

Evil Deeds

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Characters:	Lucifer (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!) , Mammon (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!) , Leviathan (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!) , Satan (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!) , Asmodeus (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!) , Beelzebub (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!) , Belphegor (Shall We Date?: Obey Me!) , Reader
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Evil Deeds

by [MadCitadel](#)

Summary

Sometimes you forget that they are demons, but they're here to remind you that their conception of morality isn't the same as yours.

Seven stories of seven Evil Deeds their wicked hearts inspired them to commit when you were around.

Notes

I'm back with more Demon Content TM because there are still lots of themes I want to explore! Compared to my Of Demons and Corruption fic which dealt with the nature of the sins, this one is going to be more about the general evilness demons are capable of if they are given the opportunity, something MC should be a little bit more aware of...

So again 1 chapter = 1 brother, and the sort of evil or dangerous scheming each one could come up with. This time around the chapters are going to be independent from each other and won't reference one another, so you can see them as featuring different MCs in different timelines, if you'd like! You can also read them in any order you wish to!

Overall if you wish to avoid spoilers of any kind, you should have played up to Lesson 20. It's only mild spoilers though, except for chapter 3 and 5 which refer to pretty important elements of Lesson 16!

Small disclaimer: YMMV but on the Light-hearted VS Dark fanfiction scale, this story is definitely going to be more on the dark side, but it's not going to be full-on horrifyingly terror-inducing dark with truly unspeakable things happening to MC either. To me it's just about showing what those seven demons can and will do, even if they do care about MC a great deal (which does rein them in a bit). I'm just saying this now before starting because sometimes I have no idea what people consider dark/scary and not dark/scary, especially here.

So without further ado, I'll hope you enjoy this! And as always, don't hesitate to share with me your headcanons about Demon Content TM, I love hearing about them!

One taste too many

Chapter Summary

In which Beelzebub talks you into doing something rather unsafe...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It all starts with a harmless little cut. You were in the kitchen with Beel, cutting apples to bake a pie while he was rummaging through the fridge as usual, when the blade had sliced into your index finger.

“*Fuck!* Damn it...” You immediately drop the knife to hold your own hand, and sure enough you see blood starting to flow out of the little incision you’ve just made on your fingertip. Right on cue, the dull, burning pulsation of pain begins as well. You wince. It doesn’t seem too deep, but you definitely need to clean and bandage it. You start walking to the sink, reaching for the tap of cold water, when Beel unexpectedly stops you. You hadn’t even heard him come near you, but one second he was by the fridge, and the next he was holding your injured hand up to his face.

“Beel? What are you...”

You never bother to finish your question, not when what he’s about to do becomes so quickly obvious. His gaze is lit with pure, unadulterated desire as his mouth closes on your finger, gently trapping it between his teeth, and you feel his warm tongue slowly travel up and down your wound. The demon hums in delight, his eyes fluttering shut, and you feel your face heat up, too surprised to do anything but watch Beel’s expression, completely lost in the moment.

The tender caress of his tongue rapidly turns the light pain you were feeling into a warm sensation softly radiating from your hand to your chest, and as Beel’s gaze opens again to lock with yours, you suddenly feel like this strange yet simple moment is also perhaps the most erotic you’ve ever experienced in your life, despite everything else you had lived before coming to the Devildom.

After what could have been a few seconds or a real taste of eternity, Beel slowly lets go of your hand. You look at your finger, still in a daze, and you notice that even if the cut is still there, it has stopped bleeding. You look at Beel again, and you see his cheeks blush red.

“I’m sorry,” he simply says, “I just couldn’t resist tasting you.”

“N– no it’s all right, you just... you just surprised me.”

You briefly excuse yourself to your room to look for what you need to bandage the little wound, and when you come back into the kitchen to finish baking your pie, Beel is gone. The fridge door is wide open, its contents emptied.

At dinner, while everyone eats the takeout from Hell's Kitchen – Lucifer had sent you and Satan fetch it with a deep sigh after realizing that the house had yet again run out of food – you cannot help but steal what you hope are quick, discrete glances at Beel. You're not sure if it's because he noticed you or not, but you have the impression that he does as well.

A few days pass then, and you think that will be the end of it, but one day as you come home from RAD in the afternoon, you run into Beelzebub on the way back to your room. You try to be as casual as you can as he looks at you with that usual stone-faced expression of his.

“Oh! Hey Beel, what's up?”

“Nothing much. But I need to talk to you about something, could you come with me to my room right now?”

“Oh. Err, sure? Lead the way.”

Beel and Belphe's bedroom has a warm, pleasant vibe to it, but it does little to ease your nerves as Beel gestures for you to sit on his bed and then joins you, too close and yet too far at the same time. Ever since staying in his room, back when yours had been partially demolished along with the kitchen wall, you'd developed a crush on the gluttonous Sixth-Born. He was so big, and he had been very intimidating in his demon form, and yet he could also be so sweet and sincere. You'd often wondered how it would feel if he were to take your much smaller form into his arms for more than just a friendly hug. But he had seemed completely oblivious to your crush on him until now, which was why you couldn't get the events of the kitchen out of your head, no matter how hard you had tried.

But then he starts speaking, and you're pretty sure your heart skips a beat.

“I would really like to taste you again.”

Your mouth opens in surprise, but all you can manage to utter is a small, high-pitched gasp.

“Wait,” he catches himself quickly, “that's not how I wanted to say this. I... You... I haven't been able to forget how your blood melted on my tongue. It's... You're really tasty. I don't want to harm you, I won't eat you I promise, but do you... would you be okay with sharing a bit more of your blood with me? I'll only take just a bit.”

You stare at Beel, astonished. The rational part of your brain makes no hesitation in telling you all about how you should bolt out of his room and run away back to yours as fast as possible, but the heartfelt, pleading look in his eyes stops you. You cannot see anything wicked in his gentle purple gaze, it's just the Beel you know.

And right now, he looks at you like you're the most precious thing in the world.

“Beel, is... is my blood really all you want from me?”

Beel's eyes widen, and then they fill with hope.

"No. It's not all I want. I've wanted more for a long time now."

His big hand comes to cup your cheek, its warmth sending delicious shivers down your spine, and his eyes close as he lowers his face to yours. His kiss is tender, his lips so delicate and smooth against your own. Slowly, he parts them with his tongue, and you sigh into his mouth, your eyes fluttering shut in delight. You lose all concept of time as he lowers you onto his bed, his hands caressing your hips, barely brushing against your breasts. And when he finally breaks the kiss, you're not sure if you've ever felt such a mix of happiness and arousal before.

He gently takes hold of your arm then, his thumb tracing soft circles on the blue veins between your elbow and your wrist.

"Will you let me? Please? I promise it won't hurt too much."

You barely hesitate before nodding your head. Right now, you knew you wanted to share yourself with Beel, to give yourself to him this way and in so many others. The lust in his eyes intensifies, and he takes you into his arms as he rises to sit on his bed. You can feel his hardness press against your rear as he puts you sideways on his lap. He looks at you one last time for confirmation as he grips your forearm tighter. You nod again, trying to breathe to calm the maddening tremor of your heartbeat.

You see the nails on his fingers sharpen, becoming more akin to claws, and the one on his thumb delicately sinks into your flesh, tracing a moon-shaped cut in your skin. You whimper.

"That was the hardest part," Beel's low voice whispers into your ear, "it'll feel better soon."

His warm mouth latches onto the bleeding wound and he sighs in delight as the first drops of your blood touch his tongue. He alternates between lapping at the cut, and then sucking on it, careful not to scrape you with his teeth, drawing every last bit of essence the shallowness of it is willing to give. Your head is lit with an exquisite fire. It had been painful at first, but now all you can feel is a delicious heat flowing from your limb to the rest of your body. You had never thought it could feel like this.

"Beel..." you moan, breathless. The arm embracing you tightens around your waist, and you can feel him shift under you as the hard length restrained only by his trousers rubs against you.

Finally, he stops, removing his face from your skin, panting. The cut is still there but it has stopped bleeding. You can see in his gaze how much the effort costs him, and you're overwhelmed with affection as he turns to you and claims your mouth once more, his kiss more intense this time.

"Thank you. Thank you *so much*. You taste amazing, *heavenly*... I want to repay you, to make you feel how good it was to taste you. Please?"

You nod again, unsure what to expect, and you gasp when he lowers you on his bed once more and removes your bottoms and your panties, the most intimate place of you revealed to his eyes. He looks at you for confirmation again, and you give it to him.

“Yes... Beel, *please*, I’ve wanted this too... So much...”

His tongue delves into your slit, slowly flicking at your clit, and you moan. And as his ministrations become more and more passionate, as the wave of your orgasm reverberates in your core, you think that Beel is undoubtedly the best thing that has ever happened to you. The burning look in his eyes as he watches you come is as delicious as the caresses of his mouth.

You cuddle with him afterwards. You can clearly sense he’s still hard against you, and when he notices where your gaze wanders he chuckles and kisses your forehead.

“Don’t tempt me too much now, one thing at a time, okay? Let’s wait a bit.”

And so the weeks pass as you gradually come to hope for more with him. But that doesn’t mean Beel has left you alone, oh no. He comes back to you, almost every day, and soon enough the sensation of his claw sinking into your arm becomes a familiar prelude to your pleasure. Your blood in his mouth, and then his tongue on your wet heat. He tends to your wound every time afterwards, lovingly smoothing a thin cataplasm on the cut before bandaging it. It heals quicker thanks to the medicine, but still you start wearing long sleeved clothes more often now in order to avoid any sort of inquiry on why you somehow keep injuring your arm. You look forwards to those moments with Beel immensely. His ravenous passion, his captivated eyes, and the tenderness with which he cares for you afterwards. You daydream about it in class, so eager to feel his mouth on you again.

One day, as you’re both in Beel’s room once more, his twin busy napping in the attic, you see him shake his head when you offer him your arm.

“I want to try somewhere else today.”

“O—oh? Where?”

“The inside of your thigh. It’s fleshy, soft...”

He licks his lips, looking at that intimate area on the top of your leg. You think about him drinking from you there, and you feel your cheeks heat up.

“Okay, Beel. I trust you.”

He sighs in anticipation as you undress before him, leaving only the enticing lingerie you’d chosen for him on your body, and he wastes no time leaning between your legs and grabbing hold of your thigh, his claw tracing the usual moon-shaped pattern into your skin. You whimper as the blood starts flowing again, the pain more intense than usual. Maybe because he’d never cut you there before? The heat of his mouth soothes it all again though, and you relax, head rolling back as he laps at the cut.

It takes a while for it to register through your hazy mind, but at some point you feel like this is all lasting longer than usual. You also start to get a bit dizzy.

“...Beel?”

His hand comes to intertwine with yours, the comforting pressure of his fingers aiming to appease you. You hum and feel yourself calm down once more, but then a sharp, burning sensation on your skin makes you jump.

“*Beel!*”

Your reaction startles the demon and he raises his head to look at you. His lips are painted red with your blood. You look down at your thigh, and around a wider than usual cut you see four little round wounds. The marks of his top and bottom canines, you realize.

“Oh sorry,” he says with surprised look on his face, “I got carried away... It really hurt that much? I tried to be gentle.”

“I– yeah it... The pain was more intense this time. Beel, you... you bit me. It... still hurts now.”

“Sorry, I should have asked. It’s just... I was lost in the moment. You taste so good, *so good*... And you’re so generous with me...”

He looks at your thigh again, his fingers stopping a few trickles of your blood before bringing them to his mouth to lick them.

“You’re still bleeding. I need to finish taking care of you. It won’t hurt anymore now, I promise.”

“O–okay. But please be gentle with me, all right?”

Taking care of you, as it turns out, means Beel dutifully cleaning your deeper than usual wounds with his tongue, sucking on every last one of them until the flow of your blood has run dry. Your head is spinning then, the sensation not unwelcome but still a bit scary. And when he brings you to orgasm again afterwards, you feel yourself drift to sleep as soon as he takes you in his arms when it’s over. Before falling asleep though, you hear his voice softly purring in your year.

“You’re so delicious, so kind... I’m so lucky to have you. Will you let me do this again, please? I promise it’ll hurt less the more we do it.”

The next day you think about his request, wondering if you should say yes. The whole situation has become a bit more... frightening than you’d expected. But still, you realize, you don’t want him to stop. Those moments you share together, and the wonderful complicity you now have in between, they’re the most precious things you have ever possessed. His smiles, his laughs, and the way he calls your name and engulfs you with his huge frame whenever he runs into you at RAD. You love him, and you think it’s also love you see into his eyes when

he gazes at you adoringly after you've both pleased each other, basking in the afterglow, even if he hasn't let you unbutton his trousers yet.

It's Beel you're dealing with. He protects you, he cares about you deeply. He's a demon, so he has a way of loving you that's a bit different from humans, but that doesn't mean you can't trust him. So when you meet together the next night, you offer him your thigh again. Overjoyed, he accepts your gift, and this time the pain and the dizziness don't scare you as much as they had the previous night.

When Asmo remarks on how you've been a bit paler than usual lately though, you realize that you need to space up your blood-sharing sessions. You explain it to Beel, telling him that humans need time to properly replenish their blood supply, and since he's been taking more than usual, you also need to wait more than usual in between. He looks saddened by the thought, but he understands, letting you decide on how often you should both indulge. Giddy, you jump to wrap your arms around his neck, and he catches you and wraps your legs around his back, peppering your face and your neck with passionate kisses. You *knew* you'd been right to trust him. And really, it was all right if he nibbled a bit harder than usual on your thigh when it was time to offer yourself up again. The wounds were easily and safely hidden beneath your clothes this time, and the cataplasm he applied oh-so-tenderly on each of them afterwards did enough to not leave any marks, even if they did take longer to heal than the shallow scrapes he had left on your arm during the first few weeks.

Then one day, you're on his bed again, indulging in another prelude before his bite, writhing in pleasure under him as he rubs two fingers around your clit with just the intensity he knows you crave. Feverish, you try to reach for his trousers, and surprisingly this time he doesn't stop you. You gasp, feeling all hot in the face as you finally free his hard length from the confines of his pants. And *holy hell*...

"Beel... You're... you're huge! I..."

"It's okay, we'll take things slow, all right?"

You lie back down, and you shakily spread your legs open for him as he grabs his cock and rubs it against your entrance. Your delighted moans turn to a soft cry as he sinks the tip into you. He buries his face into your neck, grunting and licking your skin.

"You're so tight," he whispers in your ear as he pushes himself further into you, "so small, so *delicate*... I love you, I love you *so much*. I'll take care of you. Nobody will ever hurt you, I promise."

His words soothe the dull ache you are feeling, and you melt into his embrace, welcoming him even deeper. And when, after an agonizing wait, he bottoms out, your moan is both of pain and delight, your eyes brimming with tears. *Finally*. Finally you were his, and he was yours.

"Beel, I love you too. *I love you*..."

He quickly ups the pace of his initially slow rhythm, as if, just like you, he'd been waiting too long for what he'd wanted to take from the start. His muscular back is so warm beneath

your fingers, and you wrap your legs tighter around his huge frame, revelling in how small you are under him. He could easily crush you, you realize, but he would never, and you find that thought strangely arousing. It deepens the intense heat you are already experiencing, and you feel the familiar wave of pleasure rise within you.

“Beel! I’m going to... I’m going to...”

“Me too.” he growls into your throat, licking it up and down as he quickens his pace once more.

Your orgasm finally ripples through your entire being, overpowering you like no other, and in the midst of it you feel Beel’s hips stutter as he spills himself deep in you.

And that is when his fangs fully sink into the tender junction between your neck and your shoulder.

You scream. You scream like you’ve never screamed before in your life. Your voice breaks as Beel eagerly swallows the blood pouring into his mouth. He moans in delight, holding you tighter against him, his claws piercing the flesh of your arms in the process. You try to call out his name, but it is like the shrieking sound you’d just made had completely drained your voice, rendering you silent. Beneath the atrocious pain, you faintly realize how much of a grave mistake it had been to give in to his carnal thirst for you, to allow him to become so familiar with the taste of your blood. The taste of your life flowing out of you...

The world blurs around you, and you vaguely hear a door slam open. You think you can hear Belphe’s voice near, screaming at his twin to stop. To *let go*.

Soon, the sound of other multiple footsteps and shouts start fading into nothingness, and your eyes close as your head spins too much for you to remain conscious.

You don’t see Beel for a while after that. Not when you are unable to leave your bed for so long. His six brothers visit you often, just like Simeon who spends long moments by your side, softly chanting as his hands emit a golden glow against your skin, slowly mending your wounds and helping with your blood loss day by day.

It’s Belphegor who talks to you the most. He tells you everything about how Beel just hadn’t realized, how he’d been so careful with you for so long and had simply underestimated how fast his control could slip when he was melting into bliss with you.

“You have to forgive him,” he says, “he feels so guilty. He’s dying to hold you, but he won’t. He’s afraid you’ll fear him now. Please, you have to ask Lucifer to let Beel see you.”

Eventually, when you feel your strength returning, you agree. You beg Lucifer, and he finally relents with a deep sigh, calling for his brother. And when you see Beelzebub’s huge frame fill your doorstep, his eyes brimming with tears, you feel your own eyes water.

"I'm so sorry..." he says. "So sorry... I didn't want to hurt you. I just thought... I just thought it'd be okay. I don't... I didn't realize how bad it'd be. I didn't think..."

"It's okay, Beel. It's okay. I know. I know..."

You hope he's telling the truth. You hope that, instead of giving into temptation that day in the kitchen, and again when he'd brought you into his bedroom, all the while knowing full well where all of it would lead him, he truly *didn't* know.

You forgive him. You forgive him and you heal. The marks of his teeth on your neck fading completely thanks to Simeon's holy magic. Slowly, things start becoming the same again. He never asks to drink from you anymore, and it takes him a long time to even think about sating his own pleasure when you feel comfortable sharing your body intimately with him again. For a long, long while it's just about you, about erasing the memory of the pain he'd caused you, replacing it with ecstasy. Over and over again. And finally, when he gives in to your pleading and makes love to you again, he's slow and sweet, gentler than you could ever imagine someone being.

All is well.

Or, at least, all is well *for you*.

It's something you are unable to hear about, of course. Not while you're down here in the Devildom. But after you start spending time around Beel again, Lucifer calls him into his study, unbeknownst to you. They talk for a long time, and when Beel finally leaves, it's with a seal. A special kind of seal granting him a regular access to the human world.

Humans start going missing, then. Every week, a new one disappears. When you and Beel start making love again, the number goes up to three a week for a long time. They all either have your eyes, or your hair, the curve of your hips, the shape of your smile, a scent vaguely familiar to yours... In one way or another, they all look like *you*.

You'll never find out of course, probably not even when you'll end up going back to the human world again. After all, people just vanish without a trace every day, it's common occurrence. It's hard to truly figure out what could have happened to them anyway, especially when there's *nothing* left to find.

Chapter End Notes

I think even though Beel is the sweetest brother, his sin is ironically the one who puts MC in mortal danger the most, and I wanted to explore that particular aspect of their relationship a bit.

The next chapter will be rather different, you'll see in a few days what I'm talking about!

Music to your ears

Chapter Summary

In which Leviathan makes you realize that wandering into a sea serpent's den is not the safest choice one could make.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Jump! Jump now! Press X! Now do the combo! The triple blade attack! Dodge!”

“Wait! Is his health *regenerating* now? *What the fuck?*”

“Well it’s a high tier boss, of course it can regenerate! Now don’t be a normie and save your potions, you’ll need them for stage three of the fight.”

“There’s a stage three?! Levi! We’re not going to make it!”

“Yes, we are! Now focus! Fire-bomb him again!”

You’re sitting on a blue, extra comfy beanbag in Levi’s room, your brows furrowed in concentration as you currently lead the trickiest video game fight of your life. Levi is sitting next to you on his own spare seat – he’d ordered a second one on Akuzon after it had become clear that your game nights were becoming a weekly tradition – even more involved than you are in what could only be the Devildom equivalent of Dark Souls. He’d finished it once on his own already before you’d come to live in the House of Lamentation, but since then it had been updated with a multiplayer mode. You’d been curious when you’d seen the game box on his shelves, and from that point you’d wondered how Levi could have possibly beaten it by himself.

Finally, after a grueling struggle that had brought your health bar to a dramatically low point, the angelic boss finally collapses in a heap of feathers and golden ichor.

“HELL YEAH! Did you see that, Levi? Absolutely flawless.”

Levi snorts, no doubt remembering how close you’d been to death, but he warmly smiles back at you. If there had been any sort of awkwardness between you after your rocky start, it had mostly all faded away thanks to the power of video games.

You giggle and you set the controller aside before reclining on your bean bag, making it slowly tip over. From the corner of your vision you see that Levi stays still for a moment, before finally doing the same and coming to lie next to you. Still a good foot apart though. You try not to chuckle at that.

“I need to take a break now, properly savor the high point of my gaming career.”

“Wait till you see the next boss! The Shrieking Nun. It has this attack that—”

“Nooo! Levi! Shhhh! Don’t tell me!”

Without thinking you reach out to put your hand on Levi’s mouth to silence him, and it takes him only about a second to become beet red, and a couple others for you to realize why. You remove your hand, but he catches it before letting it go as quickly like a burning match. He then starts stuttering:

“No wait! I... You don’t have to stop touching me. I MEAN... That’s not what I meant! Or yes I did mean it... but... *UGH*. DON’T MIND ME!”

Your eyes widen, but your hesitation doesn’t last long, and you don’t feel the least bit embarrassed at pushing your bean bag right next to his with the help of your feet. You rest your head on his shoulder, closing your eyes in relaxed contentment. Levi is stiff for a little while, but eventually you can feel him unwind a bit, and a few moments later his hand timidly comes to intertwine with yours. You glance at him, amazed by his sudden boldness. You didn’t want to push him beyond what made him comfortable, but it *had* been a long time now since you’d started daydreaming about him making a move on you, and you’d begun to wonder if perhaps your friendship and nothing more was all that interested him. Not that it would have been bad! But you’d be lying if you’d said that you hadn’t wished more than once that he’d given you a daring victory kiss out of the blue. *Maybe this is it? No, better not rush him.*

Relaxed and giddy, you start humming a familiar tune. It’s more of a mix of songs you know, really, but it soothes you after being all on edge from the whole boss ordeal. You pause in between two notes to stretch a bit, and you’re surprised to hear Levi starting a tune of his own. It’s not something you’ve heard before. You cannot understand the lyrics – you’re not fully sure but it sounds like the demonic language the brothers sometimes use when they’re being formal with other demons – but even if the notes of the melody are really faint, Leviathan’s voice barely above a murmur, it sounds absolutely *beautiful*. You’d remember a song like that for sure.

You stay silent, in awe, snuggled against Levi’s shoulder. And when he eventually stops humming, much to your regret, you start cooing words of praise.

"Levi! I had no idea you could sing like this! What was this song? It was wonderful!"

He blushes, but he looks directly at you nonetheless.

“It’s... it’s just an old poem put to song. I learned it not long after coming to live here. I sing it to myself sometimes.”

“Well you should sing more often. You’re really talented!”

“I... thank you. It’s... it’s just something I can do.”

He shifts a bit next to you then, and you feel a timid caress on your hair, his fingers lightly brushing against your scalp. You shiver in delight, feeling completely mellowed out.

“Mmmh, Levi if you keep going I’m going to fall asleep right here.”

“You—you can sleep here if you’d like. I mean it’s okay with me, I don’t mind, you know.”

You briefly hesitate, but then you think why the hell not? You’re already in comfy PJs anyway, and you just feel so at peace next to Levi. You sigh one last time before closing your eyes and blissfully sinking into sleep.

The next evening after dinner you conveniently find that you’ve completed all your Devildom Law homework earlier than you had anticipated. You really feel like discovering what’s all the fuss about that devious Shrieking Nun, so you go knock on Levi’s door. His face perks up at the sight of you, and he happily lets you in, handing you his second controller.

After a couple hours of gaming you lie down again, Leviathan turning off the console and following your example, right next to you this time. The room darkens as his TV switches off, only lit by the soft hue of the aquarium on his wall.

“Levi, you whisper, do you think you could sing to me again? You know, the poem from yesterday?”

"W-well yes I can. You really want me to?"

"Yes, please... It really gave me chills, in a good way! It's very relaxing..."

He starts performing the melody again, only more confidently this time, the lyrics fully intelligible even if you cannot understand their meaning.

“What does it say? What is it about?” you ask after he finishes.

“It’s... It’s a poem about the sea, and about... love. It tells a story about waiting for the one your heart cherishes to brave the storms and come back to you. It’s sort of a prayer, a chant so that they can hear you beyond the waves that separate you and find their way back home.”

“Could I... could I hear it again? It’s okay if you don’t feel like singing it anymore! I just... I’d like to focus on the words more, see if I can recognize some of it.”

“Don’t worry, if you’re the one asking then I’ll always sing it to you. I... I really enjoy doing it if it’s for you.”

“Thanks Levi, you’re really amazing...”

