

## [Unknown POV]

In the middle of nowhere, a man in a suit stood watching over a beautiful garden full of roses of all imaginable colors. There, he waited patiently for someone to arrive.

On the horizon, seemingly coming out of thin air, a woman appeared. One of fair skin and kind eyes.

The woman's pale skin stood in stark contrast to the vibrant colors of the garden around her. The roses brushed against her as she walked, leaving a trail of petals in her wake as she made her way to the man.

Without stopping, she continued walking across the garden until she came to a rosebush that was taller than the others. The bush was covered in sharp thorns, protecting each and every single rose.

With a summer-like smile, the woman reached out and boldly took a rose from the bush, ignoring the prick of the thorns. As she lifted the rose to her nose, a smile came to her face, and she closed her eyes, inhaling its sweet fragrance. It was almost as if, for a moment, the woman had all but forgotten all about her worries and was enjoying the beauty of the garden around her.

And how could she not?

The entire garden was in full bloom, and the bees were lazily buzzing from one blossom to the next. On the horizon, the sun was just beginning to set, painting the sky in a spectrum of oranges and pinks.

It was a peaceful scene, and the woman couldn't help but feel a sense of wonder. Taking another look at the rose in her hands, she turned to see the man she had come to see smiling at her from a few feet away.

For a brief moment, the two shared a moment of silent companionship before one of them decided to break the silence.

"Long time no see, Death," The man said with a grin, his voice full of mirth.

Death smiled back at him, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "It has been a while, Samael. How have you been?"

"Ugh, please, if you have to call me something, pick anything but that name," The man said, making a face. "It brings nothing but bad memories."

Death chuckled at his response with good humor. "Fine, what would you like me to call you then?"

"Lucifer, or Luci if you must," Lucifer replied with a playful smirk.

"Very well then, Lucifer it is," Death said, still smiling.

"How's the kid?" Lucifer asked, fixing his tie as he spoke.

Death's smile faltered for a fraction of a second before she quickly schooled her features back into a neutral expression. "He's doing okay, I suppose. He has so much on his table for someone so young, and his life is barely just starting."

Lucifer sighed, snapping his fingers to summon a cup of expensive whiskey. "I suppose it is to be expected." At this, he took a sip of his drink before continuing. "After all, the role he will fill needs a certain character, one that can only be forged through adversity."

Death nodded; her expression thoughtful. "That's one way to look at things. His destiny is out of reach for us to understand, and... I can't help but worry about him. He's so alone, and I fear that one day he might lose himself."

Lucifer said nothing, simply staring at his drink as he swirled it around in the glass. After a few moments of total silence, he put the drink down with a heavy sigh. "I understand what you

fear, and I can't blame you for wanting to do more. Out of all of your siblings, you're the most human, but we can't let our emotions cloud our judgment. I'm certain he's going to find his own path, Death."

At this, Death smiled, albeit a little sadly, making a little pout. "I know, but I can't help but want to help him a bit more."

Lucifer chuckled, patting her shoulder in a comforting manner. "I know, and we will help him in time. But not now; I mean, we can't ruin this for those seeing this from afar, right?"

Death sighed, her shoulders slumping. "Will our laws affect him?"

Lucifer paused for a brief moment before shaking his head. "No, he's... different. He's not part of him like all of us are. Lucky him. So, even if we wanted to, I highly doubt such rules would apply to him."

Death smiled. "Good."

Lucifer smirked at her as if reading between the lines. "Ohh, I see now. You little miscreant. Who would've thought Death would have such impure thoughts skipping around her head? What a delightful discovery."

Death smiled at him, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "Are you quite done?"

Lucifer chuckled, his smirk not fading in the slightest. "Not in the slightest; I want details."

Death rolled her eyes at him, her smile still in place. "I think you've been spending too much time in the mortal realm Luci."

Lucifer's smirk turned into a full-blown grin at her remark. "And I think you've been spending too much time working; you only live once. I mean, one would think that you, of all people, would know that."

Death couldn't help but laugh at his statement. "Fair point, but no. It is not what you think at all."

"Then what is it?" Lucifer pressed his grin still in place. "Don't spare any details. Come on, don't make put out the charm because I warn you, I am irresistible."

Death rolled her eyes at him once again. "I'm just glad our rules won't keep him from the girl."

Lucifer smiled, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Oh, I see. You're shipping them!"

Death chuckled, her eyes widening in surprise. "Like I said, too much time in the mortal world."

Lucifer laughed; his head thrown back in amusement. "Oh, this is going to be fun."

Death shook her head at him, her own laughter bubbling up. "You're incorrigible."

"I know," Lucifer said, still chuckling. "But that's what makes me so fun."

"I won't humor your child-like behavior," Death replied, taking another rose from the garden.

Lucifer chuckled, clearly amused by her reaction. "Oh, come on, you can't deny that you want them to end up together. Just admit it! That could be our thing, shipping mortals together! Just imagine! The possibilities for mischief are endless, pun intended."