

as long as the stars

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by [wolfgang](#)

Summary

“Such bright coloring, Lucifer,” Amenadiel teases, gesturing to Lucifer’s suit.

It’s the grey one with the purple lining, one of her favorites. Lucifer had abandoned his jacket and rolled up his sleeves when they’d hit a snag in the case. Chloe had left him poring over the files while she made a quick coffee run.

Amenadiel is grinning. “One would almost think you're *courting*, brother.”

Lucifer freezes.

Notes

I wrote most of this while sick, so forgive any errors on my part <3

Prompt: You know those nature programs where the birds do those fantastic feather displays and some build nests to impress their potential mates? What if Lucifer got those instincts and tries to impress Chloe.

It starts with the pocket squares, though neither Chloe nor Lucifer realize it at the time. What it means. How he changes. Insignificant, at first. A bright pop of color over his heart. Then the shirts, purple, blue, and others. Next, the suits.

Chloe *does* notice that he wears more colors lately. She doesn't know if Lucifer has switched tailors or if he's merely decided to change things up a bit. She hardly ever sees him in the black ensemble that had once been so familiar.

Now there's a flash of green on the edges of her vision, or the deep devilish burgundy. A beautiful blue against his complexion. An unusual mustard. The bright purple lining of the waistcoat highlighting the breadth of his shoulders, the trimness of his waist.

Lucifer has always been fussy with his appearance, but now he's meticulous, bordering on immaculate—constantly adjusting the edges of his cuffs, flattening the lines of his suit so they lay correctly. He fiddles with the delicate gold thread of the pocket watch tucked into the folds of his waistcoat, ensuring that it lays just so. He checks his hair, making sure there isn't a bit out of place. He's handsome enough to be distracting even at the worst of times, but lately he looks like he's walked right out of a photoshoot to stand by her side.

Between his fastidiousness and the striking colors of his suits, his figure catches at Chloe's eyes and draws her gaze down his lean frame. She's careful about her surveying, glancing over only when she's sure he's not paying attention. If he caught her looking, well, the smugness would be unbearable.

His presentation is all fine and good until it begins to extend to her. She's been coping perfectly well with having a walking wet dream for a partner, thank you very much. Then he starts *touches* her. It's completely innocuous, nothing inappropriate. Nothing she would object to. The first of many following gestures is when he simply tucks in an errant tag at the nape of her neck and then slides a palm down her back. She has to hold back a shiver from the heat of his hand spreading out between her shoulder blades. The gesture is fine. Kind, even. Thoughtful. Except the slow incursion into her space doesn't end there.

He slides the chain of her necklace around so the clasp is hidden away without a single comment, fingers drifting across skin. He helps put her jacket on as they leave the precinct, smoothing out the shoulders automatically, hands never wandering past propriety. An askew collar flap is corrected. The slipping of an errant flyaway of hair back behind her ear while she's explaining the details of a case. His thumb brushes her temple, brief, but makes a flare of heat settle low in her stomach. It's not sexual, surprising though that may be. His eyes never darken with want, his touch never lingers or drifts. As if he simply desires to make her more comfortable...and nothing more.

His assistance isn't restricted to touch. He brings things for her sometimes, or does things. Her mug suddenly full of warm coffee when moments before it had been cold and mostly empty. He carefully organizes her desk—this time according to the guidelines she set out after the disaster of his filing system—before she gets into work. Her favorite vending machine snack shows up on her desk before the other officers have depleted the stock. Case files are fetched from the lab before she realizes she has to get up from her seat.

Chloe's not even sure he's doing it consciously. In fact, she's pretty confident he *isn't*, because he never says anything about it. Lucifer rarely forgets an opportunity to toot his own horn, and on these things—he's silent.

She doesn't mention the behavior. She's afraid if she draws attention to his thoughtfulness, he will stop, and it's...*nice*. It's nice to be looked after for once.

Lucifer starts coming around the apartment more often. At first, he usually has a reason; a new idea about a case that couldn't wait or a query about humanity he's struggling to grasp. Sometimes it seems like he's just there to enjoy her company. It becomes almost second nature to see him in her home for Taco Tuesday or Game Night, or just because he decided to turn up. He even watches Trixie once or twice without real complaint beyond his usual reluctant show when Chloe runs out of options. Trixie doesn't stop talking about how much fun they had for *weeks*.