He begins the tune again, its notes starting to slowly become familiar to you now, and you shiver, your eyes fluttering shut. From behind your closed eyelids you try to imagine the picture he’s painted for you. Your mind conjures the image of a woman, alone on a foggy beach, facing a deep blue sea agitated with foamy waves. She’s waiting. One day, she knows

the one she loves will come back to her. The wind makes her hair and her dress flow, but she doesn't mind. *She's waiting.*

You're awoken from your daze by Leviathan's soft lips pressing a chaste kiss against yours. Too soon, he starts to move away, but you bury your hand into his hair, bringing him back to you. Growing bolder, his tongue timidly finds yours, and you moan into his mouth, reaching out to touch his body. Soon enough he's lying above you, his hands very slowly rising up your sides to finally cup your breasts. He squeezes them and moans as you gasp in delight. You close your eyes, and when you open them again you see that Leviathan has shifted into his demon form, coral-like horns sitting atop his head, his long serpentine tail adorned with smooth, shiny black scales undulating behind him. He keeps on caressing your chest, his fingers rubbing your nipples through the fabric of your shirt, but it's like he's waiting for encouragement of some kind.

"Levi," you whisper a bit shyly, "I really want you to make love to me. Do you want it too?"

His snake-like pupils fill with an intense emotion you cannot pinpoint.

"Yes," he whispers back with a shaky voice, "*yes*. I really want to make love to you."

You're soon both naked, his surprisingly toned body so warm against yours as he looks in wonder at your slit, so visibly wet and eager for him. An ecstatic expression on his face, he wastes no time sinking his cock into your tight heat, and you cry in contented pleasure at the size of him filling you so perfectly.

"Levi... I... *Oh! Yes...* It feels so good..."

The tip of his tail comes to trace a gentle caress on your cheek, and his eyes become hazy, lost in the pleasure you are yourself experiencing. He fully lies on you while sinking into you with slow, deep thrusts.

"I'm so happy," he mumbles into your ear, "I've wanted this for so long... I can't believe you wanted me back too... *You wanted me back...* It's... *oh*, you're just so wet, for me..."

He hisses as you tighten around him when reaching your bliss, and he follows shortly after you. His tail coils loosely around your waist right before he comes inside you, its cool scales a welcome respite after the heat of your climax.

You fall asleep peacefully next to each other. His tail is still wrapped around your body as he holds you in his arms, spooning you, and you absolutely love it. You revel in the sensation of him wanting to be so close to you after he'd been so shy about any physical contact you'd gently tried to initiate with him for so long. He sings for you again as you drift into sleep, his enchanting voice the sweetest lullaby you've ever enjoyed.

You come back the next night as soon as you can, of course. So eager for him, so eager for *everything*. He's already in his demon form when he opens the door for you, excitement written all over his face.

This time he's more daring already, even if he reddens as soon as you undress before him.

“G—go lie down in my tub, okay? On your back. I want to... to take care of you tonight.”

You obey, excitedly curious, and he follows you. He effortlessly lifts your hips, and before you have the time to wonder why, smooth scales wind around you, coiling several times around your arms and your waist, the tip of his tail wrapping in one last turn around your throat before caressing your lips.

“I lov... I like having my tail around you. Do...do you like it too?”

You blush, tentatively pushing against these restraints to test their strength. It’s obvious you wouldn’t be able to set yourself free if he didn’t let you, and you find that the thought turns you on. Levi’s tail is a kind of bondage that you find... rather alluring. You decide to play along with him by speaking his language.

“My, my, what are you going to do to me, O Lord of Shadow, now that you’ve got me in your grasp?”

Levi’s face lights up with excited glee, and his voice grows huskier.

“You’re my human prisoner, and I’m going to torture you with pleasure, *because it pleases me!*”

You’re on cloud nine, lying immobile wrapped in Levi’s coils as his fingers curl inside you *just right* while his thumb rubs against your clit. Usually you’d want to use your hands and touch him too, but you find that it’s a nice feeling just to *let go* for a change. The tip of his tail gently probes against your lips, and you open them to let it in, gently sucking on it. You feel Levi’s tail shiver and tighten around you, and then you hear it again, the melody you’ve grown to love so much these past few days. You moan as his tail sinks a bit deeper into your mouth, and you let the bliss of his voice and his fingers slowly rise to your head. You don’t think you’ve ever been so malleable for anyone before, and the sensation is thrilling. You could really get used to this.

Then, you hear Levi start speaking to you. And it’s a bit strange, you think, because you can still hear his song somehow. It shouldn’t be possible to listen to both intelligibly at the same time either, and yet you can.

"We're having fun together, right? You don't need the others when you have me. They could never love you like I do. *You* are enough for me, let *me* be enough for you."

Your mind registers his words, but you can’t really focus on them as the pleasure you’re experiencing finally unwinds in your core, and you feel yourself melt into bliss. You’re panting then, finding it a bit hard to breathe after such a powerful orgasm, but then you realize that Levi’s tail has something to do with it. It’s wrapped particularly tight around your ribcage and your neck. You open your eyes to see him looking at you very intensely, eyes full of... covetousness.

"...Levi? Your tail. It’s a bit tight, I can't move."

He doesn't react at first, still staring at you silently, and you think somehow he didn't hear you, but then he seems to snap out of it and his scales uncoil slightly, allowing you to breathe unrestrained once more. He doesn't let you go, though, and his eyes fill with sadness.

"Do you want to leave? I mean I'd understand if you didn't want to stay with me too long."

"Levi, no! What are you talking about? Of course I want to stay! I haven't even touched you yet tonight..."

His expression lightens with hopeful enthusiasm.

"Then can I sing to you more? You still like it, right?"

You feel yourself delightfully shiver at his words, forgetting all about the strange experience you'd had with his voice a few moments back, not minding at all his tail shifting around you again, slowly tightening once more.

"Mmmh... Yes, please Levi, do it again..."

You find that the memory of him making love to you, then, is a bit hazy. You remember reaching climax again. You remember Levi's hands roaming all over your body, caressing and pinching and lightly scratching you with his claws. You remember him coming inside you, and then just leaving his cock in your slit for a few minutes before starting to move to take you again. But mostly, you remember the song. You remember hearing it in your head, vibrating so clearly inside the sanctity of your mind, and even if this memory only fills you with pleasure every time you think about it, you can't help but start asking yourself questions. Especially since, as the weeks pass, you find more and more that you just *can't* get Levi's song out of your head, no matter how hard you try.

It's gradual, and you wouldn't say it's annoyingly intrusive, but it's there with you no matter what you're doing or thinking, whether you're in class, having dinner at the House of Lamentation, or drifting into sleep. It is *there*, echoing distantly in your head somehow. You don't *dislike* it, still very much loving the melody. Still, it's rather puzzling.

But what truly starts spooking you a bit is when, one evening, you're busy doing your homework in your bedroom, and suddenly you rise from your chair, walking straight to Leviathan's room. It's only when you reach him and he starts embracing you that you realize that you'd heard his voice in your head, like it had beckoned you somehow. You think of his song, of the stories of melodies compelling people, of Odysseus, of *sirens*. The thought never leaves your head, and the next day you decide to ask the resident well of knowledge about it.

"Satan!" you call him as you see him in the library. "Do you have a minute?"

He puts down his book and nods, curious.

"Is...hm, is there such a thing as sirens or mermaids amongst the demons of the Devildom?"

"Of sorts. Why do you ask?"

"Oh you know, I've heard about marine demons in class today, and I got curious."

Satan raises his brows, obviously not fully convinced, but he rises from his seat and heads to the bookshelves nonetheless, rummaging around a bit before walking back to you and handing you a light-blue book engraved with black ink.

“This should sate your curiosity. But you could also go and ask Levi to tell you about it, you know?”

“Levi? Why?”

“Because he’s Grand Admiral of Hell’s Navy. He commands all the sea creatures and soldiers that belong to the Devildom. Lotan, of course, but also the Bewitchers of the deep.”

Bewitchers of the deep. You thank Satan and you hurry back to your room, opening the book and rapidly flipping through the pages until you find what you’re looking for.

The Bewitchers of the deep. Also known in the human world as sirens, mermaids, tritons, selkies and lamiae. They choose to feast on the flesh and minds of their victims through the power of their voice, though only the strongest of them know how to sing the Maiden’s Lament.

Feverish, you flip through the book again, and you feel your heart sink as you read the next lines.

The Maiden’s Lament. A powerful spell put to song, only mastered by greater sea-demons. Humans hearing it cannot prevent their minds from being consumed by it. A powerful mind-control tool, it is a useful weapon for demons wishing to drown or enslave their prey.

Your hands shakily brush against the words of the song written below, and you start panicking when you think you recognize the sound of some of the lyrics. *Levi.* No, he *couldn’t* have done that. Not your best friend, not the Levi you knew and loved, the Levi who so passionately made love to you each night. Before you know it, you walk to his room with the book in hand, your heart beating at an alarming pace.

Leviathan opens the door and reaches out to touch your cheek, but you push his hand away, not entering his room and taking one step back into the corridor instead.

“Levi. There’s no good way to ask this so I’ll just go ahead and say it. Have you been bewitching me? Have you been putting me under a spell with your song this whole time? The Maiden’s Lament?”

You show him the book, opened at the right page. He glances at it and then straight back at you.

“Well sort of, yeah. Why? Don’t you like it?”

Your jaw drops open. He was so casual about it, so unbothered about admitting to messing with your mind.

“Levi! I thought it was just a song! But you’ve been... you’ve been brainwashing me this entire time!”

Levi's face falls, shock twisting his features.

"It's not *brainwashing*! How can you even say that! It was about bringing us closer together, *how can you not see that?*

"No! No Levi, that's just messed up! It says right here that this song *enslaves* humans! How could you do this to me?"

"I haven't been *enslaving* you. I've known this song for thousands of years, okay? I'm the best at it, I master it completely. I'm not... I'm not using the full force of the spell against you! I've toned it down a bit! I told you, it's about bringing us together! I'd never harm you!"

You see his eyes, so earnest in their surprise, and you start doubting your fear of him a bit. But then you remember the book, and how you'd come to him the previous night without meaning to. Your resolve hardens.

"No. *No*, Levi. I *don't* want to talk to you right now. I really need to be alone and to think *on my own*, and I don't want you messing with my head while I do it!"

You take another step back, turning on your feet, but then he speaks again.

"You're not going anywhere right now."

Your heart suddenly fills with dread. Wordlessly you turn around, your eyes widening as you see Levi shift into his demon form, tail oscillating fast behind him. You realize too late, as it suddenly coils tight around your body and your throat, immobilizing you and lifting you off the ground, that you should have bolted the second he'd admitted to what he'd done.

"Levi! *Let...*"

But his tail rises to wrap around your head, blocking your mouth, leaving only your eyes and nose free. If there is a way to use your pact bond non-verbally you don't know it, and you're unable to stop him as he carries you inside his room and closes his door behind him.

"Now you're going to listen to me." he says, looking at your frightened eyes, voice shaking with a panicked rage. "I know I'm just a yucky otaku. There's nothing I can give you that my brothers can't do better than me. Except this. My *song*. The melody I've taught those who were worthy of it. I'm the only one amongst my brothers who can sing into your mind like this. And you love it, you said so yourself. So why don't you want it anymore? Why don't you want *me* anymore?"

You want to scream at him, you want to tell him he has it all wrong, that he doesn't understand a thing about why you're truly upset. But you can only manage a muffled whimper as his tail tightens more around your throat.

"I thought you wanted to be mine! You don't really love me, is that it? But you *need* me. That's why I've been singing for you! Because you *need* me. I'm the one who cares the most about you! You can't go back out there without me protecting your mind somehow, not when my brothers are just waiting for the opportunity to claim you and do creepy stuff to you! You

really want to risk Belphe putting his grubby hands on you and messing with your head *his way*? Or *Lucifer*? You wouldn't last a second before him if he decided to make his move, but I'm *protecting* you. You're better off with me. You'll be safer with me, I promise! You *knew* this, deep down, that's why you asked me to sing for you! *Please...* You *must* know I'm right..."

Levi looks desperately at you, but all he sees are your eyes brimming with tears, and all he hears are your soft, frightened cries beneath the gag of his tail. He starts crying too, and finally, when you least expect it, he removes his scales from your mouth.

"You need me. Tell me you need me, tell me you can't manage without me. *Please.*"

"Levi," you murmur, "*let go of me.*"

He does instantly, compelled by your pact bond. You fall to the floor, shaking. You rise slowly and painful sobs start taking hold of you as you half-walk, half-crawl backwards to his door, never letting his regret-stricken face out of your sight. Then you bolt out of his room, out of the House of Lamentation. Far away. As fast as you can.

Mammon finds you wandering around town aimlessly. He tells you all about how Levi had texted him out of the blue to tell him you'd run away because of something he'd done, and that you were in danger outside. The Second Born scolds you. We were still during the day, yes, but what if you'd been attacked? Demons could smell vulnerability from a mile away! You'd been reckless, careless! You'd...

He doesn't have the heart to continue when he sees your face. He asks you, then. Pleads you to tell him about what Levi has done. You just shake your head, merely telling him that he'd scared you and that you needed space away from Leviathan. Mammon walks you back to your room, and you don't leave it much for the next few days, afraid you'll be confronted to Levi again. You're mistaken though, because when Lucifer forces you to come out of hiding, you learn that Leviathan hasn't really left his room either. You don't see him at dinner, and oddly enough his brothers don't comment on it. You wonder what they know, what they've guessed. You wonder what Mammon or even Satan have been telling, but you just *don't* want to talk about this with them. You need to think, to think on your own, you need this *god-forsaken melody* to finally leave your head so you can *think* in peace.

It does, eventually. It takes a few weeks, but your mind is finally free of it. You don't know if it's simply because you haven't heard Leviathan sing it to you in while, or because he willed it to go away, somehow. You cannot find any word or indication in the books you read about the Maiden's Lament on how humans have been set free of it before.

He could have sung it to you that day, you realize, instead of letting you talk and use your pact bond. He could have sung it and wrecked your head forever instead of asking for your permission to keep on bewitching you his way. But what is that knowledge truly worth? Did he truly not realize how wrong all of it had been? Would he do it all over again if given the chance? He hadn't sought you out, he had sent Mammon after you instead. What this worth anything? What this a sign that not all was lost? You don't know, and it *hurts*.

Then, one fateful day, you're confronted to him again. You exit your room right as Leviathan passes by your door to head to the kitchen. You both freeze, standing a mere two feet apart from each other. You see his eyes fill with desperate longing, and you feel your heart burn in your chest. This is a truth you simply cannot fight against: You love him. You love him and you miss him. You want to go play video games with him again. You want to experience the maddening desire in his gaze again as he wraps his tail around you and makes love to you with obsessive care.

"Levi." you whisper, and timidly, you hold out your hand to him.

For a long, agonizing moment, he doesn't move. But as you feel your eyes brim with tears, the warmth of his hand gently takes hold of yours.

"I'm sorry." he whispers back. "You're my Henry. Not a plaything. Not a... I'm sorry... *I'm sorry...*"

Is sorry enough? Maybe not for your head. But for your treacherous heart, it is.

Chapter End Notes

Welp. It got angsty again. Guess we're riding the angst train here. Although I can say for a fact that not all chapters will be this angsty.

In this chapter I wanted to explore an idea I'd really briefly touched upon in my previous fic, with Levi having siren-like powers and being able to beckon you. It's tied with the sea, but also with Envy in a way, as it is really a sin that snakes into your mind if you let yourself listen to it. I love stories about mermaids and other elusive creatures, there's a real unique vibe to them. There's so much about the oceans we still haven't discovered, so that plays a part!

I had this song playing on a loop while writing parts of this chapter. It's really a siren-like song, very nostalgic and yearning too :

<https://youtu.be/3aspppNLI8w>

Let sleeping demons lie

Chapter Summary

In which Belphegor enlightens you on why trust must be earned for a reason.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

You're not sure how you're able to feel this way, to fall for his act all over again even after you'd felt his hands crush the life out of your neck. You should be fearing him, you should be running away screaming the second he'd enter any room you were in. And yet... all you felt whenever he was seeking you out was mere unease and... and something else. Something you refused to even stop to think about.

"Why don't you skip class with me today, mmh? Lucifer doesn't even have to find out."

"I don't know Belphie, I'm not sure it's a good idea..."

"But don't you think we should be spending more time together now that I'm *finally* free? Everyone is always hogging you when we're all here, they've been doing it for months too, but if we go back home this afternoon then it'll be just the two of us, all by ourselves. Come on, *please*... It'll be our little secret..."

Or maybe it wasn't an act anymore. His tears when he'd learned of the true fate of his sister hadn't been faked, how could they have been? She was the reason why he'd been set on going on his genocidal rampage in the first place. And despite his profound dislike for the whole concept, he'd made a pact with you. His gift to you, he'd said, as a way to build trust, to start anew, for him to get to know you, and for you to get to *know* him. But you think that even if you were to spend the rest of the year solely with Belphegor, you would still be nowhere close to understanding the things hidden behind the mysterious purple glow of his eyes.

What was truly going on inside that sleepy, cunning mind of his? What did he truly want? Those questions were keeping you awake way too long at night, and yet they didn't drive you away from him. But one day, it is that fateful yet innocent question that you ask aloud without really thinking about it that truly puts everything in motion.

"Is there some kind of shop in the Devildom where you can find something to help you sleep better? Like, you know, melatonin pills in the human world."

You're sitting on a sofa in the living room with three of the seven brothers. Asmo is busy painting his nails and humming on a chair close to yours, Beel is munching on some spicy

newt chips while watching his favourite cooking show, and Belphe is sitting on the couch in between the two of you, already nodding off. They all perk up at your question though.

“You haven’t been sleeping well? Have you been eating enough?” Beel asks, his brows furrowing with worry. Asmo merely giggles.

“You know, darling, sometimes all you need to do for a good night’s sleep is a proper *workout session* prior. If you come to my room tonight, I’ll be glad to show you how we can release all that tension...”

Beelzebub frowns even more at that.

“What do you mean, Asmo? I never feel sleepy after working out, it just makes me want to eat more.”

You can’t help but chuckle at those two. However, it is what Belphe suggests next that actually catches your attention.

“If you want to feel well-rested I can help with that. I know a thing or two about sleep, as you might have noticed.”

Beel nods absent-mindedly at his twin’s words, but Asmo pouts.

“Aaaw but Belphe, you’re going to make her go out like a light. I’m sure she’d prefer doing this the fun way instead.”

“No offense Asmo, you say with a sheepish glance, but going out like a light is exactly what I’ve been needing lately.”

You turn to Belphegor then, hopeful but also a little...wary.

“What would you be doing to me exactly, Belphe?”

“Oh, you could say it’s sort of what you humans call *guided relaxation* nowadays. Focusing on your breathing, on specific words or movements... It’s hard to describe but easy to show.”

It sounds innocent enough, but in the back of your mind something tells you it’s not the wisest course of action. It was one thing to spend time with Belphegor, slowly building... whatever trust was possible to achieve between the two of you, but trusting him with making you fall asleep? You really weren’t sure about this...

But then a concerned frown appears on Belphe’s face as he observes you more attentively.

“It is true that you look a bit tired, it’s been a while now, hasn’t it? It’s not healthy to draw on your reserves for so long, but I promise it’ll be easy to remedy to that. Come on, I really want to help you. Please, *let me...*”

Let me make it up to you is what he doesn’t fully say. Perhaps he doesn’t even think it either. But still, you think it’s the first time you’ve actually seen him look sincerely worried, and it

touches you. So you nod and accept his offer, and this is how you end up the following evening with Belphegor knocking on your door after dinner.

You're sitting on your bed dressed in your pajama shorts and an oversized T-shirt Beel had given you once. Belphe notices how tense you look, of course.

"Don't be afraid of me, I'm only here to help, remember? I promise, you'll have the best sleep of your life tonight."

He goes to grab one of the chairs in your room instead of coming too close, putting it in front of your bed and sitting on it. The distance calms your nerves a bit. It really seemed like he was taking this seriously, no funny business.

"Now sit in front of me cross-legged, will you? And look at me. *Good*. Now relax... Relax and listen to my voice. Take a deep breath, *in* and then *out*."

You do, never ceasing to gaze at Belphegor's face. Looking into his eyes still makes you feel a bit shy though, and you prefer to avert them, although you're not sure focusing on his lips is miles better.

But Belphe keeps on speaking, and soon enough his low drawl actually does manage to ease the tension in your muscles. You feel your shoulders loosen.

"Good. Feeling better already, aren't you? Your fatigue is within you, just waiting to come out, can you feel it? Listen to it, it's only telling you what you need most right now. Yes, you want to sleep, don't you? You *desire* it."

You nod at each of his questions, feeling your eyelids become a little heavier. He raises his index finger in front of your face then, and you briefly frown as you notice the nail on top of it looks particularly long and sharp, like a claw... But then it starts moving in front of your face and your eyes start following it without thinking.

"Yes, *slowly*, right to left, and left to right... Keep following it. *Again*... It's hard to keep your eyes open, isn't it? You don't have to, you can close them if you want to."

You don't think you could have kept them open even if you'd wanted to. You barely see a glimmer of purple as your eyelids almost fully close and most of the room darkens around you, your head oscillating as you feel your body become warmer, *so relaxed*. You don't really think much of what you're doing anymore then, and you barely register the hand between your shoulder blades and the other at the centre of your collarbone, slowly turning you and lowering you on your bed. You're being wrapped in something comfy, and a voice gently whispers sweet nothings in your ear that start fading away with your consciousness the more you hear them.

"Good girl. *Precious little human, sleep*... Rest, and let your dreams be filled with what your heart longs for..."

Delicious nothingness claims you, and it is only when you get up the next morning, so refreshed, so at peace, that you fully realize how tired and stressed you'd been the weeks

before. Emerging from sleep itself had been difficult, but once you're fully out of it you can feel the energy of a good night's rest flowing through you. You see Belphe at breakfast, smiling warmly at you. And when he stays a bit longer at the table to ask you how you've slept, you feel your cheeks heat up and you tell him that that you've had your best sleep in a while, thanks to him. His smile widens.

"Would you like me to help you sleep again tonight? It'll work better the more I teach you how to properly let go..."

You shiver and you nod. You have no doubt you want Belphe's voice to soothe you and lull you to sleep again. It's... you don't know how to properly describe it, but there's something deeply reassuring about it, like you'd known for the first time that you were truly and absolutely safe, protected from all the dangerous things lurking in the dark. Things you'd feared so much as a child and that you'd eventually learned to ignore, but that you had never truly forgotten. Until now.

But there is also something else, another thing that makes you say yes. You remember visiting Belphe in the attic, back when he was still a prisoner. You remember his kind eyes, his gentle voice, how happy he'd seemed whenever he'd see your head peek from the stairs, how grateful he'd been whenever you'd tell him about his brothers. You remember how warm and fuzzy all of it had made you feel inside. You remember yourself slowly falling for him.

It had all been a lie of course – *or had it?* – but him guiding you so sweetly to oblivion in your bedroom yesterday, it had felt like finding those moments again, moments that you had thought definitely lost to time and tainted memories.

So you accept, and he comes back. Every night. Each time you succumb to his voice, and to those soft purple eyes of his that you start feeling comfortable gazing into again, those eyes that seem to glow more and more in the darkness of your bedroom as the weeks pass. His help brings you closer together during the day too. Soon, Belphegor's presence starts to feel safe again, and you find yourself increasingly enjoying his company, even seeking him out too. And one night in the planetarium, as you're half-sitting half-lying next to him on one of the couches, you feel his arm wrap around your shoulders. His hand finds your chin and tilts your face towards his, and he gives you a kiss that is just like him. Languorous, slightly overwhelming, leaving you wanting more...

You fall asleep that night, appeased and yet excited by the sweetness of his lips as he pets your hair and tucks you in your bed.

"Dream of me tonight, will you?" he tells you. And you do. This night, and the next, and the next... The dreams are strange though. They have neither a beginning nor an end, and it's just clouds upon clouds of shadows with a purple hue, purple like the eyes that watch you from afar, even if you can't pinpoint where they are. You think you can hear other voices too, voices that don't sound like Belphe's. It's peculiar, but you still feel well-rested when you wake up, so you don't give them too much thought. Dreams are weird, after all.

It's been a week since your first kiss, and you're watching a movie with Belphegor and Beelzebub at night in their room, and when after seeing you yawn several times Belphie proposes you stay and sleep in his bed with him you accept, the mere idea of leaving the warmth of his covers and walking back to your room in the cold tiring you. Still, you feel a little embarrassed. He'd kissed you many times since that night in the planetarium, and he'd grown more adventurous every time too, even ending up softly caressing you through your panties the previous night. You're eager for more, of course, but you're also a bit... intimidated. Belphie could be such a tease sometimes, so you could only guess how he'd act in a more... sexual context. But Beel would be sleeping in the bed next to yours, you remember, so it would probably be all right.

You drift into sleep with his arm around your waist, holding you close to him, his face nuzzling into your neck, his voice whispering to you so sweetly. He's... asking you questions, questions you understand and respond positively to, but that you forget as soon as they're asked. You're teetering on the edge, your mind all fuzzy, but your sensations sharp. You hum, unconsciously rubbing your rear against the hardening length pressed against you, and you hum in delight once more when the hand on your waist snakes under your top and comes to tease your nipples. A delicious heat flows through you as you feel another hand caress your body up and down, exploring it avidly as if to memorize your every curve. It descends past your belly button and into your shorts, and finally two fingers sink into your wet heat and you shiver.

"Well, aren't you a naughty girl," the low drawl whispers in your ear, "you're half asleep and yet you're practically begging me to fuck you. Do you know just how slick your little pussy is right now? You don't even mind that Beel is sleeping over there, do you? Who knew you were such a little *sex fiend*?"

