Dearest Little Pet

by MightiestGlitch

Summary

‘Interesting...’ he mused, ‘A flicker. How long can I play with her before she cracks? It’s been a while since I had a pet to play with.’

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Alastor and Charlie begin their work together and the Radio Demon has found a new toy to play with while the hopeful sinners they treat bumble around. Little does he know, he may be falling into his own emotional trap as well. Denial can be a terrible thing.
The Game Begins

Chapter Summary

Responsibilities are divided between Alastor and Charlie, but the heiress doesn’t realize she will be an unknowing contestant in Alastor’s game of dominance.

Chapter Notes

I’m so excited that Hazbin Hotel finally dropped and it was everything I could ever hope for and then some.

While I know Alastor is asexual, my filthy ass mind can’t help but picture him and Charlie getting together. I don’t know why I love this ship, but I do and I’ll sink with it until I die lol

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alastor hummed to himself as he once again stared at the royal family portrait on the wall in the lobby, the sound of radio static echoing in synch with the tune. His wide Cheshire grin stretched his mouth eerily, making the hairs on the back of Vaggie’s neck stand on end as she manned the now tidy front desk.

Niffty had worked tirelessly night and day to clean the place up and despite not being 100% on board with the hotel’s mission to rehabilitate sinners, she outdid herself by repainting the interior with warm pastel colors. Soft pinks, baby blues, and yellow brought some cheer to the once dark, dank space and even assisted the construction crew that came to fix up the place and bring it to code. Long gone were the broken pillars and boarded up doorways, warped floors, and cracked walls. Vaggie was grateful for the help as she knew Charlie was in over her head, yet she was still guarded when it came to her new coworkers and the addition to management. She had not been swayed by Alastor’s claim of just wanting to watch their patients fail, yet Charlie had been insistent she could change his and everyone else’s mind once they gained momentum.

It had been a week since The Radio Demon and Charlie made their unofficial deal to partner up. Today was supposed to be a soft welcome party for the Hotel’s prospects and in a few short hours, an open house/reception was to be set for anyone who wanted a peak inside and hopefully get a better understanding of the work that was to be done there, rather than go off on the disastrous interview on the news, and possibly get regular donations from the sponsor invitees.

Alastor would not miss it for the world, although large parties and festivities were not usually his favorite, mainly because guests gave him a wide birth and that simply wouldn’t do with his new line of ‘work’. He turned a new leaf, so to speak, of entertainment. Mindless genocide had quickly lost its spark when he had finally established himself as a force not to be reckoned with the other Overlords and Royals and killing individuals here in Hell also didn’t have the same thrill as when he had been alive. While he sought to gain more control over territories, life was boring, until he
During the week he had spent some time doing damage control on that blunder of an interview Charlie had had with Katie Killjoy and through connections (or maybe even subtle threats), he managed to find some candidates who were willing to take the plunge for redemption, if not for at least free food and board in exchange for silly therapy and the occasional ‘good’ deed. Most were lesser demons with no strength to compete in the turf wars and with 357 days left until the next extermination, perhaps it was time for change, despite Charlie’s insanely generous (and stupid) offer. Others actually seemed... hopeful. He even reached out to some of the wealthier demons and Overlords around the area who would be interested in sponsoring the hotel, if for the sole purpose of ridiculous enjoyment he was hoping to encounter himself. Seeing souls crushed under the weight of failure had always, and would always be, amusing. Hopes and dreams such as this was just fantasy.

As a business man, he knew he had to keep this looney bin afloat as his partner wanted to keep everything as free as possible. A non-profit in the middle of Hell’s first circle, headed by the devil’s heir? Bless her little hell born soul. Charlie provided the bulk of financial means at the moment, but should there come a time she were to be cut off from her inheritance, at least the investors would be there. Plus no one had any clue how expensive this pet project of hers would cost. He was starting to adore her and her bright, bubbly personality and wild dream. It was going to be delicious when it all finally came crashing down and left her and whoever else believed in it spiraling into the depths of despair. Such delicious thoughts. How long would this little game last? He snickered, radio frequencies screeching softly. She was a funny one, that Charlie Magne. Innocent and as pure as a full fledged demon could be in Hell. Like an unsuspecting doe grazing before the kill shot was fired from the hunter’s rifle. Who would have thought the very Princess of Hell would have such a soft spot for her subjects who could care less about her? It was laughable, and yet, kind of endearing.

“Good afternoon, Al!” Charlie beamed from the top of the steps. He stared up at her from his peripheral, the ears atop of his head perking up and swiveling to her direction. “You’re early.” Alastor was caught a little off guard seeing the paled skinned demoness in a blood red cocktail dress that came down to her knees with laced capped sleeves. He was so used to seeing her in suits from the few times he came to check up on Niffty’s progress, he didn't think she would own anything like it now that she wasn’t living with her parents (as she thought it was best to live on the property to oversee everything and everyone). Her hair was pulled up into a tight bun with a black/red rose hair piece to give her tresses a splash of color. Simple, yet elegant. He was mildly tickled that they wore matching colors.

The red suited demon turned to face her fully and smiled impossibly larger. Sinister amusement danced through his eyes as he willed away his microphone staff he has been holding behind his back. “Well my dear, I am just as eager as you are to meet these new inmates that may decide to stay. I also came to see if you lovely ladies needed any assistance.” He straightened his bow tie and smoothed down the front of the tailcoat of his tuxedo. The radio playback that accompanied his voice aww’ed.

Vaggie rolled her eyes, not charmed by his supposed generosity, “We have everything under control. The caterers will be arriving for set up in about an hour and if we're lucky, Husk’s won’t be back from the liquor store at all. I still don’t think we should have any booze around here.” She frowned and crossed her arms defiantly as she glared at him.

Alastor paid her no mind for a moment as he offered his arm to Charlie as she got to the bottom of the stairs. The princess hesitated for a moment but took it nonetheless. Despite his reputation, rumored bloodlust, and power, he was a gentleman, though incredibly eccentric. She carefully held
on to his forearm- marveling at the muscle she felt through his shirt and jacket which she didn’t expect since he was so lean- almost lanky- as he guided her to the west side of the lobby where the ball room was. Charlie had hoped to turn the space into a community room, filled with games, books, and maybe open mic nights. She dreamed that any incoming residents would not only work on themselves, but also create a support group amongst one another. Surely working together would help them get to heaven.

“Oh my, what is a reception without a little wine or champagne to commemorate such a monumental night? My dear lady, liven up a little.” He lightly tapped her chin with a knuckle as he and Charlie passed by the concierge desk, cheers and clapping heard on the ghostly playback, “Smile.”

Vaggie fumed and bit the insides of her cheeks to prevent herself from saying anything she might regret. She didn’t trust him at all. They knew what his angle was when he showed up on their doorstep and offered to help run the hotel, but the she demon couldn’t help but still be suspicious that this was more than just for shits and giggles. There was more to it than he let on. His eyes said it all, but she couldn’t make their intentions.

Getting up from her chair, she followed them to the ball room. Vaggie had tried her hardest to convince her girlfriend that it was ok to make an exception and reject him, but Hell’s princess refused to back down and turn him away, especially since he offered out of charity rather than monetary gain. It was one of few things Vaggie both loved and hated about Charlie simultaneously. She was so stubborn and hardheaded sometimes.

As they entered the ballroom, Charlie had let go of Alastor’s arm and knelt down by Niffty who was putting the last piece of linen on one of the buffet tables. The housekeeping demoness mumbled to herself as she expertly began to set the decorations she had at the ready on a caddy.

“Thank you, this all looks amazing. Are you sure you don’t need anymore help?”

The hyperactive demon shook her head furiously from side to side, “No, no. Plus I don’t think you have an eye, well EYES, for this sort of stuff considering all the remodeling that had to be done.” Charlie blushed in embarrassment, “Besides, you can help with clean up. This part is easy.” She looked up at the other demon, “Well, what do you think, boss?”

“Exquisite, Niffty.” He beamed, the echo of radio static on full blasted, screeching from his enthusiasm, “You’ve truly captured this establishment’s purpose. Warm and inviting, likes in which are not known here in Hell. Yes, I think we may get some patrons by the end of the night.” He looked around and nodded to himself, “Yes, yes. I suppose I can do my part and tend to the sad shamble we call a stage. This simply will not do!”

He sauntered off to the far end of the room where risers had been placed for a makeshift stage. He nudged the base to check its stability and nodded approvingly before raising his right hand and summoning his microphone staff once more. His eyes became radio dials and for a moment, the electricity in the air buzzed around them all. His head tilted slightly, runes floating about, as several shapes materialize into various instruments and speakers. As quickly as he began his summoning, his eyes were back to normal and he once again nodded with satisfaction.

“There we go! Now that’s a set up.”

Charlie squealed excitingly and hugged Vaggie, “This is it! It’s happening! Oh Vaggie, can you believe it? How long have we’ve dreamt about this?” She pulled back and held her moth by the shoulders, her eyes glistened with happiness as her smile threatened to rip her face in half.
Vaggie’s eye softened as she smiled too, happy to see her love bursting with positivity despite the shit show a week earlier and all the bumps and set backs they endured even before then. She only wished she could have been able to provide the support that was needed to get to where they were now rather than Alastor. Her orangish eye glanced at him as he whistled and twirled his mic.

“How did I get stuck in balloon duty!?” Came Angel’s whining voice from the hall, “It’s not like I even get to blow them. Why couldn’t we do condom balloon animals anyway? I have more than enough to donate and it’d sure as hell look better.” He came through the door way with four arms holding dozens of brightly colored party balloons and his two usually hidden arms crossed at his thin waist. His hips cocked to the left. He looked over at their housekeeper, “So, where do you want ‘em tiny tits?”

Niffty ignored him, per usual, and grabbed one handful of balloons instead, tying them to the centerpieces on the buffet table. Once she was satisfied, she grabbed another handful and tied two bunches on either ends of the stage. Alastor held onto to one bunch as she tied the first.

“Tie some to the end of the bannisters and then the front door and pillars.” She commanded as she finished. Angel rolled his eyes but didn’t protest. He was trying to make some amends after all for making Charlie sad and goofing up when he helped his gal pal Cherri Bomb with a fight. Plus, if he behaved, maybe it would make it easier to dip this lame party and keep his street cred, which was already compromised thanks to that interview when Charlie announced that he was the supposedly first to sign up for rehabilitation. Guess they were even.

“I better not be wearing no fucking monkey suit tonight and I ain’t no butler either.” Husk shouted from the lobby. He crossed paths with Angel on his way to the ballroom who winked at him playfully. He rolled his eyes, “I’ll serve drinks but nothing else, ya here? I’m gonna catch some Z’s before this shit starts.”

“Dear friend, I would not let you stoop so low. You look marvelous anyway.” Alastor cooed as he stood next to Charlie again and gently placed his right hand on the hollow of her lower back, causing Charlie to stiffen a little, “Besides, my shadowy minions will do. They shall provide the entertainment along with Razzle and Dazzle. Rest well, Huskers my boy. Someone will come get you when the festivities are about to begin.” His grin twitch. When did he ever stop grinning? He looked down at his business partner.

Charlie couldn’t help but blush a little at their proximity. In all honesty, she should have been used to it by now but there was something about him she couldn’t put her finger on and she knew keeping some physical distance from him would be better in the long run. It was probably his eyes. He always looked at her differently compared to the others. Regardless of the stories about him though, he was friendly to them, especially her, and was charming even. Alastor was an interesting fellow, but she barely knew him and quite honestly she didn’t know if she wanted to get to know him better, no matter how drawn she was to him. She swallowed nervously, feeling her heart skip a beat.

“Shall we retire to the office and discuss business, my dear?” The background buzz of the radio that was usually present when he spoke faded, “We haven’t quite finished drafting our...” He paused for a moment. Charlie refused to call it a deal, “...agreement.” His voice deepened at the word. He stared at her intently. “While you ordered me to help you with this hotel for as long as I desired, our roles have yet to be defined. For the sake of legality, we should put something down in writing.”

The heiress of Hell gulped again, trying to find her voice, “R-right. Vaggie, will you be able to handle the caterers when they come?” Her girlfriend nodded, lips pressed tightly as she glared at
Alastor’s offending hand. Lately he had started to become more handsy with Charlie, more so than the beginning. Why was it necessary for him to always touch her in some way? Why did he need to have a say in any of this as well?

At best, Vaggie was only an assistant. Charlie owned everything up until Alastor came into their lives. She followed them out to the lobby and watched as they slipped into an office on the other side of the staircase, frowning as Alastor looked at her from the corner of his eye and smirked deviously, his shadow appearing behind him with its own devilish smile. She let out a heavy, frustrated sigh as the door clicked shut. What had they gotten themselves into? Since he arrived, Charlie was acting strange and a bit more... distracted.

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Charlie sat behind the desk and rummaged through one of the drawers looking for blank paper. With all the preparations for this day, it was true that they hadn’t really had the chance to discuss their respective roles and responsibilities. Charlie pursed her lips. To be honest, she really didn’t know how to implement her ideas. Maybe Alastor could help, even if he didn’t care about anything she stood for and hoped to achieve. He was a smart man with a different way of thinking, so perhaps he could be a breath of fresh air to the project. An outside perspective would be beneficial to keep her objective.

Setting the supplies down on the desk, she looked up at her business partner who made himself comfortable in the seat across from her, an ankle resting on the other leg at the knee. She hadn’t noticed, but instead of wearing his usual pinstriped suit, his coat and vest were a solid blood red like her dress, the hem not tattered like the one she was used to. Oh no... they were in matching colors. Would that be cheesy? Perhaps she should have consulted Vaggie on which colors she was wearing for tonight.

“Is everything alright, my dear?” He titled his head to the left, his hair and ears flopping to the side.

Charlie snapped out of her daze, “Huh? Oh... yeah. I was just thinking maybe I should change before guests arrive.” She gnawed her bottom lip.

He raised a brow, for once his toothy grin gone, replaced with just a lippy smile, as if reading her mind. “Whatever for? I think you look quite lovely. Charlie, my dear, if it’s about us wearing the same colors, as uncoordinated as it was, do not fret. We are partners after all. Think of it as some kind of statement that we are indeed in this together even if we view things differently.” The radio static clicked, as if tuning into a new station. Some classical music began playing softly, relaxing her a little.

Charlie then pouted for a moment, and Alastor couldn’t help but note how adorable she was as a small blush dusted her cheeks from his compliment. She definitely was a rare breed, but the more he thought about it, the more he realized that she was in fact, still part angel. A very rare hybrid, indeed, and perhaps the only one of her kind in terms of temperament. Lucifer, despite all of stories and being the King of Hell, was still an Angel, even if he was a fallen one. He, the other fallen angels, and the Princes of Hell made up the royal courts in each Circle with Lucifer at the helm. Charlie’s heritage was rich, and he hoped to exploit some of it. Dealing with Ornias and Gaap during his broadcasted carnage had been relatively easy, but to get to the others would take some finesse. He just had to figure out how to use her, if he even could, to get to the royals as they could keep him satisfied longer than the average sinner or low tiered overlord. Their added power to his was also a huge bonus. Seeing her on the picture show had been a blessing and the idea to help had struck him like lightening. However, in the course of two weeks, he realized it would be a difficult
task, but nothing a bit of invested time and nurturing couldn’t solve. If he couldn’t use her to get to them, perhaps she could help him access Lucifer as the king was just as elusive as he and work his way from there to bring down their guard. She could be useful to him in many ways. He licked his lips.

His eyes softened a little as Charlie picked up a pen and began to jot down something on the paper before her, her brows furrowed in worry as she tried to decipher how to split their responsibilities. ‘Like a lost and frighten kitten.’ He thought, ‘Ah yes, I suppose I can consider her my pet, not with what I intend to groom her for. It shouldn’t be hard to keep her occupied while I see how far I can take this. I can gain something from Lucifer’s only heir, but what exactly is too soon to tell.’

“So, Al...Astor,” She squeaked out, trying her best to sound as professional as possible as they got down to business. This was perhaps the first time she was truly alone with him and his presence was a bit overwhelming. His ears twitched at the sound of his name. “H-how much involvement did you want in this? I think it’s best we make notes... to... to um, ensure we’re on the same page before uh, fleshing out our agreement.” She was nervous, not sure how she was going to do this. Vaggie would have her head if he had anything to do with patient care. “Unfortunately, anything regarding our treatment and the patients will only be handled by either Vaggie or myself.”

He chuckled, his toothy grin returning slowly, “Just enough to be able to meet our future patrons periodically, perhaps instill some obedience if I handle the disciplining for any unruly resident, and have some say in big decisions concerning your hotel, mainly financing. What says you, my dearest?” She wasn’t daft, and that pleased him.

She gnawed at her bottom lip again for a moment, but felt at ease at his response. “Well, I’m sure you’d want 50-50 in ownership, but overall this is my project yet having majority share doesn’t seem right. V-Vaggie has been with me from the beginning so I was thinking 34% for me, 33% for you, and 33% to Vaggie as a tie breaker as you and I will have 50-50 on decision making. As for discipline... it’s probably for the best. I know I’m not taken seriously right now as everyone thinks I’m crazy, but hopefully we don’t have a legion of Angel Dusts on our hands.” They both chuckled.

“Splendid. I don’t think you’re crazy, my dear, you’re quite passionate about this and it positively moves me.” He rubbed the back of his neck, facing up in an attempt to not laugh. Charlie was a little mad in his opinion, but he wouldn’t let her know.

She blinked, “Thanks. So, you... you agree?”

Alastor stood, his tall frame looming over her yet she didn’t feel threatened. He unbuttoned his coat to shrug it off and carefully placed it over the back of his chair, leaving only his burgundy vest on over his shirt. He undid the cuff links of his black dress shirt to roll up his sleeves, revealing the relatively strong forearms she had to see to believe. She was sure his biceps were well defined to match. Not muscular, but toned. Her eyes lingered on the scars that marred his gray toned skin but she bit her tongue to stop herself from asking questions. She shouldn’t make things too friendly or personal between them.

Charlie’s heart thumped loudly for a moment. Why was she getting worked up? Clearly he was just getting comfortable as he sat back down, resuming his original position than resting his gloved hands on his shin. She had to admit he looked incredibly handsome and would no doubt make any demoness swoon tonight. Her heart clenched at the thought of some dame having his full attention, but than nearly slapped herself at the thought. Since when did she care? For all she knew he was already taken.

“It’s perfectly fine, darling. While I’m certain she will choose you over my opinion any day, I’m surprised you would allow me to have this much control.” He leaned back slightly, resting his right
elbow on the armrest and placed his chin on the pad of his thumb, “Are you sure?” The crackling
of the static behind his voice disappeared momentarily, dying out as if someone turned off the
radio. He stared at her intently, his expression relaxed which was strange as he was always smiling
sinisterly or amusingly. No, this time no teeth were involved and his red eyes were swimming with
genuine merriment. He was just as excited to open this hotel as she was. His gaze shifted. She
couldn’t read his expression.

Charlie rubbed her arms, the air in the room feeling colder than usual yet charged with electricity
that sent shivers of excitement down her spine. She wished he wouldn’t stare at her like that, it
scared her a little as she felt a rush of heat pool in her stomach. There was so much she didn’t know
about him but she had to trust him at least to some degree. Why else would he come to her, even if
not for the same noble reason? She had to show him somehow that she could be trusted too as
much as she trusted him to not devour and destroy this establishment. So what if he thought it was
a joke? She’d show him.

“I-I’m... I’m sure.” She wished she could stop stuttering. Her heart fluttered a little. She suddenly
knew this feeling and it made her cringe as they locked eyes and she felt another jolt of electricity.
‘Oh no, Charlie.’ She thought to herself with dread, ‘You’re not developing a crush on him. We
don’t even know him and we’re happy with Vaggie!’ She took a deep breath to calm herself.
‘Sure... despite him being super creepy as fuck, he’s kinda... kinda handsome. A-and he hasn’t
done anything to ya despite the rumors.’ She cleared her throat.

Alastor watched the emotions dance across her face. She was like an open book and he savored it.
Things were getting more interesting and aside from that insufferable, raging homosexual Charlie
insisted had been the Hotel’s first patient, he did not expect this turn of events. He was a little
flattered, actually, and saw a window of opportunity present itself on a silver platter to further his
plan.

‘Interesting...’ he mused as she took a deep breath and looked down at her paper, ‘A flicker. How
long can I play with her before she cracks? It’s been a while since I had a pet to play with.’ Runes
began to float about him as time and space shifted around him, his eyes becoming dials as his
excitement grew. Oh the devilish things that crossed his mind. If the tenants didn’t provide him the
fun he desired, surely Charlie would on top of her title. His take over of all of Hell wouldn’t be so
mundane as turf wars victories and shady deals as he had thought. Yes... she would be the most
valuable and entertaining pet he had in decades. Her partner didn’t stand a chance. Not to mention
it’d be the best way to be in her good graces to get to the others, or at least her father. Yes, the
pieces were falling into place. Charlie Magne would be his, one way or another starting tonight.

He snapped back to reality as Charlie cleared her throat, “Ok, so since that’s settled. What are our
duties?”

Alastor leaned back, his head tilting to the left, then to the right. The sound of popping bones filled
the air. “Oh my charming demon belle, I think it’s rather obvious. I prefer more behind the scenes,
so to speak. Dealing with the boring office work, bookkeeping, and overall staff morale and
executive work, maybe even cook on occasion. I see you more hands on with the guests, seeing to
the rehabilitation efforts of these lonesome sinners who seek impossible redemption. You are the
face and back bone of this project, while I...” at this point he had already stood up and made his
way over to the other side of the desk, gently running a long gloved finger up Charlie’s arm, than
slowly grasping both shoulders and giving them a small squeeze, “I shall be the support you need.
Lean on me for whatever your heart desires. I will see to it your needs are met to the best of my
abilities, my dear.” He leaned down to seductively whisper into her ear, radio static gone “All your
needs.”
Charlie didn’t know she could blush so hard, she was certain her face matched her dress judging by the heat radiating from her cheeks and her pulse hammering in her ears. What was he doing? Despite his very handsy approach with her when he had first came, and the dancing and twirling they did as he sang that day, she never noticed how large and deadly his hands were with long elegant fingers that could wrap around her throat and crush the very life out of her. The trail he left behind caused her to suck in a surprised gasp from the flirtatious move. His seductive voice nearly stopped all train of thought. And the natural musk that clung to him? Like petrichor and the distant scent of a kill rotting in a forest, but with notes of sandalwood and cinnamon. It wasn’t unpleasant. It was sickly sweet and she tried so desperately not to literally lean on him to smell it better.

He gave her shoulders a quick massage, kneading the delicate flesh for no more than a minute. He grinned as her eyes fluttered shut and a small breathless moan escaped her blackened lips. “My, you’re quite tense, darling. Nervous for tonight?” He let her go, much to his dismay. He liked how she turned to goop under his ministrations and more wicked thoughts entered his head. His new plan to woo the princess forming.

Charlie shot straight up in her seat, gripping the armrest of the office chair as if her life depended on it. What the hell just happened? She wasn’t getting turned on by him, was she? She scolded herself mentally. No... he was just extremely friendly.

“Y-yeah...” She gulped, but couldn't deny she already missed the bit of intimacy.

Alastor finished his rotation around the desk and stood in front of her, hands behind his back, “Don’t worry about tonight, I will be at your side and I promise it’ll be a success.” He backed up and gracefully sat back down. “Now, where were we?” He suddenly gasped excitedly and clasped his hands together, “Oh! Before I forget, I’ll be moving in myself later next week to assist in operation both night and day. How else will I get to enjoy this endeavor and see these sinners struggle? I hope you don’t mind dear, but I’ll take the other penthouse suite upstairs, the one opposite of your room. Stop by any time you like, you’re always welcomed inside, lovely.” He looked at her through hooded eyes. “And I do mean always.”

Charlie looked like a deer caught in headlights. “Oh shit....” she whispered to herself, recognizing the glint in his eyes but refusing to acknowledge it.

Lustful desire.

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Vaggie sucked in a breath as the first person walked in through the open door, “Hey, welcome to The Happy Hotel!” The short, gray lizard like demon looked around the lobby, clicking his tongue as he shoved his hands into his tanned trench coat pockets. His head barely visible above the counter.

“This not Hotel Hazbin?” His voice was gruff.

Her lips pursed as she counted to ten. That’s right, the Shitlord changed the hotel name for-surprise, surprise- shits and giggles. Her and Charlie barely noticed it a yesterday morning when they went shopping for party supplies with Niffty but it was too late to do anything about it as he made and had the new pamphlets printed. He cackled the entire time when she and Charlie made a piss poor attempt to confront him, but in his defense, he made some points that Hazbin was a better, less childish option and the souls coming to them were ‘has been’ sinners. Cabrón hijo de...

“Yes, excuse me... we just had a name change so it’s taking some getting use to. Are you here as a prospective patient, or sponsor?”
“Patient, I guess.” He rubbed the back of his scaly neck. Purple eyes set in yellow scleras looked around the lobby.

Vaggie smiled warmly, “Great. Here, just need you to fill out this questionnaire. If you do decide to stay, we’ll go more in depth during consolation. Name?”

“Thorn.” He took the clip board and the tag Vaggie scribbled his name on. The lizard mumbled to himself and sat on a near by bench beside the fireplace that had practically birthed Niffty a week ago.

The Hispanic demoness chose to ignore his comment that he was only there for the free food. She shook her head and pressed a button on an intercom on her desk, “Hey, Charlie?”

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The heiress burst out from her office, almost bouncing off the walls, with Alastor in tow with his jacket back on. His walked gracefully with his hands behind his back, staff in hand, and his head held high, looking dignified and imposing. Naturally he was smiling widely.

Charlie rushed to the lobby and frantically looked around, her eyes widening to giant saucers as she squealed with glee. It was happening. Finally, a first prospect that hopefully wasn’t outlandish and troublesome as Angel Dust. Speak of the devil, he was tip toeing out the front door.

“Later, toots! Don’t wait up.” He called as he rushed to enter a dark sedan waiting for him in front of the hotel.

Thorn looked up, wondering who was skinning a live cat.

“Hello!” She screeched with enthusiasm, throwing her hands above her.

“Hi? Huh, what!” Charlie had seized one of his stubby hands and furiously shook it, threatening to dislocated his elbow.

“Hi! I’m Charlie, Director of Patient Care here at Hazbin! If you have any questions, feel free to ask! You’re going to love it here!” She would have continued but Alastor interrupted her by placing a large hand on top of her head, effectively silencing her.

He towered over everyone in the room. His head was still held high as he looked down at the lowly demon before him, a glint in his eyes that made Thorn gulp in nervousness. That smile... why did he have to smile like that? It promised so much pain, yet Thorn knew better than to book it out of there. The Radio Demon verbally promised as much when he was approached to come. “Come now, Charlie dear, let’s not overwhelm our first guest. I’m sure more are trailing right behind him. Save the enthusiasm for your opening speech.”

Charlie blushed faintly and mumbled an “okay”. Vaggie crossed her arms over her chest and stared intently at Charlie, then to Alastor, then back to Charlie again. Her eye narrowed as she scowled. Was that a blush? She couldn’t tell as her girlfriend tilted her head away from her. ‘Hijo de perra...’ She hissed internally. ‘what did he do to her!’ She and Charlie would need a long chat tonight about what went on in that room.

Chapter End Notes
Off to a rocky start, I haven’t written a fanfic in over a decade but Hazbin inspired me. I hope it’ll keep me preoccupied as we await further news of its future. Lord knows I need more Alastor in my life.

My apologies for it’s choppiness. I do hope some of you enjoyed it. Let me know what you think, but please don’t be too harsh.
The Reception

Chapter Summary

The big night has finally arrived and Charlie is thrown into a rollercoaster of emotions while Alastor begins to set up the pieces to his game.

Chapter Notes

I’m really happy with the reception this fic is having on AO3, so THANK YOU from the bottom of my heart for all the encouragement and kudos. I didn’t think I had it in me after 10 years, but I know for sure that this will be one of the few fanfics I will stop at nothing to complete. I don’t know how long it will be, but expect a stupidly long story.

Anyway, enjoy this early release!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The gathering wasn’t as big as she had hoped, but Charlie was nonetheless grateful for the twenty other people in the room that weren’t part of hotel staff. Her grasp on Vaggie’s hand tightened, hoping this was all real. When her girlfriend clenched her hand in response, Charlie sighed contently. She was glad Vaggie could join her, Husk opting to trade places and serve alcohol from the front desk, much to the moth demon’s dismay. She had practically begged Charlie to remove the bar from their establishment, but Alastor won by promising to offer juice.

“Juice bars are all the rage, I hear!” His static lined voice cheered. “If they truly seek to change their ways, they’d choose the healthier option. Think of it as a test of progress.” That was all Charlie needed to agree on.

Overall, 14 possible patients and 6 ‘sponsors’ had shown up within the pass hour. Charlie doubted anyone else was coming and if on cue, a mic hummed through the speakers, interrupting the bluesy music Razzle and Dazzle had going. Alastor’s shadow puppets disappeared in a puff of red smoke as he took center stage, scanning the room to look at every one of their guests. He briefly thought about paying a visit to the other dozen invitees who didn’t show up, but decided this would have to do. Best not to overwhelm his pet before she had a chance to test the waters.

“Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us on this monumental and historical night.” The radio clapped and cheered as the real guests clapped modestly, though bored. “Before the buffet opens for dinner service, I would like to invite the heart and soul of this project to the stage. Charlie, my dear, if you’d please.” He reached out to her, motioning with his finger to come to him.

Charlie bit her lip nervously as she let go of Vaggie’s hand and marched between her honored guests. To the left, nearest to the buffet, the posh looking sponsors stared at her with humor in their eyes. On the right, the motley crew of prospective patients eyed her warily. Most were rough around the edges, but several genuinely took interest in the idea of getting out of the shit hole they were forced to live with for all eternity. Having had the chance to speak to Thorn before the others
arrived had enlightened Charlie and gave her the resolve to keep fighting for this cause. She smiled as she passed him.

She took Alastor’s offered hand and hoisted herself onto the stage. Alastor stepped away so she could be in the spotlight (manned by Dazzle) as Razzle dimmed the lights in the room. The Radio Demon’s eyes glowed for a moment, but soon faded into the shadows. The sound of chairs sliding on the linoleum bought her enough time to steady her nerves as her guests settled into their seats on the tables that lined the sides of the dance floor. Once silence settled in the room, she took out her cue cards from a side pocket of her dress. She cleared her throat and let out a shaky breath.

“Good evening, everyone. Thank you for coming. As you may have seen recently on the news, my first announcement about Hap... Hazbin Hotel may not have done it justice. I didn’t announce this gathering through the media because I didn’t want to draw any more negativity and I wanted to create a safe and welcoming environment that represents what and who we are. A place to heal, to find peace, and literally God willing, the stepping stone for entering Nirvana. I hope by the end of tonight, word of mouth will spread throughout our cities and this hotel be a beacon of hope. Hope that there is a chance of redemption to right the wrongs done in past lives that brought the soul to Hell in the first place, or maybe in the future, be enough to purify a born demon to enter Heaven.”

