to shove into his mouth from his hand.

"Those are not for you - stop eating my cookies, Lucifer. Why are you here?"

The Devil sighed and suddenly his cufflinks were very interesting; he didn't know what he should say.

"The more important question is, Detective, what are you going to do today? And what is that abomination doing on your tree? Not that I would understand why humans need to get tree corpses every year, decorate them and watch them rot. But what is that thing?"

The fallen one looked at that thing with disgust written on his face. An angel, how cliché. And of course it had to be his brother Michael. He guessed it from the sword that thing was holding in his hands and the golden wings.

Chloe rolled her eyes, something she did so often since she had met him. It was such a typical Lucifer thing to do - change the subject, avoid answers. His disgusted face was totally worth it. Was he always like this on Christmas?

"This is a tree topper, Lucifer. My mother gifted it to me a few years ago and if I didn't put it up she would be offended. And to answer your other question, I'm going to the mall to buy presents."

Lucifer tilted his head in that adorable way he did when he tried to understand something. In moments like these she could imagine how he had grown up with a dozen siblings, totally isolated by a religious cult. Like he really didn't understand humans at all.

And before she could think about it, the question was already out of her mouth.

"Do you want to join me?"

Lucifer looked even more confused.

"To the mall? Why in my name would I go there? Running spawns, pushing, rude people, ugly smells and those creepy fat men in red suits and fake beards." He looked disgusted and Chloe felt a little disappointed. Just a little, for she was still angry at him.

"BUT!" he continued. "As your partner I need to protect you from all those horrors. So I will come with you."

If Chloe was honest, she was a little relieved. The mall two weeks before Christmas on a Friday? It was hell. Through pure luck they found a parking space, well maybe it had something to do with Lucifer's death glare - and flashing red eyes she couldn't see - at that old lady who tried to steal their spot.

Inside the shopping center, Lucifer nearly clung to her. "Why are the spawns not on leashes? Dogs must be, why not them?" He shuddered as another group of small humans ran past him. For Chloe it was hilarious. Her daughter really seemed to be the only child he didn't have any problems with.

"Because, Lucifer, children are not dogs."

The Devil just huffed as he followed her through the masses of loud humans.

"Why are you doing this anyway, Detective? I understand presents for birthdays, but Christmas? Why? What's the point?" Lucifer was always confused about those things. Of course he already had gotten something for Chloe and Beatrice, but only because he wanted them to have something nice. He would never give them something because it was Christmas. That would be ridiculous.

Chloe just looked disbelievingly at him. "Because we celebrate it with our friends and family. We enjoy spending time together, sharing gifts. We enjoy giving things to people we love. Don't tell me you've never had that. How do you spend Christmas normally?"

She saw a flash of pain, loneliness and more across his face for a second, before he looked at her.

"I...well...I don't need to celebrate that nonsense. I'm at home, enjoying my home, avoiding those days as much as possible. The Devil doesn't do celebrating that way, or gifts...except for your birthday present." Lucifer was suddenly very interested in a little fat dog that waddled past him.

Chloe didn't buy it, but why would he say something like that?

But then, she didn't need to think much about it. He was lonely, he had nobody to be there for him and to spend the days with.

Amenadiel? She didn't know him well, but he seemed very self centered and not really caring. He was only around if he wanted something from Lucifer, who became upset after most of those meetings.

Maze? She was on bounty hunting missions most of the time, and even if not, her relationship with Lucifer was really strained recently.

Linda was still busy with her recovery, and she seemed more like a therapist than a friend to him. At least not that kind of friend you could invite to a Christmas dinner.

Ella and Dan? He liked them, but he wouldn't consider them close friends.

Chloe didn't even start thinking about his parents.

Which left just her, and they argued lately more than they talked normally. Lucifer had nobody. He was really alone and it hurt to imagine him sitting all alone in the dark and brooding in LUX, drinking himself into oblivion or worse. Because of course he would do that, Chloe knew him well enough.

"Hmmm, so if you are in the mood to join us and IF you will stop your remarks about our decorations, why don't you join us for Christmas dinner?"

Even if they argued a lot recently, this man was still her best friend and she wouldn't allow him to be lonely on her favorite holiday. Even a smug idiot like him deserved some companionship.