His voice keeps you on that edge of consciousness and sleep, but even through your haze you recognize Belphie's presence, and your desire for him blooms, unhalting by any sort of reservations you might have held on before. You want him, you want him so badly...

He murmurs something into your ear again, and then you feel his cock rub against your shorts as he lifts your leg for better access. You moan.

"Shhh, little human, shhh. We wouldn't want to wake Beel now, do we? Come here. If you want me to make you come that bad, then you'll have to do a little something for me first..."

You let him guide your body the way he wants to, and you slowly wake up as you suddenly find yourself sitting on your knees on the mattress. Through half-lidded eyes you see Belphie standing on the floor in front of you. He grabs your hair to have a firm hold on you and he rubs his cock against your lips before shoving it in your mouth as you finally fully emerge from sleep. It goes deep and you start panicking a bit as you gag on it, but he shushes you, going even deeper and grasping your hair tighter as he hums in delight.

"Good girl... You look lovely with your mouth full of my cock like that... I always wondered how you'd look choking on it back when you visited me in the attic, you know? I miss our secret little talks sometimes... My sweet little human, so willing, so *eager* to help..."

The hand that's not holding your hair comes to gently caress your throat, like lost in remembrance, and soon enough you relax again, tentatively flicking your tongue against his tip as he takes some of his length out of your mouth. You think it's a bit freaky, how much you'd wanted him even though you were practically asleep, and how far he'd taken this before you'd truly regained full consciousness, but you find that deep down the thought of him messing with you while you were at his mercy like this actually really turns you on. You'd kind of thought about it before even, the first nights when he was helping you sleep, about how you'd wanted to know what it would feel like if he were to... touch you while he was compelling you. But this was even wilder, even more of a turn on...

He increases the pace of his thrusts as your tongue grows bolder around his hardness, sighing as you finally raise your gaze to look at his flushed, smirking face. And that is when he fills your mouth with his warm essence.

"Mmmh, *yes*, good girl... Swallow it. We wouldn't want to make a mess now, would we?"

Once he's done though, he doesn't let go, maintaining your mouth on his length when you try to lift your head back.

"Oh, that sure is a pretty sight, your lips wrapped around my cock... I wish you could see yourself right now, you look *absolutely sinful*. I wouldn't mind lying down and falling asleep like this, you know?"

You glare at him, mouth full and cheeks flushed with neediness. He chuckles.

"I'm just teasing you. Come here..."

He frees your mouth and makes you lie down on your side, coming to spoon you from behind, removing your top before giving both your breasts a hard squeeze.

"Belphe..." You whine, even hornier than before. "*Please...*"

"Mmmh, cute. Give me a minute or two."

You want to whimper at the lack of stimulation for you on his part, but just as you open your mouth he starts rubbing at your slit and you let out a high-pitched moan. You then hear someone stir in the bed at the other side of the room, and you suddenly remember Beel. You hear Belphe huff, and then the hand that had been playing with your breasts rises to shove two fingers inside your mouth.

"Shhh. Quiet. *Mmmh*, that's it, suck on my fingers. Good girl, good little human... Go back to sleep, don't make too much noise, just focus on the pleasure, on my voice... *Go back to sleep...*"

Soon enough as you relax, you feel him become hard against you once more. The hand that had been rubbing at your heat finishes undressing you, and you let out a muffled whimper as he shoves his cock all the way inside you in one thrust.

"*Yes, finally...*"

You slowly drift out of consciousness again, too out of it to feel embarrassed as you drool on his fingers when he starts moving in and out of you, softly grunting in your ear.

“Go back to sleep, you know you want to, I’ll take care of everything...”

Belphegor is still inside you in the morning when you wake up, fast asleep with one hand around your throat and the other on your breast. Your face heats up as you untangle yourself from him and feel his cum slide down your thighs when you get up. You *definitely* won’t be able to wash down your sinful thoughts with the rest of you in the shower.

If you had thought that Belphegor messing with you while you were asleep had been a one-time thing due to Beel’s presence, you quickly find that you’d been wrong, *dead wrong*. He tells you about it again the next night as you find yourselves alone in your room, ready for round two.

“It felt nice when you drifted to sleep listening to my voice, did it not? Don’t you want to find out how good I can make you feel if I fuck you through it? Don’t worry, you don’t have to do anything, just let me take care of you... You’ll see, your body will be so much more honest this way... I’ll make it feel like nothing you’ve ever known before.”

This is by far the wildest sex thing you’ve ever done, and you couldn’t be more into it. It *seems* wrong, but the wrongness of it only serves to excite you further. So you agree, of course, and your submission drives Belphegor mad with desire, instantly shifting into his demon form. He becomes insatiable, you see it in his eyes as he forces you to gaze into their purple glow and flattens the palm of his clawed hand against your mouth, leaving you no escape. Not that you wanted to. The slow, hypnotic swaying of his tail behind him only serves to make you fall even deeper, and soon enough as Belphegor penetrates you, you feel oblivion claim you: dark and twisted like the horns on his head.

Even though you shift from consciousness to dream, you still hear his voice clearly, its warm whisper at your ear making your whole body shiver.

“Look at how *helpless* you are... I could do whatever I want with you. You’re all mine to play with, aren’t you? I love that you’re so *vulnerable*. I could eat you if I wanted to, you know? Yes, that’s what I’d do to other humans, but not you... Why would I kill you when you’re just as delicious this way? *I love you*. I’m the one for you too, aren’t I? Yes...”

The hypnotic caress of his voice lulling you to sleep as the pleasure rises in your core becomes something you crave. The sex is great, and even if sometimes you’re only fully conscious for the beginning of it, or for the end, you don’t mind. All your sensations are heightened, just like he’d said, and your body remembers it all, even as you wake in the morning with the delight only a wild night of debauchery can bring.

There is, however, a dark cloud in your newfound bliss with Belphegor. You’re not exactly sure about what could be causing it, you think that you might be a bit stressed about the novelty of your relationship with him – you had to admit how intense he could be with you sometimes – because the strange dreams you’d already started having slowly begin to take form, and you

find that they're... scary. Actually quite scary. You have no idea what's truly happening, but the voices you'd heard during the first few times you'd dreamt them now become more akin to screams. Terrifying, desperate screams that turn your blood to ice. What were they saying? You couldn't make it out, and you weren't sure you even wanted to.

You try to ignore it all, telling yourself that you'd always had nightmares before whenever there was a big transition happening in your life. It had been the case after you'd first arrived in the Devildom. It'll pass, you know it'll pass. And in the meantime, Belphe is there to hold you close and whisper you back to sleep whenever those dreams wake you up at night.

One day, you're walking at RAD with Solomon, and when he mentions in passing a sleeping draught he's thinking about bettering, you tell him about Belphe's powers and how they've been helping you a lot lately.

"Wait, Belphe has been helping you sleep you say?"

"Well yeah, he's actually pretty good at it too."

"Do the others know he's been doing that to you?"

"Asmo and Beel know he's done it once, and everyone knows we spend a lot of time together, but I don't think we mentioned the sleeping spell part becoming a regular thing. It's... you know, it's our life."

"And you say he's been doing this every night?"

"Hm, yes? Why? Solomon? What's the problem?"

"There might not be one if you're asking, it's just that it's a pretty tight-woven magic bond he's built with you. One in which he has all the power, one in which the magic involved is on a rather dark spectrum too. You say he's been helping you sleep, but it's more intricate than that. Usually it's rather... dangerous to let a demon enter so deeply inside your mind, especially since being asleep is such a vulnerable state for humans. And from what I've read about the Avatar of Sloth, sleep-possession is actually his forte. He didn't explain anything to you, did he?"

"...He didn't. He just said his powers could help me relax, that's all. But Solomon, do you mean that he... that he's been... preying on me?"

"Preying? As if to eventually kill you? No, probably not. From what I've seen on how he acts around you, I don't think Belphe would want you to disappear. That said, what I meant earlier was that you cannot let a demon inside your mind and expect it to go well in the end. Unlike angels, it's not in their nature to have a long-term positive effect on humans."

Solomon sees your suddenly very concerned face, and quickly adds:

"Ah but you know, maybe your angelic heritage is shielding you from any negative consequences. As I've said, if you're asking what's the problem, then I don't think there's one."

But you know that yes, there *is* one. Talking with Solomon does nothing to ease your nerves, on the contrary, and when the following night Belphe talks you into sleep again while he undresses you, you are plagued by your most violent nightmare yet as soon as you close your eyes. You hear the screaming, and you realize it's hundreds upon hundreds of people crying, begging... You can feel their fear, their helplessness as the terrible thing they're desperately trying to flee finally catches up to them. And then... and then...

You don't know. You never find out. And not knowing frightens you even more. You try to tell Belphe about it, but all he has for you are words of reassurance.

"You're probably just really sensitive to magic being used on you. It just takes a little while getting used to, the dreams will go away soon, I promise."

But the nightmares still don't stop. One night as you're both asleep in the attic, you wake up from a particularly horrifying one, tears streaming down your face as Belphe snakes his arm around your waist and shushes you to calm you down. You shake his arm off though, and you sit on the bed, face buried in your hands.

"Belphe," you whisper shakily, "I think you should stop using your powers on me for a while. The nightmares, they're just too much, and I can't... I can't take it anymore."

"What are you talking about?" He whispers back, gently catching hold of your wrists to see your expression. "You just need to rest, to relax more. The nightmares will go away once you do, I promise."

He's not hearing you. You sigh, attempting to dry your tears, and you get up from the bed, looking around to find your clothes.

"I don't think I can talk about this now, Belphe. I need... I need to calm down. I'm going back to my room. *Alone*."

Belphe chuckles at that, and, instead of angering you, his laugh... worries you. You stop to observe him, and you notice he doesn't seem upset at all. In fact, he's looking at you as if you'd just said something silly, something that's not going to happen. Somehow, that look on his face reminds you of that fateful night where you'd come to set him free from the very room you're in right now, and of the incredulous terror that had followed. You start backing away slowly, and he follows you step by step like a predator driven by pure instinct. You gasp as his hands turn to claws when he suddenly catches you by the shoulders.

"You're tired, he says with blazing eyes, you want to sleep."

You open your mouth to protest, but then a terrible dizziness starts to overpower you. You try to fight it, to snap out of it, barely believing what's happening, but the familiar sensation seeps into your mind nonetheless.

"What? No Belphe, no... I don't... I don't want... oh... n..."

"It's all right. *Look at me, listen to me*... You don't want to go back to your room, not when you're so desperate to fall asleep here... You'll be safe with me, *little human*. I'm doing this

to help you, you shouldn't be alone right now... *Yes, I'll keep you safe... Give in to me, close your eyes.*"

You struggle weakly against his hold, but even at your best you wouldn't be able to rival his strength. Your legs give out and he catches you, carrying you back to the bed, pinning your wrists above your head and forcing you to look into his cruel eyes again.

"Sleep." He commands, and you feel yourself lose the last shred of control you had left.

You wake up early in the morning, your eyes bloodshot and your head pounding as you slowly leave the attic without waking up Belphe. The memory of your nightmare and of the demon's compulsion is still fuzzy and yet clear at the same time in your mind. The terrible dream had begun again as soon as Belphe had forced you back to sleep, and among the tortured, screaming voices, you had heard one more distinctly than others. It had spoken to you of something, something that you needed to find to know the truth, to save yourself before it was too late. It was here, in the House of Lamentation.

You walk to the twins' room and you enter it, knowing that Beel has already gone for his morning practice. You go straight for Belphe's wardrobe, and when you see the small black chest at the very bottom of it, you know it's what you're looking for. You open it. It's full of trinkets that seem innocuous enough, but for some reason they horrify you. You don't want to touch them and yet you force yourself to, digging into the contents until you find what you'd been looking for.

It's a thin book. *No.* It's a diary. Some of the pages are too faded to be read, and you're unable to decipher the name of its owner, but through the writing you make out that it belonged to a young woman. As you shift through the pages, some words catch your attention.

The nightmares have started all over again. I thought they'd finally gone, but they came back, even scarier than before. They're awful, and I feel like the medicine is only making them worse. I feel this crushing weight on my chest every time I try to wake myself up. The worst part is the screams, they

The writing becomes undecipherable again. You turn the pages, moving forward in time.

I think I've been injuring myself in my sleep somehow. I've cut my nails short, but it has made no difference. The cuts, they're deep... How could I possibly

I hear another voice in my sleep. It's not a scream, it's talking to me. I think... it's think it's taunting me. Telling me how much it hates humans, telling me I'm going to die. I'm so scared. The priest told me to keep praying, but I

God please, please, please help me. Dear, almighty God I'm begging you, please come to my aid. I saw it. I saw the creature. I woke up, and its wicked, violet eyes were staring right at me. It had horns and sharp teeth that had sunk into my wrist, tearing my flesh. Its claws were leaving bloody gashes across my stomach. When it saw I had woken up it just smiled at me,

and its lips were dripping with my blood. I wanted to scream, I wanted to flee, but its voice... its voice forced me to go back to sleep. I didn't want to, I was in so much pain, but I still closed my eyes and fell prey to the nightmares again. The pain is still here now, it's pulsing through my body, through my heart. I couldn't move my legs anymore this morning. I'm so frightened. God please, someone, anyone, please help me. I'm begging you, it's going to come back, it's

It's the last entry in the diary. You brush against it, unwilling to tell yourself that it's real. This young woman, you knew it'd been her screaming you'd heard in your own nightmares, amongst the many others shrieking and crying out in fear and pain, warning you of the danger you were in, of the horrors to come, of—

“Found what you were looking for?”

You cry out, dropping the diary, turning around as your heart speeds up to maddening pace. You recoil as Belphe walks towards you, but he merely grabs the notebook at your feet and puts it back in the box, closing it and putting it aside. Shakily, you stand up before him.

“You... you were the one she was talking about, weren't you? The creature. You tortured that poor woman, and then you... you kept her diary as a *fucking* keepsake!”

“Oh don't look at me like that. I'm not the only one keeping souvenirs of the best souls I've eaten. All my brothers do it too.”

“But... but you drove her mad with fright! Belphe that's... that's horrible!”

“One day you should really have a talk with Satan or Asmo, it'll help you put things into perspective. This was mild compared to what they've—

“I'm not talking about them! I'm talking about *you*.”

Belphe narrows his eyes, and he seems to hesitate with what to say next.

“I'm not going to do to you what I did to her, if that's what you're worried about.”

“And yet all the things she's written, they weren't... unfamiliar to me. That oppressive feeling in my chest, the darkness, and the nightmares Belphe, the nightmares... It's like... it's like I can feel all the people you've... *All those souls you've consumed*. Your powers, they're making me sleep but the magic is so dark, it's... they're hurting me too. You knew this would happen, didn't you? And yet you did it anyways, because... because you like me at my best when I'm powerless, don't you? A snap of your fingers and I'm all yours, unable to deny you! You don't mind me being plagued by nightmares as long as you can satisfy your sick fantasies!”

“You agreed wholeheartedly to those *sick fantasies*, might I remind you. You loved them too. And contrary to the previous owner of this diary, I didn't torture you. I wasn't aiming for your soul. I thought... I thought the nightmares would pass. It's the first time I've been doing this just to help a human instead of... *Look*, I'm still in the trial and error phase. But it'll get better, all right? *I promise*... Then you call fall asleep peacefully to my voice again, like in

the beginning. You loved it, didn't you? We can do that again soon, just give me a bit of time to figure it all out."

You lower your face in your hands, desperately trying to ground yourself. His words don't make sense, *they don't make sense*.

"You know, Belphe, I remember the things you tell me sometimes. About how you love it when I'm vulnerable, helpless. I used to think it was just a game, but now I see you really meant it. That's... that's how you get off, isn't it? You can't imagine not manipulating me somehow. Even if your powers end up eating away at my sanity you *still* want to use them on me! You don't care! You just want me to be your puppet! Are you going to start hurting me in my sleep next too?!"

"No! Of course not! I'd never go that far with you, you have to trust me, you—

"I trusted you once, Belphe," you say slowly backing away to the door, "and we both know where it led us. I was such a fool to do it again. You can't... you can't play with my head anymore. I won't... I won't suffer any longer for your pleasure! *Do not come after me.*"

You run. He calls after you, he screams your name, unable to disobey your command, but you leave all the same.

Time passes. Weeks. After you hide away from him, he sends you a message, telling you he wants to talk again, to explain, but you don't reply. He says he understands then, and that despite what you think, he doesn't want you to suffer. He knows he has to prove his sincerity in order to make it up to you. He'll find a way for you to trust him again, and he'll leave you alone until then.

Reading this hurts, and you truly are unable process it yet. You prefer to just go through each day gritting your teeth, pretending to be numb, pretending you don't miss Belphegor and his voice full of sweet cruelty. The more you are able to think clearly about this though, and the more time you spend free of the terrible nightmares, the easier it is to calm your fear, and your pain. *To think*. What did you want now? *What did you want?*

One day, you hear a knock at your door, and then his voice. *His voice*.

"It's Belphe. Can you open the door? There's something I want to give you. I'll stay in the corridor, promise."

You debate not doing it for a couple seconds, but then you relent, too curious to find out what he's going to say, and you open the door. He's standing in front of you, almost sheepish as he avoids your gaze. He holds out his hand towards you, and in it you see a small, discrete golden pendant with a stone the colour of amethyst dangling from it.

"It's for you. Had to negotiate through Satan to get some witches to make it. It's a talisman, it protects you from demonic possession of any kind, including anything sleep-related. It's a big

task as far as spells goes, so you'll probably have to get it re-enchanted at some point, but it's what I can do for you right now."

He gives you the pendant and leaves. You look at it, hesitant, feeling a faint vibe you cannot pinpoint emanate from the stone. You go to Satan, and then to Simeon. With their respective magical knowledge, both dark and holy, they both confirm what Belphe has told you. You go for a walk then, a long walk, still clutching the necklace between your fingers.

You think about the things Belphe has done. The whispers of the atrocious sufferings he's put other humans through. It chills you to the bone, but you realize that he'd been right about one thing: all his brothers had also done the same in their own way. They never hid from you the fact that they'd eaten humans or human souls before, the fact that they were demons. The guilt that tugged at your heart wasn't enough to drive you away from them. You cared about them all too much, they were like family. And... you loved Belphe too much. You'd loved him ever since the time of your secret talks in the attic, deep into the night. It had been so difficult to get through him, but he'd gone through the effort of having this amulet made for you so you'd be completely protected from his influence. So you could trust him again, so you could love him again.

You think of the first time he'd hypnotized you into sleep. Would he had refused to do it had he known where it would lead? Or would he still have tried to make a bid for your mind, just differently this time? It was impossible to know. You wanted to fight against your feelings, you *truly* wanted to, but you just were unable to hide them away anymore. To hide your love for this demon who'd grown so smitten with you, and for his enamoured purple gaze who had watched over you every time you'd fallen asleep.

You climb up to the attic to find him, and when he rises from the bed and slowly moves to cup your face and kiss you, you let him, melting into his embrace. *His sweet, languorous embrace...*

Things become sane again, like you wanted them to. You're too dear to his heart for him to hurt you any further, or risk driving you away. But sometimes, still, when he makes love to you, when you both play pretend and he holds you down, his hand brushing against your throat, or whenever he wakes you up from a nap, his gaze blazing at the sight of you still drowsy from sleep, you think of all the things he would maybe to do you if he still had the chance. The things he would do to you if you'd been truly *vulnerable*. Truly *helpless*.

Chapter End Notes

~~So guys, somnophilia is hellishly difficult to write from the sleeper's point of view.~~

Using The Avatar of Sloth as your sleep therapist, what could go wrong? Also, the brothers keep telling you to be wary of Solomon because he's shady, when they've got

The Avatar of Shadiness and Mean Shades, posing as the Avatar of Sloth in their very house. Somehow I always feel like there's an ulterior motive to whatever Belphe does, especially the sweet stuff. Don't misunderstand me though, he's a fascinating character.

Seriously though, this was my longest (almost 7k words!) and most arduous chapter yet, all very experimental too. I really hope you liked it cause I squinted really hard at my computer screen rewriting this over and over again all weekend haha. Still loving it though! Belphe is a fun demon to write, even if complicated. Thankfully though, all the other chapter ideas I have are going to be more simple to execute than this, I think.

Anyway, next week we go to a casino! See you there soon!

A fool's game

Chapter Summary

In which Mammon educates you on how gambling is a risky hobby, in more ways than one.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Pleaaaaase Mammon, where are we going?”

“I told ya! It’s a surprise, okay?”

“Are we going to a ball? Is that why I had to dress so fancy?”

“Nah, it’s nothing like a ball. The GREAT Mammon would never take HIS human to some boring, snobbish, bootlicker demon ball. That’s what *Lucifer* would do. I’m taking ya somewhere much, MUCH more fun, you’ll see!”

You were really brimming with curiosity at this point. Mammon had barged into your room today, just like he usually did whenever he was looking for you and wanted to spend time with you, except that this time he’d been carrying a long, black rectangular box in his arms and a very self-satisfied grin on his face.

“The Great Mammon has a present for ya!” he’d said while handing you the mysterious box.

You’d opened it, and inside you’d found a long, silky bright-red dress. You’d looked back at Mammon with happy astonishment, and his grin had widened.

“You’re probably over the moon that I bought you such an amazing present, right? But listen, I’m only giving this to ya so you’ll have something to wear tonight with me!”

“You’re taking me somewhere tonight? Where?”

“Damn right I am! And you’ll see when we get there! Be ready at 10 o’clock sharp, okay? The Great Mammon will come pick you up! And don’t tell Lucifer or the others! I’m taking ya to somewhere they can’t find out about, and I don’t want any of them invitin’ themselves either!”

You’d playfully raised your eyebrows then, slowly walking to Mammon with your best come-hither look.

“So it’s a date, then?”

He'd blushed, of course, but he'd wrapped his arms around your waist nonetheless and drawn you to him.

"O—of course it's a date, dummy! Do I really have to spell it out for ya everytime I'm taking my human somewhere nice?"

You'd giggled and thrown your arms around his neck to kiss him, and he'd melted into your embrace, almost purring while kissing you back, his hands squeezing your waist even tighter.

If you had to think about it, you were pretty sure that it hadn't taken you long to fall for Mammon. There had been his bravado at first, your unwilling guardian demon persevering in only calling you "human" and reminding you of how powerful he was, how he'd eat you starting with your head if you disrespected him. It had scared you at the beginning, but slowly the Second-Born had begun to feel more like a welcomed familiar presence instead of a threat, and when after your big TSL showdown with Leviathan he'd confessed that he wanted to be your one and only savior if you were ever in danger again – in his own very Mammon-way – you'd understood that you hadn't been the only one pining after the other.

He'd warmed up to you so quickly after this, and even if he hadn't seemed to notice it himself it was impossible for you not to as he constantly sought you out with the fervor only a man – a demon? – in love could possess. You had eventually been the one to end the unresolved attraction between the two of you. He'd been sitting on your bed next to you, in the middle of one of his rants, detailing to you exactly how Levi and Asmo had been dead wrong earlier during movie night, that *no* he hadn't actually cared about whether he sat next to you or not, he just hadn't wanted to sit next to Beel because the glutton would have stolen his popcorn, and—

You'd kissed him then, full of enraged desire at his self-inflicted obliviousness, and he'd all but frozen under the feel of your lips. You'd then pulled back, gazing into the blue of his eyes, so strikingly flecked with gold.

"Dammit Mammon! I'll do it! I'll be the one saying it first! I love you! *I love you*. And maybe you'll never want to admit it but deep down you have to know that you feel at least *something* for me too! So at least let me – *hmph!*"

He'd kissed you back so fiercely. One second his expression had been one of absolute surprise, and the next he'd been grabbing your shoulders and pushing you back on the mattress to straddle you. His initial shock at your impulsive confession fading to reveal the avid longing he had held for you and that he'd been fighting to burrow inside his heart for so long. He had almost torn your clothes off of you, and you would have been floored at the sudden boldness of his desire, had you not been absolutely going mad with arousal as well.

You both hadn't been capable of keeping your hands off each other for weeks after this, sneaking off whenever you could to enjoy the feel of each other's touch like teenagers in love. Mammon still kept on joining you in your room to hang out after dinner of course, like usual, but now there was much more nakedness involved...

And so here you were now, walking the narrowest streets of the Devildom with Mammon: him in his demon form, and you dressed in what was probably the most eye-catching gown

you'd ever worn. The red silk seemed to reflect all the city-lights you were passing by, and though it reached your ankles, the fabric didn't shy of revealing other parts of your body: your back was fully uncovered, and your cleavage was... daringly on display. Mammon's face had turned almost as crimson as your dress the moment he'd first seen you in it, and he'd then taken your arm, mumbling about how he had to cause he couldn't have other demons thinking you'd worn this outfit for anyone but him. You'd chuckled and you'd gladly held on to him, so very happy that, despite his best efforts, Mammon's emotions were so very transparent.

You'd be lying if you'd said that you didn't feel at least a bit intimidated by the boldness of the gown you were wearing, but Mammon's demon form seemed even more laced with gold than usual, and his claws sported numerous rings that looked like they were worth at least the gross domestic product of a small country, so you weren't the only one about to make an impression. And, well, living in the Devildom had been all about being bold for you anyways. *To hell with caution!*

Mammon suddenly stops you in front of a small white door in a particularly shady-looking alley. He knocks on it three times in a specific rhythm, and you hear a grunt on the other side of it.