She continued on, more confident now as she went in depth with the Hotel’s concept and hitting all the points she and Vaggie had missed on that god forsaken interview. She was determined to make these sinners believe, as much as she did, that there was a chance to be free, to be happy, to stop living in pain and suffering, and the fear of eradication by the yearly cleanse. More and more of her people died with each one and she had had enough.

Alastor tuned her out, preoccupied with surveying the crowd. A bug type demon was carefully inching his way to the buffet table. Alastor willed his shadow to the other side of the room, blocking the path of the demon and with frightening long, bony shadow fingers, pointed back to his seat. The man squeaked in fright, scurrying back to his place as the eye sockets of the shadow glowed a faint red. The literal hollow smile stretched, almost menacingly.

Vaggie had seen the exchange and decided to guard the table while Charlie continued her speech, highlighting the potential programs to be developed and reiterating the hotel's purpose. She thanked the demons who were seeking treatment for their assistance and their patience as they explored their options together. She then went on to thank the sponsors and their consideration of financial support.

Crossing her arms over her chest, Vaggie glanced over at Alastor who locked eyes with her. His head tilted to the left slightly and through the dark she saw his smile widen, though his eyes narrowed and took on a glint of mischief. She scowled, ‘He has no business being here.’ Angel’s voice broke her train of thought.

“Well, tonight was a bust. Guess I’m kinda glad to see it’s tame in here, but don’t let our overlords know I’m back. Just waiting for some grub, ya hear?” Angel yawned, already grabbing a plate from one of many piles on the end of the table and serving himself.

“Yea, yea. Thanks for coming back.” She smiled a little.

Angel smirked then turned his focus back to the stage. Even if he was in it for the free room and now free food, he actually did enjoy their company and the whacky nonsense they called their day to day life. He never had a friend who sincerely cared about him. Charlie was special, like a little-little sister he never had even if she was a few centuries older than him. Neither of his other siblings gave a damn about anyone but themselves, but to be fair, every one else in Hell was like that too. Even his Strawberry Pimp Daddy. He would rather get skewered by a massive thorny
dildo or go through a 1000 man bukkake than admit to anyone how he felt, but the last few weeks had been refreshing to say the least. Maybe he would give sobriety a shot.

In the lobby Husk was nursing a bottle of cheap booze, his compensation for dealing with this crap. He hated Alastor, but knew better than to defy him. He’d seen first hand of what he was capable of, and quite frankly it was easier to just go along with this. The work wasn’t hard, and even if Alastor called it charity work, he had him on a secret payroll Husk couldn’t refuse that kept him out of the casinos.

The front door of the hotel had been shut to keep the draft out as it had been an unusually cold night. When the feline heard the door knock, he sighed exasperatedly and counted to five before standing up to see who the hell was interrupting his self medication and self loathing time.

“Can’t you read the welcome sign? This shit started an... hour... oh.” His gruff voiced faultered as he stared at the visitors, his ears swiveling to lay flat on his head, “Uh...” he stepped to the side and with a giant clawed hand, gestured toward the conclave the hotel managed to gather. “Your majesties.” He said through clenched teeth.

Lilith was the first to step through the foyer, her heels clicking softly as she looked around the area with half lidded eyes. Lucifer bounded in right behind her, twirling his Apple staff and whistling no decipherable tune Husk was familiar with.

The Queen was dressed in a long form fitting, strapless evening gown with a high slit to her mid thigh made of latex. A golden apple pin was tacked on the middle of the sweetheart neck line, drawing attention to her ample breasts. The garment shimmered faintly as the fire roared in the hearth of the lobby’s fireplace. Her long golden hair was French braided and her horns were decorated with a thin, golden chain. Husk, for a brief moment, was awestruck by her mesmerizing beauty and height as this was the first time he saw her in person. This was Charlie’s mother? Damn, she got nothing from her aside from the thick mane of golden hair. No tits, no ass, nothing that came close to the Queen’s assets. Damn shame.

Husk stared at Lucifer. Yes, he could see where Charlie got her clown face from. The King wore mostly whites and red, a white top hat with the apple sigil on the side and a purple scaled snakes wrapped around and shin high black riding boots. What bothered the feline were similarities between him and Alastor. A long pinstriped coat, bow tie, staff, and a smile. That damned toothy smile...

“Our little girl really fixed up this old drab.” The king mused, putting a hand on his hip and nodding slowly, “Not the color scheme I’d choose, but... well, it doesn’t really matter now, does it my darling?”

Lilith’s black lips curled into a warm smile, “It’s inviting, and warm, like she is. This is a reflection of her spirit, my love. I think it’s perfect.”

Husk knew he was being ignored. He didn’t mind at all as he settled back in his seat to continue drinking from his bottle.

In silence, arm in arm, they walked toward the ball room and stood in the back of the congregation staring at their only daughter. Despite their sentiments, or lack thereof, they came to support their hell spawn. It’s what parents were supposed to do after all. They had arrived just in time for her speech. They listened to her mission statement for the first time and deep down they were a little impressed of the originality and purity of it all.
She eventually wrapped up her speech, doing a curtsy that garnered a small round of applause that was suited better for a golf course and handed the mic back to Alastor. She stepped to the side but didn’t make a move to get off the stage.

“Another round of applause for our dear, sweet princess. Lively this time.” Static crackled in the air and the guests clapped a little too enthusiastically, “Alright ladies and gentlemen, please form a single line. There’s plenty for everyone. Feel free to hang around and join us on the dance floor. We shall be coming around to set up appoints for consolations or if you are a sponsor, I will discuss with you privately. Carry on.”

The lights were gently turned back on as not to blind anyone. The shadow voodoo puppets reappeared and took hold of the instruments, playing electro jazz to liven up the room. Alastor turned to Charlie, “Inspiring darling, simply inspiring.” He cocked a brow, sensing a change in the air, “We have visitors.” He looked behind him and smirked, “Nice of you to join us, your royal majesties.” His smirk widen, matching the smile on Lucifer’s face. Their eyes locked.

Charlie gasped and peered from behind Alastor, “Mom? Dad? You made it!” She rushed to hug them, elated that they had bothered to come at all. Even if they weren’t a hundred percent on board with this idea, especially her father, she let out a shutter breath as her emotions took hold of her. Tonight was so overwhelming -in a good way- and she hoped this wasn’t a dream. She let them go and held on to one of their hands, “Th-thank you. It really means a lot to me and Vaggie.”

Lucifer’s smile relaxed as he broke eye contact with Alastor, who at this point turned around completely, to stare at his daughter and caressed her cheek with his free hand once he willed his staff away, “Oh honey bear, we happened to be free tonight so of course we came to show you some kind of support. I must admit, I didn’t think this many people would be here, so color me impressed.” Lilith smiled, nodding in agreement, “We also had to see for ourselves.” he turned to the red headed ‘gentleman’ again, “It’s been a while Alastor. Looking dapper, as usual.” With a flick of his wrist his staff returned and he leaned on it, letting go of his daughter’s hand and face.

“Lucifer, good to see you too.” The red demon stretched his hand out to shake his King’s in a friendly manner. It was a short, respectable shake, neither flexing their power. “Lilith, my Queen, you look absolutely stunning as usual.” He reached for the hand that Charlie had just let go and bent down slightly as he brought her knuckles to his lips. He placed a feathery kiss on them which caused the Queen of Hell to give him her trade mark smirk. Most demons groveled at their feet. It was refreshing to be around one as bold as he.

“No, after some time you pick up new hobbies.” Lucifer said, tilting the front of his top hat up with...
his cane. “Why are you here anyway?” The king looked at the crowd with boredom.

“I thought this would be a delightful little project to participate in. Who knows what will happen! It’s rather exciting.” He gently moved his thumb against her arm, causing Charlie to stiffen and gulp nervously. Her parents didn’t seem to notice, or perhaps mind. “Plus, after that interview, it was clear no one would step up to assist our dear princess! Charity work still runs like a business, and I’m quite savvy on that front.” The cheers of the radio echoed around the group.

The quartet moved off the stage as Charlie’s servants and Alastor’s shadow minions continued playing music. The upbeat electro swing filled the room, but was not booming loud enough to drown out all conversation. The guests lined up and began to serve themselves. Those with multiple arms held onto several plates as not to get up for seconds. The wealthy had first dibs before the riff raff tainted it.

Vaggie, and surprisingly Angel, assisted Niffty in changing out food trays, going back and forth between the double doors behind the buffet tables that led to one of three kitchens in the hotel. So far everything was going as planned, save for a shout at the back of the line that was quickly silenced by Alastor nearly rotating his head 180 degrees with a look that could vaporize them if he stared more intensely. No one would ruin his pet’s night, not even her parents.

“So you’re really doing this, sweetheart?” Lucifer sounded dejected, a pout on his up turned lip. He sighed, “Very well, sweetums. To be honest, I didn’t know how you were going to run this place by yourself, just look at your track record with your passion projects.” Charlie looked down in shame. Decades upon failure washed over her. None were able to get off the ground. Charlie’s heart dropped and she fought to not let her watery eyes shed tears. Her father was always blunt. Involuntary she leaned into Alastor who gave her shoulder a reassuring squeeze. She instantly relaxed as his scent filled her nose. “However... Tonight is a success in my books, even if no one stays. The fact there is even a speck of consideration means something got through to these crazy people. I’m a little proud, but mainly impressed.” Charlie’s heart stopped and swelled. He was proud of her?

“We should get going, dearest. We can come back when it’s calmer. Charlotte and her friends should focus on their guests,” Lilith said as she wrapped her arms around his narrow waist and bent down to kiss his lower jaw. “Oh!” She perked you, “Here, darling. This is for you.”

She snapped her fingers and a shadowy being appeared behind her, holding a red folder, “After some consideration this week, accept this a donation from me and your father.” She took the folder from the shadow, “Stop dipping into your accounts. We set up one for the Hotel and left some money that should be good to take care of things for a while. Everything you need is here.” She held out the red manila folder to her daughter.

It was Alastor who took hold of the documents. One of his shady minions appeared and he passed it off to them. The creature dashed out of the room. “It’ll be safer in the office. I’ll make sure we go over it as soon a possible.” Lilith and Lucifer nodded and began to exit the room before the party guests took more notice. They promised to stop by and check up on Charlie in a few weeks if the work load eased up.

Alastor stared at their retreating figures and noted the difference between Charlie and her parents. Aside from some obvious features, like her blonde hair, rosy cheeks, black lips, and pale skin, she really didn’t look like she belong to them. He turned to look down at Charlie who sighed and rested her head on his side, his arm still around her shoulders, comforting her even if he hadn’t meant it. At least someone aside from Vaggie supported her, though for different reasons. She brought an arm up behind him to give him a side hug and looked up into his crimson eyes.
“That... that went better than I expected.” She sighed, “Last time dad and I got into an argument because this is much bigger than anything I’ve ever tried. It’s nice to hear that they’re proud of me, though they probably don’t really mean it.” She sniffled a little, her eyes glazing over as emotions swirled in her. She looked away from her companion and fought back a tear that threatened to fall. She wiped it away with the back of her hand. “I’m sorry, Al. I just want to help my people. Is that so wrong?”

Alastor grabbed hold of her chin, tilting it up higher that her bangs fell to the side, giving him a clear view of her doe-ish face. He leaned down until their faces were mere inches away, she could feel his warm breath on her skin, causing goosebumps and a blush to appear. Her lips involuntary parted as she tried to stay focus on those fiery eyes of his rather than his thin lips and vicious smile. He looked like a hungry wolf about to devour its prey.

“A-Alastor?” Her eyes were wide and searching. What was he doing? She placed a hand on his chest to steady herself as her head began to spin, his addicting scent invading her senses. All she could see was the passion burning in his blood colored eyes, calculating her next moves.

The tuning of radio channels subsided as he spoke, “Don’t worry, my pet, even without this gift I will not rest until this hotel has seen the light of day. If they are never proud, know that I will be, success or not. Truly, I find it kind of precious you care so much while nobody in their right mind here does. It’s what sets you apart from the rest of us, like a shining star in the dark. You’re special, sweetheart.” He cupped her cheek, his thumb running soothingly over the burning flesh. “Now put on a smile, love, and join your friends. A smile suits that pretty little of yours. I have business to take care with our would-be sponsors but I won’t be far, so run along. I’ll come get you for a dance later.” He pressed a chaste kiss on the top of her head, then grabbed her hand on his chest and kissed the pads of her middle fingers, causing Charlie to stop breathing for a moment. Alastor grinned to himself. ‘Slowly,’ he thought, ‘Slowly I’ll make you want me. Let’s see how far this goes, Charlie dear. Do not disappoint me.’

Charlie was thankful Vaggie was preoccupied with dinner service to not see that exchange. Did anyone? She scurried away, breathing heavily to stop her racing heart with her assaulted hand clenched into a fist against her chest. She could feel Alastor’s eyes on her and she gulped. Was he... was he flirting with her? Or was this how he really was? He sure had a lot of pet names for her that he hadn’t used on anyone else in the hotel and he undeniably touched her more intimately. Did he really just kiss her head? She bit her lips and looked at him as he spoke to a couple of well suited demons, laughing at his own joke and the laugh track faintly audible. Their eyes caught for a moment, and he winked at her.

“Oh god...” she felt butterflies in her stomach. What was he doing to her! It wasn’t fair to Vaggie and Charlie vowed that in the morning, or whenever they had another meeting, she would lay down her boundaries and shake off this silly and dangerous crush somehow. She stood beside Vaggie and hugged her, catching the other demon off guard. She breathed in deeply to get him out of her head and fill herself on the honey and lavender that was Vaggie’s scent.

“There you are, hun. Want some food?”

Charlie nodded and looked down at her girlfriend before pressing a kiss on her lips, “Did I ever tell you that I love you?” It was Vaggie’s turn to blush, wondering what had gotten into her partner. They had agreed that when it was ‘business’ related at the hotel, they wouldn’t display too much affection, not that she cared at this moment. She smiled warmly and cupped Charlie’s face, nodding.

“Siempre.” She whispered loud enough for Charlie to hear.
Angel gagged, “Get a room you two. Pretty sure a demonstration of lesbian karma sutra wasn’t on the itinerary.” They knew he was teasing, but they still couldn’t help but glare at him. Please let the other patients be more manageable than this guy.

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Alastor smirked and returned his attention to three of the sponsors he was currently entertaining. One was his dear friend Rosie.

She had laughed up a storm when he paid her a visit earlier in the week and told her about his recent endeavor with the Princess of Hell. He thought she would pass out before she finally collapsed on her couch in her parlor, fanning herself furiously and her pale face red as the pentagram sky.

“Oh Alastor, dear,” she had said, “The adventures you have. Of course I’ll be there. I’ll gladly start a monthly donation of $2,000. Should you last more than three months, make it 10 and five thousand more for each additional five after this first batch! Sinners going to heaven? Ha! The ridiculousness.”

Presently she was hanging on his arm, smiling devilishly as she looked at the prospects. “Pitiful. They’re all so pitiful. Yes Alastor, I’ll gladly pay to keep this silly idea afloat. Some actually look hopeful! Ha, ha!” Her hallow eyes narrowed menacingly, “Pathetic.”

“How much did you pledge, Rosalin?” An Egyptian like cat demon purred, looking at her clawed hands, filing them into sharper points.

Alastor raised a hand before his associate could speak, “Ladies, ladies. Please. I’d very much like to keep sponsorship pledges under wraps, as not to make you feel pressured to do more or retract your offers. All I ask is that you leave me an address so I may forward you some documents and set up your monthly donations. It can be one lump sum or on going installments. Whichever suits your fancy.”

The other male demon in the group rolled his eyes, “And why ssssshould we waste our money for this laughable ‘passssssion project’? What benefit do we have? I only came to ssssee if it was true. You and the the princessssssss? Partnersssss?”

The Radio Demon sighed, though his smile never faltering, “Tell my Flaust, what do we all have in common here? Aside from being better off financially and in power?”

The snake demon crossed his arms and looked around, “Not ssssssure.”

Alastor leaned toward him, his voice low, “Have you ever tasted a sinner who’s souls is consumed by fresh anguish and remorse? A hint of... Fear?” Flaust shook his head, “It is the most delectable treat you’ll ever have. As shareholder of this establishment, I have access to the bottom of honey lined barrel. Really, the notion of a sinner transcending to heaven is laughable, but I dare not let Charlie know how pitiful I find this idea to be. Besides, I am more in it to see these poor souls fail repeatedly rather than a meat locker for myself. I’ll gladly share for the right price.”

“Alastor, you sly dog!” Giggled Rosie as she stepped away from him, “I knew there was more to it. Ooh, Mimzy was silly to not come!”

“How much did you pledge, Rosalin?” Alastor grinned mischievously.
Alastor made his rounds with the other sponsors and was more than delighted that all of them had been on board. Cannibals were easy to please, he noticed, and it was a wise choice for him to get the ball rolling on financing the hotel. If he offered a bigger incentives to others, maybe he wouldn’t have to twist a few arms after all. Things were successful on his end, now it was up to Charlie to seal the deals on hers.

The music changed and guests were actually starting to roam the dance floor. The would be patients mingled as the night went on and the sponsors, after speaking with Alastor, saw themselves out to the bar to get a few glasses of booze in their system before leaving.

“It’s a good time to get that dance in.” He said to himself. He tugged on his cuffs and swatted his bangs over his eyes away. His eyes glowed in the dark, searching for his prey. His ears at the top of his head swiveled slightly.

He spotted Charlie and Vaggie at the far end of the dance floor, stiffly dancing to the jazz music as Vaggie was known to have two left feet despite her Latin heritage and the misconception that they were excellent dancers. Charlie did her best to lead but Vaggie was just too nervous with so many unfamiliar faces around. Angel was seated at a table not too far from them, flirting with one of the soon-to-be patients and it seemed his advances were working as the poor guy looked enamored. He put his hand behind his back and walked toward them.

He came up behind Vaggie and cleared his throat, startling the demoness.

“Yea?” She said, trying to not sound too rude but failed. He just rubbed her the wrong way.

“Mind if I cut in?” Before Vaggie could protest, he stepped in between the two females and whisked Charlie away, moving with her further onto the floor. Vaggie fumed, bearing her teeth and growling but she dared not make a scene. She saw red, but instead of seeking out inebriations to drown out her anger, she instead decided this would be a good time to finish introducing herself to their remaining guests. Anything to prevent her from running a spear right up Alastor’s ass. That smug bastard.

Charlie looked like a fish out of water, especially since the song was now more of a tango and Alastor had brought her close to him to start off, one arm around her waist and another holding her hand delicately up higher. He swayed with her, pleased that she moved seamlessly with him and didn’t have to worry about her scuffing his shoes. He faintly remembered a time during his youth during the 1910s visiting New York when it had first arrived on US shores. He couldn’t remember why he was there, or who he was with, but the music and the moves were clear as day. Then in the 1920s, he had learned the Americanized style of it in his home town of New Orleans, just before its popularity waned after the Great Depression.

He picked up the tempo of his foot steps, pushing Charlie in a way that she knew to extend one leg up toward his hip as he spun them around then dragged her across the floor in several quick steps, his right arm encircling her waist as he dipped her in front of him, then snapping her back up and twirling her away, the hem of her skirt flutter around her thighs like a spinning rose.

The crowd watched, mesmerized by their dancing and the energy flowing between them. The dancing duo never lost eye contact with one another and they continued, their legs kicked and bent, twirling, and spinning, stepping across the floor in sure movements, hands reaching for each other, hips moving side to side.

Angel stood next to Vaggie who once again stopped to watch her girlfriend practically get spirited away before her eyes, “Ya know... I never really noticed the chemistry between them.” Vaggie snapped her head up to glare at him, her lips a thin line. She chose not to speak, afraid it would
crack from the anger bubbling up inside her, “Heh, I mean... I didn’t peg our strawberry pimp to be such a good dancer, especially the tango. You think he’d want to take me for a spin like that in bed?” He ran a hand through his hair, and two others fluffed up his bosom, “Anyway, I’m hitting the sack. Gotta get my beauty sleep if I wanna keep up this gorgeous face. Nighty night, bitches.” He walked away and winked at the male demon he had been flirting with. The male who looked to be a type of canine looking demon, stood and followed him out the room. It could be assumed that Angel did not get much sleep that night based on the distant thumps to be heard later that night.

As the song neared to an end, Charlie’s back was to his chest and her head was against Alastor’s chest as he held her up, her right arm above her, encircling his neck for support. He ran his hand on the underside of the raised arm down to her hip, sliding her back with more quick steps, then snaked his other hand to her hip, gripping it as he dipped her again across his waist, then pulled her up to stand in front of him. Charlie raised a leg to rest it on his calf, then moved it as far as it would go toward his hip and extended it out, her right hand moving slowly from its raised position to extend outward from her side. He leaned her back once last time as the song came to a final conclusion.

The party attendees clapped, transfixed on the hotel’s owners. Their movements had been flawless, Charlie barely breaking a sweat but breathing a little harder than she would like. Alastor’s sharp teeth glistened and his mouth opened to a wide, devilish grin.

“Nicely done, dear. I appreciate a good dance partner. We should do this more often.”

Charlie blushed and straightened herself out. Looking around, she bit her lips, “I-i think we should wrap this up. Tomorrow’s going to be a long day starting consolation and room renovations.”

“Understandably. Did you need me to stay to see the last guest out?”

“N-no.” She shook her head, “Vaggie and I can handle it. Thank you, Alastor. Good night.”

Alastor lifted her hand he was still holding and planted a kiss on her knuckle. “Very well. I won’t head home yet, but I’ll be in the office if you need me. I’ll see myself out when I’m done. Good night, dearest.” The radio buzz behind his voice hummed a gentle lullaby like melody as he exited the ball room. He stopped by the front desk where Husk had dozed off.

The Radio Demon placed his left hand on the counter and drummed his finger loudly. Husk flinched and mumbled in his sleep, scowling and burying his head in his arms.

“Go away...” he groaned.

“Huskers, do wake up. You’re getting slobber on our counter. I don’t think Niffty would appreciate it after all the redecorating she’s done.”

Husk slowly opened his eyes and glared at his boss, “What do you want?”

Alastor straightened up, “You may retire to your bedroom when the last person leaves. Make sure Charlie has their contact information.”

“Why do you care? I don’t get what’s the big deal, this project is gonna fuckin fail miserably before the end of the month. Watch.” He got up and wiped the drool off his face with the back of his paw, “Are they at least gonna leave soon?”

“Any moment.” The radio crowed boo’ed.

“Fine.”
As the last guest exited the building, Charlie waved a good night and smiled peacefully. In the end, there was a glimmer of hope that maybe this could work. The demons who left actually looked like they were interested in considered redeeming themselves. She hoped beyond hope it would work. It had to. She was tired of the fear and screaming of extermination days.

Husk turned off the desk lamp and grumbled a good night to Charlie before lazily flying up the stairs to head to his room. Charlie smiled. For a moment she thought about paying Alastor a visit, but then thought better of it. She was confused to say the least, and she was certain he was giving her mixed signals. There was no way he was interested in her, he was just friendly. Extremely, and almost uncomfortably friendly. She had to quell these feelings. It was just a puppy crush, no need to get too worked up. They were business partners and maybe even friends, but their relationship was nothing more. It couldn’t be any more.

Entering the ball room, she helped Niffty and Vaggie with cleanup. Razzle and Dazzle were busy sweeping the linoleum floor. She hummed to herself as she picked up a tub Niffty had brought from the kitchen to bus the tables. Vaggie was busy sorting out the left over food.

“We can leave the tables and chairs for tomorrow, but we should really make sure we don’t leave any food out. Charlie, can you take the tubs to the sink and have them soak before I wash them? Vaggie, I made room in the walk in for those. I’m going to collect the linen.” Niffty snapped the end of one of the table cloths, the plates and glasses rattling but never falling.

For the next hour the girls and goats tidied up the room before finally retreating to their rooms. Vaggie was in the lead going up the stairs and Charlie glanced at the light underneath the office door. Red light emanated and the distant sound of old jazzy music on a vintage radio could be heard. She shook her head and instead made sure that the front door was locked, noting that buzzer should be connected to her room in case of any late night visitors.

“Business partners... that’s all we are.” By the time she got up to her room via the lift located on the second floor, Vaggie was already in the shower. Charlie tested the knob and frowned when the door was locked. Vaggie never locked the door unless she beyond pissed. She sighed and sat on the edge of the bed, falling back and looking up the ceiling, already planning a talk she knew she Vaggie needed to have.

“I don’t like him,” she said to herself, “He’s just a lot friendlier than we thought.” ‘Damn.’ With the balls of her hands she rubbed her eyes and groaned in frustration.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter ended up being a lot longer than the last one and in your honest opinion, is it too much? Not enough?

I have to type these on my phone since I currently do not own a laptop or desktop but so far my tendinitis hasn’t acted up. I’ve literally spent every waking moment thinking about where to go with this and typing as much as I can when I have a chance.

Since so many of you enjoyed the first chapter, I decided to release this chapter much earlier than anticipated as a thank you for supporting me. This is my gift to you, the readers.
A Talk

Chapter Notes

Please note from here on out, there will be more sexual content in this fic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had been three days since the reception and Charlie was wrapping up with the consolations and setting up move in day for the several who genuinely wanted to be part of the work-in-progress program. Charlie folded her hands on her lap and leaned back, crossing her legs and enjoying the moment of silence. She took a deep, calming breath. Things were moving fast for the hotel and while she was excited and ready to spring into action, she found herself fighting back the overwhelming feeling that she was drowning with the work load already present.

Sure, she had taken some courses on business at Hell’s top university, contrary to popular belief, but their principles mainly dealt with how to maximize profit with minimal slave-labor costs, how to pass off cheap stuff as luxury, or taking out competitors in unsavory but discreet ways, rather than how to run a nonprofit. She hoped it wouldn’t be too much pressure on Alastor to figure out budgets, calculate expenses, and help find more funding opportunities for future programs that didn’t require her soon-to-be tenants to pay out of pocket. Charlie knew it would only be them for a while.

Speaking of the Radio Demon, he had been quiet the last few days as well, keeping some distance between them while still maintaining politeness and professionalism. She frowned a little. She was ashamed that she missed some of the attention he gave her at the night of the party, but part of her thought maybe she dreamt it all. She enjoyed the way he felt against her, and the way they moved seamlessly. She recalled how his eyes were focused on her and her alone in a world you needed to watch your back. As much as Vaggie loved her, she was always preoccupied in trying to protect her. Charlie could take care of herself when needed, she just wanted to be noticed as more than a failure or a royal fool. Vaggie did her best, but Alastor... he took her breath away. He treated her differently. Not quiet an equal, but also not like a helpless fool or a failure. And his touch...

She growled to herself and face palmed. ‘No!’ She mentally screamed, ‘Dammit Charlie, you were imagining things. No way he’d want you. Business partners, business partners! You were just delirious from everything that’s been happening.’

There was a knock on the door. Charlie jumped a little, not expecting any visitors at this time.

“Come in!” She adjusted her black tie and smoothed down the front of her pink blouse. Satisfied, she clasped her hands together and set them on her desk, smiling brightly.

Angel sauntered in, two arms behind his head and two more holding up a tray with food and a drink. Charlie’s smile widened.

“You know,” he started as he closed the door behind him, rolling his eyes as he approached the desk, his boots echoing in the spacious room, “I didn’t sign up to be a maid. If you want me to wear an outfit, it’s gonna cost ya.” He smiled toothily at her, his golden tooth glistening in the late afternoon sun that shown through the window. “I brought you a sandwich.”
Charlie looked down at what she assumed was a peanut butter sandwich, a bag of Hellio’s hot crisps, and iced tea. A gentle warmth spread through her body. Despite the first two weeks of his stay and the disastrous turf fight, he really wasn’t that bad of a person. She could almost consider him a friend. They had agreed he’d drop out of the program and work for board at the hotel, with the promise he’d stay away from the male patients and keep all drugs and any later defined contraband out of the building. He agreed to the terms and hadn’t slipped up thus far. He worked a few hours through out the day and in return he was able to come and go as he pleased, provided his work was approved by Niffty. There was peace for now and it made Charlie happy.

Vaggie on the other hand was practically giving her a cold shoulder. When it was business hours, she communicated what was needed but during their off time, she didn’t speak very much and was short with her answers. She went to bed early and woke up even earlier, avoiding Charlie effectively and it crushed the heiress. Charlie knew they needed to talk, but she was worried what her girlfriend had to say. She was certain it had to do with Alastor, the moth had been opposed to his help but Charlie ignored her wishes and instead of talking it out more to find middle ground, she allowed him to swoop in and take a seemingly higher position than her. Charlie hadn’t realized it until Vaggie started ignoring her.

Rubbing her temples, Charlie groaned. She knew the more she put it off, the bigger the blow out would be. Vaggie and her were never ones to avoid talking about their feelings, but with so much on the line with getting the hotel ready, they just didn’t have the time or the strength to do it.

“You ok there?” Angel asked as he sat down on the very chair Alastor had a few days ago. “N-not that I care or anything, I just don’t wanna have to do more than I was promised for today and I’m supposed to see my pal Cherri. Niffty has me vacuuming and dusting the first two floors of rooms. Wanna know how many that is? A lot. I’m not built for slave labor, I’m a delicate flower that needs to be pampered.”

He ran a hand through his hair as he reclined in his seat.

Charlie giggled at Angel’s antics. “It’s nothing, just a lot to sort through, you know? Can you believe how far we’ve come since you started living here?” She reached out for the glass of iced tea on the tray, “Thank you, Angel.”

The spider demon shrugged, “Yea, it’s somethin’. I honestly thought you two were a bunch of quacks, but I gotta say, you grew on me. Mind if I smoke?” Charlie pointed toward the window. He knew what she meant and walked over to sit in the window sill, opening the glass pane to filter out the air. He lit a cigarette and took a long drag. “So tell me, toots, what’s the deal with you and Radio Daddy? It’s gotten Vag’s panties in a twist if you ask me. Every time he’s mentioned or around, I think she’s going to chop my arms off. Can’t damage these goods.” He eyed her, waiting to see her reaction.

The heiress choked on her sandwich, “H-huh?”

Angel smirked devilishly, his eyes narrowing as he watched her and his blacken eye glinting with mischief as he watched a blush spread across her face, “So there is tea. Didn’t want to believe it myself but I saw the way you two were at the reception.” He puckered his lips and made kissing noises. He turned around and with three of his arms, hugged himself and swayed side to side, the fourth holding his cigarette away toward the window. He laughed as Charlie blushed harder and protested, “I don’t understand monogamy. If I was in your shoes, bitch, I’d gladly would have jumped on that staff in a heart beat. And I don’t mean the mic. You must be his type because he hasn’t responding to anything but hostility with everything I’ve thrown at him. I don’t think he’d appreciate if I ended up naked on his doorstep either.”
“Angel!” She growled, “It’s not like that!” She clutched her head and rested her elbows on the desk, “I’m perfectly happy with Vaggie and he’s just... really, really... friendly?”

The pink and white spider flicked the butt out the window and blew the smoke in a long drawn out exhale, “Listen. A’int none of this my business, but I think you should talk to Vag before she tries fighting him. You saw what he did to Egg Lord. Barely raised a hand and fucked him up six ways from Sunday, including his little eggtards. If it’s not what it looks like, then tell her.” He stifled a yawn.

