‘long day, love?’

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‘long day, love?’

by Kiwi8_fruit6

Summary

At the end of a long day running the Hotel, Vaggie needs privacy. She needs respite. She needs intimate, loving comfort from the one she loves.

Good thing Charlie is there to grant her just that.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Long day, Vaggie?" Charlie cooed, tenderly stroking Vaggie's head.

Vaggie made a muffled noise of assent somewhere in between her girlfriend's breasts, and Charlie giggled; partly cause it tickled and partly cause it was so very cute. Vaggie was always so very cute, so adorable; but in the sanctuary of each other's company – and *only* each other's company – when she allowed herself to let her guard down fully, she was even cuter, even more adorable.

Her girlfriend looked up with a simply precious pout, messy strands of hair curtaining her face. "You laugh," she huffed, "but you didn't have to deal with the dinner rush today, hon." And she buried her head back in Charlie's chest again.

"Oh no, what happened?" Charlie had missed dinner at the hotel tonight; after the usual busy morning of counselling sessions and various group activities, she'd had to go out on a business meeting in Gluttony on behalf of her father. Her aunt Beelzebub was always good company, and they *might* have had a little bit too much to catch up on in between hashing out a new inter-ring trade deal. Charlie had ended up staying for a 'light' dinner with the Queen Bee and her boyfriend; and by the time she'd arrived back at the hotel the revelry of the evening was winding down, courtesy of a typically cavalier Alastor, a typically indefatigable Niffty, and a simmering-more-than-usual Vaggie.

So here she was, in bed with her wife, finding out what she had missed.

"Baxter and Pentious turned their noses up at the ceviche," came the muffled, put-upon reply. "Someone, I don't know who, ordered a Hawaiian pizza *just* to prank Angel. Then…" Vaggie groaned, and burrowed her face deeper into Charlie's cleavage. "Then there was a food fight."

"There, there," Charlie wove her hands further down through Vaggie's long silver locks, and started to massage the small of her back. Vaggie kneaded at her sides in return, squeezing her love handles one at a time, left then right, left then right. Charlie had the distinct impression she was being used as a stress ball, not that she minded one bit. "But it was all cleaned up when I got back, wasn't it? All's well that ends well?"

"I guess, but – *¡ay, mierda, me vuelve loco!"* Vaggie lifted her head back up, eye scrunched closed in frustration. She squirmed, and one of Charlie's hands automatically went to her rear, securing her girlfriend on top of her so she didn't slip off.

One hand rubbing Vaggie's back and the other cradling her butt, Charlie pressed a smooch to her *polilla's* cheek; getting silvery silky hair in her mouth. Giggling, she blew the fringe away and kissed Vaggie again, and again, and again… until at last all the tension had melted out of her like butter.

With a gentle exhale, Vaggie kissed Charlie back; long and lingering and loving. "Thanks, hon," she murmured when their lips had parted, and there was much unsaid there that Charlie still heard. She rubbed her hand up and down her love's back one last time in response.

They fell into an intimate silence, nothing but the slow tempo of their breathing and the sensation of Vaggie's slender torso sinking a little into Charlie's softer, pudgier middle. It was the sort of silence Charlie could happily fall asleep to; and she had many a time; to the gentle chill of her wife's grey skin against her own warmth, to the closeness that communicated far more than words.

She nearly did start to doze off, in fact; but Vaggie wriggled again.

"There's always *something* going on." she mumbled tiredly, and Charlie blinked and gave her love her undivided attention. "Food fights, prank wars, surprise midnight parties… missing group therapy cause making out in a supply closet is apparently more important."

"Angel and Husk?" Charlie guessed.

"Uh-huh. Angel and Husk."

Charlie rolled her eyes; she had a soft spot for romantic clichés, so she could hardly begrudge the pair. "Hey, there's far worse things they could be up to than being in love. And being busy like this is much better than when we first opened, right?"

Vaggie gave a short snort of laughter. No doubt she was remembering the emptiness of the hotel in those first few days, the worries and frayed hope they'd both harboured. "I guess so…" Her brow still furrowed, though. "…but…"

"But…? Charlie prompted gently, stroking Vaggie's shoulder.

"But you'd think things would get *calmer* over time. I mean, we're supposed to be working towards bettering ourselves," Vaggie lifted her hand, gesturing in frustration, *"* and instead we're just… just levelling out."

"I think we are all improving, though." Charlie reassured her. "Pent hasn't tried to take over anything in ages; Angel hasn't gotten involved in any turf wars; well, at least not *major* ones. Husk…" She paused and tried to think of some way the boozehound barcat's vices had improved during his residence at the Hazbin Hotel. "…Husk *might* be slightly less hungover now?"

