hello, nurse! (a radioapple quickie)

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hello, nurse! (a radioapple quickie)

by Kiwi6_fruit9 (Kiwi8_fruit6)

Summary

“Did you think I was gonna be changing your bandages?”

“Oh, perish the thought. I might actually be afraid if you were. I doubt you’d even know how to apply a bandage, if, as you say, you never needed them.”

“Is that so?” Lucifer snapped his fingers, spun around – and suddenly his clothes transformed. That white suit of his shrunk into a blouse, his top hat into a nurses cap, his boots into high-heeled shoes, and his pants into a scandalously short skirt. The apple-topped cane became a pen he placed in his breast pocket. The snake that had wound its way around the brim of his hat slithered down to his neck and became a gold stethoscope, and Lucifer took hold of the end and twirled it around coyly. “Well, how about now?”

Alastor swore he heard a saxophone croon from somewhere.

After reopening his chest wound under embarrassing circumstances and being put on mandatory bed rest, Alastor finds himself having to bottom when Lucifer pays a visit to his room to rub it in (and help him rub one out).

But he can’t quite grasp Luci’s ‘act’.

Notes

For Kinktober 2026.

Alastor had been put on bedrest. And he *hated* it.

He had been fresh out of the high of reclaiming his power and his agency; wrestling his rightfully earned position as Hell's top-dog overlord back from that box-headed (and now only a head, haha!) pretender. Sure, he may not have landed the killing blow on Vox, but brains beat brawn, after all; and he was the one responsible for engineering his downfall to have gone the way it did. Everything foreseeable, at least.

~~(The less he dwelt on Vox's suicidal tantrum, the better.)~~

He had freed himself from not one but *two* sets of chains, his wounds were (or, up until very recently, *had been* – but we'll get to that in a minute) healing, and his staff was as good as new – he was free. Free of being controlled by others. Free to do as he pleased.

Free to start pulling strings.

The Morningstars were two wellsprings of opportunity. Charlie, still, with all her dormant, latent potential and that unmet purpose he was supposed to guide her to, and now her father too; no longer just an obstacle in his path but something more. A demon king with power that he was barred from using against him in any meaningful way – but power that could be leveraged. Bargained for. Just like he'd hoped to nearly a century ago.

But of course the do-gooder dames in charge of the show had to spoil his chance for fun right away. According to Charlie, there was a 'responsibility' for them to repair the property damage they had caused, to 'set a good example' to all the new wayward souls looking to them instead of Vox as their ticket to Heaven. And oh, how convenient for Miss Vagatha–Vagene–Vaggi-*The-E-Is-Now–Invisible*, suddenly in charge of the whole Hotel operation while Charlotte relegated herself to amateur therapist, to acknowledge his contributions to saving the day now.

So Alastor chose to have a little fun with it, keep himself entertained, and finding ways to get away with it more as time went on. So what? No one could stop him.

So he elected to clean Pentagram City from any lingering memoirs of Vox's despotry, instead of being a part of the chain gang clearing the rubble like he knew Vaggi had intended but not specifically worded. It would be a public service. No one needed reminding of that gaudy square-faced showstopper, and the other Vees weren't in any rush to take those dated territorial markings down. Rebranding would take a while, he might as well prompt them to.

So he'd had a pick-me-up of whiskey before he went out with the others too. Why should that have mattered? He had a high tolerance and a clear head and was quite surefooted.

So Vox had always had a habit of putting his posters and billboards up really high, compensating for – many things. So what? Vox was beneath him, no longer a match. Alastor had a head for heights. He could even dance up here, no trouble, steady as a rock—

— Until he wasn't.

And it turned out that a fall of a few hundred feet onto smashed bricks and girders and masonry was enough to burst stitches and reopen wounds – in full view of everyone on the ground.

Now here he was, lying in bed with his chest bandaged up (courtesy of the ever-irrepressible Niffty) and someone playing nanny in the corner of his room to enforce this bed-rest. First it had been Niffty herself, who had provided only disinfectant and bandages and allowed him to stitch himself up while she watched over him with the eye of seamstress.

Thank goodness she didn't fuss or probe. Her discretion and her lack of judgement was always appreciated.

Niffty had then been relieved by Vaggi, who had given him an earful for the stunt he'd pulled, and also said her piece about his gamble with Vox, which Charlie must have told her only bits and pieces about. This led to her deeming him a reckless, typically male fool, and reminding him that, though he may have fulfilled his deal with Charlie so that she no longer owed him a favour, she wasn't going to turn her back on him. A wise call, not that he'd tell her that outright, and if nothing else he could appreciate that she wasn't letting her guard down even while he was injured.

"Don't think I still haven't got my eye on you," she'd finished her tirade with.

"Now, now, don't be too generous with it!" Alastor had bitten back. "It's the only one you've got, after all!"

Vaggi's fist had tightened around the handle of her spear enough to make her knuckles go white. "You're to stay here until you've properly healed," she threatened, "and that's final. Give me a reason to, and I'll make sure that takes longer."

Then she sat down to enforce said order, not once looking away from him. It might have been the longest she'd willingly been in his presence for.

And, now Vaggi had departed, it was Husk, quiet and sullen and maybe a bit drunk, carting Angel's pet pig around in his arms.

"Room service, Husker?" Alastor had teased when the cat took his place on the fireside armchair that had been turned around to face the bed. "How thoughtful of you." Husk had flipped him off, and adjusted his hold on Fat Nuggets just a bit tighter, but had said nothing to his goading.

Alastor had hoped, given Husk's woebegone state, that he might be able to sneak out of bed, but the minute he'd started slipping towards the edge of the bed, Husk had snapped his claws, and Alastor had found himself handcuffed by one wrist to the bedframe.

"Well, now. That spider fellow rubbed off on you, didn't he?"

Husk took the bait. He snarled at him this time… but then turned morose again all too quickly, and stayed that way for the rest of his visitation. Alastor didn't quite feel like pulling

the chain in retaliation for Husk's particularly uppishness. Something about his demeanour very much indicated he wasn't taking any pleasure in this change in the balance of power.

He would have, once upon a time. Before he lost his soul to him, Husk was a worthy companion and entertaining business adversary. They'd had rapport. They'd had tension. They'd both had that cold hard desire to be at the top of their respective games, and the thrill of one-upping each other was a prize in itself. Alastor always enjoyed humbling someone egotistical enough to think they could face him, and always enjoyed when they came back for more, so if Husk got the better of him for a night that was merely a setback to bounce back from. Part of the competition, part of the fun. Theirs had been a dance of skill and temper, and if that dance led them to… less public ballrooms and dance floors… well, then that was nobody's business but theirs.

