The Laying on of Hands

by FluffyGlitterPantsDragon

Summary

Dan has a rough post-workout and a generally bad day. Lucifer helpfully offers massages.

Moaning ensues.

Notes

As always, thanks again to my super patient, super wonderful, super amazing Beta Reader, Just_Mad_Enough. They are wonderful and I owe them, like, a pile of chocolate donuts, or something. Also, they are responsible for these last two work title names. Perfection.

This ended up being really fun to write. Also, this is sort of a prequel to Wings.

Dan rolled his shoulder for at least the 100th time that afternoon, muffling a light groan to himself. Or so he thought. Between it being a Monday, getting assaulted by a suspect, tripped by an errant table and going a little hard on his morning workout, Dan was not having a fantastic day.
And now here comes Lucifer.

Lucifer with his dark eyes and overdressed in another shade-of-grey fitted three-piece and white shirt hovered, surveying the bullpen like a substitute for reigning over hell, if you believed him. Regardless, he almost always stepped up with a smile. Say what you will about him, he didn’t fake interest in anything. Not that it didn’t make him any less of a pain in the ass.

“Problem, Detective Espinoza?”

Because of course, Lucifer was bored and looking for something to do. No one to interrogate, Chloe out at the courthouse. Even Ella didn’t want to be bothered in her lab. So that left the ever-insufferable Lucifer to him. **Yay, me.**

Dan grumped shortly, “I’m fine. Nothing I want your help with.”

The resident Civilian Police Consultant approached Dan’s desk with one of his usual leers. “You don’t sound fine. And I am acquainted with any number of utterances due to pain, no point in trying to deny it. Rough weekend?”

Dan rubbed his upper arm and issued a challenge without thinking about it. “Rough morning. It’s not like you can do anything about it.”

“Oh? Can’t I? Care to try me?” The Devil dropped languidly into the chair on the other side of Dan’s desk, sprawling like a Siamese cat, all **King of my castle.**

Great. Now the bastard’s entrenched.

When he noticed Lucifer’s dark eyes watching him, Dan dropped his hand. “It’s nothing a few days of taking it easy and some Bengay can’t fix. Seriously, I’ll be fine.” He certainly wasn’t going to admit it was slightly worse than that. Still, sore arms and embarrassing bruises weren’t something you could just will away, even if he was actually the Devil. Which he wasn’t.

Lucifer arched an eyebrow like he could read Dan’s thoughts. “Pull something? Someone pull it for you?” His dark eyes raked down Dan’s torso with a sultry tilt of his head. “There’s that new fellow down in Traffic who has been eyeing you. He offer to take care of any parking tickets for you recently?”

“I don’t have any outstanding parking tickets. And I’m not gay.” He felt himself warm up for no reason whatsoever. The new guy certainly wasn’t Dan’s type. If he had a male type. Which he didn’t. Why does Lucifer even wear eyeliner?

“Oh of course not,” Lucifer agreed blandly.

Dan resisted the temptation to ask Lucifer to clarify his comment. Barely. His hand snuck up his bicep again to toy with a sore spot. “Are you just here to torment me or what?”

“No the contrary, I’m offering assistance. You’ve been making some truly agonizing sounds all day. If I have to hear them all week, I may get flashbacks.” He threw in one of his Devil-smirks.

Dan heard himself say, “What could you possibly do to help me?” before he could stop himself. He wasn’t comfortable with the Devil offering him favors. And those deep, dark eyes hid a suggestion - they always do.

Lucifer gleefully tented his fingers. “Why, Detective, I have an array of handy tools at my disposal.”
“Okay, and? Or more importantly, why?”

He shrugged. “I’m a helper.”

“You’re just bored, aren’t you?”

He responded with one of his infuriating shit-eating grins. “I wasn’t aware there existed a rule that I can’t be both bored and a helper?”

