

Devil in the Details

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Summary: Just what was the favor Lucifer collected on in “The Nature of Favors”? A Lucifer/Lois and Clark crossover.

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A/N: Not sure if anyone is aware, but in case you didn't already know it, NostalgiaKick's birthday is today. Yes, that's right she's another year older, and what better way to celebrate than to write a companion piece for one of her and Endelda's fics? In case you didn't figure it out, this is a Lucifer and Lois and Clark crossover. This is a prequel to the fic, “The Nature of Favors.”

Thanks to Endelda for helping me put this together!

P.S. I hope you don't mind, Feli, but it wouldn't count as a surprise if you knew about it beforehand.

Metropolis, New Troy, 1972

The storm clouds crackled as the rain poured down outside the towering mansion of the Luthor estate. Headline after headline covered the front page, whispering of conspiracies and fates that had turned on the young Alexander Luthor. No longer was the world looking to Lionel Luthor for guidance and direction but to him – Alex – No, *Lex* Luthor.

‘*Lex*,’ he told himself, straightening his tie in the mirror.

The suit would have to be taken in. Try as he might with the tailor, he couldn't seem to get it right. Being the ripe young age of fourteen didn't help matters, but surely a simple adjustment to his father's suits wasn't too much to ask for.

“Mr. Luthor?”

Lex turned to see his family butler at the end of the hallway, motioning toward the rugged gentlemen behind him.

“I believe you have some visitors. Detective Henderson and ...,” the butler turned to the other man and asked, “I'm sorry, I didn't catch the name.”

“Decker.”

Lex felt a hard lump in his throat as he instinctively reached up to loosen his tie. This was the third visit in the last week. What was it going to take for these *rat bags*—as his father would have called them—to let it go? The accident had been investigated to death. Why couldn't they just close the case?

The detective with a pair of dark glasses and combed back jet-black hair approached, digging his hands into his coat pockets as he stood in front of Lex. “Bad time?”

Lex pasted a smile across his face, hiding his irritation as he responded smoothly, “No, no, of course not. What can I do for you, Officer Henderson?”

“Detective,” he corrected.

“Right,” Lex shrugged, nonchalantly, enjoying toying with the detective even if it was just to throw him off his game. He kept his composure, keeping a careful watch on his reflexes, careful to keep the panic that swirled inside him to remain at bay. After all, he hadn't come this far just to give himself away.

“Quite a spending spree you've been on lately, Alex,” Officer Decker remarked, tapping his chin with his index finger and thumb. “I guess we all grieve in different ways, right?”

“What exactly is the nature of this visit, officers?” Lex asked,

doing his best to remain calm as he watched Decker pace the corridor, sizing up the room.

“Call it a welfare check, Alex,” Detective Henderson said, taking a step closer. “I mean, it's not everyday a fourteen-year-old that was on the cusp of being disowned by his family found himself the sole heir of a multi-billion-dollar corporation.”

“Yes, how is LuthorCorp doing these days? Portfolio looking well for this quarter?” Lex felt a rush of anxiety-ridden adrenaline course through him as Decker paced in front of him. Decker's mouth curled into a smirk – like a hunter, smacking his lips as he moved in on his prey.

“I wouldn't know, Officer.” Lex swallowed hard as he stared back at the two men uncertainly.

“Right.” A long pause fell across the room, and Lex felt the hair on the back of his neck prickle with fear.

Was this how it would end? A pair of metal bracelets before he'd even had the chance to splurge in the reward that was rightfully his? No, it couldn't end like this. “Well, as stimulating as this conversation is, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you two to leave. Early morning.” He motioned to the door with his head, nodding in its direction.

“Right,” Henderson nodded to Decker, smoothing a predatory smile across his face. “That trust fund won't spend itself, will it?”

“Careful, Detective, one wouldn't want to be caught in the crossfires of an investigation of abuse of power, would one?” Lex warned, feeling a burst of confidence run through him as he stared down the detective that seemed hell bent on proving his involvement in his parents' death. The tragic accident seemed too convenient for the detective who refused to let the matter go. But he still lacked the one thing he needed to bring charges against him – he hoped – evidence.

“Abuse of power?” Henderson looked to Decker and let out a low whistle. “Did you hear that, John?”

“Here I thought we were just having a friendly conversation,” Decker chuckled out.

“Officers,” Lex's butler cleared his throat. “I'm afraid Mr. Luthor has a prior engagement.”

The two exchanged a look and nodded to Lex. “Very well,” Henderson nodded to Lex, moving toward the door before stopping in the doorway and turning to face Lex. “Just remember, we'll be watching.”

“Have a good evening, officers,” Lex felt the venom in his tone escape as he watched his butler usher the officers out the door.