Charlie stared at him in awe. “Sounds to me you’re starting to care about us.” Her eyes widen as a large smile spread across her face, threatening to rip it in half as she squealed, “Angel! Is... are... yes! This might actually work. I mean, the hotel is going to work!”

Angel scoffed in disgust and walked toward the door. With a hand on the knob, he turned to look at her with a deadly glare, “I don’t. I just fucking happen to like living rent free without having to suck a hundred dicks a day and I especially don’t want to get my dick cut off. Being here let’s me get to choose the juicy ones. Having standards has perks, ya know.” Charlie wasn’t sure, but she could have sworn he was blushing a little as he slammed the door behind him, flipping her off with two hands. She smiled and giggled. There was hope for Angel, he just didn’t know it.

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It was close to evening and the hotel would have been quiet had it not been for someone shouting obscenities and stomping through the first floor. Charlie snorted and sat up as the door to her office was violently thrown open this time. When did she fall asleep? It took a moment for her eyes to adjust and recognize whoever violently made their presence known. Vaggie was fuming again, her eye burning red and large bow curled into sharp horn peaks behind her head, resembling horns. Charlie gulped nervously, “V-Vaggie? Is everything ok?”

“He’s moving in?” She screeched, causing Charlie to wince. “Today!?” She was visibly shaking in suppressed rage.

“Who?” Charlie moved the tray left behind earlier to the further corner of her table for safe keeping. “Vaggie, please.”

“That fucking shit lord, that’s who!” She pointed in the general direction of the lobby. Her eyes began to tear up and she fought hard to not let the angry tears fall. “Charlie, why didn’t you tell me? Why did I have to hear it from Niffty! I was wondering why I had to wash all the bed sheets from the room across from us. And why IS he getting that room of all places? We have over three hundred fucking rooms available!”

It took a moment for Charlie to clear her foggy mind. As the words sunk in, she gasped, “That’s today?”

Vaggie sighing defeatedly and closed the door to give them privacy. She stood in front of her girlfriend and rubbed her arms, trying to think of the words to express what she was feeling as her body trembled from the emotional rollercoaster she was involuntarily strapped into. A single tear slid down her cheek. She grunted and wiped it away with the back of her hand.

Charlie stood from her chair and went to stand in front of her, bringing her in for a hug and stroked her long grey tresses. They stayed like that for a good minute until a calmness settled in the room.

“Vaggie,” she began, pressing a kiss on the top of her head, “I’m sorry. It’s been hectic around here
and after the party you’ve been ignoring me outside of work so I’ve been giving you space. Is this what’s been bothering you?” She pulled away to look into her eyes, “You’ve never been this mad before and I didn’t know how to handle it.”

Vaggie put her face in Charlie’s chest and sighed, wrapping her arms around the blonde’s waist. “I don’t trust him, babe. You know that. He’s toxic, the embodiment of evil, of sin. What we’re trying to do here, what you’re trying to accomplish, he’s... I’ve told you before, he contradicts that. I know you want to help everyone and rehabilitate them, but not everyone can. I love your optimism, amor, but you got to get your head out of the clouds sometimes. Life isn’t a fucking musical, no matter how much you pretend it is.”

“Vaggie, honey, I-I...” she pinched the bridge of her nose, moving back until she sat on the edge of her desk, Vaggie still leaning on her “I get it. But what has he done to us, to here, that doesn’t want you to give him a chance? All he’s done since he got here is help. That’s a redeeming quality, is it not? No, I don’t trust him completely, and I know this won’t work unless they want to be rehabilitated because I would commit a sin myself by forcing my pride onto them, but I trust him enough and we really need the help. I’m taking what he’s given us and running as far as I can go with it.” She gently pushed Vaggie back enough to cup her left cheek and plant a soft kiss to reassure her that everything was fine, “I don’t want to have to depend on anyone. Not him, not my parents... but Vaggie, we need all the help we can get until we can stand on our own two feet.” She brought her in for another hug.

The moth demoness took a moment to let it all sink in. She knew they needed help, this whole project was balls to the walls bonkers, but she wanted to believe just as much as Charlie did that there was a chance and she clung to that hope. She knew, however, if it did work, she would have a better chance at ascending than the very Princess of Hell, and it tore at her heart and rotting soul to think about being without her amaingly selfless, lovable shiny star. The burden of her father’s sin marred her soul as his blood ran through her veins. However, maybe... if Charlie could help enough sinners, maybe God would reconsider. That was Vaggie’s true dream. She vowed to never leave Charlie’s side until she knew they’d be with each other in heaven.

Charlie continued, “I... honestly don’t know if any of this will work. I don’t even know where to start, but look Vaggie.” She reached behind her and rummaged through the papers scattered about. She smiled widely as she found a specific page scrawled with notes and dates. “Six. We have six people moving in two months from now when the renovations are complete. With... without Alastor, I don’t think we could have even gotten one person to consider. You saw how I sucked that interview. Everybody saw it. No body listened, they just laughed. It almost broke me if it wasn’t for you being by my side. You’re the most important person in my life and the only one who really believes and supports me. Never forget that I love you.”

Vaggie’s eyes glazed over and her bottom lip trembled. “I still don’t trust him.” She repeated with a shaky breath, “And... and I especially don’t trust him with you. You’ve been acting weird since the reception and I’ve seen the way he looks at you. Like a starving animal about to feast. He’s an apex predator and I’m scared that he’s toying with you.” She pulled away but grasped Charlie’s hands in her own. She looked down as she ran her thumb over the pale knuckles. “I... I know that despite his reputation, he’s done a lot of good for the hotel, but at what cost? When he’s bored, what then? What happens to everyone here? This is supposed to be a safe zone, a place for redemption, for healing. You can’t heal a wound if you use dirty bandages. It spreads infection and that’s what he is.”

Charlie’s eyes softened, “You’re jealous of him, aren’t you?”

Vaggie shrugged, “Y-yeah. Not only does he have you wrapped around his finger, I feel like he’s
“Baby, no. I’m so, so sorry you felt this way. That night... I can’t explain what happened because I
don’t even know myself, but it was an emotional thing for you and I so I think we just perceived
things differently. I-I don’t have any feelings for him. He is a business partner. It’s only business.
We just need a bit of a different perspective from the outside, but know that I value your opinion.”

Vaggie nodded slowly, accepting Charlie’s answer, “Ok...” she a let out a shaky breath, “I’m sorry
for ignoring you. I just didn’t know how to approach it.”

There was a moment of silence. Charlie let Vaggie go and leaned back on the desk, supporting her
weight on her arms stretched behind her. Her eyes searched Vaggie’s face as she contemplated her
next words carefully. Her heart thundered in her chest.

“Do you trust me?”

“Huh?”

“I said,” she sat straight up again and placed her hands on Vaggie’s hips, “Do you trust me?”

“I do.”

Charlie nuzzled the crook of her neck, “Then what’s the problem with Alastor? He won’t do
anything to me, I promise. All I want is you, and all I need is you. What happened that night won’t
repeat. I was caught off guard since we didn’t know too much about him, and I gave him the other
master suite because it’s the least we can do as he’s not being compensated any other way than
‘entertainment’ as he put it.” She nipped her girlfriend’s neck, “I might be a hopeless optimist but I
promise I won’t let him derail our mission anymore than he has. He agreed that there will be a
drink limit at the bar. Two drinks, that’s it. No body is going to get trashed here.” She snaked a
hand underneath the other woman’s tank top and gently squeezed a breast.

Vaggie let out a small whimper as Charlie bit her jugular, “Th-that’s not fair...” she pulled away
and held onto Charlie’s shoulder, keeping her at arms length, “Do you promise? Promise that he
won’t corrupt you? You’re so pure Charlie, so bright, but he’s so much more powerful. Like a
black hole about to swallow a sun.”

Charlie snapped her fingers, the windows and blinds closing and the door leading into her office
locked. Her eyes flickered with red at the use of her unholy powers. A lazily smile curled on her
lips as she returned to ‘normal’. She wrapped her legs around Vaggie’s hips and brought her in
closer.

“Yes, I promise. Now come here baby, I’ve missed your touch.”

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It was already dark outside when Alastor came knocking on Charlie’s office door. He was mildly
amused when Vaggie scurried out a few minutes later, adjusting her bra strap under her tank top
and flatting down her skirt from the back. Charlie was in her chair, fixing her ruffled hair. She
avoided eye contact with her business partner.

Alastor discreetly sniffed the air, his perking upas his eyes narrowed. ‘Ah. She can be that kind of
girl.’ He bit back a chuckle, ‘Such a naughty little one, but if that’s how she likes it, I won’t
complain.’

He cleared his throat, “Charlie, sweetheart. I’ve come to pick up the keys to my suite. Husk said
“You’d have them?” He gave her a knowing look, his ever present smile twitching. “Hope I didn’t interrupt anything.”

The princess blushed at not having time to clean up the evidence of the romp she and Vaggie just had. Papers had fluttered to the floor and there was a wet spot behind her desk. Her desk lamp had toppled over and her pens were scattered all over the floor. She stood and opened the windows, airing out the room that no doubly reeked of sex. At least to her it did, but then again, Vaggie had cum all over her face. She took a handkerchief out of her back pocket and wiped her chin.

“Yes... here.” She went to her book case and took down a small wooden box, rummaging through the few keys inside. Spotting Vaggie’s underwear near the desk, she squeaked and did her best to not draw attention to it. She wondered if the other demon could hear her heart thundering in her chest. How embarrassing and undignified this was, but the release of bottled up emotions had put her mind at ease and give her a moment of clarity. She could stomach being near him without turning to a mess.

Alastor stood at the doorway, a decent sized black leather suitcase in his hand. Was that all he brought? He chose to not come inside or else a lewd comment or two would slip out. He was a gentleman after all.

“I supposed I should say, ‘Welcome to the Hazbin Hotel’, hmm?” She gently placed the key in his outstretched hand. For a moment she didn’t move her hand away as her heart began to pound even harder. Did he really have to take the room in front of hers? Did he really have to stay here at all? Maybe Vaggie was right about that.

The Radio Demon pulled the key out from her grasp and pocketed it. “Thank you, sweetheart. I’ll see myself up. Tomorrow I’ll be on dinner duty. Chicken Fricassee with a side of dirty rice and smothered greens. Maybe finish off with fresh beignets. I’m not fond of sweets, but as my mother would say: what is dinner without dessert?” He hummed merrily.

“Uh... you don’t have to do that.”

“Nonsense. Didn’t you learn from the Jambalaya? I love cooking! You and the others seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.” He grinned at her, “I want to fill you up anytime I can. I think I’ll enjoy it very much.” Her mind went numb as she choked on air with the smoldering gaze he gave her. Her cheeks felt like they were on fire. She knew he didn’t mean it in a way she thought he did, but she couldn’t help it as she stood before him still dripping from her earlier excitement. He eyed her carefully while licking his lip. The princess squeaked. Guess her moment of clarity dove at the window.

Alastor laughed and walked down the hall to get to the stairs, “Good night, dear.” He looked over his shoulder and winked.

Charlie had been leaning out the door frame, both hands on either side of her holding her up. Her brows creased in worry, her heart thumping furiously in her chest.

“Lord help me.”

Chapter End Notes

There you have it, an other chapter done in break neck speed. Another giant thank you
for all of you who have reviewed and left kudos. It is most appreciated!

I am currently super drunk at Disney California adventure with my friends I’ve know. Most of my life, and because this chapter was done a couple days ago, I thought: what the fuck? Let’s do it! Love you guys for the love and support you e given me thus far. I am extremely happy and honored
Chapter Summary

Hell’s Fire Days are the hottest times in Hell. How will our princess fair?

Chapter Notes

Look at that, an early update!

Apologies for my drunken state last chapter. She is a wild woman and I’ve heard so many stories about her when I was more reckless, haha.

This is kind of a NSFW chapter, so be warned.

Some time had passed since The Radio Demon moved in to the Hotel. Things were going smoothly and as promised, no weird, creepy voodoo magic things had happened. Sure, there was an occasional barrage of insults between Vaggie and Angel, or Angel testing the limits of Alastor’s patience, but overall there was peace. The red clad demon promised no voodoo, which by extension also meant no powers in general like whipping out the shadow tentacles such as the ones that took out Sir Pentious’ airship. The only evidence left from that day were scorched marks as Charlie had the hole was covered up by a tree.

Speaking of Angel antagonizing Alastor... That’s how the princess found herself in Alastor’s room. She came to apologize for her friend’s (because really, she believed that her and Angel were friends at this point) behavior. However, things didn’t go as she had originally planned.

“Alastor, ah!” Charlie whimpered breathlessly. Her hands tangled themselves in his red lochs of red and black hair. She marveled at the silky softness. Charlie let out a deep moan of pleasure as Alastor nipped at her collar bone then followed up by gently licking the area to soothe the assaulted flesh.

Charlie couldn’t remember how they ended up like this to save her life. She remembered him inviting her inside for some coffee, but that was it. She knew she was there to apologize on Angel’s behalf, but at what point did their shirts come off with her sitting on his lap in only her panties? Why did she wear the pink unicorn ones? She opened one of her eyes, the lid heavy as she fought back another whimper as Alastor’s large hand squeezed her bare thigh. She surveyed the area, her brow furrowed a little at the bog situated on the other half of his room. She was thankful they were in the nicer part but the sounds of the swamp creatures were strangely relaxing.

Alastor raked his fingers down her spine, causing her back to arch into him. Welts formed. He caught her small rosy nipple in his mouth, giving it a gentle suck before releasing it to tenderly caress it with his hot tongue. Her pale skin was flushed with her arousal.

Charlie hissed. Her nipples were incredibly sensitive. She felt a heat pool in the pit of her lower
stomach and knew her fluids would soak his lap if he didn’t let her go soon. She reached for her aching womanhood but the Radio Demon stopped her.

“Not yet,” he growled, nuzzling the space between her breasts and taking a deep breath.

She wanted to feel ashamed, but instead, being here with him left her wanting more for the future. His touch was aggressive, yet not painful as he asserted his dominance over her. Another moan escaped her lips. She was helpless against him, but she also didn’t dare fight back.

“Charlie.” Whispered a familiar feminine voice.

“Huh?” It was hard to concentrate. Alastor rubbed her hips, nuzzling into the crook of her neck now. He gave the area a teasing nip that caused her to writhe against him.

“What!” Who was calling out to her? She growled, her eyes glowing red as her irises became liquid fire.

“CHARLIE!”

Hell’s Princess shot up out of bed, a cold sweat making her thin silk pajamas cling to her body. She took deep breathes and her wide eyes were met with Vaggie’s concern face as she sat next to her.

“Were you having a bad dream? You were moaning in your sleep and moving around.” She reached out to cup the pale demon’s face, “You ok, hun?”

At this rate, Charlie was convinced she was going to get stuck a permanent cherry red with how much she had been blushing lately. So, it was a dream... part of her was glad, but another part tucked deep down that she tried to keep repressed wished it hadn’t been. She held the hand on her cheek, feeling the shame she should have felt in her dream wash over her by the bucket full.

“I’m... I’m ok.” She bent over to kiss her bedmate. Her heart racing. ‘A dream. Just an incredibly vivid dream.’ She shifted on the bed to curl her legs underneath her, frowning a little at how wet she had gotten. There was a dull ache in the pit of her stomach.

“Do you wanna talk about it?”

Charlie shook her head, “No... I don’t remember what it was about anyway.” She hoped Vaggie wouldn’t pressure her for details. She smiled and laughed nervously.

Vaggie raised a brow in suspicion but didn’t say anything. The two decided it was time to get up anyway and begin their day of more cleaning as they prepare for the next wave of renovating. It took a little longer than most morning as they had another romp in the shower to help relieve Charlie.

Whoever Alastor knew worked incredibly fast and the work didn’t feel shoddy for the money that was being spent. The company he enlisted worked on two floors at a time and it was estimated that the last of the 12 floors would be done by the middle of next month, allowing time to get the new furniture to arrive and overall be move in ready. The money given to the hotel by Lilith and Lucifer has been more than enough to cover the cost of repairs and furniture with plenty left over to supply the hotel with necessities until the pledge money came in from their sponsors. Vaggie may have bitched and moaned about it, but the moth demon admitted that Alastor was kind of a god send, however, she was still worried he’d cash in his favor and Charlie would be the one to pay the ultimate price.
Charlie on the other hand didn’t mind. Her life didn’t feel threatened and having decided to not be stuck in the same area alone with Alastor really helped her focus better, especially now that he was constantly around. She felt a little bad and dare she say a little sad too, but he hadn’t pursued her or show any signs that he was displeased since she always had Vaggie around. In fact, the moth and the radio demon began to have decent conversation, which made Charlie happy. Perhaps it was a misunderstanding after all, sparked by loose emotions and not really knowing each other. Charlie’s school girl crush was probably to blame for it.

She tried to not dwell much on her dream or how it gave her butterflies. Dreams didn’t mean anything most of the time anyway. With her new found resolve, she decided that it wasn’t necessary to tell Vaggie about her strange feelings or sexually explicit dreams regarding Alastor and his lack of personal boundaries behind closed doors. Why make a big deal over something she could fix on her own? It’s not like he touched her inappropriately to begin with, even if she wanted it. He was just incredibly friendly with her. It was almost like a mantra.

Vaggie seemed to have noticed Charlie’s efforts to not get cornered by the Radio Demon and as a sign of appreciation, she snuck more kisses and gropes during business hours than they had originally agreed upon. Charlie didn’t mind that change either. Vaggie was starting to get back to her normal self and Charlie was relieved to say the least.

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It had been nearly three weeks since Alastor and his friends came to the hotel and everyone aside from the couple was in the main designated dinning area slumped over one of the round metal tables. They decided to call it a day in the middle of the afternoon and dismiss the construction crew before they even arrived as the pentagram sun was high in the sky, boring down on the residents of Pentagram City with an unforgiving heat. The air outside was blistering hot. The dining room was the only place cool enough aside from the musty basement to ride out the day.

Angel, dressed in only small biker shorts, fanned himself with two hands and used the other to wave a paper fan at Husk who grumbled under his breath that the AC needed to get fixed next. Not just for the main building itself, but the rooms as well. He would have resorted to cold showers, but the heat was incredibly strong, water out of the pipes were practically steaming.

Days like these were known as Hells Fire. No one, not even Lucifer himself, could explain or predict when these random days of unimaginable heat that could sear the flesh on anyone caught outside long enough would occur. The only viable option was to stay inside and wait it out, like most things that could result in death.

“Fuck this Hells Fire Day heatwave bullshit.” Husk seethed. He jumped as Alastor unceremoniously plopped a tub of ice cold beers and other spirits onto the floor beside him. He picked up a bottle and flicked the cap off to hand it to the winged cat demon. It began to froth almost immediately because of the drop, which effectively shut Husk up for a moment as he nursed the bottle like a new born kitten.

“I’d say take off a layer or two but seems you’re already as naked as can be, friend!” The laugh track echoed throughout the room, “I wonder, were you born with the fur and feathers or did you come out all skin?”

Husk rolled his eyes and let out a small burp that wasn’t terribly offensive, “Don’t know. Arrived in Hell looking this handsome.” He leaned back in his seat and spread his arms and wings.

“I’d still tap it, either way Kitten. You got a voice that drives a boy crazy.” Angel winked at him. Husk rolled his eyes and shook his head with a scoff.
“Don’t ever call me ‘Kitten’ again if you know what’s good for ya.”

Alastor produced a wine glass out of thin air and poured a moscato for Niffty who graciously took it between her tiny hands. She swirled the content of her glass before having a sip. She let out a little noise of approval.

“Well, it’s sure nice to have a little bit of downtime besides dinner. I think this is the first time we’ve actually hung out.” She giggled, “I don’t see some of you for days it seems.” She wore a short red sundress with white polka dots, much shorter than the usual dresses and skirts she wore. She tugged at the hem, trying to cover as much of her needle thin lap as possible.

A door opened at the other end, drawing everybody’s attention. Charlie and Vaggie lugged in a few fans under their arms to help circulate the air as they tried to survive the nasty weather. The pavement outside looked like it was bubbling and some animals had dropped dead where they last stood, cooking under the blazing sun. The south side of the hotel was humid as the pool slowly became steam.

Vaggie had resorted in wearing only booty shorts and a bralette, not caring how indecent she was in front of the men in their group. She had put her thick hair into two pigtailed braids to help alleviate some of her discomfort.

Charlie set the fans down and took the power strip wrapped around her body off. She dusted her plain black halter sundress, pouting at the amount of cob webs that clung to the soft material. Alastor watched her from the corner of his eyes, silently approving the length, or lack thereof, of her dress. An idea popped into his head.

“We really should air out the basement and clean it.” Charlie said, “There’s so much junk in there, I honestly don’t think we need most of it.”

Vaggie began plugging in the fans and arranging them around the table where the others sat at, placing the biggest one in front of the bucket of ice.

“I bet the attic will be just as bad. Your father kind of just threw everything everywhere it seems when he ran this place.” She flipped the switch of the power surge and sighed in bliss as cold air hit her. “Here, Husk. I think you’ll start feeling better if you sit on the floor. I’ll get a baggie or something so we can make you an ice pack, ok?”

“Thanks.” The poor demon grabbed a cube from the bucket to rub his forehead with it. “Fucking hate Hell Fire days, especially since I’m stuck in this dump.” Truth be told he’d probably be better off in a walk in fridge, but over the last couple of weeks he secretly enjoyed being around his female coworkers. They reminded him of a life almost forgotten. He may not have been the best person when he was alive, but one thing was for certain, he cared about the women in his family. Each of the girls reminded him of a sister, a cousin, or an aunt. It was a pleasant change of pace for him and so far this had been the easiest job the red bastard had him do.

“S-sorry,” Charlie bit her lip, “I... I didn’t know the AC would be broken. My family hasn’t been here in about 10 years.”

Alastor was the only one still fully dressed in white pants with red pinstripes, red shirt with white stripes and his usual black and red gloves. The first two buttons of his shirt were left open and his sleeves had been rolled up to his elbows. He poured from a decanter that was in the booze tub into a glass with some ice until it reached halfway up.

He could have easily changed the temperature inside the whole building with his magic, like any of
the other all powerful demons in Hell. Alastor would have done if Charlie asked since it seemed she didn’t know how to herself, but he rather enjoyed the sheen of sweat covering her body, and the two pig tailed buns sitting on top of her head was rather adorable. The heat didn’t bother him as much as the others anyway as summertime in New Orleans got swampy, and he came from an era where private air conditioning units weren’t widespread. The ice bucket and fan was what he had traditionally used when he was alive.

“It’s quite alright, I’ll see to it that it’s addressed tomorrow. Charlie dear, did you need a drink? There’s beer, wine, whisky, tequila. Choose a poison.” He took a seat at the fan nearest to her, and mused to himself, “We should grab a tele to watch the picture show or something. Perhaps some tunes.”

“The moscato is really good Charlie! I see a red here if you’re into that. We could also play games to pass the time.” Niffty chirped from her spot next to Husk. Judging by the heavy breathing, it seemed that he had fallen asleep.

Charlie shook her head, “No, I’ll get the ice tea from the fridge for me and Vaggie. Have to stay hydrated, you know. Board games do sound fun though.” She made her way to the kitchen closest to them.

“I think we still have popsicles in the other kitchen, I’ll go find them along with that bag for Husk.” Vaggie left the group to hunt down their treat.

As soon as Vaggie had left the room, Alastor finished his whisky in one giant gulp and stood up to follow Charlie. Niffty hopped down from her seat to look for the games Charlie had mentioned.

“Hey,” Angel called out, “...ya mind getting some limes for the tequila, Smiley? We can do body shots later.” He moved himself to the floor and dipped his ungloved hands into the bucket of ice, sighing in relief.

“I’ll see what I can find.” He took off his gloves and sat them on the table.

Alastor knew Charlie had been purposefully avoiding him for some time. The only interactions they had since he moved in were not as intimate as he had hoped with Vaggie hanging around. While he was aware they were dating, he didn’t think the two would be joined at the hip, so to speak, but since moving in it was as if the moth followed Charlie like a lost puppy. This displeased him greatly, causing his ears to flatten. How was he supposed to train her and get her to be his? It was a private affair after all.

The only good out of it was probing Vaggie indirectly. He had learned a great deal about them once her guard started to come down. Nothing he could use personally, but it was good to know favorite foods and past times. Making connections to get what he wanted without brute strength was much more gentlemanly. At least that was how he preferred to be perceived at the Hotel. Had she been anyone else, the body would never be found.

He picked up a prepping bowl on the counter, using it to scoop ice from the ice machine as he passed it. The walk in fridge was wide open and through the plastic flaps he could see Charlie’s back was to him. He snickered at his unsuspecting doe.

He took a moment to strain his ears to make sure no one was behind him. Satisfied that the other hotel occupants were not going to follow them any time soon, he entered the fridge and closed the door behind him.

Charlie jumped as the door thumped behind her. She whirled around and gulped nervously as she
saw Alastor blocking the exit, his tall frame looking formidable. He was staring at her deviously, his smile sending a shiver down her spine. Or was it the coolness of their confined space?

“Can... can I help you?”

Alastor set the bowl down on a shelf and shrugged. “Why yes, my dear, I believe you can. I can’t help but notice you’ve been avoiding me.” The usual radio buzz was not present. Charlie’s mind began to race.

“I... I have?” She was such a terrible liar. Her breath came out in uneven gasps. It was as if the predator was toying with its prey. The look in his eyes was hungry, and Charlie felt her knees weaken.

Alastor nodded slowly, “Indeed. Or at least, your lady friend has not given us a moment of privacy. Tell me sweetheart, did I do something wrong to scare you away?” He took a step forward. Charlie began to sweat nervously at having nowhere to go. She shook her head slowly. “What’s the matter ma chère, you look frightened.” He reached out to her, and with a finger under her chin, he lifted her face up and bent down until their noses nearly touched, “Do I scare you?” He said slowly, his booze scented breath warming her face. “I’m hurt. You should know me better than that, and I’ve told you before: if I wanted to hurt anyone, I would have done so already.” He traced her jaw with the pad of his thumb, then with the back of his knuckles, ran them down her delicate neck.

Charlie looked away, breathing hard as she closed her eyes and tried to steady her racing heart. He was so close and images of her dream surfaced, causing a new heat to pool in her abdomen. She needed to get out, but words and movement failed her.

She gasped as something cold and wet touched her temple. She opened her eyes and squeaked as Alastor stood right before her, mere inches away. He once again lifted her face and continued to gently glide the frozen cube from her temple over her forehead to her other temple. She shivered.

“You look quite flushed. Let me help cool you down.” He moved the remainder of the cube down to her left jaw line and bent down to run his tongue along the wet trail of her right temple, effectively shutting down any will to move. Her mind went blank and she could have sworn she forgot how to think.

Her knees bucked and had it not been for the Radio Demon worming his free arm around her waist, she would have surely collapsed. Her heart stopped. She tried to speak but only a soft surprised moan escaped her lips. His tongue was better than she dreamt of and the hot/cold sensation was heavenly.

“My apologies, I must have given you a little bit of a brain freeze.” He whispered in her ear before giving it a gentle nip and pressing his cheek against hers. “My, my, you’re burning up my dear.” He moved the most melted ice down her neck then to her left shoulder.

“I’m... fine? Ooh...” Her voice cracked. She placed her hands on his shoulders to steady herself. Her mind felt hazy and her body began to tremble. She didn’t know what he was doing to her, but damn did it feel good.

Alastor grabbed another cube and continued down to her neck again, slowly running it across her collar bone, his tongue following the path to rewarm the skin. He genuinely smiled as he felt her skin break out into goosebumps. It was at this moment Alastor realized that Charlie hadn’t been wearing a bra as he pulled away from her to admire his handy work. Her chest rose and fell with every deep breath, her taut nipples screaming at him for attention through the thin fabric. Should he? A trail of water dripped between the valley of her breasts. He licked just above it, up the left
side of her chest and placed a gentle kiss on her shoulder.

“A-alastor...” she whimpered pathetically. She tried her best to look at him, but his gaze was hotter than the inferno outside.

He rose from his spot on her shoulder, “Do you wish for me to stop?”

She looked up at him, swallowing hard to rid herself of the ball that formed in her throat. “I... I don’t know...” ‘Yes!’ Her mind screamed, ‘Stop or you’ll regret it!’

‘I want this. His eyes on me. Hands touching me. His mouth... Shit. I want what he’ll give me.’

“I need to know what it is you want, my pet.” He reached for yet another two cubes, one for each hand and kneeled down before her, gently placing the cube behind her knees as he stared up at her, never once breaking eye contact. Slowly, almost torturously, he rubbed the back of her legs, the cubes centered in his palms so his claws could tease her tender skin. Her legs were so soft and supple, he wanted to kiss them but resisted as the look in her eyes pleased him greatly. He had her attention, now it was time to make her crave him. He watched as her lips parted and her eyelids drooped over her unfocused eyes.

Charlie leaned back, her arms gripped the shelves as she steady herself, Alastor now moving the ice in small circles to her hips, then again to the back of her thighs just below the slope of her bottom. Her head was spinning as she tried to process what was happening that instance. Was this another dream? All she knew she was cold and she wanted to feel his mouth on her again to warm her up. The icy water was like pin pricks in the chilly air of the refrigerator.

‘Oh no... Please don’t let him touch me there.’

“I want...” she hissed as his hands made their way to her inner thighs. The cubes had completely melted but Alastor kept his hands on her, massaging her flesh with nimble fingers and mindful to not apply too much pressure from his sharp claws, less he wanted to leave evidence. In comparison to the ice, his hands felt hotter on her than the last time he touched her intimately. She squealed as his thumbs brushed along her bikini line, starting from the inside then running along to her hips here his fingers then danced along the elastic of her underwear. “Alastor, please...” she whimpered helplessly. ‘I’m c-c-cold.”

He tsked, “I didn’t even touch you with ice there, yet you’re so wet already. Charlie, my dear, what naughty things are you thinking of?” He chuckled darkly. “Does her touch turn you on like so?” He places his index and middle finger into her elastic, teasingly tugging downward. He wanted a taste. “How do you wish for me to warm you up, hmm?”

Before Charlie could speak, Vaggie called out to her. She froze and looked down at the demon in front of her who looked over his shoulder with such hatred. She could have sworn for a brief second he frowned as his ears flattened once more. His body disintegrated into a shadow, sliding up the wall and exited through a vent just as the door creaked open.

“You in here, Charlie?”

The blushing she demon turned around and grabbed the jug of the tea she originally set herself out to get. She knew she was breathing hard, but holy hell what just happened? Her eyes were like saucers, disbelief written all over face as she was hit with a sudden realization.

‘I want him...’

“Y-yea... it just felt so nice in here, I-I lost track of time and I slipped a little on some water so...
She hated to admit that she wished Alastor wasn’t interrupted, but she was petrified of how far it would have gone. Was this what drug addicts felt like? Searching for that first exhilarating high, needing more and more but never reaching that bliss without the risk of an overdose? She wanted him, but she couldn’t. She had Vaggie. She needed Vaggie.

Vaggie moved the plastic flaps, “You ok?” Charlie nodded as she stood up straighter, overcoming her mental turmoil. “Well, let’s eat those popsicles before they melt or Angel eats them all.” She held the door open for Charlie to exit.