"Detective? Why...why do you want me to come? I don't think I'm good company."

"Maybe you are right, but despite all our difficulties at the moment you are my partner, my friend, and you are part of our family, Lucifer. Please, you have to come."

And Trixie would love it too.”

Lucifer let out the breath he didn't know he was holding when Chloe took his hand. What was this weird feeling in his chest? And why did his eyes started to sting? Blurry vision? Oh Dad, why did his body want to cry? Everything was fine, wasn't it?

And bloody hell, his wings also wanted to pop out, but he couldn't let that happen, not in front of her, and especially not in the mall. Good thing he had trained in the last few weeks - it was still hard sometimes, but they stayed in.

He smiled at his detective, shy like the young teenager he still was deep inside.

“Fine, it would be a pleasure. But only if you let me cook. I refuse to eat cardboard flavored food.”

“Sounds good.” Chloe let go of his hand to search for a present for Trixie.

Lucifer got bored pretty quickly - he loved tagging along with Chloe but a mall full of screaming people and especially a toy store full of spawns? Oh no, at some point he excused himself to get some coffee at Starbucks and after that he started pestering the Santas.

That ended in Lucifer being grounded on a bench, demoted to guard Chloe's shopping bags with the gifts she had already bought.

“Stop whining, if I hadn't flashed my badge, security would have thrown you out. And no, don't say it, I don't want to know how you would have talked them into sex or what you would have flashed.”

His eyebrow waggle was enough information for her.

“And now, Lucifer stay, good Devil. I just need one more shop and we can go home, okay?”

Maybe they could talk then? She hated how things were left at the last crime scene and she could see that it still stood between them.

The last thing on her shopping list was simple, well a last minute item, to be exact. Since Lucifer would cook, she decided to get some of the fancy spices for him. She was tired of his whining, so some truffle oil, black garlic and some kind of special pepper went into another shopping bag. Lucifer eyed the items with pleasure when they were back into the car and on the road again. He would pay Chloe back for them though, for he knew how much she earned and she shouldn't pay for his expensive taste.

The Devil was impressed with her choice for the pepper. Actually it was one of his favorites to use and he was looking forward to using it to cook for the detective.

His thoughts were interrupted as Chloe had to brake hard when another car cut her off.

“IDIOT!” She yelled, even though the other driver couldn't hear it.

But she heard Lucifer sneeze when he crushed the little pepper plastic bag while she hit the brakes. He sneezed again and again and suddenly there was a rustling, a blinding light, she heard how her car windows cracked and she was pressed against the window by a wall of white.

“What?!” What was that? Lucifer was still sneezing and Chloe could hear his efforts to stop that madness. She took a look at the fluffy, white wall. It was feathers. A wall of feathers...how...

“Oh bloody hell.” Lucifer sounded distressed. “I'm sorry....I'm so sorry, just give me a moment.”

Chloe could hear him take a deep breath and suddenly the feathers were gone again.

"Detective, I-" What could he say? She stared at him in shock, processing what just had happened.

"I'm sorry. My wings have a mind of their own sometimes." Lucifer became more nervous, playing with his cufflinks and avoiding looking at her.

"Wings..." Chloe was staring at him. "You have wings? Where are they now?"

Lucifer nodded. "It's complicated - they are here but not here, let's say they are tucked in, okay?"

"Hmm, so you are..."

The Devil

A Monster

Punisher

Destroyer

Epitome of all Evil

"I never lied to you, Detective. I tried to show you..."

Chloe didn't say anything, she just stared at him, processing everything. Or at least the things that came to her mind. But she couldn't give Lucifer a response. She just stared at him, wide eyed and yes, even scared.

The Devil panicked and before Chloe could say anything he jumped out of the still standing car, ignored the honking from another car and ran into an alley to unfurl his wings again and just fly away towards LUX.

It was over, everything was over, he had lost everything because of his stupid sneezing.

He couldn't hold back his tears anymore, he didn't have the strength for a graceful landing. No, he crashed right through his balcony doors and couldn't care less.

Lucifer just lay there, his wings around him like a cocoon, crying for Dad knew how long. He couldn't get the image of Chloe's eyes out of his head.