And now the cat had gone soft. Softer than Alastor had ever known him to be – all over one Mr Angel Dust. What a fool to be so sentimental, to be so willing to share and sacrifice and scramble for crumbs. To be addicted to someone's company as much as he was addicted to cheap booze. He'd become sloppy. Small wonder Alastor had gotten the better of him for good in those soul-stakes card games years ago.

Speaking of – Husk was nodding off now, judging by the way his eyes drooped and his hold on the pig slowly loosened. Perhaps here was a chance to make a calculated escape attempt… if Alastor could just work out these infernal handcuffs. For all his own powers, some of Husk's most basic magic tricks still eluded him, as they had once when they were peers and rivals. He would teleport his way out, but it was a matter of pride not to take the easy way out. It seemed to be some contortion of the wrist that might do it…

Then he heard footsteps approaching in the corridor. No, not yet. His escape attempt would have to wait.

The pig wriggled and squealed, rousing Husk from his depressed stupor. He blinked, and checked the time. "Tha's early," he slurred, and, taking up Fat Nuggets again, rose to his paws and slouched to the door.

The changing of the shift must be taking place ahead of schedule. Alastor wondered who his minder would be next. Maybe that fishy little scientist fellow? No, he was too introverted to seek out company of his own accord (unless it was Niffty, and that left Alastor feeling strangely disgruntled). He wouldn't have offered to take up the task. Maybe the Australian bombardier? Maybe Charlie? She was most likely, he thought. It surely would be night by now, and at this late hour she ought to have finished running therapy sessions out of tiredness, and a tired, stressed, and guilty Charlie would make for good, malleable company.

Husk opened the door to his room, just a crack, and peered out. "What?" Alastor heard him grump. Then his ears shot up in not-so-subtle surprise. His frame, and his half-folded wings, blocked Alastor's view. Whoever it was was shorter than Husk – counting his chronic bad posture.

Not Charlie, then.

He strained to overhear, as Husk and his replacement spoke in shushed, muttered tones. Husk seemed to speak with a tad more respect than usual. And the other demon chirped in a higher, brighter tenor, something about offering to take over his watch, that he had nothing better to do and was keeping out of the way of everybody, *"since they all, y'know, want to bump into me now for some reason, haha! Don't know why that is! Kinda rude. Hopefully something Charlie can, uh, work on with them."*

Alastor recognised that voice. The voice of someone who gave him more than the rivalry and challenge Husk had once given him… but more importantly, the voice of a particularly aggravating thorn in his side, one who he'd rather not have know his current condition.

Ffffffffuck.

Husk didn't sound convinced, but clearly wasn't complaining about being replaced. "Guess I'll go pass out, then," he mumbled, which Alastor knew would entail some mix of pining and drinking until he was in a stupor that would redirect Vaggi's ire when he failed to attend therapy next morning. "Thanks, your Highness."

It was *him*, wasn't it.

The cat shuffled his way out – without uncuffing Alastor, he couldn't help but notice. Alastor squirmed, and hoped that that would subtly catch Husk's attention. "Husker," he hissed. "Would you—?"

But Husk didn't.

Didn't even bother to flip him off, even. He just sidled out the door, and the only eyes meeting Alastor's were Fat Nuggets' beady little ones, poking through the cat's great wings. The swine even had the gall to stick its tongue out at him. There was a chirp of "Hi, piggy!" from the intruder, and then Husk was gone down the corridor.

And, sure enough, entering the room – Alastor could no longer deny that his suspicion was correct – was Lucifer Morningstar, smirking ever-so-smugly.

"Heya, Bambi," he drawled. "How're ya doing?"

Alastor closed his legs to repress the angry tension sprouting between them. "*Fine*, thank you very much."

"Mmmm, are you sure about that?" Lucifer closed the door behind him. Alastor stiffened. "Cause, I mean, I heard from a little birdie that you took a bit of a tumble out there today!"

"That," Alastor said primly. "is *none* of your business." Was it Charlie? It was most likely Charlie who told him. Damn that girl, she'd put her foot in her mouth too many times over the past couple of weeks; revealing weaknesses and emboldening Vox, and now giving her father an opportunity to profoundly mock him – as if he hadn't done that enough already in the month after they fended off Adam's last Extermination.

“Ah! But it is!” Lucifer started pacing away from the door, deeper into Alastor’s room. Closer to Alastor. “I just had to pop in and see how you were, and when I saw how tired poor… cat guy… is, well, I thought I might volunteer! So, I’m your minder now, for the next…half hour, until whoever it is next comes. You’ve got me all to yourself, how lucky.” He glanced to the right, and noticed the bayou Alastor had set up access to. Lacking a nose, his whole face puckered up in distaste. “Really? A swamp? Yeesh. Now that, that is unhygienic, my friend.”

Alastor wondered if he should also invest in a sign to try and keep this man out of his room, like Lucifer had for his own domicile. It was petty, childish, but apparently necessary when the ruler of this realm was practically a child in mind and spirit himself. Lucifer had thrown the first punch, after all, thrice: by putting up that distasteful sign outside of his own room unprovoked, by making this room visit himself, and disrespecting his bayou, his reminder of home. Wetlands were no dirtier than any other part of nature – in fact they cleaned it, filtered out the filth. Literally and in the sense that he had used them, symbolically.

Well, he thought, *what else would you expect from a man of his status and standing and privilege?*

He ignored the feeling that Lucifer’s presence wasn’t completely unwelcome. Somehow, he’d rather Lucifer be paying attention to him than focusing on anything else, for reasons he couldn’t define. There was a strange warm sensation in the depths of his stomach, like the ones he’d used to have with Husk. Like he’d come close to having with Vincent, too, the decade before Husk, before he ruined everything.

It must be his wounds, he told himself.

Or maybe it was something to do with his unruly member.

“And — ooh, yeah, that’s a lot of bandages you got on there!” Lucifer came closer, leaning on his cane, squinting in the growing gloom closer to the bed – then laughed uproariously, bending over double and, as the humiliation cherry on top of the humiliation cake, slapped his knee. “Oh! Oho! You really did a number on yourself, didn’t you?”

“Perhaps, perhaps not,” Alastor said mildly, holding on tight to the last bit of plausible deniability he could feign. “It could only be a flesh wound. Don’t put so much steed on rumours and hearsay. Isn’t that how you let yourself get captured? A telephone call you failed to fact-check?”