As the princess stepped out, her heart finally beating normally, she looked around and spotted Alastor cutting a few lemons wedges and placing them into a glass bowl, a small smile on his face. She froze as her brain tried to finish processing.

He looked up at her and smiled wider, “I may have cut a little too much for Angel, so I hope you like lemon with your tea.”

Charlie didn’t answer and nearly bolted out of the kitchen. Vaggie looked at the swinging doors than to Alastor who shrugged and hummed a melody to himself. She scratched the back of her head, wondering what was wrong with her girlfriend.

For the rest of the afternoon Charlie refused to look at Alastor. He didn’t mind as he smiled knowingly to himself, enjoy his fifth of six glass of whisky. Niffty has brought over the board games she found while cleaning and set up the table for her, the girls, and Angel. The Radio Demon decided to observe. With a snap of his fingers, a radio appeared. Turning it on, swing music filled the room.

It remained like that until evening came. Swing music and laughter echoed in the dining room. The air was noticeably cooler. Alastor took it upon himself to prepare them dinner, settling for sandwiches as nobody wanted anything hot and a side of fruit. Husk woke up in a surprisingly good mood and joined in on the games, promising to deal for either a game of poker or black jack the next time.

As night finally fell upon the Hotel, the six decided it was time to retire to their respective rooms. The elevator up to the top floor was awkward for the trio who dwelled there. Charlie made a beeline for her room, almost crashing into the door that was always kept unlocked.

“What happened when I was gone?” Vaggie asked Alastor as they stood in front of their doors. He removed his key from his pocket.

“Not the slightest idea, sweetheart. Perhaps the heat got to her is all.” He turned to face the moth demon, “Good night and pleasant dreams.”

“Night.”

Chapter End Notes

It has been a long, long time since I wrote something remotely like this. Looking back at past smutty stories I did make me cringe because I think they’re incredibly bad (lack of experience >_> I guess) so I hope this was satisfactory until we get to the
wanton sex later in the story.

Thank you for reading, and as always, please feel free to leave a review and shower me with Kudos. You all have been much too kind.
Losing Battle

Chapter Summary

The struggle is real, not just for Charlie, but for others as well.

Chapter Notes

I’m two days early. I should just stop trying to predict when a chapter will be released as I get overly excited when I finish one and get halfway through the next. I guess we should just expect me to update whenever I’m unable to keep it to myself :P

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘You’re a god damn idiot, Charlie.’ The heiress mentally scolded herself, reapply sunblock on her snow white forearm, ‘Alastor should only be your business partner, a friend at best, and Vaggie is your girlfriend! You’ve been avoiding talking to her about that incident. Tell her now before it gets worse.’ It had been close to a week since the fridge incident and the guilt was eating at her. ‘And for god sake, set boundaries!’

She sighed, placing the sunblock on the coffee table next to her, “But...He hasn’t done anything since I stopped avoiding him.” ‘Because you want his touch again, you shameless slut. No better than Angel.’ She slid her sunglasses back up the bridge of her nose so the woman next to her couldn’t see the guilt in her eyes.

Charlie and Vaggie decided to take a day off and enjoy a day at the hotel’s massive pool, refilled after Hell’s Fire Day. Alastor had left for the afternoon as well to go with Niffty and Husk to pick out some furniture for the bar area and new cleaning equipment, or so that was what the plan was. Since the workload had remained stagnant after the completion of renovation and no sign of the new furniture delivery to rearrange the rooms in sight, Angel too had taken some time off and hadn’t been seen or heard from since he announced he was ‘going home’ for a bit. At first Vaggie had been hesitant, but it was surprisingly Alastor who had reassured her he wouldn’t get into trouble that was bad PR for the hotel. There was only a little over two weeks left before the highly anticipated move in day, and by then, no body expected any time off in the foreseeable future. She had reluctantly agreed.

Vaggie laid on the large, round covered day bed next to her, engrossed in a novel she had been reading. Between them a tray of fruit was laid out for them to pick at. Vaggie wore a grey halter bikini top with black horizontal stripes and black swim shorts. Her braided hair laid over her right shoulder and a large black brimmed hat shaded her face from the sun. In Charlie’s eyes she was a sight to behold. The moth could be wearing a garbage bag and Charlie would still find her beautiful.

It was peaceful and Charlie realized that it had been a long time since they were truly alone in the hotel. She looked up at the towering behemoth she was expected to run and tried to imagine it lively with other people. She smiled.
Vaggie looked up from her book. “Sorry. Did you say something?”

Charlie, wearing a red one piece, shook her head, “Just mumbling to myself.” She placed a hand on Vaggie’s knee, “Can you believe it? In about half a month, this place is going to be occupied by more people then just us. Two months ago we thought we got lucky with Angel wanting to stay. Looking back, we were silly to think he’d be easy to change but truthfully, when we took the restrictions off him, he really opened up and he’s probably for the better. So I’ve been think how we can start helping people and try getting Angel back in for rehab.”

Vaggie placed a book mark at the page she was at before putting it away and looked up at the hotel as well. She adjusted her large bug eyed sunglasses.

“We’re supposed to discourage sin.” She said, leaning back with her hands behind her head. She didn’t sound upset, but her voice sounded defeated.

“We will.” She gave her significant other’s knee another squeeze. There was a pause for a moment before Vaggie sighed.

“Why are you lying to me about Alastor again?”

Charlie eyes widened as the rest of her body froze. ‘She knows? How!’ She stiffly turned her head to stare at the other woman, “What do you mean?”

Vaggie gently removed Charlie’s hand from her, “You’ve been whispering his name in your sleep lately.” She removed her glasses, golden yellow eye filled with misery.

Charlie’s heart jumped into her throat as she sat frozen in place, her eyes wide in shock. Her wet dreams had mainly consisted of Alastor and various scenarios of them hooking up. Some weren’t so bad, others were straight out of BDSM live stream. Regardless of which it was, she woke up practically in a puddle of her juices and had more morning shower sex with Vaggie to help her somewhat focus for the day. However, there was a craving that couldn’t be satiated by Vaggie and it frightened Charlie the more it grew.

“I... I have?”

Vaggie sighed sadly, “I feel like I’m losing you, Charlie.” She moved a strand of hair behind her ear before staring at the love of her life, her princess, her only true friend. “Is there something going on that you’re not telling me? You’re no longer that silly, bubbly, musical junkie I fell in love with who’s optimism could propel you into the pentagram sky. You’ve changed.”

“Vaggie...” Charlie felt like absolute crap. Her eyes began to water and her guilt becoming too much.

“If... if you don’t want me on this project, then just say so.” Charlie snapped out of her guilt trip and felt her eyes bulge out of her head. Before she opened her mouth, Vaggie continued. “Clearly you’re going with a different direction than what we planned and it’s been eating away at me. This place isn’t as pure as we tried to make it, but... I think I understand. We... we can’t force people to go cold turkey on their sins. It has to be gradual, like weening off an addiction. It’s hard, but possible and good for the soul. I would know... I sometimes wished I didn’t relapse, but if I hadn’t, I’d never have met you.” She turned and smiled. “You were worth dying die for. Hell doesn’t seem so bad in that aspect.”

Charlie was aware of Vaggie’s mortal life. She had looked into the hall of records with Vaggie’s consent and seen the years of addiction, self harm, of domestic abuse, and burglary that landed
Vaggie a spot in Hell. At that moment she wondered if she should look into her staffs’ past lives but thought better of it. Their relationships were built on trust, and as much as Charlie wanted to know more about Alastor, she would rather he tell her what he could remember if anything at all.

“Vag... no, I would never kick you off this. This is still ours, Al just made me understand some things. He’s right, our first version was impossibly childish, but then that made me realize there was still another way. You’re right, we need to and we will discourage sin here but in levels. Not all at once. That’s how relapses are likely to happen, is it not? You got to start slowly with a strong foundation and chip away at the badness. Make better choices gradually.”

Vaggie nodded solemnly. “He also said that their life once lived was the only chance they had. The price they paid were the sins Heaven couldn’t look pass. It’s not like these people accidentally ran over a family pet or cussed at a preacher, they straight up murdered someone. Not in self defense. In cold blood. We have rapists. Child molesters. People who hurt and tortured for the sake of enjoyment. Do you think we can actually save their soul? They’ve committed some of the greatest sins known.”

Charlie was silent. Skeletal crows flew overhead, cawing as they went by. She looked up at them and sighed, “It’s worth trying. Didn’t you say that when you were alive, you had been forced to confess your ‘sins’ in order to be absolved of your transgressions? I believe we can have something like that too. Some have suffered long enough, perhaps the time spent will help the holy trinity see they’ve repented and are worthy enough to ascend.”

Vaggie smiled tenderly at Hell’s Princess. She reached out for her hand and squeezed it, “I have your back, no matter what, ok? You’re such a good person Charlie. If we had more like you, this shit hole known as our after life wouldn’t be torture and entering the void wouldn’t sound promising.”

Charlie reached over and hugged her, “I love you.” Her earlier panic attack over Alastor forgotten.

“I love you too, Charlie. I always will.”

Charlie got up and dragged Vaggie with her, “I think being at the hotel for as long as we have has gotten to us. Let’s go out to dinner, ok? Let’s get fancy and... and...” Charlie was silenced by a dainty grey finger on her blacken lips.

Vaggie laughed, “I’m ok with dinner, just nothing fancy. I don’t want to be around other people who are all hoity toity assholes.”

The rosy cheeked demoness gave her a toothy smile.

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Alastor sat at a table outside a cafe at the other end of town, enjoying a fresh brew of black coffee as he people watched. Husk and Nifty were off on their own and were instructed to call him when they were ready. He brought the porcelain cup up to his nose and inhaled deeply, sighing contently at the dark roasted richness.

It was a peaceful day, and an excellent time to be by himself after so long and mull over the memory of Charlie’s bare legs in his hands and the way she responded to his touch. The sight had been beautiful, and dare he say, heavenly. Perhaps it was getting closer to end the game and go for the kill. He wanted her writhing beneath him, whispering his name like a prayer with that pretty little black mouth of hers, her large and wonderfully expressive eyes glazed over with pleasure, pleading for release. His heart jumped a little at the pleasant imagery.
Golden hair fanned around her head, her tits bouncing with every deep thrust into her tight body. He wanted to feel her nails dig into him, scratch him until blood was drawn, as he firmly applied pressure to her delicate pale neck to illicit those cute little gasps of air. Or would he ram into her from behind, pulling her hair with one hand and smacking her perky little ass while it bounced on his throbbing cock with the other? He smiled devilishly to himself. Was she into anal play? Was she a sloppy slut or pillow princess? Did she taste as sweet as she smelt? Damn that wretch for interrupting them. He had been so close to sampling but perhaps it was for the better. In the end it would all be worth it and he shouldn’t ruin his appetite by indulging so soon.

The dapper demon was confident he was close. Vaggie didn’t stand a chance in heaven or hell in keeping him away from his prize. He saw the doubt in the moth demon’s eye when she stared at Charlie. She was losing her, and rather quickly. Alastor just needed to play a little more hard to get while at the same time, awaken her desire for him. It was how he played his game and made his pets obey. He knew his touch, his voice, his eyes-his very being- was irresistible and exotic. He couldn’t count how often the female populace and those like Angel threw themselves at him on the regular. With such choices, Alastor only ever picked the dames that could offer him the most. It had been much too long since an opportunity arose, and who would of thought it’d be Lucifer’s sole heir? Alastor was practically giddy.

“Alastor, dear? Is that you?” Alastor stopped himself from sighing exasperatedly as he looked up toward the voice, the appendages on his head swerving to listen better. It was Rosie. She tied up her parasol and took the seat next to him without asking permission, “Fancy running into you here. I thought you be busy with that hotel of yours. Your prisoners arrive soon, don’t they?”

“Two weeks, more or less.” He smiled as kindly as he could at her but there was a hint of annoyance in his stare.

Rosie paid it no mind as she tilted her wide brim hat up more so her hollow eye sockets could stare at Alastor. A wicked smile crossed her lips, “How exciting.”

“What can I do for you, my sweet?” Alastor crossed his legs. Her adjusted his monocle before folding his hands on his knee, “I’ve seem to have neglected you the last few weeks, dearest friend.” He knew the demoness had no intentions of leaving anytime soon. Reluctantly, he pushed the filthy images of his business partner toward the back of his mind until a later time. What would his mother think of him of having such unsavory thoughts?

Rosie hailed down a server. After requesting her drink and entrée, she returned her attention to Alastor, “No worries, darling. It gives us great stories to tell, though I must warn you, Mimzy is absolutely furious you’re living there. Is that true?” Alastor nodded, taking a sip of his coffee. “How has it been with that royal brat? Aren’t you tired of her happiness and rainbow bullshit?” She sneered, disgust dripping from her voice.

“Actually, it’s been exhilarating.” He smiled mischievously, taking another sip from his cup. “I haven’t felt this alive in decades. She’s very entertaining.”

Rosie’s mouth dropped slightly as her eye brows flew toward her hairline, “No... are you...?” She let out a chortle. “I should have known! Alastor, you naughty boy!”

Alastor waved his hand, “Rosie, please. If anyone can claim to know me, it’s you. I get bored rather easily and it’s been so long since I’ve had a play thing like her. I’m still a man with certain needs.” He adjusted his monocle again.

“And what of Mimzy? I thought you two were rather chummy the last decade.”
Alastor laughed boisterously at that along with the ghostly radio audience, his arms crossed over his abdomen as he held his sides, “We’ve been over this. Her obsessive infatuation with me is strictly because of her own devices.” He wiped away an imaginary tear from his laughter, “No, never would I ever consider her as she is too easy to play with and it’s no fun if they’re already in love with me. Charlie on the other hand is stronger willed than I anticipated, which is refreshing and makes the hunt all the more exciting.” He shrugged his shoulders and took a moment to sip his coffee, “At first, I was a little surprised how easily she agreed to let me ‘help’. Seems she was desperate after a stellar performance on the picture show. I didn’t think she’d last this long before I had my way with her. It’s been very amusing thus far, indeed.” A tray of raw meat was set before him along with cutlery. Rosie’s tea and scone soon followed.

“What of her friends?” Rosie broke a piece off her food to nibble on. She had been shocked, even tickled, when he told her that he intended to ‘help’ run the hotel, but knowing him, it was a game all along. He enjoyed building houses of cards for his entertainment before taking what he wanted as it came crashing down. She speculated that this endeavor involved gaining more power by devouring souls of the damned that entered, or possibly getting a kill shot for the King and Queen and seizing control of Hell quicker than anyone thought possible. She sipped her tea. Or perhaps he was just passing the time. Alastor had never been the predictable type and he only divulged enough information when he saw fit.

“They haven’t a clue. Not that it matters, soon she’ll be wrapped around my finger and mine to do with as I please.”

Rosie giggled, “Oh Alastor, you are a naughty one.” She sat her cup on it’s matching saucer, “Tell me more.”

“Guilty as charged. However, no. I don’t think I will my dear. This game is between her and I and I’m afraid I’ve said enough already that it could ruin the surprise.” He cut into his venison steak at last.

Rosie tsked but knew better than to press the subject anymore. Instead, she opted to recount some gossip she heard and that suited Alastor just fine. His mind was elsewhere as he thought back to the pale skinned, rosy cheeked demoness back home. What game should he play with her next time?

Angel stepped out onto the rooftop and slammed the door behind him. Lighting up a cigarette, he took a large drag and cursed under his breath. With a shaky breath he exhaled and tried to not let an anxiety attack take over. He walked toward the edge and looked down at the city, the neon sign of Porn Studio’s flashing, casting shadows on his face that accentuated the bags under his eyes.

The door creaked open. Angel stiffen and his heart leaped into his throat.

A large canine like demon emerged, followed by a slender figure in a comically fluffy long coat, wide rimmed hat, and heart shaped sunglasses. His lips were stretched into a disapproving scowl. With a nod, his doggy goon approached Angel.

“I’m only taking a smoke break, dammit.” Angel bit out, glaring over his right shoulder with his normal pink colored eye, sunken in from fatigue, “I’ve been at this for almost three fucking days, can’t a guy get some rest for fuck sakes?”

“Don’t talk back to me, you fucking bitch ass slut. You haven’t been pulling your weight and recouping the money you lost. I allowed you to take some time off, then I come to find out you were at some fucking hotel trying to get clean or some shit? Working for that clown’s deadbeat
daughter? You were supposed to be ‘recovering’ for the next shoot.” He slammed his cane down, it boomed louder than it should have been possible in Angel’s ear, making him wince.

Valentino was a powerful demon in Hell and one of its many overlords who seized power away from the ancient ones long ago. Together with his business partner Vox, a television like demon, the duo owned nearly every strip club, brothel, and porn studio in Hell’s first two circles.

Angel gritted his teeth. He felt two of his fists clench tightly and had it not been for him wearing gloves, he would have surely drawn blood from his palms. His third hand flicked away the butt over the edge as the forth was resting across his torso. He looked down from his spot on the edge, and for a brief moment, thought about jumping.

“Isn’t like that,” he started, turning around to face his boss, “Just needed to lay low for a while to clear my head and I did make some money. Think of it as a hobby I started and I do like to go back.” He sat on the edge, crossing his long boot clad legs. “Val, baby,” Angel said sweetly, trying to charm his way out, “You’ll get your money, but I’m tired. I haven’t slept because you keep recording new shit and my ass is so stretched out right now, I’m surprised I can walk without shit leaking out.” He did his best to smile sincerely, “I’m sorry for walking out, baby. Forgive me? I promise I’ll behave.” He batted his long thick lashes at the mob boss and blew him a kiss, shimming his chest a little as he leaned forward. “You should know by now that I always come back to you and Daddy Vox.”

The pimp grunted, “Perhaps I have been... a little... too harsh.” Angel tried not to roll his eyes, “You better be inside in ten minutes or your next film is a snuff. Do this, and I’ll let you ‘go home’ tomorrow with a little less off your debt. Be glad I like you, bitch, or else I’d have had you whipped until you bleed out. That kinda shit pays top dollar live.” With that, he left Angel alone to finish his smoke break. The spider sat there wide eyed. His alternative wasn’t much better.

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Husk entered a pub and looked around, surveying the crowd for someone. He spotted a four horned Ram demon sitting by himself in a faintly lit booth at the corner, smoking a pipe and reading a paper, a half empty pint of dark beer next to him. The cat made his way over and slid in the other side of the booth.

“Long time no see, old man.” He nodded to the bartender, removing his hat and smoothing down the fur at the top of his head.

“It has.” The ram didn’t look up from his paper as he turned the page, “Did you bring what I asked?”

Husk looked into his hat and removed a piece of folded paper, sliding it across the table. The elderly demon took hold of it and examined it. With a nod he placed it in his shirt pocket and sighed, “What can I do you and your master for?”

Husk growled and bared his jagged teeth, “He’s not my master. Boss, at best.” A bottle of whisky and two shot glasses were set on the table, “So, what’s the scoop, Baph?”

The two spoke for a while, catching up and traded information. When it had all been said and done, Husk slid a list across the table.

“Since I work at the hotel now, I’m also gonna need some supplies, maybe some new furniture. Got these in stock?”
Baphomet let out a laugh that was akin to a goat bleating, causing some heads to turn, “I’ll have one of Purson’s guys deliver this and I’ll add a few more items for your personal use.”

“Cost?”

He waved his hand, “No payment necessary this time. Just promise me Charlotte is safe should anything happen. She is not of my dominion so I am powerless here and her parents can be harsh with their life lessons, and many do not take kindly to what she’s trying to do. Plus the turf wars on this circle are getting much worse than others.”

Husk took a large gulp from the bottle and requested yet another to be brought, “Tell me about it.” Husk knew it’d be a matter of time before the fighting reached the hotel, and when it did, how did Charlie plan to protect it?

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Niffty finished her errand just after nightfall and had been picked up by Alastor who drove them to the store to get groceries. The two roamed the the isles to buy items for the following week. The Radio Demon enjoyed selecting his own food rather than depend on a delivery company, but he knew he would have to change how he shopped once there was more people at the hotel.

His housekeeper, who had been matching items to her checklist, nodded to herself and smiled up at him, “Everything is here. Let’s check out and go home.”

“So our new cleaning items will be delivered when?” Alastor asked as they entered a checkout line and began to unload their cart, “I don’t understand why we need so many vacuums, but I suppose we could upgrade the wash. The linens you picked out are quite lovely.”

Niffty loaded the items back into the cart in an organized fashion as they were rung up. The cashier had a nervous sweat once he realized who was before him. In all his years working, he never had an overlord do their own shopping. He did his best to stay quiet and scan as quickly as possible. The Radio Demon was unpredictable and the stories about him varied, depending on which side of town you were at. One thing was for certain, it was unwise to upset him. That was how the carnage began decades ago.

Once the transaction was complete, Alastor and Niffty headed home. The radio demon drove a red 1930s Bentley with burgundy details and black leather interior. The chrome bumper were glowing, having been polish to a point any light was reflected back.

As they pulled up, Husk swooped in and landed in front of the porch.

“Ah, Huskers, my boy. You’re just in time to help us unload.” The radio crowd cheered. Husk grumbled, but helped nonetheless. Just as they were about done removing everything from the car, Charlie’s limo pulled up. She stepped out first to assist Vaggie. Both were dressed normally, but he was curious at to where they had gone. This whole time he couldn’t remember them going anywhere outside of the hotel.

“So need help?” Vaggie asked as she approached him, finally a little more relaxed around him. Charlie had spent a good portion of their date putting Vaggie at ease when it came to the red clad demon. The moth even decided that’s may she should put her hostility to the side and actually give him a chance.

“If you don’t mind grabbing the last bag, darling, it would be much appreciated.” Vaggie nodded and grabbed the stuff before heading inside, a content smile on her face as she basked in the after
glow of her date.

Charlie and Alastor were the last ones left outside. There was a moment of awkward silence before Charlie spoke.

“Hey, Al?”

“Yes, love?”

She blushed, “I’ve been... I’ve... ugh,” she cleared her throat and sighed, “I’ve been meaning to talk to you about somethings.” She wrung her hands together, trying to piece together her thoughts.

“Oh?” They walked into the foyer together. Charlie closed the door behind them.

“Y-yea. Um... what happened during Hell’s Fire Day, it... it should never have happened. I shouldn’t... we shouldn’t be fooling around.” She closed the door behind them. Her eyes were down casted. “I’m... not a toy a-and I am royalty s-so you shouldn’t be doing that. And you know I’m with Vaggie.” She wanted to look up at him but she knew she sounded pathetic and weak, her argument had no weight behind it. Standing there alone with him and smelling his natural scent made her wish he’d touch her like that day again.

Alastor didn’t answer. Instead he grabbed her chin and forced her to look up at him. Her eyes were filled with mixed emotions. Sadness. Guilt. Confusion. Desire.

“If you want me to stop, all you need to do is tell me. Command me to, Princess.” He said amusingly. “Do sound more forceful though, deary.” his grin widen as he couldn’t help but mock her, “You’re royalty after all.”

Charlie gulped though she felt a bit of anger as he chuckle, her brows furrowing, “I...” she hesitated, breathing harder than she should have. There was a pause before she sighed with a heavy heart, “I don’t know w-what I want. That’s the worse part.” She admitted. She closed her eyes in shame.

He chuckled and let her chin go, running a long gloved finger along her chin before bopping her nose playfully with his index finger, making her eyes pop open. “Then try to resist. I do enjoy this little dirty game of ours and watching you struggle. I’ll stop if you want me to, but you must tell me so and mean it.” He smirked at her and stared at her intensely.

There was something in his voice that made Charlie’s breath hitch. Her mouth tried to move but no words could form. She knew she needed to say it, whisper it at least, but the way he had touched her left a dull ache at her core that needed to be satisfied. As much as she loved Vaggie, it really wasn’t enough anymore. A simple touch shouldn’t make her falter like so. Her supposed crush was becoming a physical obsession but she’d be damned if she let herself cave in.

Her shoulders slumped as she sighed again, “Did you use voodoo on me or something? I’ve never done anything to hurt V-Vaggie like this. It-it’s not like me.” She looked away from him and rubbed the back of her neck.

The Radio Demon laughed half heartedly, “Trust me, that’s not how it works. Are you sure it’s not like you? Perhaps you just never found something or someone who could take you to new heights, my dear. While I’m sure she’s skilled, I can be far better.” He leaned down to whisper in her ear, his hot breath causing her to shutter, “Just imagine. You and I. Alone. Nothing, not a shred of clothing between us. I know you want me Charlie. Are you getting wet again?”

Charlie wanted to scream and run away. His voice dripped like honey when it wasn’t hidden
behind the radio static: sweet, smooth, and seductive, and washed over her in a slow, torturous yet warm feeling. Her stomach flipped and thoughts of the days before flooded her head. She knew it was wrong.

She desperately wanted to kiss him now, despite it all as she turned to face him. She wanted him to drop the bag of produce and ravish her. Tears stung her eyes at the revelation. This was a game to him and she was unwillingly playing along. What kind of example was she setting? Why was her body responding to him? He was polluting her and she had no filters to stop it.

It took every ounce of will power to tear herself away from him and his sexually charged aura. Charlie didn’t say anything as she walked away from him, knowing damn well she’s be lying if she asked him to stop. The excitement was addicting. Perhaps if she just resisted a little more she’d snap out of it or maybe he would get tired. She had to last. Just a little longer.

‘Vaggie,’ her heart broke, ‘I’m sorry. I’m trying, I’m really trying, but I can’t get the words out. Dammit. I won’t let him win, I can’t.’

‘But he did. Don’t you feel yourself drip with anticipation? Give in.’ The voice in the back of her head whispered, ‘Sate your needs and be done with it before this fire consumes you.’

“No...” she whispered.

The way Alastor smiled as she moved passed him made her regret ever letting him in. What had she done and who was she fooling? She craved him more than anything now and Vaggie was none the wiser.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! I can’t wait to make future stories to tie into this fic and expand on our lovable Hazbin cast. This had so many revisions but I honestly liked how this one turned out.

As always, thank you for reading, reviewing, and leaving those kudos <3 I appreciate all of you and look forward to seeing y’all again during the next update!
Vaggie sighed as she opened the door to her’s and Charlie’s suite at the hotel. She had a small smile on her face as she thought back to her earlier date with her bubbly little princess. She hummed a merry little tune, toeing off her shoes by the door and moved away from the foyer, happy to step on the plush burgundy carpet that lined their home. She looked to her left in their guest bathroom to see if Charlie was in there as the light had been left on. Nothing. She gave herself a once over at the mirror, admiring the way her black pleated skirt gave her more of a butt than what she actually had.

“Charlie?” She called out, “Do you want a snack?”

Just passed the restroom as the rest of the apartment opened up to the living room was the kitchenette to the left. She opened up the fridge and bent down to open a drawer, rummaging through the produce to see what looked good.

Charlie lifted herself up from the velvety black Victorian style couch in the middle of the living room and stared at Vaggie as she stood up again, the top of her head and large bow being the only visible marker as to where she was in the small kitchen space. She laid her arm across the back and rested her chin on her forearm.

After speaking to Alastor and failing miserable to set boundaries, she had hid away upstairs in her room (embarrassed at her epiphany of desiring him more in a way she shouldn’t) until Vaggie was done with the last little bit of work she had to do before calling it a night. Charlie had changed into something more comfortable and braided her hair. She stared in Vaggie’s direction with a hopelessness she had never felt before.

For the last few hours she fought with her inner demons to allow herself at least a night of pleasurable sin with the Radio Demon. Perhaps getting it out of her system, so to speak, would help, yet she couldn’t bear the thought of hurting Vaggie should she find out. Alastor must have been teasing her to get a comical reaction out of her for amusement. There was no way he was
interested in her. That’s what she had hoped at least because the thought of him being serious
turned her on immensely and almost want to find him to take up his offer.

“Snack or no?” Vaggie asked again, poking her head out from behind the counter.

“How can I have you for a snack?” Charlie smiled and winked playfully, trying hard to cover up her
shame and guilt of slowly accepting the Radio Demon’s advances. Vaggie laughed, oblivious to
Charlie’s inner turmoil.

“Very funny,” Vaggie shaking her head and rolling her eyes. She giggled and went back into the
kitchenette. “Came up with that on your own?” The two laughed.

Vaggie eventually emerged from the kitchen with a bowl of grapes and set them on the wooden
coffee table in front of the couch. Charlie was now facing forward, looking up at the gray skinned
woman before her and felt her heart flutter. The moth was the most beautiful person the heiress had
ever seen, and not just physically. While at times Vaggie could be aggressive and come off a little
harsh, she had an incredibly big heart for a sinner. She fought for what she believed in, protected
Charlie, and on top of that, believed in Charlie’s silly dream. How many times had Vaggie beat up
someone who made fun of their mission? She was Charlie’s inspiration for this hotel.

Charlie was by no means physically weak, but she did not believe in using her powers to get what
she wanted or prove a point. She believed if she was to set an example for the hotel and her people,
she would have to use other, less violent channels for the betterment of her subjects and thus
became a pacifist, despite being the daughter of Lucifer and heir to Hell’s throne. Her father was
no tyrant, but if the King were to be crossed, he did not hesitate to remove the offender from this
plane of existence or any other.

Hell’s princess reached out to her love, pulling her forward. Vaggie sat and straddled Charlie’s lap,
putting her arms around the other girl’s neck and smiling lovingly at her.

“You’ve been in a really affectionate mood lately, more so than usual.” She commented, tilting her
head slightly as her bright yellow eye roamed over the upper half of Charlie’s body. The heiress
wore a pink silk chemise with black lace trim and straps that tied at the shoulders. Vaggie kissed
her forehead.

The rosy cheek demon gave her a crooked smile, “Is that a bad thing?” She rested her hands on
Vaggie’s hips, “I’m just so excited that everything seems to be falling into place and a lot of it is
because of your help. I appreciate you.”

“Alastor’s done more than I have.” She rolled her eye, the pink X of her other barely twitching
“However, I have to admit...” Vaggie blushed a little, “He’s kinda grown on me. I still don’t like
that he’s helping with ‘running’ this place, nor do I fully trust him, but you’re right. He’s done a lot
of good despite his reputation. Never judge a book by its blood stained cover, I guess and the guy
definitely knows his way around the kitchen.”

Charlie’s heart leapt into her throat at the mention of his name. “Y-yeah. He’s um... pretty hands
on, huh?” Memories of Hells Fire Day flooded her mind. ‘VERY hands on.’ She cleared her throat,
“Regardless, you’ve been my rock since we started this project. You listen to me and help me
figure things out.” She leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on Vaggie’s sternum. “For that, let
me show you my appreciation.”

“Oh?” Vaggie purred, her half lidded eye sparkling with anticipation, “I’m honored, your
highness.” She gasped as one of Charlie’s snow white hands made their way up her shirt and gently
squeezed her tiny breasts through the bandeau she wore. The other slithered into her skirt to
squeeze her bottom.

“Mhmm. You’ve been a good girl.” She squeezed Vaggie’s breast harder, feeling her erected nipple press against the palm of her hand.

“Charlie...” Vaggie’s hands moved from Charlie’s shoulders to her chest, reciprocating the same gesture. She was stopped almost immediately.