Dan looked at the ceiling, stretching his neck. “If I agree to let you figure out how to ‘help me’, will you go away?” Something caught in his lower back with a cramp. He tried to keep his reaction off his face, but he wasn’t sure of his success.

“Oh, is that an offer?”

What could he possibly do, anyway? He was a playboy, fer Chris’sake, not a...whatever the hell Lucifer actually thought he was. “Oka-wait, are you going to give me the name of your masseuse? I’m assuming you have one on speed-dial that cost more for an hour of work than I clear in a day.”

“Oh, so you know Tabitha?”

“No. I certainly don’t know Tabitha. And if I did, you just confirmed I can’t afford her. And now you’re going to make some commentary on her other services. That I neither need nor want to pay for.”

“Detective! You’re living up to your job title today, aren’t you? Getting thrown about a little seems to have done you some good.”

Dan rubbed his neck with a mild wince. “So how do I get you to go away?” He vowed never to be tackled by a suspect into a wall on shoulder day ever again, if it could be helped.

His annoying co-worker pulled himself up on long, long legs. “Simple. You agree to allow me to deal with your problem.”

“Personally, or shunting me off to someone else?” Please be someone else.

He just leaned on Dan’s desk, sensing advantage, lean devilish form on display. “What would be the fun in telling you?”

“I’m going to regret this. No, I already regret this. “Fine.”

Lucifer lifted off the desk, strolling around behind him and trailing a single fingernail across the back of Dan’s shoulders from one side to the other. Having somehow won this round, his voice dropped into dark velvet, quietly dragging out his words. “Come up to my place after work.”

Dan’s throat went a little dry, a light tingle following the trailing digit and raising goosebumps on his flesh. “Lux? What can you do there?”

“Upstairs, Detective.”

Lucifer vanished immediately after, leaving Dan with an oddly pain-and-tension-free stripe across his upper back, and the rest of him still aching for relief. No, wait - bad wording. Surely Lucifer didn’t mean that kind of help. I turned down the damn blowjob offer last week, thank you very much.

It was that weird-ass band of not-pain more than anything else that brought Dan to the doors of
Lucifer’s elevator after work. The aches over the rest of his body flared angrily in contrast to whatever the hell Lucifer did to him. Ibuprofen barely made a dent in the rest of it. The bartender didn’t even blink when Dan arrived well before club opening, waving him over to the lift.

So here he was, staring at the short list of buttons ending with ‘Penthouse’ helpfully at the top of the column. Finger poised over the button, leather jacket draped over his arm, Dan hesitated.

The door on the bottom floor had slid closed behind him a few minutes ago. He wondered if the elevator walls always had that lurid golden glow or just when it was active. Stop delaying, Dan. You made it this far on morbid curiosity alone.

Still, what if this is just another ruse to get into my pants? Lucifer did tend to be upfront about that though. And frankly, if he was just magical enough to lift the pain from his - no. Still straight, thank you very much.

The elevator started up on its own. One decision taken out of his hands. He dropped his finger.

It belatedly occurred to him that the Devil trades favors, not just volunteers them.

Shit.

Lucifer saluted him with a toothy smile and a glass of whiskey from the penthouse bar. For him, he was fairly dressed down, shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow, top two buttons undone. No vest or jacket.

Dan’s eyes totally didn’t linger on his normally hidden tanned forearms or visible span of smooth chest. Nope.

No one else lounged in his apartment. Just him.

Dan cleared his throat. “Hey.”

“I’m pleased you came.”

He stared awkwardly, finding the statement unlikely on several levels. “Why am I here?”

“Because you agreed to, dear Daniel. I wouldn’t have you against your will.” Every other word out the Devil’s sly mouth was sin and innuendo. Dan shivered slightly.

Lucifer set down his drink, stepping closer. Dan watched him warily, stretching his neck. “Just being here is something I’m already starting to regret.”

“Oh, we can’t have that. How can I make you more comfortable? Drink?”