"Iron Pyrite." Mammon enunciates with confidence, and almost instantly the door opens, revealing a very grumpy-looking demon bouncer, seeming almost as wide as he was tall. He seems to instantly recognize Mammon though, and he bows his head and steps aside to let you both through. Your self-appointed first man looks immensely pleased with himself.

"I'm really respected around here, ya know? I'm the Avatar of Greed, so it's sort of like the demons here owe me everything for popularizing their concept in the human world! Whenever they open a new temporary den they always send me VIP invites. In fact, you could say I'm the VIP among the VIPs, the big shot of the big shots!"

You try not to smile too much at Mammon's usual grandiloquence, but your curiosity grows as you walk through the dark corridor, only lit with various sinister-looking candelabras.

"Which concept are you talking about exactly? What kind of place is... oh!"

It's a casino. With demons. A demon casino. That much becomes clear to you when Mammon lifts the curtain at the end of the corridor which had been concealing the entrance of a huge, extravagant room brimming with demonic life. You enter it, looking all around you in awe to see various horned individuals busy betting on the biggest roulette you've ever seen, or involved in all sorts of card games, some familiar like blackjack or poker, and others mysteriously foreign. You even see some slot machines on the side, near the long Art-Nouveau styled bar filled with intriguing crystalline bottles.

"Mammon! This place is so cool! And you say it's only temporary? Why?"

"Told ya I'd take ya somewhere amazing! And yeah, they have to pack up and leave to settle somewhere else pretty regularly. This place isn't under the control of the crown, so it's technically not even allowed to exist. And Lucifer is such a pain with this, he always ends up

hearin' about it one way or another, so they have to bail when that happens before he finds the place and locks everyone in Diavolo's creepy dungeon."

You pass by a large group cheering at two very nervous looking demons taking turns at downing glasses filled with an unidentifiable transparent liquid. You try to get closer to have a better look, but Mammon pulls you back.

"Hell no, we're not playin' that!"

"Why? What are they doing?"

"Russian roulette with shots of holy water, big risks for big prizes, but I ain't about to fall for it! The others would like it *way* too much if I was unable to speak for months ago— Wait. Not... not that I've ever played it before! I've seen many other demons do it! But not me! Nope! Not a chance! A—anyway, we're going to have much more fun than those idiots tonight, just tell me what you wanna try first!"

It appears pretty quickly to you that Mammon hadn't lied about being a VIP. You both show up to the main booth at the centre of the casino to get your first fill of coins, and the demon behind the glass both hands you an inordinate amount of it. A *really inordinate* amount of it if the numbers written on them were any indication. *On the house, My Lord*, he'd said while looking at Mammon with reverence. You'd turned to your guardian demon, eyes wide, and he'd beamed under your admiring gaze.

"Told ya I was a big shot around here!"

You both head over to the bar to grab drinks before finally delving into gambling fun. You weren't usually the type to go crazy for this sort of risky hobby, but the demon at the booth had given you the coins to use them, and you'd be damned if you didn't either leave with all the coins the casino had in store, or absolutely none of them. Mammon seemed to relish in your enthusiasm, betting coins left and right just like you were doing and screaming almost as loud as you did whenever you were winning anything. Your humanity got you a few curious looks here and there, some seeming hungrier than others, but overall no one came to bother you, and you felt as safe as ever with Mammon at your side. This was a fun night, a *really* fun night. For all you knew, considering all the fun you were having, you could have already been here for an hour or for ten. It is when you're reflecting on this that you suddenly hear the announcement:

"Ladies and gentledemons, it is now time for our usual mid-season high stakes Poker Tournament. We kindly ask our honoured guest competitors to come forward and take their place around the main table."

Mammon turns to you with a proud look on his face.

"That's my cue!"

"You mean you're one of the contenders?"

“You bet I am! They always host this tournament on a specific night when the crowd has gotten interesting enough, and I ain’t about to miss that one, lemme tell ya! There’s some serious grimm to be made there!”

This had the potential of being really fun to watch, but you’d be lying if you’d said you weren’t at least little worried. You’d seen Mammon play cards with his brothers before, and you knew there was no middle ground with him. He’d either break the casino record tonight or go home without a single grimm to his name. And you were a little anxious to find out how high or low Mammon’s lucky streak would be.

But then you see your guardian demon grin, and you realize that in the end him winning or losing wouldn’t really matter. This was Mammon you were dealing with, after all. He could win a small fortune today and still lose it all in the Devildom’s stock market tomorrow, or the other way round. But regardless of what would happen, you’d be there to reward him or comfort him with a kiss. And maybe more...

“Knock’em dead, Mammon! I believe in you!”

Mammon’s smile widens, and really, you think, all the money in the world would never be worth the happiness of seeing the love he holds for you so deeply ingrained into his eyes.

Ok, so, despite what you’d thought beforehand, this was still unexpected.

“Hahahahaha, The Great Mammon wins another round!”

One after the other, Mammon was wiping the floor with every single one of his opponents. For someone who was often so transparent with you, he was surprisingly adept at bluffing when he needed to, and you got the impression that he’d tricked each contender somehow into betting much more than they should have when it had mattered. The first few rounds had started with chips, but little by little all sorts of treasures had started joining the betting pile. From golden coins, to shiny jewels, to ancient tomes or even strange jars full of gooey substances you *really* didn’t want to know about. You’d been by your demon’s side the whole time, watching every game unfold, and it had been pretty entertaining, even if a little bit puzzling.

Reflecting on Mammon’s success though, you realized that maybe you shouldn’t have been so surprised. He *was* The Avatar of Greed after all. He’d probably already been running gambling dens in the human world back when backgammon was all the rage, and it wasn’t absurd to imagine that, in the same way that Asmo could be a master at seduction, Mammon would know exactly how to play an opponent into betting their possessions even if they absolutely shouldn’t have. Playing against his very powerful brothers was one thing, but it was possible that lesser demons stood much less of a chance against the Second-Born Lord of Hell. You made a mental note to ask him about what he knew on facial cues in poker.

“Did ya see that?” he kept repeating turning to you each time he performed a particularly astute stroke of poker genius. “I’m totally awesome!”

“You’re way more than awesome, Mammon. You’re like... a poker god!”

“And you ain’t seen anythin’ yet! Watch closely now!”

What you did find really strange though, was that even though opponents kept losing every treasure they had brought whenever they would play against Mammon, they still kept on challenging him, and new ones came to replace them once the previous ones had lost everything, like somehow Mammon’s lucky streak wasn’t reason enough not to try their own luck. Your guardian demon, of course, was elated. And soon enough, the pile of prizes he had won had really started making the space around him resemble the inside of a dragon’s cave. But then one of his new opponents had said something that could have been a friendly compliment between demons, for all you knew:

“Is your pet human your good-luck charm, My Lord? Can we assume that she’s part of your betting chips? What’s her soul worth? If you’re willing to bet her next then in exchange I can—*Arghh.*”

You gasp as you barely distinguish Mammon’s blurry shape rise from his seat faster than you can blink. He hovers in the air, his wings fully on display as he holds the demon that had just spoken above the ground, his claws sinking into the greyish flesh of his neck.

“One more word and I’ll add that slimy tongue of yours to that fuckin’ pile over there! The human is MINE, ya hear me? MINE AND MINE ALONE.”

Mammon turns around to stare down every single one of the onlookers around him, a burning fierceness in his gaze.

“That goes for all of you fuckers! You hear me? If any of ya do so much as come closer than a ten feet radius around her, I’ll lop your fuckin’ head off your shoulders!”

You hold your breath as you see Mammon’s claws tighten around the demon’s neck once more, dark blood oozing out of its wounds. You knew how possessive Mammon could get, how much he hated it whenever Asmo or Belphe got too touchy-feely with you, but this was a whole new level. You had to say something.

“H—hey Mammon, you—you can let him go now. I think they all got the message. *Mammon...?*”

He turns to you, his gaze still as fierce as ever, but he drops the demon to the ground and flies back to his seat. But before sitting down again though, he grabs you by the waist, lifting you from your own chair and sitting you on his lap. He nuzzles into your neck, lightly nibbling on your skin as his arms encircle your body, his hands roaming over your sides.

“Mammon!” you whisper. “Not *here*... Everyone is looking at us...”

He lets go of you a bit, but he still keeps you on his lap, and in his voice you hear his usual neediness, mixed with... something else.

“All of them, they see you looking all pure and temptin' in the dress that *I* picked for you, with that shiny aura of yours. You're by MY side but somehow they still think I'd be willing to trade ya away or somethin'. It drives me fuckin' crazy cause they're wrong. They're so fuckin' wrong. *You're mine*. My brothers still refuse to admit it, but here *everyone* will see.”

Mammon turns to rummage in his pile of riches, grabs a particularly heavy-looking sapphire bracelet and slips it on your wrist. You're about to say something, anything to try to reply with some rationality to his jealous rant, but when Mammon turns back to face you again with a few other bracelets and rings in hand, you see the desperation hiding into his eyes behind his possessive bravado, and you relent. He'd just protected you after all, and you were very grateful about it. Mammon had his flaws, just like you had your own, and even if this was the most intense you'd ever seen him get, he still didn't scare you. You knew Mammon would never bear to hurt you. So you cup his face and lightly kiss him on the lips, and you thank him for the beautiful jewels he graces you with. He leans into your touch and breathes deeply, his body relaxing under you.

The game continues then, and Mammon keeps dressing you with the most precious looking items he keeps winning. You can't help but chuckle as he does it, amused by the fact that you probably look like a particularly gaudy Christmas tree right now, but Mammon seems to relish in it, gazing at you in between his plays with a clear look of avidity written all over his face. You feel his cock harden against your rear through his clothes the more he looks at you, but what ends up breaking the last shreds of his composure is what he wins next: a golden necklace. Or no, not really a necklace: a golden *collar*. Thick and heavy, ornated with intricate shapes, diamonds dangling from its lower edges. Mammon turns to you with it in hand, and his gaze speaks for what he wants to do. Your face heats up as you nod for him to go ahead and do it, and him putting this collar on you in front of every demon watching feels... intimate. But your guardian demon frowns after fastening its chains on your nape.

“It's still missing somethin'...”

You see his face light up as he suddenly mumbles words you cannot understand, and you're temporarily blinded by a small flash of light, feeling a slight heat at your throat. You hear some of the demons standing at a good distance around you whisper and chuckle then. You try to gaze down at the gold around your neck, but since it's wrapped so close to your skin you can't see if anything has changed on it. As if right on cue, you hear the casino announcer speak once more:

“Ladies and gentledemons, we will now take a short break in the Tournament before resuming for the second part of the bets and prizes.”

Mammon rises from his chair like this was exactly what he'd been waiting for, and he lifts you in his arms as you gasp and wrap your arms around his neck to steady yourself. He holds you in a bridal carry and quickly walks with you to a hidden door at the far back near the bar. You both find yourself in a private, windowless room then, a vast array of cushions surrounding a glass table littered with liquor bottles. He drops you on the soft surface and quickly he's all over you, lifting your silky dress higher and higher on your thighs.

“Mammon!” you gasp both in surprise and arousal.

“I’m going to take ya now. I need to... I want you so fucking much, it’s drivin’ me mad. I *need* ya. You’re going to be *screamin’* my name. You *have* to.”

Mammon finishes hiking up your dress around your waist and tears your panties off of you before lowering his face between your thighs, kissing your slit and giving your clit a greedy lick. One of his hands spreads your legs further while the other snakes under your dress to play with your nipple. The feel of his tongue quickly becomes more and more overwhelming, much more intense than what you’re used to with him, and before you even have the time to think about the strength of Mammon’s desire for you, you feel the wave of your bliss shatter within you.

“Oh my god... Ma-Mammon!”

He raises his head to gaze at you as your pleasure still deliciously ripples through you, and he snarls, crawling on top of you.

“Yeah, *fuck yeah*, you’re mine!”

You don’t even have the time to come down from the haze of your orgasm that he buries his cock deep inside your tight heat, taking you fast and hard, the clinking of all the jewels on your body bearing the evidence of the roughness of his pace. Both his hands come to cup your face gently but firmly as he kisses you deeply before plunging his eyes into yours, almost overwhelmingly close to your face.

“Come on say it, tell me ya belong to me. Tell me that you’re mine.”

He glances at the golden collar on your neck when he says it, but you barely even notice. You let your arousal speak for you in between your moans and gasps, unable to even conceive replying anything else.

“Yes Mammon... I’m yours... My heart is yours, I love you. So please, *take me*...

Your words make Mammon whine with desperate abandon, and his thrusts become even stronger, almost erratic.

“Yes you’re MY human! Mine and.. *ngh*, no one else’s! MINE! You’re *mine!*”

You wrap your legs tight around his back as his thrusts begin to stutter, and you feel him spill himself inside you with a growl, the electric blue of his eyes glinting in the darkness of the room as you hear his claws tear into the cushions on either side of your head.

“*Yessss.*” he hisses, and in the midst of your pleasure it’s like you can somehow hear his voice echo ominously all around the room, resonating everywhere and nowhere at the same time. “*Mine.*”

Once it’s over, once your demon has caught his breath by panting into the softness of your breasts, he stands back on his heels, watching his warm essence slowly flow out of you, a look of vicious satisfaction painted on his face. He then kisses you even deeper than he’d had

when taking you, and for a couple seconds you whimper and struggle a bit, finding it hard to breathe as it almost feels like he's sucking the air out of your lungs.

But Mammon lets you go then, and you feel yourself come alive once more under his greedy touch.

"Let's go back to the gambling table," he says, eyes wide with an avid longing. "I wanna win more stuff, and then we'll go back to my room and I won't stop making you come until ya *beg* me to stop."

You shiver at his promise, understanding by the gleam of his eyes that he absolutely means it. You get up, smoothing your dress down and trying to fix your hair as best as you can. You can only vaguely see it in the blurry reflection of the glass table, and it definitely looks like mess. You make some attempts at making it look better, but Mammon quickly stops you.

"Leave it like this, I like it. The Great Mammon did this to ya, and I want every demon in this place to see..."

You both leave the room and you sit back at the table on Mammon's lap again, looking *absolutely* fucked out. You feel sort of embarrassed, but it's hard to truly feel bad as the haze of your bliss still courses through your veins like a delicious fire, and you smile as Mammon stretches his hands before grabbing his cards.

But then what happens next quickly wipes this very smile off of your face.

"Shall we proceed with the higher prizes now?" the croupier says. And as all the contestants around the table nod, including Mammon, you see them all hold out their hands, and suddenly small bubbles of light appear all around them, glimmering like diamonds. They neatly hover next the demon who's summoned them, and as Mammon's golden orbs start floating near you, you feel a terrible, desperate shiver overcome you. *What is going on? What are...?* But then you cover your mouth in horror as you understand. *Souls*. Those are human souls. You uncontrollably shiver once more. It is one thing to vaguely *know* about demons owning souls, but it is entirely another to see and *feel* them ripped out of whoever they had once belonged to.

Mammon and the other demons start playing again, and the souls act as the betting chips this time, obscenely shining everywhere against the green carpet of the poker table. Your guardian demon is oblivious to your unease, overjoyed as ever as he wins one game after the other again. You feel queasy as you try to imagine the circumstances in which Mammon had talked all those souls out of their owners. What had those humans asked in exchange? If it had involved The Avatar of Greed, then surely money or other riches had been part of the deal, but greedy humans weren't the only ones who longed for wealth. What did it mean if some of the souls Mammon was betting were shining more than others? Could it be that those souls were "purer" somehow? More innocent? Had they once belonged to humans who had traded them away to save themselves from a despondent life of poverty? What had they been trying to escape? Your questions remain unanswered, of course, and then you see Mammon draw to him all the new souls he's just won, looking at them with *greed*. Absolute *greed*. Satisfied, but never truly sated.

The rest of the night passes in a daze. You barely pay attention to the rest of the game now, paradoxically nuzzling into Mammon for comfort to face against the coldness of those lone souls stranded in front of you. The avidity of Mammon's touch all over your body increases every time he wins, and you almost jump at some point when you feel the sharpness of his claws graze the naked skin on your back.

It is only when you hear the cheering and clapping all around you that you realize that the tournament is over, and that all of the souls that had been bet now hover all around you and Mammon. The Second Born looks ravenous, and the blue of his eyes is lit with a sinister gleam as all the golden orbs come to fade on the markings covering his body. The feel of the few souls that come through you to reach him chills you to the bone. Mammon turns to you then, eyes wild and feverish. He gives you that same greedy, breathless kiss once more that almost has your lungs burning from the lack of air, before pronouncing those five terrible words for everyone around to hear:

"You play against me now."

"...Mammon? Play against you? But I— I'm not sure it's a good idea."

"It's just a game of poker. One game. It'll be fun, I promise ya."

"I— Ok, Mammon. But one game and then we leave, all right? I wanna get out of here."

"Deal."

You leave Mammon's lap and you take place on the seat at the other end of the table, facing him. You hesitantly take the cards the croupier hands you, and you start to bet with one of the many coins you have left. But the voices of the demons all around you stop you.

"No chips now!"

"Not at this stage of the game!"

"Humans don't bet coins!"

You frown, not liking the tone they're using with you. You reach for one of the rings on your finger, but your action is met with the same disapproval.

"Well if you don't want me to bet chips or jewels, then what am I supposed to—"

You freeze mid-sentence as you suddenly understand. Your eyes widen and you direct them straight at Mammon. You see his gaze set alight with an unquenchable thirst.

"Mammon... Wait, no... Don't tell me that you... that you want me to...?"

His expression softens then, and you feel the maddening tremor of your heart slow down. Of course Mammon wouldn't—

"Come on, don't you wanna play with me? Maybe you'll win, and then think of everythin' you could do with all the riches that I would give ya. I'm willing to bet them all, you know?"

Everything I've won tonight. All I'm askin' for is that you bet your soul in exchange. I'll only claim it if you lose. And if that happens, well you're *my* human, aren't ya? I should be the one owning your soul anyways. I'll treasure it, I promise. No one will get to have it but me. No one will even get to *see* it but me. *Come on, say yes...* One way or another, don't tell me this ain't about to be the most exciting game of your life?"

All around you, you can hear the ravenous whispers of the demons in the casino, attempting to worm their way inside your head. *Do it. they say. Take the bet. Seize your chance, human. You'll never get another opportunity like this in your life. Imagine what you could become with such a treasure. Do it... Take the bet...*

You stay silent for a long time, the tortuous array of emotions whirling inside you preventing you from speaking. But then, finally, your very human voice resonates softly amongst the demonic murmurs, shaking with rage and betrayal.

"Mammon." you say. "*Have you gone completely mad?*"

The look of utter pain twisting your face suddenly seems to shake Mammon out of the greedy madness that had possessed him, and his face falls as he seems to understand exactly what he's just done.

You get up and you turn away from him, walking back towards the entrance of the casino as Mammon calls your name, louder and louder each time. You hear the whispers of the demons around you gain in viciousness, expressing their outrage at you quitting when you'd already promised to play, when you'd already begun striking the *deal*. One of them grabs your arm with a burning, clawed hand, but it is gone just as quickly in a flash of black wings and gushing black blood. The quick, frightened glance you give to your right is enough for you to see Mammon ripping apart the demon who'd touched you, its limbs already littered everywhere across the room as your guardian demon roars with rage.

It's too much. It's just too much. You flee, all the demons standing your way giving you a wide berth as you pass them by, and the last thing you hear before you feel the night air on your skin is Mammon desperately calling you, rushing after your shivering body.

"*Please*, please you gotta listen to me! I didn't mean to hurt ya! I was stupid! Please, I need to see you, just *open* the door!"

"Open the door so you can try to talk me into gambling my soul again? No Mammon! I'm not opening my damn door for you!"

"No I don't want that! I mean, not anymore! Please, just *listen!*"

He'd followed you outside of the casino as soon as you had left it, of course. Screaming at you to wait, to *listen*. But you'd shouted at him to stay away from you, so he'd flown into the air, hovering at a distance around you, watching you safely reach the House of Lamentation before landing and entering after you. And he'd been banging on your door ever since, begging you to let him in so you both could talk. And the worst part was that you wanted to

listen to him, you wanted him to tell you exactly how this really wasn't what it had seemed like, despite everything pointing towards the opposite. But how could you listen? How could you when there was a gaping hole in your chest instead of your heart?

You pace back and forth in your room, Mammon's cries still so painfully audible through your door, and it is then that you see your reflection for the first time since coming back from the casino. You see your dishevelled appearance, your eyes brimming with tears, but you also notice something else, something written on the golden collar fastened around your neck. You come closer to the mirror near your bed, and then you can clearly see it, you see the writing carved into the metal, absolutely unmissable: *MAMMON*.

You whimper and the tears start to truly stream down your face. With fearful anguish you try to remove the collar from your neck, but it is like the chains tying it together are welded shut around your flesh, unremovable. You scream in frustration and you walk to your door, opening it to see Mammon: his eyes reddened by tears and despair.

"You put a *collar* on me Mammon!" you say with a shaky voice. "And you wrote your name on it like it gave you the right to everything that I *am*! But I'm not your possession, Mammon! I'm not a *fucking object*!"

"No! I don't see ya as an object! You gotta believe me!"

"How can I believe you when you tried to talk me into betting my soul! *My soul*, Mammon! How could you?"

"I promise I wasn't going to consume it or anything like that! None of this had been on my mind, I swear! I just wanted us to have fun together, to have a *nice date* together! But then suddenly I... it started after that fucking guy started spewing all his shit about how I could gamble ya or something, as if I'd even consider riskin' losing ya! Then I just needed to have you, and then... and then when I started betting again it was like your soul was all I could think about... But I didn't force ya! You saw I didn't force ya to play with me and bet your soul! But I asked ya to, I know I did... and I'm sorry, I'm so sorry... I just... I just wanted to... to have your soul for myself. To take care of it, treasure it, just like I treasured you already. I wanted to own this part of ya, so that you would truly be mine and no one else's."

You gaze into his eyes, his blue eyes. Still so angelic looking despite his demonic nature, and even though you cannot comprehend it, you *understand*. You truly understand that the demon you cherish is The Avatar of Greed, and that unbeknownst to you both you'd walked into a trap tonight, a trap that had pushed him far beyond what was feasibly surmountable for a demon. You knew he meant everything he'd said, and you also knew that despite everything he'd ever claimed, not once had you truly been in danger because of Mammon before. Out of all his brothers he had the best self-control, even better than Satan's or Lucifer's. Out of all his brothers, he was the only one who had never truly posed a threat to your life, who had never tried to bewitch you or trick you. He cared for you, and the depth of his affection for you had mixed with his demonic cravings tonight, feeding into a dangerous longing within his heart. But really, could you truly blame him when this had been the one and only time he'd ever failed you?

“Mammon,” you whisper, “I *am* yours. But that doesn’t make me a thing to be owned and stashed away, just like me having a pact with you doesn’t give me the right to force you to do things you don’t want to do. I’d never do that to you, Mammon, because *I love you*.”

His eyes fill with tears again, and he takes you in his arms, his body almost shaking under your touch. His fingers reach your neck, and suddenly you feel the collar slip from it as Mammon tosses it aside into a dark corner of your bedroom. And it is then that you hear them, the words he murmurs back into your ear, the words that melt your pain away.

“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry but I'm also *not sorry*.

Instead of having Mammon bet MC at cards (something I'd seen in a few HC already, didn't want to copy them!), I wanted to explore what could lead to him being tempted into getting them to bet their soul in a game, old-school demon style. Less creepy than other things I've written before, I think, but still plenty creepy when you think about it. I mean, it's worth wondering about what happens to humans who've given their souls away to demons...

Next week's chapter will be Satan's!

Best served cold

Chapter Summary

In which Satan reminds you to be careful what you wish for.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“You know Satan, I saw a calico cat hanging out near my place today, it made me think of you.”

“You mean to say that you think of me every time you see a cat now?”

“Come on, I know you love it!”

“Hmm, I’ll have to admit, it *is* a nice thought to wake up to.”

You hear Satan’s sleep-laced voice through the telephone, and you laugh, imagining the smug smirk he’s probably sporting right now. You love your morning phone calls, they are a planned occurrence and yet they always feel spontaneous, genuine, like you’d just woken up next to each other, despite the two of you not even living in the same world currently.

It had been a month now since you’d left the Devildom after your one-year stay had come to an end, and you were grateful that despite it you still were able to talk on the phone regularly with everyone. And with Satan, the one it hurt the most to be parted from. But deep down, you knew you’d end up seeing them all again. You *knew* you would end up seeing Satan again. He had sworn that much to you during your last night together: you would be reunited eventually. You had had no trouble believing him. After all, you’d never known the conscientious and driven Avatar of Wrath to make empty promises before. So you were biding your time, slowly taking your bearings in the human world, and talking every day with Satan to tell him all about that and more.

You’d found a part-time job waiting tables at a bar not long after returning to your world. It wasn’t what you planned on doing for more than a short period of time, but it was a useful way to make some quick buck for now while you were busy figuring out what you were going to do next now that you were back. It also had the advantage to keep your mind occupied a bit, but whenever you’d travel back to your place you’d always end up thinking about Satan, and your relationship with him. Your relationship with a *demon*. It felt almost strange to imagine it now that you were surrounded by humans, and yet it was true: you were in love with a demon, and he loved you too.

