Mysterious

by NikkiDoodle

Summary

When M is dared to text the Devil's number during Christmas things take a very unexpected twist when a message is received.
Chapter 1

M: Hey. What up Satan?

666: And who might this be?

M: Oh wow I didn't think that would work?

666: Well it did. Mind telling me who you are and why you decided to get a hold of this number?

M: My cousin dared me to message it. We're board at Christmas.

666: So you decided to text the King of Hell?

M: Wait? King of Hell? Crowley?

Crowley: Who is this?

M: Well fuck.
Chapter 2

M: Call me M.

Crowley: Well, M, now that your little plan backfired mind telling me how you know me?

M: Alternate universe where you're portrayed by a character on a TV show called Supernatural. Unless you know, you're not the real Crowley and you're just some jerk pulling my leg? But that wouldn't explain how a text sent to a number with only 3 digits.

Crowley: You're rather curious aren't you?

M: Always. My cousin doesn't believe this though. She's having a hard time figuring this out herself.

Crowley: Like you said darling, magic.

M: I guess so.
M: So, what's it like living in your world?

Crowley: It's life I suppose. Although for a demon such as myself, and being King of Hell, things become rather tedious.

M: Curious to know what season you're from. Has the apocalypse been stopped yet that Lucifer tried to bring?

Crowley: That was three years ago. Amazing that you know that. T.v. show you said?

M: Yeah. How does it feel to be someone else's entertainment for once?

M: Hello?

M: I was only kidding!

M: Come back my King...
Chapter 4

M: I'm bored.

Crowley: And your first instinct is to bother me? Charming.

M: What I like you is that so bad?

Crowley: You like me?

M: . . . I mean, I love your character development. How you go from all evil to being... goodish? Then there's your charming persona. Your accent. You're a top notch character that I like.

Crowley: I think you're the first person in history to tell me that I'm likeable, kitten.

M: You're welcome, Crowley.
Chapter 5

Crowley: Anything exciting happen today?

M: Wow you messaging me first that's a first.

Crowley: I have some time to kill. And what I can't start a conversation with my favorite human?

M: You really are a charmer aren't you?

Crowley: Darling you have no idea.

M: Does this make us besties? Since you know we both like each other enough to talk?

Crowley: Friends isn't really something I do. King of Hell and all that.

M: Even the King of Hell deserves friends. People he can count on. Lord knows the Winchesters have fucked you over enough.

Crowley: It's a pity you're in a different dimension. We could have so much fun together you and I.

M: Where there's a will there's a way. You figured out Purgatory, pretty sure you can pull me from an alt dimension easy peasy.

Crowley: You make it sound like you want that?

M: ...Maybe.
Chapter 6

M: I wish this was real.

Crowley: What do you mean?

M: That this wasn't some stupid joke that you were playing on me. I've been thinking for the past month on how this could possibly be real. You're just some fan like me, who somehow did up a number to pretend to be Crowley.

Crowley: You're saying I'm not real?

M: There's no way any of it's real.

Crowley: And if I proved it to you?

M: How could you possibly do that?

*Incoming Call Crowley*

"Fuck."
"Hello?"

Her voice was unsure which was the complete opposite of the deep British accent on the other end of the phone.

"Hello darling."

She was completely and utterly quiet. Her mind racing at all the possibilities as to how he could sound just like Crowley.

She came up with none.

"I'm guessing you know my voice from your show. So, proof enough for you?"

She could clearly hear the smirk in his tone. It was enough to have her body become covered in goosebumps.

"And how do I know this isn't a voice changer -- or his actor pulling my leg?"

"You honestly think an actor would have this number? Fabricate something like this for entertainment? Come now darling, I believe you'd be smarter than that."

She pulled her bottom lip between her teeth. Her next words took a moment as her brain tried to catch up with it all.

"I don't understand how a phone number or even call for that matter can happen between two different dimensions."

"Not sure myself, but stranger things have been known to happen."

He was right. She didn't know how many times she was shocked with something from the show. This wasn't even honestly strange compared to everything else that could happen in the show.

"So, darling. What are you wearing?"

Crowley chuckled hearing the low gasp on the other end of the phone.
"I shit you not!"

Judy, "M's" cousin, sighed on the other end of the phone. It was three o'clock in the damn morning.

"You're lying. Go to bed."

Judy groaned quietly in an attempt to not wake her husband who slept beside her.

"There's no way Nikki."

Judy said using "M's" real name. Nikki was sitting on the edge of her bed stressing out.

"Call the number then! See for yourself!"

Nikki yelled jumping up from her bed. She had spoken to Mark - or Crowley - and Judy didn't believe her for a second.

"It was funny at Christmas, but I swear to God if I can't fall back asleep I'll murder you."

Judy grumbled hanging up on her cousin. Nikki dropped her phone down onto her bed. She was stressed. She didn't understand what the hell was happening let alone how it was happening.

Just then her screen lit up.

*One New Message: Mark Sheppard??*

She swallowed looking at the name she had put into her phone. Leaning down she picked up her phone and opened the message.

Mark Sheppard???: Didn't believe you did she?

The question was simple, but the answer was so much more complicated.

M: Of crouse she didn't! Why would she? There's no way this could be real!

Mark Sheppard???: But we both know it's more than real. So, darling, what's your next move?

Looking at the screen Nikki sighed.

If only she knew.
Chapter 9

Mark Sheppard???: Haven't heard from you in a while. Still alive?

M: Yeah I'm still alive. Not like other demons care to know anything about me. Pretty much safe from everything that goes bump in the night.

Mark Sheppard???: You're never safe from the things that go bump in the night. Don't you pay attention?

M: Enough attention to know that this is crazy and you're not real.

Mark Sheppard???: Come now how many times do I have to say it?

M: Enough till I believe you. You're not doing a very good job.

Mark Sheppard???: You're odd for a human.

M: Me? Odd? You're one to talk.

Mark Sheppard???: Darling you have no idea.
Chapter 10

M: So what's your next move against the Winchesters?

Mark Sheppard: How much do you know?

M: Between the blood, kidnapping, dead prophet, and Abaddon -- not much.

Mark Sheppard: Cheeky little mix aren't you? We're going after Abaddon at the moment. She's made a mess of Hell that I now have to clean up.

M: So Dean has the Mark of Cain I take it?

Mark Sheppard: You've taken it darling.

M: Just be careful. This whole shit show is gonna be a -- well, it's gonna be a shit show.

Mark Sheppard: Cussing is unladylike.

M: Bite me, Crowley.

Mark Sheppard: All in due time darling.
Chapter 11

Shooting up out of bed with a gasp Nikki looked around her dark bedroom. Swallowing the lump in the back of her throat she felt shaken. It was as if her dream was one of those falling nightmare type of dreams, but she couldn't remember what it was, only the feeling of falling.

Feeling the tears prickle in the corner of her eyes she moved the back of her hand across her face rubbing it clean of any sign of wetness.

Just when her heart race was decreasing and she was preparing to lay back down in bed her eyes caught site of something.

"What the fuck!?!"

The words ghosted from her lips at a barely audible tone as she stared straight at some levitating orangish-red crack in the middle of her room that was flowing white straight down the middle.

Clenching her blanket tightly she sat up in her bed just looking at the odd phenomenon.

"You're shitting me right now?!"

She told herself quickly pinching her arm only to find that she hurt herself.

She wasn't dreaming anymore.

Of course any logical person would had fleed the room and called someone for help. But no not this idiot. This idiot rose up from the bed slowly and walked toward it at a near snales pace. Getting close enough to see that it was just floating there and slowly pulsating Nikki couldn't help but pick up a dirty article of clothing she had laying beside her foot and tossed it at the thing.

A flash and the clothing vanished through the crack.

"What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck."

She muttered over and over again as she looked aimlessly around the room for something -- what though she had no fucking clue.

Then suddenly as she had her back turned she screamed and jumped feeling something hit her back. Rushing forward she ran straight into her closet door only to catch herself with her hands. Scared to turn around, but doing so anyway, she looked only to find the same clothing she had thrown through the hole back on her floor.

Something, or someone, had thrown it back to her.
Chapter 12

M: HELP!

Mark Sheppard???: What's wrong?

M: THERE'S SOMETHING IN MY ROOM! A LEVITATING PORTAL THINGY!

Mark Sheppard???: Portal?

M: I THREW MY PANTS THROUGH IT AND THEY CAME BACK AT ME! WHAT DO I DO!?

Mark Sheppard???: You have a portal right in front of you and your first thought it to throw your pants through it?

M: I'M FREAKING OUT OKAY! FIRST YOU AND NOW THIS!

Mark Sheppard???: Obviously. Perhaps you should put those black jean on and climb through. Never know where it might lead you.

Nikki looked at her screen for a split second before her heart reached her throat.

M: how did you know the color?

M: hello?

M: YOU FUCKING PRICK ANSWER ME!

He stopped messaging her causing her eyes to shoot back up to the portal. Bringing her lips into her mouth she screamed having it muffled by her lips.

"If I die... imma be hella pissed."

She exhaled before taking a running leap of faith toward the portal.
Chapter 13

Nikki landed with a hard fall. She wasn't graceful to begin with, but she had at least hoped that she
could have landed not nearly on her face. Noticing the room she was in she knew instantly where
she was.

Hell's Throne Room.

Swallowing she turned her gaze toward the throne and sure enough there sat the King of Hell
himself in all his glory.

He was rugged looking. The suit nicely wrapped around his form. His honey brown eyes seemed
darker due to the lack of lighting in the room. His eyes were resting on her intently.

"Hello Crowley."

Nikki nearly choked. Her heart was in her ears. She must be dreaming. It had to be a dream.

"Hello M."

His deep and rough voice pulled from his lips sending goosebumps all up and down her body. He sat
there relaxed in his chair. His arm proped up on the chair and his fingers supporting the sides of his
face and under his chin.

"Well, believe me now?"

That was the next thing that he said. And to be honest she didn't know what to believe anymore.
Turning her head slowly behind her the portal she had entered through had vanished. Looking back
to Crowley she noticed the amusement in his face.

"I guess I kinda have to."

She said moving to where she could rise from the ground. Looking down at her shirt and shorts she
dusted away any type of dirt or filth that could have been on them.

"So."

Crowley arched a brow watching her dust away the dirt. She looked up at him and stopped. The air
was cool, much colder than one would think it would be in Hell, and the goosebumps she acquired
earlier refused to leave her body.

"I have some questions for you. Ones that I think you'll be able to answer."

Swallowing she felt nervous and believed she knew what he was going to ask her.

"You wanna know what I know about your world that you don't?"

A small surprised look slipped across Crowley's face before he grinned.

"Yes."

"You've killed Abaddon?"

"Few weeks ago."
"Right... that means Dean? Is he still a Demon?"

Crowley arched a brow.

"Dean Winchester a Demon?"

"Right... not to that point yet..."

Crowley tapped the side of his face before he motioned for her to come forward. Slowly her bare feet tracked across the stone floor and up the small steps to stand before Crowley at the throne.

"Tell me, M. How does Dean Winchester become this demon?"

"The First Blade and the Mark of Cain. Metatron will kill Dean and Sam will try and summon you. But, if you give Dean the First Blade it'll save him."

She told him. Crowley kept his gaze on her trying to figure out if she was lying or not. Her breath was being held the whole time he watched her.

"We'll see if you're right."

Suddenly a tumbler appeared between her fingers with some alcohol inside.

"Is this?"

"My favorite drink, yes. I recall you saying something that you were rather curious about the taste. Well, since you'll be my guest for a while I figured we could get to know one another a bit better now that we're face to face. Starting with this."

Crowley said lifting his own tumbler up and tapping it against her own glass. Nervously she brought it to her lips and sipped it.

Damn was it strong, but smooth.
Chapter 14

Nervous. On edge. Whatever you wanted to call it that's what Nikki was right now.

Hell wasn't the problem oddly enough. Hell was fine if we're being honest.

No what wasn't fine was the fact that Nikki, well, she was freaking out about not wanting to look like a complete was in front of Crowley -- the son of a witch that she wanted inside his pants.

Shaking her head and grinning she placed her hand over her eyes and rubbed them.

Sitting in the throne room not far from Crowley she was waiting for a room to be made up for her. She would have guessed it would look something like Amra's room, if not being out in that very same room.

"Penny for your thoughts?"

She heard Crowley's voice call out from across the room. Looking up Nikki frowned and looked to the demons that hustled about the throne room with papers in their hands.

Crowley had been signing and reading papers shortly after she had gotten here. Course this was around the time that he started to loose interest in his throne and hell altogether if she recalled correctly.

After being silent for a moment it was only when Crowley's honey colored eyes brought her back to the conclusion that she had yet to answer him.

"Oh, uh, just thinking... about this world."

She told him truthfully. Lulling his head back a little to look at her better from her small seat at the table to Crowley's left she noticed once again a small playful look in his eyes, but it vanished quickly and was replaced with a groan as more papers were shoved in his lap needing him to sign.

While Crowley was distracted Nikki pulled her phone from her pocket. She noticed that she had rather good signal in hell - odd - so she pulled up her messager and sent a quick text to her cousin.

Nikki: BITCH YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE IT!

She typed quickly before pushing send. Then quickly brought up her phone camera and snapped a quick, yet silent, picture of Crowley and the demons and sent it to Judy as well. Moving her phone back into her pocket the last thing she wanted was for some nosey demon to snatch her only means of communication to her family -- and possible way back home.

Way back home.

She stopped and thought for a minute.

Did she even want to go back home?

"Miss. M?"

With a quick turn of her head she was now looking at an older demon. Nikki quickly noticed this was the demon that Rowena had killed when he had found her on the King's throne - something that
had yet to happen just yet.

"Yeah?"

"The King has prepared your quarters. I am to escort you there."

With a quick nod Nikki rose from the chair having some demons stop and gaze her way. Feeling self conscious of herself immediately she quickly followed after the older demon, but stopped. Her back to Crowley she quickly turned around.

"My King?"

His eyes darted up looking into her deep blue ones. She bowed as much as she could to shoe him thanks for what he's done.

"Thank you for the room. Good night."

She said knowing that demons didn't sleep, but genuinely hoping that his night got better.

"Pleasant dreams, M."

He replied watching her rise and then vanishing out the door. Crowley's eyes lingered on the door for a bit longer than they should which caused a mutter come from one of his demons.

He hardly heard what the demon said, but a name, her name.

And with a snap of Crowley's fingers, the demon said no more, ever again.
Chapter 15

Hell was odd.

Fascinating, but odd.

Every demon that Nikki had the chance of coming across was oddly nice to her. Something she wouldn't have expected since anyone down here had done some horrible type of crime up top during their life on Earth.

They were all oddly polite for demons.

"Where's that long ass line?"

She asked one demon who had been escorting her through the many twisting and turning hallways in hell. The demon glanced over his shoulder confused.

"Uh, it's across the way."

He replied. She shrugged. Having no idea how big this place was that could have been extremely far or right around the corner.

It had been a while - hell time at least - since she had shown up here and she had yet to see Crowley again. Knowing that he was busy being king and all she couldn't help but feel put off by her own emotions.

She wasn't lying when she said she had loved his character, in all actuality she had been extremely laid back about her feelings for the man. But now being out face to face all those feelings were replaced with the unsure and extremely bais opinions of the king.

"Do you think we could get Starbucks?"

The man stopped dead in his tracks looking at her with an arched brow.

"Starbucks? You want.... Starbucks?"

She shrugged.

"Not really. I'm just curious as to what can and can't be done in hell."

He arched a brow and seemed uneasy. She had been told her second day here that if there was anything that she wished or needed that she only need ask and it would be given to her.

She was a guest of the King after all.

"We could procure you with some, but it will take us a moment. And the King request you in the throne room."

With a click of her tongue she nodded and motioned for him to lead the way.

In a matter of moments she arrived to the throne room only to see Crowley lounging there looking as if he was going to kill himself due to the man with the never ending paperwork.

"Miss. M as you requested your majesty."
The demon announced before bowing and stepping aside. It was only then when Crowley waved away the pesky demon with all the work did his eyes light up a bit seemingly free from his work.

"I've heard you're adjusting nicely here."

"About as well as one can in hell in a completely different dimension."

She said with a slight shrug of her shoulders and a bit of a laugh in her voice. Crowley's lips twitched and a smug smile appeared.

"Your story has checked out. Dean Winchester is in fact going after Metatron with the First Blade."

His eyes kept on her.

"So I guess it's true. You do know what's going to happen, don't you?"

"Up to a certain point yeah. After that, well, the show hasn't been written that far yet."

His smirk grew a little. He had a pen between his fingers that he was twirling around at the moment while his eyes refused to leave her.

"And everything is to your liking? Your clothes, food, room?"

"Yes, thank you."

With a nod Crowley hesitated for a moment before he tossed his pen to one of his demons and rose from his throne. Walking down the steps he stopped right before he reached her.

"Come. I wanna have a little chat with you in private. Away from the prying ears and eyes."

He said a playful smile coming to his face as his hand came out and touched her shoulder to have her turn around. Her whole face warmed as she tried to keep calm. Her brain spazing out due to Crowley's touch against her shoulder and then lower back.

He lead her from the throne room.

The two of them walking in silence until they were far enough from the throne room and all the demons.

He looked at her and she at him.

"Tell me, M, who's side do you stand in all of this? Mine? Or the Winchesters?"

Who would have ever guessed that such a question would have ever made her feel so small under such a powerful, sexy gaze.

How was she suppose to answer that?
Him or the Winchesters? How was she suppose to answer that? She had a great love for Crowley but Sam and Dean were such good guys.

"Well?"

Nikki's eyes widened when she realised that he was waiting on her answer.

"Well, you know how I... see you. But the Winchesters, they fight the bad save the good."

"That's not an answer, darling."

His tone was a bit irritated. It was clear he wanted a precise answer from her and he wanted one now.

"You."

She said quickly. A toothy grin stretched across his face.

"Me? You're sure?"

His tone was a bit higher than usual and she couldn't tell if it was because he was teasing or slightly happy that it was him. Crowley was a hard character to read up close and personal.

"Well, you do keep your deals... for the most part, and Sam and Dean have always fucked you over..."

She explained as they stopped before some double doors. Crowley pushed them open and reviled an office space.

"You're smart, I'll give you that, M."

He told her as they both walked inside. It was cozy for what it was. The dark walls inturperated with an equally dark desk with a black chair. A black leather sofa sat in front of an unlit fire place and the walls behind the desk were lined with books.

"Tell me, what's your plans now that you know all of this is real?"

Crowley asked as he walked over to the bar by the bookshelf to the right, across from the couch and fireplace on the left hand side of the office.

"Well, I'm not too sure."

Her cousin had yet to answer her back and that had been a few days ago, or weeks, she wasn't for sure since time moved so differently in Hell and who knew how different time was between this world and her own?

"Anything you'd like to do?"

He offered pouring two drinks. Turning on his heels he came back to her. Their eyes meeting while he handed her her own glass. Fingers brushing against one another before she pulled away.

"Thanks. Well, not that I can think of. To be honest I'm still trying to take this all in... it shouldn't
have happened but obviously it did and now dealing with it is different."

Crowley placed his hand on her shoulder and guided her toward the couch which is where he asked her to sit down beside him.

"There was a lot you said through text. Much of which I've yet to see happen."

His voice was sly and caused her ears to warm. In truth she had complemented him way more than she should have and even told him that she loved his character, that she loved him.

Bringing the tumbler to her lips she took a small sip while giving her brain time to figure out what the hell her next move was.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say there's more to it then what you told me."

Her heart was in her ears hearing his gravel tone that made her want to melt away into a shameful puddle of nothing.

"Crowley -- "

His hand came out underneath her chin. Turning her head he made her look at him. The playful glint was clearly there in his eyes and she was pretty sure what he wanted from her right then and there.

Swallowing nervously she slowly leaned in and he didn't stop her.

Their lips touched and his hand snaked around her head. Her stomach was warm from both the alcohol and the kiss, which turned into a battle very quickly. Holding her glass out so she wouldn't spill it, she leaned in more and had her tongue slip inside his mouth, only for his own tongue to push hers out and cause her to submit.

Their lips turned together quicker and quicker as the kiss became rougher with each passing second. Feeling him pulling her forward into him she obliged and fell into him. His body was warm against her and she was heating up quickly despite the chill that hung in the room.

Managing to pull back Nikki sucked in a deep full breath of air trying to gain back control of her breathing. Opening her eyes she seen Crowley looking bemused. That smug little smirk was almost a full blown grin as he went and took another long sip of his drink.

"Well, that was exciting. Feeling a bit more adventurous, darling?"

Her whole face grew red but she nodded. Crowley looked like the Cheshire Cat at this point seeming proud of himself. Plucking the drink from her hand he passed it to the table where it laid.

A snap of his fingers and the both of them were naked on the couch.
Chapter 17

Teeth bit down harshly against her soft skin. Arching her neck sideways she allowed Crowley more access to allow him free range on the area.

He didn't disappoint.

Sinking his teeth in just enough for a pleasurable effect before his tongue went and licked a line along his mark, Crowley groaned. Nikki couldn't sit still to save her life as she wiggled her wet cunt against his thigh.

"C-Crowley."

A shuttering sigh came through her parted lips as her eyes were closed and her hands wrapped around the back of his head, fingers tangled in his hair.

"Say it again."

The order was simple, but if only he knew what it did to her. Calling his name again she felt his lips move from her neck to the mounds of her breast. They were about a C-cup, not too big and not too small, something Crowley took the initiate in showing her that he liked their size.

Pulling the nipple into his mouth he sucked and bit down softly erecting a jolt of pleasure to slip through her causing her to jump and hiss. She turned her head down and opened her eyes to watch him, it only helped to turn her on more.