Dan looked around. The immaculate apartment both inviting and intimidating. “Nah, drinks and muscle soreness don’t go great together.”

“You know what does go together? Sore muscles and my hands.”

He was not thinking about those arms at all. Nope. “I’m not having sex with you, dude.”

Lucifer’s sly grin hadn’t budged a centimeter. “Good thing I’m not suggesting it. You are straight are you not? Come now, massage table, bed or couch? My reach will be considerably better in the bed.”

“Oh? Couch?” The floor under Dan felt suspiciously traitorous. He was sure any option would leave him at a disadvantage.
Lucifer seemed perfectly happy with the choice. “Excellent, I’ve got a Body Bags flick loaded. Sometimes it’s easier to work with a little distraction.” Lucifer whipped out a bottle of lotion or oil from somewhere, placing it within arms reach (one of his arms) on the glass top coffee table. He sat on the leather couch, patting the cushion in front of him as if calling over a puppy.


“Daniel. I’m hurt.” His wicked grin completely at odds with what he just said. “Call it a little experiment.”

He sat cross-legged on the floor in front of the couch. He’d be damned if he was going to sit on the couch. Lucifer’s legs opened to frame Dan’s shoulders, immediately convincing Dan he’d made the wrong choice out of bed, couch or table. Lucifer scooted forward to put his hands in a better position. Dan became extremely aware of the other’s crotch inches from the back of his head.

Well, I’m fucked now.

“Daniel, you’re only adding to your own tension, relax a little.”

“Well, you’re damaging my calm.”

“Oh, would you prefer Firefly? Shame what Fox did to it. I have the complete set.”

“Sure, I haven’t seen it in a while.” Lucifer would have to get up to change discs, and maybe he could change positions.

Lucifer had a multi-disc player, already loaded with Firefly, because of course he did.

The ten-plus-years canceled show queued up on the flatscreen, and to be honest, Dan almost didn’t jump when Lucifer touched the back of his neck. His nails were trimmed short and didn’t dig into his skin. Dan had a few ex’s who were ‘okay’ at neck rubs, but none of them had the inherent strength, or heat, of Lucifer’s pianist hands. Lucifer worked thumbs into Dan’s atlas bone at the bottom of his skull and he felt a releasing rush of blood flow immediately.

Working down either side of his neck, devil fingers swept into the hollow of Dan’s clavicle, and he made a noise in his throat. It totally did not resemble a sex noise.

He found himself with eyes fluttering closed, suddenly not giving as much of a crap about whatever ‘experiment’ Lucifer was up to this time. Those warm fingers were so long that his thumbs reached behind Dan’s ears while still fanned against his neck on either side. Thumb pads pulled dragging circles in his short hair at the back of his head. He breathed out as hairs flicked back in place as Lucifer’s thumbs passed, leaving tingles in their wakes.

This is…actually nice.

Lucifer’s fingers swept the line of his v-neck, and Dan almost protested, except they were already moving back behind him and digging knuckles into the middle of his Trapezius on either side of his spine. Something let go, unwinding Dan from the back of his skull down to where Lucifer worked on him. Dan made a mental note to find a masseuse he could actually afford.

Fingertips dipped into that weird-ass line of not-pain Lucifer started at work and the tension melted.

The man has skills.
He moaned. He knew Lucifer’s shit-eating grin was back on his face, but he didn’t care. His lizard brain basked on a hot rock in the sun, washed over by waves of, dare he name it pleasure? Contentment. Let’s go with that.

Lucifer was strong. Hot palms slid down his spine, dragging over the grey cotton tee. The shirt wasn’t tucked into Dan’s jeans. Light cologne wafted along with a passing breath as Lucifer’s face dipped lower into Dan’s space following hand motions. He didn’t linger, didn’t press his lips into the side of Dan’s neck in a seduction attempt. His heart rate sped up a little, all the same.