At first glance though, one could easily be fooled about Satan being demonic. His brothers’ nature and sins had been quickly apparent the first time you’d met them, but not Satan’s.

He'd seemed normal, sane. Always polite, ever the gentleman, dutiful, scholarly, and even a kind-hearted cat lover on his spare time. Compared to his more... rowdy brothers so to speak, Satan had made for a puzzling contrast.

There had been a few clues here and there, though, that The Fourth-Born hadn't been as *safe* as he'd first let you think. Some subtle, and others... less. The first notable time had been not long after you'd made your first pact with Mammon. Asmo had asked you about who you might be targeting next. You'd lifted your head from your breakfast plate then, and as your gaze had met Satan's you'd replied his name. It was the obvious answer for you, since Beel had been... ominously hungry whenever he was gazing at you at the time, and Asmo, well, you weren't sure that telling Asmodeus that you wanted to make a pact with him so early on was the right call.

To be honest, you had had an inkling that Satan's reaction wasn't going to be particularly friendly, but his answer had still caught you off guard.

"If you want to make a pact with me, it'll cost you. A lot. Though, if you offered me your *soul* in return, I *might* consider it."

You'd swallowed your food difficultly under Satan's icy glare. *Your soul*, which he didn't even fully consider a fitting cost for a pact, or *a lot*. What did *a lot* even mean for a demon anyway? Giving away the very essence of your being was a chilling thought, but somehow it was even scarier to imagine what else the Avatar of *Wrath* could possibly want to *take* from you. You'd only just arrived in the Devildom back then, so you certainly were especially wary about of the danger you were in, but *still*, the reminder that your roommates could be harbouring all sorts of sinister, demonic desires concerning you, your flesh, your mind, or whatever else was part of you, even if they weren't *supposed* to kill you, was a jarring wake up call to say the least.

Despite your wariness though, or maybe because of it, you'd started paying closer attention to all the brothers, and especially to Satan, the one you had the most trouble figuring out. You'd slowly come to notice, then, his passionate commitment to making Lucifer's life a hellish nightmare full of Machiavellian pranks, which honestly both intimidated and intrigued you quite a bit, considering the kind of punishment that would befall Mammon whenever the First-Born caught one of his outrageous bills in the mail. Satan didn't seem to fear Lucifer one bit, but was it truly hate that motivated him? You'd kept on listening to the Fourth-Born whenever he was around: at breakfast, at RAD, at the library, at dinner... You'd kept on trying to figure the enigma that was a somehow contained and seemingly patient embodiment of *Wrath*.

But the second real incident with Satan had been the time you'd refused to make a pact with him. He'd offered it to you when you'd come to check up on him after his fight with Lucifer, after learning about the truth of his origins. You had wanted to say yes, you'd *craved* to, but not like this. You hadn't wanted Satan to make a pact with you solely to spite his elder brother, not when he barely even cared about who you were or what you did. No, you had been feeling more at ease in the House of Lamentation already, and you'd wanted him to make a pact with you out of trust, out of mutual *respect*. Yes, you'd wanted Satan, the resident well of knowledge and undoubtably the most elusive brother, to respect you, and also

to... look at you. The way you'd been *looking* at the beguiling green of his eyes for a while now. But his eyes, then, and the dangerous aura suddenly appearing around him had frozen you where you stood.

"...What did you say?"

He'd slowly set aside the books he'd been holding, and he'd taken a step towards you, a ferocious glint in his eyes.

"I told you I'd make a pact with you. You can't seriously be planning on rejecting me? You, *a human*... reject *me*? ...Don't you dare trifle with me."

Your heart had sped up to a maddening pace, you'd felt its beat reverberating everywhere in your limbs. You didn't want to show fear, you wanted to stand your ground and stare right back at him, but when he'd taken another step your way you had taken one back. And another. And another. And another until your back was pressed against one of his bookshelves and he was dangerously close to you, green eyes blazing in the dim light of his bedroom.

"Do you think I'm called the Avatar of *Wrath* for nothing?"

His hand had risen to your neck, sharp claws had started tracing the length of your jugular, and yet you didn't dare to move, you didn't dare to look away from him.

"I usually contain my anger so it doesn't show."

He'd smiled then, a disturbingly friendly smile, and he'd leaned forward, his mouth almost touching your ear, his breath light and yet almost scorching hot on your skin.

"But I *will* make you suffer if you cross me," he'd whispered, "and it will be much more cruel and much less humane than anything my brothers would ever do. I'll slice off your nose and ears, rip off your arms and legs, and feed you to the lower-level demons."

His mouth had travelled to your throat then, and you'd felt teeth, *no*, fangs graze your flesh. *Say something*, you'd thought, *anything*. *Wait no, not anything, but—*

"I – I never meant to cross you, Satan," you'd finally whispered back. "But I hope you can understand that I don't want anyone else to dictate the path that I wish to forge for myself."

"Do you now? And are you willing to die for this freedom, then? Or do you still think you can somehow *escape* me?"

But you hadn't had the time to think about his trick question, because Lucifer had barged in the room to stop the Fourth-Born from doing whatever he was about to do to you. And then, adding to the madness of this day, the body-switching incident had happened, something you'd had no idea how to feel about. It had seemed to distract Satan from the murderous anger, he'd felt against you, something you *should* have been happy about. But a part of you couldn't stop wondering: what would he really had done to you had he had the chance? Would he have maimed you? Killed you? Or... or something else?

No. That could only be wishful thinking on your part. Maybe you'd seen desire in his eyes, but it couldn't have been the kind of desire you'd hoped for... could it?

For a while, you'd tried not to think too much about the incident. So many things had happened in between: Levi's dating sim, the trip to London, the murder on the train incident... But Satan's unexpected new proposal for a pact once you'd been back in the Devildom had made it all rush back inside your head again. The pact that Satan had claimed would make you *even*, for helping him on his search for self.

"I am Satan, Avatar of Wrath," he'd said with a mischievous smile. "I pledge myself to you, that we may be bound by an unbreakable pact. This I swear to you on both my name as well as the very blood that runs through my veins."

You'd felt the warmth of his gaze appraising you, and you'd shifted under it, feeling a pleasant yet tormenting heat rise in your core.

But then, of course, you'd barely had the time to reflect on what this pact between you could mean – respect, finally? *Trust? Interest?* – because you'd then narrowly avoided being torn apart by Lucifer for helping Belphegor, the very demon who had then choked you to death before coming apart at the seams in front of his brothers after your resurrection, after your ties with Lilith had been revealed.

All of this had been a lot to take in, to put it mildly. So much, in fact, that during the first week after this you'd wondered if you weren't about to collapse in a heap at any moment. You kept thinking, and thinking, and thinking. And after seven days, late at night, your steps had led you to Satan's room, your hand gently knocking on his door. He'd opened it for you, looking at you with a contented smile, almost like he'd been expecting you, and he'd let you in. You weren't sure what you'd been looking for then, or maybe you *had been sure*, unconsciously. But you'd known, as soon as his hand had cupped your face, his thumb lightly brushing against your cheekbone, that his touch had been what you'd needed, what you'd *craved*. You'd been yearning for him for so long, and now, after all the terror and death you'd experienced, the desire setting his eyes ablaze was making you feel more alive than ever.

"Little human," he'd said fondly, "I've seen the way you look at me. Do you want to be mine?"

You'd nodded, unable to form words under the scrutiny of his piercing, glowing gaze.

"Good. Because it is high time I take you for myself. Ever since our trip to London, *no*, ever since you came to defy me in this very room, you've been a constant source of temptation. I'm curious to see how you'd fare under my care. Under the care of a *true demon*."

He'd slowly undressed you then, kissing your naked chest, kneading the curve of your hips with burning hands, before carrying you to his bed. For your first time together he'd been gentle, *thorough*, as attentive to your needs as he was to your merriment whenever he took you with him on one of his escapades in the Devildom, *always something new to teach you*.

But then, after he'd broken you in, after you'd become more familiar with the feel of him, more *his*, he'd introduced you to the other way he liked to enjoy you. The kind of desires

he'd harbored for you. These intimidating, frightening, and intoxicating desires...

Do you want to play a little game with me tonight? It's fairly simple, you'll see. You'll be the human, and I'll be the demon...

He still relished being gentle with you, he was a romantic at heart after all, the softness of his gaze and of his touch making you melt like never before. And truth be told, the intensity of his own... special brand of lovemaking wasn't something you'd be able to handle on the regular anyway. But that didn't stop you from begging him to indulge in it with you more than it was perhaps reasonable to, a wish he was more than happy to grant. You craved it, you craved the rush, you craved the fright, just like he craved to see you all fierce, panicked, and breathless under him, at his absolute mercy. Sometimes you couldn't help but wonder about how or why Eros and Thanatos were so intricately woven together inside your mind, about why you were maddeningly aroused by things people usually feared, but deep down you'd known from the start: the absolute aura of contained danger radiating from Satan's being had been what had drawn you to him in the first place. He knew it too.

My, my, it seems the pretty human pet I've captured is a little feral. What shall we do to remedy to that, I wonder?

Yes. You craved to see Satan again. You craved the way he'd smile and put his book down whenever you'd find him in the library or in his room. You craved the tenderness of his kisses. You craved the way he somehow had new things to teach you every day about the Devildom, its places, its people and its customs. You craved the way he made you feel whenever he'd take hold of your throat with clawed fingers and bare his fangs at you.

"Soon, he'd tell you on the phone. We'll see each other soon."

It's another busy evening at the bar, one that makes you glad that you're only there temporarily. The patrons come and go, foreign or familiar, and today, as usual, you see the student couple who's been coming for drinks sitting at the same table every evening for nearly two weeks now. It had only taken you three a few days and several conversations during slower nights to start being on friendly terms. Having nice patrons happy to see you every time you came to work was a pleasant feeling after all. They were going to the same college, they'd told you, and they were in town visiting family for holidays. Both high-school sweethearts and still madly in love, from what you could see. You felt a slight tinge of longing looking at them being so happy together, but you knew that it was just a matter of time until you also got to see the one you love again.

"Hey!" The girl greets you with her usual warm smile. "Busy night, huh? Every evening I see you juggling with all those glasses full of beer and I wonder how you do it! I'd have broken half of the place's supplies already!"

"You're implying I didn't do just that on my first couple days here. But practice makes perfect, so now I can carry a third tray on my head too. I hate showing off though, so I don't actually do it during work hours."

The girl laughs at your barely deadpan grin, and her boyfriend winks at you.

“Are you secretly a frat-guy in your spare time or something?” he asks with a grin.

“I mean, I’ve spent some time at a frat house before once. Sort of. It’s a long story. And I think they’re more skilled at downing glasses in frat parties than actually juggling with them, you know?”

“You might be right about that.”

“Speaking of parties,” the girl enthusiastically continues, “we only have a few days left here now, and we plan on organizing a little something with a few friends this weekend. You should totally come! I’m sure you’d like them!”

You’re surprised but you agree. They’re both friendly people after all, and you know you’ve done *much* more intimidating things down in the Devildom anyway.

Head brimming with pleasant possibilities, you go outside for a break in the back alley near the bar, enjoying the night air and thinking about giving Satan a quick call before bed tonight, when you suddenly see the girl’s boyfriend follow shortly after you, lighting a cigarette. He takes on a sheepish expression when you turn to look at him, raising his hands up in front of him.

“Oops, please don’t tell her you just saw me smoke. I’d promised I’d try quitting.”

“Don’t worry, I don’t plan on snitching. She’s probably going to smell it on you though, you know?”

The guy smiles wider and takes a step closer to you.

“Maybe. It’s really great that you’re coming with us this weekend.”

“Yeah! I’m sure we’ll have a great time.”

The guy comes even closer still and you pause, not liking the way his gaze stops on your body.

“You know, I’m only in town for a few more days now, but I could show you a great time before I go. Just you and me together.”

“...What? No. *No!* Are you crazy? I’m taken, and so are you. Your girlfriend is literally a few feet away behind this door, honestly...”

“She’s going to be driving out of town to see her grandma soon. She’s going to be away for a whole night, so you know, I thought we could go back to your place, and...”

“Are you deaf? I told you: no fucking way.”

“Pfff, right. Like I’d buy that. You’ve been eyeing me for two weeks now, don’t try to deny it. No need to play hard to get.”

The guy puts a hand on your shoulder, and your own hand closes into a fist, debating on the possible repercussions of punching a patron in the face, when the door of the bar opens again, and the girl walks out. She freezes when she sees the two of you. The guy instantly lets go of your arm and turns to her petrified face.

“Babe, it’s not what you think. She tried to come on to me, you saw how much of a tease she’s been since we started coming here.”

Your mouth opens in disbelief at how his excuse couldn’t possibly be any lamer, but this very disbelief only grows when you see his girlfriend turn to you, her face shifting in anger.

“I’ve been nothing but nice to you! She yells at you. How could you do this?”

“But I wasn’t... He’s the one who was trying to make a move on me! I’d told him no twice already! How can you believe his bullshit?”

“Shut it! You’re awful! You’re a homewrecker, you... you whore!”

You grimace before the weight of her anger and her denial. You have a feeling that deep down she doesn’t believe a word of what she’s saying, that deep down she knows all about the asshole she’s dating, but that blaming you is still the easier solution for her. Profoundly sad, but not uncommon. You shake your head, and after one last unsuccessful attempt at convincing her, you leave. The couple doesn’t come back, and your shift is thankfully soon over. On your walk home you take out your phone, dialling for Satan’s. He answers on the second ring, happy as ever to hear your voice, but quickly figures out that something is up.

“You sound upset. Please, tell me, is something wrong?”

“No it’s nothing. It’s just... I’ll probably forget all about it tomorrow, but... You remember the nice couple I told you about? Well, turns out that the guy wasn’t so nice after all. He tried to make a move on me, even grabbed my arm when I told him no.”

“...Really?”

“Yeah... His girlfriend saw it, and she preferred to think I was the one to blame. She believed his lies and called me a whore, can you believe it?”

“I can *believe* it, yes. I’ve seen humans do worse for less. Did any of them harm you in any way?”

“No, no don’t worry. I just left once I realized there was no getting through her. I’m not even angry, you know? I mean yeah, the guy is literal garbage, but he’s not worth it. And the girl, I just feel sorry for her. I really hope she wakes up and realizes what she’s been putting with one day.”

“You’re too lenient.”

“Maybe so. But you know, if I got mad every single time people behaved irrationally, I would never see the end of it. Better to just move forward.”

“And yet you’re dismayed by it now.”

“Well it wasn’t a pleasant experience, that’s for sure. Sometimes I wish people would understand that words can hurt, you know? I mean, I’m guessing that’s what she meant to do, but still...”

“Would it help you to tell me more about it?”

“No, I’d rather tell you about this cool book I just finished. Best murder-mystery I’ve read in a while, you’d love it!”

Your conversation lasts deep into the night and you fall asleep to Satan’s voice. For a being created out of pure rage, he could be so calming, soothing. After lovemaking, you’d often drift to sleep with your head on his chest, the peaceful hum of his voice lulling you when he would sometimes read to you, holding the book with one hand and petting your hair with the other. Those phone calls reminded you of that a bit, and they were comforting, *sweet*.

You’re a bit sad when you wake up the next morning and see a text from Satan telling you he’s going to be unreachable for the whole day, apparently having some urgent business to attend to, but since you’d spent so long together on the phone the previous night you tell yourself it’s all right. It’s just for a day after all, and you’ll talk to each other again soon enough. So you go about your little routine, taking the time to start a new book in between some grocery shopping, before heading for your shift at the bar again. The student couple is mercifully absent this time, and the rest of the evening passes quickly enough. You take a relaxing shower once you get home, and you’re about to head to bed when you hear someone knock at your door. Puzzled, you walk to open it, and you barely hold back a scream when you realize who it is.

“*Satan!* How...? This isn’t a dream, it’s you! You...”

It is truly him. That much becomes clear to you once you get over your initial shock, and after a couple seconds when you look at him more intently again you realize what you’d missed at first glance, what you’d been too surprised to notice straight away: he’s in his demon form and he looks absolutely *feral*, a savage gleam burning in the forest green of his eyes. Your eyes open even wider and you hold your breath.

“I wanted to see you.”

His voice is smooth, so unlike the sound that his claws make as they rake across the frame of your door. You would have jumped in his arms, had it not been for the waves of danger oozing out of him. You take one step back, and he takes one forward, closing your door behind him without ever ceasing to devour you with his eyes.

You look at him, his predatory stance, his claws sheathing and unsheathing in an almost hypnotizing rhythm, his frenzied expression, and you understand exactly what’s about to happen.

You bolt as far from the entryway as you can, your fight or flight response taking over and turning your heartbeat into a maddening tremor reverberating in your ears. You try to make it

to your bedroom to barricade yourself somehow, but a strong arm comes to lock around your waist and a hand grabs your throat from behind. You cry out and you fight back, but you can only stop in fear when claws come to graze the tender flesh of your neck in retaliation. His lips are right next to your ear, then, fangs nipping at your flesh.

“Did you think you could escape from a demon? Did you think you could run away from *me*?”

You huff and you try to kick at his shins, but the sharp grip around your neck only gets tighter, and soon enough it gets even harder to move. You feel the low rumble of Satan’s laugh against you.

“Poor, defenceless little plaything...”

“I’m not... your plaything!”

“Shhhh, yes you are. You’re my lovely human pet, and do you know what demons do to disobedient pets?”

“*No!*”

He carries your struggling form to your room and he drops you on the bed, straddling you to pin you down on your back when you try to jump away. You fight him again, you claw at his arms, at his torso, or at least you try to as he deflects easily most of your attacks. Your desperate savageness only seems to turn him on even further, and soon his eyes start to glow as you’re all breathless under him, your blows becoming slower, clumsier.

“Feisty kitten. Do you want to see *my* claws now?”

You whimper, shaking like a leaf as his sharp talons caress your face. In the darkness of your bedroom, they almost look coated in blood. It’s not just his demonic appearance that’s on display, but also the very aura of sheer, malicious power that emanates from him. The frightening length of his skeleton-like tail swings back and forth behind him before slithering under your top. Its sharp edges graze your tender, shivering flesh before pulling at the fabric of your pajamas and shredding them, revealing the roundness of your breasts. Satan pins your arms above your head with one hand as he leans on your chest to give your nipples a threatening lick, his fangs teasing the soft skin around it. He raises his head again then, and he gives you a wolfish smile, his fingers playing with one of your sensitive peaks. You glare at him and his expression turns to a smirk, his touch getting rougher, cruelly squeezing your curves.

You knew your pain wasn’t what Satan was after, he wasn’t part of that brand of sadism, no, but he liked to see your fear, to revel in the weakness of your attempts to fight him, to feel your frantic heartbeat quicken under his touch. The more panicked you appeared, the more irresistible you were, and the more he wanted to ravage you.

And the more you wanted him to ravage you too.

“Get on all fours.”

“No. No I won’t!”

“*You won’t?*”

Satan laughs and his expression darkens. Before you even have the time to think you’re flipped on your stomach. His arm raises your hips in the air, your rear meeting his hard cock, and all you can muster is a muffled whimper as his hand comes to cover your mouth when he penetrates you from behind. He doesn’t give you any time to adjust as he starts thrusting in you mercilessly fast. Pain and pleasure instantly mix together at the very centre of your being, impossible to tell apart. You try to resist again for show, but it’s just impossible to escape his grasp, and you’re not even able to focus anymore to pretend that you’re not *absolutely* into it. All you manage to do is make him growl in delight as you create more friction around him.

He fully leans over you, his chest pressing against your back as the hand that’s on your mouth lifts your head to grant him better access to your throat. You cry out behind his palm as the tips of his canines sink lightly into your flesh. A warning bite, aiming for your submission. Satan licks the small trickles of blood dripping down your skin, and all you can do is moan as the overwhelming array of sensations finally overtakes you.

“How does it feel? To be absolutely powerless to stop me? To just be able to *take* what you’re given?”

Your eyes roll back in pleasure as he hits a particularly sensitive spot within you, your bliss rising in your core in a shattering wave, and you moan.

“Look at you, you don’t even seem to mind being so weak for me, do you? Taking me so well... My wanton little human... your tight little cunt just craves demon cock, I can always tell... *Mmmh*, and you don’t even feel shame, do you? Do you think they’d still let you in the celestial realm after this? No... You belong in Hell with me, pet.”

His golden locks brush against your cheek as he leaves another shallow bite on the opposite side of your throat, and you give out a desperate, muffled cry as you finally come, the pain and pleasure becoming too much to bear together. He fucks you through your orgasm, relentlessly, and when you’re done he only stops long enough to whisper these words in your ear, the palm of his hand still pressed against your mouth:

“I’m not done with you yet. You can beg me all you want, I won’t stop ruining you until you’re done taking it all, like the frail little human that you are. *You’re mine, body and soul...*”

“Satan, I think I’m too sore to move.”

“Mmmh? Don’t worry, I came prepared.”

You revel in the aftercare of Satan’s touch as he massages the contents of the small vial he’d brought for you on all the bruises and bitemarks he’s left on your body. He gently rubs some

between your legs too, and you almost whine at the muted, tormenting pleasure it brings rushing back for an instant. Satan chuckles at your reaction and cups your face, giving you a long, passionate kiss.

"I've missed you." he murmurs against your lips.

"I've missed you too..."

You lie in bed next to Satan, still way too happy to fall asleep, and you sigh in contentment as you feel most of the soreness gradually fade away thanks to the soothing balm and the warmth of his touch. You know this ritual well now, and you look forward to admiring the marks he's left on you every day again until they heal. Back in the Devildom, you knew it was time to start all over again once they'd have almost disappeared, even if sometimes you just couldn't wait and you asked Satan to take you like a demon again. He was always delighted to oblige, as he was the one who'd taught you how to give in to his savage desires after all, and to yours...

"I'm so glad you're here," you say nuzzling into his chest, "how did you manage to convince Lucifer to let you come to the human world?"

"I didn't. He doesn't know I'm here, though it's likely he'll find out one way or another eventually. But there were a couple witches who owed me a favour, and I figured it was the right time to use it. Hmm, that reminds me: I have another surprise for you."

You smile wide, excitement bubbling in you again.

"A surprise? What is it?"

"It wouldn't be much of a surprise if I told you now. Fancy going on a short walk with me?"

You stretch your limbs, humming, and you agree. Leaving your bed right now wouldn't have been your first choice, but you didn't want to go to sleep yet and have the night end, even if it was already closer to morning than you'd first thought. And you *were* really curious to see what Satan's surprise was.

You enjoy the freshness the night air offers as Satan intertwines his fingers with yours and leads you to a hidden, underground cellar a dozen minutes away.

"A coven of witches I know uses this place for rituals sometimes. They were kind enough to lend it to me for the day."

"Spooky!" You say as you follow him down the stairs of the basement. "What's in it?"

"Oh you'll see. They're the reason I came to see you later in the night than I'd anticipated. I'd been so pent up back in the Devildom after you'd called me yesterday, I just couldn't calm myself down. Not that I wanted to anyway. All this anger I felt... I had to get most of it out of my system before joining you, even if, as you very well saw, I still had quite a bit of rage left in me when you opened your door."

"...What do you mean, Satan? What are you talking about?"

“See for yourself.”

Once you’re down in the pitch-black cave, he flips a switch somewhere and suddenly you can see. But you don’t really understand what’s in front of you first. It’s... red, and mangled and dripping. There’s two of them actually, tied up with some sort of metal chains, but somehow you don’t feel like the copper smell in the room comes from those contraptions. *What...?*

“Don’t worry, I made sure to tell them why I was doing this,” he continues voice warm with mischief. “I specifically told *her* to be careful about who her words hurt in the future, although to be fair that piece of advice won’t really be useful to her *now*. I was more straightforward with the *rotten filth* she called her man. He cried more than she did, you know? Usually I’d ask for your soul in return for such a favor, but since it’s you I’ll make an exception.”

Satan winks at you, profoundly amused.

“Besides, I’d been meaning to try out a few slicing curses anyway.”

You truly understand what, *no*, *who* you’re looking at, then. And you scream. You shriek frantically until you realize that something is blocking your view of the two mangled corpses of the students you’d been serving drinks to for almost two weeks now. It’s Satan, gazing down at you with worried eyes as his two hands gently but firmly cup your face, his thumbs tracing soothing circles on your cheeks.

“Too much?” he says softly. “Let me get rid of it.”

He murmurs an incantation, and you see a flash of green fire appear behind him for a few seconds. When you glance fearfully at the scene again the bodies are gone, leaving only ashes behind.

“Better?” Satan asks with a kind smile, but your mind barely registers it. You focus on all the dried blood on the floor. All the blood... How could there be so much blood? *So much blood...*

“I understand why you might be shocked, but try to see beyond the gory aspect of the scene. You don’t feel better now? You’re not satisfied?”

This finally snaps you out of it.

“*Satisfied?* SATISFIED? No! No Satan! I am not *satisfied*. I didn’t *ask* for this! Those poor people they... they didn’t deserve to be tortured! They didn’t deserve to die!”

“You should have. And yes they did.”

“No! No, Satan, I—”

But suddenly your horror grows as more dots connect in your head.

“Satan, you... Did you kill them and then come straight to me? Is that why you were so... unhinged when you... *Oh god...*”

"I tortured those worthless humans for a few hours before coming to see you once I'd caught them, yes... Frankly, I don't think you fully understand how... *upset* I was because of what they'd done to you. I needed to let off some steam before finding you again. It was in your best interest, I assure you."