Crowley went in on both breasts giving them equal treatment with his tongue, mouth, teeth, and hands. Biting her lower lips feeling the little bit of alcohol she had ingested a few moments prior to their current activities swirling in the pit of her stomach causing her a slight light headed feeling.

The effect was nice.

"Please..."

She whined causing Crowley to stop his assault on her breasts and look at her with a grin.

"Please what?"

Her face was burning red. Of course Crowley would want her to tell him exactly what she wanted done to her. It didn't help that when it came to sex she was shy, but there was also that underlying kinky shameful side she had to herself.

Licking her bottom lip she exhaled.

"Put your cock in me."

His grin grew as his hand came back behind her head pulling her lips down into his. She wasn't sure what he was doing when he went to lay her down, back to his chest, sideways on the couch after the kiss. But quickly she found out.

Lifting her right leg up she felt exposed in the unfamiliar room. But her feeling didn't last long when Crowley's cock entered her in this current position.

Gasping she wrapped her fingers into her palms laying them against the couch. Her head rested
against the tops of her hands feeling Crowley slowly side into her until she felt completely full and about to bust.

"Bloody hell you're tight, kitten."

He purred shifting his hips a bit to better adjust himself. If she could manage to speak she would have told him that this was the first dick she had had in the last two years, but the feeling of it caused her silence.

Finally Crowley began to shift his hips upward.

With a jerk of her head she felt Crowley's chest come in contact with her skull as she yelped out. She was full and now that she had friction inside her apparent tight cunt it felt better than any masturbation moment she ever had about Crowley.

Reaching out blindly she grabbed hold of his forearm that held her leg up while he thrusted inside her. Feeling Crowley's breath against her ear her face had to have been red by now from embarrassment.

"Is it everything you ever imagined?"

His question caused for a gasping 'yes' to pass through her parted lips. Hearing his deep chuckle and feeling him speed up at just the right angle had her feeling like she was going to tilt over the edge and ever return.

"Fuck, Crowley, I'm gonna -- "

But before she could finish she felt him snap his hips that much harder resulting in her quivering, babbling mess that he made her. Her fingers dug into his forearm as he refused to lessen his thrusts causing a quick second, was it she couldn't tell at this point, orgasm to rip through her since he refused to stop for her first one.

Quickly and without warning she found herself trapped underneath him. There was only time for a quick gasp before Crowley grabbed her legs and tilted her back and opened her wide.

Hovering over her now he could go deeper and faster than before which in turn causes a scream to rip from her 'pretty throat' as she heard Crowley mutter to her watching as she screamed. Her hands darting out to grab hold of the back of the couch and his forearm to have something to hold onto while he relentlessly plowed into her aching core.

Their eyes met for a second which caused her to go into another quivering state. The sound of wet skin against skin sounded as Crowley's pelvis met with hers.

"Fuck!"

Giving a loud hissing curse Crowley pulled himself from her, having his seed spill out across her body including her hair, face, stomach, and parts of the couch. There was never anything clean about sex, but this certainly topped the cake for her.

Inhaling deeply Crowley leaned forward and had her lay sideways with her back to his chest. Her heart rate slowly settled over time thanks to his hold around her mid section and the light kisses he placed on her neck.

"I would offer a bath, but we lack those here in hell."
He whispered pressing a kiss to her ear before pulling the lobe into his mouth between his teeth. She shuttered, her thoughts going to shower sex.

Then with a quick snap she was clean and had on some comfortable pajamas. She seen Crowley had on his black undershirt accompanied by his dress pants.

"Thank you."

She muttered feeling her eyelids growing heavy as Crowley laid there on the couch with her.

"You're welcome to stay here or return to your room. I have a few things to settle."

The information caused her to merely nod as she closed her eyes. Feeling him shifting away from her and rising up from the couch, she didn't expect the blanket to fall upon her body.

Hearing his feet shuffle around she figured he was getting his clothes on full. The door opened and closed before she heard a lock click.

Snuggling into the couch more she sighed, her mind not buzzing with random thoughts for once causing her to fall almost straight to sleep.
Chapter 18

Opening her eyes slowly Nikki shuffled about on the couch. She rubbed her face in a groggy manner before sighing and laying her hand down with a hard thud against the leather arm of the couch. Inhaling deeply, her cracked open eyes peered up at the dark ceiling.

The blanket she had been given before her sleep was halfway on her and the floor. Shifting a little to sit up more she rubbed her face again only this time running her hands through her hair and giving a large yawn.

She wasn't aware as to how long she had been asleep, but she felt fairly well rested after the events with Crowley. Her ears warmed as she thought back to the embarrassing sexual positions she took with the King of Hell.

A man - demon - who she would have never imagined would have looked twice at someone like her, let alone stick his 3 inch longer soul sold cock inside her.

Pushing the blanket off her body and bundling up toward the end of the couch she swung her legs over standing with a stretch. Yawning again with a small moan to the stretch, Nikki lowered her arms that were reaching above her head. Hitting the sides of her thighs she felt the smooth and silk like pjs that Crowley had snapped onto her body after he had cleaned her up from their affair.

Looking around the room for her clothes she didn't see them anywhere. Moving to the door she found that it was locked. She thought she remembered hearing the lock click before Crowley had left her and her suspensions were right.

"Welp. This is great I guess?"

Here she was locked in his office with nothing to do but either take another nap or maybe read. Her phone had been in her pants pockets and since her pants were no where to be found she didn't have any other form of entertainment.

Turning back to the desk she made her way over to look over some of the things that sat there. There were books, a little clock, a green mat for writing over top so the desk wouldn't be ruined, and a few other little nick nacks. Frowning she moved around the desk and sat in his seat. Looking at the drawers she was curious as to what was inside, but out of respect for Crowley she staid out of them.

Humming with a sigh she leaned back against the chair looking up at the ceiling.

"Bored."

She whispered under her breath. Who would have ever guessed hell would be so utterly boring. Not to mention that for whatever reason Judy, her cousin, didn't seem to be getting her messages. Wishing she had her phone so that she could check them Nikki sat there thinking about why her phone might not be working in his world.

Though there were little to no answers, Nikki didn't stop thinking about it. Her mind drifted back to her world. Did anyone know she was missing? Did time even pass the same there as it did here? Was she really even here or did she die and this was her heaven?

Who are we kidding, she wouldn't go to heaven even if God himself opened the gates for her. He'd look her dead in the eyes and laugh telling her he was only joking as he'd shove her down into the very pits of hell.
Rolling her eyes she plucked a pen from the desk and twiddled it between her fingers. She didn't
know how long she'd be locked in this room, but hoping it wasn't for very long since she didn't
know how long she had been asleep for to begin with -- once again time was odd here.

"You could have just called -- "

"Jesus fuckin Christ!"

Nikki yelled jolting in the chair from the sudden voice to her left slightly behind her. Crowley
chuckled watching her holding her chest and having chucked the pen clear across the room once she
was startled.

"Not quiet. Hello M."

His sinister grin was enough to make her want to smack him silly, but she kept her hands against her
chest.

"I don't have my phone!"

She snapped still startled. It only caused Crowley to chuckle again and suddenly a phone, her phone,
appeared in his hand. He was holding it out to her waiting for her to take it.

"Sorry, I was merely curious about you."

Feeling her face flush Nikki locked eyes with Crowley. Did he go through her phone? He did didn't
he?

"So, mind telling me why you decided the little pen name? Nikki is a much more beautiful name than
some little letter."

Shit he did go through her phone. If he went through her phone then he found all of her GIFs of him
from the show and some random screen shots of Mark Sheppard's Twitter and Instagram posts. He
probably thought her a stalker now and a weird one at that.

"I didn't know who you were. I wasn't going to give my name to some random number."

Crowley shrugged as he allowed her to swipe the phone from his hands.

"Fair enough."

He moved back so she could rise from the chair. Moving to the right she walked around the right
side of the desk while Crowley moved around the left side having them meet in the front. She took
note of the amusement this conversation brought him. The amusement he received from her
embarrassment, her shame, everything that the phone had to offer.

"Did you... Did you go through everything?"

"I seen enough."

It was obvious that Crowley was making a small, very small, attempt in keeping from embarrassing
her anymore than what she already was but the answer was enough to put the suspensions to rest.

"Are you hungry?"

He offered as her mouth was half way parted to speak. Closing it quickly she nodded. Crowley
smoothed out his tie and with a snap of his fingers she was changed back into her clean clothes --
short green cotton shorts and a black sleeveless tee with some black sneakers.

"Shall we?"

He offered up his arm. She didn't know where he was going to take her, but he knew that she enjoyed being comfortably dressed, which was a good thing. Nikki wasn't one of those girls who enjoyed being tossed into a dress or really anything that didn't fit her current mood.

Putting her phone in a pocket she now had she took his arm.

In a snap they vanished.

Lunch wasn't bad. Crowley had snapped them both into her bedroom and had food waiting on her. Looking at her now empty plate that had been filled with her favorite food, baked chicken with broccoli, the two of them sat in silence in her chambers.

"I have an offer for you."

He started. Arching a brow she didn't know if this was going to be something good or bad. Crowley might have been her favorite character, but even she was smart enough to know that he didn't always have the best interest of others in mind when it came to deals.

"What is it?"

"Work with me."

This was a shocker. He wanted her to work with him and not *for* him? Seeing her suspensions Crowley continued.

"You know me well enough. I know you a bit better. Work with me to make Hell great. Stop Lucifer from ever coming back. Keeping my enemies off my throne. You know what's going to happen and you can help me protect what's mine."

She looked at Crowley. They both just sat there looking at one another waiting on the other to say something.

"What's in it for me?"

You couldn't blame her for being the least bit curious. Crowley smiled.

"You and I will rule hell together. You'll be my right hand man, well, woman. We'll make hell what it's suppose to be. With us working together it will be harder than ever for anyone to stop the greatness that we can achieve."

Biting her bottom lip Nikki crossed her arms over one another. Lowering her gaze to her empty plate she thought about it for a moment. Knowing the future was a plus, helping Crowley, well...

"Let me think about it?"

She asked, which only seemed to make Crowley even the slightest bit happier with her answer causing him to wink her way before becoming comfortable in his seat.

"As you wish."
"I have to go."

Crowley told her walking into her room. Her door was never locked for the demon king, not after their little adventure on the couch some time ago. She had been laying on her bed minding her own when Crowley had suddenly entered.

"Where?"

Sitting up on the bed Nikki looked at him. A simple finger pointed upward toward the ceiling meant that he was going above ground.

"Dean needs my help. Seems that the events leading up to him becoming demon are starting just as you said."

He seemed smug and he should have been. Crowley seen this as a chance to gain something, to gain Dean Winchester as an ally instead of the thorn in his side. Too bad for Crowley it was still going to be the latter.

"Let me come with."

She started to rise up off the bed, but with a small wave of his hand and Crowley used his powers to push her softly back down onto the bed. Looking at him confused she waited for his reasoning.

"The Winchesters isn't something I want to get you involved in darling. Everyone that comes within five hundred feet of them end up dead. But you probably alread knew that didn't you?"

His weary gaze caused her to nod. Seeming pleased with the lack of argument from her, Crowley approached her bedside. He stopped right before her knees and took her chin between his fingers and thumb.

"I won't be gone long. Just message me if you need me."

He told her. Frowning she knew that was a lie. If Crowley knew it or not, she knew that the difference between time and how it moved between Hell and Earth, it would be a long while before Crowley returned.

"In the mean time... I have something to ask you."

His fingers grazed against her soft cheeks. Their eyes locked together.

"I need you to keep an eye on things down here. Report back to me if there are any troubles at all."

"Are you... You're not leaving me in charge are you?"

"Not entirely. You're an image. Stay on the throne and look pretty. I have strong supporters who will help guide you to keeping things running smoothly."

She could feel his fingers trailing down her face and chin until they stopped slightly on the undertow of her jaw and neck.

"Do this for me and I'll reward you once I return."
Her mind went buzzing. What would this reward possibly be? Crowley was acting rather sensual with her at the moment which made her wonder if he meant some type of reward in the same manner as his current teasing?

And why leave her of all people in charge or at least being an image of someone who was in charge? Did Crowley really trust her this much or was it some sort of test? She had yet to give him an answer on working together to run hell, but this seemed almost like it was a test run for that.

She would put her money on it.

With a nervous swallow and quick nod Nikki seen Crowley grin.

"I'll see you later, darling."

He said dropping his hand from her body and turning tail to leave the room, but pausing at the door. Glancing over his shoulder he still wore a smug little smile that barely tugged at his lips.

"And remember pet, just text me if you need me."

And then he vanished.
M: Running Hell is boring.
Crowley: Nobody said it would be fun.
M: Can't I torture someone?
Crowley: You actually want to torture someone?
M: I'm not as innocent as you might think. Besides they're in hell they have it coming.
Crowley: Bloody hell. I'm away for five minutes and you already want to gut someone?
M: Okay you may have been away for only five minutes but it's been hours down here.
Crowley: True. No play time yet darling. But I promise as soon as I return I'll instill some fun in your life.
M: Alrighty I guess.
Crowley: Make Daddy proud darling.
M: It's been days down here how goes the hunt?

Crowley: Within the hour that we've been driving not much has happened. How goes Hell, darling?

M: Hell's fine.

Crowley: I do believe that's my line.

M: I know.

Crowley: But Guthrie had informed me that you are doing a rather good job. Listening to concerns for demons, having meetings on soul collectings, it seems you have some very bright ideas on how to make things better.

M: I've been called brilliantly stupid before by a friend of mine before, so seeing you saying that makes me smile.

Crowley: And a wonderful smile you have you should do it more often.

M: You should be around more often then.

Crowley: Getting bold aren't we kitten?

M: Oh yeah. Phone sex before you know it.

Crowley: Another kink of yours?

M: Ha! You're funny! It's actually not.

Crowley: I'll figure them all out soon enough. We'll have plenty of time once I return to get to know one another better.

M: Has anyone told you you're a straight forward tease? I feel as if you get told this a lot.

Crowley: You can tell me again when I have you bent backwards on the throne.

M: You're horrible.

Crowley: Thank you, darling. I try.
A headache.

That was the best way to describe her current pain. Apparently some demons didn't agree with her current position on the throne in Hell. Most of the demons didn't understand why a human had been left to rule a bunch of demons while their King was off galvanizing with a Winchester.

Some even going so far as to question her every step of the way.

Just like now.

"To question her is to question your King!"

Guthrie reminded everyone. There was muttering in the small crowd of demons who had gathered around in the throne room for a protest against her. It was funny almost because the room seemed to be divided more so that most demons were on her side - Crowley's side - than against her.

Still treason was treason and she had to tread lightly on the subject.

"I can't even begin to imagine how you all feel. Taking orders from a human."

She started causing the muttering to stop and all eyes to fall on her. She shifted to sit straight up in the chair now having the undivided attention from everyone.

"I wasn't so sure about it myself. But your King obviously seen something in me, something that not even I could see. He intrusted me with your lives and your kingdom. That's no small matter."

She noticed the demons glancing around at each other. She had them all thinking that's good, hopefully.

"Trust in your King. Trust in your King as you always have. He has done his best to do right by all those loyal to him. As have I."

She noticed some head nods and faces that seemed to realize that she was right. She had allowed them their freedom just as their King would do. She has asked nothing of them that Crowley would not ask.

"But you're human!"

One demon among the rest called out causing some shouts of agreement. Griping the arms of the throne tightly Nikki closed her eyes before reopening them quickly.

"I am. Yes. I am human. But to treat me any different because of this isn't justifiable. You're all demons, yet I've treated you all with nothing but respect. Haven't I?"

Against the mutters started up. It seemed more demons agreed with her. She thanked all her time she dedicated to watching Netflix and various shows and movies about royalty and rule. Putting up this front, speaking in the manner she did, it was hard enough to pull off constantly -- but pulling off the part of a royal ruler she did well.

"If there are no more complaints, you should all return to work."

Guthrie informed them while holding his clipboard close to his chest. Everyone looked at one
another before the muttering slowly left the room one by one. When it was just her and Guthrie left and the doors closed seconds later Nikki slacked against the throne.

Exhaling an anxious breath she closed her eyes and rubbed her face.

"That was so fucking stressful!"

Guthrie smiled with amusement.

"But you did excellent. Our King would be pleased with your performance."

Peeking through her finger Nikki looked over at the - attractive - demon. Relaxing a bit more she shifted to where she was leaning more against the arm of the chair rather than slouched down in it.

"You think? I know he's enjoying himself being off the throne and away from all the boring stuff, and I know he'll be back before long, but I'm not sure how much more I can take of them before I end up stabbing one of them in the eye with an angel blade."

He chuckled at her expression of displeasure she had while having to play rule in Crowley's absence. Walking up the steps to be standing right beside her, he lowered his clipboard to his side.

"Get some rest. It will be a few hours before the next meeting. You seem to need it, you look drained."

Smiling a bit Nikki nodded and rose from the throne. She was feeling sluggish and it had been, she had no idea, how long since she had woken up from her last sleep.

"I need a nap."

She agreed before walking away from the throne leaving Guthrie there to watch over it while she was sleeping.

Leaving the throne room she made a straight way to her designated room.

Walking inside she sighed as she shut the door behind her.

"Holy fucking shit!!"

She jumped back away from the door seeing an amused Crowley sitting at the table that was behind her door. Her hands over her chest as her heart was out of control from the fright she had just taken.

"There's nothing holy about me, I can guarantee you."

He teased giving her that smug little sexy smile.

"Hello darling."

"Crowley when did you get back?"

"Just as your little encouragement speech begun. I have to admit I'm impressed with how you handled the sway in rule."

"I couldn't just do nothing about it."

She said removing her hands from her chest. She noticed quickly that Crowley's eyes were attached to her movements like a cat with a rat.
And she was the rat.

"You're here to stay?"

She asked walking away from him only to find that her body stopped moving. Her entire body tensed up when she realized she couldn't move. Looking back over at Crowley she knew right away that he had to have been using his powers.

With a motion of his head her legs suddenly had herself sitting in his lap. A blush crepted around her face as she found herself in his lap.

"For a while."

He finally answered. His right hand resting on her lower back once she sat. Looking at her feet Nikki didn't really know what to think. Crowley had her in his lap, he made her come to his lap, and now he was just watching her face.

"What?"

Asking finally. He had been watching her ever since she entered the room and she wanted to know why. His little smile softened ever so slightly as he inhaled deeply before speaking.

"Did you miss me?"

Blinking slowly Nikki nodded her head. She did miss him was it that obvious? There was no reason to lie to him after all he knew how she felt about... well, about him. His lips twitched a bit before his free hand came out and pulled her by her chin.

Their lips brought together.

Relaxing into the soft kiss she leaned into Crowley's chest more. He broke the kiss after a moment having her eyes slowly flutter open again.

"Nobody knows I've returned just yet. Take your nap, darling. I'll be here when you awake."

His words sent shivers down her spine. And it wasn't just his voice that did it either, it was his words. Crowley had an almost softness about him right now and she wasn't sure if it was due to the human blood that he spent weeks injecting himself with or if it was just the fact that he was putting up a front with her.

Hell maybe it was a little bit of both to be honest?

"Okay."

Barely left her mouth it was so quiet. Crowley released her, allowing her to stand and walk over to the bed. Slowly sliding out of her shoes, socks, and jeans she was left in her underwear and overly-large t-shirt.

Biting her bottom lip she kept her back to Crowley as she leaned down and pulled the overs off her bed, giving Crowley a full show of her large, round ass covered in her dark grey undies, and her exposed thick thighs.

Climbing into bed she pulled the covers back up over top her body and kept her back to Crowley, sleeping facing the wall.

Closing her eyes she relaxed and before long she was out like a light. Crowley still sitting where she
left him as he watched her sleeping with a curious and dangerous glint that twinkled in his eyes.
Gasping deeply her eyes shot open. Her breathing erratic as she felt her body behaving in a certain manner. Once she eyes focused on the world around her she glanced down between her legs.

Crowley had removed his suit jacket and was left in his black dress shirt and slacks. His sleeves were rolled up to his elbows while his hands held her thighs. His tongue and mouth working on her covered crotch and his scratchy beard brushing her exposed skin every change it got.

"Cro-Crow-ah!"

She couldn't even form his name on her lips. Between the hard slutty gaze he gave her, watching her face as he ran his hot tongue all over her sopping wet underwear, and the work he did on her, her barely awoken body was crumbling under him.

Biting her bottom lip she arched her hips up into his face more wanting everything he had to offer her. Sneering and gasping when she felt his teeth grabbing hold of her panties and yanking them down her legs only to discard them. His mouth fell back over her newly uncovered cunt giving it long and slow strokes to her unshaven pussy.

Before now she had no need to actually take care of herself when it came to grooming. And in all honesty, she rarely shaved any area on her body. Her legs, arms, vigina even -- they hadn't seen a razor in many, many months.

She never had any need with being single.

But now she was self conscious about it. About having someone like Crowley down between her legs eating her out with hair down there.

Gasping she bucked her hips feeling Crowley stick fingers inside her. His digits circling and curling inside her hitting that sweet spot of hers every so often. His tongue stuck to her clit circling it and flicking side to side instead of up and down like a lot of other men had done to her -- side to side felt so much better and Crowley seemed to know it.

"Crowley -- "

She managed to finally push his full name from her lips. The man watched her from his relaxed position between her legs. He was laying on his forearms stretched across her bed while he worked. Eyes closing only long enough to blink when needed before he looked back up at her.

She could have came right then and there.

His eyes were dark as his pupils were blown wide. The sexual energy that rolled off his gaze told her that he wasn't done until he said he was done.