Lucifer ignored him – he might not have even tuned into that last pertinent point, because of course he wouldn’t. In his mind, he probably couldn’t comprehend having a moment of weakness like that. “Oh please. Firstly, Charlie told me…”

Of course it was her.

“…and I trust her, one hundred percent.”

Ah. No wonder Luci got catfished by Vox’s impressions so easily.

“Second: I know that’s not a mummy costume. It’s too early for Halloween… at least, I think…” he pulled out and checked his hellphone. “Yes, it is. *Those* are bandages, Bambi. You can’t fool me.”

He could’ve fooled Alastor on that point – the man didn’t even know what date it was. “Yes, something you could have done with a few weeks ago, mmm?”

Lucifer baulked, no doubt recalling exactly what Alastor had meant him to. It took him a few seconds to recover. “Me? Pshhh. Don’t be silly, I’ve never—haha—I’ve never needed bandages,” he laughed unconvincingly. “Why would I? Pffft. I’m—I’m the king of Hell, I’ve got phenomenal cosmic powers—I can heal myself, lickity-split.” He belatedly seemed to come up with what he considered a suitable retort. “Why? Did you think I was gonna be changing your bandages?”

“Oh, perish the thought. I might actually be afraid if you were. I doubt you’d even know how to apply a bandage, if, as you say, you never needed them.”

“Is that so?” Lucifer snapped his fingers, spun around – and suddenly his clothes transformed. That white suit of his shrunk into a blouse, his top hat into a nurses cap, his boots into high-heeled shoes, and his pants into a scandalously short, certainly-not-dress-code miniskirt. The apple-topped cane became a pen he placed in his breast pocket. The snake that had wound its way around the brim of his hat slithered down to his neck and became a gold stethoscope, and Lucifer took hold of the end and twirled it around coyly. “Well, how about now?”

Alastor swore he heard a saxophone croon from somewhere.

Lucifer sauntered closer, exaggerating the waggle of his hips. “Hello, Mr Useless,” he affected a breathy, feminine voice. “I’ll be your nurse tonight, and I diagnose you with presumptuousness of your own.”

The heat and tightness in Alastor’s crotch intensified. He crossed his legs tighter to hide it. “Yes, yes, well done,” he snarked. “But a tacky costume makes one a practitioner not.”

“Blah blah blah, don’t care. C’mon. Even you can admit it: I look *good* in this, don’t I?” Lucifer grinned, preening, proud and… dare Alastor say it, flirty. This was rapport, of the sort that the smooth-tongued cocksure Husker of days gone by would indulge in, on the nights when their chemistry was strongest, when the victor undid the other’s bowtie. This was the ambitious self-talk of Vincent, the fresh-faced, admiring overlord his junior, the psyching up of an underdog. The kind that stoked Alastor into wanting to knock him down a notch. Fondly.

Shaking himself off, he eyed Lucifer’s exposed thighs – more substantial than he’d expected, no longer hidden by baggy trousers. Not all skin and bones, then, there was some meat on him. A feeling not unlike hunger arose in his belly.

He tried to belie it. “You might be able to fill Angel Dust’s shoes, now that he’s abandoned this fool’s endeavour.”

Lucifer blinked. “Oh. He’s gone? Really? Uhhh… who was he again?”

Alastor rolled his eyes. He could cite the coaster incident, because Lucifer had been trying to preen and boast to Angel and his companion in the middle of that, and that was the one of the few times he’d seen Charlie’s father and Charlie’s first patient interact directly. But he doubted Lucifer would remember. And he still remembered the sexual propositions Angel had made, whether in jest or not. “The one who flirts.”

“The tall one, or the… little one? The housekeeper?” Lucifer looked up thoughtfully, stroking his chin. “Cause I think she might have a crush on me, too…”

“She ***shouldn’t,”*** Alastor growled with more vehemence than he’d intended. Where had that come from? He was certain, from what he’d seen when he returned to the Hotel, that Niffty and that little fishy scientist would shortly be an item, whether he interfered with their flirting or not (and he would.) that her interest in ‘the ultimate bad boy’ was merely fleeting fancy – she must have been let down by his actual demeanor at some point, surely.

Was he really concerned about who she was with… or was it who *Lucifer* was with?

It was preposterous. Lucifer was obsessed with an unreachable woman who’d left him behind. He would not be paying attention to any suitors. He should not be paying attention to anyone *except* Alastor, and maybe his daughter if that wasn’t a detriment to Alastor’s plans…

He was possessive of the King of Hell’s time and attention, he realised. He wanted to monopolise it. Not to be dismissed or overlooked by him. The fact that the Devil himself was so insecure about his presence that he was compelled to seek out Alastor and do battle of the wits with him, like he was an equal … he liked that. He had power over someone who saw himself so high and mighty.

Lucifer blinked oddly. Then another smug, maybe-knowing smile stretched across his face.

Alastor had to nip that in the bud. “You really don’t care to remember the names of your daughter’s pet projects? You might want to start, now that every sinner in Hell knows your biggest weakness.”

Lucifer pouted. Alastor expected him to spout some prideful bluster about how Vox was a one-off, a fluke. But instead, he leaned over him. Strange. Lucifer being taller than him felt unnatural. “But you’re not in a position to hurt me, are you?”

“Likewise.” Alastor sneered.

“Well of course not, Mister Useless, I’m your nurse. I took the hippo… hip… hypo*critic* oath.” Alastor didn’t bother correcting Lucifer’s flub; it was true. Then Lucifer leaned forward, and dropped his voice an octave. “But the oath doesn’t say anything about… doing *other* things, does it?”

“Finally, the merest hint of the Devil you’re supposed to be.” The Devil he’d hoped to séance with, and make a offer to. Alastor meant his voice to be sarcastic and taunting, but instead it came out strained. His trousers were getting uncomfortably tight now; crossing his legs

hadn't helped in that regard. In this position, he suspected Lucifer would shortly be able to tell he had, for lack of a better term, *argument wood.*

…Deep down, he wondered. Was he *hoping* Lucifer would notice?

Lucifer's gaze, however, rested a little bit higher than his crotch; looking to where Alastor's wrist was cuffed to the bedframe. He looked delighted. "Ooh, was someone trying to escape? Has someone been *naughty?"*

Alastor's lip curled.

"And you *couldn't!"* Lucifer laughed again, a giggle just higher than a tenor. If it wasn't so directed at him, he might be able to call it a charming noise; more pleasing to the ear than most men's guffaws. "Oho, you couldn't manage one of the simplest magic tricks there is—"

"May I remind you that *you* couldn't escape from your confinement either?" Alastor bit back.