Fingers teased a sliver of exposed skin for a split-second before resuming their journey up the sides of his ribs. Once again, Dan wasn’t quick enough to protest and he wasn’t even sure it was intentional. On screen, River is discovered in the cargo crate amid condensing, misty puffs of air. Dan had missed the part where they got on board the ship.

Lucifer skimmed a bruise and Dan flinched. The Devil sounded contrite, but the words were teasing. “Am I too hard?”

Dan hoped like hell Lucifer couldn’t feel the blood rushing up his body. “Just hugged a brick wall a little too passionately.”

He tugged the side of Dan’s shirt up to get a look. The bruise was more of a building corner imprint and it ran from tanned hip to shoulder blade. “Oh dear. Let’s see if there are any others.” With that, he had Dan’s Henley off, and conveniently dropped it out of reach.

The cooler air of the apartment hit his skin and he noticed how warm he’d gotten. Lucifer rubbed his palms together, returning them with coconut oil to Dan’s bare skin. “That does look dreadful. It does make the rest of your skin stand out though.”

Dan didn’t ask for his shirt back, but the nervousness in his throat died when broad hands applied themselves to his shoulders. What do I have to be nervous about again?

The sensation was entirely different, and Lucifer’s hands were even warmer. He made a show of avoiding the long, painful, purple bruise and looked for others - there was another on the opposite hip from where the suspect’s gun holster pressed right into the place where his hipbone jutted out. He hissed when Lucifer found it - the injury must be deeper than he thought.

“What’s this?” An oil-slicked hot thumb tested the area. If it slid under the waistband of Dan’s jeans, he didn’t complain. Lucifer’s massaging fingers traced the outline, a near perfectly gun/holster-shaped bruise imprinted on his hip that hurt like hell. He didn’t even notice how far under the band Lucifer had to reach. At least that’s what he told himself.

“The outcome of being sandwiched between a wall and a larger-than-average suspect. Bitch really nailed me.” Dan unconsciously leaned away from that side, giving Lucifer better access. Whatever he was doing was an admittedly wonderful blend of hurt-release.

“Metaphorically, I assume.”

Dan released a short laugh that hurt his ribs.

Lucifer’s slick fingers walked up Dan’s back, finding and releasing knots. Tightly wound bands of muscle spasmed and let go. At one point, Lucifer leaned his elbow into a particularly resistant knot the size of a fist. Dan breathed in sharply on a nasty, stabbing cramp then out with a slow groan as it released.

Lucifer hummed, close to Dan’s ear, “Lean back, would you?” Lucifer shifted his legs a little away.
from Dan’s shoulders, probably to keep his pants away from the coconut oil or whatever he was using. Dan snorted. Only the Devil would give a massage in dress slacks. He was on the verge of asking why he hadn’t changed, but that might encourage said Devil to rid himself of his pants. And Lucifer rarely needed much encouragement to lose his clothes.

He looked good in just a towel too. The day Lucifer shadowed him at the spa crept into his brain. He definitely didn’t eyeball Lucifer when they changed in the men’s locker room, when his eyes were quickly drawn upward to the weird scars from...elsewhere.

Dan’s oiled back stuck against the soft leather. Lucifer leaned forward for leverage, his hands plunging down Dan’s sternum. Not unpleasant body heat pricked at the back of his head.

That’s when Dan discovered his chest was at least as tense as his back. When did that happen? Oiled fingers pulled across from breastbone to arms, and traced up. Dan’s eyes had closed again, leaned up and relaxed against the soft, giving cushion, breathing out. Perception told him the hair on the back of his head was millimeters from Lucifer’s thighs. He definitely didn’t care.

“How are you feeling, Daniel?”

“How about we get you somewhere flat? That hip bruise feels like it needs some special attention.”

He couldn’t argue with that, could he? Of course, the leather couch wouldn’t do. Also, of course, the massage table wasn’t set up. His hip did hurt like a bitch. Lucifer didn’t even have the seduction aura on when he made the suggestion.