"And yet he still goes out gambling every other night! If anything, having Angel on his arm in that – that *tiny* red dress has made his habit worse!"

"Well, if you were wearing a dress like that I might be… tempted to misbehave too." Charlie brought her hands up to trace the pear-shaped outline of Vaggie's torso, from the sides of her chest down to her generous hips.

"¡Ay, detente!" Vaggie let out a flustered giggle.

"You would!" Charlie grinned naughtily, fiery flashes dancing in her eyes. "A crimson mini dress, with a halter neck, and a high slit…" She bit her lip, white fang stark against black flesh, and squeezed Vaggie's thighs dangerously close to where her buttocks started, "…to show off *these."*

"Hon!" Face glowing and her bow flapping, Vaggie tried to hide in Charlie's chest again, tittering a string of flustered *Español* into her bosom. Charlie laughed a smoky laugh at the buzzing sensation against her breastbone. She cupped Vaggie's cheek, trailed a single finger down to her chin and guided her head back up.

"Maybe I'll get you one for Sinsmas," she purred, and Vaggie meeped. She looked so bashful with her face all flushed, her eyelashes fluttering, her teeth pulling at her bottom lip – Charlie just had to kiss her.

There was more heat to this kiss. Lips parted, tongue exploring, and teeth testing at the plumpness of Vaggie's lips, Charlie led the way; her fingers making their way around to her love's rear and squeezing gently. Vaggie responded in kind, filling the gaps effortlessly; her own tongue following the rhythm Charlie set, her hands finding Charlie's sides and caressing the territory between sideboob, love handles, and back rolls. The kiss lasted, and lasted; they savoured each other. And only when they were both sated, only *then* did they break apart with a sigh.

Vaggie laid her head down sideways on Charlie's chest, listening to her heartbeat, nuzzling her collarbone. She looked mostly content; but Charlie *knew* her wife well, and she could tell she still needed to vent some more.

"You're still tense." she hummed after a minute. "Just a little bit."

A fond smirk. "Can't hide anything from you, now, can I?"

"We're too in sync." Charlie stroked her love's hair again in answer, giving her the space and assurance to open up.

And sure enough, Vaggie's voice was quieter, less agitated, when she spoke again. "It just feels like half the time we're babysitting everyone more than making progress, and they should be – *we* should be – making progress quicker."

"I know how that feels, Vaggie. But small steps forward are still steps forward." Charlie combed her fingers through a lock of Vaggie's hair. "Next year we'll look back again and we'll see how far we've come, just like we're looking back now."

"They're like children. They're literal children." A snicker spluttered its way out of Vaggie's mouth. "And, you know, that makes us… we're the parents! We're literally *parents!"*

"Are we?" Charlie giggled. And she couldn't help it, she disentangled her hands from Vaggie's hair and attacked her with wriggling, tickling fingers. Vaggie's laughter went full-on hysterical – she cackled and cackled, rolled sideways off of Charlie and into the bedsheets with a muffled thump, and Charlie rolled onto her side too to keep tickling away, but also so she could keep looking at that beautiful mirthful expression on Vaggie's gorgeous face – oh that beaming, laughing smile made her heart sing.

Now Vaggie was almost wheezing for air. "Ohhh, we're already the mom friends, we have to keep them in check all the time," She coughed, and Charlie eased off the tickle assault. "We might – we might as well be their *actual* mothers!"

Charle chuckled along, a delightful belly laugh sending ripples up and down and through her body. She remembered the most chaotic moments in their little core friend group. Alastor's rivalry with Vox overcoming his sense of propriety when they bumped into each other on the street. Niffty getting stuck cleaning the highest chandelier in the Hotel without Husk there to fly her down. Losing Angel multiple times at Lu Lu World. "Don't tell me you plan on putting Angel on a leash?"

Vaggie bent over double, cackling *so* hard. "No, no, don't make me think about that!" she gasped. "He'd *like that!"*

"Okay!" Charlie relented with a teasing grin. "What about Alastor, then?"

"…yeah, okay, maybe him. We can put *him* on a leash." Vaggie sobered, her laughter trailing off and her smile receding.

Charlie galumphed closer across the bed with a squeaking of mattress springs, close enough to reach her love and ground her from getting too lost in thought. She rubbed Vaggie's arm comfortingly; then changed tack to massage her breast, lovingly rolling supple flesh between her finger and thumb. Vaggie reciprocated in turn.