"I need to get out of here. I need to... I need to... The smell of blood... I... I can't..."

You bolt out of the basement, panting, and you rush up the stairs. The emptiness of the night welcomes you and you finally get to breathe again. You sit on the ground, as far from the underground door as you can, hiding your face in your hands. You hear Satan slowly walk behind you, but he doesn't speak. You take a moment to compose yourself and then you slowly stand up and raise your head to look at him again. He looks... concerned. *Puzzled*. You take a deep breath, trying to think about what you could possibly tell him to make him understand your anguish.

"Satan, what they did was... it wasn't *nice*, but it was trivial. They deserved to be called out for it, yes, but not... not *this*! How could you do this?"

Satan's brows rise with skeptical astonishment.

"...Did you forget who exactly you were talking to?"

At first you don't even understand what he means, but then it hits you as you gaze into the hellish fire blazing into the forest-green of his eyes. You hadn't *forgotten* per se, but you'd forgotten what who he was truly *meant*. You'd come to relish the feel of danger and of rage just waiting to be unleashed Satan gave out, because you knew it would never be directed at *you*. He'd promised it to you, after the first time he'd made love to you.

I'd never hurt you. You don't ever have to fear the true extent of my Wrath. You are safe with me, and I'll make sure every demon in this realm is well aware of that fact.

You'd loved the little violent games Satan indulged in with you, but what had been an intoxicating thrill for you had meant atrocious sufferings and death to countless humans besides you. The ones he *really* chased and tortured. At once, all the stories his brothers had told you about his anger started to make sense. You'd *known*, but even that hadn't prepared you for the grisly scene you'd just been subjected to.

"My brothers and I are demons," Satan continues. "We don't even *need* a reason to kill. One way or another, hurting humans is what we do, the reason of our existence. We take their souls, their flesh, their lives, by force or by ruse. That's not what we plan to do with you, but you would do well to remember this nonetheless. We've made you part of our lives, *I* have made you part of my life. I told you I used to feel nothing but rage deep down, until you came along. I fell in love with you, feelings I barely even understood myself at first. I told you I wanted to take things further, told you I wanted to learn what it meant to *love* you. But it can't be one-sided. *You* have to know what it means to love *me*, the Avatar of Wrath, as well. I can promise you you'll never be on the receiving end of the kind of retribution I can muster. I would *never* hurt you. But don't ask me to stand idle if humans or even other demons do so much as look at you the wrong way. I will find them, just like I found those two effortlessly with a single spell, and I will make them pay. *They shall suffer my Wrath.*"

“Satan...” you whisper, tears welling in your eyes as you look desperately into his fervent, troubled gaze. There’s so much you’re feeling right now that you’re barely able to process it all, barely able to put words on the storm of emotions whirling inside you.

Guilt? That was certainly part of it. You’d told the literal embodiment of *Wrath* that some humans had wronged you without even thinking that he might retaliate and avenge you somehow. But... it still felt so unreal anyway, how could you have possibly known?

Fright? Horror? You think of the gruesomely deformed bodies of those two students and you can’t help but feel chills run down your spine again, even if you’d known it was part of what demons had done, did, and would do. Always. Even if you’d known about Satan’s taste for torture almost from the very beginning.

Was it fair to blame him even though you’d *known* from the start? But was it fair of him to ask you to fully accept it all even though he’d known you were only human? If there are answers to those questions, they’re ambiguous and hazy. Too nebulous to process, the possible outcomes of them too painful to even consider. Because when you look into Satan’s eyes, you *know* intuitively what your heart dictates. In his gaze, you see the love he holds for you, the emotion he told you he was barely starting to comprehend, and you also see the worry. You see the *fear*. You don’t think you’ve ever seen Satan look afraid before, but he does now. Not rage, just *fear*.

“Please, if I’ve hurt you let me atone for it. But don’t ask me to renounce who I am inside, because I am physically incapable of it. I love you, that is what I know. And I will defend you. Always.”

“Satan... There are things I don’t need to be defended from. I’m human, but I’m not made of glass.”

“So I should just live and let live, then?”

“If it’s for me, then yes. Please, you just can’t ask me to rejoice in... in so much pain and misery inflicted in my name. It’s who you are sometimes, and I accept it, but it’s not who *I* am, and you have to accept that too. I know you can control yourself if you so wish it. I know it’s difficult for you, but *please*, do it for me... We can talk about this, whenever the problem arises, we can talk it through... *I love you*... So please, Satan...”

He sighs deeply, but his gaze softens, and he raises a hand to your face to gently wipe away one of your tears.

“I don’t know if I can promise that. But I can try. For you.”

You wrap your arms around his neck and you kiss him, full of unrestrained passion. He kisses you back, fiercely, deeply, and he locks his arms around your waist, humming in delight under your touch.

He’ll try. He said he’ll try not to hurt other people for you anymore. You know it shouldn’t be enough, but you love Satan too much to care.

Chapter End Notes

I am once again asking for your support in reading +7000k words of dark demon love stories.

This was another challenging chapter to write! I really hope you enjoyed it and that it wasn't too fucked up for your taste! I write the stories that come to my head, but I know that they can get intense sometimes and I have trouble discerning where people's thresholds might be.

Maybe I should have mentioned it beforehand too, but I do not condone any of the demonic actions I'm depicting in this entire fic lol. But as this great classic says:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=51OB2YoC4sg>

Update: currently working on Asmo's chapter! It's taking me longer than I had anticipated, but bear with me, it's just a matter of days!

Love you to death

Chapter Summary

In which Asmodeus shows you what “the depths of pleasure” truly means.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

You remember the first time you’d touched yourself thinking about Asmodeus, a few days after he’d made a pact with you. You remember it well. And you remember the look he’d given you the next morning at breakfast, like he’d known somehow. It hadn’t been his usual warm, cute smile he’d graced you with, no, but an almost imperceptible grin, paired with a focused, intense gaze. The kind of expression you’d imagined only a demon would or could show. He wasn’t eating, he wasn’t even touching his plate, he was just staring. Staring at you. And you’d stared back, like a deer caught in headlights, unable to utter a single word, unable to look away.

Mammon had snapped you out of it when he’d entered the dining room, being his usual boisterous self. And when you’d looked back Asmo had been chatting with Satan, like you hadn’t just shared the most unsettling moment together. Well, unsettling for you at least. Although... maybe unsettled wasn’t exactly the right word to describe how you’d felt, not with the tormenting heat blooming in your core.

You hadn’t been sure what to think about Asmo the first time you’d met him. He was bubbly, friendly, self-described as the sweet and charming little brother, and contrary to Lucifer he wasn’t what you had imagined a Lord of Hell to be at all. So, when he’d asked you to gaze into his eyes for a moment back in the student council room, you’d obliged, interested to see where he was getting at. Nothing had happened however, and he’d seemed rather puzzled about it, but then Satan had intervened by saying the first thing that had truly shifted your state of mind from astounded and incredulous at being brought to literal *Hell*, to astounded and *scared*.

“I should probably warn you: you’d best be wary of Asmodeus’ gaze. He can charm and manipulate people and use them to his own advantage. If you’re not careful, he’ll charm you. And once you’re under his spell, *he’ll eat you.*”

“E—excuse me?”

Satan had just smiled at your widening eyes, but Asmo had pouted, addressing his brother with a reproachful tone.

“Hey, don’t go around saying things like that...”

Unconsciously you'd taken one step back while they'd been bickering, your heartbeat starting to reverberate in your ears. Eat you? These demons wanted to *eat you*? Seeing the frightened look on your face, Lucifer had sighed and had reiterated that it was Diavolo's will that you would survive the entirety of your year in the Devildom, that it was one of the goals of the exchange program in order to achieve a better understanding between realms. You'd raised your brows at that, incredulous. That was all well and good, but *eat you*?

Really, what had Asmodeus' defence even meant? Was he upset at Satan because he deemed what his brother had said about him to be untrue? Or because now you would be wary of him, as you should, thus making it all the more difficult for him to bewitch you? You had only been there for less than ten minutes, and those questions were only amongst the dozens upon dozens that were already flooding your mind.

Asmodeus' honeyed gaze had focused back on you then, full of enthusiastic congeniality, and the image of a snake had conjured itself into your mind. A beautiful snake whose shiny, golden scales would distract you while his coils would wrap around you, keeping you blissfully unaware until it would be too late...

Even if his powers supposedly didn't work on you, you'd made sure not to look directly into his eyes again during your first few weeks,

Thankfully, your pact with Mammon had happened not long after your arrival, a blessing – you couldn't help but chuckle at the absurd fittingness of the term in this demonic situation – that henceforth had kept most of the lesser demons from openly leering at you in the RAD halls. Then you'd made one with Leviathan, and then with Beelzebub, your confidence growing with each of them.

You had refused to be a victim in this realm, and you had refused to let Asmodeus see you as a trembling little lamb just ripe for eating, the pitiful human who could be charmed and then devoured at any moment. Behind your pact making there had been Belphegor's instigation of course, but this had also been a matter of determination, of *will*. You'd made a pact with three Lords of Hell already, and you were going to make one with Asmodeus, the one who thought the lowly human exchange student wasn't good enough to strike a deal with him.

So you had set out on an absurd quest for a picture of Lucifer sleeping when you'd been in Diavolo's castle. This hadn't been the time to play fair, demons certainly *didn't* play fair, as Asmodeus had explained to you during the photograph competition, and this wasn't the only thing you'd been enlightened about during this retreat either. There were a few things you'd learned about Asmo on this occasion, such as how the power of his seduction had started a literal *war* that had *destroyed* an entire country, or how he could charm a giant man-eating snake with a mere golden glance. You had no idea if it was due to his lustful nature, or because his interest in you had grown after you'd made a pact with three of his brothers, but while you, him and Solomon had been stuck wandering about inside the Labyrinth, he'd taken the occasion to dodge your inquiries about Helene the witch and twist the conversation towards his field of expertise.

"It's not like I manipulated Helene, after all," he'd replied with a mischievous smile and a wink. "I simply gave her an opportunity to have what she wanted– to unleash her inner

desire. You see, everyone desires something. Everyone has lust in their heart. No matter how noble and saintly they may be, they're always keeping something locked up in there."

He'd ceased walking ahead, choosing to slowly circle around you instead, his honeyed gaze appraising you.

"As hard as they may try to control it, deep inside they wish they could do what they want and have what they want. They're constantly fighting the urge to stop suppressing it, to set desire free."

He had stopped then, right in front of you, his eyes detailing whatever expression your face wore while you were trying your best not to show him anything.

"...And it's the same with you as well, isn't it?"

You'd heard Solomon sigh deeply in the background as Asmo's hand had risen to your cheek, brushing so very lightly against your skin. You wanted to recoil, to move away, and yet, much to your dismay, you were simply too curious to hear what he was going to say to risk interrupting him.

"I wonder... who is it you desire? What sort of secret, shameful thoughts are hidden inside that heart of yours?"

You should have known the answer to that question, one way or another, or even just had a vague inkling of what it could be, and yet as you'd been looking into Asmodeus' eyes, their golden hue gleaming so strikingly in the darkness of the labyrinth, it had been like you were only waiting for him to tell you. Waiting for him to let his all-knowing Lustful mind grace you with the truth he'd sensed within you.

"Why not let me help you reach inside and unleash it?" he'd whispered, tone full of promises as his thumb had come to caress your lips, almost as if he'd wanted you to open your mouth and lick it. He'd been so close then, close enough so you could smell the heady perfume that emanated from his skin, or maybe his hair. It wasn't something you were able to define, it was rich and subdued at the same time, sweet and yet potent like the smell of flowers on the verge of withering.

It was dangerous, so very dangerous, and yet it was also so very simple. Deep down, what was it that you truly wanted? What was truly driving you beneath your carefully built facade? You just had to say yes for him to show you. Asmodeus wasn't allowed to kill you, so what were you risking anyways?

No. *No*. You couldn't. You *couldn't*. There had to be a reason why this was a bad idea, even if you couldn't put your finger on what exactly your instinct was warning you against. Asmo technically wasn't allowed to hurt you, and yet somehow this still felt so very risky.

But so very tempting.

The attack of Henry 1.0 had saved you from having to give any kind of answer, but that had only given you a brief respite, for not even a day later when you'd set foot inside the

Labyrinth again, the tension had been upped even higher. You'd seen the way he'd looked at you as you had given him full power after summoning him thanks to Solomon's magic, his almost ecstatic expression as he'd felt it rushing within him.

"This power... not even Solomon has ever managed to draw this out of me"

He'd been in his demon form, the absolute picture of refined debauchery, his lecherous gaze taking in every part of you.

"My dear, what *exactly* is the story with you, anyway?"

And you'd known, as soon as he'd said that, as soon as he'd given you that look, that captivated golden gaze that had devoured you from head to toe, that you were really in trouble.

Your year in the Devildom passes, both incredibly quickly and excruciatingly slowly. Quick because your days are filled with one shenanigan after the other, Belphe's eventual return in the House of Lamentation far from making things any calmer for you. Slow however, because your nights are filled with reveries of a certain someone, someone with honey irises and a silky touch...

You had tried resisting thinking so much about Asmo, you had really tried. You'd attempted to focus on your schoolwork instead, on literally *anything* except the way he was gazing at you since you'd made a pact together. Like you were a marvellous work of art, like his most pressing desire was to unravel you. The months were flying by, and it was becoming harder and harder for you to pretend that you weren't spending almost every night fantasizing about knocking on Asmo's door and throwing yourself into his arms, telling him to *finally* end the sexual tension between the two of you.

Your little... solo adventures between the sheets had only helped for so long. You'd hoped rubbing yourself to climax by imagining how passionate Asmo's touch would feel on your skin would somehow quench your desire, at least temporarily, but it had only increased it instead.

It is human to feel curious. Anyone in your place would be curious about the literal *embodiment of Lust*, would they not? That didn't mean you had *fallen* for Asmodeus, not when it was exactly what he wanted, what he wanted from *everyone*. You weren't about to let yourself be tricked by charms he'd had millennia to refine.

Or maybe you had. Maybe you already had fallen.

If it had just been about his looks you would have had a much easier time resisting, but it went way beyond that. Asmo was magnetic, yes, and yet he was also so much more, as you'd come to discover gradually throughout the year.

You'd fallen for his wit, for his fascinating knowledge in aesthetics, for the way his eyes lit with affection whenever you entered any room he was in. You'd fallen for how his

surprisingly high empathy made him so skilled in understanding others: his brothers especially, but also you. You'd fallen for how he cared about you, for the way he'd always think to bring you something you liked whenever he went shopping, for the way he would take you on a self-care adventure whenever you were feeling down. He hadn't shunned you after your ties to Belphe had been revealed, and he'd given you advice on how to mend the bridges with his older brothers. You had needed the guidance of a friend, and he'd been there.

You had found yourself alone plenty of times with Asmodeus during your year in the Devildom, and yet despite the way he was naturally so very touchy-feely with you, he'd never actually touched you anywhere that would have meant going too far. He never pushed you beyond what was comfortable, and that made things all the more *difficult* when it came to finding reasons not to give in to your desires.

Yes, he'd become your friend, it was undeniable, and you worried about him sometimes. You worried that deep down he wasn't nearly as happy as he'd let everyone believe, you worried about the number of times he could be faking his joyful smiles, and you worried because you knew he would deny it if you asked him about it.

This demon you'd come to care deeply about, this all-powerful embodiment of desire, was surprisingly *human*, and in the end that had only made you fall for him even harder.

Three weeks. You only had three weeks left in the Devildom now. Three weeks left to resist temptation. Three weeks left to struggle remembering *why* you had to resist temptation, remembering why you had convinced yourself that making love with Asmodeus was a dangerous idea.

One Friday night, twenty days before your departure precisely, Mammon tells you all about this scheme he's busy elaborating to trick clients of The Fall into parting with their money.

"I'm telling ya, it's a genius idea! But I need a human for it to work, so you *have* to come with me at the club tonight! Come on, you gotta help your first man!"

You're simply unable to say no when he grabs you by the feelings like that, so of course you accept and you put on the sequin dress Asmodeus had recently bought you, as well as a matching pair of shoes that you know won't kill your feet before the end of the night. The scheme ends up being a disaster this time, but that doesn't stop Mammon from trying to bounce back on his bad luck and improvising something else on the fly, choosing the VIP lounge as his new hunting ground. You're debating following him when you suddenly spot Asmodeus on the dancefloor.

"Hey Mammon, you don't need me for your new plan, right?"

"Nah. Those demons are too high up to believe that you're a human royal who wants to invest in the Devildom stock market."

"Yeah, figures. I'm going to go dance for a bit then, all right? Find you later?"

“Uh? There’s no way I’m leaving ya alone in a club full of drunk demons! You...”

But then Mammon sees you gesturing towards Asmodeus, and he grumbles about his brother not really being a much safer alternative.

“Fine Mammon, I’ll come with you, but you’ll have to give me ten percent of whatever you’ll earn here tonight.”

You don’t think you’ve ever seen Mammon run away this quickly, telling you to enjoy your night with Asmo and to let him know when you want to get home before disappearing into one of the VIP lounges.

You make your way to Asmodeus amongst the sea of whirling bodies. You see him at the centre of the dancefloor, his hair, makeup and outfit still impeccable despite his wild, serpentine moves, so perfectly synched to the tune of the music blasting inside the club. Every single demon dancing around the Avatar of Lust appears to be mesmerized by him, by the way his clothes seem to somehow reveal so much and yet so little skin at the same time. The exposed parts of his torso glitter under the spotlights, and you can see it being reflected in the eyes of all the onlookers hypnotised by the graceful meandering of Asmo’s body.

Then you lose him. Inexplicably. One second he’s dancing a few feet in front of you, and the next he’s gone, leaving you to frown and squint in the dim light of The Fall. You suddenly feel two hands on your waist, a soft touch you know too well. You turn around to find yourself face to face with Asmo and his glowing golden eyes. You smile, quickly getting over your initial startled state, and he brings his mouth closer to your ear so you can hear him over the loud pounding of the music.

“You look amazing in that dress, darling. I wonder which demon with impeccable taste could possibly have chosen it for you?”

“Hmm, I don’t exactly remember, but I think it might have been a particularly lecherous one, considering how short that dress looks...”

Asmodeus chuckles in your ear, making you deliciously tremble all over.

“Guilty as charged.”

You smile back, and then you hear the beat of the new song flooding the club. You gesture towards the dancefloor.

“Does the star of the show feel like dancing with the lone human?”

“I don’t see a lone human, darling. I only see the famed exchange student who managed to strike a pact with the one and only Avatar of Lust, the most beautiful being in the entire Devildom.”

You playfully roll your eyes and you take his hand, following him to the centre of The Fall. His dancing starts slow, languorous, his hands guiding you to match the sway of his hips, but soon enough his pace quickens, becoming harder to follow. The light blinks, plunging the

club in total darkness for a millisecond, and then he's behind you, his lips barely grazing the side of your neck, his fingertips ghosting over your arms. You blink and he's in front of you again, his hands locking behind your nape, his cheekbone rubbing against yours, as if to further mix your scent with his.

You're still dancing, trying to keep up with how complex and fast his movements are getting, so fast you could swear they almost become blurry, but it's getting harder to concentrate when, just like every demon around you, you just want to observe this being of grace and raw sensuality schooling everyone on how dancing is first and foremost an art of seduction. You can see the longing in every pair of eyes around you: they all wish Asmodeus would touch them and not you. You keep dancing, not planning on giving away your place any time soon.

It's Asmodeus who finally stops you.

"Need a break, darling?"

You're about to tell him no, but as soon as you stop dancing you realize how exhausted you actually are. How long has it been since you'd joined Asmodeus? How many songs? You begin to understand why there are never any clocks in nightclubs. But still, you're genuinely surprised at how entranced by the beat of the music and by your dance partner you'd become.

"Yeah, and a drink too, I think."

Asmodeus takes your hand and leads you to one of the VIP lounges upstairs. You sink on the huge circular leather couch as he waves a waiter who then quickly comes back with two cocktails before closing the door behind him. You eagerly take your glass and sip its contents, relishing on the sweet, refreshing taste. It's demonus, which, given your human nature, has about as much effect on you as soda would, a fact that Asmodeus and Mammon had discovered during the year *after* they'd challenged you to a demonus shots contest, much to their dismay. You know you can't get drunk from this, but still, despite your tiredness you feel elated. Which makes sense, given the amount of endorphins your wild dancing had probably released. Asmodeus is sitting in front of you, savouring his own drink, observing you. You hold his gaze and, feeling more daring than usual, you decide to break the silence:

"Like what you see?"

Asmodeus chuckles, his nails playfully clicking on the surface of his glass.

"You know that's usually *my* line, darling. But yes, I very much do like what I see..."

He sets his drink down on the table then, and he walks towards you, stopping barely a foot away. He's not touching you, but the way his gaze travels over your form makes your skin shiver as if he was. This newfound proximity and the desire in his eyes finally intimidate you though, now that you're alone, and you avert your gaze, sensing your cheeks heat up, feeling like a fool for starting something you're now too scared to finish. Asmodeus shushes you as if he simply *knows*, and he sits next to you. Too close, and yet still too far away. He's barely brushing against your limbs without truly touching them. He leans towards you, his hand rising to your face, but it only comes to play with a lock of your hair. His voice breaks the silence once more, sweet like the honey of his irises.

“I know how to recognize stifled desire when I see it, my dear. But it’s all right, I don’t blame you. I understand why you might be afraid to unleash it with me.”

You pout, unable to look away, wishing he’d look at you instead of focusing on your hair.

“I’m not afraid.”

“Oh really? Then what’s stopping you?”

You realize you don’t know the answer to that question and that you probably just told a very obvious lie to a demon, beings who are usually quite skilled at spotting them. Maybe you *are* afraid, because fear is the rational thing to experience in this situation, and yet...

“I know what lurks in human hearts.” Asmodeus whispers, his eyes finally finding yours again. “I see how they act with one another, how the thought of admitting what they truly want from each other frightens them so, as if the very acknowledgement of their desire could burn their non-existent wings. They make each other suffer because of it, and it’s so very *cruel*, don’t you think? But *I* have a pact with you, my dear. You’re under my protection, my tutelage... I won’t ever be interested in walking away from you if you were to decide to trust me more...”

You sigh as his lips brush against your cheek. Gentle, so very gentle... Timidly, you reach out to feel the silkiness of his hair. Asmodeus hums in delight and presses a chaste kiss on your throat.

“I *desire* you. I want you like I haven’t wanted anyone in millennia. You’re the most precious human I’ve ever met in a *very* long time, and do you know why? Because everything you do surprises me. Everything you accomplish... The very passion that lives within your soul, a pure, shining drive that would almost burn us demons to ashes if we merely tried to reach for it. I observe you each day that passes, I see you stand up to ancient, powerful beings, I see you defy Lucifer himself, and I have no doubt you could take on the world if you wanted to.”

His slender hands come to massage your waist through the fabric of your dress, his lips peppering your throat with light, burning kisses. You rub your thighs together, barely managing to remain still in his arms. You want this. You *want* him too...

“Do you know what it should mean to have a pact with me? I’m supposed to be spoiling you, to be giving you anything your heart could possibly *Lust* for. And darling, there are just so many things I want to share with you, it’s only fair after everything you have brought me. Let me give it all to you, *let me show you delights you couldn’t even have dreamed of...*”

Asmo’s lips are a hair’s breadth away from yours, but he doesn’t move, giving you the choice. But really, you think as you close your eyes to kiss him, deep down you’d already made that decision a long time ago, even if you hadn’t wanted to admit it to yourself. It’s a mix of love and desire you’re unable to fight against any longer. *Three weeks*, you tell yourself, nothing bad can truly happen to you if you fully give in for only three weeks. You will *have* to leave, then, no matter how bewitched or in love you’ll be. *Three weeks... and then you’ll be gone.*

Your back meets the warm leather of the couch as Asmo leans over you. Slowly, he removes your dress with a feather-light touch, kissing every inch of flesh he reveals to his eyes. His mouth reaches your belly button and he circles it with his tongue. It shouldn't even feel that intense, and yet somehow it drives you mad already, heat blooming in your body seemingly nowhere and everywhere at the same time. You can barely restrain yourself from begging him for... for *more* already. Asmodeus purrs in pleasure above you.

"Darling, what a delicious treat you are..." he says, the ethereal golden glow of his eyes starting to shimmer even more. "Tell me what you want. Anything you desire, and I will make it come true."

Your lips start to move before you even stop to consider what they're about to say, but you don't even *need* to think. Not when the answer is so very obvious. It's what you've wanted for so long, what you've dreamed about night after night. The temptation you cannot deny anymore...

"I want to know what it's like to lose myself into pleasure with you, Asmo. I want you to show me how it feels."

"Of course you do, darling. Of course you do... I knew you were perfect, perfect just like I am. *The depths of pleasure*, I know we'll reach them together..."

A couple of eyeblinks later and Asmo is naked in front of you, letting you admire the delicate gracefulness of his body shimmering under the artificial lights. He rubs his hardness against your panties, teasing you so mercilessly. You gaze at his length, the flawlessness of his curve, of his thickness, and you whine shamelessly, impatiently removing the last of your underwear. You close your legs around the demon's back, drawing him even closer to you.

"Please Asmo, do it... Take me... *Please*..."