Standing next to the huge bed, Dan was a little disappointed.

Wait, what?

Well, frankly, he was. Had Lucifer changed his mind about wanting to bed everything that moved? Or had Dan dropped off his ‘to bang’ radar? Dan knew he looked great for his age, better than most, really, even here in L.A.. Here Lucifer was getting him out of jeans, right next to his bed, critically inspecting the hip visible above his boxer-briefs and not bombarding him with sexual innuendo?

This would not fucking do.

“I think I have some arnica cream around here some-” Dan grabbed Lucifer’s expensive shirt collar and yanked him down to his face, the Devil quickly gripping the stone wall behind Dan. “Oh, hello there, Detective. Did you want something?” his completely innocent-yet-smarmy eyes hovered quite close to Dan’s face. Fuck.

“Well, yes, that’s the idea, Detective Douche’ - And now Lucifer is in my head. Wonderful. And his stupid accent came along for the ride.

Dan wasn’t actually sure where he wanted to go with this. Did he want to be just another notch in Lucifer’s well marked bedpost?

Dan pulled back against the wall without much room to move, again belatedly remembering the Devil’s other trick up his sleeve. Too late.

Lucifers endless deep brown eyes locked onto his grey, “You’ve got me where you want me, Daniel. What do you want to do about it?” His lips came closer, waiting, smiling. Like he could
pause there for all eternity. Dan could throw him off if he wanted to. Dan owned the first move.

Dick.

Somewhere in the background, a blaster firefight broke out on screen.

Son of a bitch.

Dan cupped the back of Lucifer’s head, pulling him the remaining inch of space. Lucifer was a gracious victor, kissing no more firmly than Dan desired. Lucifer purred like a fucking cat, a low, pleased, mmmmming against Dan’s lips and molding the rest of his lithe body to fit. An extremely erect Lucifer settled on him and Dan felt himself responding, winding up, even with his sore shirtless back against rough stone relief. Lucifer moved, reaching behind Dan’s waist, stroking his ribs.

Then the Devil had to go ruin it by lifting his head, complete with a smile and a breathless, “About bloody time.”

“Shut up.” Dan wrapped an arm around Lucifer, pulling at his shirt tail with the other. It was a short step from grinding into the wall to being shoved down on the bed. Warm lips found his again, hot tongue dragging across Dan’s teeth, seeking entry. They breathed hard on each other, Dan finding his footing against wide, strong, eager lips. Everything was smaller and softer and yielding on a woman, but he could admit this was nice.

His instincts impressing that Lucifer only yielded if he wished to.

He had a firm, fit body with a weight to it unlike any of his previous partners. Blanketing contact wasn’t something he was used to, much less a taller, well, male partner. But he felt nice. Even the rock hard erection provided unexpected pressure that was just...good against his own. He moaned into devilish lips, letting go of a million reasons this was actually a terrible idea.

Lucifer made sounds of encouragement that Dan took to heart, pulling tighter, and hard.

Those long fingers found Dan’s shorter hair, dragging his nails with a much different urgency than on the couch. Heart in his throat, Dan combed his fingers through jet black hair, disturbing the Devil’s coiffed look. A few black curls fell over his forehead, somehow jacking up the bastard’s sex appeal. God, all men weren’t like this, were they? Because holy fuck, we’d never get around to actually reproduce otherwise.

Prickly five o’clock shadow tickled his cheek, oddly pleasant. Lucifer bit his earlobe. Softly, “You can let me just take over, if you want.”

Dan growled, shoving him back up on his knees and grabbed at Lucifer’s remaining shirt buttons. “Why me?”

Lucifer unashamedly raked his eyes up and down Dan, licking his lips. “Personality aside, you actually do make a rather nice example for a human male.”

And there’s the Devil talk. Check. Finally.