But what had he thought anyway? The Devil part of a family, accepting him like he was? Of course not. Nobody would do that. He was alone for all eternity and he was sure his Dad and his siblings were laughing their arses off.

Wings...he had wings...fluffy wings that pressed her against the door of her car. He was the Devil. He had never lied to her. Those were the only thoughts in Chloe's mind for a long time. She managed to pull over, but that was all. The passenger door her partner...the Devil opened was still open. She grabbed the steering wheel with such force that her knuckles were white and her fingers numb.

The Devil...the actual fire and damnation Devil. In her car. She had invited the Devil to her Christmas dinner. Was she nuts? What would he do to Trixie? To her?

The ringing of her phone brought her back. It was Trixie; Chloe was supposed to pick her daughter up 10 minutes ago.

Chloe totally forgot how she made it home, or how she made dinner for Trixie; she wasn't hungry herself. Even the thought of food right now made her feel nauseous.

She remembered at least how she tucked Trixie in and now she was sitting in front of the Christmas tree with that ridiculous angel on top.

She held Lucifer's present in her hands. Chloe had bought it at the mall; it wasn't something big or expensive, but she was sure he would like it....again...the Devil would like her present.

She started to laugh. The only being that wanted to be her partner, that made her a

better detective, was a reckless, loose cannon Devil...angel...whatever.

That just sounded stupid. And then she remembered his hurt look, not only from today, but also from the crime scene where the Sinnerman had died, when she wouldn't listen to him. He had tried to talk to her so desperately and what had she done? She had pushed him away. Like all the other times over the last weeks. She was everything he had, the only friend, the only thing that came even close to a caring family.

How must he feel? Shunned and rejected for eons - surely he was eons old. How must he feel with all the hate he got from everyone, not directly at him, but just from his name was enough. And she? She had done the same. She had just pushed him away and now Chloe was sitting here like a coward, afraid of what Lucifer might do to her if he wanted to.

Would he harm her? He could be pretty violent, but only with suspects who deserved it, yet on the other hand he also could be gentle if needed. She had seen the Devil more than once taking care of rape victims or people who suffered domestic abuse. More than once he had helped LGBT teenagers who lost everything. Most recently Lucifer had hired a transgender woman for his bar when nobody else would give her a chance.

No, Lucifer wasn't evil. He was a good man.

But still, she couldn't get herself to call him. She still wasn't sure what all of it meant. And Chloe had to take care of Trixie, her safety was all that mattered at the moment. Maybe it was a lie to herself, but the moment she felt comfortable using Trixie as an excuse to avoid the big issue.

She put the little box with Lucifer's present under the tree and glanced one last time at the Angel topper before she went to bed.

## Kapitel 3: Part of the family

The next two weeks went by in a rush and today was already Christmas Eve. Chloe didn't have much time to think about her Devil. She took a few days off from work since Trixie's school was closed, and she enjoyed spending some time with her daughter.

Chloe always loved quality family time with her little girl, like baking their last batch of cookies together for this year. Trixie cut out little Christmas trees, bells and angels, while Chloe put them in the oven. And they decorated the finished ones together, singing some silly Christmas songs and wearing ugly but comfy sweaters.

"DECKER!" Maze busted the front door open. The demon was just back from a bounty hunting mission. Shit...she was a demon. Chloe had never thought about that and now the Devil she managed to avoid so well was back in her mind.

He had tried to call her the next day after the revelation. She had ignored it and put him through through to voicemail. Lucifer had left a few messages but mostly not more than "Detective...I-" And then he had hung up, stuttering like a mess. She could hear his distress and what had she done? She had pushed him away again, hid like a coward.

"What is it, Maze?" Chloe couldn't help but stand a little protectively in front of her little girl, who was busy decorating the little cookie angels with black colored frosting to give them little suits.

"Go to him, Chloe. He is a mess." The demon's voice softened. "I know that you know." Maze crossed her arms in front of her chest. "And he is a mess. He needs you, Chloe." The detective huffed.

"What for? He is the almighty Devil. He doesn't need a human." And if she was honest, she still felt terribly guilty for not listening and pushing him away, maybe also she was indeed scared of him and the knowledge that came with it.

