

"Do... you have a moment?" Asher asked as he walked up to Lucifer who was sitting in his library, reading.

Lucifer looked up from his book at the young man and nodded. "Of course, what do you need Asher?"

"I was wondering if you couldn't perhaps talk to dad about letting me live back on earth instead..." he mumbled as he looked down on his shuffling feet.

"Shouldn't you be talking to him yourself? He's your father after all..." Lucifer said as he motioned for Asher to sit down on one of the chairs surrounding the table.

Asher sighed as he sat down, "he'll just say 'stop being such an emo bitch, Asher'"

"...said the desert to the grain of sand," Lucifer smirked.

"What do you mean?"

"Wren was the queen of emo bitches for almost four hundred years. Ask Dis about it, I'm sure he'll gladly fill you in on that." Lucifer put down the book and leaned forward a little. "Why don't you talk to Sunnie about it?"

"She really wants me here, you know... after the stuff that happened in Jory's old dimension. But I... I just don't like it here! I mean, everyone's afraid of me here! It's no fun, I don't have any friends here besides... well, you and Jesse, and you're not really friend-friends. You're family."

"Mmm I see..."

"Amongst demons, gods, angels... whatever, I'm the one who feels like the fucking freak. How messed up is that? At least, when I'm down on earth with Dis I can walk around without people circling around me like I have the plague. And you know what? It's all dad's fault!"

"Talked to Caylen or Cade about this? They could probably relate."

"Yeah, a little... But, all demons and angels respect you! You're like... their savior. Wren's just the guy who'd kill the entire city if someone looked at me funny," Asher shook his head. "He always listens to you Lucifer, you're like... everyone's dad here."

Lucifer smiled, "I'll talk to Wren, nut only if you talk to him first. You need to start communicating between each other. It's not gonna get any better between you two unless you start somewhere."

"But he's impossible to talk to!" Asher objected, throwing his hands up in the air.

"Wren appreciates honesty, you know that. Just be straight with him and it'll be alright."

"Yes, that's a comforting thought when he's looking at me like he's about to punch me in the face and toss me half across the world!"

"Has he ever physically hurt you?"

"...No... not really," Asher grumbled.

“Remember that one time you asked him to teach you magic? You just asked him right? Straight out of the blue,” Lucifer said. “And didn’t he agree, without any arguments?”

“...yes.”

“And didn’t he age you on your own request before you moved to Pinecone Vale?”

“...yes,” Asher sighed.

“And he went along with your plan of trying to get Sunnie back the ‘normal’ way, didn’t he?”

“Yes, but---“

“Wren does care about you Asher. He might have quite a hard time showing it though, but I think that is just the result of his own immaturity and lack of a father-figure himself.”

“Mmh, I still wish you were my father instead.”

Lucifer laughed, “you wish anyone but Wren was your father but you’re so much like him. Wren never cared for his powers much. He just really wants to have a nice and quiet life together with his family. Like you.”

“I... don’t want to be like him. I mean... I’ve heard of all the horrifying things he’s done in the past. I don’t want to end up like that! I don’t want to be a monster!” Asher groaned as he stretched out over the table with a sigh, putting his forehead against the flat surface.

“Being like him doesn’t mean that you will become him. Asher...” Lucifer reached across the table taking the young man’s hand in his. “When Wren was still young he fought to be free of Fate, and he won. He will not deny you the same right. Who you become, is entirely up to you Asher.”

“Mmm...” Asher sighed, “well your dad isn’t the devil in disguise.”

“Come on Asher! Your father can be a good man and you know it. If he was truly as bad as you describe him to be, then he would be alone and miserable because he just killed everyone else.”

Asher looked up at Lucifer with a small smirk on his lips, “I like slandering him.”

“Good for you. I’m sure he’s doing the same to you at this very moment,” Lucifer smiled as he let Asher’s hand go and leaned back in his chair.

Asher stood up from his seat. “Thank you, Lucifer. Your sons have some big shoes to fill.”

“They don’t have to. It’s their choice.”

“Oh come on, admit you would have been a little disappointed if they didn’t follow in your footsteps.”

Lucifer shook his head, “when Jory and I lead the mortal armies to overthrow our gods, we were controlled by Fate. Even though we felt like the choice was ours, we were still controlled. But, thanks to Wren my sons don’t have anything controlling them. If they had chosen to be couch-potatoes, spending their days in the dining hall I would still be proud because it would have been their choice.”

Asher sighed, running his fingers through his hair. "See, proof you're a greater man than me. I would have been so disappointed if that happens to my future sons."