Dan pushed Lucifer’s shirt off his shoulders. Devil persona or not, the man had an insane aura of passion and desire. He was also 90% sure he was not going to go after any other men. If only because he was about to be ruined for it.

Lucifer certainly didn’t hide his own glee at being eye-fucked, yanking his belt off and tossing it off to the side. Dan eyed it, pulling apart Lucifer’s pants. The Devil didn’t miss that either. “Do we have a naughty side, Daniel? I have more suitable restraints, but sometimes a thing is a classic for a reason.
If you’re after a spanking, I have a better selection.”

Dan’s brain froze. The tempting spanking offer prompted all sorts of ideas, but it could go from sexual to not very quickly. “Can I...restrain you?”

“Goodness, yes, of course! The whole point is to let yourself have a little fun.” Lucifer gamely held his wrists up together. “Or behind my back? You should know it’s basically ineffective as I can break out anytime I want, but it’s the spirit that’s important.”

Dan was not prepared for the enthusiasm. “I don’t actually know?”

“Start with this and we can go from there.”

Dan somewhat uncertainty wrapped the belt a few times around Lucifer’s wrists, stacking them right over left, buckling with verbal assistance. With anyone else he’d wonder why the belt had holes far enough back to fit around two wrists, but well…

They faced each other on their knees until it occurred to Dan he’d have to undress Lucifer the rest of the way. He hooked the trousers low, baring Lucifer’s happy trail and Apollo’s Belt as the silk boxers came down off his hips. Dan felt his breath catch.

Lucifer smirked, because of course he did. “And now you know one of the reasons I like men. You should take a good look at yourself in the mirror sometime.” He shuffled forward on his knees, shoving Dan on his back with restrained wrists, the walking motion freeing his hips of clothes entirely. In a few smooth movements, Lucifer yanked down Dan’s black briefs, leaning down and capturing his dick with his mouth.

Dan adjusted his knees, Lucifer leaning on his elbows and with his hands bound between Dan’s legs.

Jesus Christ. He’s doing this without hands.

“Oh, my God.”

Lucifer looked up at Dan from around his occupied lips, with a really? face.

“Oh, my Satan?”

He isn’t all talk. Lucifer’s evil lips and wet mouth sucked him into a raging hard on. His heartbeat pounded in his ears and he couldn’t stop a little buck that hit the back of his partner’s throat.

“S-sorry.”

Lucifer lifted just enough to breath on Dan’s cock. “Quite all right. You can’t hurt me.”

Dan reached up to grip one of Lucifer’s shoulders. “The last thing I’d want to do is hurt you.”

The Devil shrugged him off. “What did I just say?” He scooched his elbows forward enough to tease Dan’s balls, returning his mouth where Dan needed it. The view was stunning. Messy, loose black hair curling in different directions, elbows tucked close together between Dan’s legs. When Lucifer’s head sucked all the way down his shaft, Dan had a perfect line of sight down his partner’s spine to heart shaped ass. Lucifer’s lips pressed close around his dick, slick and running with his saliva.

Sensing Dan getting close to release, Lucifer withdrew his mouth with a last, hard, sucking noise and licked him from balls to tip, before wiping his face on the side of his bound hands. He broke out his
full on sexy voice with glittering near-black eyes. “Do you want to come in my mouth or ass?”

Hnnnnng. Right, talking now. “Turn over.”

He did as told for once, barely impeded, if at all, by the restraint. “That’s the spirit. Lube’s in the top left drawer, grab the silicone-based one.”

“Er?”

“Blue cap. It’s not as sticky in the long run.”

Dan tugged the slacks and boxers off Lucifer’s lower legs, found the correct lube and hesitated. He really wanted to ask about the crescent shaped scars, but now was not the time. The rest of Lucifer’s arched back, neck and ass made a fabulous outline though. Long, well-toned legs crossed at the ankles on the void-black comforter threw a suggestion at him to find new porn online.

Dan swallowed. What was he doing again?

