duet

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Summary

Verosika wakes up one morning to find Wally singing an old favourite song.

The guitar chords emanating from somewhere in their apartment brought her out of her slumber. They were familiar, but her groggy mind couldn't name the song.

Verosika wiped the sleep out of her eyes, scrubbed fingers through her bed-head hair, and got up. She chucked on a baggy t-shirt, one that went down to her upper thighs (ironically, about as far as her stage dresses usually went too) and traipsed out of the bedroom.

The strumming continued as she padded down the hall. It was joined by whistling - a familiar tune; she was sure she knew it, but her rebooting brain just couldn't place it.

Verosika paused at the entrance to the lounge; and there, sitting on the floor in nothing but his pyjama pants, eyes closed and guitar in hand, was Wally.

"She was a fast machine, she kept her motor clean…"

AC/DC. She loved AC/DC. When she was a teen and Bon Scott had just arrived in Hell, Verosika had hitchhiked up to Pride to watch him perform in a bar, and it had been totally worth the grounding from her mother afterwards. The man had had such stage presence, an intoxicating laid-back confidence, and the music he sung was raunchy, raw, authentic. She'd known right then and there that she wanted to do That™, to rock the stage and rock an audience.

Fame had trapped her on a treadmill of marketable pop, but Verosika had never given up that little spark of rock 'n' roll; she'd kept it safe inside, until she found the right demon to share it with. Which she had. Wally loved all sorts of music; circus tunes and commercial jingles for the most part, but he liked rock too. He had thrown himself into listening to every song she recommended; he had even learned the guitar so he could strum along with her as she warmed up or wrote new songs.

But she hadn't thought that his voice; his silly, squawky, earnest voice, would sound so fitting to acoustic rock covers.

Verosika took a step forward into the room. Wally's eyes cracked open, and at the sight of her his face split into a grin; but he kept on playing, kept on singing.

"She was the best damn woman that I've ever seen,"

he crooned meaningfully, staring straight into her eyes. And hot damn, shefeltlike it. Even wearing nothing but a rumpled shirt, with her hair a frizzy mess, she felt like it. Of course she knew she was one of the hottest pieces of ass in Hell, but Wally said it in a way that was beyond sexual.

He winked as he sung aboutthose succubus thighs, and she giggled, and used her tail to lift the hem of her shirt, flashing him more of her thighs and even the underside of her buttcheeks. Wally flushed, but his smile and his playing didn't waver. He barked out a laugh at the innuendo in "*She told me to come, but I was already there"*, bucking his hips; but Verosika's mind was already elsewhere: on the music. Her fingers twitched, forming the shape of familiar chords.

There was her guitar, sitting in the corner of the living room; pink and blue, with Ozzie's signature on the pickguard.

She picked it up.

She sat, cross-legged, in front of Wally, guitar resting on her thigh, and started strumming along; percussive palm-mutes adding rhythm to the tune. Oh,oh how his grin widened as she joined in. This was what the both of them lived for.

And Verosika joined in singing the chorus.

"Yeah, you shook me all night long!"

Wally's voicebrokeon the high note, and he cackled. "Can't sing that high that long, I say!" he croaked over the guitar harmonies. Verosika shook her head fondly; then cleared her throat and swallowed. She hadn't warmed up her voice yet, but that was okay, she rarely needed to anyway; and besides, her trademark voice was husky from booze. Perfect for rock 'n' roll.

"Working double time on the seduction line…"

She thought as she sang.

A 'cubus's life revolved around it. Tempting humans to the sin of lust; manipulating other demons to get what they wanted. Missions to Earth, recording songs, concert tours, and parties was. It was busy; but it was easy to seduce, to turn on, to f*ck. Easy, and empty.

But Wally was one of a kind, and Verosika was so glad he was hers.

He was respectful. Respectful to the point that he'd missed the blatant signs she was giving him thatshewas interested too. He'd gotten to know her, gotten to know her songs, actuallylistenedandwatchedwhen she was on stage whether he was behind the bar at Ozzie's or in the VIP section at her concerts. He'd wined and dined her before the first time they'd had sex… and oh he was a considerate lover. Who knew that goofy ass tongue could do so much for her.

"I wanna cool you down before another round…"

Verosika stopped strumming for just a bar, and reached out to stroke her finger under his chin. She watched him gulp and his smile and moustache go all crooked and besotted.

She got to her feet, and he followed; she started stamping out a faster beat and put a shimmy into her shoulders. The pictures hanging on the wall rattled; the floor vibrated with each stomp.

"Yeah, you, you shook me all night long!"

"You know what I'm talking about, baby!" she yelled, and from the grin on his face, he sure did.

Their first time had left her trembling with pleasure and with want; and she'd greedily demanded he do that with his mouthagain, and eventually he'd been the one shivering as she spooned him in the afterglow. And now they had a whole catalogue memories of long, loving, bed-breaking nights: the night after her return to Ozzie's; the time she snuck him up to the human world in disguise; when she won an award for her latest album and they used her trophy as a toy. They had in fact broken the bed once, too, in a hotel to boot. You'd think that Envy would make better beds.

They reached the instrumental, and Wally began. hopping around madly doing the duckwalk. Verosika laughed and fumbled the guitar solo as she watched him stumble, and he stuck his tongue out at her.

"You really took me and you! Shook me all night long!"

"SHAKE ME BABY, I SAY!" Wally hollered as they returned to the chorus. He shuffled closer, and so did she; they got up in each others' faces, close enough to feel the heat of their breath as they exhaled and sang, almost close enough to kiss. It was like the pauses in sex where they just looked at each other.

She needed to shake him. She needed to take him. The night wasn't enough, the energy of the song had woken her up and turned her on. He loved her, he loved who she was, and she loved him, and she needed to show that to him carnally.

"Yeah you shook me!

Yeah you took me!

All night long!"

They hit the last chord with a whoop and a laugh.

And, unable to resist any longer, Verosika tossed her guitar aside and flung herself at Wally.

A little while later, they broke apart, their voices strained and chests heaving from an altogether different sort of song and dance.

Wally rolled back onto the carpet, Verosika's discarded shirt tangled around his ankle. "Darlin'," he gasps, "you could shake me all day long too, I say, I say."

"Catch your breath first, you funny old man."

"Now, I say, that was below the belt, madam!"

"What belt?" she said innocently and pinched his bony hip. Wally yelped, and retaliated by goosing her. In return, she pinned him, straddled him and subjected him to a tickle attack. Somehow, despite his scrawniness, he was able to roll her over and get on top ofher; and after a good to-and-fro they ended up in each other's embrace, gasping for air once more.

"Good morning, sweetness," Wally murmured, when he'd caught his breath again.

"It is a very good morning, baby," Verosika cooed, and she kissed him. "Thank you, Wally."

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