"Don't you get it? He cares for you. He is utterly in love with you and now? Now he is just..."

"If he cares so much, why didn't he show me earlier, Maze? He lied to me by keeping the truth from me." He loved her? Her heart jumped a little in her chest. Nonsense, he could get anyone, why should Lucifer be interested in a single mother with a time-eating job and a child? He didn't even like children.

"Because he was afraid? I'm not good at all that emotional human stuff, Decker, but everyone he cared for rejected him at some point. He just was afraid that you would push him away...which you did. And he may deny it to himself, but he loves you."

With that, the demon pulled out her phone.

"Look at this, Chloe, he doesn't know I filmed it a few days before his sneezing reveal. I was going to use it as blackmail material, but desperate times and so on."

With a few swipes she found what she was looking for.

A video of Lucifer.

Adorable Lucifer, fresh out of the shower, barefoot like he loved to be in his home, with product free and curly hair, in his bathrobe and shorts. He was at his piano and smiling to himself, clearly not noticing that Maze had her phone out. Lucifer looked so happy and carefree in this video, so much younger.

"Maze, do you think the detective would like this one?"

He started playing, first to warm up his fingers, but after a few moments Chloe recognized the melody. It was the song her father had always sung to her when he had tucked her in. And then he started singing, still totally oblivious that he was being filmed.

"The other night dear, as I lay sleeping..."

Of course Lucifer would know that she loved this song and of course his stupid, awesome, angelic voice would make this song even more beautiful, but also sadder. Chloe could hear his love for her with every word and as she heard, "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine," she couldn't hold back her tears anymore. He looked so damn happy, but also sad at the same time. Happy because Lucifer thought about her and sad because she was pushing him away more and more.

Maze stopped the video and smiled at Chloe. "No need to ask. I'll take care of your little human."

It didn't take long for Chloe to get rid of her flour-spoiled sweater and then she was out of the door driving towards LUX.

The club was closed, Lucifer had told her that. But he never locked his doors since nobody would steal from the Devil himself, so it was easy for her to get in. She pushed the button for the elevator and the ride up seemed to take so much longer than normal.

Chloe wasn't prepared for the sight that welcomed her after stepping into the penthouse. Lucifer's home was a debris field. His bar was trashed, his furniture torn and turned upside down. The books he loved so much were not much more than ripped pieces of paper. Even his beloved piano was trashed. The floor was covered with empty alcohol bottles, a lot of candy wrappers and she could also see the remains of drug excesses. But what shocked her the most were the white feathers that lay everywhere. Big, white feathers and she knew where they came from.

She swallowed down the lump in her throat and fought the tears.

Where was Lucifer?

She looked in his bedroom first and there he was. A big lump under his blankets. Only one of his wings was peeking out - well, what was left of its former beauty. Most of the feathers were pulled out, not in a gentle way - she could tell by the little blood stains on the few remaining ones.

"Lucifer?" She sat down at the edge of his bed. The lump huffed and curled up even more, the wing sticking out moving along with it.

"Go away."

To her, Lucifer sounded horrible, broken, tired and lifeless. She put a hand on the lump where she imagined his shoulder to be and Chloe could feel him stiffen under her touch.

"Please come out, I can't talk to a lump-"

"But you have to, I'm not here anyway, go away."

Okay, now he was acting like a little child. But it was fine with her, at the moment. He was hurt and now that she believed everything he had told her about his past, she could see that it was normal behavior for him.

"I'm sorry Lucifer, I really am. I should have called you back. I should have come earlier and reacted better in the first place. Please come out. I need you." Chloe closed her

eyes, trying to hold back her tears again, while her other hand was grabbing the pendant he had given her on her birthday.

The lump moved; first she saw his curly hair again - she would never tell him that she found it adorable. Then his head popped out before he sat up, resting the remains of his wings on his back. He really looked horrible. Lucifer had dark circles under his eyes, his stubble was a scruffy beard, and he still wore the suit he had worn on that day that changed everything.

"Oh, Lucifer." Chloe couldn't hold herself back and pulled him into a hug, and he stiffened again.

"For what would you need me?"