“Shhh. Let me love you like you deserve.” The huskiness of Charlie’s voice sent a shiver up Vaggie’s spine. She nodded and removed her top for her lover to gain better access to her burning flesh. She loved it when Charlie took control, if only she would assert herself more outside their bedroom, perhaps things would have been a little different for the hotel.

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The blonde trailed kisses down her lover’s front, starting between the valley of her breast and working her way down to her belly button. She supported Vaggie as she leaned back, keeping a firm grip on her back. In one quick motion, her tongue followed the same path up and she savored the light salty taste of her skin.

Vaggie shivered a little and closed her eyes, concentrating on the girl beneath her.

Charlie moved the bandeau down so it sat around her waist, exposing her girlfriend’s darker grey nipples. She moved forward, gently capturing one in her mouth and swirled her tongue teasingly around the edge of the areola. Vaggie whimpered, clutching Charlie’s shoulder. Her head bobbed forward, her long hair sliding over her left shoulder.

“Charlie!” she gasped in surprise as the other girl bit her nipple, a little harder than normal, but the pain quickly turned to pleasure as she soothed it with her tongue.

Without warning, Charlie’s left hand made its way back up Vaggie’s skirt, her right encircled around her narrow waist. She gently caressed the moth’s smooth thighs, then raked her nails down, just hard enough to leave thin red lines but not enough to cause pain. With a firmer grip, she massaged her way back up Vaggie’s leg until she was at her hip, then with her thumb, ran her finger from the apex of her legs to her hip, much like what Alastor had done to her days prior. She kissed her way across Vaggie’s chest to give her other nipple the same treatment as it’s twin.

Vaggie’s gasped, then let out a low moan that was like music to Charlie’s ear. She pulled back as she stared at Vaggie’s face as she panted from need, a small blush on her grey cheeks. Charlie smiled, and with a sure grip on the woman’s bottom, she hoisted them both off the couch to walk over to their bedroom. The moth squeaked and wrapped her legs around Charlie’s hips, clinging to her shoulders for dear life. Charlie’s blacken lips curled into a loving smile and she kissed her girlfriend’s neck.

She entered the bedroom without a hitch and carefully crawled onto the large wooden bed and dumped Vaggie in the middle, her hair strewn every which way on the messy covers as she bounced once on the mattress. The moth opened her legs slightly wider and Charlie crawled in on all fours, once again kissing her from her navel up to her neck.

Vaggie sighed blissfully and tugged at the knots of Charlie’s chemise. Once undone, the pale faced demoness leaned up and wiggled the silk fabric off her body, leaving her in only a matching pair of silk panties. Vaggie licked her lips.

“You’ve got some amazing genes,” the grey skinned woman joked with a teasing smirk on her
black lips, her golden eye half lidded. “I hope you know that you’re amazingly beautiful, inside and out.”

Charlie’s smiles wavered a little, the guilt creeping back into her mind. She shook her head, “No Vaggie, I’m really not. You on the other hand, damn. Gorgeous, smart, funny, passionate, and a complete badass. I’m really lucky to have you.” Vaggie blushed harder.

Hell’s princess unzipped and slowly slid both her lover’s skirt and underwear off. Vaggie had managed to wiggle the bandeau off herself and flung it across the bed and then rested her arms above her head. The moth now laid completely nude in front of princess who kneeled just between her legs.

Charlie gently slid her hands across almost every exposed inch of skin, starting from the collar bone, across her breast, down her waist, then up over her knees which were bent, giving her a peek of Vaggie’s glistening womanhood from underneath the small patch of silvery hair.

Her heart fluttered, but the usual excitement she felt at times like these wasn’t the same. She wasn’t as turned on. She felt... almost empty. Her heart stopped for a moment. Shame washed over her again, but she fought hard to not let it show. Despite how she felt, she would make sure Vaggie reached her climax. Her smile was strained but Vaggie didn’t notice as her eyes were closed, only concentrating on the feeling of Charlie’s hands on her.

Gently, Charlie stroked up on her slit, coating her finger in her love juices. Vaggie sucked in a sharp breath, her knees falling away to widen herself up to her. With a delicate touch, Charlie’s thumb glided over Vaggie’s clit. A deep, low moan left Vaggie’s lips as she arched up, grabbing onto the mattress cover for dear life.

It first started off with gentle circles, but with each rotation Charlie picked up the speed and pressure until she was rubbing it up and down with a vigorous speed. Vaggie’s hips bucked up as she cried out, “Please! I need...” She clenched her teeth, fighting back an orgasm.

The princess leaned over her body and nipped her nipple gently, “What do you need, hmm? This?” With her free hand she pinched a nipple. Vaggie whimpered.

“N-no...” She stuttered, “I-I...”

“How about this?” She grabbed the nipple and twisted. Vaggie shrieked.

“Fuck!”

“Or this?” She adjusted her stance and inserted a finger into Vaggie’s pulsating womanhood.

“Fucking hell, yes! Another, dammit!” She threw her hands up and covered her face, sobbing from the pleasure. Charlie always knew how to get her worked up.

The pale rosy cheeked demoness giggled and did as she was told, inserting her index finger and began to gently pump her. She stopped her finger play on Vaggie’s clit to make her last a little longer. Vaggie’s ragged breathing began to subside and return to moans of pleasure. A third was insert and Charlie carefully worked her.

Vaggie could feel the build up again. Just as she thought she got the rhythm down to gyrate her hips to Charlie’s fingers, the princess pulled her hand out. Vaggie’s eye flashed red as she snapped her head up and leaned on her elbows to glare at Charlie.

Charlie laughed and backed up on their king sized bed. She got on her stomach and with her head
between Vaggie’s knees, she reached up and pulled the girl down toward her to bury her face within her folds.

Vaggie yelped and fell back onto the bed, her hands clutched together on her chest as Charlie bobbed her head up and down so her tongue could lap up the wetness produced from her most intimate part, flicking her tongue roughly over her clit. She encircled the sensitive bead with her mouth and gave it a quick, gently suck, causing Vaggie to convulse as her body went haywire.

Charlie had to steady Vaggie’s hips, looping her arms around her pelvis which allowed her to use one hand to hold her folds. She continued her onslaught, pushing her tongue in as far as it would go, then lick up to flick her lover’s clit.

Vaggie couldn’t take it anymore, her mouth open to scream but nothing came out as her eye shut tightly. Her body buzzed underneath Charlie as a wave of immense pleasure washed over her like tsunami. She gushed into Charlie’s waiting mouth who happily drank from the secret fountain, and with one final spasm, the moth collapsed, gasping for air as her heart tried to jump out from her chest.

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Charlie laid her head on Vaggie’s inner thigh and smiled sadly. She loved Vaggie more than anything in Heaven, Hell, or the Mortal Realm. She loved her.

‘I don’t crave her touch anymore. I have this burning need but I know she won’t satisfy it, not how I want it to be.’ Alastor’s grinning face flashed in Charlie’s head. Yes, she wanted him. In fact she knew she needed him to quell the fire within her. ‘That damned asshole. What did he do to me?’

She sat up and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Vaggie groaned and rolled to the side, shivering. “I saw stars... damn.” Charlie playfully slapped her bottom, causing Vaggie to roll over more and lay on her stomach. She supported her head with her folded arms, “I don’t... I don’t have the energy to help you. I’m sorry.”

Charlie shook her head and spooned the tiny woman, “It’s ok. Like I said, let me love you like you deserved.” ‘It would have taken too long to get me off anyway.’ She thought bitterly, hating herself for thinking of being with anyone but the love of her life. Damn that handsome red headed deer demon. Damn him for tainting her with a touch and the uniquely seductive voice of his.

Vaggie sighed deeply and almost instantly drifted off into a light sleep, a content smile on her face. Charlie stealthy snuck out of bed and slipped her nighty back, then, from her chair at the vanity on one end the room she removed her black bathrobe and tied it in front. She carefully put a blanket on Vaggie before leaving. She crossed the living room and entered the guest bathroom by the front door to wash her face and neck and removed any evidence of Vaggie on her. She dried herself off before swishing water in her mouth as a precaution. She exited the room, then the apartment and gulped as she stood in front of the ominous black door of their only neighbor.

She bit her cheek and closed her eyes, raising her right hand and with three quick motions, she knocked on Alastor’s door.

She couldn’t hear anything behind the oak door and for a moment she thought he wasn’t home. She waited a little longer and sighed, feeling silly and was about to turn around when she heard a soft click.

She felt herself blushing and her pulse thunder under her skin. She felt her inner demons begin to battle one another yet again. What was she doing? Had she gone mad?
‘No! Don’t do it! Think of Vaggie!’

‘Yes! It’s a sin to deny the flesh of what it needs!’

‘Adultery is a sin!’

‘We are not married nor ever discussed being! Infidelity is not a sin if we’re not married! Take what you want, you’re fucking never going to heaven anyway because you’re the fucking Princess of Hell you stupid bitch. This project isn’t about you, it’s about your people so get your head out of the clouds and live a little!’

“Charlie my dear, is everything alright? It’s rather late.” The Radio Demon’s voice cut through her inner monologue. She shook her head to clear her thoughts.

“Huh?” She suddenly lost her train of thought as she stared at Alastor. He was still fully dressed, wearing his normal outfit of burgundy pants, red shirt with a black cross down the middle, and a black bow tie. The only thing missing was his coat and for some reason seeing him without it and in suspenders instead caused her mind to blank. “Uh...” her eyes roamed his lithe form. Despite how thin he was, his aura screamed confidence and power, commanding respect from those lesser than he.

Alastor chuckled and his radio audience laughed along. He leaned on the door frame, one arm propped up while the index finger of the other tapped her nose gently, holding a glass of liquor she hadn’t noticed.

“Did you need something, sweetheart? Cup of sugar perhaps?” He slowly sipped from his snifter glass.

Charlie gasped and blushed in embarrassment for staring at him, knowing full well she looked like a fish out of water. She cleared her throat and mumbled.

“Do speak up dear, and use your words.” He scolded, raising a brow. He stared at her, genuinely curious why she was at his door. He finished his brandy with one large gulp and set it aside on some unseen surface in his dark apartment.

“I said...” she began, starting to breath hard as she fought to get the words out of her mouth. She couldn’t look at him and turned around, her fist clenched tightly, “I’ll play. I’ll play your st-stupid game, as you p-put it. I-If you’re serious.”

Her body sang as it yearned for his touch, yet her heart felt like it was breaking into a million shards. She hated herself and was disgusted that in less than two months, she allowed someone like Alastor to destroy nearly five years of faithfulness. Charlie felt like garbage.

The demon was glad her back was to him as for a brief second his mouth dropped and his eyes widen at her confession. His ears twitched, disbelieving in what he just heard. He quickly regained his composure and smiled widely, almost victoriously. He grabbed onto her right shoulder and turned her back around to face him. Her face was scarlet from her intense blushing. She refused to look at anything but him.

“How unexpected.” He said slowly, the radio buzz gone, leaving his voice naked but more frightening than anything Charlie had ever known. What had she done? “You want to be my pet?” Charlie shivered, “P-pet?” She raised a hand toward her lips and bit her knuckles. “My sexual play thing, darling. While it was very amusing to watch you resist and struggle, this is a deliciously pleasant surprise. Then let the fun begin, my sweet.” He chuckled darkly.
“O-one condition.” She willed herself to face him.

“Oh?” He tilted his head to the side out of curiosity, his hair and ears bobbing slightly.

“Vaggie must never find out. I love her Alastor, I really do, but whatever you’re doing to me, I need to... I need to satisfy it or I might end up going crazy. What have you done to me?” Tears brimmed her eyes.

The Radio Demon leaned forward so they were eye to eye and cupped her face with both of his gloved hands, stroking her rose colored cheeks gently, “I’ve done nothing my dear but catered to a part of you I do believe you’ll enjoy. So relax, enjoy the ride. She won’t know, ‘tis only you and I playing and I’m no exhibitionist unless... you want to be.” He licked his lips and let her face go.

She was mesmerized by his crimson colored eyes and sinister smile. When he licked his lips, almost seductively, she felt her arousal spike. Something inside her twitched to life. Maybe she was more like her mother than she thought, and it was probably the worse time to discover her sexual appetite. Vaggie could never tap into her freaky side like this. Their love and the sex they had was too pure. How did this demon before her know and awaken this side of her with such ease?

“Fuck.” She hadn’t realized she said it out loud. Her brow furrowed in concern.

“In due time.” He grabbed her chin, the claws of his thumb and index finger digging into her cheek to hold her in place, and stepped forward until there was little space between them, “For now, let’s finalize our agreement to play with one another.”

“H-how?” She was breathing hard, feeling herself get worked up by his smoldering gaze. Her eyes widen as his face drew nearer. ‘Oh shit... is he gonna...?’ Her knees buckled for the second time around him as Alastor placed a chaste kiss on the corner of her mouth. Electricity ripped through her body at the contact. His lips were so soft. All she wanted to do was push him back into his apartment and have her way with him. He was driving her into madness, and she couldn’t stand it. She wanted to kiss him, but before she could turn her head, he straighten up and let her face go.

“There. Sealed with a kiss.” His smile stretched across his face, his eyes sparkling with excitement. ‘Faster than I hoped, but delightful nonetheless.’

“O-ok.” Was Charlie’s only response as she stormed back into her room at the hotel. She made a beeline for hers and Vaggie’s bed -dropping her robe unceremoniously on the floor- and buried her face into her pillow, fighting the urge to scream and take it all back. She felt awful, but she knew she couldn’t tell him ‘no’ even if she tried.

Her girlfriend shifted beside her and reached out for her warmth.

“You ok, babe?” She whispered, eyes still closed.

Charlie turned to her and got under the covers to cuddle. Vaggie buried her face into the blonde’s chest.

“I’m good. Just had to use the bathroom.”

Charlie wasn’t ashamed that she was willing cheating on the woman in her arms. She was angry and even hated herself, yes, but not ashamed. She was ashamed that she was excited to be that smug bastard’s ‘pet’. There was a ring to it that set shivers up her spine. She had no idea what she was getting herself into, but if it meant she could rid of herself of the sexual frustration she was beginning to feel, maybe it wouldn’t be so bad and she could become her normal self again.
So, this was my first F/F sex scene I’ve ever written and I hope it was decent since I’m not sure if I’d do another one. I had fun writing it, but it was a challenge for sure. I figured I owe it to y’all some naughty stuff, even though I know majority of you want the Charlastor to happen haha. I hope I can deliver when the time comes.

Next couple of chapters will be fun ones. As you’ve guessed, I am excited to write Mimzy in and her chapter has been on my mind since I started so I’m happy to get to this part of my story.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart of your continuous love and support! Not sure when the next chapter will drop as I’ve clearly haven’t been able to stick to a time frame I set for myself (though early updates are a treat!).

As always, feel free to drop a comment, I love responding to them, and leave some kudos :) Much love to you all!
Intentsions

Chapter Summary

The moth bravely enters the lion’s den

Chapter Notes

I was supposed to make minor edits for other chapters but then this slapped me in the face so I rushed to get it done before I have to get ready for work tonight.

Oh! And someone had pointed out that I made a mistake as to when Vaggie died. I was thinking of Cherri Bomb, so really, instead of 20yrs, they have actually only been together for about 5. Sorry! I spruced up the last chapter a wee bit, but nothing major other than how long Vaggie and Charlie were together :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alastor was in his newly refurbished office down the hall from Charlie’s. The new furniture had arrived the day prior and with his talent of spacial warping and summoning tentacles, he single handedly had gotten the task done in a little under two hours. He originally had planned to let the others lug everything to and from, but he decided to bestow the bit of reprieve as there were more important matters to tend to.

Husk sat in a chair across the mahogany desk from the Radio Demon. In his hand was a large, nameless liquor bottle. Ever so often he took a gulp, waiting for Alastor to respond to the news he gotten from the ancient Hell demon Baphomet.

Alastor leaned back in his high back black Gothic style velvet plush chair, his fingers drumming against one another. He smiled to himself, lost in thought.

The information given to him regarded several mid class Dukes of Hell. With them out of the way, his power and influence would increase to perhaps obtain a complete circle of Hell for himself. It was a game of thrones, so to speak, with the other overlords as they picked off the ancient ones and usher in a new era. The mortal realm that helped fuel their power had changed since the dawn of man, and with it, the ancient ones powers waned too.

They were no longer under Lucifer’s protection, who had been wise enough to move with the times and kept himself as King in the process. Their sudden disappearance wouldn’t draw much attention from him and that suited Alastor just fine. Since his broadcasted mayhem, the deer demon had discovered that feeding on one of these archaic beasts increased his eldritch power, and under the guise of the turf wars, no body was the wiser of what he was up to. The red clad demon was a patient man, and with an eternity to rot in Hell, he had all the time he needed before he could crown himself King.

“Excellent work,” He said, voice unfiltered, “For this, I’ll gladly take off, oh let’s say, 10 years from your debt?”
“Fine by me. Better than last time.” He stood up, raised his bottle as a toast, and drank. “I’m outta here.”

Alastor waved him off, “If I need anything, you’ll be sure to know.”

Once the door clicked shut, he sighed contently and folded his hands on his lap, his legs crossed comfortably at knee. Perhaps he wouldn’t have to use Charlie’s for his war games and only focus on pleasures of the flesh. He grinned. That was a most excellent idea.

His mind drifted back to the other night and her confession of wanting to play. The idea was exhilarating as he had so many thoughts of what to do with her. Of course, he did agree that her lady friend wouldn’t find out, so he had to keep in mind not to inflict to many noticeable markings on her soft, pale flesh. A shame, he did enjoy the art of Japanese bondage and thought she would look breath taking in red. He would have to keep it somewhat tamed until she snapped and hopefully leave that retched plain moth to give him her undivided attention. Vaggie was a hinderance to his fun and Charlie was waiting to playing.

He was brought out of his musing as he heard a knock on his office door. He flicked his wrist and the door opened on its own. Speak of the devil...

Vaggie stood sheepishly in the doorway, scolding herself for even coming this far down the corridor. She hated being alone with him.

“Hello. What can I do you for, my dear?” He said, straightening himself in his seat. He ran a hand through his hair.

“You busy?” She said with a small voice.

He shook his head, “Nothing I can’t finish later. Come, sit.”

Vaggie stiffly walked over and sat in the seat Husk had previously sat in. She wrung her hands together.

“Hey, Alastor.”

“Please my dear. You may call me ‘Al’, we’re partners and dare I even say, friends in this endeavor, are we not?” He snapped his fingers in his right hand and a glass of water appeared before her. She carefully took it and sipped.

“I... guess. I wouldn’t consider us friends though. To be honest I don’t trust you still.” She leaned backed and continued before Alastor could comment, “But, that’s why I’m here. Charlie likes you a lot. Sometimes I think it’s more than she lets on, but since you came around, you helped her reach a dream that I haven’t even come close to in the years we’ve been together and... I just want to thank you.”

Alastor was a little taken aback. “Trust is not an easy thing to bestow on anyone, and I am not offended, I understand my reputation still proceeds me in your eyes.”

Vaggie’s lips were pressed into a thin line. She took a deep breath, “Yea. Truthfully I wasn’t around for that broadcast, but I have seen the destruction you leave behind when someone crosses you. I guess I’m just scared that if you don’t find the entertainment you were hoping for here, you’ll burn this place to the ground as a last laugh.” She turned away from him, “I’m telling you all this because I want to make some kind of effort of making things work around here and I know Charlie would appreciate it if I was nicer to you. After yesterday with you getting everything moved in by yourself, I realized maybe I misjudged you a little. You’re doing a lot for so little, and
I don’t think you’re that kind of guy who would do something like that.”

Alastor smiles sincerely, “Thank you, sweetheart, I do appreciate the honesty. Rest assure that I do not have any ill intentions should things not turn out as I have hoped. Charlie and I made no deal, and she commanded that I help, so as long as I desired, and as I mentioned when I first came, my old job became mundane and lacked focus. Who am I to deny a wish from our princess without possibly incurring the King’s wrath? We are in hell for the rest of eternity. That’s a very long time. We’ve got to pass it somehow or else we end up like those ruffians in their petty turf wars. Why not aim for an entire circle instead of a few blocks of real estate, only for someone else to come make a mess of it the next day? No, instead they stick to childish antics and brute force. I’m not one for fisty cuffs.”

Vaggie frowned a little, “I suppose. Well, I’m here with an olive branch. I’ll try to be nicer and trust you a little more. By a little, I mean not always thinking you’ll murder us in our sleep.”

“You are wise not to trust me, or anyone, dear. We human souls did very bad things in our lives to be here, and who is to say that we can or cannot repent for such atrocities. Charlie does not understand this because she is a naturally born denizen. That’s what I, and I’m sure you too, enjoy about her. She is uncharacteristically happy, bubbly, charming, and not a lick of malice that I can sense. Were she not the daughter of our dear ruler, she would have been snuffed out like a candle flame many years ago.” He rose from his seat and walked toward the bookcase behind him, removing a scotch glass and decanter from one of the shelves to pour himself a glass, “However, I do agree we should definitely be more open and upfront with one another if we wish to work together. A drink?”

“Sure.” Vaggie sighed, putting the glass of water on a small coffee table beside her. She had vowed to abstain from alcohol, but she also never thought she’d be alone with the demon before her, let alone be working with him. It was a little overwhelming, and a drink could help take the edge off.

Alastor grabbed another glass and poured a small shot worth as he carefully held both glasses in one hand and brought the glass container to his desk. He extended his hand to her so she could take her glass.

“So... partners then?” She held her glass out.

“I can toast to that.” He tapped his glass against hers, a small tink echoed in the room.

Vaggie gulped and grimaced, her throat burning as the liquid slid down. Alastor chuckled and leaned back to rest on the edge of his desk in front of her, sipping from his own glass.

“I trust Charlie, and if she trusts you, I’ll cut you some slack then. The patients will be here soon, so help me Satan, if you do something to them...” she gave him a pointed glare.

He raised his hands in defense, “My dearest spit fire, I will not harm them. It’s not fun to shoot fish in a barrel and call it a hunt. They’ll be safe so long as they follow the rules. I will handle the punishment for any unsavory guests as we know Charlie is too soft and kind and who knows what other responsibilities you’ll have when they come. I promise to be just and stick to the guidelines Charlie has given me in terms of discipline.” He took Vaggie’s empty glass and sat it beside him, “Anything else you wanted to get off your chest?”

“Yes... it’s been bugging me, but, what are your feelings regarding Charlie?” She stared at him dead in the eyes.

“I beg your pardon?” He raised a brow and crossed his arms, ears twitching.
She shifted in her seat, knowing full well she was treading into dangerous waters, “Ever since the reception, I noticed that you look at her like you’re plotting to eat her. I’m going to trust you that you’re not literally going to because I know you’re a cannibal, but she doesn’t though. I just need to know, how do you feel about her? She’s my partner, in more ways than one.”

Alastor tilted his head, his hair and large ears flopped to his right. He did his best to smile kindly as he spoke softly, “She’s fascinating, isn’t she?” he dropped his arms and placed them on the desk behind him, “I haven’t been here that long myself, though longer than you, dear, but I’ve never encountered such a light like the kind she emanates. You can say that I am like a moth drawn to the flame. Forgive me if you misread me. While I’m sure she’d be a delicacy, she does not stir my appetite like that. I prefer things bitter, she’s far too sweet. I just wish to know her and be...” he looked toward the ceiling and pouted his lips a little though still maintaining an amused smile, “Friends. She’s quite charming.”

“Friends?” Vaggie was skeptical.

He nodded, “Again, forgive me. I’m not exactly the most expressive despite always smiling. I know she’s quite special to you, most of all, and I know you are to her. She’s told me as much. You two have a beautiful love that many can only dream of, myself included. My feelings for her are not what you think. I don’t take kindly to most, so my circle of friends happens to be rather small. I’d very much like to be considered one to her.” Vaggie blushed, “You have my word that I will not harm anyone... well, almost anyone... Angel, on the other hand.” He raised his right hand as if to back hand someone.

Vaggie couldn’t help but giggle. She covered her mouth. Alastor’s smile twitched.

‘Gotcha.’ He stood up, “My door is always open if you wish to speak again. This was quite eye opening and delightful, I must say. I do hope we can chit chat about more pleasant things next time.”

She stood as well and made her way to the door, “Maybe. I know it’s been Almost two months but this is still weird to me. I won’t trust you completely, but again... thank you. Thank you for helping us, Al.” She gave him a small smile before walking out and closing the door behind her gently.

“My pleasure.” He picked up his glass and crossed his arms once more.

He tapped his glass against his lips, thinking to himself. He shrugged and sat back in his seat to look over the paperwork he had to sort through for his sponsors.

“I won’t hurt them, but we never said how I would truly discipline the savages. Time outs? Ha, this is no daycare. Hopefully we can get more poor souls to join before they get hungry.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m incredibly exhausted from the shit show of an opening weekend at work for our Christmas event. Hopefully it does rain later this week so I can finally get some sleep and work on this fic ❤️ Sorry for a short chapter, next one will be longer.

Thank you guys for leaving me love! It really helps brighten my day/night. See you next time!
The Final Countdown

Chapter Summary

Everyone prepares for the residents to arrive.

Chapter Notes

I could ugly cry with how wonderful you are to me. I know I’ve said it before, several times probably, but your kind words make me incredibly happy and encourages me to keep writing ❤️ Every day I take a glance to respond to any comments left behind and I am just floored with how many kudos and hits this has so far collected on top of all the nice things you have to say. Thank you so much everyone, from the bottom of my heart!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was mid afternoon and Husk was sweeping the front entrance to pass the time until the new tenants arrived, which was only a few days away. Charlie had spent the last couple of days holed up in her office, doing extensive research on how the mortals rehabilitated their people and had gone around asking everyone at the hotel what they could remember from their past lives.

Well... almost everyone. Alastor had suggested lobotomies and electro shock therapy right off the bat and laughed before leaving for a few days to tend to some ‘business’, much to Charlie’s disappointment and Vaggie’s relief.

The other was Angel, who still hadn’t come back to the Hotel. She genuinely worried for him and the possibility of him jumping ship before any work could be done. She had tried on multiple occasions to call or text him, but to no avail.

“It’s gonna be a damn circus here.” Husk said to himself, stopping long enough to take a drag from his cigar and slowly exhale the smoke, tapping the butt so the ash could fall away for him to sweep. “I don’t know that fucker’s angle is with this one. The hell is he after with the hotel? Clearly she ain’t close to her parents. Damn thing is a mess if you ask me.” He shook his head and curled his lips around the end of his cigar to continue his chore.

The sound of a car coming up the graveled driveway caught his attention. A classy 1960s black Rolls Royce Phantom with heavy black out tinted windows drove up and stopped in front of the massive building. Husk narrowed his eyes, setting the broom down against the hotel and partially hid himself behind the large spirally leg of the awning. He had seen the ‘FKSHTUP’ license plate before, but couldn’t place a claw on it. He dropped the cigar on the floor and smothered it with his heel. Something wasn’t friendly about the vehicle.

The back right passenger door open and Angel fell out, groaning from the soreness all over his body. He sat up and glared at whoever was still in the car. Husk was unable to make out who it was from his angle. He arched a long red brow.
“Hey! What the hell was that about? I’m a god damn delicate flower, you sack of shit.” The pink and white spider fumed, “I’ll be back soon, but next time don’t man handle the goods. Ugh, my sweet ass.” A pink duffle bag was thrown at him, knocking him back down. “You limo dick ass wipe. That was unnecessary.”

Angel stood on shaky legs and slammed the door shut, a scowl on his face. The car peeled away, causing Angel to jump back. He gritted his teeth from his discomfort and cursed under his breath. Turning around his eyes widen as he saw Husk leaning near the front door, still watching the car go down the long driveway.

Angel ran one of his many hands through his hair, while another pulled at the hem of his striped coat, and the other two dusted his behind. “I need a drink.” He said loud enough for the cat demon to hear. He picked up his bag and threw it around his upper left shoulder with a grunt.

Husk was a little surprised that nothing lewd came out of the spider’s mouth. For as long as he had been there, which wasn’t very long at all, Husk had been subjected to unwanted flirting, sex jokes, and innuendos that he didn’t think Angel knew how to NOT turn anything into something revolving around sex. It was amusing at times, but only when not directed at him. He jerked his head toward the door to signal Angel to follow him. It was 5 o’ clock somewhere and Husk could use a drink too.

As they entered the bar area, Angel sighed exasperatedly then whimpered as he sat on one of the bar stools, dropping his dusty pink bag onto the floor beside him. Without requesting anything, Husk set down a shot glass and filled it with vodka. His patron wasted no time in swallowing it and slammed the glass down for another shot.

“Rough time at home?” Husk said, placing the bottle down and folding his arms on the polished counter top. “Charlie’s been worried about you and Vaggie thought you bailed.”

“You can say that.” Angel swallowed the second shot. Husk poured him another, for as far as he knew, patients were only allowed two drinks. They didn’t say anything about his ‘coworkers’. “Can’t get enough of this hot stuff, huh?” The spider snickered playfully and winked, “Had some work to do. Shit was more intense than usual but everything is groovy now, baby. I figured if I helped out a little more, I wouldn’t need to go back again for a while. Them bitches don’t need me much, any how, and I kind of wished I went to the bestie’s place first because I could use a bump of nose candy or a shot of her special recipe of black pearl. Staying clean is hard.”

The cat demon didn’t press the matter, because truthfully he didn’t care. He poured one more shot for Angel before opening a bottle of lunch beer for himself. “Well... If I were you, I’d stop by and let Charlie know you’re back. She’s been really worried about you since you didn’t come back the day you promised her.”

Angel was shocked. “Ooh, you starting to care for me, handsome? Took ya long enough.” He tilted his head toward his chest and did his best bedroom eyes he could muster. The bartender noticed the dark rings under his eyes and frowned a little, his mouth twitching. “Wanna join me for a nap? I’ll be big spoon if you want. Hehehe.”

Husk rolled his eyes, “Fuck off. I actually liked how quiet it was. Ain’t gonna be for much longer though.”

Angel whistled, grabbing the bottle of vodka and pouring himself a shot, “It’s really happening, this whack job idea Princess Peachy has going. Think it’ll work?” He turned away from Husk and stared at the bottles behind the cat, a contemplative look on his face, his four arms folded on the counter.
Husk shrugged, “Doubt it. We were all damned for one reason or another. If it were possible, we wouldn’t have the exterminators coming through every year.” There was a moment of silence between the two.

“Yea.” Angel sighed at last, looking down as he grabbed his shot glass, “Well, sweetie pie, imma look for that broad and then take a much needed nap. I’ll leave my door open if you wanna ‘sneak in’ to check on me.” He winked at Husk and grinned, his golden tooth twinkling in the light.

“Whatever.” Husk sipped his beer and watched his sultry coworker limp away after downing the last shot. His eyes narrowed slightly, finally remembering who’s car he tumbled out of. “I knew he did porn, but for Valentino? How the hell is he able to still come here? Valentino doesn’t let his toys out of his sight.” Perhaps things at the hotel wouldn’t be so relaxed as he had hoped. ‘Wherever Valentino is... Vox isn’t far behind. That asshole ain’t gonna like this.’ He finished his beer and tossed it into the recycling bin Charlie made him use. “Here I thought this gig would be easy.”