Every now and then, reality hits her. The Devil himself is sitting in her living room, arm laid out over the back of her couch, watching with contentment as she works through a case aloud. She pauses and just looks at him. He raises his eyebrows quizzically when the silence stretches on. Chloe snaps out of her reverie and shakes her head.

"What is it, darling?" he asks.

"Nothing, sorry, I just spaced for a bit. Where was I?"

"You were questioning the validity of the pool boy's alibi."

"Right." She forces herself to concentrate.

Blankets start to turn up at her place. She's not sure where they even came from. Well, okay, that's a lie. They're too ridiculously huge and soft and expensive to have been put here by anyone else. Thick weaved or fleece lined. One she swears is actual fur. The gesture is silly, they live in *California*, it's not like they get overly cold. Still, she and Trixie have an excellent time building forts to watch movies in, snuggled into downy blankets and comforters.

And the gifts aren't limited to blankets, there are little trinkets, too. A shiny new wine bottle opener shows up in her kitchen drawer. A photo of her—she's looking intently at a case file, sunlight streaming across her hair making it flare gold—appears on the mantle in a polished silver frame and she knows who must have taken it, who must have printed it out and placed it there. No one else would have gone to the effort and never spoken a word about it.

Her bathroom is suddenly stocked with brightly colored bottles of bubble bath from brands far too expensive for her to splurge on. She's not entirely sure she wants to know how Lucifer got in there without anyone seeing him, but the scent is wonderful and the bubbles pleasant enough to prevent her from calling him out on it.

He hums at work. The sound annoys her at first, thinking he's in a good mood from being laid or something, crooning and skipping about. She snaps at him once; his dark eyes go wide and startled and hurt, before he masks it away. Chloe feels absolutely wretched about it. She apologizes, reaching out to press her fingers to the back of his hand, trying to make her eyes look as sorry as they can.

He looks chagrined. "No, I apologize, Detective. I... hadn't realized I'd been doing it. I didn't mean to irritate you."

Now that she knows it had been born just from happiness and contentment, Chloe's impatience vanishes. "You weren't, Lucifer. You can hum, it's fine."

It takes a little while for him to start back up, a few days where the quiet stretches between them like a bruise. Gradually, though, he begins again, the moments between cases filled with his low humming. Sometimes it turns into soft singing, little serenades as they work held under his breath, just loud enough for the space between them. Short ditties about Dan or the criminals that they bring in that have her chewing on her lower lip to keep from laughing. It carries over to when they're together outside of work, the devil crafting a song with Trixie shouting suggestions until Chloe has to step in and ban a certain lyric involving tacos. She's met with identical pouting from the both of them.

All these things occurred to Chloe as separate, unrelated incidents. Some had been consecutive, but others were spaced out over the course of months. She hadn't thought they were connected. Until Amenadiel.

Chloe's not sure why Amenadiel is here at the precinct, if he has business or if he's just shown up for reasons of his own. Lucifer doesn't look particularly pleased to see him, but then, he never does. She can read their expressions through the glass and starts to make her way over, thermos in hand. Their voices drift out.

"Such bright coloring, Lucifer," Amenadiel teases, gesturing to Lucifer's suit.

It's the grey one with the purple lining, one of her favorites. Lucifer had abandoned his jacket and rolled up his sleeves when they'd hit a snag in the case. Chloe had left him poring over the files while she made a quick coffee run.

Amenadiel is grinning. "One would almost think you're *courting*, brother."

Lucifer freezes.

Amenadiel, oblivious, continues on, "Should I be on the lookout for soft materials to line the halls of Lux with? Perhaps I should fetch you some shiny objects to bestow on your beloved?" He chuckles to himself, amused at his own wit. "I wonder just who would've caught your eye enough for you to offer permanent devotion?" he asks, sounding knowing. "Perhaps a certain Detective?"

Chloe halts. The Devil's complexion goes pale. He spots her moving toward them through the glass and he stares at her, wide eyed. Abruptly, he flies into motion, gathers up his jacket,

slides it on with rough, jerky motions. He says something sharp and pithy to Amenadiel that Chloe doesn't hear over the sudden rushing noise in her ears.