The Devil looked back impatiently, propped up on his elbows, belt-wrapped-wrists looking quite secure, for now. “Well? Just slather yourself, seriously, it’s not that different from buggering a woman.”

“It’s been a while.” Dan did as instructed, finding just stroking himself with Lucifer waiting under him intoxicating. Fumbling a little, he found where he needed to go and pressed a lubed fingertip in, gripping himself with his left hand and praying he could pretend to know what he was doing with some level of skill.

Lucifer widened his hips a bit in response and breathed in with a low, happy sound. “Mmmm, you’re going to make me bite through this belt, aren’t you, Daniel?”

Dan sucked down a breath and added a second finger, warming up, experimentally rimming with his free thumb on the same hand. Lucifer made a deep, appreciative noise that struck Dan to his core and left him squeezing himself just a little too hard.

He was ready but he held off just a little longer to make sure Lucifer was. In the meantime... “You’re going to need it. I’m going to fuck you senseless.”

Lucifer turned on his shoulder, flashing his black-rimmed fuck-me eyes. “Do tell.”

He swallowed, adding a third finger, curling them a little. “You’re going to feel my dick all the way to your throat.”

The Devil purred. “Daniel, you do have a naughty side, don’t you?”

Dan removed his fingers, shoving Lucifer back down flat, who grinned with approval. Dan shifted his hips in, slipping a couple of times against the right spot, but Lucifer didn’t seem to mind. The grabbing sensation once he got it in left him breathing hard. Lucifer’s ass was tight. And greedy.

“Oh.”

He sank in to the hilt and Lucifer pushed back against him.

That’s when Dan forgot to breathe. Jesus fucking Christ. Lucifer was firm and slick and hot all around him. Lucifer flexed his ass and Dan nearly finished then and there.

He rocked his hips, trying to last at least a little longer than a fucking high school senior. Dan was hard. Stomach coiling, balls aching, pulse throbbing hard in his cock. He could feel Lucifer’s
echoing pulse at the point of connection, as it slid back and forth along his dick.

Lucifer lay flatter, bound wrists extended, gripping a pillow. “Very nice, Detective, surely you can give it to me just a little harder?”

*What the Devil wants…*

Dan *thrust* in, clamping his jaw and it suddenly became important that Lucifer enjoyed this too. Light sweat broke out on Dan, and Lucifer wasn’t even breathing hard, but his back under the scars tensed, and he made gratifying sounds with each hard hit home. “That’s right, Daniel, fuck the Devil, *give* yourself to me. Make me come on your cock. Don’t hold back.”

Dan skipped a beat, surprising himself, then *rammed* Lucifer, who accepted the pounding with unfettered glee. He clawed a pillow under his hips, raising them just enough to make the angle better for them both. Dan leaned over, switching his grip from the hips under him, to further under, grasping Lucifer’s neglected hard on.

Lucifer tightened again, with a repeated string of *Yes, Dan!*

The Devil came undone under his hands and cock, Dan following shortly, in throbbing waves, collapsing over him in a loose muscled puddle.

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His vision cleared, head against a firm, male shoulder and him on his side. Lucifer lay comfortably on his back, wrists free, *How the hell?*, eyes closed but not sleeping. Dan wasn’t entirely aware of how they got that way, but the full body, warm skin contact was pleasant, if a little sticky and damp in places. He had an arm over the other’s waist and found himself thumbing a bare hip bone.

He must have passed out for a few minutes. Good lord.

Glancing down their totally not cuddling bodies - *aw, fuck it.* Dan shifted his weight, entangling one of Lucifer’s free legs. He didn’t want to move. He *couldn’t* move. He’d swear his various sore muscles weren’t any more. But he’d have to move again to find out. Lucifer’s body was a temple and he was perfectly fine with staying right here tonight as a supplicant.

Lucifer cracked open an eye at him. “Still alive?”

“Shut up.”

“Ready for round two, Douche?”

“...Maybe.”

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