"I need you by my side, silly. I can't say how sorry I am. Please Lucifer, I need my best friend back. I should have believed you - I do now. I promise to never doubt you again. But please come back." She still held him in her hug and before she could think of it, her hand brushed the partly naked wing. The limb trembled and made a weak flap and his whole body relaxed a little. It seemed to soothe him instantly.

"And please stop hurting yourself."

Lucifer stayed silent; he was afraid that Chloe would come to her senses and run away if he moved. He inhaled her scent. "Detective..."

"Please Lucifer, come home with me. The invitation still stands - come to Christmas dinner with me, you are part of the family. Nothing changed that." Chloe smiled at him and she could feel him relaxing even more. She cupped his face.

"Take a shower, I can help you if you want, and then when you are back to your devilish self, come with me. You promised to cook, after all."

Lucifer blinked at her, unbelieving, Chloe still wanted him in her life after all? Even today? Or was she mocking him? No, Chloe would never do that, he was sure of it.

Suddenly she started to hum the melody of her song again, it just came over her and Lucifer couldn't help himself and finally hugged her back.

"Okay, and while I would normally take up your offer to help with pleasure, Detective, I think I can shower alone....this time."

There was a fraction of his smug grin when he got up and went to the bathroom.

And while he was busy, Chloe had a look around the trashed penthouse. It really hurt her, for she knew Lucifer was a neat freak and it would take some time to get everything repaired.

Without thinking she went into his dressing room, pulled out a small suitcase for Lucifer and packed some essentials for him. Of course she stumbled across one of his sex toy drawers and tried to forget that as soon as that thing was closed again. Chloe knew he had a lot of stuff, for he once had told her he stored the things he rarely used there.

Nope, she needed to stop thinking about it, maybe her face would stop being tomato red then.

She packed fresh clothes for several days, and also some T-shirts. Oh he owned some, which was surprising to her, of course they would be from Armani.

"What are you doing here?" Lucifer stood in the doorway, the towel hung dangerously low on his hips. At least he had the dignity to wear one at all. He was freshly shaven, back to his stubble and his hair was still damp, product free and curly. He still had his wings out which were dripping a little.

"You are staying with me, I can't leave you in this mess." Chloe smiled at his puzzled reaction.

Lucifer tilted his head and looked at her with puppy Devil eyes. "Are you sure?"

"I am. Now come on, put on some clothes and we will be on our way."

"With pleasure, is your offer to assist still valid?" He grinned at her and she just rolled her eyes, but also smiled back before she left the room.

The drive back to Chloe's apartment was made in pleasant silence. Chloe glanced at her partner from time to time, who was deep in his own thoughts. And if she was honest, she was also curious where his wings went, for after that little shoulder roll they just vanished, his back looked totally human, even his scars were gone, but that was something for another time.

"LUCIFER!" And again the small human barreled into him and clung to his waist. Trixie looked at him with bright eyes, really happy to see him. "Do you want a cookie?" Before he could answer she ran away again, just to be back with one of the suit wearing angel cookies. "Is that...?" The Devil looked at it, confused.

"It is, you are a cookie now, isn't that cool?" She smiled brightly at the puzzled Devil.

"It is, spawn...it is." And he happily shoved the thing in his mouth, munching happily. His sweet tooth was legendary.

"Come now monkey, Lucifer needs to prepare dinner and we need to set the table."

Lucifer just put his jacket over the couch, rolled up his sleeves and started his work. After the Decker women set the table, Trixie was curious about the cooking and Lucifer let her help, explaining everything to her.

Chloe watched them from the couch; she would cherish this moment forever and even snapped a picture with her phone. The Devil, a fallen angel, explaining how to cook to her little daughter. For someone who claimed to hate children, he could be awesome with her daughter.

Dan arrived right on time for dinner, greeted everyone and placed his gifts under the tree along with the others.

Maze also put some boxes there. Some were poorly wrapped, obviously hers, and some very neat ones with expensive looking paper. Lucifer had stored his presents in her room long before the Christmas shopping disaster. Trixie's eyes got big; she didn't believe in Santa anymore but that didn't stop her from getting excited about it.

"Dinner first, monkey," reminded Dan. It was their tradition to open the presents on the evening of the 24th like they did in Europe, since on the 25th Trixie was normally with her grandparents and Dan the whole day, getting even more presents.