Her hands shot back to grab the pillow she had her head on while her toes dug into the bed. She was twisting a bit, her body feeling tight and her stomach was feeling like there was a knot forming. Her hips bucking upward, but Crowley kept her pressed down to the bed with his powers.

The moment his powers forced her down into the bed she came hard.

Shaking and feeling Crowley's fingers leave her only to be replaced by his tongue caused her breaking point to last slightly longer than usual.
Then she laid there. Her arms beside her head as her legs slowly dropped down onto the bed. Her eyes were closed as she felt light headed for a moment. She didn't stir until she felt wet lips against her own.

Crowley's tongue pressed its way into her mouth.

She swirrel her tongue around his tasting her salty self on his mussel. His hands against her cheeks as he rested on his forearms again on either side of her head during the kiss.

When she felt his lips leave hers she opened her eyes slowly. Barely getting them open she gasped and yelped feeling Crowley thrust up into her in one single motion. A throaty moan filled the room as she felt herself stretched out by the warm cock that belonged to Crowley.

If she were to guess, she would have believed that he used some more of his demon mojo to unzip his pants and enter her perfectly without having to have a hand on his longer than average cock.

Grabbing onto either side of his face her hands quickly found their way to his covered shoulders and gripped the dark fabric tightly as he thrusted hard into her.

He was like a wild animal and his mate -- her of course -- was in heat and he could sense it. Her body bounced with every thrust. She cried out in pleasurable babble as she clung to Crowley while he fucked her hard enough to have the bed rocking below them hitting the stone wall above their heads.

She found it extremely hot to take her while still partly dressed. Something that he probably found attractive as well.

Her shirt had risen upward to her bra from all the fast movement. Her breasts bouncing contained by her bra. Hearing Crowley growl she opened her eyes just when one of his hands shot down and took hold of her right breast and have it a harsh squeeze.

Yelling out she arched her back to allow further penetration. Feeling her covered breast to be twisted and squeezed she felt the need to wrap her legs around his back, locking her heels together keeping him connected to her.

She felt her second orgasm hit her and it hit hard. Crying out she shivered and shook hard. Her body thrusting up to meet with Crowley as she road out the intensity. Barely registering Crowley's hand slipping up and under her bra he grabbed her exposed nipple and twisted it with his fingers.

She yelped tossing her head back just in time for Crowley's teeth to sink into her neck. Clinging to him for dear life she felt his teeth tering into her skin. It felt like fire as Crowley pulled away leaving a wet sensation behind on her neck as his lips moved back to hers.

He smashed his hips against hers several more times before she felt her legs fall open and Crowley moved away from her. A whine barely left her throat before she was yanked upward and placed back onto his dick now in an upright sitting position.

Giving a frightened gasp she wrapped her arms and legs both back around Crowley whic earned her a chuckle.

"Daddy's got you baby."

He whispered into her ear. Placing her sweaty forehead into the crook of his neck she couldn't speak, only short and quiet little sounds were able to leave her lips as Crowley's gave her the ride of her entire damn life.
She felt like her insides were going to rip from how full he made her feel in his position. She thought she was going to fall to pieces at this new angle he bestowed upon her body.

His hands wrapped tightly around her hips and digging into her skin holding such a grip nearly hurt, but she loved it.

"Cum again on Daddy's cock, baby."

His words were low and hot and as if like switching a light switch she came nearly on command. Only this time instead of continuing Crowley stopped altogether feeling her pulsate and clench around his cock trying the damnest to milk him of his seed.

But he didn't allow it to happen. Instead Crowley remained controlled, not by much from his breathing, until she had finished her ride. Slowly lowering her back down onto the bed Crowley removed himself.

"Crowley?"

Her sleepy voice called to him. He looked up with his slick cock in his hand when he froze. Her eyes were barely open, but her mouth was wide and her tongue rest out. Feeling himself twitch in his own hand Crowley knew what she wanted.

"You dirty little slut."

Crowley chuckled. Moving over to where he was sitting above her chest Crowley moved his cock to her mouth where she opened wider and wrapped her lips around him.

Tilting his head back he closed his eyes and hissed. The feeling of her tongue swirling around his cock and cleaning himself of her juices caused him to want to have his own release in her mouth. Biting his bottom lip and pulling it between his teeth his hands reached out and grabbed her face.

Their eyes locked with one another and Crowley started to rock his hips into her face little by little causing her to take more and more each thrust until she gagged on his cock. Frowning a bit he noticed from this angle she only took a good five maybe six inches of his extremely long double digit cock.

"You are something else, kitten."

He said licking his lips before he removed his cock from her throat. He gave a surprised grunt as he watched her lips and tongue work along his cock to finish cleaning him before she went back to the head.

Having just the deep purple tip between her lips sucking on it, having her tongue running along his slit pulled a hiss from him.

Crowley watched her teasing his cock and his original plan of merely pleasing her for her job well done taking care of his kingdom flew out the window.

"On your stomach."

He ordered causing her eyes to widen from the dark tone of his voice. Letting his cock go from her mouth with a pop Crowley growled and back up off her. She rolled over onto her stomach like he asked.
"Ass up like the little slut you are."

He ordered with a harsh smack to her ass. She yelped and blushed but did as she was told. Bringing her knees up under her she had her ass exposed to him. Spreading open her legs he seen what he wanted.

Her cunt was dripping wet. Thick white cum resting all along her opening from the multiple orgasms Crowley caused her. He leaned over and gave her cunt a long stroke of his tongue and licked up the white thick residue and cleaning her up. She whined feeling his tongue slip inside quickly for a split second before retreating.

She wasn't empty for long as Crowley slammed his cock inside her. His hands grabbed her hips and at an unsettling pace he rode into her hard enough she didn't believe she'd be able to walk after this whole event.

Screaming out in nothing but pure pleasure as Crowley fucked her wouldn't have her surprised in the lease if demons out in the halls or rooms close by were hearing her right now.

Crowley's inhuman speed and power caused her to cum again around his cock and then causing her to have a second orgasm right in the middle of the first one in this position.

The two at once was enough to being Crowley himself over the edge. Pulling out Crowley shot his load all over her ass and thighs. Yelling out himself as his own body shook a little watching as his demon seed spewed all over her skin.

Just when she thought it was over she gasped feeling his tongue against the parts of her body where he must have came. Enjoying the feeling of this she sighed resting her cheek against the bed until Crowley was done.

She felt Crowley's arms bring her down to lay beside him once he was done. His lips attaching themselves to her causing her to taste the both of them.

Feeling slightly bolder she pushed her tongue into his mouth which lead to his hand coming around the back of her head keeping her in place.

When he parted from her, her eyes fluttered open slowly.

"What the hell was that about?"

She questioned. Crowley smirked as he moved a sweaty piece of hair out of her face and behind her ear.

"That was your reward for putting up with those idiots down here. Now sleep."

He informed her. Closing her eyes she sighed feeling more tired then when she went to bed prior. Feeling the bed shift after a moment she knew Crowley had gotten up out of bed. Hearing a snap she no longer felt groddy and the blankets pulled up over her body.

The door opened and closed which meant Crowley must have left again. Sighing deeply she rolled over to face the wall once again only to notice the lack of panties Crowley hadn't returned. Figuring they were somewhere in the room she didn't worry about it as she drifted off to sleep like Crowley had wanted.

Crowley walked away from her door with a huge grin on his lips. In his hand as he walked away from her room were those little lacey grey panties she had been wearing. He looked them over
viewing the damp parts where his tongue had been.

Feeling completely satisfied with himself he stuffed them into his pocket before dropping his brightened expression before entering the throne room.

Time to get back to business once again.
Shifting against the blankets Nikki cracked open an eye. She didn't know how long she had been asleep for all she knew is that she was well rested and rather sore. Moving to lay facing the rest of the room a frown crossed her face finding that, for the second time, she was alone after sex.

She understood Crowley had things to do an entire kingdom to run and all that, but it made her a little sad that he had yet to still be there once she awoke.

Leaning up in bed she rubbed her face and her forehead up into her hair. Dropped her hands with a thud against the bed she sighed.

It was time to get up.

She didn't know how long she spent searching for her underwear but she finally gave up looking for it not knowing where Crowley had tossed it in the room. Huffing she walked over to the wardrobe the demons had put together for her with the list she had given them.

She had yet to leave hell, which was something that somewhat irked her. She wanted to go top side and explore the Supernatural world, maybe even run into Sam and Dean, but she knew that with Metatron running the show up top Crowley would most likely never agree to letting her go.

She knew he viewed her as an asset, something he could use to rule.

Still, she was a person and not some trinket.

Shaking her head she was only becoming upset the more she thought about how Crowley could have viewed her. Rolling her eyes and reminding herself that he was a demon and did stupid things sometimes made her rethink things and let them lay where they fell.

After changing into some dark green spandex shorts and a black sleeveless top she tossed a red checkered long sleeve shirt over everything and slipped on her Converse.

She left her room and headed straight for the throne room.

"Right, well you're an idiot."

She heard Crowley announce the moment she walked in. His annoyance was with a Demon who seemed to be trying to get him to sign some type of paperwork, but Crowley wasn't having it.

Guthrie noticed her entry and cleared his throat which caught Crowley's eye. The whole room fell silent seeing the human who had been their ruler for weeks standing there looking around the room.

"What?"

She asked her hand running through the back of her hair trying to smooth it out suddenly feeling as if everyone in the room was looking at her awkwardly.

"Nothing. Just dealing with a little insubordination."

Crowley eyed the demon who still held the paperwork. He swallowed before stepping back. Nikki arched a brow wondering what the hell was going on.

"It's not that -- we just felt as if -- "
"And who is "we" in this? Hmm? You and yourself?"

Crowley questioned irritated by the man. Nikki glanced between the two and then Guthrie. The demon advisor who had been helping her the long weeks she had been dealing with things gave her a look that showed he himself wasn't happy.

Pushing her brows together she looked confused over to Crowley when he spoke about her.

"Frankly, I don't give a damn what you think. When she was on the throne she kept things running for me. Now that I have returned I am your King! No matter if I am on the throne or she is I am your King!"

He sneered causing the demon to scurry back out of fear.

"But -- "

The was a snap and the papers fell to the ground as Crowley killed the demon before his court. Nikki's eyes widened for a split second before they returned to normal. The dust from the body of the demon seemed to disappear on the air and onto the ground covering the papers.

The rest of Crowley's court seemed on edge at the sight of the demon exploding into nothing by a snap from their King.

"Now. Anyone else have any problems with how I run things?"

The hairs on the back of her neck stood at attention. Something happened because of her and she could just feel it. Panic swept through her having worry take control. Whatever had happened with that demon must have been because of her rule while Crowley was away.

Lowering her eyes to the floor while Crowley waved his hand for the next paperwork she walked over to her desk where he had her first sitting when she arrived.

"Where do you think you're going?"

She stopped dead in her tracks and turned her gaze up toward Crowley. He seemed calm and collected with his gaze and his voice was more curious than angry.

"Uh, the desk?"

She said pointing in the direction where she was headed. Arching a brow Crowley pointed to a random demon.

"Bring your Queen a chair."

He ordered causing the demon to scurry to find a chair. She looked at him wide eyed. Did he just call her their Queen? Shuffling a bit she looked down at what she was wearing and felt anything other than a Queen.

"Um, I don't think -- "

"Darling."

Crowley cut her off sensing that she was uneasy. He beckoned her forward with his finger. Walking up the steps to be right before him he stopped right before her knees hit his.

"Don't berate your worth."
His eyes lit up while he spoke which meant he was honest with his words. Swallowing she nodded causing Crowley to grin.

They were suppose to have talked about this. He was suppose to give her time to think it over about helping him rule. She didn't think that assisting him rule was going to make her a God damn Queen. Maybe something like an assistant, but not a Queen.

When the demon with the chair returned he placed it right beside the throne. She took her spot to the left of Crowley sitting before all the demons in the room.

It wasn't until seconds after she sat down did another demon come up to her with paperwork. The demon eyed Crowley nervously making sure it was okay before proceeding. With a wave of Crowley's hand the demon handed her the paperwork.

With a quick skim over she noticed that it was lesser important work. It had to do with management over the torturing of souls in the dungeons and how the workers wanted different tactics to be allowed to converge human souls into demons.

Unlike Crowley, Nikki read every little detail before finding the approval for the request to be satisfactory for her standards. Signing it she handed it back to the demon, only for another piece of paperwork to be passed back to the table and another brought forward.

Had she known she would be up here working like this she might have just decided to stay in bed. But here she was working beside the King of Hell reading and filling out paperwork like she had been doing for weeks on end.

She didn't know how many hours she had been there but everyone paused for a moment when her stomach made a rather loud sound. Crowley looked at her shocked and then amused probably wondering how her stomach even managed to make that sound.

"Let's break for lunch."

Crowley ordered causing all the demons to put down the paperwork and scurry out the door. Guthrie left the room with a slight bow before closing the doors behind him leaving Crowley and Nikki alone in the throne room.

Turning his eyes over to her Crowley smiled.

"So, what are you in the mood for?"

Glancing up at the ceiling to think for a second she looked back at Crowley.

"Sushi?"

It was almost much more of a question than what Crowley asked what she wanted to eat. It caused him to grin as he rose from his throne. Looking at her he straightened out his suit.

"Sushi will require you in a bit more... casual wear."

She watched as he snapped her finger and in a second what she had been wearing was replaced a suit similar to his own. She looked down at it seeing it was a woman's outfit instead of a men's. Standing up from the chair Nikki took a moment to look over the black suit and trousers along with the deep red long sleeve undershirt.

She lacked a tie, but she wasn't even expecting Crowley to change her outfit for her. She was
confused.

"Wait -- are we going topside?"

There was hopefulness in her tone that wasn't missed by Crowley. Holding out his arm for her he smiled.

"Of course. I just so happen to know a nice little place that has some of the finest sushi you'll ever have."

Grinning wildly Nikki chuckled a bit as she reached out for his arm. Wrapping her arms around his she felt the whole world shift under her. Clinging to Crowley she closed her eyes as she felt everything stop all at once. Breathing deeply she heard a rumble of laughter come from his chest.

Opening her eyes and looking at him, she noticed just how amused he was with their current arrangement. There she was standing on the side walk clinging to him. Her arms wrapped around his waist as she pressed herself into him.

His hand coupled her lower back eight over the hump of her asscheeks.

"They'll be plenty of time for more after lunch, darling."

He teased causing her face to warm. Rolling her eyes she pushed away from Crowley, only to be stopped and pulled back into him. His lips crashed down over hers causing her to inhale through her nose.

People passing them by on the street paid them no mind, almost as of they were invisible. Moving her lips over his she pouted a bit as he nipped her lip giving it a good and long suck between his own lips and then pulled away.

"You fucking tease."

She huffed causing Crowley to chuckle and grin. His arm wrapping around her waist as he guided her to the front door to the restaurant.

"You think that was was a tease? Don't let me catch you on my bad side, kitten."

His warning against her ear caused for her whole body to shiver. Wondering if she should actually take him up on that little threat or not.

But first food.
Chapter 25

The restaurant had been beyond amazing. She had never been to anything so fancy before and she adored just how much Crowley listened and spoke to her.

But there was always a catch when it came to Crowley.

"So. Why did you call me their Queen?"

Nikki asked placing her chopsticks down after finishing up her California rolls. Crowley sat there across from her at their booth. His eyes watching her closely from across the table.

"You don't realise the effect you've placed on my demons have you?"

His brows arched in a slight amusement upon his question. Frowning she shook her head. Crowley laced his fingers together as he rubbed her palms slowly. His elbows resting on the table as he leaned forward.

The dark setting atmosphere did wonders on his gaze causing Nikki to press her legs together tightly to try and keep her mind from turning his look completely sexual.

"Those idiots actually enjoyed your rule while I was away. You gained supporters."

Eyes widening Nikki looked at Crowley as if he was joking. He had to be right?

"Supporters?"

Shaking her head she straightened up a bit. Folding her hands together and resting her arms on the table she looked baffled.

"That demon you killed was he -- "

"A supporter?"

Crowley chimed in completing her sentence before she could even finish. Humming lowly he reached out and took her hand into his. Brushing his fingers over the top of her hand his eyes trailed over his chubby fingers smoothing across her lanky ones.

Eyes quickly flickering up to look at hers.

"He had forgotten his place. Mommy gave the little bastard too much love and affection while Daddy was away on business."

So he had been in Crowley's own words. She shivered from the way he spoke and explained it. She had no idea that there were demons that would ever even dream of giving support to a human on the throne of Hell. Of course she had tried to be as understanding as possible with them so as to not piss them off and cause an uprising while Crowley was away, but she also was far from a push over.

She had demons tortured accordingly when their actions called for it. But thinking back now perhaps she did give them too much leeway? Maybe she was too easy on them trying to keep herself alive long enough for Crowley to return.

"It wasn't my intention to cause supporters."
"Course not. Guthrie informed me of everything that had been going on the entire time I was gone. If you had tried to rule as I would have I know you wouldn't be sitting across from me now."

She swallowed nervously. So even Crowley knew that trying to follow in his steps with how he ruled wouldn't have been a smart move to make.

"Relax kitten, you're too tense."

He soothed rubbing his hand around her wrist in a delicate manner. The amusement glimmered in his eyes.

"I wanna know something."

She spoke wanting to change the subject. Arching a brow Crowley waited for her question.

"Can demons read minds?"

He snorted a bit before he chuckled.

"You're not worried are you?"

"No. It's just... well, this is going to sound a bit dumb, but in my world there are a lot of people who write stories about you. And in those stories you can read the reader's mind. So, I'm just wondering if you can or not?"

"People write about me? How intriguing."

He chuckled giving a squeeze to her wrist before he released it.

"No. Demons cannot read minds right out. We have to enter and have possession of their body if we want to read their mind. However, I know a little spell that allows me to read a person's mind if I so choose."

"Like with Kevin?"

"Very good pet."

He praised causing her cheeks to warm. His praise wasn't something she expected but she welcomed.

"Worried I'm going to read your mind?"

It was her turn to laugh.

"If you're going to do that I may as well just hand over my phone to you. That would be... less embarrassing then having you hear what I think about."

Crowley's lips twitched.

"Any chance those thoughts are about me?"

Looking away from his dark honey colored gaze gave Crowley his answer. He didn't need to know anymore because he knew he was right.

"I'm flattered."
He said right as the waiter reached their table and cleared away the dishes. Crowley watched the waiter closely until he left, the two of them alone once again. His eyes turned back to her blushing little face.

"You're not as innocent as you lead on darling."

Her eyes shot back to his seeing his darkened gaze settled on her. His tongue darted out and barely licked his bottom lip before vanishing back inside his mouth.

"That little begging stunt you did where you cleaned me up shows that there's more to you then meets the eye."

Her whole face felt hot from his words. Going to pull her hand away from his, Crowley caught her wrist in his hand keeping her there. Her eyes darted from his hold back up to his eyes.

"I'm not going to push it. But I want to see this other side of you sooner or later. Daddy hasn't been able to really play with you just yet. And patience isn't one of my virtues."

Letting go of her wrist Crowley watched as she placed her hands in her lap. Her breathing was a bit heavier than before which he seemed pleased with. Sighing contently Crowley rose from the booth and held out his hand for her.

"Ready to get back to work pet?"

The moment her hand touched his the room started to shake. A few patrons that we're inside the restruant started to panic believing it to be an Earth quake. But being pulled into Crowley's arms, Nikki knew better than that.

"Bollocks."

Crowley cursed under his breath. Looking down at the woman who wrapped her arms tightly around his waist he knew that she knew who was calling him.

"Well darling, looks like I'm needed. Keep behind me and don't say a word."

He told her as he placed his arm around her waist before they both vanished causing the shaking in the restruant to stop.
Feeling as if the world had been falling around her, Nikki grabbed onto Crowley until everything stopped.

"Who the hell is that?"

Her eyes opened as her fingers uncurled from their hold on Crowley's suit. She knew the voice almost instantly as she locked eyes with Dean Winchester.

"Just a little lunch date. No need to brush out the details. You called?"

Crowley pushed right to the point which caused Dean to shake his head almost as if he didn't believe Crowley.

"Metatron. We found him, but I need the blade."

Crowley arched a brow as he stepped around Nikki. As requested she staid silent and didn't try to intervene.

"Well now that's interesting int it?"

"Do you have the blade or not Crowley?"

The annoyance in Dean's tone as his eyes flashed between the King of Hell and his apparent "lunch date" didn't go unrecognized by her.

Dean didn't trust her and she understood. He probably believed her to be a demon or some sorts. Never would he have expected her to be human.

With a shrug Crowley waved his fingers and out of no where a cloth covering what she could only assume was the blade landed in his hand.

"I give this to you and you know what will happen."

"Yeah, I'll kill the douche and we'll all go on our own marry little way. Now hand it over."

Dean ordered. Nikki stood there watching the two of them talking. Her mind buzzing, knowing what was going to happen if Dean accepted that blade. Shuffling a bit behind Crowley she couldn't help it.

"You'll die if you accept it."

The words left her lips faster than she could realize. Crowley didn't move and Dean looked with narrowed eyes her way.

"What did you say?"

It was a demand that she repeat what she just said not a question. Biting her bottom lip she went to tell him what she said again.

"Don't mind her. She's new. She doesn't know what happens to insubordination."

Crowley's voice sent a chill down her spine. He glanced over his shoulder at her, his eyes dark and dangerous.
"But she's well on her way to finding out."

Closing her mouth quickly Nikki pressed her lips into a thin line which must have been sufficient for Crowley because his warning gaze turned away and back to Dean.