Amenadiel's humor dissolves into concern. "Lucifer, it was just a joke, I know you'd never do such a thing. Lucifer? *Luci!*" he calls, but Lucifer ignores him, long strides eating up the ground until he turns a corner and vanishes.

Amenadiel seems bewildered as his brother practically flees, gone in a flurry of activity. Chloe clears her throat and walks into the room. Amenadiel slowly turns to her. She carefully sets her *very shiny* thermos down with a soft clink and meets Amenadiel's eyes.

Realization breaks across his features. "Ah."

Chloe hardens her gaze, the one that makes lifelong criminals crack. "Explain."

Amenadiel folds like a wet paper bag. "It's- it's angelic behavior. Courting is done when an angel is attempting to woo a...well, a mate." He fumbles a little, clearly unused to explaining heavenly matters to a human. "It doesn't happen often, since, if the other accepts the courting suit, it's for life. I never thought- I had assumed it was a coincidence, I didn't think he'd ever-"

"What does this courting behavior entail?" Chloe interrupts.

"Wearing flashy colors, preening, things Lucifer does all the *time*." Amenadiel seems distressed.

"But there's more than that," Chloe prompts.

"Yes, of course. There would be a demonstrating of proof that you'd be well provided for, that he was capable of looking after you, supporting you. Other various nesting habits, making a home comfortable, safe. There might be heightened aggression, being overprotective."

Chloe snorts softly. Lucifer is territorial and possessive on the best of days and unduly attentive whenever she comes to the smallest harm. She would hardly be able to tell a difference.

"Shiny things?" Chloe redirects.

Amenadiel bobs his head. "Gifts, yes. Things that are useful or hold meaning... Has he sang for you recently?"

Chloe thinks about Lucifer rocking a nineties jam for her, but also the humming that added delight to the silence lately, his singing as they tackled paperwork or when he's over her place cooking dinner. She presses her lips together.

"He has," Amenadiel concludes, sounding somehow exasperated, fond, and sad all at once. "Oh, Lucifer."

“How-” Chloe starts and then stops, pressing her lips tightly together. “How would one go about accepting the suit?”

Amenadiel looks at her with shock.

“Hypothetically,” she quickly adds, nervously tucking a piece of hair behind her ear, cheeks warm.

He leans forward, brows drawn heavy over his gaze. “You must be serious about this, Chloe. This is no trifling matter. What my brother has offered to you, should you accept, cannot be undone. Everything he is will be yours.”

Throat dry, she nods. “I understand.”

He studies her, but seems to find whatever it is he’s looking for. “You must go to him,” he says, voice heavy with veneration. This is not Amenadiel, slightly hapless older brother to Lucifer. This is Amenadiel, First Angel of God. “You will have the choice to accept his courtship of you or reject it. If you accept, the courting is concluded by flying together. Thus the bond is consummated.”

Amenadiel’s hallowed tone makes goosebumps break out on her skin.

“Think carefully on this, Chloe. This decision affects not you alone.” Amenadiel stands, offers her a small smile. “I had never even imagined my brother would do such a thing. Perhaps it is biased of me, but,” he hesitates. “I wouldn’t desire him to present a courting suit to any other but you. You make him happy.”

“He makes me happy, too,” Chloe says, eyes prickling with heat.

Amenadiel dips his head. “I’ll leave you to think.”

Chloe still has a case to tackle, nearly half the work day left. She stares at crime scene photos blankly, mind whirling. If what Amenadiel has told her is true, Lucifer has essentially been engaged in a very long proposal. He was offering something permanent to her. Would she even want that with Lucifer? Her heart whispers a soft *yes* and she cannot ignore it.

Chloe thinks on Lucifer’s wide, panicked eyes, his hasty exit, and bites at her bottom lip. Had Lucifer even intended to court her? *He* certainly seemed as surprised as she was at the realization. What does she do now that she knows? Her chest squeezes tight. She checks the time. Trixie should be home from school by now. Chloe pulls at her phone and dials.

Maze’s voice comes sharply through the speaker. “Everything’s fine, Decker. Your little spawn is safe and sound. You don’t have to call and check up on her, you know.”