"Fiiiine." The girl huffed.

Good for her it was finished just a few minutes later and since Lucifer valued style, he put some candles on the table and tried to light them with his lighter. That stupid thing refused to work again, like it often did recently. He just growled, snapped his fingers and lit up the candles with his lightbringer powers.

"Cool...are you a magician?" Trixie beamed at him in joy. He hadn't noticed the little human.

"What? No, why would you think that? I'm the Devil, and I don't do stupid party tricks." Lucifer shrugged his shoulders but smiled. He smiled because he was happy, for just being here was enough to ease the loneliness, eating with the Detective and his friends. He wasn't used to it, but deep inside he hoped that this would be something common from now on.

His smile grew bigger as he heard Dan moan over his food. Chloe knew his cooking skills, Detective Douche did not.

"Man, that tastes divine."

"Well, thank you, Daniel. Better than flavored cardboard like the Detective planned."

"Hey! I'm here, you know?" And Chloe nudged him in his side, which got her an offended look from the Devil. But he was right, if she had cooked, it would have been microwave food or they would have just ordered something. This was a far better alternative. For dessert they even got homemade chocolate pudding, something Dan was more than happy about. It tasted better than anything he had ever bought in a store.

"Presents, presents, presents!" chanted Maze and Trixie in unison as soon as everyone finished their dinner. The demon was impatient like a child? That was cute and something Chloe had never thought of.

"Fine, fine, come on." She put out the candles before they all moved to the living room, sat down on the couch and Trixie started to pull out presents that were for her. She was a child after all, and impatient.

She got a new doll from Dan and that big box of high quality crayons she had been eyeing for weeks now from Chloe.

Then she pulled out the present from Maze. Chloe looked suspiciously at the demon, for Maze refused to tell her what she had gotten for her daughter. Trixie squealed with delight after she ripped off the paper and took out two knives that looked like the ones Maze always carried around. Chloe's and Dan's eyes widened in shock and they stared at her.

"Relax, they are plastic." The demon huffed. "I know you would take away real ones so those have to wait. But she can train with those."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you." Trixie lunged at Maze and hugged her before she got to the last present, the one from Lucifer.

Again she ripped open the paper and tilted her head in amazement.

"I hope you like it, I don't do that gifting thing very often, you know." The nervous Devil stuttered a little, clicking his lighter to get rid of some nervous energy.

"I love it." Trixie ran off to get Molly McDowell. Her Ninja chemist fit perfectly in the car Lucifer got her - a model car of his own Corvette in the perfect size for the little doll. Lucifer knew how much the small human loved his car.

Even Chloe looked surprised at him and he just shrugged. "Someone owed me a favor and built it for her."

Again, the Devil had used one of his favors to get her a daughter a nice present. She couldn't believe it, but it was also so him. Chloe just grabbed his hand, pressed it slightly and mouthed a silent "Thank you" to him.

Dan got a signed, limited edition box set of the body bag movies, another favor Lucifer called in, and the promise not to steal his pudding for 2 weeks. Lucifer could make big sacrifices if necessary. Maze got new knives. She was always happy about sharp and pointy things.

But now it was his turn to give Chloe his present.

Lucifer cleared his throat, clearly nervous.

"To be honest, Detective, I didn't know what to get you. I wanted something that represents you, that would show you how much you mean to me. But something you would also like and couldn't refuse. You are not a fan of fancy stuff, so...uhm. I hope you like it? Can I stop embarrassing myself now?"

Chloe took the envelope from him. He looked so insecure, so shy.

"Lucifer, you didn't have to get me something. But I will be happy with anything." She opened it, blinked at it a few times, before tears welled up in her eyes. She seemed to cry a lot near him recently.

"Oh Lucifer..."

"What...I messed up, didn't I? I'm sorry, so sorry, I...we can change it, if you want to...Why can't I just do anything right...only one time, is that too much to ask?"

He was interrupted by her lips pressing against his and her arms around his neck.

His insides grew warm, he felt like he would fall again, but it felt good this time.

"Oh shut up, you silly Devil, it's perfect." Chloe smiled at him, kissed him again and with a rustle his wings popped out again.