He let out a sigh of relief and made his way toward the dining room, preparing to indulge himself in the sweet decadents the chef had prepared and forget the various close calls he had endured over the last few weeks. A whiff of chocolate and caramel teased his nostrils as he entered the dining room. There on the table, laid out for his sampling were small pastries and a small sampling of fondues, ganache, and creamy sweet dips for him to sample. He reached for the spoon, opting to skip the sampling with the fruits and pastries and go right for the chocolate decadent of ganache and fondue in the large bowl in front of him. His butler made a blanching expression as he took a large bite, turning away and leaving Lex to mull through his current situation in peace.

The onslaught of close calls, fake grief and heartbreaking interviews he'd been forced to endure over the last several months were becoming too much for him. He could feel himself slipping. Making mistakes he wouldn't have dared allow himself to make before. How was he expected to carry on like this? He couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep. Everywhere he looked those intrusive detectives were lurking around the corner, waiting for him to slip up.

“Nigel?”

Lex called out, looking for the older man with a tired

expression.

"I'm afraid Nigel's stepped out," a voice came from the corner of the dining room. Before Lex could demand the intruder show himself the man spun around in the chair he was seated in, facing Lex with a sly smile that spread across his face, glinting his dark pupils with intrigue. "Morningstar. Lucifer Morningstar."

"You seem awfully comfortable for a man who's about to be skinned alive and have his hide tanned for leather," Lex fumed, glaring back at the intruder. He didn't know who this Morningstar was and he didn't care. The last thing he needed was another unwelcome guest.

"Temper, temper, Alexander.," Lucifer scolded, shaking his head at Lex with a condescending cluck of his tongue. With a flick of his wrists, he popped open the expensive bottle of scotch sitting a few feet away from him and poured a glass. "Now, is that anyway to treat someone who's about to do you a favour?"

"Favor?" Lex's curiosity piqued as he stared at the mystery man.

"I'm guessing Nigel didn't pass along his desperate plea for my help." Lucifer's smile widened as he stood up, holding his glass of scotch in his hand as he approached Lex. "I hear you've been quite the naughty boy, Alex. Killing mummy and daddy to make a quick buck. Not the most original, I'm afraid."

"You don't know what you're talking about," Lex spat, straightening up as he backed away from the stranger. "My parents died in a tragic accident. It's in the police report."

Lucifer let out a long sigh, "Yes, I suppose it is." He winked at Lex. "How much did you pay off the coroner to fudge that report?"

"What?" Lex felt his face go pale, wondering how Lucifer knew.

"Oh, come on, Alex, you know as well as I do that tragic accident was a ploy to knock off daddy and given him a taste of his own medicine." Lucifer let out a sinister chuckle as he leaned closer. "Believe me, I know all about daddy issues."

"You're out of your mind!" Lex snapped. Try as he might he couldn't bring himself to leave. There was something about this Lucifer Morningstar that intrigued him.

"Really?" Lucifer leaned closer, smiling broadly as he whispered, "Tell me, Alex, what is it you really desire, hmm?"

"I..."

The words fumbled out of Lex's mouth before he could stop them. He wanted to stop. He wanted to runaway but he couldn't. He couldn't fight the overwhelming urge to tell his deepest and darkest desires to this stranger he knew nothing about.

"...really want these overt detectives out of my life. I worked hard for over a year to plan my parents' murder, and they're ruining it all. I just want to be left alone so I can take what is rightfully mine and show the world you don't ever cross Lex Luthor."

Lucifer let out a sinister chuckle. "Well, well, we certainly do have a darkened soul, don't we, Lex?"

"Why did I just tell you that?" Lex asked in a hushed whisper.

"Oh, it's okay, Lex, is it? Shedding the old image, I see."

Lucifer's eyes seemed to almost glow with delight as he grinned back at Lex, "You see, people like to tell me things, those deep, dark, naughty little desires that are on their mind. It's a gift. One might even call it a gift from God."

"What do you want?" Lex asked, looking around the room in a panic. "Money? Stock?"

Lucifer chuckled, pushing Lex away from him. "Oh, don't be ridiculous, that's not how this works. The question is, what can I do for you? You were the one that requested the assistance with a certain pair of officers?" Lucifer took a deep breath, taking in the sweet aroma in the room. "A quick transfer out of town to rustle up some feathers should do the trick. Which one do you want sent packing, hmm?"

Lex's eyes narrowed, and he stared back at Lucifer, uncertain if he was truly having this conversation. Had he really admitted his complicity in his parents' murder? Had he revealed himself to this stranger with just a whisper of a few words? How was this possible?

"Decker," Lex said with a determined expression.

"Decker it is," Lucifer cheered, holding up his glass to make a toast. "I'll arrange for the transfer immediately, and you'll be free to carry on with your murderous plots...and when I need something in return you will deliver without question." Lucifer held out his hand for Lex to shake. "Do we have a deal?"

Lex extended his hand to take Lucifer's, "Deal."

Lucifer leaned in and whispered, "Don't cross me, Lex. A deal with the Devil isn't something you want to break."

THE END