It's the Devil

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It's the Devil

by PerseShow

Summary

There were feathers everywhere.

And, standing amid them, over Pierce’s body…a devil.

The Devil.

It’s all true.

Notes

This is my second most popular work on AO3. The ao4.lol mirror recently recovered and displayed it, making it now possible for me to preliminarily check whether the copy on my computer reflects all edits on AO3. While I don't mind my readers enjoying my work via the mirror, none of the formatting and almost none of the paragraphing is preserved, making it very low quality. I decided to cross-post it myself. I'll double-check that all the tags/etc are the same once AO3 is back up.

There were feathers everywhere.

And, standing amid them, over Pierce's body…a devil.

The Devil.

It's all true.

"Detective?"

His voice was, somehow, the same. The way he pronounced her title, a word that had become less of a title and more of an…endearment, when he used it. And how was that even a sane thought, when she was thinking about the Devil? *The* Devil?

"It's all true," she whispered.

She didn't realize she'd taken a step backward until her heel hit the bottom stair, and she stopped, staring at him. His head was tilted, an expression she would almost call *confusion* twisting his features. But how could that be possible? Confusion? The Devil?

"Det—Chloe?"

He was wearing the same suit as before. And he so rarely said her name—it was impossible to mistake him for anyone but her partner, Lucifer Morningstar.

The Devil.

He matched her step backward with one forward, one hand extended. His gaze flicked down to his own skin. And then, it seemed, comprehension dawned.

"Ah," he said, stepping back. "Yes, it's true."

"You never lied."

"Of course not, Detective. Point of pride."

"Right." She hoped her voice wasn't as shaky as it sounded.

Her gaze flicked to the sea of feathers around them. White-pinkish. No, not pinkish—bloodied.

"Lucifer, what happened?"

The confusion—again, how did that make sense? —was back. She thought she saw his brows furrow; it was hard to tell, when his face was a mask of scar tissue, like a fresh burn victim. Despite the mantra now running on repeat in her head—*it's the Devil it's the Devil it's the Devil*—her heart broke for him. He looked…human. Just burned.

“Are you suffering from amnesia?” he asked. “Didn’t anticipate that particular side effect, usually people fall to their knees repenting their sins, but I suppose, when you have no sins to repent…”

“What?” She shook her head. “What are you talking about?”

“My Devil face,” he said, as if it was obvious. “It tends to illicit an…adverse reaction. Why did you think I never showed you?”

“Wait…” Chloe mentally rewound that. This, Lucifer’s Luciferness, she had experience with. She could deal with this. “You think I have amnesia?”

“You asked what happened,” he said.

“I meant the feathers.”

“Oh.” He paused, straightening, adjusting his suit. “I suppose you were absent for that part.”

“Lucifer…”

“Right. You got knocked unconscious, the sky rained bullets, I flew you to safety. Had a bit of a fight with Cain himself. Must have lost the feathers in the process.”

“But…they’re bloodied.” Chloe frowned at him. “You got shot.” Finally, she registered the bullet casings that littered the ground…but no bullets. “How many times?”

Lucifer shrugged. “I lost count.”

“Lucifer…”

“Enough about me, Detective,” he said. “Are you sure you’re alright?”

“Alright? Well, I almost married the Sinnerman, now apparently he’s Cain, the world’s first murderer, and you were right all along, and you’ve been shot a million times…no, Lucifer, I am not alright.”

“Right. Of course.” He sighed. “Well, I’ll just…”

He started to leave, but Chloe quickly intercepted him, one hand grasping his arm. He looked down at the contact as if he’d never seen her hand before, and then up at her face in utter surprise.

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“Well, clearly, I need to leave,” he said. “Devil? Remember? Or have you gone blind as well?”

“You’re my partner,” Chloe said. “You can’t just leave me to…pick up all the pieces.”

Lucifer looked around. “Quite literally, in this case.”

His lips quirked in barely a ghost of his former smile; she could see the despair encroaching in his eyes, and she knew then what she needed to do. Devil or not, worldview shattered or not, right now, she needed to be Lucifer Morningstar's partner. She could figure out the rest later.

"Don't leave," Chloe said.

"You're not…frightened of me?"

Chloe looked into his eyes. She remembered a time, years ago, when he had asked her almost the same question—and she had replied with certainty. No. She was most certainly not frightened of her partner. And the Devil…how could she be frightened of something she didn't believe in?

On one hand, maybe now that was supposed to change. The proof was right before her eyes, and the Devil was her partner. But on the other hand…the look in his eyes was the same as ever. His face was scarred, eyes sunken in, lips creased, and it looked like every inch of his skin must hurt to move, but hadn't he been telling her who he was all along? That the Devil got a bad rap? She had always trusted Lucifer Morningstar with her life. She trusted *the Devil* with her life. And did that really have to change, just because now she knew he'd *always* been telling the truth, even when it made him sound crazy?

Charlotte—and god (no offense) was that a conversation for later—had said during the trial of her father's killer that Lucifer valued nothing more than his honor. And Chloe knew that to be true.

Was she frightened of him?

"No," she said. "I'm not."

He stared at her. Chloe held his gaze.

"But I'm the Devil," he said.

"So?"

"*So?*" Lucifer scoffed. "So, you clearly need to have your head examined! How are you *not* afraid of the Devil?"

"Because you're Lucifer Morningstar," Chloe said. "All this time…you've been the Devil. And I've never been afraid of you."

"But…Chloe…"

"Now," Chloe said, "think you could help me do something about these feathers, before the whole department comes storming in?"

Lucifer nodded slowly. "Yes, that I can do."