"Eh? Oh, that! Oh no, that *Box's* whole… thingy… was a different story. You saw what that was. *These* are just handcuffs. So that's even more embarrassing for you." Lucifer stepped forward, fondling the chain linking the two cuffs together; then, too quick to register, the cuff was somehow off Alastor's wrist and onto his own– and just as quickly, before the Radio Demon could do anything with that freedom, Lucifer had freed his wrist from the shackle and clamped it back onto Alastor's. He snapped his fingers casually, satisfied. "Haha! Yep! Still got it."

"Oh, bravo." Alastor would've clapped sarcastically if he were able."Any second-rate party magician could manage that."

"And what does that make *you* then?" Lucifer came closer, wearing a face like the cat that caught the cream (or, if the cat were Husker, a top-shelf bottle of whiskey).

Alastor refused to answer. His crotch throbbed, hotter and angrier.

"Cause I know you can teleport around with your shadows…"

He could. Though it wouldn't be the most comfortable experience while injured – as he knew from recent experience.

"…so I think you could've gotten out of here any time you wanted."

He'd *chosen* not to. Only because it would not have been conductive to the quick and quiet healing that he'd hoped to accomplish – no other reason. Just like how he'd conceded to stay put during his capitulation to Vox – it was for a *purpose.* (Not to mention for that delightful spinny office chair.)

To Alastor's dismay, Lucifer, by slight of hand, reached down and freed his wrist of the cuff that bound him, slipping it back onto his arm. Now the King of Hell was the one tied down. Alastor could escape this embarrassing circumstance, skulk off someplace else to heal, and Lucifer wouldn't be able to pursue him. It was reminiscent of one of Charlie's trust exercises, if Angel Dust – or, more likely, Valentino – had gotten his hands on the idea.

But he wouldn't have escaped out of his own skill. It would've been because Lucifer was allowing him to. And he couldn't have that at all. On principle, he would not appreciate the gesture.

Whatever it was, it pissed Alastor off.

"Fuck you," he spat, lacking a more eloquent retort.

And Lucifer seemed to take that as an answer to whatever his unspoken question had been. He smiled, arching his back, and, unbuttoning the top of his blouse, slipped the collar of his blouse off one shoulder, exposing more of his chest. Then he reached down, and the cuff was off the bedframe and onto Alastor's wrist – binding the two of them together. "Oh, Mr Useless, really!"

What in Hell was Lucifer doing?

"You should be resting… unless, of course, you don't want to?" He spoke all soft, breathy and exaggerated, rather like Angel did in his stag flicks.

Alastor couldn't believe it – the immersion of this scene and his co-star's dialogue was paltry at best – but as if by instinct his body was playing along. He automatically reeled Lucifer in, and Lucifer moaned – a small, breathy gasp, less pornographic, more like one of his victims, air punched out of their lungs as he drove the knife into their chest. That made it a bit palatable – in fact, almost thrilling. Reminiscent of old favourite kills.

But he'd been the one on top in those situations. Now *he* was in the position of whichever poor soul he'd marked to die. That was just not right.

"Oh, no, what are you doing to me, Mr Patient?" Lucifer took Alastor's free hand, and paused, waiting for a moment. When Alastor didn't make any move to let go, Lucifer swung one leg up onto the bed and over Alastor's – proving how dangerously short his skirt was in the process. Alastor caught a glimpse of the seam where thighs ended and perineum began – and then the other, kneeling on top of Alastor's legs. "My, you must be healthier than I thought."

Alastor still didn't pull away. He wouldn't.

So Lucifer directed it up to the hem of his skirt, nudged his fingers to curl around the fabric, and directed him to hitch it up.

That piece of clothing was so 'mini' that it didn't take much hitching up at all. Alastor shouldn't have been surprised that Lucifer lacked any undergarments in this lowbrow outfit he had conjured up for this scenario. He was only mildly surprised to note that Lucifer lacked a member –instead, he was in possession of a vulva – small and artistically neat, looking exactly like it had been carved out of marble. The blush of gold on that white skin was surreal. After so many years of red, red blood, and the darkening blush of skin (or the paling of it in terror), the colour of this angelic ichor still took some getting used to.

That was Lucifer's life force. His power. Right there, under his skin, coursing through his flesh.

He didn't have time to consider it or ask questions before Lucifer settled onto him, mounting his hips. In doing so, he forced Alastor's own legs to uncross – and the tent in his pants was now plain to see.

And Lucifer saw, alright. "Oh, my dear deer," he tutted. "That can't be comfortable, can it?"

Alastor fumed. He felt his smile twisting, unbidden, into something that surely must look petulant, pathetic, *transparent*. This reminded him, not so fondly, of Vox's taunting, his puerile, unsportsmanlike gloating, how he had to rub in his dominance and lord it over everybody. Over him, over Charlie, over Lucifer.

Like how he himself would've played with his prey, too.

It was easy to dig at Lucifer's pride. That should have cowed him – those prods at his ego, the reminders of his failings. But he fought back, just like Husk had, and tonight, provoking Lucifer had lead to this… strange, passive-aggressive display of dominance pretending to be submissive, something that he just couldn't comprehend. Why would you demean and submit yourself if not for some greater purpose or plan? And why would one pretend to do that from a position of power? Even in the narratives of Angel Dust's favourite flicks, where he got to snark and quip and bite back, it was always in the prelude, and the act of a defiant prisoner was still that of a prisoner.

"I hate to see my patient in such discomfort," Lucifer cooed, wearing the most saccharine simper. "I should do *something* about that, shouldn't I?"

A challenge. Alastor didn't exactly like it, but he didn't have to. He would not walk away from a challenge – figuratively or literally. So he twitched his head, barely a nod, and one that bared his throat a little more too – without taking his eyes off of the drag-act nurse on top of him, assessing Lucifer's short, petite frame.

He weighed their physical strengths in his mind. Lucifer physically could do no harm to him. Lucifer's straddle of him was not a firm leg-lock. It might be manageable to attempt to throw him off.

Yet Alastor still didn't.

Lucifer took his assent, and guided Alastors hand back down to his crotch, the chain of their handcuffs slack. Clearly he meant Alastor to unzip his own fly, and he stared down at Alastor, waiting.

Alastor did so with a growl, not breaking eye contact. He thumbed at the waistband of his boxers, and pulled that down too, until his erection was freed, foreskin peeling back as his cock rose to its full length. He watched Lucifer's pupils dilate ever-so-slightly, looking assessingly along his member's shaft and curve.