Niffty’s head popped up from behind the counter. “Hey there Husk! Mind if I join you while I take a lunch break?”

Husk scratched the back of his ear and closed his eyes, “Make yourself comfortable.” He shook his body once he was done scratching himself and proceeded to whip up a martini for the little housekeeper who set her sandwich on the counter and took a seat.

“Excited for next week?” She took the comically large glass with her tiny needle like hands, “I hope the patients coming are nice. I like everyone here, especially Charlie. Isn’t she the sweetest? She found some sewing machines in the attic and is getting them repaired for me. When we have time, she was going to take me shopping for fabrics.” She smiled wide, her red dotted cheeks disappearing behind her hair and her large eye shimmered with delight, “She asked me to be a teacher for a sewing class. She thinks it’ll be therapeutic and she’s hoping we could make and donate some stuff to the orphanages and shelters. I don’t think she knows they’re just meat factories for the cannibals, but it’s still really sweet.”

Husk opened another bottle for himself, “Yea, I gotta admit I like her too. That dame is something else, but it’s hard to believe who her parents are. I could careless who’s comin’ so long as they don’t give me lip.”

“Think the master will hurt her?” She looked down at her glass in her lap and used a finger to circle the rim, cause the glass to sing lightly, but not enough to hurt Husk’s sensitive ears.

He shrugged, “Ain’t our business, Nift. You know that.”

———

Charlie gnawed at her bottom lip, brows furrowed as she waited for Vaggie to finish reading her revised master plan to help the sinners that sought redemption. The project had definitely taken on a new life of its own and with the more mature approach for treatment, she hoped things would work.

She leaned back in her office chair and played with the ends of her hair that was draped over her right shoulder. Her girlfriend sat across from her.

The princess’s mind drifted, thoughts filled with a certain male demon dressed in red swam in her head. It had taken a lot of courage to admit that yes, she wanted him physically, and after her confession she had hoped he would stop his teasing and give her the sweet release she wanted.
Instead she found herself waiting impatiently and needy as he had left the next morning to attend some business that didn’t involve the hotel.

She had forgotten that before his arrival, he had a life and a job other than them. She never bothered to ask what he used to, or at least, still did when he wasn’t working for her and her cause. Perhaps it was something they should have discussed before things became so sexually charged. Charlie felt bad for not really knowing him.

Admittedly, she missed him, the way he stared at her with amusement and interest, the way he spoke to her that sent her pulse racing, and his touch... some moments it was a comforting warmth, and others, a cooling sensation that calmed her heated flesh, our the fire that ignited her soul.

Charlie had hoped beyond hope that they would have an opportunity to be alone and maybe, if she was lucky, feel his mouth upon her again.

Memories of Hell’s Fire Day surfaced and she felt herself blushing. He had left his mark on her for sure, tainting her from being completely satisfied with what she had had up to that point, and damn him, all he had used was his touch and his mouth. What could that wicked mouth of his do to her more... tender and intimate parts? She shivered. He was incredibly skilled at teasing, that much was certain.

They said absence made the heart grow fonder. In Charlie’s case, absence made the heat get hotter.

Vaggie nodded as she read, high lighting certain areas as she went. She ‘ooh’ed and ‘hmm’ed, not once looking up at Charlie. As soon as she was done reading the three page statement, she looked up and smiled.

“Wow, this is great and very idealistic, way better than before. This could be a step in the right direction. I’m proud of you, babe.” She handed the notebook back to Charlie.

The princess heaved a sigh of relief, putting her left hand on her chest, “Oh thank goodness. I was worried it’d be just as bad as my puppies and rainbows idea. Thank you so much for your input and helping me research stuff. I wish we had social workers like the living, but I think we can handle being pseudo-therapists and if we split it between group sessions and one-on-one, we might be able to find the redeeming qualities that could grant them another judgement.”

The moth nodded, “I like the charity work idea, though, it’ll definitely be difficult since there’s always a catch here in Hell. I’m glad I haven’t had to go to the hospital. I don’t want to imagine which organ or limb I’d be missing for the down payment.”

The phone on the corner of Charlie’s desk rang, making both girls jump from the shrill cry it gave. The blonde demoness picked up the receiver at the third ring.

“Ha-Hazbin Hotel, Charlie Mange, Director of Patient Care speaking. How may I assist... you?”

Vaggie watched her as her eyes lit up, her mouth wide with an ecstatic smile that threatened to rip her face in half. She wondered who was on the line and what news she was being told.

“Y-Yes! We have plenty of rooms still. Move in day is the beginning of next week, you’re welcome to come in any time for a tour and a free consolation.”

Vaggie’s eye widen. A new prospect?

“Mhmm, mhm. Yes, yes. Sure, you can come after move in day. Let me get your information.”

The Princess flipped the notebook to the last page and began scribbling notes, “Of course! I can get
you clearance to transfer from the fourth circle to the first. Mhmm. My pleasure!”

The grey skinned woman was at the edge of her seat, waiting for her girlfriend to fill her in what was going on even though she got the gist of the one sided conversation.

Charlie felt elated. Things were starting to look up it seemed. She gave whoever was on the line the address of the hotel and finished setting up a date and time that worked best for both parties. As soon as she hung up, Vaggie jumped.

“Did we... did we just get a new patient?” Vaggie asked, wringing her hands together out of nervousness.

Charlie nodded enthusiastically, a silly smile on her face, “Yes!” She slumped into her seat, “We actually have people calling in. I... I might not be a failure after all!” Tears brimmed her eyes, “Mom and dad said they’d visit before opening but... I haven’t been able to reach them.”

“You’re not a failure, Charlie. You just have bad luck getting things off the ground and your parents are always busy. They probably don’t have time.”

The heiress straightened herself up, “I guess. Ever since that interview, I’ve been worried how others might see us. Washed up and broken before day one.” She sighed, “I want to wait this time and make sure we do this right before I request another interview, if they’ll give us one.”

“Probably. That was a pretty good fight with Katie Killjoy.” Vaggie stood up and giggled, “I love you.”

“L-love you too.”

“I’m going to get dinner started. I don’t think Al’s coming back today either and I should give Niffty a break.”

Charlie snapped her fingers, a fiery portal opening up next to her, “Here, have Razzle and Dazzle help you.” Her two goat demon helpers appeared and bleated, happy to return to the Hotel to assist their mistress after being away on ‘vacation’ as she put it. While they didn’t mind being back home at the palace with the other servants, Charlie was much more kind than the head of staff Lucifer and Lilith employed to maintain their home.

The door knocked and Vaggie went to answer it. She gasped and a small smile settled on her lips before she frowned and glared up at the pink and white fuzzy spider demon.

“Angel, where the hell have you been?” She barked.

Charlie jumped up from her seat and rushed to the door. She squealed in happiness and threw her arms around him, crushing him in a massive bear hug, trapping three of his arms against his long torso. She nuzzled into his abdomen and felt happy tears prick the side of her eyes.

“You’re back!” She sobbed.

“You’re... crushing me...” he gasped out. Charlie’s eyes popped open and she blushed, letting him go and taking two steps back to give him some room. Angel inhaled a large breath, “Shit... I might have to start calling you Lennie. Thought I was gonna die.” Truthfully, most physical contact would be uncomfortable with how sore he was at the moment.

“S-sorry. I was really worried. I thought you left us and the hotel. Or something happened to you and I had no way of knowing because I couldn’t reach you. You never answered your phone.” She
pouted at him and crossed her arms. “Promise me next time you’ll let me know? I really thought something bad happened to you.”

“She honestly thought you got hurt and that’s why you didn’t answer.” Vaggie said as she slipped out the door. “I’ll see you at dinner, Angel.”

Angel blushed and felt his heart fluttered. He knew Charlie was a genuinely good person and he felt a little bad for making her worry. His eyes were down cast as he scratched the back of his head.

“Sorry, toots. I-I’ll be sure to let you know if I’m running late, but I don’t need ya keeping tabs on me like I’m your kid or somethin’. Deal?”

Charlie shook her head, “All I’d like to know is when you’ll be back. I’m not a warden, I don’t need to know your every move. I trust you to make better ones since the Cherri Bomb and Sir Pentious debacle. It’s dangerous out there, Angel, so I worry.” ‘I suppose I’m worried about HIM, too.’

Angel patted the top of her head, “Fine, I’ll keep you in the loop. I’m going to head up stairs and sleep now. See you at dinner.”

“Well ya.”

———

It was late at night and Charlie sat at the pool edge by herself, wanting some alone time to collect her thoughts and enjoy the rare quietness in the air now that everyone had retired to bed after dinner. She looked up into the night sky where the giant pentagram shown, giving the surrounding clouds a soft reddish tint. A breeze blew through, tussling her hair slightly. She was dressed in a black bikini with an upside down pentagram design on the front and back. It dipped in between her modest cleavage, accentuating and giving the illusion her breasts were larger than they were. Her bottoms were a plain black, tied at the sides. The black contrasted with her pale skin delightfully to her secret admirer.

Alastor stood behind her in the shadows, hidden in the cabana he materialized in, his eyes illuminated red radio dials in the dark and his jagged teeth glowing as he grinned.

He had returned from a major hunt and had taken some time off to dispose of the evidence. It would be sometime before the Dukes were noticed to be missing, especially with the chaos that had erupted from a major battle near by. Everything was going according to plan. He chuckled to himself and stepped out, the soft clicks of his trade mark shoes drawing Charlie’s attention.

She gasped as her head whipped around, wondering how she hadn’t noticed anyone in the area with her. Her surprise turned to happiness as she noticed who it was. Suddenly she felt naked and grabbed her towel to wrap herself up and hide her indecency. She wanted to smack herself suddenly, remembering that she practically threw herself at him and consented to the loss of their sexual game of cat and mouse. She had wanted him, but she was also shy and kind of scared, not knowing what kind of lover he’d be. Her heart raced at the thought.

‘At some point... he and I will... oh dear...’

Alastor chuckled as he took a seat on cushioned lounge chair beside her, resting his microphone cane on his lap as he leaned back in the pillow supporting his back, “Good evening, my dear.” He removed his gloves and placed them on the table beside him.

“Welcome back, Al.” She said shyly, tucking a lock of hair behind her ear and moving herself so...
she could face him better. One leg still remained in the water as the other bent for her to rest her chin on, “I wasn’t sure when you’d be back. Angel arrived today too so it’s nice knowing everyone is back... home.”

The Radio Demon patted his lap, his staff disappearing in its own in a small puff of black and red smoke. Charlie removed her legs from the pool and crawled to sit near Alastor, her towel slipping off her shoulders. His mouth twitch, knowing full well that she didn’t realize how seductive that move was for him, having her crawl on all fours toward him with so little clothing on. Eyes half lidded, lips slightly parted. Absolute perfection.

She kneeled next to him, hesitant to move. Sensing her worry, Alastor wrapped an arm around her torso and pulled her gently to him. She got the hint and sat on his lap, her legs curled along his side as she settled into his chest. She knew she was blushing again as she tucked herself underneath his pointed chin. His hand rested on her hip just above the knot of her bottoms, but made no movement. She rested her right hand on his chest while her left laid limply on her pelvis.

There was a peaceful silence around them. Charlie actually enjoyed it. Could she consider this cuddling? She thought he would be more forceful or aggressive as they began their odd relationship. ‘Friends with benefits?’ Charlie had thought many times about what to call it other than mater and pet. It was a pleasant surprise that he wasn’t forcing her to do anything that she wasn’t quite ready for yet. She was still trying to adjust to the fact that no matter what, she was cheating on Vaggie willingly, if only long enough to satisfy a craving only he could cure since he planted the seed. Thankfully everyone’s room faced the front of the hotel, and Vaggie had Razzle and Dazzle to keep her company, so the chances of anyone catching them curled up together on the chair was minimal.

“My apologies for being gone so long, dear. I hope you weren’t worried. Once this place is officially open, I’ll be sure to put you as a priority.” His radio audience ‘aww’ed.

She blushed and sat up to look at him. “It’s ok. I wasn’t that worried. N-not that I don’t worry about you OR uh, everyone else. It’s just... that... well...” she bit her lower lip and looked away, trying to figure out the right words, “I thought we would um... you know... p-play?” Charlie whispered the last word. She was certain if she faced him, her face would be glowing like the pentagram in the sky.

Alastor’s left hand began to move away from her hip, teasingly gliding over her bare lap then down her long toned legs. She shivered.

“Impatient aren’t we, my pet?” He chuckled and leaned forward to plant a kiss on the junction of her shoulder and neck. Charlie gasped, “I too wish to start, but I’m afraid I need to finish some work before you have my undivided attention.” The hand on her legs moved her right one up. He trailed his index finger up her inner thigh, his claw tickling the sensitive skin. She inhaled a large breath, her eyes fluttering close.

His other hand, which at the point was still on her hip, moved up her side and brushed along the underside of her bikini top. His left massaged the tender area of her left thigh, his long fingers bumping the underside of her bottom. She whimpered and bucked her hips slightly as his thumb gently brushed her core.

Charlie did her best to remove his bow tie and unbutton the high collar of his shirt with shaky hands. Alastor slipped his right hand underneath the cup of her bikini and squeezed her breast. She hissed at the sensation of his palm pressed over her beading nipple. Once she managed to get his neck exposed, she trailed kisses from the underside of his chin to his collarbone. She marveled at the feeling of his skin on her lips. She wanted to feel more of him.
The Radio Demon withdrew his hand from her top and moved his left hand to rest on her hip again. She whined and sat up to look at him with a pout in her face.

“W-why’d you stop?”

He looked down at her and gave her a toothy grin, “As I said my dear, I have some work that needs to be done before we can freely indulge in one another. Perhaps you can help me get another sponsor. She is a good friend of mine, but I’m afraid I may have upset her a little. Maybe if she met you, your charm will break down her walls and convince her to help.”

Charlie licked her lips, “I... I guess.” She yelped in surprise as he suddenly stood, picking her up as if she weighed nothing.

“Splendid. Tomorrow night then. First impressions are everything to her, so I do suggest you wear dancing shoes.” He carefully set her down.

“Where are we going?”

“To the B.O.P. Lounge, my dear. Mimzy owns it, as well as other night clubs, but this one is my personal favorite. Reminds me a lot of a life long ago with the music and aesthetic. I think you’ll find it quite delightful.” He took one of her hands in his and kissed the knuckles, “Good night, my dearest Charlie. I promise to take care of you soon.” He grabbed his gloves and bowed to her before walking away.

Charlie frowned, “Damn tease.” She dove into the pool to cool herself off before heading back up to her room.

Chapter End Notes

I am dancing on the inside because I finally got to a point of my story I’ve been waiting for since I started. Hopefully I can get this two part episode out by the end of next week as the rain decided to skip my area for now until Wednesday.

(´´הפ´´) 6 more weeks of hell...

Personally, this chapter is not my best work. I have almost a dozen versions of it but I promise the next ones will be so much better ❤ Next couple of chapters will feature covers by Post Modern Jukebox and maybe Big Bad Voodoo Daddy.

Thank you all in advance for dropping a line of support as I enter weekend 2 of long hours and late nights.
Birds of Paradise Lounge

Chapter Summary

Charlie and Alastor arrive at the prestigious B.O.P. Lounge

Chapter Notes

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I am super stoked to reach such an exciting part of my story. I have spent WEEKS trying to piece this together (literally popped into my head the day I decided to start writing fanfics again) and I’ve been fine tuning it since. I honestly do hope you all enjoy this as I pour much love into the next few chapters. May it be as fun for you as it was for me to write it.

Who knew eating at a Subway at 1am after work could help me write so fast.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t get why I can’t go with you.” Vaggie said as she sat on the bed behind Charlie, Razzle and Dazzle curled up on either side of her. She rubbed the area between their horns.

“I know... but Al said that she can be very condescending and obnoxious, two things that I know are really big pet peeves of yours. I don’t want you to sit through all that and be uncomfortable.” It was however, a lie. Alastor said Mimzy was quite the opposite, if maybe a little absent minded and pushy at times. “I’m doing this for the hotel. We could use another sponsor if we’re going to try and implement all these programs. I’ll be careful Vaggie, I promise.”

Her girlfriend sighed, “I wouldn’t be so worried if it wasn't the Birds of Paradise Lounge. It has a sex club in there.” She frowned.

“Huh...?” Charlie blushed, staring at Vaggie through the mirror as she finished applying red lip stain over her black lips, creating a dark burgundy color like wine.

“That’s what Bop is. It’s a dance club as well as a speakeasy-esque sex club. Angel was telling me about it at lunch while you and Alastor had your afternoon meeting. Why does he have to take you to that one if she owns other clubs that don’t have a god damn sex dungeon in its basement? Why can’t you schedule a meeting here?”

Charlie turned to look at Vaggie directly. She wore light makeup on her face to brighten her eyes and tone down the red patches on her cheeks and black tipped nose. Hanging on the mirror beside her was a black with gold undertones open back fringed Gatsby style Flapper gown that went down to her shins. She sat in her silken nightie with the tied straps. In her hair were giant curlers Vaggie had helped put on her. Mimzy, much like Alastor, preferred a particular aesthetic. Charlie didn’t complain, she loved dressing up and it had been many, many decades since she last wore this dress.
“He’s tried, but this Mimzy lady wants things done on her turf. I promise we’ll just be in the dance club part. I thought you trusted me?”

Vaggie scooted off the bed to stand beside Charlie, the goat servants whimpering for a moment before cuddling one another and drifting off to sleep. The one eyed demon was dressed in an oversized black hoodie and boy shorts as she had no plans to head down stairs once Charlie left. Her thick mane of hair was braided, tied off with a signature red bow.

She knelt in front of Charlie and held her hands, “I do, babe. I’m sorry, I’m just...”

“Worried?” Charlie smiled and kissed the top of her head, “I know, but Al isn’t a bad guy as we pegged him to be. I’ve told you this. Sure, he’s really eccentric, but aside from his reputation, he’s been good to us and he needs my help this time. He said this Mimzy can be really generous, so... I’m going to trust him and I’m going to see what she’s all about.” She cupped Vaggie’s face in her hands, “Remember, I love you and only you. He and I are business partners and... and just friends.”

Vaggie thought back to the private conversation she had a while go with the Radio Demon. ‘I just wish to know her and be... friends.’ Echoed in her head. Maybe she was being over sensitive but she still couldn’t shake the feeling of dread. She really wanted to give him a chance and trust him. Tonight was probably good as any.

She heaved a heavy sigh, “Okay. Call me if you need me to pick you up. I’d wish you’d at least let me drop you guys off but... have fun I guess.” She pouted and leaned into Charlie’s warm hands, “And please, please be careful Charlie. We don’t know what kind of friends he has. I wouldn’t judge them based on Niffty and Husk, they work for him so it’s different.” She stood and kissed her love’s forehead before tapping her right knee to the side so she could turn back around. Vaggie helped her remove the curlers.

“I’ll be careful. I promise. I’ll text you when I get there, when we leave, and if it’s so boring that I need saving.” Both girls giggled. “Think of this as a business dinner. Not sure food will be involved, but this is strictly business.” ‘So we can finally play.’ She shifted in her seat, feeling heat pool between her legs.

Vaggie removed the last few curlers and ran her fingers gently through the silky strands to loosen the hair, “I could make you something before you go.”

“It’s getting late. Al said to be ready by 9, which is in ten minutes. I’ll have him swing by someplace if we’re not eating there, ok? You don’t need to worry. I know you promised to always protect me, but I’m capable of putting up a good fight and he’s the Radio Demon. Doubt anyone would mess with us.” She smiled at Vaggie through the mirror, “I love you.”

“Love you too. Here, let me at least help you finish your hair. Pass me that head dress.” Vaggie placed the black diamonds encrusted head piece with the golden apple sigil in the center on Charlie’s head, tying it securely on the back but not tight enough to leave an indentation on her forehead and carefully wove her hair into the band for an updo.

She started on the right and section by section she looped the hair around until it collected on the left side. She fashioned a bun by twirling it up and with heavy duty Bobby pins, she pinned the hair in place just behind her ear. To finish the look, she carefully pulled some hair out on the sides to frame her face. Vaggie smiled proudly at herself, happy that the bun didn’t look awkwardly large for the amount of hair and length Charlie had.

“I love having my own personal stylist.” Charlie joked, making both girls giggle again. Vaggie snaked her arms around her neck and leaned down until their faces were side by side.
“I might have made you too beautiful. No funny business.” She winked and kissed Charlie’s temple. Vaggie straightened herself up.

Charlie gulped, “Ha, w-wouldn’t dream of it.”

They both heard knocking on main door to their unit. Razzle and Dazzle, startled by the noise, scurried to see who it was and bled for one of the girls’ attention. Vaggie sighed and rolled her eyes, knowing exactly who it was on the other side.

“We can add punctual to the list of good qualities he has, I guess.” She closed their bedroom door to give Charlie privacy to put on her dress and shoes.

The moth opened the door and resisted groaning as Alastor stood in the doorway dressed in a red tuxedo, much like the one he wore during the hotel’s reception nearly two months ago and a black and red top hat.

He did his best to smile warmly at Vaggie, “Hello, darlin’, I’ve come to pick up Charlie. Is she ready?”

Vaggie crossed her arms, “She’s just putting on her shoes. She should be out in about a minute.”

“Splendid!”

“Hey, Al...”

“Yes, dear?” He leaned on the door frame with crossed arms, knowing full well Vaggie wouldn’t let him in. No matter, Charlie would be his all night.

She shifted her weight between her heels, “Do me a favor. D-don’t let Charlie out of your sight. When she gets excited, she lets her guard down and even if she might not be taken seriously most of the time, she’s... she’s still Hell’s Princess and I don’t want anyone to take advantage of her. She’s too much of a pacifist to fight back if someone tries taking her for ransom. I know I’m being overly paranoid and over protective, but Charlie’s just too good for this place. Hell, I mean.” She rubbed her arms and turned her face away from the demon before her. “I saw on the news this morning that one of her cousins was murdered in a turf war. They’re going after Dukes in the lower rings it seems, who knows when that shit ends up on our door steps.”

‘That was a bit faster than I anticipated. Duly noted.’ Alastor chuckled, “I have no intentions of her leaving my sight. I know you are aware of what goes below this particular lounge, I overheard Angel telling you on my way to get some ice, but believe me, the crowd is much more savory than other clubs and I prefer the dance floor at this particular establishment. She’ll be safe and have lots of fun. You have my word.”

The door to the bedroom open and Alastor, for a split second, was in awe as he felt himself stop breathing. She was a vision, and had they both been back home in Louisiana during the time before he died, he was certain every bachelor from New Orleans to Baton Rouge would have been knocking on her doorstep. She was... beautiful, the very definition of elegance. Maybe he would need to ask Mimzy for a room later tonight after all. His hand twitched.

“Ho, ho, Charlie, my dear!” He stood up straight and opened his arms wide, as his radio audience clapped and hollered, “You look positively radiant, I almost didn’t recognize you. You will most certainly be the demon belle tonight, not even your mother could hold a candle to you.”

Vaggie rolled her eyes at his corny compliment and hugged her blushing girlfriend as she joined them in the foyer.
“Remember, call me if you need me.” She kissed her cheek.

“I will Vaggie. I’ll be ok. Like I said, I have Al with me.” She smiled up at her male partner, “Shall we?” She took hold of his offered arm, “You don’t need to wait for me, ok? I promise, I’ll be back before you wake up in the morning.”

Vaggie watched as they walked down the hall, whispering to one another and giggling, already lost in each other’s company. A deep sadness washed over her. Charlie looked over her shoulder and blew Vaggie a kiss. Vaggie tried to smile, but her lips trembled instead. ‘I don’t think she realizes it... but I’m losing her to him.’ She wanted to be angry, to cry out and stop her from going, but she knew it’d be no use to look like a possessive and controlling fool. The moth only hoped she was reading the situation wrong and Charlie kept her promise that there was nothing between them, it was all just business.

She looked down as Razzle, the pink haired goat, nuzzled into her leg and whined, sensing her worry. She smiled and patted his head, “You’re right, I shouldn’t worry. Charlie’s never done anything wrong for me to not trust her. I’m just being paranoid and reading too much into it and it’s been a long time since she’s made friends, even if everyone here is goofy as shit in their own way.” She turned to Dazzle who stood behind them, “Who wants some donuts?” Both servants cried out in happiness and scrambled to the kitchen. She laughed and closed the door to the apartment. She felt a little better.

Charlie bounced on the plush seat of Alastor’s Bentley, excitement consuming her. She knew this wasn’t a date, it was a business meeting, but being alone with the Radio Demon outside of the hotel was something she didn’t think would be possible. Add in them both being dressed up and going to a swanky club, she just couldn’t help it.

She liked his company, regardless of how hot and bothered he made her at times. Even if he had ulterior motives, like not wanting to truly help sinners that came to their door step and wanting to see them fail, Alastor was still rather fun to be around. He was interested in many of the same things as her, enjoyed theater, and hot damn could he cook. He even offered to teach her a thing or two for her future Mister or Missus. She frowned. She never really thought about settling down. Sure, she was heir to the throne, but her father and mother showed no sign of slowing down or passing the crown to her. Why would they though? Her father thought too little of her and incapable of ruling over the damned souls.

Alastor laughed, “If I didn’t know better, I’d say you’re bursting at the seams, darling. Excited to go to one of the best dance clubs in town?” Swing music played in the background of his voice.

Charlie leaned her head on his shoulder, but was mindful of his ability to shift gears when needed. “To be honest, I think I’m more excited to being somewhere with you. Nothing wrong with the hotel, but I don’t know, it’s like... exhilarating to know that we have this secret no one knows about.” Her thighs involuntarily began to rub against each other, “Or maybe it’s because after this, you and I... we... we could... you know?” She gingerly touched his leg, hoping he’d get the message. Her face was burning. She wasn’t used to being this forward with anyone but Vaggie.

Alastor shifted and placed a hand on her bare knee, making her shiver, “Impatient still, I see. Fear not, my lovely, I promise the wait will be worth it, though it’s a tad hard to resist when you’re like this. I didn’t think you’d be so direct once you opened up.”

Alastor rubbed his inner leg, “Is... is that bad?” She wanted to touch him more intimately, but with him concentrating on the road, she didn’t want to distract him too much either. Charlie was curious
though; was he hung or was he a grower, not a shower? Even though he wore fitted pants, they weren’t tight enough to gauge it. When was the last she was with a guy, anyway? Charlie couldn’t remember. Her and Vaggie had toys they played with on occasion, but they didn’t fulfill Charlie in the way she wanted. Could Alastor?

He slid his hand up her inner thigh to tickle the skin, the coolness of his leather glove soothing the heated flesh for a moment. “Not in the slightest, my dear. Different than what I’m used to, yes, but I do enjoy this far more. Who knows, maybe if you assert yourself more, it may be I who becomes your play thing. The predator becomes the prey, so to speak. I do like where this may lead to, your highness. Command me.” She knew he was teasing, Alastor liked being in control. However, Alastor felt an uncharacteristic thump in chest at the thought. It wasn’t often he got this excited.

He let out jovial laugh as he glanced at her from the corner of his eye. She looked like a sun burnt deer caught in head lights. Her face was an impossible shade of scarlet and if her eyes were any wider, they might just fall out of her head. She was definitely the most fun he had had since his untimely death or the day he received his ‘stage name’. Her dainty hand gave his thigh a gentle squeeze as he placed both hands on top of the steering wheel to make a left turn at the light ahead of them.

He turned a corner and pulled up to the valets waiting outside of a three story building with “Birds of Paradise” in giant neon pink lights that reflected on the black vinyl of the awning. On each pillar of the archways that supported the front side of the building had a band poster. The one closest to the valet stand was bigger than the others.

On it was a short, but incredibly voluptuous grey skinned short blonde haired demoness in a short red flapper dress standing on a stage with a mic, her eyes closed and mouth open as if in middle of a song, both hands around herself, embracing her figure. In fancy gold calligraphy on the top of the poster said “Mimzy”. So this was her?

Charlie stepped out of the car and took one of the valet’s hand. She stared at the poster, and suddenly felt inadequate in many departments. The woman’s bosoms strained inside her dress that seemed a size too small, and her curves could lose any man for days. Despite her huskiness, the picture exploded with unmatched confidence. What was she like in person?

Alastor handed his keys off to the other cowering valet attendant and looped his slender arm around Charlie’s thin waist to pull her close to him. He guided them through the front door, passing the lined up guests as they waited their turn to enter the fine establishment. They whispered, glancing between Charlie and Alastor, some snickering, but most in awe. At him? At her? Both of them together? What was the disappointing Princess of Hell doing with the infamous Radio Demon? Who knew they knew each other? Only the sponsors he reached out knew of his involvement with the Hazbin Hotel and only few knew he had moved in.

Charlie leaned into her companion, self consciousness getting the best of her as she remembered why she didn’t get out much nowadays. Everyone always stared, judging her and waiting for her to mess up again. Alastor rubbed his thumb over her hip, trying to soothe her and bring her out of her self doubting as he sensed her growing discomfort. She looked up at him with a small thankful smile, though his attention was with the bouncer as he used his free hand to lift his hat off his head slightly and gave a curt nod in greeting. The bouncer, a massive gorilla like demon with boar like tusks, nodded back and motioned with his hand for the doors to open.

The two large golden doors were opened up by a pair of gargoyle like rock demons. The doors rumbled, and Charlie realizes it was four or five inches of reinforced steel.

She squinted as the bright light of the lobby blinded her briefly, bouncing off the marble floor
flecked with gold. They stepped onto a plush red carpet that led up to another golden doorway in between two grand staircases with red carpet also going up the steps. Through the other doorway she saw tables and people moving. Music, perhaps Jazz, floated in the air, but the chatter of the lobby warped the melody that Charlie couldn’t tell what it was. That must have been the dance floor, she figured.

To her right way a massive bar where several dozen demons of all shapes and sizes sat at. Several bartenders and bar backs scuttled behind the mahogany colored countertop, mixing and pouring drinks for the crowd behind their sitting patrons. To the left was the rest rooms. She looked up and awed at the massive gold and crystal chandelier that illuminated the room along with the lamp lights along the wall. Large ceiling to floor tapestries lined the walls, depicting various demons in their iconic battles that brought them to fame. Above the over look of the second floor, a grand portrait of Mimzy in a turquoise and silver sequence dress and fur coat stared down at her guests with a small, welcoming smile. Her large black eyes with red irises glowed in the light of the chandelier.

The place was breath taking, and with everyone dressed between the late 1910s to the early 1940s, it was almost like stepping into a time capsule. She looked up at again Alastor and smiled wider, her fangs slightly hanging over her lips. He had been watching her expression the entire time since they entered. He returned the toothy smile, his eyes softening as he took in her expression of childlike wonder.

“Lovely place, isn’t it?” He said.

Before she could speak, the duel heard an excited squeal. Alastor’s ears redirected itself toward it. They turned to face the source, along with several other guests who wondered why a banshee was let in, and saw a tall pupilless demoness walking toward them, dressed in early 1900s fashion. Her tailored burgundy skirt with black lace accents swished around her ankles, and her white blouse had billowing sleeves that tapered at the wrist with a cuff fit her form just nicely. A large brimmed hat with burgundy and black feathers and a skull ornament flopped with every step she took. A large, sharp toothy smile stretched her face. She extended one hand out to her side while the other held a tall glass of wine.