"Never thought I'd be a mom," she murmured reflectively. "Never wanted to be a mom, like my mother." Her face fell even more. "But I seemed to be the killjoy all the time, the spoilsport, the *sourpuss* – that's what I kept getting told by everyone."

"Ah-ah! That's negative self-talk, Vaggie!" Charlie gave Vaggie's bicep a comforting squeeze. "You're empathetic, you're thoughtful, you keep us grounded. And I think you are fun to be around!" Her eyes lit up as she conjured up recent happy memories. "Remember that hotel pool day, when we set up the diving board and you were the first to do a somersault dive, and everyone was trying to do fancy dives after that? Or the Halloween ball, and how you showed us all up with your dancing? You're the best dancer out of all of us!"

"Angel would have something to say about that," Vaggie scoffed.

"He thinks you're great! He does!" Charlie insisted. "We're still working on giving straightforward compliments. And," she carried on, effusively, "you sing so beautifully! I'm sure that's why karaoke night is such a popular group activity, 'cause of your wonderful voice!"

"Adulador," Vaggie laughed softly, a little incredulously.

"I mean it! Cause it's true!" Charlie booped Vaggie on the nose to emphasise her point, and her love giggled again.

"Really?"

"Really!"

"Okay, I believe you, hon."

They settled back into their gentle rhythm of soft touches, hands slowing and settling over particularly treasured parts of each other's bodies; Charlie caressing Vaggie's face, Vaggie the softer parts of Charlie's middle.

"I never thought the afterlife would be like this," Vaggie still mused, tracing one of Charlie's stretch marks. "Running a hotel. Rehabbing demons and sinners. I never thought I'd find a family here – a maddening, chaotic family that makes me want to tear my hair out sometimes."

"Would you have it any other way?" Charlie asked.

Vaggie rolled her eye and smiled wryly. Charlie could practically see her thoughts and memories reflected in her gaze – commiserating with Husk, snarky rapport with Angel, the hard-earned successes that they had all worked together towards and the way they had figured out how to support each other.

"Never. Because you're here," she breathed. Now Charlie could see only herself mirrored in Vaggie's eye; the memories, the love they shared, what they meant to each other; and it made her heart swell.

Her heart swelled even more when Vaggie initiated the kiss this time; a peck on the lips that said more than the voice never could. *"Porque te encontré, y tú me encontraste."*

"Awwww, Vaggie!"

Vaggie smiled, holding Charlie's gaze with half-lidded eyes and all the soft intensity of her devotion. "But if I could just get a bit more sleep," she finished in a good-natured grumble; followed by a stifled yawn.

Charlie's response was ever-chirpy. "I'll see about soundproofing the ballroom, insulating the walls? And hiring some more staff? We can start drawing up plans for that tomorrow!"

"Gracias," Vaggie murmured sleepily, the corners of her mouth still twitching upwards. *"Te amo mucho, cariño."*

"Love you too, Vaggie," Charlie leaned forward, planting a smooch right on her cheek.

With a happy little hum and another yawn, Vaggie rolled over into Charlie's side, and Charlie curled herself around her wife from behind. She took a moment to rejoice in how they slotted together perfectly when she was the big spoon; the curve of her stomach fitting into the concave arch of Vaggie's back, the smoosh of Vaggie's rear against the plushness of her lower belly where it spilled down to the tops of her thighs.

She wrapped her arms under Vaggie's and around her middle. Vaggie's hand drifted down and came to rest atop hers, finding the golden wedding band on her ring finger. Charlie didn't need to see it to know how her *mariposa's* smile widened at that.

Slowly, surely, Vaggie's breathing changed note; slowed and quietened down to a peaceful whisper, and Charlie knew she had fallen asleep.

Charlie contentedly nestled her head against the pillows and pulled the bedsheets over their bodies. She snuggled herself closer to Vaggie, until her belly squished right into the small of her wife's back. She pressed one last kiss to the back of Vaggie's head; just behind her bow, where her hair parted into wing-like tails, before she too closed her eyes and settled in for the night.

"Goodnight Vaggie, *mi polilla plateada.* Sweet dreams."

End Notes

Spanish translations

¡ay, mierda, me vuelve loco! | ay, shit, it drives me insane!

Polilla | moth

¡ay, dedente | Oh, stop it!

Adulador | flatterer

Porque te encontré, y tú me encontraste | Because I found you, and you found me

Gracias. Te amo mucho, cariño | Thank you. I love you so much, hon

Mariposa | butterfly

mi polilla plateada | my silver moth

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