This was humiliating. It demeaned him.

“Is this what you wanted, *nurse?”* he asked, resignedly.

“Nonono,” Lucifer shushed him, “it’s about what *you* need. You’re the patient, and I’m your dainty little nurse who you’ve got at your mercy.”

Alastor sighed, and tried to raise his bound hand – tugging Lucifer up onto knees again,

The gold flush of his crotch was stronger. It was tantalising. Alastor wished to claw at it and draw out beads of that gold blood, but alas, he was bound.

“You could do so many things to me like this,” Lucifer sighed, “now we’re so… *unprofessionally* close.”

Perhaps, but not *everything* that Alastor wanted to do.

And somehow he still didn’t feel driven to push Lucifer off him. But he did not like lacking the power to be on top. He wanted to be free to wrestle Lucifer to the bed instead. That would give him the sense of control, that would let him relieve the thrill of pinning his next conceited, well-do victim to the ground and watching the thrill of fear in their eyes. Him in total control.

But here, now, Lucifer was *allowing* him this supposed facade of power. And that wasn’t true power at all. Lucifer, treating him as the dominant, playing a theatrical submissive himself… yet Lucifer was the dominant in this situation, in truth. It didn’t compute.

“But don’t worry,” the King of Hell whispered in Alastor’s ear, “this won’t be a breach in patient confidentiality.” He straightened back up and shimmied, making to line up his opening with his cock. “So come on, big bad Radio Demon, what medical malpractice can you make me do?”

Alastor froze up.

“Ah—” he stuttered.

The air tasted electric. The radio in the corner of his room started cycling through frequencies, before settling in between stations, only playing static.

Lucifer glanced side-to-side in the awkward near-silence. The longer it went on, the more the sultry nurse expression soured until finally, it was gone entirely. “Come on, Bambi, make up your mind! What’s the matter with you, are you a deer in the headlights?”

Alastor snorted angrily – he knew it didn’t help with the deer allegations.

“Nuh-uh. Use your words.”

What words? What truth would not leave him vulnerable? What lie would convince this chained down half-a-god? What power did words have when everything Alastor had said before just egged him on more? Alastor’s grin tightened and he gritted his teeth.

Lucifer threw up his hands. “Ugh! Well, I was trying to help you, but if you’re going to be an ungrateful bellhop, I guess I won’t then.”

“Drop the act, Morningstar. Don’t pretend that you came here offering any benevolent aid to me.” That he knew was true. Lucifer just wanted to antagonise him when he was weak.

“Oh, like you’re pretending to help Charlie.” It wasn’t a question, that was a full-throated, spiteful remark, and it enraged Alastor as much as the coaster slight had.

“Fuck you.”

“Yes!” Lucifer grinned with vicious sarcasm. “You. Fuck. Me. That’s the idea of all this, I thought you were into it.”

“How?” Alastor gritted out.

His question shocked Lucifer into pause. “I… well, how can I put this?” he recovered, and said in a voice dripping with teacher-like condescension, “When two demons lust for each other very much, a dick can go in a hole, or parts can rub together, whatever floats their boat —”

“I am well aware of the birds and the bees, thank you very much. How would this sexual theatre you’re putting on help me in any way?”

“To let you be in charge – it’s what you always want, isn’t it?”

“Not…” Alastor had to muster up the courage to admit this. “How can I be *‘in charge’* when you are the one on top of me?”

Comprehension dawned on Lucifer’s face. “Oh my golly, you don’t understand being a power bottom, do you?”

“Of course I do.” Angel Dust’s show-and-tell would had made sure of that if living near Storytown hadn’t already. “It’s you deigning I play that role that I take issue with.”

“Should’ve expected that. Adam was also like that, don’t worry, you’re in good company—”

Alastor growled. How dare he be compared to that man – that sloppy, sinful archangel. But so much as approaching the fury of his demon form made his wound ache, and he pulled himself back from the brink of it. No jeopardising his recovery, this wasn’t worth it.

“—jeez, okay. Left a sore spot there.” Lucifer laughed at his own joke, and ignored Alastor hiss at him. Then he paused, sobered. and licked his lips, looking like he was seriously picking his words. “I mean, I do get where you’re coming from—.”

“Oh, please. How could you possibly understand, O Living Aspect of the Infinite?” Alastor parroted the boasts he’d overheard Lucifer make to Vox, mockingly. Lucifer looked like he wanted to respond, but Alastor cut him off. “Don’t you think I, a sinner, a creole, a coloured man, would know far better than you what it means to be held down, forced to grovel and

barter for scraps by brutes who hoard the rest and think themselves better than you?" "You don't have the slightest idea of what it is to be made powerless–"

"I **DO!!!"** Lucifer bellowed, as his eyes flashed scarlet. There were his horns, his tail, and his three pairs of wings, sprouting out of his head and his back. The flareup of angelic energy swirled through the room, making his mirror and the things on his shelves and side tables rattle, and shaking the branches of the trees in his bayou. None of it was able to hurt him, obviously. But if Alastor hadn't known better, and hadn't made himself out of sterner stuff, he might have flinched and pinned his ears back.

Lucifer's outburst did not last long – but his demonic features did not go away. He panted, and… trembled, clutching at his arms. His eyes, still red and glowing, were faraway, and started to glisten. With the short sleeves of his blouse, Alastor saw those blackened forearms and noticed for the first time that it wasn't from pigment.

Those were burns. Scar tissue. All over his arms.

Alastor ran a thumb up Lucifer's wrist – the wrist that shared a handcuff with him. The scars felt rough, almost charcoal-esque, completely different from the unblemished porcelain smoothness of the rest of his skin. Then he brought his attention, and his hand up to Lucifer's wings. The red inner feathers were banded and sooty, coarse and frayed, grown back crooked in some places –his plumage was not well cared for. In this light, they looked almost bloodstained – with human blood, or sinner blood, not his own.

That touch to his wings and the unbidden movement of his arm brought Lucifer back down to earth. He gasped, and his eyes focused on Alastor again. Tears welled up in the corners of them.

They stared at each other for a minute. Alastor was about to say something – he hadn't planned what, but still *something* – but, with a shuddering breath, Lucifer interrupted him.

"I *do* know what it's like to feel powerless," he insisted. "To be unable to do… do anything meaningful. To be brought low by someone else. To be in pain." He swallowed, and averted his eyes to the ceiling. "Letting people down, and worrying…" He didn't finish the sentence. A tear trailed down his cheek.