Feeling sentimental, Chloe answers, “I know. You do an excellent job at watching Trixie and she’s safe with you. I just need to talk to her.”

Maze is quiet for a moment. “Yeah, all right. Here she is.”

There’s some fumbling as the phone is passed off. “Hi, mom,” Trixie greets. “What’s up?”

God, her little girl has gotten so grown up over the past few years. “Hey, baby,” Chloe says, struggling to keep the emotion out of her voice.

“What’s wrong?” Trixie asks instantly. “Did something happen?”

“Everything is fine, I just want to talk to you about something.”

Chloe drives over to Lux the moment her shift ends. The place is empty except for a few workers getting ready for the evening. They nod at Chloe as she passes by and she smiles in reply as she makes her way to the elevator.

It feels like the longest elevator ride of her life.

She steps inside his penthouse, eyes roving. She spots him at the piano. He cranes his neck to see who it is and a flicker of some pained expression passes over his face. He stands and steps around the piano bench, but doesn’t close the distance between them.

“Detective,” he says, hands fidgeting at his side. “What brings you here?”

Chloe is too strung out to play at small talk and cuts right to it. “Is what Amenadiel says true? Were you courting me?”

The muscle in his jaw flexes. He takes a long moment, but he answers. “Yes.”

Chloe starts to walk slowly forward. “He says that for angels, this is something permanent. Lifelong devotion. Do you understand what the human equivalent of that would be?” She was never the white dress and chapel kind of girl and Lucifer will never be the kind of creature who makes promises by anything other than his own word, but they both know the weightiness of this.

He nods his head.

Chloe releases a slow breath and makes herself ask her next question, even though the answer could break her to pieces. “Did you mean it?”

His throat works as he struggles to get the words out. “It’s not in my nature to lie.”

She nods, accepting that. “I know, but courting apparently *is* in your nature. It seemed like it was something you were doing on instinct.”

He shakes his head, “No, it doesn’t work like that. It wouldn’t have- it couldn’t have happened if I didn’t mean it.” He looks at her with naked longing on his face before finding the floor of Lux more interesting. “You must know how- how I feel about you.”

“Okay,” Chloe says, trying to wrap her head around that. “Okay. So. How do we do this?”

His head snaps up in surprise. “Chloe,” he says, clearly trying to keep emotion from quavering his voice.

She faces him down and lifts her chin. "What? Do I have to say some special words or something?" Nerves quiver in her belly. "Amenadiel said I would have to choose to accept your suit, but he didn't say how." She gives him a careful, lopsided smile. "And I'm not taking this lightly, okay? I thought about it very carefully. I called Trixie and discussed it with her. We're all on board. So let's do this."

He just gazes at her in open mouthed wonder. "You..." he breathes. Then he falls silent, an air of solemnity falling over them.

He steps closer and offers her his hand, like he's asking for a dance. His gaze is angled slightly away, as if afraid to meet her eyes, unable to bear it if she rejects him.

Her heart flutters in her chest. Nothing will be the same after this.

She reaches forward and slides her hand into his, his palm clammy with nerves. There's no jolt of power, only the steady warmth that diffuses through him to her. He exhales shakily, but draws her into his embrace with an assured steadiness.

"That's it?" she asks, slightly disappointed. She'd for some reason expected more fanfare.

"That's it," he replies, a slow grin breaking out from ear to ear, eyes shining. "And now we fly."

His wings are huge and a pure, snowy white. She's seen them before, has long gotten over the shock of their initial appearance, but today the feathers flick with excitement, all of them fluffed up nervously. It makes them look bigger, powerful.

He walks her slowly outside, seemingly reluctant to remove his hands from her even the slightest bit, wings curving around them to either side. Carefully, he maneuvers them over to the edge of the balcony. He flaps once, restlessly, and she clutches at the slick material of his waistcoat with white knuckles.

"You're all right," Lucifer murmurs reassuringly, broad hands hot against her back. "You can close your eyes if you want."

She doesn't think he's teasing her, but she gives him a dirty look anyway and determinedly keeps her eyes open, even as she grips him with increasing pressure. She does squeeze them shut once, right as their feet hit the edge, but she quickly forces them back open.