“Alastor, you made it!”

Charlie couldn’t help but hide a little behind Alastor. The Radio Demon let her go and as the woman drew near, he greeted her, “Rosie, dearest. I didn’t know you’d be here tonight as well.” He took her hand and kissed her knuckles then proceeded to kiss both cheeks.

She sipped her glass, “Mimzy insisted that I was. She said she has a new set she wishes to preform tonight, specially for our honored guest.” Her attention turned to Charlie, who stepped away from Alastor’s backside. “Good evening, your highness.” Malice dripped from her mouth as she said ‘highness’. “A pleasure to finally meet you in person. It’s not everyday we lowly sinners get to interact with the royal family, especially the princess who likes to hide in her tower of...” she paused for a moment, choosing her words carefully as Alastor gave her a stern look, “...Dreams.”

Alastor cleared his throat, “Allow me to introduce you ladies. Charlie, ma chère, this is my good friend Rosie, owner of the finest emporium in all of Hell. Many of my suits come from her shop if you ever want to pick up something stylish and she is a sponsor of the hotel. I’m afraid the two of you didn’t get a chance to meet at the reception. Rosie, as you know, this is our esteemed Princess, Miss Charlotte Magne.”

“I go by Charlie. It’s... it’s nice to meet you and thank you so much for your generosity. On behalf of Hazbin Hotel, we hope to have your continuous support.” The princess stuck her hand out for a
handshake. Rosie took it and curtsied.

“The pleasure is mine, my dear. What’s the point of having so much money I couldn’t possibly spend on my own when we’re to live for all eternity rotting in this realm? I needed a new pass time anyway, so I look forward to hearing about what nonsen- excuse me, breakthrough you come across to deliver a sinner. That is quite an ambitious dream. Shall we head upstairs to the private bar? Mimzy is currently backstage and is due to hit the stage any moment. Charlotte... I mean, Charlie, dear, you’re in for a treat.”

She led the duo up the left side of the stairs and through a red door pass another gorilla like bouncer that opened up to a private balcony with several tables and chairs. To the right of the space was a mini version of the bar below and a lone toady demon cleaning a glass. He nodded his acknowledgment. Charlie looked to the left and saw a large blood red sofa with black wood detailing, a loveseat and two matching oversized chairs surrounding a glass coffee table. The sheet of glass was held up by a frame carved to look like several ravens taking flight from a bush. Red rubies were set for eyes. On either side of the balcony were velvety burgundy colored drapes with black tassels. The floor itself as well as the bar were stained black. The walls were lined with several oil paints of black birds and owls, all staring at what Charlie believed was her.

The trio sat at the table closest to the edge. Charlie was in awe again as she stared at the massive dance floor in front of the equally large wall to wall stage on the other end of the room. Several levels separated the musical instruments and Charlie wondered if big bands also preformed with how much room there was for additional set up aside from the instruments already on stage. She hadn’t heard or seen anything yet, but she already knew she wanted to be back. She could see why Alastor liked the place. It was breathtaking and completely out of place in Hell, but in a good way.

Alastor waved to the bartender without looking at him. His eyes were focused on a pocket watch Charlie didn’t know he had. Aside from his favorite coat that was tattered at the bottom, he was usually spic and span with a clean look so seeing an old beat up and tarnished copper watch in his hand was a little odd. She didn’t think he was the sentimental type.

“What would you like to drink, dear? Jacque makes the best drinks, which is why he’s Mimzy’s private barkeep. Lucky for you, she shares him with us.” Rosie said as she leaned back in her chair to the right of Alastor who sat between them.

“I... I don’t really drink unless it’s a really special occasion. Have to discourage sin after all.” She giggled nervously. She stared into the void that were Rosie’s eyes and couldn’t help but feel like the woman was dissecting her.

Rosie chortled, “Is this not such an occasion? I know why you and our dearest Alastor are here. I believe Mimzy will say yes, regardless of the fight she may put up at first.” The left corner of her mouth curled as she grinned.

“Oh? What do you mean?”

Rosie placed a hand over her mouth to prevent herself from laughing harder. She was a lady after all, “Hasn’t he told you? Mimzy is positively furious with him for living with you! She may even hate you for now, sweetheart.”

Charlie winced, “W-why?”

“She is head over heels madly in love with him and has tried for... I don’t even remember, but for years to at least get him to consider her. Yet here you are, such a gem, out on the town with the infamous Radio Demon. He went to you, when she’s pined and almost begged for years for him to
be with her, even offered him a stake in her empire. That in itself sent her into a fit because Alastor
doesn’t make friends as easily as he does servants, yet he’s your partner for a hotel that wishes to
rehabilitate sinners in hopes of getting into heaven! I’m sorry dear, but it’s laughable, especially
considering who he is!”

Charlie felt her eyes water and her bottom lip tremble. She wanted the floor to eat her and take her
away, but she wasn’t sure why she felt so upset. She was about to excuse herself when Alastor
placed a hand gently on hers, which was balled up into a fist on her lap.

“Forgive Rosie, she can be rather blunt. Rosie, darling, Charlie is rather sensitive, especially about
the hotel. Do be a dear and watch your tongue. I will not tolerate a single tear marring her pretty
little face tonight.” Despite his toothy smile, his voice was thick with venom, warning her to back
down. The radio static in his voice flared, as if someone was quickly twisting the dial with no clear
channel in mind. “Apologize.”

Her smile waned, “Y-yes, my sincerest apologies. Twas rather rude of me, I suppose.” She finished
her wine glass just as Jacque the barkeep set a new glass down for her and a bottle of bourbon for
Alastor.

“It-it’s ok, Al. I... I should be used to it by now and I should learn to defend myself and the hotel
better.” She placed a hand over his and squeezed, giving him a small smile. “I have to grow
tougher skin at some point.”

Behind her wine glass, Rosie stared between the two and cocked a brow, ‘This is rich.’ She thought
as her smile returned, ‘You never defend anyone. Not even your mother.’

Chapter End Notes

Part 1 complete! Stay tuned for part 2 where the REAL fun begins. I thought I could
do this in 2 parts And include Mimzy, but once I started, I was like ‘holy crap’, there’s
so much to write, and I don’t want to cut anything. This chapter alone is 4500+ words
I did in a collective 6hrs. I’m seriously blasting through this part and I’m just so giddy,
holy fucking shit!

I could have crammed all parts together but then it would have been a monstrous
almost 10,000+ word chapter. I know I had promised Mimzy, but there was no way I
could without me feeling like I was dragging out this chapter.

(●‿●;●;●)

It’s currently not known what type of demon Mimzy is, but I have a feeling it’ll be
some kind of bird as during the second number in the pilot when she makes her cameo,
there are two birdlike demons with her, hence the inspiration for the club’s name.
There’s also a name plate on the table, so I believe her last name is ‘Hanigan’.

Thank you all in advance for the love! See y’all next update ❤️ It should drop before
Thanksgiving as I try to give you guys some time to rest and process what’s been
going on. At the end of the next chapter I’ll have a link ready with all the songs used
or will be used for part 3.
Chapter Summary

Charlie meets Mimzy for the first time.

Chapter Notes

HOLY SHIT!!! Over 11,000 hits!? I’m crying on the inside but freaking THE FUCK out because even if people pop in for just the first chapter, or if y’all are coming back for another read... the fact that anyone is remotely interested in giving it a shot makes my heart sing to high heaven!

I am SO INCREDIibly SORRY for how long this took me to do. I actually had to cut the end shorter because it was going on forever. I’m by no means a dancer, and describing dance movements is time consuming and difficult because it’s not as simple as the chicken dance *cries*

Thank you guys, thank you SO MUCH for the love and support!! I am so incredibly grateful and overjoyed! I know I’m late posting than I promised, but because of the overwhelming love you’re showing, I wanted to make this chapter was a perfect as it was going to get.

It also was much harder transcribing what I had playing in my head. I did it though... kind of!! I just hope it came out right because I lost track of how many revisions I did. This chapter is also incredibly massive even without the lyrics involved. I had a lot of difficulties deciding what I wanted from Mimzy, but I liked this version best. I hope you do too.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Charlie felt better after Rosie’s half assed apology and having Alastor wrap his left arm around her, pulling her close to him as he and his friend talked about things of unimportance. He had handed Charlie her phone he promised to hold as she didn’t have any pockets or a purse to keep it safe. The princess texted her girlfriend of their arrival and gingerly took the glass of Moscato Rosie ordered for her from Jacque’s webbed hand. She sipped and her smile widened as the sweet citrus and peachy notes washed over her tongue.

“Good?” Rosie asked.

Charlie nodded, “Yes, thank you. This is delicious.”

The irisless demoness swirled the contents of her glass, “I thought as much. You seem to lean toward the sweeter things, yes?” She smiled and removed her hat, “Perhaps because you’re so sweet yourself.” Charlie blushed and drank more from her glass, subconsciously leaning more into
Said Radio Demon chuckled, “Yes, she is. I’m quite pleased that the patients will be moving in soon and see whether or not a sinner can be redeemed. It’s an idea I’m still wrapping my head around. Think you’ll try your luck on the picture show once they arrive?”

Charlie sighed, “I’m excited, but scared to be honest. It’s a lot of responsibility and I don’t know if I would want another crack at it in the news. Katie Killjoy made it very clear no one really cares and find the whole thing stupid. You yourself said it’s whacky nonsense but I really believe there is hope.” She looked up at him, “I think I can save my people, and I’m going to keep believing that I can. I don’t know how long it’ll take, but I’ll keep on trying. I have been for a long time, but this time... it'll work, I just know it.”

Rosie hummed, “How noble of our dear, sweet princess. What’s in it for you?”

“I’m sorry?”

She shook her head, “Never mind, another time. Alastor, dearest, why don’t you take our princess down to the dance floor and nab a good spot? The show should be starting soon.”

The Radio Demon nodded in agreement, “That sounds like a splendid idea. Come, my pet, shall we?”

Charlie nodded and downed the rest of the wine, feeling her face heat up from the alcohol. Alastor removed his coat and top hat before offering his arm for her to take. He escorted the both of them out.

As soon as they reached the stairs down to the lobby, Alastor spoke, “What do you think of Rosie? My apologies for her brutal bluntness when she’s on a toot and bend. At least she calmed down.”

Charlie giggled at his old time slang for drinking binge and drunkenness, “She’s not too bad. She doesn’t seem intentionally mean.”

“Charlie, my dear, your naivety is both endearing and worrisome. Do be careful of her for now. Between her and Mimzy, she will not hesitate to rip you to shreds for her sheer enjoyment.” He patted her hand holding on to his arm. He guided them to the bar and ordered another round of drinks, “Here darling, one more to relax you. I can tell you’re still very nervous and I’ve seen a mess you can be when you’re flustered. Well, anyone who watched the picture show knows.”

Charlie blushed, “S-Sorry. There’s just so many people here and I don’t know what they must be thinking. We never announced your involvement with the hotel so it kinda looks weird that I, the sappy schmuck of a princess everyone likes to poke fun of, is out on the town with the feared Radio Demon. We’ve been getting glances since we arrived.” She looked up at him, putting the new glass of wine to her lips, “When I think about it and say it out loud, it does look a bit suspicious. I’m still processing that you and I, you know... though it hasn’t happened yet... will... Um... however this dom-sub thing we got going, even happened. You say I’m your pet, but I don’t have to wear a collar, do I?”

Alastor threw his head back and laughed along with the ghost audience, drawing attention to them for a brief moment. “Goodness, my dear sweet girl, your innocence baffles me, and I enjoy every moment of it.” He rubbed his eyes as he tried to regain his composure, “Dear me, I haven’t laughed that much in some time. Oh Charlie.” He leaned in, his bourbon scented breath hot on her cheek as he whispered for her ears only, “Only if you wanted. You stir a great deal of desires in me no one has, not this life or the last, and I cannot wait until we can begin. Is it your innocence? Your
pedigree? Kindness? Mayhaps. It does make things a bit more erotic when we get down to it. I am very excited to see where all this leads, but understand that I’m not doing this because you’re just the Princess. I am very drawn to you and I’m truly happy to explore this side of you, my dear. You have such great potential.” Charlie could have sworn she stopped breathing and she mentally screamed that it must have been the alcohol talking for him based on the lazy expression he had and relaxed smile. He wrapped his arm around her waist and drew her closer to him. She hid her face in the crook of his neck as she wrapped her arms around his waist, “You are mine to play with, Ms. Charlie Magne, and I expect a lot of fun to be had.”

The crowd began to make their way to the next room where the stage and dance floor was located. Alastor leaned back to finish his shot and let her go. Charlie once again resembled a tomato.

They entered the massive room. The perimeter was lined with booths that could sit anywhere from 4 to 8 bodies comfortably, set above the floor by two steps, and other tables scattered around, some at the very front of the stage, lit up by tea candles. Alastor, after scaring off some lowly demon and their date from a small booth near the stage with his radio eyes and the sound of crunching bones as he tilted his head, helped Charlie settle in as the lights dimmed along the wall, casting them into shadows as only a single, bright spotlight shown on the center apron of the stage. The dance floor was illuminated by the light of the chandelier above and floor lights on the outside, defining the area.

Charlie licked her lips, “What’s she like?”

Alastor chuckled, “Mimzy is a very generous person when she wants, though first impressions are everything. I suppose I made quite an impression for her to be crazy for me” He pressed a button underneath the table which sent a signal to the bar for service, “While it’s true she doesn’t like you right now, there’s no doubt in my mind you’ll win her over.”

Charlie looked around and very sneaky like, placed her hand on his leg underneath the table, “I-if... if I do this, will you and me... will we...?” She blushed. She wanted to say it, but couldn’t muster the courage just yet. Why was it so hard to say ‘sex’ or ‘fuck’ or anything that called out what she wanted from him.

Alastor placed his hand over hers and leaned into her ear again, the radio static gone. He whispered, his voice thick with desire, “It hasn’t been easy resisting you tonight, Charlie dearest. You really are lovely, and to be fair, that lady friend of yours still hovers around you though I do believe she’s starting to slightly trust me. The opportunity just hadn’t presented itself yet.” His hand moved from hers to her knee than up to her inner thigh. “I have some regrets not taking you last night, however being out in the open isn’t my style. At least not the first time we engage.”

Charlie felt her pulse quicken as her breath became shallow pants. She was getting turned on by his touch, his natural scent mixed with the whisky he had been drinking, and the sensual tone in his voice. Add in the effects of the wine, her head was spinning.

“Tonight then?” She whispered, almost desperately, not realizing that as she leaned into him more and put her other hand on his leg, she pushed her breasts in together more and made her cleavage more pronounced in the scoop neck of her dress. Alastor liked the view.

“May God strike me down where I sit.” His eyes were lidded as he grinned at her. He leaned forward and brushed his lips against her neck, “You have my word, doll. With you like this, if Mimzy doesn’t agree, I can still provide a little treat of release back home.” He planted a firmer kiss and gently nipped at the sensitive skin above her pulse, mindful of his razor sharp teeth, causing electricity to shoot up her spine. She gasped and fought hard to not let out a moan.
Charlie and Alastor locked eyes when he lifted his head again. Her eyes swirled with lust. Alastor’s eye swept over what he could see of her body as he licked his upper lip slowly, causing her breath to hitch as his hand moved up high on her thigh toward her source of heat, yet stopped short of making contact.

“A-Alastor...” she whispered, spreading her legs a little more to invite him in. She whimpered as he withdrew his hand instead when a server arrived at their table.

“I’ll take a brandy, please, anything top shelf. And you, darling?” He turned to Charlie, “More wine?”

“N-no... I’ll take a Shirley Temple, please.” The red skinned imp nodded and walked away.

The large black and gold curtains were drawn across the stage and shuffling could be heard as the musicians took their respective spots. A spotlight was cast down on the middle of the stage. From left of the stage, a tall bird demon with a humanoid torso and head but long stork legs with cuffs around his ankles walked up to the microphone, his large brown tail feathers bobbing with each step. His nose was large and beak like from his profile and his hair, while mainly an orangish brown, was tipped a reddish brown at the front, matching the color of his sideburns, thick eyebrows, and thin mustache.

As soon as he got to the mic, he tapped it twice with a long slender finger before exhaling a breath. He scanned the crowd and made sure most, if not all, of the guests on the dance floor were looking at him.

“Good evenin’, my humble ladies n gentlemanly sinnas. Tonight we got a very special performance by our dear, sweet lady, Mimzy Hanigan as we celebrate tha 69th anniversary of tha Birds of Paradise. Let’s give ‘er a nice round o’ applause for bein’ such a wonderful n gracious lady.” He began to clap himself as the crowd followed suit. “Righto! Tonight we also got special guests joinin us. You be in fer a treat as we start off with classics to get y’all relaxed than move on to some exciting new beats. Without further adieu, I present to yas, Ms. Mimzy “Mockingbird” Hanigan!”

The crowd clapped respectfully as the curtains were pulled back again to reveal the band of demons and ghouls. The Master of Ceremonies joined them, taking his place at a double bass within the string section.

From center of the apron, a trap door opened up and a fog machine was set off. Slowly, a figure emerged. Mimzy slowly rose, her eyes closed as she posed with both hands folded under her chin of her round face, a small smile on her red stained. One foot was in front of the other. She was dressed in a red flapper dress with a deep v neck that framed her massive cleavage nicely with the help of a push-up bra. The dress stopped mid-thigh with beaded fringe hanging to her knees. On her tiny feet were heeled black tap shoes, polished to the point the lights of the stage reflected and shimmered off the surface.

She wore a simple feather black headdress, long black opera gloves that reached her elbows and a long black pearl necklace around her neck, looped twice over that rested on her cleavage. Her dress sparkled as the fine beads caught the light just right. The band picked up their instruments. The drummer and pianist began to play.

Her black sclera colored eyes opened and her smile widen. The pinks of her irises scanned the audience, first looking up at her private balcony, searching, but she frowned a little and scanned the crowd.
“Welcome, welcome dear friends!” She started off in a relatively high pitched voice, “What a wonderful night this’ll be. Thank you all so much for your continuous patronage that makes the Bop so successful as we know there are a lot of shallow, classless clubs out there to get down and dirty in.” This illicit a chuckle from the crowd.

Charlie turned her attention to the stage and did her best to calm herself before she soaked through her panties. ‘Every damn time... I’m going crazy!’ She whined.

Mimzy giggled, cupping her right cheek as she titled her head, “I would like to thank our new members and guests. Aside from Caged Canary, this is the oldest, and most precious of my clubs. It’s been a real trip here, but I honestly believe I’m more successful and happier down here with the lot of ya than I was above. I’d like to share a little story with you of how I found myself here in Hell.”

She rocked her hips from side to side as the band started. The brass section began with the double bass and drum. She took a breath and began, followed by the rest of the band members needed to accompany the song.

“As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I take a look at my life and realize there's nothin' left
Cause I've been blasting and laughing so, so long,
That even my mama thinks that my mind is gone”

Charlie’s eyes widen at the sound that came out of Mimzy’s mouth. It was deeper than she would have thought, but beautiful and sensual. She forgot about her frustration as the song continued, delving more into Mimzy’s past.

“But I ain't never crossed a man that didn't deserve it
Me be treated like a punk you know that's unheard of
You better watch how you're talking and where you're walking
Or you and your homies might be lined in chalk”

She swayed side to side, pointing her finger into the crowd in a gun like fashion. She fired her fake gun and walked down her riser, hands on her hips. The riser sank back into the floor.

“I really hate to trip but I gotta loc
As they croak, I see myself in the pistol smoke, fool
I'm the kinda G the little homies wanna be like
On my knees in the night saying prayers in the streetlight”

She placed her hands together and looked up, closing her eyes to say a mock prayer.

“Been spending most their lives, living in the gangsta's paradise
Been spending most their lives, living in the gangsta's paradise
Keep spending most our lives, living in the gangsta's paradise
Keep spending most our lives, living in the gangsta's paradise”

For a moment, Mimzy looked like she was elsewhere in her mind, remembering a time that once was and recounting the different what ifs or should haves that could have altered her life differently. Her eyes glazed over, pouring herself into the lyrics as she gently swayed, gliding across the stage.

“Look at the situation they got me facin'
I can't live a normal life, I was raised by the streets
So I gotta be down with the hood team
Too much television watching got me chasing dreams”

“I'm an educated fool with money on my mind
Got my 10 in my hand and a gleam in my eye
I'm a loc'd out gangsta set trippin' banger
And my homies is down so don't arouse my anger, fool”

She rubbed the fingers of her left hand together in a money like fashion and pointed her right to her eye than back to the crowd like a gun.

Charlie was hypnotized, as if in a trance from a siren’s song. She felt a small twist in her chest at Mimzy’s pain. Part of her also thought it could have been the two glasses of wine she had. She finished her drink and realized that Alastor did in fact, still ordered her glass of red wine.

“You alright, dear?” Alastor whispered to her ear. Charlie jumped a little.

“Y-yes... just, she has a beautiful voice and it’s making me a bit, I don’t know... emotional?” She took a small sip and smiled as the Zinfandel entered her mouth and was happy to not have something as sweet.

He smiled, “That’s one of her talents. You’re not to first to think that.” He turned back to the stage.

“Death ain't nothing but a heartbeat away,
I'm living life, do or die, what can I say
I’m 23 now, but will I live to see 24
The way things are going I don't know”

“Been spending most their lives, living in the gangsta's paradise
Been spending most their lives, living in the gangsta's paradise
Keep spending most our lives, living in the gangsta's paradise
Keep spending most our lives, living in the gangsta's paradise”

Charlie would have never guessed that in the singer’s past life she’d have been involved in a gang. To be fair, Mimzy never thought she would have been either had life been fairer.

“Power and the money, money and the power
Minute after minute, hour after hour
Everybody's running, but half of them ain't looking
What's going on in the kitchen, but I don't know what's cookin’”

Mimzy placed a hand on her chest and the other to cover her face it twisted in anguish, memories of a different kind of turf war flooding back to her. Living in the prohibition era had not been kind to her, especially when she had gotten involved with Capone. If only she had left the life she had in Chicago sooner, the backlash probably wouldn’t had resulted in death. She was young, and so naive. Careless and afraid.

“They say I gotta learn, but nobody's here to teach me
If they can't understand it, how can they reach me
I guess they can't, I guess they won't
I guess they front, that's why I know my life is out of luck, fool”

“Been spending most their lives, living in the gangsta's paradise
Been spending most their lives, living in the gangsta's paradise
Keep spending most our lives, living in the gangsta's paradise
Keep spending most our lives, living in the gangsta's paradise"

As she held the last note, the crowd cheered and whistled. Charlie clapped, in awe of Mimzy’s powerful voice.

The singer laughed, grabbing the Bluetooth microphone from a stagehand and placed it on her ear, “It sure was a wild ride back in the day. Mmm, fun, but if I could take some of it back I would. Had me runnin from Chicago all the way down to the bayous of New Orleans where I tried to start a new life. Met a fellow, fell in love, but the past had a way of catching up. Never got the chance to love him like I wanted, and even though he’s here in Hell with me, he just won’t admit it we are meant to be.”

The crowd aww’ed. Alastor sighed, drawing Charlie’s attention, “This isn’t good.”

“What do you mean?” The next song began.

“Mimzy only talks about some nonexistent love affair we had when she’s drunk. Do be careful, dear. She doesn’t take kindly to ‘competition’. ” Charlie sat next to him wide eyed, wondering what he meant by ‘be careful’.

"Life's gotta always be messing with me
Can't they chill and let me be free?
Can't I take away all this pain?
I try to every night, all in vain”

“Sometimes I cannot take this place
Sometimes it's my life I can't taste
Sometimes I cannot feel my face
You'll never see me fall from grace”

Mimzy closed her eyes and poured herself into the lyrics, thinking of a Mardi Gras parade down Bourbon St in the French square where she had met him.

She could sense him in the crowd. She was always drawn to his darkness, like an inviting empty abyss that promised no more pain or suffering, only a sweet gentle embrace. She remembered the first time he grabbed her small impish hand and brought it up to his warm lips, the way he smiled gently at her and raved about her voice he heard at the night club the day before. It was love at first sight.

“Something takes a part of me
You and I were meant to be
A cheap fuck for me to lay
You and I were meant to be”

Mimzy stared at Alastor in the booth as she sung the chorus. Alastor smiled, but without teeth. His eyes were lidded as he stared back at her. Try as she might, Alastor would never reciprocate her feelings. She was to predictable and he had nothing substantial to gain.

He glanced down at Charlie. As the band slowed its tempo for the second verse. In Hell, Mimzy was just another source of amusement with no real purpose in his master plan. While they had been alive, he and the femme fatale connected on a dark level very few would understand, but like everyone else he had met, she was just a potential target in his sick twisted game. It wasn’t until he was sentenced to eternal damnation that he actually considered anyone a friend.
“Feeling like a freak on a leash.  
Feeling like I have no release.  
How many times have I felt diseased?  
Nothing in my life is free”

At the second round of the chorus, Mimzy began to tap dance a little, starting off with her right tip toes, stepping forward than rolling back to her left heel for a light clap, clap of the shoes, then stepping side to side and clicking her heels together, clacking her shoes to the beat of the song.

“Sometimes I cannot take this place  
Sometimes it's my life I can't taste  
Sometimes I cannot feel my face
You'll never see me fall from grace”

“Something takes a part of me
You and I were meant to be  
A cheap fuck for me to lay
You and I were meant to be”

“Boom na da noom na nanema!
Da boom na da noom na namena!
Da boom na ba noom na namena!
Da boom na da noom na namena!”

She had tapped dance herself off the stage toward the table Alastor shared with Charlie. Her focus was on him and him alone. As she finished the final chorus and reprise, she managed to crawl onto their table and kneel before him, a loving smile on her lips. Charlie was a little irked at the woman’s proximity to Alastor’s face as she finished singing to him.

“Hello, Ally-bear.” She cooed, leaning closer, not caring that her side of conversation was being broadcasted to the rest of the audience. Alastor summoned his mic and used it to stop her from getting too close by placing it on her chest.

“Mimi.” He gave her a slight nod.

She gave Charlie a side eye, her lips cast down in a frown as she gave her a once over. She grunted in disapproval and turned back to Alastor, causing Charlie to bubble with more anger. Her scleras flashed red as her irises shifted to yellow for a moment.

“Ally-bear, love... it’s been so long. You don’t come to visit anymore. I miss the singing and dancing we used to have.” She straightened his bow tie, but before she could grab his face, he politely moved them down with his left hand.

He chuckled, but his eyes narrowed as everyone else’s were on them, “I’ve been busy, Mimzy.” The crowd murmured as they noticed the princess. Charlie shifted uncomfortably next to him, scooting away just a tad. This displeased him.

Mimzy sighed exasperatedly, “You always are, cupcake. Here I was worried about this little tart but all she is, is a little mouse!”

Alastor chuckled amusingly, “Your jealousy is unbecoming of a lady, dear. One of many reasons why I never took your offer. Perhaps you should continue your set, we can talk afterwards.”

Next to him, Charlie chugged her wine, trying hard to not get upset. Something about the way
Mimzy spoke angered her rather than hurt her like Rosie. Alastor had some interesting lady friends.

The singer scoffed and slid off the table, “Always playing with my heart, Al. I’ve got a song for you. You say it won’t ever happen, but heaven be damned I won’t stop trying, love.”

“I wouldn’t doubt it.”

She began to whistle as she approached the stage. It was loud and crisp sound that cut through the air, drawing the crowd’s attention back to the stage.

The Radio Demon turned to Charlie who stared daggers at Mimzy, “Come dear. Let’s blow some of that steam of yours.” Charlie nodded as she followed him to the dance floor. The crowd parted for them and created a circle as the two faced one another, Charlie’s right hand on his shoulder, his at her waist, and their left up at their sides.

As Mimzy began, they took a step back and turned to their left, bouncing on their knees then turning toward each other. Alastor held her waist and turned them around in a circle, Charlie left leg dragging behind her until they completed the 360-degree turn. He turned one more time about 90-degrees and stepped back, holding Charlie’s hand as she too stepped away from him and squatted before being snapped back into his body where he caught and twirled them around, their legs moving along in a classic swing style, Charlie’s moving higher as she shook her legs around, the beads of her front tapping into one another.

“If want your ugly, I want your disease I want your everything as long as it's free I want your love Love, love, love, I want your love, hey”

“If want your drama, the touch of your hand I want your leather-studded kiss in the sand I want your love Love, love, love, I want your love”

You know that I want you
And you know that I need you
I want your bad, bad romance
I want your love, and I want your revenge
You and me could write a bad romance
I want your love, and all your lover’s revenge
You and me could write a bad romance

Mimzy tapped dance effortlessly on stage, the click clack adding a nice element to the song. She frowned a little as she watched Alastor dance with Charlie, a rare genuine smile on his face as they synchronized their movements wordlessly.

The princess was pretty good, she had to admit, but how dare she get comfortable in his arms and how dare he dance with anyone else.

Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Caught in a bad romance
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Caught in a bad romance
Ra-ra-ah-ah-ah
Roma-roma-ma
Gaga, ooh la-la
Want your bad romance

“Nicely done,” Alastor commented as he twirled her under his arm then proceeded to spin them
some more, their legs and feet moving with a mind of their own.

He pulled away from her and spun himself, both arms up. Charlie laughed and clapped in tune with Mimzy’s steps.

I want your horror, I want your design
’Cause you're a criminal as long as you're mine
I want your love
Love, love, love, I want your love, uh
I want your psycho, your vertigo shtick
Want you in my rear window, baby, you're sick
I want your love
Love, love, love, I want your love

I want your love, and I want your revenge
You and me could write a bad romance

The singer tapped dance her solo, using fancy foot work hardly anyone could keep up with.

Alastor and Charlie stopped briefly to watch and admire her.

“You know, I never learned to tap dance.”

“Really?” Charlie looked up at him in amazement.

He nodded, “The price of learning is a little too steep for me nowadays. Mimzy likes to throw herself at me every chance she gets. Sometimes it’s amusing, but it’s rather annoying to be honest. I’ve been here almost 90 years and never in those decades or before did I ever lay with her. She thinks to seem otherwise.”

“Yea... I can tell.” She didn’t mean to snap at him.

“Jealous too, dear?”

Charlie only blushed and Alastor chuckled. He spun her under his arm again and turned his back to her when she came to a stop. She held onto both of his hands as they moved to their left. Several steps in, He twirled her again and moved the hand he had been holding over his head and held onto her waist as she stood flush to him.

As the song slowed, he held her close to his body, her chest pressed up against him as he gripped her around the waist, her left hand in his right. He stepped forward and she mirrored his movement, staring into his eyes. A please grin on his lips.

“Don’t be,” He whispered in her ear, “I came to you.” Charlie rested her head on his shoulder as they ball room danced for a verse.

I want your love
And I want your revenge
I want your love
I don't wanna be friends
Je veux ton amour
Et je veux ta revanche
Je veux ton amour
I don't wanna be friends
I don't wanna be friends
As the song ended, everyone clapped for the trio. Mimzy jumped off the stage and came between the two on the dance floor.