It was maudlin. It was pathetic. And yet there was a note in his monologue that Alastor was distantly familiar with – a note of emotion he hadn't recalled since his youth. A weak note. He shouldn't have felt for it, and yet he did.

Lucifer caught himself, and sneered feebly. "Not that you can relate to that last part, you… you *bitch."* He mumbled the insult, and Alastor was struck with the image of a man curled up on a sofa grumble-crying at some television soap opera about (of all things) waterfowl.

Alastor's smile tightened, thankful for the aid in getting that strange feeling of *compassion* out of him.

He broke their staring contest, and continued to probe at Lucifer's arms. "So, some wounds you can't magic away, after all." He considered Lucifer's fall from Grace. That must be

where they'd come from – maybe Vox's syphoning of fallen seraphim energy through those angelic steel gauntlets had reaggravated them, but surely not caused them, not when he'd had his sleeves on. He'd have to admit it, then – that was an act of physical persecution. A singular one. Eons ago, distant memory to Lucifer, but for a time Lucifer would have been bereft of the privilege and luxury he doubtlessly had enjoyed in Heaven, and had rebuilt a facsimile of in Hell.

Lucifer winced at the touch. "You should know wounds run deeper than the surface."

"Oh, we're discussing psychology now, are we? Are you qualified?" Alastor smirked. Maybe the callback would raise Lucifer's spirits – though why was he hoping for that. "So Vox was a wakeup call for you, then."

Lucifer shook his head. "No. It's not just from what TV guy did. Not from Lilith leaving. Not even from what… what Heaven did. It's been going on for some time. A long time. It's from myself. Feeling powerless against myself. My brain doesn't work how I want it to, my body… I want to do things, but I just can't. I… everything *feels* too much. Too hard. Not worth trying, especially if it all just falls apart and I lose what I still want…" His voice wobbled. He scrubbed at his eyes, but when he lowered his arm, the tears were still there. The resemblance to his daughter was particularly strong in that moment. "…if nothing I do is worth anything. If Charlie decides she's done with me, if—if L-Lilith never comes back… I don't want it to be my fault, but if everyone leaves or tells me I'm fucking up, it probably is."

Alastor sorely wanted to sneer about Lucifer's defeatism. He usually would have. But something about this self-reflection stilled his tongue. The embodiment of pride having this unnatural, unmasculine level of introspection, leaving in his place a broken man, a fairer man? Slothful in part because he was tormented by his failings? That was a weakness still, yes

He could almost pity him.

His smile was very small now.

There was a minute of quiet. Then, at last, Lucifer seemed to put up his usual mask and persona – his horns and tail and wings all disappeared, and with a froggish, lopsided blink, his eyes were yellow again. "I don't know why I said any of that to you."

"I don't either." *It was your choice. Your power. Even if you can't see that.*

"You probably think I'm pathetic."

Alastor shrugged his free hand. "Guilty as charged! But I already did."

Lucifer sourly pursed his lips. "Don't even think about asking me to speed up your recovery, unless you promise that you don't drag Charlie into any more of your bullshit. I heard about the favour you extorted from her. That you made her demean herself in front of… of Cox."

"I wasn't planning to." Funny. Lucifer offering him a deal, in a way. After all those years of trying to commune with him, in that little shack with its shrine and his offerings. But this

would be a paltry deal with no benefit to him – and it went against his other deals, too. “Besides, why should I? I can heal fully in a matter of hours. And you charge such a steep price, so why even offer?”

Lucifer growled. “Ungrateful, prideful…”

“Much like yourself.”

“Ugh!” Lucifer seemed ready to get off on top of him. His nurse’s cap had been catapulted off when his horns emerged, and he searched for it. He found it on the sheets, and put “Well, if you don’t want to finish this—”

“Oh, but I do!” Alastor caught Lucifer’s wrist once more. “Now that I understand your intentions.” He would not be handed a win by concession. Lucifer started this, and Alastor *would* finish it.

“Really? Are you sure you’re up for it?”

“You’re an ill-attentive nurse, aren’t you?” His hard-on may have softened with Lucifer’s emotional state, but now their back-and-forth was back it was as upright as ever. “Are you going to keep me *up* all night?”

Lucifer’s eyes were drawn to it, and he barked out a laugh. “Ha! Well, then. You have control, I am submissive. There, now it’s basically in writing.” He rocked on his knees, easing feeling back into his legs, and looked to resume easing himself onto Alastor’s cock.

“Ah-ah-ah!” Alastor stopped him, placing a hand on Lucifer’s stomach. For a moment, the *closeness* of it, the thrill like the disembowelments he had once performed, ruffled his composure just a little. Oh, to be so close to the heart and lifeforce of the Devil. “I would rather it not be penetrative.”

Lucifer’s face screwed up in puzzlement. “Why?”

“Mere preference.” He preferred to be thrusting and stabbing from on top, not the desperation of self-defence – be it wrestling, knifeplay, or this. It was another piece in the puzzle of feeling in power. “I am in charge here, nurse. This is what I request.”

It was Lucifer’s turn to hiss.

“Control yourself. It’s what you promised. And before Lucifer could do anything else, be it forming words or any physical action, Alastor rolled his hips up and pushed the head of his cock against Lucifer’s crotch, brushing against his vulva.

His core – his pussy, if you had to stoop to Adam’s or Valentino’s crude language – was cold. Strange. One would expect a fiery demon to be hot. Another area in which Lucifer subverted the expectations, but this time Alastor couldn’t say he was disappointed. The sensation of it was a wonderful chill that brought clarity, and in that it brought all his focus to the task at hand, consuming his attention. He could feel the muscles in and under his member clench.

Lucifer huffed, and ground back against him, trying to make prolonged contact. “I can still get off this way,” he grumped. “Thanks for asking.”

“I…” The words *‘do not care’* died in Alastor’s mouth. No, that would make him a typical man, a selfish brute unconcerned with the pleasure of his partner. Mama had taught him better. The sounds from Storytown had taught him. Even Mimzy and Rosie had impressed it on him further via their gossip. The world had inspired him to not be like the rabble.

So he reached up with his free hand to tear open another button of Lucifer’s blouse, folded the collar over, and hooked a claw around his right nipple.

Lucifer gasped. “A—ah—!”

“…I am not a typical man,” Alastor finished.

“Didn’t… say you were.” Lucifer schooled his face into a cheeky grin. “are you insecure?”

“Quiet, brat.” Lucifer fumed. Alastor grinned. “For either a king or a nurse you most certainly are one.”

“Am not.”

“Mmmm. and would your queen have agreed?”

