masseur

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by Kiwi8_fruit6

Summary

Molly gives Cherri a backrub one night.

The four hands working the knots and aches in her back are pure bliss, and Cherri Bomb melts into the bedsheets. "Fuckkkk, Molls, that's the spot."

"Cherry pip, whatcha keep on doin' to get all this tightness here?" Molly scolds fondly. Cherri only moans happily, as an audiblecrackmarks another ligament being loosened. "It ain't good for your figure ta keep stressing it so."

"Okay—aargh—I know how brill' your cooking is, babe." Cherri twists around (as best she can) to glare pointedly at her girlfriend. "If I wasn't keeping active, I'd balloon. This bod," she gestures at her lithe frame, "is high maintenance."

"I'll say."

Cherri sticks out her tongue, and plants her face back into the pillow. Molly resumes the massage.

"Worth it, though, don't'cha think?" Cherri opines coyly after a moment. She wiggles, coaxing the towel wrapped around her waist – the only thing she's wearing – lower to reveal the tramp stamp she just got the other day: a speckle of bombs framed within a spider's web. Something sweet for Molly to look at in the sack; at least in certain positions.

Her girlfriend is silent.

Cherri waits two seconds, then four, then six. Still no response. "Babe?" she asks tentatively.

"What was it tonight?" Molly's voice, when it comes, is flat; almost cold.

"Ey?"

"What got your back this bad tonight?"

"Oi, woah!" Cherri forces a chuckle, trying to defuse her own apprehension. "Where did the interrogation come from?"

Molly huffs. "Can't I be concerned about my gal?" That disarms Cherri.

It takes her a moment to gather back up her persona. "Ey, you know, these girls aren't light —" she cups her breasts, "—'n' parkouring round the Pentagram with them ain't the easiest on my back, I guess. I've tried finding bras with better support, but… guess that's Hell for us ladies. Same boob accomodating problems as in life."

"It's more than that though. Ain't it?"

Cherri tenses, then sighs. "Yeah, nah, yeah," she admits. "It is more."

"Thank you." Molly's hands leave her back, and she steps away; presumably (hopefully) to get more cream to rub into her back. "I'll never say no to givin' you a massage, don't get me wrong… but it means you're gettin' hurt a lot, maybe avoidably. An' that bugs me."

"Psh." Cherri waves a dismissive hand. "Y'know I can take a good whack. Why else would we have those paddles in our bedroom?"

"Not the time, Cherri."

"Aww, ya suuuuure?" She wiggles her eyebrows suggestively over her shoulder. Molly may not be facing her, but Cherri's sure she can see a blush on the edge of her cheek. "Ya got me starkas and at your mercy, don't ya wanna do something with that—?"

"CHERRI!"

She freezes.

The lights flicker for a moment with Molly's outburst. "Can ya please take this **seriously** for once?!"

Cherri is taken aback. Molly has never raised her voice at her like this, let alone slipped into her demon form. But she's never not one to rise to a challenge. She's a spunky Aussie powerhouse; she's weathered Angel's worst comedowns and Pentious's best inventions, and she will weather this too.

"Of course I bloody take it seriously!"

"No! Not the—the territorial—competitive—*machismo* bullshit!" Molly fumbles with her words in her frustration.

And that pisses Cherri off even more; the accusation, the invalidation."Oh, you think I was being selfish, huh? You think I just go out to fight in turf wars for kicks? For shits and giggles? Unlike the blokes, Idon't need to compensate for anything!" She turns herself over, and folds her arms underneath her tits, pushing them up; she can't help but think that Angie's rubbed off of her.

"Seems to me like ya do sometimes!"

"Well I don't!"

"Then tell me what you were really doing!"

"Fine! I was bombin' the Vees' warehouses!" Cherri stares, baffled, at Molly's judging expression. "What? You know how much of that love potion shit Val sells. If I can't get in striking range of the rat bastard himself, I can at least stop him and other fuckers roofieing randos into sex work they never signed up for!"

For a moment Molly looks like she gets it. Then she doesn't. "Aggrivatin' the Vees," she hisses, folding her arms. "Right, 'course. Cause that's not a stupid thing to do."

"How the fuck's it stupid?!"

"You know how!"

"Apparently I don't, why don't you educate me?" Cherri spits, then shakes her head. "Actually, no. Nah. It's the other way ' be educatin' you. Cause I shouldn't need to tell you we both know someone who's been trapped in sex work for *decades* and gets drugged up on the regular!" Molly grits her teeth and takes a step back. Good, a reaction. "I thought you'd care more about Angie! What, do you not want me to try and help him?!"

"How does what you're doing help?!"Molly growls. Cherri opens her mouth to retort, to repeat herself, because she already explained it for fuck's sake; but Molly steamrolls on. "You're only drawing attention to yourself, and by association, to Anthon—to Angel! All of Pentagram City knows you're thick as thieves, it's only gonna be so long before Val puts two an' two together!"

"The fucker can't even count!" Cherri scoffs. "How's he gonna add anything up?"

"You underestimate him, Molly mutters bitterly, folding her arms and turning away again. "'Sides, even if you were right, you're forgetting Vox—"

"Obsessed over the Radio Demon and the Radio Demon alone! Yawn!"

"—Velvette, then! Fuck knows she's the smartest one outta them, an' *she's* as much responsible for love potions as he is! Of course she'll tell Val if she notices your revenge-seeking!" She turns around again and jabs a finger at Cherri. "You doin' this shit, Cherri Bomb, is gonna make sure your pal, mybrother, gets screwed over by his *pappone bastardo* even worse."

"He'll fuck Angel over if I don't do anything EITHER!" Cherri near screams back.

They stare each other down, both of them breathing heavily in their anger.

"Sometimes I wonder if I should check you back into the princess's hotel," Molly mutters.

Cherri stiffens. "Wot was that?"

"You were doing better, Cherri, and now you're not!" The earnest note of sadness in her voice is worse than the anger that preceded it. "I'm disappointed, really, I am."

"Well, fuck you too, Molly, you can't change who I am!" Cherri fires back. She makes to stand up; but a sharp pain flares through her back. "FUCK! Ow!"

She crumples back onto the bed, rolling onto her front again. Good thing that means she doesn't have to look at Molly anymore. The expression on her face was… painful.

"I just want ya to…" her girlfriend whispers, but doesn't finish what she was gonna say.

Neither of them move or say anything for several seconds.

Then Molly pads across the floor. Cherri hears her sigh above her, before she feels soft, fuzzy spidery hands touch her back again. The kneading from earlier resumes; the fresh crick in her back that had pained her just moments ago vanishes.

But now there was a tension inside Cherri Bomb's chest that a massage probably wasn't going to be able to ease.

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