"What the hell is she going on about I'll die?"

There was a long pause before Crowley gave Dean his famous 'I have no idea what they're talking about' look as he raised his hand that held the blade up for Dean to take.

"Not the faintest idea."

Dean glared at the covered blade then glanced over Crowley back to the unknown woman dressed in her little suit. Nikki just looked at Dean watching as he reached out and grabbed the blade from Crowley.

"I want that back once you're done."

Crowley told him. Dean just scoffed looking at the demon and then back to the woman. Crowley was quick to pick up on this little bit.

"Like I said she's new."

He told Dean as he backed away and grabbed her by the arm causing her to flinch from the grip. And suddenly the world shifted around her again, but this time her transportation wasn't all that smooth.

When the world stopped moving Nikki tumbled to the ground as Crowley let her go. Landing with a grunt she caught herself on her hands, lowering the rest of herself down to the ground without injury.

She gazed up at Crowley confused only for every fiber in her body to tense up.

"I gave you two simple tasks. Stay behind me and keep quiet. I didn't take you for an idiot but keeping quiet means no talking!"

He snapped. His eyes dark as his pupils were larger covering most of his honey coloured eyes. Swallowing slowly the nervousness that tangled in her throat she shifted on the floor where she was almost kneeling in front of him.

"I'm sorry. I was just trying to -- "

"Help? Warning him? You know when I first asked you whose side you were on when you arrived you told me you were with me. Today made you out to be a lair -- "

"I wasn't lying!"

She yelled her eyes quickly darting to the floor from the reprimanding look from Crowley. Darting back and forth her eyes flickered from the floor to his shoes.

"I wasn't -- I am -- I'm with you."

Looking at his pants she couldn't bring herself to raise her eyes completely. What could she do to convince him that she was on his side? She knew that there were so many other who were always against him. The Winchesters, various demons, even his own mother wasn't on his side.

Looking up at him slowly, she noticed the unamused look on his face. But along with that look
Crowley seemed to be fighting to keep it that way.

"I would never purposely betray you. I care for you way more then you'll ever know or understand."

She couldn't believe she just admitted that to him. Her whole face she could feel turned red. Various friends from her world knew how much she absolutely adored Crowley, but only one person knew how she really felt about the demon King and that was her cousin.

Her eyes fell back to the ground after a moment of keeping eye contact with him. Her heart felt like it was going to be thrown up by how nervous she was after her admitting something she never thought she would have to tell Crowley.

"If you meant to or not you still disobeyed me and therefore punishment is in order."

A fearful gasp slipped from her as something tight eloped her neck. Her hands rushed up after hearing his snap and feeling something tighten around her neck.

Tracing it she quickly discovered that it was a collar. A collar that was connected to a chain and the chain ended in Crowley's hands. A shiver ran through her body as she tried to stay calm but it was obvious that the idea of his punishment wasn't something that she completely disagreed with so far.

"Now you're going to learn to be an obedient little pet."

Crowley said with a sharp tug on the chain causing her to fall forward toward him. Catching herself in her hands she looked up at Crowley and finally realized that they were in a room she hasn't taken the moment to look around in.

It seemed like a nicely decorated bedroom. She couldn't tell if it was a house or hotel room, but it was top notch whichever it was. Crowley gave another tug forward causing her to crawl toward him on all fours. Her eyes locked with the ground as he made her crawl like an animal.

"Now. We're going to start with learning to keep that mouth of yours shut when I say."

Hearing his belt jingle she glanced up watching as he undid his pants pulling out his half hard length. His hand pulling the chain making her come forward again.

"Now darling you're going to keep this in your mouth, closed tightly around it, until I say you can let it go."

Crowley took his dick and with the tip of it tapped his head against her lips.

"Open."

He grunted having her do exactly as he asked. His dick slid inside smoothly going all the way to the back of her throat causing her to gag. Tears prickling in the corner of her eyes she tried to keep her throat relaxed as Crowley rocked into her slowly.

His hand had the chain wrapped around his palm while his fingers woven their way into her hair tugging a bit at it.

Her hands came out and she grabbed either side of Crowley's hips for support. His tongue swirled around his cock the best she could while he moved in her mouth.

Feeling her pussy starting to throb she kept her eyes closed and tried to press her legs together to apply pressure to the area.
Holy shit if she didn't know any better she wouldn't have believed this to be an actual punishment. There had to be more to this then what Crowley was letting on.

And sure enough there was.
Chapter 27

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With a sharp tug of her hair she winced and whined feeling Crowley shove his cock down the back of her throat. Gagging and in a panic from being unable to breathe she tugged at his pants trying to pull away.

Crowley kept his hold on both her hair and the chain.

"Look at me."

He demanded causing her to glance up through watery eyes. The hand that was free of the chain came up and brushed her bangs back and out of the way of her face.

"Relax kitten. You're no use to me dead."

She gasped only to choke on his cock some more. Trying to relax as he said she kept her eyes focused on him. There was a certain calm in his dark eyes. His pupils were blown fully and his mouth barely parted allowing his light breaths of arousal to pass through.

Feeling her vigina clench around nothing she relaxed her throat. His words she didn't understand why they effected her the way. In his own way he told her that he wasn't planning on killing her by suffocating on his cock, but in another he made it sound like he could make her suffocate on his cock if he wanted to do so.

Cupping the side of her face Crowley moved again keeping his eyes on hers watching for anymore signs of possible panic. Arching a brow he moved his hand back into her hair tugging at it again.

"You're getting off to this aren't you?"

He sighed, eyes fluttering a bit as his only reply was her tongue running along the under side of his large shaft.
"Fuck you are getting off to this."

He felt her tongue slide out as it laid flat running smoothly along his cock. With a sinful grunt and snap of his fingers Nikki found herself kneeling on the floor completely naked save for the collar that was still locked around her neck.

"My good little slut."

He praised pulling her mouth free of his cock as he tugged her by the hair. Her mouth hung open and she gasped sucking in the air she could before she found her mouth taking Crowley again.

"You are a very curious little human. One who I plan to figure out through every mouth fuck and wet cunt I take."

She whined loudly against Crowley's cock which was the wrong thing to do because before she even knew what was happening Crowley ripped her head from his cock and smacked her across the face. In completely shock she sat there on her knees as he tugged at the chain causing her to look up at him.

"I told you to be quiet. This is a punishment and I will remind you of it."

Her stomach dropped as her hormones went into over drive. She didn't like being slapped across the face the pain hurt, but it was the way Crowley was taking control over her right now. She was completely at his mercy and was beyond submissive at this point.

She looked up at him with one of the most begging for forgiveness looks he had seen yet on her face. Growling he gave a sharp tug of her chain.

"Rise."

Doing as she was told she stood up to her feet and letting go of Crowley's pants. Crowley examined her body. Her heavy hung breasts held erect nipples. He could practically smell her sopping wet cunt. Her thin waist and larger belly and hips gave her that almost hour glass shape. And the embarrassment shown clear on her face.

He smirked.

"Lean over the edge of the bed. Ass up."

He ordered. Turning away from him, she did what he asked. He was in control. This whole things was to show her that he was always in control even when she believed him not.

Laying somewhat arched at the foot of the bed with her feet on the floor and her ass up in the air, Nikki waited for Crowley. She heard some shuffling behind her and felt the chain - well the leash she should call it at this point - go lax.

Confused she wanted to turn around but was afraid that in doing so would end up causing for another minor punishment during this much bigger one.

Jumping when she felt her legs being pulled apart wider by something warm she wasn't ready for leather to be wrapped around her ankles. Moving a bit she found she couldn't. Eyes widening she tried to press her ankles together only to feel something poking at the sides of them.

"Spread bar. Do you know what that is?"
She buried her face into the bed. Holy shit he did not have her attached to one of those? Feeling Crowley's hand on her ass cheek skimming slowly across it squeezing it when he stopped on the left cheek.

"You may speak."

"Yes."

She gasped. Feeling another squeeze to her ass she tensed up feeling his hand trailing to her vigina where his fingers trailed over her excitement dowsing his fingers in it. His thumb went to her asshole making her whole body stiffen.

She knew what was coming or at least thought she knew.

Pressing his thumb inside her ass. Gasping she bit her lower lip trying to keep quiet. Her fingers dug into the blankets of the bed feeling Crowley press further into her. His thumb wiggled about inside her causing her to shift against the bed.

"You like that?"

By the tone of his voice he was surprised to find this out.

"Yes."

A harsh smack came to her left ass cheek causing her to cry out.

"Yes what?"

Burrying her face further into the bed she didn't want to say it. Another sharp slap caused her to jolt and bite her bottom lip.

Arching a brow Crowley watched her withering in pleasure. He had never seem a human take such pleasure in something that he had done to their body. In a painful manner at least.

"Yes. What. Little girl?"

"Yes.... Daddy."

Giving her a squeeze to her ass cheek he smoothed over the flaming effect that was left behind by his hand. Moving back to her asshole he put his thumb back inside causing another quiet sound to come from her lips.

"You are such a little slut for Daddy aren't you?"

"Yes Daddy!"

Crowley chuckled removing his thumb from her and moving his hand to over his cock. Still feeling it slightly wet from her mouth Crowley gave it a few good strokes making sure to squeeze his head tightly around his fingers -- but she couldn't see him doing that to himself.

Her ass still up in the air and the sting from both his thumb and his hand Nikki laid there feeling her own arousal sliding down her leg. She had only ever been at this type of wetness during masturbation while thinking about situations like this with Crowley.

Never thinking she would actually live them.
Closing her eyes as she felt his head tease at her cunt's entrance but never pushed its way inside. He just stood there teasing her. Then his cock vanished from her completely. Confused she glanced over her shoulder best she could.

Dark eyes locked with hers as a grin slipped across his lips. Suddenly the feeling of her and being spread open startled her as his hands weren't anywhere near there.

The hairs on her neck stood up. Crowley was using his demon powers to spread her wide and expose herself to him and she quickly learned why.

She watched as he lined up his cock to her ass and looking at her, he entered slowly.

Her mouth fell open and her eyes squeezed shut tightly. No sound was made from the open mouth expression while fingers threatened to rip through the Egyptian cotton bedspread.

"Bloody hell -- "

Crowley sighed tipping his head forward watching his large cock slowly vanish inside her. She felt like it was on fire, like he was ripping her apart slowly.

"Fuck!"

He hissed once his hips met with her ass. He stood there for a long moment letting her become adjusted to everything she took from him. His hands running her ass and even using his demon magic to rub little circles around her clit.

"You take your King well, kitten."

He hissed placing his hands on her hips and slowly pulling out almost all the way. He watched as her head laid to the side. His cock throbbing watching as her tongue just slipped out of her open mouth and staid there feeling him sliding his cock around in her ass.

"Daddy -- it hurts!"

She begged and pleaded. Crowley smoothed his hand over her ass while applying a bit more pressure to her clit.

"It's a punishment, darling. Its suppose to hurt."

Pushing back into her when he reached almost to the tip she cried out feeling the hot streaks of pain become worse. He was too thick for her ass, but she was pretty sure he knew that already. Having his hips meet her ass again he pulled out and back in until he was slowly thrusting into her.

She staid there like that for a long time. Her legs started shaking from the position that made it hard for her to stand and the spread bar didn't help at all to ease her pain.

Suddenly Crowley pulled himself from her ass and straight into her cunt causing her to cry out in pleasure having something to clench around. But it was short lived only one stroke and then it was back in her ass he went.

Lubrication is what he was doing. Using her own juices as a lube so as to not rub them both raw while inside her. Panting as her fingers tugged at the sheets something was happening.

The pain that was once there was slowly building up to be pleasurable and she found her moans were starting to flow freely in the room.
"Does that feel good?"

Crowley gave a breathy chuckle smacking her ass as she cried out.

"The King's cock feels so good! Daddy's cock feels good!"

Her face was hot with embarrassment as her mind became foggy from the pleasure. She wanted more. Punishment or not she was getting off to this.

"Become my Queen and you'll have the King's cock more often."

He said giving a harsh thrust forward without warning. Crying out she arched her back wanting to come up off the bed and slam back into Crowley again. But before she could even rise fully an invisible force trapped her neck down to the bed.

Her lesh jingled as it suddenly wrapped around the head board and became stuck there. Her body unable to move back now even an inch.

"Fuck -- Crowley please!"

Another hard smack was landed on her disobedient ass which only caused her to cry out again.

"Crowley!"

Another smack.

"Crowley!!"

Two more in a row as her legs started to shake and his speed increased.

"Fuck I'm gonna come, Crowley!"

She screamed her throat going rawr from the five continuously hard smacks to her that caused her to squirt on the foot of the bed. Crying from the painful pleasure she heard her stream hit the bed feeling it trailing down her legs and soaking into the carpet on the floor.

Crowley's thrusting stopped completely as he watched wide eyed as she ejaculated before her while body shook as she cried.

Narrowing his eyes feeling his cock unable to take anymore he wrapped his fingers around her hips and slammed into her ass with an uncaring speed. His balls bouncing against her spraying cunt getting wet from her juices until she finally stopped squirting.

He felt his pants were soaked and his shoes probably the same but to hell with it he would have one of his demons send it to the dry cleaners later. Gritting his teeth holding out to the last second Crowley withdrew his cock from her almost too late.

His seamen dripped from her ass as he shot the rest across her back going so far as to almost hit the pillows at the head of the bed.

Nikki laid there her body feeling completely spent and numb. Her breathing shallow as her eyes refused to open. Crowley huffed leaning against her backside, his cock running through her wet lips before going limp and he put his cock back inside his pants.

Pulling away from her he looked at the damage done to his suit and felt himself quickly hardening again.
"Fucking hell."

He muttered and snapped his fingers. His suit was changed out for some night wear that was black and silky. The floor was soaked as was the sheets of the bed. Bitting his lower lip he gave another snap of his fingers and the floor and sheets were dry.

Now looking at her ass he seen that he had bruised her left asscheck from the number of harsh whacks he gave that brought on her sudden and unexpected, but greatly welcomed, ejaculation. It was black and blue and unseemly awful to actually look at -- if it were anyone other than Crowley.

Leaning forward he placed his hand over it only to have her jump away and hiss. Her eyes opened slowly when she felt the chains and bar disappear from her body.

"On the bed."

His voice couched her to do as he asked. Slowly but surely she managed to climb up onto the bed and laid on the left hand side so she could lay on her right side to avoid the wound on her ass.

Crowley found himself on the other side of her slipping under the covers taking her with him.

"I want you to understand that if you disobey me again, the punishment will be far worse then this."

He said after a moment of silence. She laid there with her eyes closed only to open them a bit when he spoke up. He was watching her closely as his hand came out and brushed her sweaty hair from out of her face.

"You cannot interfere with the Winchesters. Everyone that has ever crossed their path has ended up dead. I have plans. I can't risk it."

She just looked at him. A small smile tugged at her tired lips which caused Crowley's eyebrow to arch.

"If I didn't know any better I'd say you sound worried over little ol me."

Crowley didn't chuckle, he didn't smile, he kept his expression unreadable. It was a moment before he spoke just looking at her with his head proped up against his hand.

"Good thing you don't know any better. Get some sleep kitten. We have a kingdom to rule."

Not having to be told twice she let her eyes fall shut. And within moments after she was aslepp.
Chapter 28

It was the sound that woke her up. Slowly cracking open her eyes she only wished to go back to sleep. When she opened her eyes she was surprised to see Crowley laying there beside her still in bed. His gaze was focused on the t.v. across from the bed.

His hands were folded together as his eyes watched some type of drama sitcom. Peeking up at him from under the blankets she shifted ever so slightly. Alerting Crowley he turned and looked down at her.

"Good morning kitten."

His tone was deep yet rather chipper. Looking at him she knew he took great pleasure in what he did to her last night -- punishment or not.

"Mornin."

Oh God her voice was horse and hurt. She cleared her throat which caused Crowley to smile. Reaching over to the side table he produced a glass of water and what looked like some pills.

"For the pain."

He mentioned. Groaning she moved to sit up only to hiss and lean forward toward Crowley. Her ass hurt so bad she almost cried. Looking at Crowley she frowned.

"Thank you."

She reached over and took the water and pills. Looking the pills over she paused.

"Are these acetaminopen?"

Arching a brow Crowley gave her a quizzical look.

"I can't take anything that's not that. It'll hurt me if it's not."

"Really?"

He said with a wave of his hand the pills changed into what she needed. Picking up the meds she took them popping them into her mouth and washing them down the surprisingly cold water he handed her.

She knew he could probably just fix the pain, but she didn't bother to ask. He reminded her more than once that it was a punishment.

But the pain was so bad she was afraid to look at it.

"Anything else I should know about you medical wise?"

He inquired watching her downing the water.

"Heart palpitations, UC, and asthma. But aside from that nothing major."

Crowley hummed.
"Never would have known had you not told me. The heart I was curious about after hearing your heart the first time we had our encounter."

"Yeah runs in the family."

She said putting the glass down on her side of the nightstand. Looking back over at Crowley, she laid her head back down onto the pillow.

"Where are we?"

She asked finally finding a moment to ask. Crowley smirked a little as he looked around the room.

"One of my safe houses. I come to these when I have business here on Earth and don't have the time nor need to return to Hell."

"One of? You have more?"

"I'm the King darling or has that slipped your mind?"

"Course not."

Her words were a whisper as she sighed relaxing all the way into her pillow. He turned his gaze back to her.

"You're still here?"

He chuckled picking up his tumbler from his side the bed and sipped it.

"You trying to get rid of me?"

Silence fell between them. Looking up at Crowley she nibbled her bottom lip.

"No."

They looked at each other for a moment before Crowley sighed. The air felt a bit different after her reply. His eyes flickered back to the tv before looking back over to her.

"Once Dean Winchester goes after Metatron and turns into a demon what happens after?"

He was curious that was for sure. He wanted to know what was going to happen for the future and she couldn't blame him.

"You'll turn him into a demon with the blade. After that you'll keep a close eye on him. You'll try and convince him to be your right hand, your Knight of Hell basically."

"Really and how does that turn out?"

She bit her bottom lip.

"He turns against you."

He hummed tapping the rim of his glass with his finger. His eyes turned back to the t.v. once more resting there thinking thinks over.

She watched him. His face seemed calm but she knew better than that. She had watched him for years. She knew that he was trying to figure something out.
A way to change the fate of what she told him.

He wanted this to work. He wanted to come out on top. He was going to find a way if he was able.

"You won't be able to keep him in line."

She added causing Crowley to look back down at her. The way he looked at her caused her stomach
to turn. His eyes were breath taking and the simple glance caused her to shift in the bed.

Crowley watched as she leaned up on her hands, wincing as she did so. He kept a close and curious
eye on her wondering what she was doing.

Putting her hand on his cheek she rubbed the stubbles with her thumb. She looked at his eyes and
knew that hers were giving everything away right now.

Weakness.

Leaning over she captured his lips planting small kisses against him. He returned them with each
slow movement of his own lips.

Pulling away she kept her hand against his cheek and looked at him but said nothing. Crowley
looked back at her reading her body language like an open book.

He leaned in and with a force he kissed her back passionately. Her other hand came up and cupped
the other side of his face as he pushed into her.

His drink left forgotten on the end table as he pulled her body over top of his having her sit straddling
his lap. The pain from her ass had her kneeling over him as she kissed him back quickly.

Crowley moved his hands down her naked body to his bottoms and lifted his hips enough to slide
down his waist band.

Pulling his dick free he felt her guide herself down over top him moaning as she slid onto his shaft.
Grabbing onto his shoulders she used them to help stable herself as she started to bounce on him
while being careful of her bottom.

Crowley's mouth hung open as he watched her ride him. She leaned over and captured his lips again
as she rocked. She was still tight from last night, her body ached but welcomed Crowley.

His hands skimmed over her body and stopped at her hips where his fingers held her while she road
him.

Pulling away for air Nikki tilted back her head and straightened up her body which gave Crowley
the chance to take a nipple between his teeth. She moaned and gasped as he bit down and sucked.

Feeling her emotions over take her, she pulled her body away from him so she could be free to lean
over and bite his neck. He gasped his fingers curling into her hair feeling her teeth sink into the side
of his neck.

His hips started to buck up into her. He grunted turning his head and latching onto the skin of her
neck as well. He bit down just as hard causing her to bite harder, which he did the same.

Unlatching her teeth from him she cried out about his bite. Running his tongue across her throbbing
skin he went back to her lips. Kissing each other quick and sloppy lasted up until she came around
his cock. Crying out she stopped while Crowley kept thrusting up inside her.
Finally he pulled her up off him as he came. It went all over the inside of her thighs and over her vagina. Shakey breaths slipped past her parted lips as she leaned down and kissed him once more.

A long planted kiss that Crowley seemed to welcome from her.

Pulling back she slowly lowered herself off of Crowley and returned to her side of the bed. Out of breath she looked up at him. He didn't say anything as he laid there fixing himself before grabbing his tumbler and downing what was left of his drink.

Turning his head he noticed her laying there looking like she was going to fall back asleep. He chuckled a bit.

"I have some things to do. You're welcome to explore. Don't leave the house."

She hummed watching as he rose up out of the bed. He seemed different, but the same. She wanted to believe that the sex that just happened between them showed him something that he'd care enough about.

But this was Crowley.

And Crowley rarely cared about anything.
Beyond irritated, Nikki sat in her chair beside Crowley. The two of them were listening to the demons in the room. Some were happy and others were not.

The reason?

Her.

The demons weren't seeing eye to eye about her sitting next to their King. And on the other hand there were demons that we're mad at the others who didn't approve.

It was a cluster fuck of angry children basically.

"They're fucking children."