Lucifer just blushed harder, exacerbated by the next thrust. His vulva was now most definitely engorged. Alastor’s eyes kept being drawn to it.

Gold blood, so close to the surface of his skin, just under where his cock touched. The thought of physically being so close to all the power in Lucifer’s body was thrilling. Carnally thrilling.

To put it another way: it turned him on.

His dick rubbed up and down in a smooth rhythm. Occasionally Lucifer’s lips would drag his foreskin up on the downward motion; then it came free as he thrust up again. But the wetter Lucifer became, the less this happened, and the sharp, staticky stimulation on Alastor’s cock grew.

Alastor used his cuffed hand to pull Lucifer forward, changing the angle he was kneeling at. His cock brushed higher through Lucifer’s lips, grazing against a bump, a bud near the top.

The note of Lucifer’s moans changed at once. “Aah—oh! Oh!” He nearly collapsed forward entirely onto Alastor’s chest. In trying to prop himself back up, he placed his hand on Alastor’s cheek, very close to his just-open mouth. Alastor felt very tempted to bite.

Noticing where his hand was, Lucifer *did* try to put his hand in Alastor’s mouth, pulling his fingers away as Alastor snapped his teeth once, biting down only on thin air. Very undignified.

Alastor glared, and Lucifer laughed. “Do you even floss? Do we have to send you to the dentist next? I pity the poor demon who might want to kiss you someday.”

In response, Alastor reared up and mashed his lips against Lucifer’s.

The movement made his wound ache, but he didn’t care. He’d achieved his goal of taking Lucifer by surprise. And he didn’t give him the chance to get his bearings, and kiss back or gain dominance with his tongue. He ended the kiss promptly, before Lucifer could get his bearings and return it, or try to gain dominance with that snakes tongue of his.

“There. Was that as repugnant as you assumed it would be?”

Eyes wide, finding his balance, Lucifer frog-blinked again, then pulled a face and scrubbed his tongue on the back of his free hand. “Eeugh. What was the last thing you ate? Or should I say *who?”*

The double entendre was so obvious that it was painful. “Certainly not you.”

Lucifer still laughed, then he shivered, going a little cross-eyed from his own pleasure. “Ohhh,” he moaned, “it’s been a while.”

“Don’t get your hopes up. Mention cunnilingus again, and I will bite you in the neck.”

“She used to do that too.”

Alastor sighed. “Then suffer in remembering.”

“Boo, you’re no fun.” Alastor yanked their handcuffs closer, pulling Lucifer into a new position, one that had him practically on all fours, crotch over his cock. Lucifer grinned and rocked his hips. “Now that’s more like it.”

Alastor had to close his eyes to allow himself to regain control. The stimulation, the tightness in his cock was growing.

He considered the subject of Lilith, and realised he had leverage there to try and cow Lucifer once more. Maybe he could cockblock him. Delaying his climax would be a satisfying way to get one over him. “Speaking of, your wife… don’t you think what we’re doing now counts as infidelity?”

“We had – *have,* have – an open relationship. We discussed that.” Lucifer looked quite moody. “We’ve done this before. I mean, we’ve been together for ten thousand years, you need to rekindle the magic every now and then – and it always did! I don’t expect her to have not had needs, wherever she is.”

“You don’t know where she is?” Alastor zeroed in on that last point. He had more than an inkling of the answer, and Lucifer didn’t. That felt *good.* “Are you sure you’re the most powerful being in this realm?”

“So you agree then?” Instead of showing any sign of hurt, Lucifer leaned forward, resting his elbow on Alastor’s chest and his hand on his chin. “That I’m the most powerful demon?”

Alastor's smile thinned. "I admit nothing." He thrust his hips up harder, and held his pelvis up, keeping his cock pressed where it was, almost reaching Lucifer's stomach. A dark spot of precum appeared on the fabric of Lucifer's pulled-up skirt. "Unlike you, I earned my power, and I do not rest on my laurels. I can gain more power still. I am more than what others think of me, more than what they could do to me. *I* define myself." His chest heaved and his cock trembled; he'd worked himself up.

Lucifer stared at Alastor, even as the rhythm of thrusting resumed. He looked a little stunned. A little moved. "You know, you remind me there of Lilith…"

"I assume that's a compliment." He might just take it. Lilith was mighty, empowered, and oft sang of the strength of Sinners and what they could achieve if they applied themselves to their fullest. He'd be lying if he said he hadn't found her music inspiring. It's what he'd seen in Charlie too – that fire, that drive, the unwillingness to accept being beaten.

Honestly, it was sad to see Lucifer disregard his same potential. Because from what Alastor had seen and felt of Lucifer tonight, he had that quality too.

But now said King of hell sober and blushed, realising the compliment he'd given. "I—uh—no, no, I mean—"

"Ah-ah, no take-backs."

"Only comebacks, am I right?"

Alastor gave Lucifer a deadpan stare, and deprived him of his cock for several whole seconds, watching as he grew more restless and needy. Only then did he roll his cock up through Lucifer's pussy again.

He felt the corners of his mouth twitch. He was getting close.

They did not need conversation from hereon in. Alastor's thrusts kept Lucifer shut up aside from the vulnerable little noises of his breath. Alastor kept his wrist held down, as if the cuffs were holding both of them – but especially Lucifer – to the bedframe.

This rutting seemed to be a competition, too. Alastor had hoped that bringing up Lilith would slow Lucifer's pace, but it hadn't. Lucifer's crotch was as wet and blushed as ever. The touch of him was still cold though – not cold like a dead body, though, not at all.

Alastor thrusted faster, ramping up the pace. Almost rutting, now.

He would reach climax first, not Lucifer.

He would.

He would.

He did.

He came with a clench of his hooves on the bedsheets, and a burst of static in the air around him. He arched his back, and the muscles around his wound ached in warning again. Semen landed on Lucifer's light skin; contrasting, almost coating over the golden flush with its gloss. But an amount on it came back down on Alastor's own cock… and his pulled down boxers.

Damn it, he thought, as clarity hit him.

Lucifer was not done, though. He kept on grinding and humping Alastor's slackening member – his eyes squeezed shut, his teeth gritted. Seconds later, he moaned with release and shuddered – his horns and his tail re-emerged for a moment, and vanished just as quickly, as the King of Hell doubled over and came down too.

He, too, sobered rapidly. Was he comprehending what he'd done? Was his flippant optimism about his technical disloyalty to a woman who by all indications was giving him the signal that what they had was over

Alastor wanted to sit up, and he tried to, but Lucifer pushed him back down. "Careful, buster," he said, no longer in the roleplay nurse voice. "Don't reopen your wound."