"Do you trust me?" he asks, directing her attention upwards.

Heart beating painfully against her ribs, eyes on his, she nods. It feels like a vow. "Yes."

Wight shifts. He tips them over the edge. Her heart leaps to her throat, she can't even breathe, her center of balance rolling. Inborn fear breaks her neck out in sweat. Only a few snatches of a moment pass before his wings catch the air, his hold on her tightens at her back, braces her head. With a few hard strokes, they're airborne.

It's like nothing she's ever experienced before, it's incredible, *exhilarating*. They climb through the air like a hot knife through butter. Lucifer's great wings work with enrapturing fluidity. Watching the smooth flexing of strange musculature has Chloe realizing...this is what Lucifer was *meant* for, *designed* for. A creature of Heaven, of something she cannot even begin to fathom.

How can she ever measure up to that?

Chloe feels him tense against her, the only warning she gets before Lucifer throws them into a barrel roll, spinning end over end until he snaps his wings out and glides.

Once Chloe has managed to get air back in her lungs, she expels it in laughter, the tense moment broken. It doesn't matter that she's only human. Not when he looks at her like that, grinning down, eyes bright with happiness.

"Shall we play, darling?" he asks, sounding a bit winded from excitement himself. He takes her answering grin as confirmation.

Lucifer swoops up into an Immelman, an almost effortless loop. He holds the moment where Chloe is above him, her body pressing down against his as if they were laying on a beach and not hundreds, maybe thousands of feet in the air. She looks down at him, awed, admiring the massive span of his wings, for as long as possible before he rights them. She sinks back into his grip. He swirls and spins, moving skillfully through the air, dancing with the sky, dallying with gravity, sunlight flashing off his feathers.

Suddenly, as if beholden to some unknown signal, Lucifer starts to ascend, heavy wing beats thrashing at the air, his face angled up towards the endless expanse of sky, striving higher and higher. Chloe risks a glance down and LA is dizzyingly small below them. She quickly relocates back to looking at Lucifer. He must reach an elevation he deems right, because he hovers there for a moment, lungs heaving under her hands, wings flapping to keep them in place. He looks down at her, dark eyes holding her own, a single moment of time perfectly encapsulated...and then his wings tuck in. They dive.

Adrenaline burns in her veins, every human instinct crying out in fear, but none of it matters as long as he's holding her. His wings angle to cut easily through the air with no resistance, feathers lying smooth. It's just enough to keep them steady as they fall and fall and fall, his eyes locked on hers. Chloe is breathless with it, unable to look away from his gaze, deep and black like the night sky and she doesn't falter or break away from him even as they continue to plummet, dropping dangerously low, dangerously fast.

At what feels like the last possible second, his wings tilt and catch the air and they slow, swooping upwards, the tips of his pinions just brushing the glass outside of Lux. Chloe whoops and Lucifer laughs and he's happier than she's ever seen him, nearly glowing with joy. They bank smoothly, circling over to rise lazily on a thermal for a bit before he steers them towards the balcony. He backbeats his wings hard and lands, stumbling forward a few steps. She hardly has her feet beneath her before she's kissing him, frantic and *wanting*, because she can't help but kiss him. He returns it instantly and he's cradling the back of her head with one broad hand, the other curled against her hip as he slants his mouth over hers and plunders.

Gradually, he gentles them until it's just soft pressure at her mouth, nearly chaste, before parting and pressing his forehead to hers, both of them sharing air.

She's not an angel, she isn't bound by foreign biology to uphold a promise. But she can give him this. "I love you, you know," she tells him quietly and he trembles.

She pulls back just enough to make eye contact. This is hers now, she'd accepted his suit and now everything he is—is hers.

His pupils are blown black with desire. Her mouth tingles from his kisses and she wonders just how that stubble would feel against the tender skin of her inner thighs. "Bedroom?" Chloe asks, proud that her voice shakes only a little. He nods wordlessly. Chloe grins, breath teasing his mouth before she's kissing him again, briefly, smiling too much to make it a proper one, noses bumping. She gently takes his hand, the same hand she had accepted his suit with, and tugs at him.

He is only too happy to follow.

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