Muttering to herself Crowley sighed. He had heard her and would have agreed in a heart beat. The fighting with each other was getting ridiculous.

"Enough!!"

Crowley's bombarding voice caused even Nikki to jolt in her seat. Keeping her eyes forward she watched the demons fall silent in the room.

"I've had enough. More than enough. Making this kingdom stronger should be what we're striving to do. And with a Queen it makes it happen."

She still hadn't agreed. It was something that Crowley seemed to have taken into his own hands. He ended up making her Queen without much talking - a lot of sex, but not much talking.

The demons didn't know what to do. She was human, and they had no idea the type of power she had for Crowley.

Being able to know the future and plan accordingly was a big game changer for everyone, but mostly Crowley. And he wasn't going to let a group of puny demon stand in his way between keeping his throne and losing everything that he worked so hard to achieve.

"If anyone has any problems with her, you speak to me, personally."

The demons muttered to one another. A moment passed and an idiot of the group stepped forward.

"I don't take orders from a human!"

He seethed. Crowley frowned and arched his brows nodding his head a bit he raised his hand and snapped his fingers turning the demon into a smoky dust that fluttered to the floor.

"And now you won't. Anyone have any other problems with her?"

He looked around the room searching for anyone else who might step forward. When nobody did and the room was quiet Crowley was pleased with the result.

"She's shown you she can lead. She's shown you she actually gives a damn - which is more that I can say about anyone else who has ever sat here - about you. She's human, yes. But she has a far greater power than any of you could possibly imagine."
The demons glanced to one another concerned. What type of human could be so strong? A witch maybe? Someone who wasn't completely human? What was it?

"Now leave us."

The order caused the sound of shuffling feet to flee the room. Doors closing behind them meant that the two of them were now alone.

The moment the doors closed Crowley gave the biggest and most stressed sounding sigh Nikki had ever heard from him. A soft smile appeared on her lips.

"It'll be alright."

She reassured him. Crowley looked at her with uncertainty before he chuckled.

"You just saying that or do you actually know?"

A shrug was his answer which caused him to roll his eyes. Tapping his finger against the arm of the chair he closed his eyes taking a moment to himself.

"They're horrible."

His words peeked her interest causing her to look at him.

"They're either unreliable, against me, or so bloody stupid that they couldn't figure out how to get their own heads outta their own asses!"

He spat his voice booming around the throne room. His anger was getting the better of him, she knew this and that's why she remained quiet. She always found that letting a person vent out all their frustrations before talking to them was good for said person.

Crowley didn't seem to be any different.

"I do everything to keep this kingdom running! Everyone else wants to start the bloody apocalypse and start a war against heaven when all I want is to keep Hell up and running with enough souls to keep us going! Nobody understands that having you here is a power play! They see you as a bloody weakness!"

"Weakness?"

Her question caused Crowley to stop. The words had been flowing from his mouth without him realising it and now he had to explain them. Groaning he rubbed his temples.

"They think... they think because you're here I've become weak. They think because I've picked a human that I have some sort of connection to you, that I must love you due to the blood addiction I had to go through."

She frowned. That really hurt to hear Crowley say that.

"And do you?"

"Do I what?"

She paused a moment hearing the frustration in his tone. Biting her bottom lip she rose from the throne and started to slowly walk away.
"Where are you --"

"I'm going to go lie down for a bit. I'm tired."

She said before Crowley could stop her she was out the door. Moving briskly through the halls she tried to just get to her room. Her heart ached because of her stupid question.

Of course he didn't love her. He was a demon. The King of Hell. He was Crowley. And Crowley didn't love anything because he couldn't, because he was a demon.

And demons didn't love anything.

Arriving to her room she closed the door and made sure to lock it. Pushing herself off the door her hand came up to her forehead as she pushed her hair back. She stumbled a bit as she tripped toward the bed.

Falling over on top of it she curled up into a ball with the blankets pulled up to her chin. A shutter went through her body as she felt the tears slip through her closed eyes. She sniffled and quickly dabbed the tears away into the blanket.

She found herself thinking just how stupid she was with her question. How much she had fallen into this world, into Crowley's world, knowing that all he saw her as was a means to keep ahead in life to keep ten steps ahead of his enemies.

Sighing she tried her best to keep the voices down in her head. Pulling out her phone she checked the messages only to find that after many, many months here in Hell Judy had still yet to answer her back.

Dropping the phone against her bed she ignored it closing her eyes again. She needed someone she could talk to. Someone she could share her emotions with right now. And if she was unable to get in contact with her family then that meant that she had nobody.

She was completely alone.

When Crowley watched her leave the throne room in a hurry he could hear her heart pounding away.

She was upset.

He hasn't known what she meant by her question. "Well do you?" He sat there for a long second before it dawned on him. He rubbed his forehead and sighed deeply.

She wanted to know if he loved her.

Of course it was a stupid question. He was a demon, he couldn't love -- could he? It was obvious he cared about what happened to her, but he chalked that up to her being something that he could use against his enemies.

No he was sure he didn't love her.

Still she was now upset over an emotional subject that he didn't answer.

Women.

He rolled his eyes and rose from the throne. Trailing after her he kept thinking about the things that
had just happened. How hopeful she sounded when she asked him. How disappointed she sounded afterwards. The way she left the room in a hurry. And now she was no where to be seen so she must have rushed to her room.

Coming to her door he went to open it only to find it was locked. Frowning he waved his hand and opened the door from the inside. Entering silently he noticed she was curled up under her covers with her back to the door.

He made his way toward her but paused right before he reached her bed. She was crying almost near silent. He found out by the sniffling and way her heart beat. He stood there undetected by her just watching her crumble.

Hell she didn’t even cry during her punishment a few days back.

Knitting his brows together Crowley frowned. His hands went to his pockets. He listened to her cry a moment longer before he had enough and vanished from the room.

He didn't have time for this right now.
Crowley was gone. Dealing with Dean like she warned him he would have to do happened sooner then she thought. Now she knew be would be gone for years Hell time.

And she'd be damned if she staid here by herself for that long.

After convincing Crowley's secretary, she was standing outside the bar she knew Crowley and Dean would be.

Damn him for leaving her alone.

They still hadn't spoken about the day she left the throne room. The day he didn't reply to her question about it he loved her or not. It was a subject that was just dropped and never spoken of again.

Walking inside the bar her eyes moved around until she locked onto the figure she was looking for. Walking over Crowley had his back to her so when she came up and sat down beside him, he looked at her as if she surprised him.

"What the hell are you doing here? How did you get here?"

"I know things. You didn't honestly think I'd stay in Hell running things for years down there? I'm human Crowley, I get bored."

She said resting her elbows on the table. Crowley narrowed his gaze. He glanced over quickly seeing that Dean had yet to notice her sitting with him at the table.

Grabbing her by the forearm he yanked her up from her chair. She flinched as Crowley walked her briskly toward the door. Stopping in the middle of the bar she ripped her arm free from Crowley and stopped.

He turned on her, his eyes darkened.

"I need you back in Hell!"

He snapped lowly so as to not draw attention.

"I don't want to stay in Hell!"

Her voice slightly louder than his. Grabbing up her her arm again he dragged her to the door. But he didn't make it far.

"What's she doing here?"

Dean was standing between Crowley and the doorway. He looked at Dean seeing his eyes on Nikki.

"She was just leaving."

Crowley said tugging on her arm. Dean snorted looking between Crowley and her.
"She doesn’t look like she wants to go."

"I don't."

She snapped quickly. She knew Dean was a demon. She knew he was dangerous, even more so since he didn't know her.

"It doesn't matter, she listens to me."

Crowley said glaring at Dean in a posh manner. Dean looked over Crowley's shoulder at her.

"That true? You another one of his little minons?"

"No. I'm human not a demon."

"Human? What the hell are you doing with him then?"

"None of your concern. Now if you'll excuse us -- "

Dean suddenly grabbed her free arm stopping Crowley from dragging her out of the bar. Thinking he could slip past Dean, Crowley found that he was sorely mistaken.

"Come on man. Let the lady go."

Dean said in an oddly calm voice. Being demon was something that Nikki found fit well to Dean. He was odd, dangerous, and she had to admit he was rather sexy having that "I don't care" additude.

Crowley looked between Dean and the hold he had on her arm. His eyes narrowed.

"Fine. But I need to speak to her. Alone."

Oh things are not fine. Not with that tone of voice. Crowley wasn't happy and Dean seemed to be able to sense it.

"The upstairs free?"

She asked causing Dean to arch a brow probably wondering how she knew about that. Releasing her arm Dean watched as Crowley nodded and walked her away from the door to the stairs. Dean watched them leaving keeping a close eye on the both of them while is curiosity peeked.

Crowley no sooner got her upstairs and had thrown her down against the bed slamming the door behind him.

"What the bloody hell do you think you're doing!?"

He shouted red in the face. He was no longer calm about her situation and he was showing her his complete and total disagreement with it.

Pushing herself up off the bed and stumbling to stand Nikki glared at him.

"You're acting like I'm a chess piece! I'm not!"

She shouted back angry that he was yelling at her. His eyes narrowed as he slowly approached her. She stood her ground though she was terrified right now. She knew a simple snap of his finger and he could end it all.
"You think that's what how this is?"

He stopped right before her. His breath fanning over her face. Tensions were high. She was scared but she wouldn't show it.

"Ever since your little tantrum in the throne room you've been a disobedient little cunt. Need I remind you that nobody -- and I mean bloody nobody -- has ever, ever had the position you find yourself in now? There has never, in the entirety of Hell's history, ever been a Queen! And a human one at that!"

Her body was stiff to try and keep from shaking. His tone, his posture, everything about him screamed "pissed off" and it was with her.

"When you arrived here I could have thrown you in a cell to rot! I could have chained you up and tortured you to get the information I wanted! You think of yourself as a bloody chess piece? My subjects are a chest piece, the Winchesters are a chess piece, angels are chess pieces -- you are not!"

His hand slipped around her throat and squeezed it lightly. It was enough to cause her to look at him with a weary expression wondering what he was going to do.

His eyes trailed over her slowly. He looked all over her face. His eyes not missing anything as he just stared at her with arched brows and a slightly tilted head.

"Maybe it's my fault? Maybe I've been too lax with you? Maybe they're all right and I have gone soft?"

She felt his thumb move slowly across her neck. Her eyes wide as she stood like stone waiting for him to decide her fate. A small breath slipped past her lips as she shuttered. His eyes flickered down to her lips and lingered there.

"To hell with it."

He muttered as his lips lowered down onto hers softly. It shocked her. She thought he was going to choke her, smack her around, something other then kissing her. Relaxing as her eyes slowly closed she leaned into the kiss.

Their lips pressed together in small kisses. It was slow and then turned fast and sloppy. Crowley growled walking her back toward the bed by her neck. Gasping she reached out for Crowley as he pushed her back onto one of the two beds in the bedroom.

A snap and her clothes were gone leaving her exposed to the cold bedroom air. Her nipples perked almost instantly as Crowley climbed over top of her naked as well.

Leaning down over her he hovered his lips across every square inch of her body. Wiggling underneath him as his mouth moved over she she whined.

This wasn't how she expected things to go. This didn't seem like a punishment at all and if it was she deffintly wasn't complaint about this one.

Crying out and grabbing Crowley she jerked under him when his teeth sank into the side of her neck. Her legs spread wide allowed for him to quickly slip into her before she even knee what happened.

Throwing her arms around his neck she held onto him as he fucked her at such a fast pace the sound of his balls hitting her ass filled the room. Legs wrapping around his waist she held on for the ride best she could.
Between his teeth and his cock she could barely think.

"Crowley!"

His name falling from her lips causes him to quicken his thrusts that much more. She cried out louder not giving a damn really about who heard her.

She hasn't thought when she arrived she would have found herself in this situation. She thought maybe he would be so mad he would have grabbed her and tossed her around, he was a demon after all.

But no instead he was fucking her like they hadn't fucked in months.

Is this what angry make up sex was like? Is this what was happening right now?

She believed it.

Feeling him hitting her hips as hard as he did all she could do was hang onto him for dear life. Keeping her eyes closed she burried her face into the side of his neck. Clinging to him as he plowed into her she felt his teeth leave her neck and then her lips covered with his.

Tongues swirled around one another as Crowley's hand wrapped under her body. His arms coming up and under her back pressing her as close as he could to him.

Crying out she shook and clenched around his cock as she came. Crowley didn't say anything as he kept grunting and gasping. With her head in the crook of his neck she could clearly hear every grunt and gasp that passed through his lips.

Every muscle as it tightened while he pounded into her clenching wet vagina. Her whines and pleads rung in his ear as he sent her toppling into another orgasm not long after the first one.

Covered in sweat Crowley gritted his teeth and pulled himself out of her barely in time. Cum spewed all over the inside of her thighs and dripped onto the bed. Trying to catch his breath Crowley leaned down against her feeling her still hanging onto him.

As both of their heart rates settled and the pounding in their ears quieted they slowly untangled from one another.

Crowley pushed himself up off the bed and with a snap of his fingers he was clean and had his suit back on his body.

She however was still naked. His back to her as he adjusted his tie he looked at the door diagonal to them.

"Your clothes are in the shower. Stay up here where it's safe for now. I'll be back later."

She sat there watching as he left the room so much without even looking at her. Her eyes dropped to her hands as she still laid there against the bed. Turning her hands into fists she bit her bottom lip and felt the anger rise in her again.

She was angry at him once more because he refused to actually talk out anything with her. He didn't answer any of her questions and made it seem like he was in control.

He was always the one in control.

Smacking the bed with her open palm she sat up on the bed. Feeling the slick between her legs she
felt even more angry. Biting her bottom lip she reached down and scooped up a good amount of his
seamen on her fingers.

Glaring at it she frowned. Angry, hurt, lonely she took her hand and shoved her fingers inside herself
with the cum covering them. Making sure to push them as far inside her body as she could she
retracted them and repeated the process over and over again until there was nothing left to scrape off
her thighs.

Suddenly her stomach started to warm and she found herself flinging herself to the floor holding her
stomach. She gasped in pain as she felt the need to puke.

Holding it back while curled up in a ball she laid there as her stomach felt like it was being ripped in
two.

Then suddenly it all stopped.

Moving slowly she pushed herself up off the floor. Standing there naked she looked down at her
stomach running her hands over it. She wondered for a moment.

Did she do it?

Did she really do it?

Huffing she still felt extremely angry and knew the only way to find out was to wait. Looking
toward the bathroom door she made her way there.

It was time for a shower and nap.

She was far beyond over today.

Chapter End Notes

Have you ever done something extremely stupid in the spur of the moment because you
were angry over something or someone? This is a common occurrence that happens a
lot with me, and so I figured I would make this dangerous decision for our character.

Because let's face it life with Crowley would drive anyone insane at some point.
Chapter 31

Stepping out of the shower Nikki dried herself off and reached around for her clothes. The hot shower had done her body good and the gift from Crowley on her ass was healing nice. But there was something wrong.

Her clothes were gone.

Looking between the sink and the toliet to make sure they hadn't fallen she looked around the room. Where the hell were they? Wrapping a towel around her body she stepped out into the bedroom and froze.

"Looking for these?"

Dean asked from his spot on the bed holding up some rather risky looking panties. Frowning she looked straight at Dean.

"Yeah, actually, I was."

She said holding out her hand as if she really expected Dean to toss them to her. He chuckled a bit tossing her the panties which she slipped on underneath the towel.

"Why are you here? Who are you?"

Of course he'd find her to ask her questions. She was a stranger and she knew what would happen to him.

"I'm here for King Douche. My name's Nikki."

She said holding her hand out for another article of clothing. Dean just looked at her hand then looked up at her. He snickered a little leaning over resting on his knees.

"And how do you know King Douche?"

"I messaged his number during Christmas as a prank by my sister. Didn't think it would work. Turns out we were wrong. Bra please?"

Dean looked down at the dark purple and black bra. He picked it up and tossed it to her. Turning her back to Dean she clipped the bra together and dropped the towel. Her back to him she slipped the bra on over her head before turning back around to face him.

She noticed he was looking her up and down and it made her wonder why. She was "fat" she wasn't his type so why even bother looking?

"So what he gets interested in you? Kidnapped you? Why?"

"Kinda. You remember when you and Sam came to -- well, went to a world where you were actors?"

He arched a brow.

Pointing to herself she spoke.

"That's my world, well, close to it. Misha, Cas, isn't dead in our world he's still alive. But my world
She motioned around the room. Feeling rarely safe about things she stepped forward to pick up her clothes, but Dean shot up to his feet. Gasping as her back hit the wall behind her she looked up at him with wide eyes.

His arm stretched across her collarbone keeping her in place against the wall by the bathroom door. She panicked a bit and tried to push him off her but his hand grabbed her wrist and pinned it by her head.

"Why are you with Crowley?"

"I -- I dunno."

He snorted applying pressure to her wrist causing her to wince.

"That hurts!"

"You expect me to believe you don't know why the King of Hell is keeping you around?"

"I thought I knew -- but I was wrong apparently! Please, I've been honest with you up to this point why would I start lying now!"

"Because anything that has to do with him is always a lie. You knew I was going to die, but he tried to keep you from warning me -- how did you know!"

Deep breaths. She was taking deep breaths as the pain in her wrist became worse and her ass started to throb from Crowley's punishment.

"Remove your hands from her."

Glancing over Dean's arm she seen Crowley standing there glaring at Dean's back. Dean peeked over his shoulder seeing the demon standing there in the doorway with that look he didn't do anything to show he was going to listen to Crowley.

"I don't think I will."

He said pulling her from the wall and into his chest. She grunted not expecting it.

What was he doing?

Dean's hand ran over her back and to her ass. She jumped feeling the squeeze where Crowley had wounded her. Gasping and shivering against Dean, he must have taken it as a sign that she enjoyed it.

"You tappin this Crowley?"

Dean asked watching Crowley closely. The demon king just stood there across the room.

"Cause if not I think I will."

"E-Excuse me!?!"

She stuttered blushing looking up at Dean.

"I-I'm not even your type!"
Dean glanced back down at her and chuckled. His hand squeezing her ass again.

"Who says?"

"Your track record! Skinny, short, brunet, big tits!"

"Darlin I love any type of woman who will have me."

She couldn't believe this -- she couldn't fucking believe this right now. He had to be testing Crowley. He just had to be right? This wasn't happening.

Dean looked over at Crowley with an arched brow. Crowley kept his glare on Dean, his hands in his pockets. Then his eyes flickered over to her. He looked at her for a long while looking at her expression.

Then he looked back at Dean.

"I condone a lot of things. But rape isn't one of them. Now if you'd be so kind as to let my guest go, I'd appreciate it."

Her heart raised to her throat. Crowley wasn't going to let Dean have his way with her. Was this a cover up so she wouldn't be further pissed with him or was he serious about the whole rape part.

She had hoped it was the later.

Dean scoffed letting go of her and backing away.

"You think I'm about that? I might be a black eyed son of a bitch now, but I dont have to rape someone to get pussy."

He sneered getting in Crowley's face. Crowley lulled his head to the side.

"Course not mate. Now, if you'll excuse us I still have to have a little chit chat."

Dean snorted keeping his eyes on Crowley before he pushed past the demon bumping shoulders with him as he went. Crowley sighed and rubbed his beard when Dean slammed the door behind him.

Nikki came off the wall and reached for her shirt. She went to throw it on over top of her head when Crowley started talking.

"This is why I didn't want you here."

Crowley raised his finger waving it at her. Biting his inner cheek he watched as she went to slip on her pants. Arching a brow he watched her struggle with the button. He stood across the room watching her finally turn her back away from him.

"What -- what the bloody hell are you doing?"

He hissed walking over to her. Grabbing her shoulder he turned her around noticing the panic sweeping across her face. He looked at her before looking down at her shaken hands. Seeing that her pants wouldn't fit and she was in a state of panic that could only mean --

"Fuck... fuck!"

Crowley snapped putting his hand down onto her stomach. He could feel it. He could feel the
Cambion slowly growing inside her stomach. Pulling away from her he turned his back to her.

"Crowley -- "

He snapped his fingers and suddenly she felt a thousand times better. Her hands coming over her stomach as if felt.... normal.

Her eyes darted up to his back just in time to see him turn around and look at her.

"I should have been more careful... you'll be fine now."

Her breath hitched in the back of her throat. Crowley had just killed the baby demon growing in her stomach.

Why?

"Why did you -- "

She wanted to ask but she couldn't finish her question. How was she suppose to ask her question? It was simple, but she found it to be the hardest question.

"Why? Because that thing would have killed you. They grow quickly. You would have died bloody, painfully, there's no living a Cambion birthing."

He explained. Looking her over he seen her relaxing. Like his words soothed her.

"You make it seem like you care -- "

"I do bloody care!!"

Red in the face Crowley shouted. He grabbed her by the shoulder and shoved her up against the wall having her nearly fall as her pants were halfway up her legs with the push. Hitting the wall she whimpered when Crowley's hand trapped her on either side.

"You stupid wench! I don't know how clear I have to make it! You're not expendable!"

He cried out in rage. Her eyes wide and darting back and forth between his. Calming his rage Crowley exhaled a breath he had been holding looking at her shaken form that was starting to cry.

"You're going back to Hell where you can be protected. You will stay there until I return. If you try to leave again or escape I will see to it personally that you're chained in one of our cells where you'll never see the light of day again. Do I make myself clear?"

Her bottom lip quivered and all she could do to keep from sobbing was nod.
Chapter 32

Miserable.

That's how she felt.

Truly miserable and it showed.

Even the demons could see it. And it surprised her how some of them were effected by it.

"Your grace please, it makes me sad to see you unhappy."