"I shan't." Alastor groused, laying back down. Lucifer mercifully removed the handcuff from both their wrists – with a snap of his fingers, it vanished. Where he'd sent it, and whether Husker would be able to get it back, Alastor didn't know and he didn't care

Then Lucifer dismounted him, and straightened his mussed-up outfit. "Feeling better?" he asked.

"I will, once you leave."

Lucifer snorted. "Well, you're certainly still your usual endearing personality." The nurse voice came back – weaker than before. "Thank you for your *sample,* Mr Useless. Let me just clean us up there–" he snapped his fingers, and the mess that had been made on Alastor's undergarments was gone, and Alastor's clothes were as clean as they were before. "—and there we are!"

He'd still put them in the laundry for Niffty to clean, of course.

"We have a better understanding of each other, now?" Alastor mused.

"Yeah, I guess…" Lucifer seemed torn between averting his eye and looking back at Alastor. "I get why you want to let yourself heal on your own, so I'll let you—"

"You exercising humility and a touch of empathy surprised me," Alastor interrupted. "I did not see that coming from you."

Lucifer blinked. "Well—ha, well Charlie would want me to, of course!" he stammered out in an awkward boast. "I think she'd be proud of me for that."

Alastor raised an eyebrow. "Now, would she really approve of what we—what *you*—have done tonight?"

Lucifer thought on it, and his face fell to a guilty frown as he realised the implications. Whatever arrangements he'd had with Lilith for their relationship, he evidently hadn't thought of the consequences of how this may affect his daughter, and her view of him. She had such a host of daddy and mommy issues that her father cheating or moving on would no doubt rattle her. "You're… not going to tell her, are you?"

"Of course not." If Charlie knew of this tryst it would affect how she saw *him* too. His part in it didn't need to be her business.

"Good, good. She's got a lot on her mind right now…" Lucifer's voice trailed off. "I'll tell Lilith, though, when she gets back. Cause, y'know. Open relationship. Communication is healthy."

Something you appear to be particularly bad at. "Sure," Alastor said sarcastically.

Then, down the hallway outside, he heard footsteps. Someone was coming. Alastor stiffened. The next person to 'babysit' him for the rest of his recovery. What unfortunate timing.

"'Kay," an Australian-accented woman's voice slurred, "whoever unlucky fucko got to replace Husk on 'babysit the Radio Demon' duty, I'm here to replace your sorry arse. Hope he didn't eat ya. Bar's open, by the way, if you need a pick-me-up like me 'n' Husk did…"

The door handle rattled. Lucifer jumped away from the bed – fully dressed, and his clothes transformed back into his typical suit in an instant. He adjusted his hat, stood in the doorway, and opened the door. "Who is it?"

Over him, Cherri Bomb's strawberry blonde ponytail appeared. "Oh. Damn. I thought you hated the guy. What are you…" Then she paired over his shoulder.

Alastor still hadn't gotten his pants up, and his flaccidness was accidentally on display.

Cherri stared for a second.

Then she took out her hellphone.

Alastor snarled. In an instant, the device was enveloped in his green aura. It sparked, then shorted out, and there was the sound of cracking glass and crunching plastic before Lucifer slammed the door shut with a wince.

"Oh, fucking come on!" Cherri yelled, muffled by the door. *"Please! Angie's gotta respond to a dick pic of the Radio Demon, right? He wouldn't leave that on seen!"* She sounded drunk. Husker must have roped her into moping and drinking along with him. *"I'm desperate, Allie! He's been ghosting me the whole week!"*

'Allie?' mouthed Lucifer, looking delighted. Alastor glared at him, but the man was no doubt filing that nickname away for future use. At least he stayed silent, refusing to acknowledge her.

*"Fuckin' fine… guess I'm not seeing my best friend again. Have to get a new fuckin' phone now too. Thanks a lot, ya –*hic* – cunt."* And she moped off, her footsteps receding down

the corridor. Ideally she was off to drink some more – that way she would be unable to recall the night and what she'd seen – and mourn her broken hellphone too.

As if reading his mind, Lucifer backed his hopes up. "She'll forget. If not I'll do something about it

Alastor nodded curtly, pulling his boxers back up and zipping up his trousers. That was all the sign of appreciation he'd give.

"Sorry about that," the King said guilely, and Alastor thought for a moment that he actually meant it. Then he went and ruined that impression. "Oh, and if you need reassuring – you're not the worst with what you've got. More than I can say for a lot of guys, like Adam."

"Excuse me, are you insinuating something?" Alastor scowled.

"No! Seriously! I meant it."

"You meant that as an low blow, and that is how I shall take it."

Lucifer cackled. "Ah, you're not as high and mighty as you say you are."

"Still taller than you."

Unfortunately, he wasn't able to make Lucifer fume or react. "Aww, did I strike a nerve there?" he cooed.

"Excuse you, I only care about being compared to sloppy brutes."

"Well, you're still sloppy enough that you couldn't avoid getting knocked up by them." *Knocked around* was the correct term, it was not clear if Lucifer meant that Freudian slip or not, but Alastor suspected he did.

So he growled, meaning to summon up the demon power to physically shunt Lucifer out of his room.

But Lucifer was already on his way out, hat on and cane in hand.

He paused on the threshold. "See ya around, Bambi! *Au revoir!"* he called, with a wave of his hat in the air. And then he was gone, the door slammed shut, and Alastor was alone in his room, just the fireflies and cypress trees in the bayou, and himself.

'There won't be a next time,' Alastor thought to himself. But he quickly reconsidered. Would he take the chance – being offered up, no less – to get back at Lucifer, when he was healed up? To get properly on top of him. To assert himself above him. To make that conceited king truly aware of the strength Alastor held and could use against him, and—

—and feel him squirm and jolt underneath him, fighting back but unable to overcome him. The physicality. The carnality. Feeling that fallen seraphim's body writhe beneath him, having him at his mercy. To know him deeper than words and masks and strained smiles

could convey, to know viscerally that the King of Hell had not given up entirely, even though he resigned himself to his punishment. To coax him up out of his funk into being a challenge.

Tasting his blood, even. Tasting him. Being inside him. Gauging, immersing himself in that raw angelic power, the kind of power that could level city blocks and break through Heavenly wards and gates.

He would be the undisputed dominant one. The top.

…

Yes, Alastor decided, he could stand to do this with Lucifer again.

But next time he would be where he wanted to be. Completely in control of the show.

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