"...Say it again." he tells you, his eyes glowing even more intensely in front of your wide-eyed, expectant gaze. "Tell me how much you want me."

"*Asmodeus*... I want you, I've desperately wanted you ever since that time in the labyrinth. It's unbearable how much I desire you. So please, if you—*oh!*"

He finally penetrates you, agonizingly slow, and your head rolls back, your eyelids fluttering shut as the delight of sensations overwhelms you. Perfection. You don't know how to describe what's happening to you other than *perfection*. Asmo's touch is both soothing and tormenting, sating one of your cravings only to create ten more. His mouth finds yours as he gently thrusts into you, his tongue caressing yours and muffling your moans as the length of him makes you aware of pleasures you didn't even know existed. Your legs tighten around his hips, and your arms lock around his back. He's still not *close* enough, you're still not *his* enough. The feel of his tongue is intoxicating, the feel of his body even more, and you melt into the ecstasy, everything around you fading to leave only your lover and the gold of his gaze as Asmodeus cups your face and puts his forehead against yours. *His irises, glimmering in the dark like a beacon of light*...

“Yes, look into my eyes, darling. *Trust me*. Just forget everything, let it all go... Endless pleasure, this is what I will give to you, you just have to *let me*.”

And as you feel the bliss finally shatter in your core, you *let him*. You look into his eyes, and you bring all your defences down, allowing Asmodeus to fully take over.

“Yes... So very precious... So very pure... You don’t need to think about anything else but me. I’ll be your everything, darling. I’ll make you happy.”

The dreamy haze of pleasure. Golden lightning striking your brain over and over in delicious waves. His eyes, *his magnificent eyes*...

You don’t know how long each of your orgasms lasts, or how much time passes until Asmodeus finally moans into the crook of your neck and comes deep inside of you. Fatigue claims you then, a tiredness strong like never before. Your whole body trembles, but Asmodeus holds you through it all. He runs his fingers through your hair, he intertwines his arms and legs with yours, keeping you warm. You breathe deeply and you let this overwhelmingly sinful perfume of flowers submerge you. You don’t think you can move, but you can still hear what your demon whispers next into your ear without difficulty:

“I love you, darling. I didn’t know I could love anyone as much as I love myself, but I just adore you so much... I am going to cherish you with every fibre of my being, and you will do the same...”

You lose yourself into Asmo’s glowing golden gaze again, both dangerously bewitching and yet... sincere. There’s no trace of his usual playful look on his face right now. Rather, his expression is one of pure adoration. Could it be that he truly... ? *No*... It couldn’t be. Despite his hidden depths, so deeply locked away inside heart, Asmo never hid what he was to the world. How he *wishes* to appear. There’s room for passion in his existence, yes. So much passion. But love the way your human mind conceives it? No. It can’t possibly match, can’t possibly be the same...

You sigh and you melt into his embrace. You don’t wish to torture yourself with questions anymore. No, the only thing you desire is to just exist in the moment. To just experience one sensation after another with Asmodeus, and to forget about your every fear, your every concern. You’ll have to leave eventually, there’s no avoiding it. So, in the meantime, after months and months of holding your desires at bay, you will finally get to be as reckless as you longed to be in the arms of the demon you love. *Three weeks under the care of The Avatar of Lust*.

Two weeks pass. Two weeks of absolute bliss. You walk the corridors of RAD and the House of Lamentation in a perpetual daze, feeling content, at peace. *Finally*. You go to class, you eat breakfast, lunch and dinner in the company of those you love, you enjoy the movie nights, the shopping trips into the city centre... And in between it all, you fall into the arms of your lover, *over and over again*...

“Mmmh, you’re so naughty darling, you’re becoming as insatiable as me...” Asmodeus tells you one day as he bends you over a desk in an empty classroom before sinking into you from behind. You’d just texted him about the hour of freedom you had between your Devildom Law and your Potions Making class, and he’d come to join you within minutes, locking the door with magic behind him and sliding your uniform skirt down your thighs.

Then the next day, it’s the blowjob you give him in a dark corner of the RAD library that has him sighing in delight, praising you once more. You eagerly swallow every single drop of his warm essence as he massages your throat, his face beaming with pride and adoration as he lovingly gazes down at you. Asmodeus properly thanks you the following evening, luring you into his room before tenderly undressing you, the softness of his tongue finding your wet slit and teasing your little bundle of nerves until he has you begging and screaming his name.

He doesn’t give you any time to rest in between orgasms, *true pleasure doesn’t know respite, darling*, he tells you as his tongue starts torturing your clit once more to give you your fourth wave of bliss. There’s an overwhelming, almost painful element to your repeated orgasms, but it’s hard for you to really feel bothered by it when the golden hue of his eyes soothes you, making you all better again, so very ready for him...

Maybe... maybe the peace you feel as you walk around the house the next day is more akin to tiredness, but you don’t really mind. It doesn’t feel unpleasant, so why should you be concerned? It’s with this thought that you join everyone for breakfast one Friday morning. But it’s not just any day, you realize that much when Lucifer announces that you’ll be leaving the Devildom soon. You see the shock on everyone’s faces, but specifically on Asmo’s who drops his fork into his plate with a loud, strident clatter. You’ve dreaded this moment, and yet you knew it was coming. *Three weeks*, you had given yourself, and now there was only one left. You would make the most of it, even if...

No. You shouldn’t be thinking about this, not when you had promised yourself that you would live in the present. You would not forget Asmodeus, that much was sure, but he would eventually get over your departure. Maybe he was sincere when he told you he loved you, but seduction, passion, consumption, and then simply starting anew was what he did, what he had always done. It was simply how it was meant to be.

You can feel how restless Asmodeus is getting all throughout the day though. You barely have any time for him as you meet with Diavolo and Barbatos in between classes to present your report on your year in the Devildom, but the second you step foot inside the House of Lamentation again, he’s all over you, quickly pulling you into his room before closing his door.

“Darling, you don’t *actually* plan on leaving, do you?”

You see the worry so deeply etched into his features. He’s serious, you realize. You’d expected him to be sad, yes, but that he’d wish you well and tell you that you’d see each other again in the human world for sure. That this whole thing had been fun, and that you could summon him anytime for a night of pleasure. But this...? Did he... did he truly...?

“... You really don’t want me to leave, then? You really *do* love me?”

Asmo's eyes widen, and his hands come to cup your face, the desperate pressure of his fingertips into your skin almost bordering on painful.

"Darling! How can you even doubt me for a second? I never want to be parted from you. Ever. Why would I want to go back to the tasteless, faceless, passionless hordes of demons and humans begging for my attention when I can have you forever?"

He shakes his head then before closing his eyes, and when he opens them again they shine brighter than you've ever seen them as he shifts into his demon form. But the long, slender horns, the leathery wings, the razor-sharp fangs, the deadly claws... Everything becomes secondary as you're drawn into the soothing, mesmerizing golden glow of his gaze, feeling a profound, ecstatic peace taking hold of you, so much greater than any you've ever known. You collapse into Asmo's arms like an obedient doll, humming in pleasure as he lowers you on his bed and quickly sinks his cock into you after doing away with your clothes.

"I just need to show you more." He says as you feel the familiar waves of pleasure rise to your head and in your core again. "Yes... you're going to see... to experience why you just *can't* leave me."

The night passes in a blur of moans, delights, gasps and bliss. You wake up all warm and snug inside Asmodeus' bed. He's not there and you feel your chest tighten. He's probably gone to get you both food or something, but still you wish he was there to hold you right now. You cling to his pillow once more, filling your lungs with the sweetness of his perfume, before you hear again what had probably woken you up the first time: knocks on your door.

You groggily rise from the bed, quickly put on some clothes, and you half-walk half-stumble to the door. You open it to reveal Satan, his eyes narrowed and his expression focused.

"Did you turn off your DDD? I've been calling you for a while now."

"Satan... It's probably on silent, as it should be... What time is it?"

"Seven thirty. You're going to be late for class."

"What do you mean I'm going to be late for class? It's Saturday morning..."

Satan's eyebrows rise before he shakes his head, frowning even more.

"No. It's *Monday morning*. We haven't seen you in nearly three days now."

"...What?"

"Asmodeus texted the group chat to tell us you were feeling ill Friday evening after class. You had seemed rather tired at breakfast, so none of us really questioned it. And to be frank, everyone had noticed how close you and Asmo had gotten these past few weeks, so Lucifer thought it best to give you both some space before your departure. But looking at you now... I don't think it's an illness that has been draining you of your energy..."

Satan's hand rises close to your skin without actually touching it, as if feeling the air all around you. Your aura, you realize through the fog of your brain. He frowns, his green gaze

beyond suspicious, but a slender hand suddenly holds him back.

“Satan, did you disturb this poor dear while she was trying to get her beauty sleep?”

“If you wanted her to be well-rested, then maybe you shouldn’t have *drained* her so much.”

Asmo’s lips shift into a thin smile at those words, and he pushes past Satan to enter his room before possessively snaking his arm around your waist.

“It’s only a matter of time until Lucifer sees her and realizes what you’re up to, you know?” Satan continues. “You have to stop.”

“Who do you take me for, hmm? I know perfectly well what I’m doing, and our dear little human trusts me fully anyways. So go be jealous somewhere else, Satan.”

Satan shakes his head and sighs.

“I’ll cover for you for the rest of the day, Asmo. But come dinner, there’s nothing I’ll be able to do for you anymore if you don’t get your act together.”

Asmo simply huffs and slams his door closed. You’re both alone in his bedroom again as he sighs, his hands rising up your hips.

“So very rude... don’t you think?”

“I... I don’t... Asmo... have we really been in your room for almost three days?”

“Hmm? Has it been three days already? Time passes so fast when I’m with you, darling.”

You want to say more, to tell him that *maybe* this is actually starting to get even more dangerous than you’d thought. That you need to stop and think about all of this for just a second or two. But Asmo tells you to open your eyes as he takes your chin between clawed fingers and captures you with his golden irises. *So beautiful, so very beautiful...*

Pleasure again. So much pleasure. Words seeping into your brain, transforming into a delicious mantra. *Never-ending delights...*

“Is your cute little head empty now, darling? You don’t want to be set free, am I wrong? No, you want more, I know you want more... You’re only able to think of me now... as you should. Yes... Such a delicious treat you are... *I love you. I love you so much.* Why would you ever want to leave me? Only I can give you this much pleasure... How many times do you think I can still make you come today, darling? Let’s find out...”

Pleasure. Pleasure. *Pleasure.* Everything is fading around you, darkening. But why would you care when it just feels so *right*? You faintly hear something then. Something other than Asmodeus. A loud banging. A cold voice.

“Asmodeus. Open this door at once.”

“Go away Lucifer! All of you! You’re just jealous that she loves me more than you! *I’m* the most beautiful, *I’m* the one humans worship the most! It’s only natural that she’d want to be with *me*. She doesn’t want to be separated from me! So leave us alone!”

“I am not going to repeat myself any further, this is your last warning: Open your door or I’ll break it down.”

You hear more frantic screaming, maybe coming from Asmo, or maybe... Mammon or Leviathan? You’re not sure, everything is becoming fuzzier in your mind by the second. Then you hear a loud bang followed by the crack of wood splitting open. Then more screaming. Warm, loving arms clinging to you, pulling you into a tight, desperate embrace. Stronger arms taking you away, a rumbling voice calling your name several times over. Other voices asking how far Asmodeus has really drained you, realizing the full extent of the danger you are in right now. *She’s close to death*, you can hear someone say, *Asmo, what have you done?* But the furious, anguished cries of your lover cover everything else:

“Give her back to me! I *told* you she’s not in danger! She can take it! I know she can! She can’t leave me, she doesn’t *want* to! So give her back! GIVE HER BACK!”

Your recovery is slow. One of your old friends had suffered from mononucleosis once, followed by a severe heart infection, and you now understand what she’d meant when she’d said that even lifting a water bottle had been challenge. You’re not alone though. Everyone comes to keep you company, you quickly notice it once you’re able to stay awake for more than a few minutes. They talk to you, read to you, play video games with you, watch movies with you. They take care of you.

Only Asmo is missing, of course. Lucifer has forbidden him from coming to meet with you, he tells you that much, and from what you can piece together through what his brothers tell you, it wasn’t a pretty scene to witness. Your head spins whenever you try to speak his name further, or to think about him for more than short periods of time. Eventually though, you start to feel stronger again, your mind clearer. You tell Lucifer you want to see Asmodeus before you leave. He refuses. You tell him that he’ll have to drag you out of your bed and out of the Devildom kicking and screaming if he wants to take that decision away from you. You insist, and insist, and insist until he sees your anger draining you of your energy again, and he finally relents. Get some rest, he says, and then I’ll bring him to you. *Supervised*.

You fall asleep, reassured, and when you wake up you find that Lucifer has kept his promise. You open your eyes to see Asmo smiling adoringly at you. His clothes are as elegant as ever, but you can’t help but notice how mussed his hair looks, or how there are some darker spots on his face, like makeup disturbed by tears.

“Darling... I’ve missed you so much, you have no idea... They wouldn’t let me see you...”

He moves to wrap his arms around you and hold you, but then you hear someone else speak. It’s Beel. He’s at your door, watching Asmo with narrowed eyes.

“No touching, Asmo.”

“I just want to *hug* her.”

“*No.Touching.*”

“Do you see what they’re doing to us?” Asmo sighs as he turns back to you, a fierce look on his face. “A jealous bunch... All of them...”

You take a deep breath, shivering as you see Asmo’s gaze soften as he contemplates you.

“Asmo. They’re doing this because you nearly killed me.”

He huffs, pouting.

“That’s what they *told* you of course. But they weren’t there. What we shared together, it was real, *raw*. Something this pure can never be wrong.”

“No, I would have died. I know it. Asmo... I’m not... No matter what I tell myself, I just can’t bring myself to be mad at you. I... I think I understand why you did it, but you have to be honest with me and tell me.”

“Darling! How can you believe for even a second that I would want you dead?”

“I don’t believe you wanted me dead, Asmo. But you don’t need me to explain to you what happens when a demon empties a human out of their life force through a spell of Lust. Your brothers told me you’re even the one who teaches greater incubi and succubi how to perfect their technique. You know how this works.”

“But you’re stronger than the average human, darling! You could have taken more! I know you could have!”

“That’s not the point! Asmo, you... you need to tell me why... why you did this to me. I know you didn’t do this by accident, bewitching someone is a conscious decision for a demon. So *why*?”

A multitude of emotions seems to claim Asmo’s face simultaneously, and you barely see the ghost of a grimace on his face, before he hides from your tired gaze. Is it guilt? Anger? Sadness? Whatever it is, he doesn’t want you to see. Beel is still here, doing his best not to look at you while still keeping watch over you somehow. You realize you can’t do this with him in the room.

“Beel, please. Will you step outside for a moment? You’re free to barge in if you hear or feel anything suspicious. But please...”

Beel looks wordlessly at you for a instant, frowning, but then he nods.

“Just call my name, and I’ll be there.”

Once he’s gone, you take Asmo’s hand into yours, startling him in the process. Slowly, he turns his head back to you, and in his eyes you see the first glint of the tears that start streaming down his face in an endless river.

“I just don’t get it! How can you possibly want to *leave me*? Even after we’ve... after I’ve...”

He surprisingly doesn’t finish his sentence, even though you know he’s not one to be shy about speaking of sex. But in this case, you realize it never was about sex. Not really.

“Darling, I love you! I know you love me too. That’s why I *charmed* you. You weren’t in danger at first, you know that! It was just a light spell I used when we first started making love together, nothing more! Just a modicum of my power, you were so very resistant to it anyway! But then you... you still planned on leaving at the end of the year, you didn’t even protest when Lucifer brought it up! *How? Why?*”

You shake your head silently, feeling the tears starting to fill your eyes as well.

“*I love you,*” Asmo repeats, squeezing your hand back. “Don’t you understand what this means for me? To love someone other than myself this way? It’s *torture*! That’s what it is! But this torture would mean nothing compared to being kept away from you. So please, don’t go...”

You start sobbing too, and forgetting all caution, you take Asmodeus into your arms. He hugs you back, his arms tightening around you. But you don’t feel the influence of his charm, of the familiar haziness claiming your mind. It’s just an embrace, and nothing more. A trembling embrace.

“Asmo,” you whisper, still holding him tightly. “This isn’t even my decision to make, and I need to go back to the human world at some point. I have a life there, people that I need to see again, things that I must take care of. But that doesn’t mean saying goodbye to you all forever. And especially not to you, Asmo. You’ll come visit me in the human world, won’t you? And I don’t think Diavolo would be opposed to me coming back to the Devildom again. I don’t want to be permanently parted from you any more than you do, so believe me when I say that we’ll see each other again, and for more than just a night here and there.”

Asmo’s voice turns to a whisper too, his lips pressing to your ear.

“Are you sure you don’t want to stay here with me forever? You wouldn’t have to worry about anything from the human world ever again. I’d drown you in an eternity of pleasure. Doesn’t that sound perfect? I promise I’d use the proper intensity this time, you wouldn’t be in any danger.”

“I love you too, Asmo. So very much. But my free will, my thoughts, my aspirations, my individuality... It’s not something one should ever give up. And really, don’t you love me because of who I am? Because of what I’ve accomplished? You’ve said so yourself, so please, if you want us to stay together you have to let me go for now. Do this for me, show me you truly love me, and I promise you will never lose me. We’ll be reunited again, soon.”

Asmodeus’ embrace around you becomes even tighter. He pulls away to meet your gaze, as if detailing every single feature of your crying, enamoured face, and finally he nods before crushing your lips with his in a sloppy, yet passionate kiss. He’s not putting you under any spell, and yet you feel drawn to him all the same. You melt into his touch, running your fingers through the messy silkiness of his hair.

“I want to spend my last night here just talking to you, just *being* with you,” you whisper to him in between kisses. “Do you want it too?”

“Yes, darling... More than anything.”

It’s a dangerous game you’ve been playing with The Avatar of Lust, yes. One in which you’d doubted everything from the start, one in which both parties keeping the wrong things bottled up inside had almost gotten you killed. It’s almost... frightening to be loved by someone this intensely, to fall for someone so strongly. To the point of death. But it’s a battle you no longer wish to fight against yourself. You love Asmo, and if he decides to let you go, then there’s hope.

There’s hope.

Chapter End Notes

If you sink into pleasure, you have to know how to swim back up, and Asmo isn't the type to hand you a lifejacket...

I’m sorry about not updating last week guys! I really wanted to keep the one chapter every Sunday rhythm, but I had the wildest week workload-wise, and anytime I tried to write at the end of the day my brain was simply AFK. I’d managed to finish a first draft of the chapter during the weekend, but I simply wasn’t satisfied with it and I had to practically rewrite everything from scratch this week! But it was worth it. It wasn’t the time to become sloppy and rush things six chapter in, especially not for Asmo! He’s such an interesting character with hidden depths and lots of potential for demonic deeds!

Not positively sure whether or not I’ll be able to post Lucifer’s chapter next weekend since I’ll probably have to be busy until late again for the next coming days, but rest assured that I’m working on it, and if it’s not next Sunday then it’ll most probably be the Sunday after. Until then, I hope you’ve enjoyed this chapter! Next time we’ll get to meet the Lord of Corruption himself...

Absolute power corrupts absolutely

Chapter Summary

In which Lucifer teaches you that power comes at a cost.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Playing chess with Lucifer, you find, is like jumping into the Nile to pick a fight with a crocodile: terrifying, unwinnable, and utterly foolish. Still, you persist, even if you're not fully sure *why* you do. You'd heard the stories, seen the movies: the human challenges Death, or another equally grim entity, and loses. *Always* loses. There's no beating Death at chess, and you suspect that there's no beating *Lucifer* at chess either. But you're not the main character of *The Seventh Seal*, and you're not playing to save your life and your country from a plague. It's just a harmless game of chess. Or at least that's what you tell yourself at first.

"Check." Lucifer says after moving his remaining bishop at the worst square possible for you, forcing you to sacrifice your queen to defend your king. Losing your queen, at this stage of the game, pretty much means losing altogether. But still, you refuse to resign, the frown of your brows deepening. *If he makes a mistake, you think, it's still possible to turn the tables on him.*

This chess game had happened simply because Lucifer had *demande*d more than asked that you come to his room to play with him after you'd mentioned in passing at dinner that you knew how to. It was clear in his tone that you were in no way allowed to refuse, and even if after making a pact with Mammon, Leviathan and Beelzebub you were slowly becoming more at ease in the Devildom, openly antagonizing Lucifer wasn't something you felt was a good idea. Even if he had apologized afterwards, it was hard to forget the murderous glint in his eyes when you'd shielded Beel and Luke from his rage after the young angel had found the infamous grimoire. The First Born had saved your life from Leviathan's jealous frenzy a few weeks prior, and yet at this very moment, when you had stood your ground before him, you had been sure that he had been about to end your existence. You couldn't help but think that his inner contradictions had to probably be severely headache-inducing.

So, you had shown up tonight in the intimacy of Lucifer's bedroom, an unpleasant mix of tension and awkwardness taking your nerves on a roller-coaster ride. You'd both sat in the comfortable seats in front of his roaring fireplace, and he'd been courteous enough to let you play white, giving you the first-move advantage. It was a weak edge, however, because trying to think of good chess tactics under the scrutiny of his crimson gaze was daunting, to say the least.

You try to increase your focus on the game, and you decide to threaten one of his rooks with your remaining knight. He couldn't keep on forcing you to retreat into a corner if he had to defend his strongest pawns first. Except that this new strategy of yours had been what Lucifer had expected all along. Or no, it was actually worse than that: it was what he'd *baited* you to do. Your situation shifts from *dire* to borderline humiliating.

"Checkmate." Lucifer says out of the blue. You look up at him, bewildered, then back at the board, studying it for far too long to figure out how exactly how long ago you'd been beaten without realizing, and then back at him again. The Avatar of Pride smiles way too smugly for your taste.

"That was a fun game." you finally manage to utter, hoping that your face appears neutral like you will it to be. "I had a good time."

"I'm pleased that you did." Lucifer replies simply, and the flicker of amusement in his eyes tells you he's not fooled by your pretence.

You mull over your game while you walk back to your bedroom with heavy, deeply annoyed steps. More than your defeat, what truly grates on your nerves is the fact that you know Lucifer took *way too much* satisfaction in thoroughly beating you for this to have been just a friendly game of chess. It was almost like it was his way of punishing you for being an agent of chaos that kept making his life more difficult. *Don't forget your place*, is what his gaze was saying as he'd won.

It was all so unfair. You were just a human trying to survive in literal *Hell*, one step at a time, and contrary to a certain pompous First-Born demon with horns, wings, claws and an ego the size of Russia, if you wanted to make it through the year your only choice was to make the best of the hand that you'd been dealt. You *definitely* weren't about to stop making pacts with his brothers and spending time with them – even if it *did* led to chaos – just because it displeased Mister High and Mighty.

This is why you don't even hesitate when you get the chance to make a pact with Asmo. Lucifer openly threatens you while dancing with you at the ball, as if you were a meek little thing he could intimidate as he pleases, and this only strengthens your resolve. Maybe it was *supposed* to go this way, with him being a millennia-old demon and you being a simple human. But you were proving your worth by exceeding everyone's expectations of you, were you not? And you were definitely not about to back down and abandon the plan you'd set out to accomplish.

You're only half-surprised the next day after your return from the castle when he calls you to his room again for a second game. And the next week for another one. And the week after that, and the week after that... You keep losing, of course, you *always* lose, but not showing up to one of your weekly chess sessions would mean admitting that Lucifer has effectively bullied you into giving up, and you refuse to give him the satisfaction.

But even if Lucifer keeps beating you, you see the way he looks at you is starting to change. The way he treats you too. There is something that keeps manifesting in his eyes whenever you move your pieces on the board with renewed determination, and when you travel to London with him, Satan and Mammon, you find him to be rather *cordial* with you, which

catches you off-guard, to say the least. You're used to his icy-cold stares and his curt one-liners, and you're not sure what to make of the looks he gives you now that you're back in the Devildom. Like he's... studying you, somehow. *But to what end?*

All hell breaks loose when he finally learns about your scheming with Belphegor. And yet, as you finally manage to break through his wounded pride to talk to him after stealing his grimoire, and then after your – admittedly reckless – plan ends up in bringing Belphegor to see reason and to be reunited with his brothers, you see that exact same look in Lucifer's eyes again. Is it grudging respect? Curiosity? Something else? You don't know and you dislike not knowing. Even if... even if it's clear that Lucifer's crimson irises now undeniably soften whenever his gaze stops on you. You're pretty sure he's not interested in tearing you apart anymore. But if that's truly the case, then why does he insist in utterly crushing you at chess week after week?

"You've certainly improved since we first started playing."

This could have been a nice compliment on Lucifer's part, had he not just absolutely wiped the floor with you after you'd made one single rookie mistake by moving the rook that had prevented his bishop from capturing your queen. You raise your eyes from the board to glare silently at him, profoundly annoyed. Still, you keep advancing your pawns. *You can still get him.* Lucifer's suave voice persists in taunting you though. He doesn't even need to distract you to win, so you know this has to be about control again, *somehow.*

"I have to say, I've rarely met humans who proved to be as obstinate as you are. You just refuse to give up, don't you?"

This, combined with the satisfied smile that accompanies his words, is finally what makes you snap at him.