One female demon had told her. She didn't believe it though. If it was one thing Nikki knew it was demons were assholes and only cared about one thing and one thing only.

Power.

She would wave off many of the demons turning the conversation to something work related almost always.

"M' fine."

Her reply was dull as she handed the paperwork back to the demon opposite of her. The female demon stood there beside her throne for a moment longer before a wave of her hand sent the demon on her way.

The demon looked at her Queen with a frown before she gave a small now and went back to work. Sighing Nikki held out her hand for another piece of paper.

"Your grace?"

Another demon interrupted causing all work to stop for a moment.

"From the King."

He said holding out a sealed letter. Arching her brow she reached out and took it. It was parchment with an old was style type of seal.

Cracking it open her eyes fell upon the words. Blinking slowly Nikki folded up the letter and rose from the throne.

"Everyone take a break."

She ordered before walking out of the room. Since she had been Queen in Hell for so, so many Hell years she had changed a few things. She made things brighter with more candles. She had installed more beautiful - almost cathedral - style windows.

And not to mention she made the floors where she had to travel each day cleaner then they had ever been.

And her bedroom had been moved, tripled in size, and she had such a large and soft bed she didn't even know what to do with herself.

Arriving at Crowley's study doors she opened them and went inside.
The room had not changed since their first time on the couch. Her eyes instantly darting to it when she entered, but her eyes trailed back over to the man who sat on the chair behind the desk instead.

"I see you got my letter."

He said in a much too happy tone of voice. His feet were propped up against the desk. He was leaning back in his chair completely relaxed. A tumbler of his alcohol in his hands.

She didn't say anything as she walked further into the room shutting the door behind her as she crept closer. Crowley's gaze was on the glass and his eyes only flickered her way when she stopped at the foot of his desk.

"You were right."

Crowley said looking straight at her.

"I let Samantha take his brother back and took the blade away from them. Dean couldn't be controlled."

His eyes darted over her body in a slow swooping manner. She was wearing a nice suit the one with the red undershirt.

"So, what happens now?"

"You're seriously going to ask me that? All the years I spent down here running Hell for you and this is the first fuckin thing you ask me?"

She scoffed crossing her hands over her chest and glaring tired like at the demon. He arched a brow and snorted.

"You're mad at me?"

"You're damn right I'm mad at you."

He sighed removing his feet from the desk he planted them on the ground and rose from his chair.

Walking around the side to stand next to her, he placed his tumbler down on the desk. His fingers skimming the rim of his glass before he looked at her.

"I know we left things bad, but you disobeyed me time and time again. What was I suppose to do?"

He watched as her eyes narrowed and her mouth parted a bit.

"I'm not yours to control."

She told him getting closer to his face. He inhaled deeply his hands finding her waist and tugging her into his chest with a quick and swift motion. She gasped quietly under her breath.

His hand slid up and cupped behind her neck making sure that she kept her eyes on his. His tone was low and gruff holding so much authority while he spoke.

"But you are mine to control."

She shuttered feeling her pants unzip by his demon magic and slowly they were started to be pulled down her legs. Her underwear taken with them, but stopping right as soon as her mound as exposed.
Her mouth parted wide as she gasped. Eyes widening when she felt a warmth completely cover her pussy. It felt like a tongue. It was warm and flicking against her clit in a motion that drove her insides wild.

Crowley didn't move and he didn't let her move. Instead he watched her eyes and her face. The type of oh faces she made was sexy and he loved watching them.

Bringing his bottom lip between his teeth he chuckled as her head fell backward against his hand. She bucked her hips against the feeling only to come in contact with Crowley's obvious bulge.

"You will always be mine."

"Fuck -- Crowley -- "

Her hands wound themselves around his suit on his upper arms. Her fingers pulling at the fabric bringing him closer to her. She made the most delicious noises he had ever heard from her yet.

And they were all for him.

"Say it."

He growled causing the sensation to worsen against her lower area. She cried out and rubbed herself against Crowley. Her wetness smearing across his pants.

The sensation felt like lips fucking her clit and biting down, but there was a tongue inside her vagina, fingers rubbing against her clit -- was he trying to kill her?

"Say. It."

He ordered causing her gritting teeth to open and she gasped with a small cry.

"I'm yours! I'm yours!"

"Say my name."

"I'm yours Crowley! Fuck I'm yours!"

His lips smashed down onto hers just before he turned her body and slammed her back down against the desk. The air was knocked out of her for a second before she came back to reality with Crowley's cock sliding inside her.

Crying out she watched as he bent her legs up in the air wrapping his arm around the both of them and fucked her with her pants and shoes still on.

It was a tight sensation. She felt so filled from this position. His dick squeezing inside of her through her lips, his body slamming into her hitting her thighs and legs. He watched her from the left of her legs that he held up. Her face distorted from the pleasure as he crashed into her in a manic manner.

He grunted finding his release close so he pulled out of her. She whined but was quickly silenced when he pulled her from the desk and brought her over to the rug before the fire place.

Laying down Crowley removed her pants and tossed them across the room. He put his hands on her hips and guided her to his face.

Her eyes went wide.
He wanted her to ride his face.

Giving in she sat herself facing his purple cock as she felt his tongue burry inside her. She cried out from the sensation of his beard scraping against her skin. Lowering herself more she quickly glanced at his cock again.

It was twitching and moving as he ate her out. Unable to take it anymore she leaned over and took him into her mouth. She felt Crowley giving long licks to her opening so she repeated the same to his shaft.

Whatever Crowley did to her, she returned to him.

Finally after what felt like forever, and several orgasms later, she felt his seed spew into her mouth causing her to nearly choke. Pulling back she watched as his sperm rolled down his cock while she swallowed the rest in her mouth.

"Bloody hell..."

She heard him sigh under his breath as she rolled off him. Laying on the carpet to his side. Reaching down he returned his dick into his pants zipping them up before he sat up and looked down at her.

Being dressed in on my a suit top and the undershirt caused him to smirk a bit. She laid there exhausted and spent.

"Rest. I'll take over from here. When you wake up, we'll continue our conversation."

He said brushing his hand across her face pushing some sweaty hair out of the way before he went rising to his feet. She watched him walk away from her. She sighed and closed her eyes.

Grabbing her suit she took it off while on the floor. Opening up each button at a time and slid off the rest of her clothes. Hot and tired she tossed her clothes up into the couch. Closing her eyes she laid there for a moment completely naked for anyone to see who would walk inside.

But then something warm came over top of her. Cracking open an eye she seen it was a blanket. Glancing up at Crowley she noticed the frown.

"I don't enjoy killing the help, but if they were to see what belongs to me without my permission, well, you know what would happen."

He said justifying why he covered her up. She was too tired to care. Closing her eyes she snuggles into the blanket and listened as he finally walked away from her and vanished from the room.

Stupid asshole demon King that she just had to love.
Chapter 33

Eyes opened slowly before she sprung upward. Her heart throbbing as she didn't remember falling asleep in this bedroom. Then it dawned on her. This was Crowley's home on Earth.

Relaxing a bit more she sunk back into the bed.

"Relax darling."

His voice came from the doorway. She glanced over seeing Crowley standing there lounging against the door frame. He had a relaxed aura around him and he seemed extremely calm. Nikki watched him just standing there.

"You're safe with me."

He reminded. He had been doing a lot of that lately. Reminding her of things.

"Am I really?"

He cocked a brow.

"Why am I here?"

Her question was to the point. Crowley pushed himself out of the doorway and made his way to her side of the bed. He sat down beside her. His arms resting on his knee as he looked at her.

"You're here because we need to talk."

She pulled the covers up more over her body better while he spoke.

"I know my actions haven't been the most... friendly lately and I apologize for that. But I have my reasons. There are things out there that will use you and hurt you given the chance if they knew of your powers."

"And you think I can't protect myself? How do I know you're not one of those things that's just using me! You've been pretty blunt with asking me what's going to happen next and you've gotten angry when I wouldn't tell you! You threatened to have me locked away never to see the light of day again because I wouldn't listen to you!"

She snapped tossing her one arm around motioning her frustrations while her other held the blanket over her naked body.

Crowley sat there silently for a moment his eyes having not left hers the whole time she spewed her frustrations. When he was sure she was done Crowley took a moment of silence longer before he shifted up the bed moving to be directly beside her.

His hand came out and brushed her lips with his thumb. She leaned back a bit shocked by his action staring at him wide eyed. His eyes trailed over her face watching her closely.

"You asked me once if we could be besties. Do you remember what I said?"

"The King of Hell doesn't have friends." She remembered because it made her sad to think that Crowley wouldn't think of her as a friend.
"Well, I can't say that now."

He said confusing her. His thumb moving across her lips to her cheek.

"You think of me as your bestie?"

She scoffed a little unable to really think of anything else to say. Looking at Crowley she could see the internal struggle in his gaze.

"Crowley?"

She questioned seeing him just looking at her.

"No."

He said suddenly causing her to fall back against the bed with a gasping yelp.

Her eyes widen as she felt the demonic energy around her body.

He moved over top of her, his suit gone in an instant and instead his naked body pressed against the bedsheets that were quickly stripped of her body.

Her eyes wide as she watched Crowley come down on top of her. His lips smothering hers before he moved them across her face and down her neck.

Her breathing rugged as she closed her eyes. Crowley's lips moving over her breasts but didn't stop until he moved between her legs.

Squeezing her legs together she tried to keep Crowley away from her, still, unshaven mound. Glancing up at her, he frowned.

"Open your legs darling."

He asked causing her face to warm. She shook her head making his brow arch. He chuckled a little and with a wave of his finger her legs fell open.

"Darling, I don't mind the hair. Women in my day, we preferred a good trollop through the brush."

He smirked before descending over her. Her face was red hot from his words. She constantly forgot how old Crowley was and when he reminded her it made sense.

Sure he could have any woman he wanted, but he chose her more than likely for the reasons that her body type was what was wanted during his day.

The rounded body, large like breast, unshaven body.

She was well washed and took care of herself, but she just didn't like to shave.

Gasping and tossing her head back she felt Crowley devour her cunt. Eyes closed tight while fingers dug into the sheets. She whined and tried to buck her hips only to find that she was still glued to the bed by his powers.

She whined wanting to buck her hips. Her eyes opened as she turned her head to look down at Crowley eating her out.

"Let me go!"
She begged only for Crowley to give a long line of his tongue right up the center of her vagina and up over her clit.

"I don't think so."

He growled taking two fingers and shoving them inside her deliciously wet cunt. She cried and laid her head back down. Nibbling on her bottom lip she tried to squirm, but Crowley wasn't letting up whatsoever.

Crying out she felt a shiver shoot through her. Her head went light as a feather before she felt the fullness of his dick enter her once his fingers were removed.

Looking up she watched him clean his fingers of her juices. He thrusted hard yet slow. She finally managed to arch her back as Crowley let up on his powers. Arching into him his hips hit her clit with a hard smack each time he entered.

She was a sobbing, begging mess -- just the way Crowley liked her.

Thrusting into her he stopped and did some type of circle with his hips before taking a different angle and thrusted upward now right into her G-spot.

Screaming out she felt her whole body tense up as she shook. Her sight going black as she couldn't remember the next several seconds until her vision came back only to find that Crowley had his arms tucked around her shoulders and had her sitting upright.

From there he thrusted upward into her. His cock giving her the feeling of fullness as she cried out again trying her best to grab hold of him.

Her lips dipped down and captured his. Their sweaty bodies tangling together as they both clung to whatever the other could grab.

Crowley felt himself twitch and before he knew it he was pulling her up off him and dropping her onto the bed. She gasped feeling his sperm shoot across her stomach and hitting a bit of her face, but mostly stomach.

He groaned and collapsed beside her.

They laid there for a while together before the awkward heaviness in the air became too much and with a snap of his fingers the both of them were clean and resting in bed in some very comfy pjs.

He had turned on the tv more than likely trying to distract himself from the looming question that hung in the air.

Nikki however was not afraid of the question.

"Is this just one big long makeup sex?"

She asked looking over at Crowley. The demon turned his head from the tv and looked down at her. She had woken up from her nap and was now giving him a questionable look.

"It's half and half."

"And what's the half something else?"

When she asked Crowley frowned. His finger moving around her jawline tracing over her soft skin. She watched him confused for a minute.
Then it dawned on her.

"Crowley do you actually care about me?"

The man scoffed glancing away for a moment, but it was clear she was right. Now Crowley would try and hide behind sarcasm as it was his defense mechanism to keep himself from getting hurt.

She knew because she did the same damn thing.

"I only care about -- "

He stopped looking back down at her. He couldn't finish what he was going to say. The moment he looked at her all words ceased.

"I'm a demon, you're a human from another dimension.... No matter how much I might.... There are things that...."

He was fumbling over his words so she thought she would save him from his own impending embarrassment.

Leaning up onto her forearm she kissed Crowley's lips hushing his rambling. He kissed back slowly and deeply.

"It's okay Crowley, I never expected this to actually happen. Never in a million years."

She whispered their lips still touching. She wanted to believe that she understood the demon king, but things were so incredibly unclear.

So having these small moments like this, whether he was using her or not, was worth it. He invited her into his home, into his kingdom, into his life.

And although there were clear doubts in her mind.

Was he using her? Was he sleeping with other women or demons? Did he plan on sending her home once her usefulness had ran its course or merely kill her?

There were so many questions floating about her head, but there was one question that she never hoped to be answered.

Would she have to leave him one day?
Humming to herself Nikki dank down into the warm welcoming bath water that flowed in the hot tub size bathtub. Sinking down to the point where her nose was just barely above water she relaxed all her tensed muscles.

Crowley had gifted her the house on Earth allowing her to stay here for as long as she liked since her time served in Hell.

She had been there for so many years while Crowley had been on Earth for hardly a month.

But you're probably wondering why she was sore.

Crowley had been popping up almost every morning and making sure she was sexually pleased. She wasn't for sure if he was doing this for her or himself -- it may have been both.

But she noticed the smallest change in Crowley, or at least she had hoped, he became needy of her.

The morning routine had quickly turned into him popping in for lunch. And then there was the surprise moments where he would take her out for dinner.

She noticed the little things.

And now over the last day and a half Crowley had been here. In his own home along with her.

She he was on his phone a lot trying to find the witch that was lurking about. Nikki just didn't have the heart to tell him about Rowena. It literally broke her heart to think about the betrayal from his mother.

That's what was currently on her mind. Crowley's mother. She needed to tell Crowley. And even though it hurt her inside she knew the right thing to do would be to tell him.

Huffing and standing from the her twenty months soak she drained the tub and got her red bathrobe Crowley had been kind enough to get her.

She hummed a little in her head as she made her way toward Crowley's office. He had been locked in there all day and she was finally ready to see him.

She made up her mind.

She was telling him.

Opening the door she slipped her head inside to see him sitting behind his large dark desk. His home phone pressed to his ear as he seemed unamused by whoever was on the other end of the line.

His eyes found her as she walked inside toward him after shutting the office door behind her.

Swinging a leg over Crowley as he relaxed in his office chair on his phone call he settled on his lap. Crowley kept his brow arched as he continued talking to whoever it was on the other end.

She smiled a bit as she played with his tie. He noticed the glint in her eye as her fingers went and slowly pulled apart his tie. She started popping buttons next until his chest was exposed.

Biting her bottom lip she leaned into his neck and planted open mouth kisses along his growing hot
"I'll call you back later for another update. You best have something."

The threat in his tone sent a throb straight into her clit. Her tongue came out moving over his collar bone and then moved playfully over his nipple as soon as his call ended.

"Kitten!"

He hissed taking hold of her shoulders and pushing her back a bit. A laugh passed through her lips as she grinned.

"What?"

"Don't you what me little girl."

He warned causing her to just continue to smile. Wrapping her arms around the back of his neck she sat there still on his lap.

"Are you still looking for your witch?"

Crowley sighed which was basically her answer. He was frustrated over this hunt. His demons were doing a piss poor job about it. Biting her bottom lip she looked at him while running her fingers over the back of his scalp.

"I've been meaning to tell you something about this witch."

He arched a brow. He had given up on asking her questions since their last little dispute. She wasn't sure why he played off all the questions unless he believed that she would give him the answers when she felt the need -- much like right now.

"Find the Winchesters and you'll find her. But, I want you to know, and I seriously fucking mean this Crowley, you cannot trust her."

He smiled his hand coming up and caressing her cheek.

"I have no intentions of doing so -- "

"No, you don't understand. Crowley, she's -- she's your mother, Rowena."

Crowley soft gaze fell almost instantly. She could tell her words shocked him. He looked in her eyes, his thumb moving over her cheek. Brown eyes scanning for a lie behind her words, but of course he found none.

"She's going to use you for your powers for your position as King of Hell. She's going to try and play the role that she abandoned -- but you cannot fall for it."

"Oh kitten, my mother doesn't deserve anything good from me. I suspect you know what she did to me?"

Nodding she leaned in and kissed his lips. She was more than use to his sexual tendencies and kissing wasn't so odd anymore for her.

Something's were but kissing wasn't one of them.

"You were worth at least 3 pigs."
She whispered between kisses. He inhaled deeply through his nose as he yanked her against him. Their teeth cracked together as he kept her pressed tightly to his chest.

"You're wet."

He groaned into her open mouth. She blushed guessing that she was making his pants wet from her rubbing against him. She whined a little feeling him squeezing her ass.

"That's cause I'm thinking of fucking you in this office chair."

She moaned back kissing him deeply. He growled and pulled her away from his lips. Her robe slipped open exposing the mounds of her breast. His eyes darting down seeing them, his finger playing with the opening of her robe.

"Well, we'll have to make those little day dreams a reality then now won't we?"

"Please."

Begging while Crowley unzipped his pants and his cock came out caused her to lift her hips. She was so sore but she wanted him so terribly bad. Pulling her lips apart with her fingers on her hand, while her other hand held onto the back of his chair, she sank down onto him with a hiss.

Shuttering it felt like her whole insides were beaten with a baseball bat, but it didn't stop her from wanting him again.

"You're tight."

He groaned his hand tightening around her hip as she slowly sunk down over top of him. He watched her face distort into pain.

"Kitten?"

He questioned causing her to shake her head. Biting her bottom lip with her eyes closed and her head leaning down she settled onto his cock.

"M'fine. You feel good."

She breathed out. Crowley's now free hand came up and laced his fingers behind her head in the back of her hair tugging her to turn her head up so he could look at her properly.

"I can make the pain stop."

"No. I like it."

She said quickly as she shifted rolling against his cock. Her walls were swollen and squeezing his dick more than they ever had which caused him to curse. She felt amazing right now and the fact that she liked the pain he had given her only turned him on more.

Crowley grunted and un fasened the rest of her robe. He moved it off her shoulders and had it fall onto the floor. Bite marks littered her neck and shoulders. Her back had a few bruises from his grip, but not as many as her ass had from the smacking and biting he did there.

"Magnificent."

His husky breath answered looking upon her suckled breasts, which held more marks.
She started to rock slowly against him. Her whimpers slipping through her lips as one hand lingers on his chest and the other still gripping the chair for support. He watched her through interested and hazed over eyes as she road him slowly in his office chair.

"Sir, you should really take a look at -- "

She stopped suddenly and pressed herself flush against Crowley quick to burry her head into his chest. Crowley blinked glancing over her naked and exposed body to see one of his demons standing there with something in his hands.

The demons eyes darted from his Queen's naked back side and quickly to his King's eyes. Crowley seen the fear in them, knowing that the demon had just fucked up. But instead of just zapping him dead right then and there Crowley glanced back down to the woman hidden against his chest.

He brushed from of her hair out of her face and watched her closely. He felt her vagina pulsating a bit more around him since their minion had entered the room. She looked up at him.

She didn't like that look.

"Charles, right on time."

Crowley said to the older meat suit wearing demon. Charles looked at Crowley with a confused and scared expression.

"Sir?"

He asked glancing between the two of them again.

"Crowley?"

She whispered causing Crowley's hand to sooth over the back of her head as he rubbed her softly. He kept his eyes on Charles.

"Take a seat."

Crowley ordered. Charles did as he was told and sat down in one of the two chairs in front of the desk. He still seemed tense and unknowing as to what was going to happen.

"You've been here since your Queen decided to take a break from Hell. You've made sure she was well taken care of while I've been coming back and forth between here and there."

"Of course sir."

Crowley hummed. Leaning over Crowley placed his lips to her ear.

"Trust me, kitten."

He whispered before he took her raised her up on his cock and brought her back down. She gasped keeping her head ducked into his shoulder.

Charles's eyes widened as he watched her backside move up and down against Crowley. The demons eyes staid on her body, her lower half hidden behind the desk.

"Well, well, I was right."

Crowley chuckled feeling her tighten around him. He kissed the side of her ear as he heard a little
whine slip past her lips.

"It seems my Queen enjoys being watched."

Crowley commented his tongue and teeth playing with her ear. She whined a bit louder as she started to slide up and down on his cock by herself. Crowley sat there relaxed in his chair letting her do as she pleased in front of Charles.

Crowley turned his attention to the demon. Charles looked at his King. A twinge of fear shot through him. His King looked so utterly powerful with his Queen on top of him. His hands on her back moving up to be on her hair while his other rested on the arm of his chair.

Her head resting beside her Kings as her hair tickled the side of Crowley's face.

"So, you were saying?"

Crowley questioned. Charles snapped back into his usual mode shifting a little in his chair to adjust his hardening cock.

"Yes, sir, it seems that hell is running smoothly, but some of your Queens supporters are disobeying orders.... since she had been away for so long -- "

"Ah!"