"Oh, bloody hell." Lucifer sighed.

"Cool!" That was Trixie, while Dan was just staring at him.

Maze boxed the other detective onto the shoulder. "Don't forget to breathe, Dan."

"The...the..." The man couldn't get a sentence out.

"Yeah, the Devil, ex-lord of hell, looks a little like a plucked chicken now, don't you think?" Maze just continued grinning at his shocked face.

As Chloe looked back and forth between Dan and Lucifer, the latter froze again.

"Hey, don't worry...he'll come around."

Lucifer just nodded and cleared his throat again. "So... you like it? I know it's not much." When he tried to furl his wings again, the things refused to do so. He was far too nervous for that.

"Lucifer, this is the best present you could get me, it's so thoughtful of you. Thank you."

The smile he got from her caused a weird feeling in his belly, his wings flapped happily a few times, causing the discarded wrapping paper to fly around, while Chloe looked down at her present.

It was just a piece of paper, but an important one. It was the ownership of a bank account in Trixie's name. Chloe should say that it was too much, that she couldn't accept it, but she knew he would feel rejected if she did. And it was for Trixie - Chloe wouldn't need to worry about the college education for her daughter with the money. Lucifer had just paid for her future.

The Devil looked innocently at her after he rolled his shoulders again, making his wings finally vanish. Trixie stared at him in awe, but Lucifer just had eyes for Chloe.

His detective smiled shyly before she handed him his present. It wasn't nearly as valuable as his had been, but she hoped he would like it.

Lucifer stared at the little box. "Detective..." He had never gotten a present till now. His fingers brushed over the purple paper and the little golden bow.

"Come on, open it." Chloe looked at the Devil who just stared at the little box. She enjoyed his pure joy over the little thing, looking so innocent and happy.

And he started to open it carefully, Lucifer didn't want to destroy the paper so he treated it like it was made out of gold and opened the package carefully. Then he opened the little box inside and pulled out a silver lighter with engraved ornaments on it. Lucifer tilted his head and and looked at it.

"Well, I noticed yours doesn't work well. I know it's not much and you don't really need it to...uhm." She felt a little silly now, for he could lit up things with a snap of his fingers. But then he started to smile, flicked the lighter on and beamed at her with joy.

"Thank you, Detective, I love it."

Chloe nodded before she got up to take Trixie to bed, who couldn't stop talking about

Lucifer and his wings. She asked her mother if he was molting because of the lack of feathers. Chloe laughed at that. "You can ask him that tomorrow. He will sleep here for a few days." Trixie grinned at her, nodded and Chloe kissed her good night.

When she entered the living room again, Dan seemed to have gotten over his shock, taking a sip from Lucifer's flask, looking a little easier around the former angel and his demon.

The Devil felt accepted and that was a beautiful feeling. They talked till the early morning about everything, mostly what happened in the last weeks and a little celestial interview for Chloe and Dan, but they enjoyed just spending time together. Even though the two men had hated each other with such a passion earlier, now Daniel got along with the Devil himself.

Since a lot of alcohol was involved too, Chloe decided that Dan would also stay overnight. He could sleep on the couch which meant she offered to let Lucifer sleep in her bed.

"But you have to behave, no naked splendor. Don't look at me like that, you enjoy getting naked whenever possible."

The Devil just huffed. "It's my gift to humanity, especially to you."

"Shirt and shorts, mister, and sleeping only, just because we kissed and I lo-" She stopped herself before she said the wrong things. "However just sleeping is okay."

Lucifer raised his eyebrows. "But just sleeping is boring, Detective."

And for that he got the mom look and sighed.

"Fine, fine. Just sleeping, I promise. Night Dan, night Maze." Maze also went up into her room, while Dan prepared for a night on the couch.

Lucifer followed Chloe to her room; he still couldn't believe that she would accept him, that she loved him. Yes, he heard that slip, thank you very much. It felt so surreal. After she closed the door to her room, she turned around to kiss him again.

"This is real, isn't it?" He asked uncertainly.

"Yeah, it's real." Chloe answered. She hugged him again and enjoyed his annoyance when his wings unfurled again.

"Bloody hell, not again."