"And what about you, Lucifer? Why don't *you* give up? You think beating me at this stupid game proves anything? Does it really flatter your ego to keep on winning against a human who's thousands of years younger than you? I don't think it should, considering that same human has constantly outwitted you from day one in every other way."

You've barely even finished speaking that Lucifer rises from his seat. You get up too, driven by pure reflex, but just like that time in the underground tomb you stand your ground. Lucifer's movements become menacingly slow when he sees you're not about to run away. His gloved hand grabs your throat and tilts your face towards his. The pressure of his grip isn't strong enough to hurt, but you know he doesn't need to cause you pain for you to realize that you could only escape his grasp *if* he allowed you to. His lips part as he speaks once more, and you can swear the teeth behind them look sharper than usual.

"A reckless spirit and a smart mouth too... For someone who prides themselves in *constantly outwitting me*, you certainly seem sore about losing this *stupid game*, as you so elegantly put it."

You do your best to stare him down, your hands twisting the fabric of his coat as you grab it to better steady yourself. You will your voice to match the burning fierceness of his gaze.

“Unlike you, I have nothing to prove.”

“Oh? Do you think that’s what this is about, then? Proving something? I’m afraid you might be mistaken.”

And suddenly, Lucifer lowers his lips to yours. He does so slowly, giving you the time to move away if you so wished it, but you’re too astonished to even consider it. Unlike his firm grip around your throat, his kiss is gentle, his tongue delving into your mouth to caress yours with a softness that has you unwittingly shivering against him. Lucifer lets a barely perceptible sigh at the feel of your receptiveness, and his gloved hand leaves your neck to tangle into your hair, his other arm wrapping around your waist. Just like his touch, his kiss becomes more ardent, more encompassing, and it’s finally the feel of his teeth as he gently nibbles on your lower lip that snaps you out of your daze. You push Lucifer away, your eyes wide, your breath short and your hands almost shaking. Lucifer lets you free yourself and merely stares back at you, a mesmerizing passion lighting his gaze as his eyes seem to ask the question you’re too scared to formulate within the sanctity of your mind.

You gasp, only now realizing how the savage rhythm of your heartbeat seems to drown out almost every sound around you, and you run. You bolt out of Lucifer’s bedroom, too scared to turn away and see the look he could be giving you as you flee, and you race back to yours. Your lips still burn from Lucifer’s ministrations as you close your door behind you and lean against it to try to steady yourself.

Pleasure. In between your surprise and your panic, you had felt so much pleasure from a simple kiss. His gaze, his touch... all of it had held so much desire, so much *longing* for you. It was impossible not to feel it, and none of it had seemed impulsive, had it? But this was Lucifer you were dealing with! Why had he kissed you instead of punishing you? And more importantly, *why had you let him?*

The Avatar of Pride was undeniably handsome, possessing the kind of glorious beauty that could only befall the most infamous of fallen angels. But he’d been so cold, so distant with you from the start, treating you as an inconvenience at best and a human he wanted to murder at worse, so you simply hadn’t thought of him *that* way. He’d warmed up to you, sure, but... desire? *Lust*? Or could it have been another game of dominance? You’d fled the scene instead of confronting him, and now you were left with too many questions, the most pressing one being: deep down, had you *really* wanted to run from him?

Damn it...

The next days do nothing to put an end to your frustrating array of questions, and instead you’re only left with more uncertainty as you feel the weight of Lucifer’s gaze upon you whenever your paths cross. You had thought that he would come after you, sooner or later, maybe to scold you for running away, maybe to tell you that his kiss had been meaningless, or maybe to seduce you further, who knows? But you soon come to understand that it isn’t in

the nature of the prideful to fervently chase after someone who openly flees from them... Your unease eventually turns into exasperation – although you're not fully sure it's solely directed at Lucifer – and you realize that if you want answers, you'll have to go look for them yourself, directly at the source. And really, after everything you've gone through, you're not about to let yourself be intimidated by Lucifer's act now, whatever he had been planning when kissing you.

So, a few hours after dinner, when the evening shifts into night, you knock on the door of Lucifer's office. He calls your name as he tells you to come in, and you take a deep, shuddering breath. You enter and you see him sitting at his desk, busy with his paperwork. His brows raise slightly at your focused expression.

"Yes? Did you need something?"

"Why did you kiss me?"

Lucifer's lips curl into an amused smile.

"Blunt as always, I see. Very well."

He rises and walks towards you, his gait both graceful and yet inherently predatory. He's close to you when he stops in front of you. *Very* close.

"Tell me, what is it that you truly wish to know? You wonder if I desire you? If I want to make you mine? Then the answer is yes."

"But..."

"But what? Do you find it surprising? Do you not remember what I'd told you once when you'd asked me what type of individual I found appealing? *Pure, genuine, and worthy of respect*. I think that's a rather fitting description of you."

Lucifer's hand rises to trace a gentle caress on your face, his fingertips lingering near the corner of your lips. You feel yourself shiver again, just like the last time in his bedroom. *Why did his touch feel so impossibly entralling?*

"I... I specifically remember you telling me this applied more to souls than it did to humans."

"Did I? But your soul is part of you, the very manifestation of your being. And what a lovely, enticing being you are..."

His crimson eyes bore into you, their piercing depths so impossibly hypnotizing. It's almost like you can see the flames swaying within them. A red, blazing ocean of desire that seems to reflect your very soul back at you...

"My strange, fearless little exchange student... Who would have thought a human like you would stir up those feelings inside me?"

The dam of your own emotions breaks open with his confession. You had defied Lucifer, yes, hid many truths from him, you had challenged him, just like he had challenged you, but deep

down you had also been in awe of him. In awe of his aura of sheer power, of the way he was as adept as casting curses as he was in breaking them, of the strength of his determination, of his confidence, of all the things you had yet to discover about The Fallen Morningstar. You had repressed those feelings within you, hidden behind your will to survive and succeed in this dangerous realm, but now that Lucifer was no longer your foe, your belligerence had been stripped from you to leave... something else.

“And what does it entail, Lucifer, for a human like me to become yours?”

“Besides receiving the love of a greater demon? There is simply so much I would teach you. I know you’re eager to learn, and I know you have what it takes to gain even more power. I could tell that much each time I was playing chess against you, and your transcripts in all your magical classes show the extent of your true potential. Wouldn’t you like to learn how to put the magic of your pacts to good use? Can you picture what you would become? A force to be reckoned with amongst humans and demons alike... You are worthy of all of this and more, my love. You just have to allow me to unleash it within you. But first...”

Lucifer finally closes the gap between the two of you, and his mouth claims your own in a passionate kiss. You sigh and you melt into his touch. Your surroundings seem to shift as you lose yourself into his embrace, but you only really notice when Lucifer pulls away from you and you realize that you’re now in his bedroom. He smiles at your surprised expression.

“As I’ve said, there is a lot you have yet to learn when it comes to magic.”

Lucifer expertly removes your clothes, and you’re soon naked and shivering before him while he’s still fully dressed. He takes in the sight of you, the red glow of his eyes even brighter than the ambers of the fireplace roaring behind him.

“Exquisite...” he whispers in a deep, low voice.

You feel vulnerable as you realize the full extent of your submission to the demon before you. You’re giving yourself away to Lucifer out of your own free will, you realize. The one you had once considered your enemy. It is frightening, *so very frightening*, because you know that even if his brothers were already very dangerous, The First Born is infinitely more so. More devious, more scheming, more *powerful*. You had an inkling that he very rarely did not obtain what he wanted, and right now what he wanted was *you*. So after endlessly fighting him, why were you giving in so easily?

But *no*, you realize, you’re not *giving in*. You had wanted Lucifer’s respect, you’d fought so fiercely to earn it, and you’d gotten that and so much more. There was pleasure in victory, yes, and yet there was also pleasure in the sweet peace of relinquishment. And right now, after everything that had occurred between the two of you, you *yearned* to surrender yourself to Lucifer, if only to know what it would feel like, what he would do to you...

But that didn’t mean you couldn’t continue with your game...

“So what then?” you say as you try to match the insolence of your tone with the smugness of your smile. “You think that a few kisses and promises are enough to make me to swoon for you? Is that what you hoped would happen?”

A dangerous glint appears in Lucifer's gaze, and he roughly takes hold of your hair as his lips part to reveal a wolfish smile. The smoothness of his voice turns vicious.

"Oh, I'm going to enjoy taming you. First things first, I think you ought to be punished for running away last time. Don't you think?"

The fight is lost before it even begins, and you know it. You try to escape Lucifer's merciless grasp, but his strength is insurmountable. Your naked body quickly ends up on his bed, and Lucifer only has to whisper a few words in demonic for restraints to appear around your wrists and ankles. He forces you to lie down on his lap on your stomach as you writhe against him. You struggle against the warm, magical bindings tied taut to the railing of the bed, but it's a wasted effort. Lucifer chuckles behind you, and you only see his gloves landing on his nightstand before you feel the sharp, burning slap of his hand against your rear. You cry out in surprise, pain, and unwitting delight...

"My, my, what a lovely view... I have a feeling it'll look even lovelier in a few moments after I'm done with you."

You can only lie down, whimper, and take Lucifer's punishment as he spansks you with absolute care over and over again. No square of your flesh is left untouched, and soon enough your nerves are set aflame with a warm, tormenting fever. It could have been a few minutes or several dozen after he finally stops torturing you, caressing your reddened skin all over with a gentle touch. You pant and you choke out a moan as Lucifer finally slides two fingers into your tight heat.

"So very wet... You know, if you yearned to be punished that badly, you only had to say so, I would have gladly obliged... *Rebellious little human...*"

"Never... I'd never... give you... the satisfaction..."

"That we shall see... Now to move on to the main course..."

Lucifer rises, leaving you lying on your stomach on his bed, still tied up, and you hear more than see him undress. From the corner of your eye, you can see his tall, magnificent form, the flawlessness of his skin, and the strength of his desire... You feel him come on top of you, peppering your back and your aching behind with kisses, before finally stopping on your thigh and closing his teeth around its fleshiest part. You jolt and cry out at the pain, before Lucifer soothes it with the warm motions of his tongue and the gentle circles of his fingertips on your lower back.

"Don't worry, my love," he says as you attempt to turn your head to see, "it's just a shallow bite. I promise it'll barely be sore tomorrow."

His mouth travels to your neck then, and his hands turn you on your back so that you face him, your magical restraints adjusting to your new position, the ones on your ankles disappearing so that your legs can spread for him.

"You have *no idea* how long I've been meaning to make you scream this way... I will be the one to teach you about magic, pain, and pleasure, and you are going to listen and *take* what I

have to give... *You are mine.*"

You lose yourself in the crimson glow of Lucifer's cruel, pleased gaze as he slowly sinks into you, further blending the lines of pain and pleasure within your mind. His eyes never leave yours, and his hand finds your throat once more as he pins your head to the bed and torments you with merciless, brutal thrusts. The more you wrestle against your restraints, and the more you surrender afterwards, the more insatiable he becomes, dragging his sharpening fangs against the soft skin of your breasts. The tips of his claws nearly prick your thighs as he takes your legs and lifts your ankles over his shoulders, deepening the angle of his thrusts.

"Look at you... So weak and yet so strong... So pure, even in sin... You torment me as much as you delight me... My own personal little punishment, and my reward... *My love...*"

You reach your bliss, captive in Lucifer's embrace, and he spills himself inside you only when he sees that there's little more you'd be able to take. He growls in your ear as he finishes claiming you.

"You may leave the Devildom at the end of the year, but know this: there is no escaping from me... *You belong to me.*"

Lucifer keeps his promise, and you're unsurprised to find that he's a stern teacher. But you do learn a lot under his tutelage. About curses, the best way to cast them and to break them, about pacts, demons and how to harness the power within you to best summon and control them, about potions and the best way to turn a poison into an antidote and an antidote into a poison, and even about *chess*. Everything you inquire about, he's willing to teach you, to help you achieve more power. *More power...*

You fight with everything you've got to succeed at the magical feats he challenges you to accomplish. You give it your all. When you succeed, he spoils you. He takes you to the best restaurants, brings you to the most luxurious shops in the Devildom to shower you with clothes of the finest silks and jewels embedded with priceless gems. You walk side by side with him during formal events, and you waltz with him at the balls Diavolo gives in his castle. *You deserve the best*, Lucifer tells you, *and I will give it to you*. And when the two of you are alone after one of your victories, he rewards you with the softest of kisses, the sweetest of praises, and he makes love to you until the break of dawn, until you both fall asleep in each other's arms.

However, when you fail...

You become very familiar with his own personal brand of punishment. The spankings, the burn of his hands or of the other accessories he likes using to discipline you. There's a collar he enjoys tightening around your throat when you're too insolent for his tastes: you know that's usually what happens if you don't appear sorry enough when you miscast a spell. He hurts you until he makes you beg, until he makes you plead for his forgiveness for being such a lazy, *bratty* student. And only then does he take you, only then does he degrade you fully by shoving his cock inside you without any care for your pitiful whimpers, sometimes tightening

your collar even further around your throat and taunting you about how *helpless* you still are despite his teachings.

And you *love* it. The pain feels liberating, paradoxically. You try hard at whatever magic he challenges you to accomplish, and when you fail it's almost like you desire the torments Lucifer can bring you. Somehow, it manages to soothe your frustrations, to calm the dull aches of the longing for power within your heart. You don't have to fight anymore when you're at his mercy, and that is what it takes to soothe you, to bring you peace... Lucifer knows it of course. *He knows it.*

There's a lot of raw power inside you, The First Born tells you, a lot you can harness from your pacts with his brothers. Still, after a while, you find that you are limited in what you can do. You are neither a demon nor a witch after all, only a human with ancient angelic heritage, which has sometimes a way of reining in certain kinds of magic. That is when you ask Lucifer to make a pact with you for the first time.

"In due time, my love," he tells you. "When I deem you truly ready."

You feel ready already, of course. But the subject isn't up for debate, you quickly find out. So you wait. And no matter how difficult practicing magic gets, you give it your all.

You're happy when the others comment on your progress of course – you also can't help but notice with a lot of mirth that they're flabbergasted at your relationship with Lucifer – and they don't hesitate to compliment you on your new capacities. However, it's what Simeon tells you one day that ever truly gives you pause. The angel catches you in the RAD halls in the morning, his face wearing a curious, thoughtful expression.

"Lucifer seems particularly happy lately, and I've been told you are no stranger to this fact."

You don't bother to hide the smile that lights up your face.

"Well, yes. Lucifer and I are dating, and I've only gotten positive feedback from him, so I suppose you're right!"

You wink at Simeon, and the angel chuckles.

"It's currently the talk of the Devildom," he tells you. "The first Lord of Hell, and Prince Diavolo's right hand man, falling for a human... And yet, Lucifer couldn't possibly appear prouder about it. It's clear he holds you in high esteem."

Simeon's face becomes serious once more though, and he continues.

"You know, back when he was an angel, Luci always did protect brave, courageous and determined human souls such as yours. But ever since he became a demon..."

Simeon catches himself before he finishes his sentence. He shakes his head then, and he smiles once more.

"I know you can be a positive influence on him. He needs someone who both challenges and loves him. But please, be careful, all right? I don't want you getting hurt in the process."

“I’m touched that you’re worried about me, Simeon, I really am. But you know me, I know how to be prudent when it matters, and I think I know what I’m doing. I love Lucifer, and he loves me too.”

“I know that, little lamb, I know that. But still, Lucifer is a demon, and not just *any* demon, as you very well know... But who am I to get in the way of love? You know where to find me if you ever need my advice again.”

You’re grateful for the way Simeon cares about you, but you doubt he could understand the intricate dynamic Lucifer and you have built. Sometimes you even have trouble understanding it yourself. As the months pass, and as you become more confident in your capacities, what he asks of you also becomes more daunting, the magic more complex in its nature. The kind of tasks he requires you succeed in sometimes are so intricate that you wonder if he aims for you to fail at them. There would certainly be incentive enough in it for him, because the more you fail, the more you have to submit, and the more receptive you become to his teachings afterwards. Or at least you think that’s how he sees things.

And yet... no matter how much you fail, you still *want* the power. You know you want it. And you know you can *get* it. You just need more time, more practice, more capabilities...

“Have you had enough, then? Or do you think you need to be punished further?”

You’re on your knees, blindfolded, Lucifer’s cock shoved inside your mouth. You’d lacked concentration when attempting to lift the curse from the black gemstone The First Born had brought you for practice, and now you were paying the price.

You feel his fingers tangle into your hair, pushing you to take him even deeper. Your blindfold prevents you from seeing the expression his face wears, but you can imagine its smugness clearly. It drives you crazy, makes you restless. You’d wanted to lift that fucking curse.

Lucifer frees your mouth then, and you take a few panting breaths before backtalking.

“Admit it... you love it when I fail... I bet even Satan can’t lift a curse that complicated... You’re such a vicious sadist...”

“And you’re too much of a masochistic brat to ever refuse my care... Now get up.”

He forces you to lift your arms up in the air, and you feel restraints appear around your wrists. He fastens your bindings to a hook you know he’s able to conjure on the ceiling, and you become helpless once more. Lucifer walks behind you, cruelly squeezing your breasts as his lips come close to whisper into your ear.

“You want more power, don’t you? I can *feel* it.”

Yes. You *want* the power that is within your reach. You want to feel capable in this merciless, dangerous world full of demons. You want them to be wary of you, just like they fear

Solomon. You want to be able to walk the streets of the Devildom at night without a care in the world. You want to walk the streets of the human world like a divinity in disguise.

“True power comes at a cost,” Lucifer continues with a smile in his voice. “Are you really willing to do what it takes to have it?”

“Yes,” you desperately tell him. “Yes.”

Lucifer removes your blindfold, then. And as you can finally see again, his demon form reveals itself to you. Immense, magnificent wings surround you, their blackness almost gleaming in the dim light, just like the sharpness of his long horns, offering a striking contrast with the menacing red glow of his eyes.

“Then I will make a pact with you, and in exchange you will give me your soul.”

Your eyes widen and your breath hitches. *Your soul?*

“You’re very dear to me, my love. Which is why I won’t consume it, and I will allow it to remain within your body. You already know what it means to be mine. You *belong* to me, body and soul. We would only be making it official.”

“My soul...” you repeat in dazed astonishment. “My soul for true power...”

“Yes. Think about what a pact with me would bring you... Isn’t your soul a worthy price? Do you not trust me? I promise no harm will come to you, and I will keep on teaching you every single piece of knowledge that I possess. I know that amongst humans, only you would be capable in reaching the heights that many longed for before you, as long as you’re under *my* care. You would become more powerful than any witch could ever hope to be, even more powerful than Solomon himself... You only have to say yes, and I will do the rest.”

Power. *Absolute power.* You know Lucifer can give it to you. But only if he harnesses the power of your soul. And for a moment, you consider it. What Lucifer says makes sense: as long as you would obey him, your soul would remain safe. You would be fully his, yes, a sword of Damocles hanging atop your head. But the world would be yours, and Lucifer wouldn’t be tempted in truly consuming your soul, would he?

But as you look into his eyes, into the flames blazing deep within them, you think back to Simeon’s words and you realize that no good could ever come out of signing your soul away. *Corruption.* The tainting of the very essence of your being, all in the name of power. You know there is no love to be found in this deal, and right now you can tell that inside Lucifer’s gaze, the gnawing, encompassing yearning to destroy anything and everything pure has overcome all the rest.

“Never.” You finally manage to choke out. “I will never give my soul away. Not to anyone, not even to you.”

Incredulity crosses Lucifer’s features, and then anger. You’re still naked, your wrists bound to the hook above you, but you stare Lucifer down as if it weren’t the case.

“Never? You would refuse the power I can give you? You would deny yourself to me?”

“I’m not denying anything that matters, Lucifer. You have my body and my heart, just like I have yours. But my soul is mine and mine alone, and that’s final. Now please untie me.”

But Lucifer’s hand reaches your throat and tightens around it. He’s silent, but the rage in his gaze is answer enough. You shudder, feeling the fear rise within you. You don’t think you’re able to conceal it, but you refuse to look away all the same.

“Lucifer. I *will not* yield. So you’ll either have to untie me, or kill me. What do you choose?”

The red of his eyes becomes almost blinding, the warmth of his hand almost scorching, and for a brief moment, your eyes fill with tears as you truly believe you’re about to die. But you refuse to close them, facing the inferno of Lucifer’s gaze with all your might.

But then your bindings disappear and you’re free, mysteriously back on your feet. Lucifer’s demon form fades and he turns away from you, shielding whatever expression his face wears from your gaze. You take a deep, shuddering breath, your heart still beating wildly. You pick up your clothes, quickly putting them on again in case you need to run. But Lucifer still doesn’t move, and you’re not sure if you should be saying something or if you should be bolting out of his room. The weight of your terror-induced adrenaline still courses within you, but somehow you don’t feel the need to run away.

“Lucifer.” you start, but as soon as you speak, he interrupts you.

“Go.” he simply says, his voice barely above a whisper. “Go back to your room.”

You wish you knew what to reply right now, but the truth is that your fear has only left questions and confusion in its wake, and part of you knows that it’s not wise to stay with Lucifer right now. *You need to think, you both need to think.*

So you leave, and it’s only when you reach the sanctity of your bedroom that you let the tears really flow.

A week passes. The first week of your last month in the Devildom, and during those seven days Lucifer disappears. No one knows where he’s gone, not even you. And as you try to mend your wounded pride and your wounded heart, you realize that Lucifer is probably feeling something very similar. *But he’d left.* That stupid, prideful bastard had left, leaving you once more with unanswered questions. His brothers are here to soothe your worries though. Mammon knows him the best, you know that much, and he tells you in his own very Mammon-way to stop panicking and torturing yourself. *He’ll be back,* he tells you, *and then you have to call me so I can watch ya yell at him!*

The mental image makes you laugh, so you bide your time, but on the evening of the seventh day, when you receive a single message of none other than Lucifer himself, telling you to come meet him in his office, you can’t help but huff at his shamelessness. *That stupid, prideful bastard...*

You still come to meet him, though, because there's no way you'll let yourself be intimidated now. It feels like déjà-vu when you knock on his office door. But this time as you enter he's not sitting at his desk, but staring outside his window. He starts talking, his voice calm and even.

"Do you remember when I told you that it was almost impossible for a demon to resist temptation?"

"How could I forget? I never thought that damn record would ever distract you enough for me to sneak into the attic."

"And yet it did, even if I was convinced that you would be unable to see what its door truly hid."

Lucifer turns to you then, and you see his features, how they're absolutely devoid of any anger. There's a longing in his eyes again, but his gaze is much softer than that fateful night a week ago, and his voice becomes just as gentle.

"I don't think you realize how much of a temptation your soul represents to me..."

"I know of temptation, Lucifer. I felt it when you offered your pact to me in exchange of power. But I think you very well know why I can't accept that deal, and why I never will."

"Yes, I do. I've stripped enough humans of their souls to know what it truly does to them. And yet... your soul... it still calls to me, even now. So very pure and shining, you have no idea..."

Lucifer's body shivers as he closes his eyes, humming in delight, and when he opens them again you can see the ominous blazing softly gleaming in them once more. But this time, he holds it at bay.

"Words are just words, and I do not wish to lose myself in endless apologies. So I'll offer this to you instead: a pact with me, free of any cost."

Your eyes widen at his words. *Had he just...?*

"Make no mistake, you *will* still belong to me, as you have until now. And without the essence of your soul, I cannot give you the full extent of the power you could wish for. But you don't mind that, do you?"

And as you observe Lucifer's expectant gaze, you realize what it means to be *The Avatar of Pride*. It's something you'll have to take into account more than ever for your relationship to have any hope of working out in the future, you know that. But now, with the power of Lucifer's pact, you'll be on equal footing, and he will never truly be able to force you to do anything again, the same way you know you would never force him to do anything against his will either.

"What is your answer?" he asks you, the faintest tinge of worry in his gaze. Your features soften, and you smile.

“Lucifer, I accept your pact.”

You feel the burning warmth of his magic seep within you, and you close your eyes in delight. Lucifer holds you until it's over, and he cups your face as you're still dizzy from the raw energy coursing within your veins. He kisses you, deeply, passionately, the feel of his lips against yours conveying everything he's unable to say.

“I love you.” he finally whispers as he pulls back and traces soothing circles on your cheekbones.

The only leverage he ever had to gain access to your soul is gone, leaving only mending trust from now on. A trust combined with respect, something Lucifer needed from you as much as you'd needed it from him, you understand.

"I love you too."

Loving a demon was dangerous, yes, but deep down you thrived in danger. And you had always enjoyed a challenge.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaand it's done! It's been a wild ride again! I never thought I'd be writing chapters this long, or that writing this fic would be so daunting, but after almost two months I've finally finished it! Thank you so so so much for leaving so many kudos and comments! Life has been getting pretty busy and demanding for me lately, and the support I got from writing this fic has really helped me get through it! Best lockdown cure ever! Thankfully I'll be on vacations in a couple of weeks, so I'll have plenty of time to rest, read and have fun, lazy days!

I also want to thank my favorite simp discord server for helping me brainstorm this chapter! Lucifer is more elusive to me than his brothers, and a few second opinions of lovely, fellow simps really came in handy!

So far, I have another fic idea for Obey Me in the works, and I've written a few pages already, but first I want to take a short break cause there's only so much demon content my mind can handle at once haha.

I love you all, take care <3

Works inspired by this one

[Fatal Flaw](#) by [Azia](#)

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