She cried as her body tensed up. Charles eyes turned watching her body shake as she clung to Crowley. He too grunted and bucked his hips upward a bit feeling her cumming on his cock. His fingers tangled in her hair and tugged her head back exposing her neck.

Crowley locked his lips against her skin and bit down hard ripping another cry from her lips. Licking over her fresh wound he started to buck up into her more causing her to resume her ride on him.

Once she started he relaxed back against the chair again, his eyes on Charles.

"Your Queen is taking time for herself. She's been under a lot of stress running things while I was -- away."

Crowley groaned the last word feeling his girl flexing against his cock with her vagina. He was getting close, what with Charles watching right there and the feeling if complete control coursing through his veins, he was going to cum soon.

"Yes, sire, we understand and the Queen had done an excellent job. But we can't ignore the people's cries for her return."

Crowley grinned hearing her short and quick gasps as she clung to him. His dick throbbing while he felt her turn her head and her lips against his ear.

"Come in me my King. Please. Please I want your come so bad."

Crowley eyes widened a bit as he suddenly thrusted up into her. Her quiet pleads causing his cock to throb to the point where he knew in the next few strokes, he'd come.

Fuck

He felt himself lose it and his warmth spread through her as she kept riding him. She stopped instantly feeling him fill hee up. She shuttered and hee aching body pressed fully against his as she relaxed. Crowley gasped and groaned as her vagina milked him for everything he had.
"Yes."

He heard her whisper beside him. Once he finished they staid locked together.

Crowley looked at Charles.

"Go. Tell the others their Queen will return soon."

He grumbled his eyes moving toward the door. Charles shot up from his seat, Crowley could see the evidence that watching had caused him, before he fled the room with haste.

Crowley grumbled again feeling that hee vagina was still throbbing around him. He placed his hands on her shoulders and leaned her back a bit. His eyes looking at her as he placed his hand on her stomach.

He could feel their child growing inside her.

She watched him closely. His eyes moving slowly down to her stomach. She felt like she was floating like everything was a dream.

A dream she didn't wanna wake up from.

Looking back up into her eyes he raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

He killed the child.

A sigh slipped through her lips before she leaned in and kissed him. Her lips were planted.

There was no movement in the emotional filled kiss.
One second she was in her garden outside and the next she felt her stomach lurching as if she was going to lose the lunch she had just ate.

Gasping and being thrown to the floor by gravity and her weak legs. She glanced around the new room quickly knowing instantly where she was by the markings on the floor.

"Is this her?"

Glancing over she seen Sam looking at her curiously.

"Yes. She stinks of Crowley."

Castiel said standing just outside of the circle, having tossed her inside. She huffed pushing herself up to her knees looking at Sam and then noticing Dean.

"That's rude to say."

She said looking at Cas over her shoulder. The angel narrowed his eyes. It was obvious he didn't trust her at all, and she couldn't blame him.

"And you're sure she's human?"

Sam questioned again. Glancing over at the younger brother she just sat there letting the three of them talk it out.

"She has a soul."

Cas nodded. Sam watched his brother as Dean approached her. She tucked her bathrobe together a bit more feeling it hanging too loose for comfort right now.

"What's the deal with Crowley?"

He squated before her. Looking into his eyes she couldn't help but find herself getting lost in them and completely forgetting the question.

"I -- I'm not sure?"

She replied trying to think straight herself. Dean just kept his stare with her.

"Now see, I don't believe that for a second. Cas here says you smell like him. And I know for a fact that there's a reason for that."

"You and I have had this talk already. I dont know anymore now than I knew then except for the fact that if Crowley finds me missing he's not going to be pleased."

She said in the least threatening tone anyone had ever seen. He wasn't threatening in the slightest, which causes Sam to do a double take.

"Are you -- are you warning us?"
He questioned looking at his elder brother's backside. Dean snorted glancing over his shoulder.

"Yeah, she's the least dangerous thing tied to Crowley I've ever met."

"Rude!"

She snapped again climbing to her feet. Dean rose to meet her and to block her path.

"Look, just lemme go. I don't have anything else to tell you."

"Oh but you do -- you have a lot more to tell us. Like what's gonna happen and why you're here!"

"Oh come on Dean!"

Dean road up on her quickly causing her to back away just as fast. He stood nearly toe to toe with her.

"You're from another world! That right there is reason enough as to why we can't let you go! You have to go back!"

Her eyes shot wide. She looked between his eyes, darting back and forth in them. Her lips turned into a deep frown as she kept her gaze in them.

"I dunno how."

She whispered keeping her shaken voice calm.

"Maybe Crowley does."

Their angel friend said. Dean kept his gaze on her as Sam walked around the circle.

"You think he'll send her back?"

He asked. Dean lulled his head a bit thinking about Sam's question.

"I think he'll do anything we say if we hols her hostage. She's gotta be important to him in some way if he's keeping her around."

His comment told her that he had been watching Crowley closely when he was with him. Kicking herself for coming to find Crowley while he was galavanting around with Dean while he was a demon.

Maybe she should have just staid in Hell after all?

Chapter End Notes

Feedback is always lovely. I see and read every comment that comes my way, I just don't always reply to them. But please make sure to express anything you feel needs to be said.

Thanks for Reading.
Chapter 36

M: I'm with the Winchesters. They had their angel boy kidnap me from the garden.

Crowley: They what? Are you hurt? Nobody told me you were missing! I'm going to kill those idiots!

M: Nobody told you probably because Cas got me while I was alone. Nobody probably knows where I am. But I'm fine. They've got me locked down here in the dungeon where they kept you.

Crowley: What do those bloody idiots want?

M: They want information and when I wouldn't give it to them they wanted to send me back to my world. They think you know how to do it. They're probably going to try and trap you into doing it but don't let them. Please.

Crowley: Don't worry, love. I'll be there soon. As soon as I have the proper people making sure this witch doesn't escape I'll be there.

M: You found your mother? Crowley please be careful with her. Don't fall for her tricks.

Crowley: I couldn't give a damn about her. Besides I have someone more important to worry about right now. I'll see you soon my Queen.
Crowley was a lot of things, but right now as he sat on this throne looking through his phone of pictures that he and Nikki had taken together he found that he had a mixture of emotions.

The photo they had taken most recently, which was lounging naked in bed and her almost half asleep, to their first photo, which had been a picture she had taken that had been the two of them at the sushi place he had taken her when she first arrived, caused him an aching pain.

Something was missing from him since she had been taken.

"Is that her?"

Crowley quickly turned his screen off and turned his head to glare up at his mother, who was hovering over his throne, looking over his shoulder at his pictures.

He hasn't even heard her come up to his side he was so distracted.

"Is that your girl?"

"She's Hell's Queen, you insufferable witch!"

Crowley rose from his throne and walked away. Rowena just smiled and followed after him.

"Witch mother, dear!"

She reminded him causing him a scoff. He had taken Nikki's words seriously when she had told him to not trust her. So far she had been acting like a helpless victim -- not even Nikki had acted this way, and she was helpless.

He seen right through his mother's wool.

"I'm going to get her and when I return you will show her respect!"

He ordered causing Rowena to frown for a moment as Crowley turned around and lifting a demanding finger her way. Folding her arms over one another Rowena just looked at her son.

"If she's yer Queen then why do ye hava go get her? Why canna she just pop down here?"

She asked obviously not knowing that the Queen of Hell was a human. Crowley frowned. He sure as hell wasn't going to tell his bitch of a mother anything about her that was for damn sure.

"I'll be back. Stay out of trouble or else you'll be back in that dungeon."

He sneered before he stomped out of the throne room and vanishing once he entered the hallway.

Nikki had been waiting patiently in her dungeon. She felt bored rather than anything else. They boys hadn't touched her in the form of torture to try and get information from her.

Probably because Dean said shebess harmless.
And instead they locked her up. She had done various things to try and keep herself occupied like taking a nap, singing to herself, she even tried to get the weapons out of the locked case that hung on the wall to try and play with them.

But she quickly became bored.

She hated being locked up. She was currently walking the lines on the circle on the floor. She wasn't sure what type it was, but she knew it kept the baddies at bay.

Suddenly the door on the other side of the bookcase opened and the lights came on. She jumped a little but continued to walk the lines.

Sam had opened the doors and peered inside. He froze when he caught sight of her just walking over the lines. He stood there for a moment dazed watching her childish behaviour.

"Hello."

She greeted him as she walked. Sam snapped out of it and cleared his throat.

"Crowley is here. He wants to see you."

Sam said watching her twirl once before sighing. Looking at him she started walking forward toward him.

"Lead the way oh fearless leader."

Crowley was currently trapped in his devil's circle when she was brought to him. Looking at him and then to the circle Nikki's eyes wandered over at Dean.

"That's not nice."

She commented causing the elder Winchester to scoff.

"We both know he'd grab you and vanish."

Dean spat causing her to roll her eyes. It was true that's probably what Crowley would do.

"Are you alright darling?"

His gravely voice caused her to turn and look at him. A small smile tried to force itself onto her face, but she pushed it back down not wanting to give the Winchesters anything else to use against the demon king.

"M'fine."

She replied causing Crowley to nod. So far neither boy should have known about her being his Queen -- which was good for the both of them.

"Send her back."

Dean spoke up causing Crowley to arch a brow looking at Dean.

"Come again?"

"Send her back to her world you greedy son'nava bitch!"
Ah yes the pleasing Winchester demands. She watched as Dean narrowed his eyes toward Crowley wanting the demon to work with them here and send her back to her own world.

"Dunno what you mean?"

He was playing it off like the confused prisoner in all of this. She understood his plan.

"You dunno -- okay. She told us everything Crowley!"

Sam added. Nikki looked between the two brothers deciding that she would play along too.

"I don't wanna go back. It's cold and the fish won't like it."

She said causing all three to look at her. Kicking off her shoes she barely missed Crowley as he had to duck one of them as it flew over his head. The Winchesters looked at her confused and as if she was crazy.

"The birds and bees know the devil and his needs. They'll all be mad if I go back. The man in white will lock me up again and make me take the candy."

She said moving about in circles like she had done in the basement. Sam and Dean looked at her shocked for a minute before Dean turned to Crowley.

"What the hell is this!!?"

He spat causing Crowley to hold his hand out toward her.

"This is what happens when you trust everything you hear. The girl's obviously off her rocker. What did she tell you? Did she give you the story of her being from some other world? Really Squirrel and you believed it?"

Crowley clicked his tongue. Sam and Dean glanced at one another quickly before Sam stepped forward.

"She said in her world we're actors! How would she know there's a world out there where we're -- "

"Come now Samantha, are you actually looking at her?"

At this point she had sat down on the floor and just looked at Crowley. The brothers looked at one another before Sam shifted from one foot to another. She had been acting odd since they locked her up, but they had only assumed it was because she was odd.

"Now if you'll be so kind as to release me, I'll take her out of your hair."

"Crazy or not not gonna happen."

Dean spat causing Crowley to roll his eyes. Nikki glanced up at Sam seeing that his attention was no longer on her. In a flash she reached up and grabbed his hunting knife. He flinched and tried to grab it back but before he could she slid it across the floor to Crowley.

"Lemme go!"

She shouted and struggled against Sam's hold as he watched Crowley destroy the circle with the knife. The second he was free he sent the boys flying across the room. Nikki gasped as she stood up from the floor and was greeted with Crowley grabbing her by the waist.
He glanced at the boys as they were pinned to their respectable walls. Lifting his hand he wiggled his fingers at them.

"Toodles."

And the couple vanished.

Chapter End Notes

Please if you're enjoying this story make sure to remember to leave reviews. Kudos and bookmarks are great, but I also love hearing what y'all liked and what you think of the story!
Popping back down into Hell Nikki started to laugh silently while still pressed to Crowley's chest. She couldn't believe she had just fooled the Winchesters and Crowley had played along.

She stopped however when she felt Crowley's hold on her tighten. She looked up at him, pressed firmly to his chest.

"Are you alright?"

She smiled softly and nodded. Her hands coming up and rubbing the stubbles of his cheeks. Crowley just watched her staying silent as he allowed her to caress him.

"Should I come back later!"

The screeching voice of Rowena filled the air causing Nikki to pull away from Crowley so fast that she almost fell if it weren't for Crowley's hold on her. His eyes narrowed before he turned upon his mother.

Rowena wacked into the throne room as if she owned the place. Nikki looked back up at Crowley.

"You let her out?"

Crowley grumbled at her whispered question. His gaze focused on his mother.

"So this is the wee lass that has me bae in a fuss?"

Rowena came closer stopping before Nikki. The witch's eyes moving all over her figure and face. Finally she frowned looking to Crowley.

"Fergus. Surely ye can do better! Look at er! What would ever make ye want her as ye Queen?"

Crowley tensed up in frustration. He glanced at the woman he held and seen her eyes were cast to the floor.

How dare the bitch.

"Get. Out."

He growled lowly under his breath. Rowena's eyes widened a bit as her mouth gaped.

"Fer--"

A snap of his finger and the throne room doors opened having two demons enter. They walked up beside Rowena and stopped.

"Take her away. I dont care where. Just get her the bloody hell OUT!"

The two demons grabbed hold of Rowena and started to guide her out of the room. She yelled at them to let her go, but of course they didn't listen to her. Once the two of them were alone Crowley looked back at her, seeing she was still looking at the floor.

He frowned and placed his hand under her chin tilting her head to make eye contact.
"Let me show you how much I want you."

Crowley said weaving his fingers through her hair as he moved his hand back behind there. Gasping she was pulled into a heated kiss before he pulled her along with him onto the throne. She felt him tug harshly against her hair causing her to gasp and allowed his tongue to slip inside.

Moaning while their tongues fought each other she rocked herself against Crowley. Their clothing causing friction between them. His mouth pulled away from hers and the scruff of his face moved over her cheek, jaw, and down her neck as Crowley bit and tugged at the skin along the way.

When a whimper came through her lips Crowley bit down harshly which made her jump.

"Crowley!!"

She cried feeling his tongue slip across her neck where he bit her hard. She could feel now the bulge in his pants wanting so badly to have it for herself. Whining she moved her fingers down across his pants to blindly search for his zipper.

But the moment she found it her hands flew back behind her back and it felt as if her wrists were locked together. His demonic powers were obviously to blame for this as he kept her under control.

Always his to control she remembered.

"Crowley please!"

She begged as Crowley snapped away her top and bra as his lips latched onto her left nipple. She squirmed against him. Her hips bucking trying to get more friction as his teeth bit and twisted her nipple between them.

Feeling her vagina clenching around nothing was driving her crazy.

Not to mention the idea of getting caught as she was fairly sure Crowley had yet to lock the throne room door.

"My King please! Fuck me!"

She cried tilting her head back to rest upon her shoulders. She almost felt as if she was going to cry. But Crowley’s hand that was still trapped in her hair tugged her forward and smashed their lips together.

A snap of his fingers and her bottoms, socks, and underwear vanished -- her shoes still back in the bunker.

Locking eyes with her, Crowley lifted her over his cock but paused. She felt her heart in the back of her throat as she tried to figure out why Crowley didn’t drop her down onto his dick and let her ride him.

"Say it again."

His voice barely a whisper. She inhaled deeply.

"Please my King fuck me."

"Again."

"Please -- "
"No. Say it."

Her lips parted she looked into his eyes seeing just how badly he wanted her to say it.

"My King."

Her shaken voice whispered. Suddenly and with a force that she had never felt before Crowley slammed up into her causing a silent cry to rip from her throat. But it didn't stop there. Crowley's hand was guided to her hip while his hand still in her hair and thrusted into her with a painful movement.

Her eyes closed as her mouth hung open in an "oh" face. Her voice failing her, but the silent scream still flowing from her open mouth. The black behind her eyes was hit with white streaks of what looked like lighting everytime Crowley would pound upward into her wet cunt.

Her legs barely able to stay in the straddled position that Crowley had her. Feeling cramps coming on soon she didn't want this to stop.

She came twice before Crowley took hold of both her hips and came himself inside of her. Gasping for air she leaned forward and embraced him feeling his demon seamen impregnating her instantly.

Her arms locked around his neck as they both held each other in their own way for a moment. Her face pressed inside his neck while his hands resting almost on her ass.

"Crowley?"

She whispered softly against his heaving chest. She felt the pain that came with being pregnant with the demon child swirl inside her stomach as she pressed herself more against her king. Crowley welcomed her embrace, knowing what was happening.

"Give me a moment."

He told her. She sighed riding out the pain of this child all while Crowley and herself were still connected. His chin resting against her shoulder as he sat there feeling the power growing in her womb. He sighed moving both his hands around to her stomach and feeling their child growing inside her.

She had her fingers lace into his hair playing with them softly as his hands rested upon her stomach.

"Do you want to be a father again?"

She asked sensing there was more there then what Crowley was letting on. She felt him move his face turning more to press a kiss to the side of her head next to her ear.

"I was a shit father then, I'd be a shit father now."

It broke her heart to hear that. It was true, Crowley wasn't the best father. Beating, starving, abusing his son.

Sometimes she forgot how bad of a man he had been while human and how evil of a person he was as a demon. The man that had his cock inside her killed people, he tortured them, did things to them that she couldn't even imagine.

Yet she loved him.

She loved him with every fiber of her being and she would go so far as to risk her life for him just to
make sure he was safe.

"It's time. Hold on."

Crowley said causing a moment of pain to come and then stopped. Her stomach feeling normal again as she was now without child for the second time. His hands guided back around her body keeping her in place.

"As much as I love this... I'd rather be in my room."

She heard Crowley's grin and a small snort.

"Maybe I like you this way? Against me, inside you, exposed to the world but only mine."

"Stop it."

She said burrying her head into his shoulder more. He was embarrsing her with his flirtations right now and he damn well knew it.

With a smirk still in his lips the two of them vanished from the throne room.
Chapter 39

M: Crolwey????
Crowley: Yes?
M: I'm drank.
M: dunk.*
M: drunk**
Crowley: I can see that. Are you still in the bedroom?
M: yeeeeeéeeeeeeeee
Crowley: Stay put then.
M: Crowley I love you
M: I love you so muuuuuuuch
M: I always have
M: You're what I've always wanted in life and I'm so happy I have you
M: night night

All messages read
Sighing she kept her eyes closed and her head under her blankets. She had drank herself silly after her and Crowley's romping on the throne. She vagely recalled what the hell happened halfway through her stash that the demons had brought her -- her followers she guessed.

And now - oddly enough without a hangover - She struggled to start her awakening in hell.

Rolling over on her bed she noticed she was alone. Figuring that Crowley was off in the throne room she sighed and rubbed the sleep from her eyes.

Reaching out for her phone that was beside her on the bed she opened it up to see if she had any messages. When she didn't see any new ones she frowned. Turning her phone screen back off she climbed out of the bed and got ready.

There were demons arguing so loud she could hear them from down the hall. Arching a brow she walked into the throne room only to see Crowley sitting there on the throne listening to the complaints of demons.

But all arguing stopped once she entered the room. The floor opened to her parting so that she might walk through. But instead she stood back by the doors looking all around the room.

"And why are we yelling so loud I can hear you halfway to my chambers?"

A few demons hung their heads while a handful of others glared at her.

"You."

One said causing Nikki to arch a brow.

"Me?"

"You've poisoned our king!"

Her eyes widened she looked to Crowley seeing that he was frowning. Starting to walk forward she found demons had grabbed her up and held her there.

"What are you -- Crowley!"

She begged panicking as the demons dragged her to the ground. Crowley sat there silently on his throne watching as the demons ripped apart her clothes. Their fingers ripping into her skin as she cried blood flying everywhere.

Gasping Nikki shot up out of bed. A female demons jumped back before stumbling forward grabbing hold of her shoulders.

"It's alright! We've sent for the king!"

She said quickly. Nikki glanced around the room before realising that she was drenched in her own sweat. Her night shirt and shorts clung to her. The bed was soaking wet on her side.
"Look for a hex bag."

Nikki barely said causing the demon to look oddly at her.

"Look for a hex bag! Search the room!"

She shouted causing the female demon to scurry back as she started to open drawers looking through them.

"Is everything -- blood hell what are you two doing!?"

Crowley appeared in the middle of the room right as Nikki had flung a pillow case off the bed and ripped into a pillow. The female demon ripping drawers open and tossing clothes.

The female demons paused startled as Crowley suddenly appeared. She gave a bow keeping her eyes on the ground.

"Rowena gave me a night terror! I'm looking for the stupid hex bag!"

She shouted ripping her second pillow open. Crowley was prepared to open his mouth when a little black bag fell out of a pillow from his side of the bed.

The hex bag rolling across the floor stopping at his feet. Both women stopped watching as Crowley just looked at the little black bag.

Bending down he lifted it up and looked over it.

"I'll skin her alive."

He growled before looking at the help.

"Find the bitch. Bring her to the throne room and tie her up. Wait for me."

"Yes sire."

She said before taking her chance to flee the room. Crowley turned his eyes upon the soaking wet girl in his bed.

"Oh darling..."

He muttered seeing how awful she looked. Rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand she sniffled a bit a deep sigh passing through her lips.

"Hug."

She asked trying to keep it together. Crowley hesitated, never being one to actually indulge in embraces, before he moved over to her. Her arms flung around his shoulders as she buried her head in his neck.

She soaked his suit with her sweat, but it wasn't anything Crowley couldn't just snap away. His hands rested on her hips feeling her body shaking.

"It felt so real. The demons. They ripped me apart."

She whimpered. Crowley sighed.
"I didn't want to believe it at first, but now I'm sure about it."

Crowley told her causing her to lean back a bit. Blinking slowly she looked at him waiting for him to tell her what was on his mind.

"I had some type of a vision, thought, whatever you want to call it. Where our people stabbed me over and over again with angel blades."

"Your mother -- "

"Yeah."

Crowley said moving his hands to brush over her face moving her bangs out of the way. He sighed deeply, he seemed different.

"What will you do?"

"The only thing I can do for now."

He muttered pulling away from her. She felt alone and empty without him, but he moved from her and snapped his fingers causing his suit, and herself, to become dry and clean.

"I have to make sure you're kept safe."

She heard him say which caused her concern. He was worrying over her when he needed to be focused on his mother.

"I'll be fine! You need to worry about yourself, about your kingdom!"

He looked at her. His gaze focusing solely on her. His eyes didn't leave her figure as she kept to the bed.

"You stay here. I'll deal with my mother. I'll come back for you once I've finished."

Frowning she shook her head. Crowley turned walking back toward her.

"She's after your throne, you -- "

"I'll handle it."

He said placing his hand under her chin and making her look at him. She swallowed nervously. His lips touching hers for a simple yet soft moment before he extracted them. His hand dropping from her.

"Behave."

He ordered before he vanished. She frowned more and ran her hand through her hair. Sighing she reached down to pick up her phone that was under the sheets on the bed.

Flicking her finger across the screen she went to check her messages when she stopped. Checking her drunken messages between herself and Crowley from before her nap she leapt from the bed.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."

She cursed tossing the phone down. Her hands ran through her hair as her eyes glanced back and forth from the floor to the phone.
She told Crowley she loved him.
And he didn't reply.

Chapter End Notes

Hey we've reached 100 kudos! That's awesome! I never expected so many people to like this story, but I guess I was wrong!

If there happen to be more kudos than 100 by the time you're reading this then just know that I am not worthy of the love.

Thank You.
Chapter 41

Nikki paced back and forth in worry. She had told Crowley through a text that she loved him.

Oh how she fucked up.

Swallowing her anxiety to the lowest pits of her stomach she knew that she had to do something about it. It wasn't a lie by any means, but the King of Hell couldn't really have any distractions. And now that his mother was involved with giving her nightmares she wasn't so sure how things were going to out at all.

He cared for his twisted mother as much as a demon could care about a woman that tried to sell him for some pigs. A woman who tried to starve him to have him lose weight. Always treated him badly -- why did he care for her again?

Shaking her head she inhaled deeply. Knowing that Crowley had told her to stay here and be good she couldn't do it. The anxiety was eating her alive. Storming out of her room quickly she made her way to the throne room knowing that might be where Crowley would be.

And she was wrong.

When she entered it was nothing but demons. They turned and looked at her giving her a bow.

"Where's the King?"

She demanded. A lower demon stepped forth catching her attention.

"We haven't seen him for some time, your grace. But, we heard he was looking for the witch, Rowena."

"Do you know where he might be?"

The demon shook his head. She sighed.

"Thank you."

She said leaving the smiling demon as she exited the throne room. Scurrying down the halls she came to his office and decided to peak inside there. When she didn't find him there she walked the halls until a demon came fashion after her.

"The King request you in your chambers."

Glancing over her shoulder she noticed just how concerned he seemed. Frowning she knew she was in trouble.

Returning to her room she barely had time to enter when the doors slammed shut behind her. A gasp slipped from her mouth as she jumped forward. Swinging her head around she seen the doors had slammed shut and upon turning back around she seen Crowley glaring at her.

"I gave you one task."

His deep voice growled out lowly. Her eyes widened but instead of backing away she stepped
forward making her way toward him.

"You were to stay here!"

"I got worried."

"If you can't obey orders then how am I to trust you!"

"Because you know me!"

They were toe to toe with one another when she snapped in his face. His harden glare sent fear straight down her entire being. But she wasn't about to back down. She wasn't. Her bottom lip started to quiver.

"You know... I'm just a stupid human who... would do anything you asked of me."

Her voice went to crack, and Crowley's gaze never softened. He kept his eyes on hers. She couldn't read him and that's what scared her most. Then a hand came out and cupped the side of her cheek. A deep inhale followed by an exhale before his lips moved.

"On your knees."

Her eyes cast to the ground before she found herself on her knees in front of him. His feet moved from in front of her to her side.

"I warned you that if you disobeyed me again, the punishment would be critical."

His husky words slithered into her ear. She swallowed her eyes on the floor as her breath came a little faster.

"I know how to deal with my mother, my enemies, anyone who comes between me and what I want -- "

He spoke while circling her like she was his next meal.

"If I tell you to do something then I'm doing it for your own good. I do know about you, I know that you desire me more than what you let on -- open."

He said stopping in front of her and tapping her mouth. She opened it and Crowley slid his thumb inside while his other fingers held her chin and jaw in his grasp.

"Suck. Why do you think I've treated you the way that I have? Demons aren't meant to love, to feel anything other than hate and the hunger to kill. I'm not suppose to feel anything other than that. But those damned Winchesters -- "

His other hand grabbed the back of her hair and yanked it back so hard that she cried out with closed eyes. Her sucking came to a stop when the pain came rushing through. Her eyes clenched shut hearing Crowley's low voice above her.

"They ruined me. I wished the day would come when the last piece of humanity leaves me, but now I'm not so sure it will... so long as you're here."

Her eyes slowly opened. She looked up and Crowley and - for the first time ever - seen him fighting against his emotions. She seen that helpless gaze she gave him. She seen the sadness which dwelled inside.
He actually gave a damn about her.

"And so your punishment."

He said pulling her up to her feet by the back of her hair. She gasped, a slight moan slipping out, as she stood in her feet. Crowley's hands still wrapped tightly around her hair.

"Isolation."

He whispered his lips pressed against the shell of her ear.

"W-what?"

With a snap of his fingers Crowley tossed her to the floor. She landed barely catching herself with her hands. Her eyes widened. It was freezing and she was in a cell somewhere here in Hell.

"W-wait, Crowley, please -- don't do this!"

She begged as she tried to scramble to her feet. But with a wave of his hand Crowley sent her flying back bumping the wall. She grunted having not hit nearly as hard as what he could have done.

"It's like I said, Nikki. I know my enemies, and I know how they work. I'll come fetch you once I've taken care of mother."

"Crowley -- "

The doors slammed shut. Scrambling to her feet she threw herself at the door watching as Crowley walked away.

"Crowley! Crowley please! Please don't leave me! Crowley!"

But her cries went unheard as the King of Hell walked away from her until he was out of her sight. A sob slipped past her lips as she slid down the door. Leaning back against it she let her sob turn to ugly crying.

From his Queen to his Prisoner oh how she had fallen.
Shivering from the cold she did everything to keep warm. Nobody would think that Hell would be cold as ice -- but they'd be wrong.

And down here in the cells it wasn't good at all. She could feel her throat swelling and her whole body shivering. She didn't know what part of the cells she was in, but she never remembered Rowena shivering like this.

And to top it all off the sounds of never ending screaming would plague her mind for the longest time. Her hands cupped over her ears as she sat there trying to drown out the sounds.

Her mind wandering to the one person who had put her here.

Crowley sat on his throne. His mother smiling up at him from her spot where she stood.

"I'm so happy ye made the right choice dear! That girl wasn't fit to be by ye side."

She scoffed. Crowley sat there feeling horrible -- yes, horrible. His mind not even on heat his mother was saying but instead on the poor woman he cared about - yes, he cared, someone stab him with an angel blade quickly - that he had to throw into the cells below.

His mother droning on in the background. This was one sure fire way to protect her from his mother. He couldn't just kick either of them out of Hell, and he couldn't throw his mother in a cell and expect her to work for him.

But his mind moved to his time with her. How she viewed him. How she spoke to him. Her last words to him. The text. The text she had sent him expressing her love for him. His jaw had tightened and he handed even noticed it. His hands balled into fists as he grew angry with himself.

He had been stupid, he seen this now. He had been stupid in the most stupidest way possible.

"Fergus? Yer not even listenin!"

Crowley's eyes snapped over to his mother. He rose off the throne with a quickness and back handed his mother across the face. She gasped. Her hand flying up to cup her cheek.

"If I wanna fuck a human from another dimension then I'll fuck a human from another dimension because I'm the bloody King of Hell!"

Crowley's voice cracked from his roar right to his mother's face. Her bottom lip quivered as she stood there looking at her son.

"You ever put another hex bag or lay a finger on her and you'll be begging we never crossed paths."

He growled watching his mothers bottom lip quiver before he went storming out the door. He vanished right around the corner feeling as if he just wasn't moving fast enough. And after the extremely long stride up to the cell doors Crowley paused.

His demon heart stopped.
Her head hung against her knees that we're pulled up and her arms wrapped around her knees. Shaken was her whole body as she sat there shivering.

When he opened the cell door and flung it open he watched her jump. Her head flying up showing her pale face with red blotches all over.

She had taken sick.

"Kitten."

He sighed walking into the cell. She watched him coming up to her and she struggled to stand. The cold had her body numb and she fell clean into his chest. Seconds later there was warmth and a softness under her behind.

Opening her eyes and a snuffle she took view of a fireplace to her left and she noticed that she was now on a couch and Crowley holding her.

"Crowley?"

"Hush kitten. Rest."

He said keeping her pressed to his body. Her eyes drew heavy as she felt his own body heat warning her freezing one. Inhaling deeply she allowed her eyes to close as she rested against his chest.

Crowley holding her while she slept. Keeping her close like he should have been doing this whole time.

Chapter End Notes

Sad to say but we're so close to the ending! I hope you've all enjoyed this story thus far and I hope that I can continue to bring you all a wonderful story.
She wasn't getting better. In fact she had gotten worse and it was all his fault. Crowley had tried to get her better from trying to figure out what was wrong with her, to having demons get a hold of medicines for her.

But nothing worked.

"Damn it."

Crowley hissed as he grabbed hold of her body that laid on her bed. A snap and he was in the bunker. The Winchesters jumping ready to attack the sudden visitor.

"Help her!"

Crowley snapped causing Sam and Dean to jump up from their seats and approach her. Sam took her from Crowley while Dean glanced between her and the demon.

"She's burning up!"

Sam stated feeling all over her body.

"Call Cas!"

Dean said as he kept his eyes on Crowley. The demon paid no mind to the man and instead his gaze only on her, who laid on the library table. Sam flipped open his phone and dialed the angel's number.

"What did you do to her?"

Dean questioned knowing that Crowley had to be part of this while fiasco. Crowley's eyes snapped to the elder Winchester.

"I was trying to protect her -- but I was stupid."

Dean's brow arched. Well, he wasn't expecting that. Usually everyone else but Crowley was stupid, so to hear the demon say that --

"So spill. What the hell happened."

Crowley explained about the situation. About his mother, the hex bag, about her being put in isolation and getting sick. Dean snorted and shook his head.

"Yeah. You are an idiot. You can't just stick a human in a freezing room and expect them to not get sick!"

"Excuse me, I was trying to protect her!"

Crowley snapped back.

"And what do you think we were trying to do with her from you? If you had let us have her when we did she wouldn't be in this mess!"

"I swear if you don't help her, I'll -- "
"Crowley..."

Her half hearted call caused both of them to stop their bickering. Sam looked down at her having gotten off the phone with Cas a while ago.

"I'm going to move her to the sick bay."

Sam explained as Crowley pushed past Dean and joined her side. Sam and Dean both tried to make heads of Crowley after Sam had laid her down on the bed. But neither of them seemed to be able to understand his motives right now.

"She needs ice."

Sam said pulling some ice packs out of the freezer and putting them on her wrists and behind her neck. She inhaled deeply and it sounded like she was struggling to breathe.

"One of you, make a deal with me."

Crowley said glancing at either of them. Sam and Dean looked shocked at one another.

"Make a deal or she dies!"

He snapped causing Sam to glance at her.

"And how do we know this wasn't just some plan the two of you came up together to get us?"

Dean questioned knowing how Crowley worked. Crowley gave them both the most baffled and pissed off look he could ever give them.

"You idiots! There is no plan! She's going to die if you numbnuts don't do this! No soul, just -- "

"You actually care about her?"

Sam questioned looking at Crowley like he had two heads. The demon bit his inner cheek and just glanced between the boys.

"Alright."

"Sammy -- "

"She's gonna die Dean. We gotta do something Cas won't make it in time."

Sam explained. At that moment Crowley noticeably eased.

"Thank ya Sam."

Crowley said as he met Sam with a quick peck of the lips. The second they pulled away from one another Sam looked disgusted as he cleaned his mouth with the back of his hand.

"C-Crowley?"

The exhausted voice called out. Crowley turned around on his heels seeing Nikki sitting up on the bed. She sighed dropping the ice packs down onto the side of the bed. Her eyes met in confusion with his.

"You're okay now."
He said walking over to her side and holding her hand.

The bunker was an eerie silence. Nikki felt off balance with everything. Crowley, Sam and Dean all stood looking at one another now relocated in the library.

And she was the center of attention.

"Maybe it's best if you go lay down for a bit?"

Sam offered looking at her. She glanced over to Dean, who didn't seem happy at all that she was there. Then her eyes went to Crowley and seen the unreadable expression he gave her.

"Yeah. Yeah I think so."

She agreed looking slowly at each of them before following Sam down the hallway. Dean and Crowley just looked at one another waiting for Sam to come back. It didn't take long before the younger brother returned.

With a deep sigh he looked at the demon king.

"Crowley, she has to go back."

Sam said softly trying to get through to him. Crowley turned and looked at the taller man who shuffled his feet a bit closer to the demon.

"We all know what happens when someone from another time line comes here."

"Yeah it turns into Armageddon."

Dean piped up.

"She doesn't have to go back! You can stop whatever comes because of it!"

He roared again angry with the fact that they were trying to push her away and back to a world that she clearly didn't want to return to.

Dean scoffed approaching Crowley with a quickness in his step.

"We can stop it by sending her back!"

"Find another way -- "

A hard right hook came across Crowley's face causing him to tumble into the table. He shook his head clear of the fog from the punch. Dabbing his lip he looked for blood, but there was none.

"She almost died with you!"

Dean spat. Crowley glared at the man before he straightened up.

"She can't go back. I dunno how."

Sam arched a brow.

"Didn't you bring her here?"

Crowley shook his head while kicking his bottom lip.
"A portal appeared in the middle of my throne room. No clue how or why. Then she just popped on through."

"And you expect us to believe that?"

"Believe it or not, Squirrel. But I'm telling the truth when I say I dunno how to send her back. Dunt even know where to start."

Sam and Dean looked to one another. Dean finally backing away from Crowley before tossing his hands up in the air.

Nikki sat on the edge of the bed fiddling with her hands. She was nervous and didn't really understand much of anything right now. She last remembered being locked in the cell and then Crowley had gotten her.

Now she was here in the bunker.

A knock came from the door before it opened. Looking over she opened her mouth.

"What's wrong?"

Nikki asked looking at Crowley as he walked into her makeshift room in the bunker. Crowley closed the door slowly behind himself as he approached the bed where she sat. Shifting a little bit over so he could take a seat beside her, he looked down at her hands that were clasped together over her thighs.

"Winchesters want you gone back to your own world."

"I kinda figured."

She said moving her thumbs over top each other and sighing. It was easy to tell that she was anxious.

"And... what do you want?"

Her question was unexpected catching him off guard for a moment. He chuckled his hand coming down and taking her left into his right.

"Naked, on your back, my cock inside your -- "

"I-Im serious Crowley."

He frowned the playfulness leaving his face.

"Being honest, I don't want you gone. You're one of the few, very few, people who I can seem to count on. One of the very few I can actually stomach to be around."

She rolled her eyes.

"Gee, thanks. I wouldn't have guessed since you threw me into a freezing cell left to die."

Her sarcastic tone didn't fall deaf on his ears. He looked at her.

"I'm serious."

She looked at him. He noticed her nibbling on the inside of her cheek. A frown spread across her face as she looked at him.
"I know I'm an ass, but I was doing what I thought was best to protect you."

This was hard for him, she could tell. From the way he sat to the way his eyes shifted from anywhere else in the room and then back to her.

"You're serious?"

"Dead."

It was her turn to look away for a moment. A breath passed through her lips. She wasn't sure what to make of it.

But she didn't have to.

Crowley reached back behind her neck. She gasped with the sharp tug. It caused her to look him in the eyes before she closed hers and their lips smashed together. Their tongues pushed together in passing as the main focus of the kiss seemed to almost be passionate more than dominate.

When Crowley pulled away he sat there keeping her close. Their foreheads touching ever so slightly as their breathing went to even out.

Opening her eyes slowly she looked up at him. A small smirk spreading across her face.

"You can't expect me to leave now?"

Crowley chuckled.

"I never planned on it."

When Sam returned to check on the two of them they had vanished. Sighing he hung his head knowing this was bound to happen. Leaving the room he returned to his brother to tell him that Crowley and the girl had gone.
She smiled placing her hand against his cheek when they landed back in her bedroom in Hell. Her finger tracing against his not so much stubble anymore. Her eyes gleaming as she looked into his own brown ones.

"You sure do have the most beautiful brown eyes I've ever seen."

She whispered causing Crowley to snort and wrap his arm around her waist tighter than before.

"Compliments don't get very many people far with me, darling. Course you should know that."

"Not tryna get far with you, Crowley. I'm right where I wanna be."

Her shy smirk did it for him and he pressed his lips down onto her lips with a furious passion that nearly knocked the wind out of her. If he hasn't had his arms wrapped around her, she would have more than likely fallen backwards.

"Sire! Sire are you in there!"

Groaning Crowley pulled away from her and with a snarl yelled back to the closed door.

"I'm busy you idiot! What do you want!"

"There's an uprising in the throne room! Sire, it's about the Que--"

The sound of a gargled gasp was next heard and suddenly the doors swung open to the demons body droppinf dead before them. Eyes widening Nikki was pulled back behind Crowley as a group of angry demons entered the room.

"What in the hell is the meaning of this!"

Crowley ordered. With an angel blade in their hands the small group of demons stood there well armed and ready.

"We've had enough of this! A human isn't fit to rule the throne of Hell!"

"We don't accept her! We never have and never will!"

"Hand her over!"

She stood there behind Crowley watching with a startled expression. Crowley made no such move to step aside nor give into their demands.

"Hand her over? You dare think that I'm going to hand her over to the bunch of you? You're all sadly mistaken."

Crowley growled. That was The wrong answer for a demon, who stood in the middle of the sma group, stepped up with his blade raised.

"You can't stop us all. One of us will get her."
He threatened. And suddenly two more demons charged. Crowley pulled his own angel blade from his jacket and stabbed the first demon in the stomach having it die lit like a Christmas tree. The other that charged for Crowley was given a sucker punch from Nikki, who had stepped out from behind Crowley.

He watched as she plucked up the angel blade from the dead demon and held it out in a threatening manner toward the demon who had tried to attack him.

"Get the fuck away from him."

Crowley arched a brow. She had never heard such a venomous growl pass through her lips the whole time she had been around him -- and neither had any of the other demons for that matter. With the sound of a snap and the demon she was threatening turned to dust.

Glancing over her shoulder she seen Crowley had his hand lifted. But there was no time to watch one another as the final three demons came running forward. One against Crowley and two for her. An unexpected punch to the face sent Crowley tumbling to the ground. He flinched for a moment trying to regain his barings.

But a moment was all it took.

The demon above him went to swing the blade down and Crowley went to snap his fingers.

But he was too late.

Nikki had shocked him by diving in front of him the blade implanting into her side. Her scream ripped through the open air causing everything to stop. Crowley's eyes widened as he watched her fall to the ground by his feet.

Everything worked in slow motion after that. Everything between the two demons she had been fighting to be ripped apart by his powers to the demon who had ended up stabbing her to be sent flying across the room into a group of other demons who had rushed in after hearing the scream.

Crowley moved on his hands and knees over to her. Scooping her up into his arms he held her close to him. He could feel the blood gushing down her side where the blade had been ripped out of her when the demon was sent flying.

His eyes wide watching the life drain from hers.

"No... no, hang on. You're not allowed to leave me you hear. You can't -- "

His voice barely cracked when he seen that sad smile and the tears wielding in her eyes.

"You always were much more of a lover... than a fighter, Crowley."

Her smile widened a bit more causing him to chuckle sadly. And then everything faded. Her smile dropped and her eyes became dead and hollow. Crowley felt his breath catch in the back of his throat. His lips twitching.

He had just shown her what she meant to him, and then he ended up losing her in a fleeting moment.

A gasp filled the room as she shot up with a quickness. Her eyes zoomed around the room and she found that she was laying on her bedroom floor. Her hands reaching around finding that she had no wound or that anything hurt.
With her chest heaving hard and painfully she neglected to realise that on top of everything else -- she was crying. It wasn't until she broke down sobbing did she notice she was even crying.

She was back in her bedroom. Her bedroom where she had went through the portal and came out on the other side where Crowley, and the Winchesters, it was all real.

But did any of it even happen?

Struggling to stand Nikki walked to her bedroom door and walked down the stairs. She had to clean herself up. She was such a mess over what was apparently a dream.

"She's here!"

She stopped halfway down the stairs when she was startled by her mother rushing to embrace her. Not understanding what was happening until her father came running through the house to do the same did she notice something.

The calendar on the wall across from them. It was no longer January -- it was August.

She had been missing for seven months.

She had been in the Supernatural world for seven months.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Don't worry there will be another story after this one. I won't tell you what it's about but just know that it's a continuation to this story here.

So what do you think is going to happen?

Will Crowley and her ever see each other again? Will anyone believe where she's been for the last seven months? Will her life ever return to normal?

Guess we'll just have to see.

Also make sure to check out my other Crowley x OC stories I have written I'd you liked this one. It'll give you something to read while waiting on the continuation of this one.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!