She got into a starting position with Alastor who raised a brow. She nodded to him.

“One dance, our song. That’s the price for me even considering that silly proposal you gave me.”

“Very well. Charlie dearest, my sincerest apologies.” He looked at the heiress and gave her a small smile. He snapped his finger and a shadow with a saxophone that resembled him appeared on stage.

Charlie huffed and stood within the crowd as the spotlight hit the oddly paired duo. Alastor was about twice her size, her head reaching to his abdomen.

The piano began, then the saxophone a few seconds later. The two began a salsa/tango mix of dancing, Alastor not bothered by the height difference.

“I feel so unsure,
As I take your hand and lead you to the dance floor.
As the music dies...
Something in your eyes,
Calls to mind a silver screen,
And all those sad goodbyes.”

“Hello, dear.” Rosie’s voice startled Charlie. She jumped a little again. She really had to learn to not be skittish.

“Oh, hey Rosie. Come to dance?” Charlie rolled back and forth on the balls of her feet.

Rosie giggled, “No, I just came to get a closer look at these two. It’s so funny watching Mimzy try so hard and Alastor swatting her away like a pesky little bug.”

“I’m never gonna dance again,
Guilty feet have got no rhythm.
Though it's easy to pretend,
I know you're not a fool.”

“I should have known better than to cheat a friend,
And waste the chance that I'd been given.
So I’m never gonna dance again,
The way I danced with you.”

“Time can never mend,
The careless whispers of a good friend.
To the heart and mind,
Ignorance is kind
There's no comfort in the truth,
Pain is all you'll find.”

“I'm never gonna dance again,
Guilty feet have got no rhythm.
Though it's easy to pretend,
I know you're not a fool.”

Alastor picked up Mimzy by the waist and hoisted her up. She leaned back with her arms held out beside her as if flying. He put her down and decided to ballroom dance with her. The energy they had together was lackluster, at least to him. The only thing he enjoyed about this number was his shadow minion on the saxophone, jumping in and out of the chorus and during the bridge.

As the tempo picked up at the last measures of the bridge, Alastor spun Mimzy away from him, one hand firmly gripping her to spin her back. And continued with a salsa tango fusion.

“Tonite the music seems so loud,
I wish that we could lose the crowd.
Maybe it's better this way,
Wed hurt each other with the things we want to say.”

“We could have been so good together,
We could have made this dance forever...
But now, whos gonna dance with me?
Please stay.
And now it's never gonna be
That way...”

Rosie threw her head back and cackled, “This night is rich! You have her riled up, love. I do hope you come around more. I’d like to see how she is with you when she’s sober.”

“She’s really... drunk?” Alastor did say so himself.

“Very much so.”

Before Charlie could say anything, Alastor pulled her into the dance floor, replacing Mimzy who continued to sing, but with a scowl on her face. The fair skinned demonness tried to avoid eye contact.

“I'm never gonna dance again,
Guilty feet have got no rhythm.
Though it's easy to pretend,
I know you're not a fool.”

“Now that you're gone...
Now that you're gone...
Now that you're gone...
Was what I did so wrong?
So wrong that you had to leave me alone?”

As the song came to a conclusion, Mimzy was red faced with fury. Who was this hussy that dared dance with her Alastor? Her head spun a little from all the moonshine she had earlier. Although she had asked for this Charlie Magne girl to come, she had gotten nervous the last moment and drank
her liquid courage. Perhaps a little too much. She stormed to the two and tapped Charlie’s shoulder the best she could.

“Hey, doll, I got a song for you too. Let’s see how good you are. Alastor is only supposed to dance with me here at the Bop. Are you worthy?” Electro swing music began to play. The crowd moved further back, knowing full well Mimzy planned to make the heiress a fool on the dance floor. Charlie looked to Alastor. He smiled his usual smile and nodded.

“Mimzy likes to dance. Perhaps it’ll sober her up enough to talk. Good luck.” He moved to stand next to Rosie just as Mimzy began with the Charleston. A few measures more and she began to sing.

That's right I heard the story over and over again
Gee, it's swell to finally meet [the] other friend
That's right I heard the story, don't really like how it ends
Gee, it's swell to finally meet [his] other friend

It took a moment for Charlie to figure out the beat and tempo of the song. She mirrored Mimzy’s moves at first than moved onto v-steps, moving one way, kicking out into a T-step, than moving the opposite direction all while keeping her arms up by her chest and shimmying slightly, her eyes on Mimzy.

What did [he] say about me? What did [he] say?
What did you do without me? What did you do?
Did you play games without me? What did you play?
Did you think all this time that I wouldn't find out about you?

Mimzy grinned. She moved from the Charleston to the running man, then shuffling. This girl, Charlie, was actually pretty good at dancing.

That's right I heard the story over and over again
Gee, it's swell to finally meet [you], other friend

Who am I? Who am I? What are you even saying?
I'm the loser of the game you didn't know you were playing!
Let's play another game this time I get to win
Lives on the line
Winner takes all
Ready or not
Let's begin!

Mimzy grabbed Charlie and twirled under her arm. The princess let the little woman lead them but held her ground as they moved forward and back, right sides tapping, then their lefts. Charlie’s arm extended out, her left hand holding onto Mimzy’s right hand, bring the small pudgy woman back and bending low for the woman to spin up and over her back and land on the other side. They both moved away in v-steps than shuffled, large smiles on their faces.

Oh, that's right I heard the story over and over again
Gee, it's swell to finally [meet his] other friend
Oh, that's right I heard the story, don't really like how it ends
Gee, it's swell to finally [meet you] other
Other
Other friend
They both giggled at the end of the song. Mimzy tore the ear peace off her and met Alastor’s gaze, “Where did you find her! Alastor, dear, this tart may be a mouse, but lord in high heaven, she’s a beast on this floor, and you know I don’t say that about anyone but you!”

The crowd cheered and clapped. The band members left the stage as the DJ and his equipment morphed into view from the trap door Mimzy had came from.

“What a marvelous performances ladies!” The red clad demon beamed, “It was absolutely delightful.”

“I see you’ve sobered up,” Rosie commented, “Pity, it’s was fun to watch you stare daggers into her. If looks could kill Charlie, dearest, you’d be in a place worse than hell.”

Mimzy blushed, “I... I had a little too much moonshine this evening. Do forgive me. Charlie, was it?” She extended her hand out, “Mimzy. Pleasure to meet you.”

The rosy cheeked demon shook her hand, “You have a beautiful voice. I would love to hear it again sometime.”

Over the speakers, Benny Goodman’s Sing, Sing, Sing began to play. Alastor perked up, “Charlie, my dear, I’d very much like a dance before we get down to business. Mimi, Rosie, meet you back upstairs?” Behind them the crowd began to dance in a frenzy of movements.

The club owner nodded, “Yes. I need to lay down anyway, I’m starting to get a hangover. You have fun, Ally-bear. Love you.”

“I know.” He laughed, pulling Charlie further into the dance floor.

For some time the duo danced to the beat of the electro swing mixes and classics. Alastor was surprised how easily it was for her to mount and dismount with the kicks and flips, but he especially loved swinging her around his frame, feeling her legs wrap around him when needed and overall the confidence that exploded from her body.

This was the most fun the Radio Demon had had in a very long time.

Chapter End Notes

*wheezes* well... I hope it was good because trying to describe dancing is kinda hard, and by kinda I mean REALLY HARD, but I love the idea of these two tearing up the dance floor, especially our Strawberry Pimp. I feel like he’d be the John Travolta of Hazbin Hotel. My playlist isn’t quite ready as I thought, but next chapter I’ll be sure to include the link on YouTube! The one I have is messy as most of it is just for reference, but I’ll use the best references so you have visuals of what I was attempting to describe.

Next chapter shouldn’t take as long to complete!

Music of Choice in Order:
Mimzy
Postmodern Jukebox- Gangsta’s Paradise
Robyn Adele Anderson- Freak on a Leash
Postmodern Jukebox- Bad Romance
Postmodern Jukebox- Careless Whisper
MiatriSs- Other Friends [Electroswing Remix]

Dance Floor
Benny Goodman- Sing, Sing, Sing
Black Cat Zoot- No Swinging in Your Walking
Deladap- Crazy Swing
Deladap- I Know What You Want

Thank you EeveeQu33n for suggesting “Other Friends”. I found a different version, but the suggestion did really fit. Much love to you!
Mimzy “Mockingbird” Hanigan

Chapter Summary

Charlie and Mimzy discuss business.

Chapter Notes

I am at a lost for words for the love received last chapter, and a big THANK YOU to Kryptum and Lilly for making this hag the happiest for considering to make fan art for my fic, like holy crap... thank you! 😊 I wanted to cry happy tears at work when I read your comments. I’ve been all smiles for days, but please know you don’t have to and if there’s anything I can do for you to show my appreciation, please let me know!

I’ve actually caved and let a very good friend of mine read this so she could help me research things for the more *juicier* scenes as we build up to more frequent bow-chica-wow-wow moments. I feel like I’m pretty vanilla compared to the stuff she knows so I’m really excited for this.

I love hearing how eager you all are for the next update, but please don’t use “continue/update soon” as it triggers my anxiety and I have enough of that. I’m not trying to guilt trip anyone, I love you all very much and the feed back/suggestions/mini discussions we have brighten my days since we began this journey❤️ This story is on my mind all day, every day so no... I won’t abandon it and I’m also typing whenever I get a chance. Thankfully being at an IHOP for almost 3hrs with coworkers until about 2:40am inspired the creative juices so here ya go... another update!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sweat soaked their bodies as they twist and twirled around one another with Alastor occasionally picking Charlie up to flip around his body in his favorite around the world move, a wide joyous smile on her face at the confidence and ease the male demon had as he brought her up into his arms, just to roll her down them so she could land on her feet with her back to him. Once again the crowd gave them space and stood in utter awe at the intense energy they had, shuffling and v stepping to the beat of the music blasting through the speaker. Alastor was drunk on the fun and excitement that he had a dance partner he could comfortably dance with. The height difference between he and Mimzy prevented certain moved. One of his other favorites was holding Charlie’s hands up, both of them spinning under their arms until they were back to back then locking arms and hoisting her over his back, his shoulders, his head to stand in front of him again with that lovely infectious smile that lit up her face.

Mimzy watched them from her private balcony and frowned, brows furrowed. She wished they could dance together like so. From her vantage point she could see the looks they gave one another and the strong attraction. Damn her. Damn that tramp.
She was so pure though, so open. Like a shining star in the dark. Mimzy could see why Alastor was
drawn to her. Her flame would be hard to smother, and not without lighting up some some dark
corners.

She snarled as Alastor once again hoisted the blonde bimbo up, swinging her to one side of his
body, then the other, swinging her up higher away from him so she could spread her whore legs to
briefly wrap around his waist. He rocked her back high that her entire body was almost completely
above him, her hands gripped his shoulders for support until he brought her down again and spun
her until her back was against his chest. He whispered something in her ear and she laughed, a
blush spreading across her cheek. His usual, devilish smile was relaxed, happy, and reached his
eyes.

Mimzy was jealous they looked so good together. The crowd was buzzing with gossip, but
everyone knew better than to take pictures. While hell phone usage was permitted, photographs
were not to preserve the anonymity of certain clients that frequented the rooms down below and to
prevent the drab from coming in. Mimzy had high standards, break her simple rules and you could
expect a barrel down your throat.

“Come away from there dear, and let those two be.” Rosie said, sitting on the couch with a long,
thin cigarette stick in her hand. She patted the seat next to her on the sofa, “It’s impolite to stare.”

Mimzy sighed exasperatedly, “It should be me dancing with him! It’s my club.” She crossed her
arms and pouted. Rosie shook her head at her friend’s childishness. “I didn’t think she’d be able to
keep up. I almost had her! The nerve!”

Rosie laughed, “It was amusing. She’s interesting, and I can see why our Alastor wants to play with
her. Such rare purity for being the spawn of the House of Magne. You make yourself too easy,
dearest. Alastor doesn’t like easy. If he did, he’d be the biggest man whore in all of Hell.” Mimzy
flopped on the seat next to her tall friend. Rosie patted her head.

“He’s mine.” She whined.

“He’s no ones.” Rosie scolded. Jacque came by the table and sat down two martini glasses. “We’ve
been over this before, Mimi. If he had wanted you, he’d have taken you already. Stop being such a
child. Drink up, deary.”

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Alastor and Charlie bowed at their audience as they decided to finally leave the dance floor. They
didn’t know if they were there for ten minutes or ten hours, but Charlie was getting tired and it had
been a long time since she danced that much. Alastor was a real beast on the dance floor. She knew
he could dance, but holy hell could he DANCE. Her weary feet began to hurt and while she was
exhausted, Alastor looked as if he could keep on going, perhaps until morning.

“Jeez, Al... I had no idea you were that good. I had a hard time keeping up.” She was panting a
little.

“Nonsense, sweetheart, you were splendid. Look, I even broke a sweat! Not even dear Mimi could
do that and we’ve literally sang and danced until day break. Why, I must be getting old!”’ He
wrapped an arm around her shoulders to guide her back to Mimzy’s private quarters. “I hope we
can do this again, dear.” The radio audience cheered.

Charlie nodded and smiled up at him, “I hope so too. Thank you. This was the most fun I’ve had.”
“No need to thank me, Charlie dear, but it was my pleasure. Anything for you, sweetheart.”

As they ascended the stairs, they hadn’t noticed a familiar face at the bar, or at least a particular masked face. Tom Trench gawked as he saw the two now arm in arm, clearly flirting with one another. Was that really the Princess with the Radio Demon? Together? At the Birds of Paradise Lounge? Where there’s a sex club? Where was his date anyway for said club?

A conversation next to him caught his attention. He looked over and saw several women; an insect type with a cat and blue skinned imp, giggling.

“Those two were amazing!” Said the insect. Her mouth resembled that of a millipede.

The calico cat nodded, “Think they’re fucking each other? I’ve never seen that girl here, but I used to see him from time to time. I thought he was with Ms. Hanigan.”

The imp giggled, “They’ve got to be. They were all over one another!”

“Uh, hello ladies.” Tom interjected as he cleared his throat, “Tom Trench from the 666 News. Mind if I ask a couple of questions? Seems I missed quite the performance.”

The cat purred as she looked down at him, her blue eyes lidded, “Ooh, a celebrity news reporter. Mmm, I like watching you little man.” Tom giggled and nearly lost his train of thought as the cat pulled at the hem of her skin tight red mini dress, the front of her dress threatening to spill her bosoms on him. She must have been a DDD, Tom figured. Oh what he wouldn’t give to get smothered half to death in those mamas. “What do you want to know, hmm?” She reached out and scratched under his chin.

“Uh, heh... oh!” He shook his head to clear his thoughts, and pulled out a pen and note pad, “What did you say you saw on the dance floor?” His eyes widen as the trio recounted the events. Katie was going to love this. She wanted a reason to drag that snob through the mud some more after kicking her in the head on live TV and she detested Alastor for some off hand insult he directed at her at a supermarket. This was perfect.

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The four laughed as a charcuterie board was placed on the table to hold them over until their meal arrived. Charlie’s stomach rumbled and she was grateful for the music still playing loudly down below that masked it. She had to stop herself from drooling as she spotted the assortment of cheeses, nuts, honey, fruits, small bread slices, crackers, and various types of meat. Jacque came to take their drink order.

Alastor leaned into her ear, “Darlin’, I do recommend staying away from the three bits of meat in this corner. Trust me, you won’t enjoy the taste. Try the cured meat on this corner, I think you’ll enjoy them.” Charlie nodded and grabbed a few choice pieces of cheeses and scraped a bit of honey comb off with a toasted piece of bread. As the glass of red wine was sat down beside her, Charlie couldn’t help but feel sophisticated. Her parents never had her partake in the feasts they had at their palace while she was growing up. She was pretty sheltered most of her young life so when she was old enough to be on her own, the two of them pushed her rather than gave her training wheels until she could be on her own. Thankfully she had her inheritance to cover the financial means, but everything else she had to learn on the fly.

“I hear you like to sing, Charlie.” Mimzy began as she speared a bloody piece of meat on the board with a toothpick, staring at the Kong’s daughter across from her, “Tell me, have you ever performed on stage?”
Charlie blushed, “No... I’ve had recitals before but nothing like what you do. I only know how to play the piano and a little bit of the harp. My dad put me through singing classes when I was younger, and it’s just stuck.”

Mimzy bobbed her head, mulling over the information, “I see. Alright... I’ll admit you’re... decent... at dancing, and I saw your musical number on the news so I know you can sing.”

“Was there anyone who didn’t watch it? It was breaking news!” Rosie cackled. Charlie groaned.

Alastor laughed lightly, “Settle down Rosie, you’re embarrassing her.”

Mimzy scoffed, “I don’t know Al, I feel like I’m getting the short end of the stick here. You want my financial backing for this odd sounding project, but for what? Care to run that by me again?”

Charlie stared at Alastor as he sat straight in his seat and cleared his throat, “Well, I hadn’t quite asked yet, but Charlie here can sing and dance, yes? Your fundraising event is toward the end of the year, and I’m sure you’ll have a big turn out if her name is on the bill, not as a sponsor, but performer.”

“Huh?” Charlie gasped, wide eye as she stared at him as if he sprung a second head. He smiled at her and shrugged.

Mimzy looked at her over the rim of her wine glass and hummed. She set the glass down slowly and took a deep breath. “Ally-bear... that’s crazy talk. You also asked if I’d help recruit sinners for your hotel and, and, record a song for you? Surely you can sweeten the deal if I’m not going to get any lovin’.”

“I... I could perhaps get the royals to come.” All eyes were on her, Charlie blushed and rubbed the back of her neck, “You have a sex club below, don’t you? Many could use a new venue for their... orgies...”

Mimzy crosses her arms, “Go on.”

“Many of the places I know they go to are mediocre in comparison to here.” Mimzy felt her ego getting stroked as she straightened herself up and puffed up her chest in pride, “This place is beautiful, and I can only imagine below. If I preform, I’m sure some would come out of respect for my family name.” She took a small bite from prosciutto. “I can guarantee at least one would become an on going patron, and they will gladly pay anything if it’s worth it.”

Mimzy rubbed her chin, “How do I know you’re not lying? Getting one of them to attend anything sex related out of the seventh or eighth circle is rare.”

“But not unheard of. I’ll admit, it’s a bit of a gamble, however you’d at least get bragging rights that not many have. Porn Studio is the only one on this level who holds that claim.” Charlie felt herself getting nervous, but held her ground.

Alastor chuckled, “You surprise me, dearest. How do you plan on getting them to come? This whole time I’ve been at the hotel, you haven’t mentioned your connections. If so, I’d probably be figuring out how to get them to assist us instead.”

The princess shook her head, “I’ve already tried, they wouldn’t help. Most only care about sex and violence and my cause is opposed to that. I don’t want blood money either. I know someone who would for sure come and it’ll attract the other, lesser royals.”

“Who could that possibly be?” Rosie interjected.
“My parents. If they come, others will. Everyone wants to be part of their entourage.”

Mimzy was quiet for a moment as she processed the offer. A royal in the club would bring in more customers who would want to socialize with them. If that were the case, some rules would have to be modified or added to guarantee the continued support.

“I suppose I can take that gamble. Alastor’s told me you’re quite reliable. Know this though, if you fail to give me one royal patron, not only will I withdraw my support of the hotel, I’ll expect compensation, ten fold.” She turned to Alastor, “What of you, honey? What do you offer me?”

“Aside from visiting a little more often? I suppose I could sing and dance a bit. I’ve nothing more to offer.”

The club own giggled and placed a hand on his arm, “Oh baby, you know we wouldn’t have to go through all this if you’d just stay with me.”

“I’d rather not spoil our friendship Mimzy, you know this.” Alastor rolled his eyes, his smile falling just a fraction.

Mimzy sighed exasperatedly, “Fine. I’ll do it then. I’ll come by the hotel sometime next week so we can discuss the details. I also have been meaning to see Nifty. I miss her and I’ve been a bad friend.” She snapped her fingers. The board of food disappeared in a blue puff of smoke as an imp walked in with a tray that held their dinner. “Well, time to dig in!”

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Charlie and Alastor waited at the curb for their car. It was close to three in the morning by the time they decided to leave. Rosie and Mimzy had invited the duo downstairs for a few hits in the hookah, but Charlie had kindly declined to Alastor’s relief. Mimzy had a knack for causing trouble when she was impaired and the amount of wine she had at dinner meant a fight could have been brewing. He could tell she wanted to like Charlie, especially when they began to talk about their favorite musicals and dances, but she was reluctant to admit defeat.

“You did very well tonight, better than I expected.” Alastor said as he fixed his hat. The car pulled up and Alastor helped Charlie in despite the valet there to assist them. He carefully closed the door and chuckled as she slumped to the side, fatigue written all over her face.

The car ride was silent as Charlie had instantly fell asleep. Alastor had placed his coat over her to keep her warm as he rolled down his window to let the cooler night air in. He hummed a merry tune to himself as he mindlessly drove them back home.

Tonight was definitely more successful than he had imagined. He thought it would take another trip or two to get Mimzy to cave but as was expected, Charlie’s charming ways opened up the little song bird usually threatening demeanor when it came to other females he associated with. Charlie was gifted, that was certain, and he was intrigued what other doors she could open when she has more confidence in herself.

His grip on the steering wheel tightened and his eyes glowed red. His smile stretched, a wicked thing that threatened to split his face in half. If she could bring out the higher ups with things like Mimzy’s club, maybe, just maybe, he wouldn’t need to rely on information from outside sources and reduce the chances of having loose ends as he continued his quest for power. It was a long shot as he knew she wasn’t well liked by her peers, but her name and title did command a fair amount of respect. The question was, could he do it without Lucifer getting a whiff?
Alastor pulled up to the parking garage located near the pool of the hotel and settled for the first available spot near Charlie’s limo. He turned off the engine and turned to Charlie who had a small content smile on her lips. She looked quite angelic, which was ironic as she was basically the AntiChrist. Such a terrible fate for such a wholesome person. The irony was delicious.

He reached over and gently tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, his fingers lingering a bit longer than they should have as she inhaled deeply, sighing happily from whatever dream she was having. Alastor couldn’t help but smile lovingly at her as he traced his thumb along her jawline to her chin. Charlie involuntarily leaned into him. He would enjoy tainting her and making her his.

“Charlie, dearest,” He said softly to not startle her, moving his hand to hers on her lap. He held it tenderly, “We’re home. Time to wake up, love.”

Charlie’s eyes fluttered open as she groaned. She reached up to rub her eyes and yawned.

“Already?”

“You fell asleep, sweetheart. Knocked out as soon as the seatbelt was on.”

She blushed, “Thats embarrassing. I hope I didn’t snore.”

He chuckled, “Barely, dear. Shall we head up?”

She sunk into his coat and looked away, blushing a little harder, “To be honest... I don’t want this night this end. I had a lot of fun. Thank you, Al. Despite the rocky start with Mimzy and Rosie, I can kinda see why you’re friends with them.”

He grinned, “I’m glad you like them. We can go back anytime you want. How are your feet by the way? I couldn’t help but notice you were limping by the time the car came around.” Alastor placed his hand on her lap and rubbed the area down to her knee.

“I’m... I’m fine.” Her heart skipped a beat. Were they still going to...?

“Very well. Let me at least help you out.” Alastor got out the car and walked toward Charlie’s side. He opened the door for her and held his hand out for her to take. Carefully he pulled her out and caught her as she hissed in sudden pain from the blisters forming on her foot. Guess she really did dance too much.

Before she could think or say anything, Alastor hoisted her up and shut the door with the bump of his hip. She let out a small yelp and threw her arms around his neck, his jacket crumpling on her abdomen. He cradled her gently and rested his cheek on top of her head.

“No! You don’t have to carry me, I just need to take off my shoes. I... I can walk! Or just teleport us upstairs.”

“Nonsense. It’ll take you the rest of the night to get inside. Besides, I want to hold you, dear. It was quite nice having you in my arms tonight and I suppose I too don’t want this night to end just yet. Who knows if we’ll have another like it once the patients arrive.”

“O-oh.” She leaned into him more. Alastor made his way to the back entrance and with great ease, managed to hold Charlie up with one arm as he reached for the keys to open the door which opened up to the main kitchen. He carefully maneuvered them around the appliances and eventually the dining room.

Husk was fast asleep at the front desk as they exited the mess hall, the smell of booze permeated
the air. Charlie was about to say something to wake him but the Radio Demon shushed her. She didn’t argue. He quietly ascended the stairs, carrying Charlie bridal style with great ease. As soon as they got into the elevator, he carefully set her down to his left.

A peaceful silence enveloped them as they headed to the top floor, the only noise being a small ding for every floor they passed. Charlie bent down and frowned as she noticed the cut on the back of her foot. Yup, it definitely had been a while since she danced that much, let alone that intensely. She stood up again and held her shoes in her left hand.

“Do you want me to wrap that up for you?” Alastor asked as he knelt down to look at it, “Does it hurt much?” He tenderly caressed her leg and brought it up to rest her foot in his knee. He began to massage her calf.

Charlie groaned and slumped against the wall. “I’m... I’m fine. I have a bandage in the room.” She sighed and looked up, peering at the reflection from the mirrored ceiling. Alastor looked up at her and gave her a toothy smile. Her breath hitched in her throat.

He kissed her knee, “Charlie, did you still want your treat? You were a very good girl tonight.” Alastor’s gaze bore into her soul and the sound of his voice was laden with desire.

“I... I...” she cleared her throat to stop her stuttering, “I do... but... I should um... freshen up... and ch-check on Vaggie. I feel icky.”

He tsked, “If she knows you’re home, I doubt you’d join me tonight, but if you must...” he set her foot down as the elevator stopped and the doors opened, “I’ll leave my door open if you do decide to join me.”

The princess shuffled away from him as quickly as she could, a bright blush on her face. She scolded herself mentally for being a chicken shit and tried to convince herself to just go with him. She reached the door to her suite and looked at him as he followed her close behind.

“I... I’ll be out in fifteen. D-don’t fall asleep.”

Alastor chuckled, “My dear, I rarely do.”

Chapter End Notes

Definitely shorter in comparison to last chapter, and as always, I hope you enjoyed it.

Please make sure all hands and legs remain inside the vehicle at all times and that the lap bar and harness are secured.

Playlist for last chapter and dance references. It’ll be updated as more songs are featured: https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLYZ5QI78vM-gssFPxT8csuLbD9gNi8wbW
Late Night Snack

Chapter Summary

True to his word, Alastor gives Charlie a little treat.

Chapter Notes

NSFW CONTENT AHEAD!!

You have been warned!! I’m freaking out a little lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Charlie took a deep breath to calm her racing heart as she screamed internally. ‘You dumb bitch!’ She face palmed and groaned, hoping Alastor didn’t think she was flaking out on him. She wasn’t, she just didn’t feel comfortable getting... naked.... when she had been sweating as much as she had on the dance floor. She was probably ripe where it counted... blushing, she hoped Alastor wasn’t into that kind of thing.

“Stupid, stupid, stupid. I could of just showered in his room... with... with him? Oh boy.” She felt a sudden rush of heat between her legs at the thought of them getting down and dirty when they should be bathing instead. She blushed from head to toe. Was this really happening?

“Fifteen. Fifteen minutes... shit!” She realized she was wasting valuable time as she dropped her shoes by the door and hobbled over to hers and Vaggie’s bed room, gulping as she saw a faint light from underneath the door. “No... no...” she carefully opened the door and bit back a groan of disappointment as she saw Vaggie sitting up reading a book near her bed side lamp. Razzle and Dazzle were curled up at the foot of the bed.

Vaggie looked up and smiled, “Hey amor, I was getting a little worried. I was going to wait a little longer than call you. Forgot to text me when you left, I see.” She closed her book and set it on her nightstand. “How’d it go?”

“I’m sorry, I knocked out as soon as I got in the car. It was... Good, it was good. Both his friends were there, Rosie and Mimzy. I like Rosie, but I don’t think Mimzy likes me much because we’re business partners, but she was still nice to hear me out.” she set Alastor’s jacket down, which she had the entire time and stupidly didn’t give back, on the dresser by their door and began removing her dress, “She’s coming next week to talk to Al about being a sponsor though so overall, a success but...”

“But?” Vaggie swung her legs over the side of the bed to assist Charlie in taking down her hair which surprising hadn’t gotten too beat up. “You didn’t sign your soul, did you?”

Charlie laughed, “No, Vag, not this time. She agreed to help but I have to apparently put on a show at some fundraising event later this year. I don’t know the details yet, but I guess I’ll find out next week.” She removed the pasties from her chest.
Vaggie nodded, “Ok. Weird, but it could be worse I guess. So nothing bad happened?”

Charlie gulped, “We just danced. Al and I. I had some wine but I didn’t get drunk.” She stared at the clock on the wall. Ten minutes. Dammit. “Say, I’m going to shower then return this jacket back to Alastor before he goes to sleep. Why don’t you go to bed, baby? I’ll be right behind you.”

Vaggie yawned, “You can do it in the morning or I can give it to him while you shower. It’s no problem, we’re kinda cool with each other, I suppose. I’ve been trying to be a bit nicer to him.” She kissed the top of Charlie’s head.

The princess pouted, “I got it. I want to thank him for tonight anyway. Besides the business stuff, I had a lot of fun. I’ll tell you all about it in the morning, I promise. The Birds of Paradise is beautiful, Vaggie. Before you ask, no, I never went downstairs. We should go one of these days though and at least see Mimzy perform. She’s amazing! Nothing like what I thought. Sure, rough around the edges but... she’s a good ally to have.”

Vaggie sighed and rolled her eyes, “Fine. Good night, mi princesa.”

“Good night my love, sweet dreams.”

Charlie practically ran to the shower and didn’t bother to wait for it to heat up as she jumped into the icy cold water. She gasped and flinched, screwing her eyes shut as she shivered until it began burn like lava. She squealed and pressed herself up against the wall to adjust the temperature as she lathered herself up. She squirted a giant blob of shampoo onto her hand and scrubbed her hair furiously. As soon as the water was set to her liking, she grabbed her bar of soap and loofah and made sure to pay close attention to certain parts of her anatomy she hoped would get some kind of attention by a red clad deer demon.

She blushed again. This was happening. She and Alastor... she fought back a sudden sob as she thought of the woman in the room next to her, covering her mouth to muffle the cry. What was she doing? What was she thinking? Was some dicking worth throwing away the love they had? Was Charlie really going to cheat on Vaggie, the only person in their god forsaken world that loved her truly and believed in her? She felt tears sting her eyes.

Charlie sighed, slowly bringing her hands down to her sides. Maybe she was a flake. She stepped out of the shower once she finished rinsing and dried herself off then wrapped the towel around her lithe body. As she exited the bathroom, she smiled sadly as she noticed Vaggie had indeed fallen asleep, cuddling Dazzle with their backs to her.

“Psst, Razzle.”

The other goat demon who had still been at the foot of the bed looked up groggily, then perked up as he spotted his mistress. He carefully slid off the bed and quietly walked to her, curious as to what was needed at such an hour.

She closed her eyes and placed her index finger of her right hand on his forehead, whispering something in a language long forgotten. Pink smoke and golden sparkles circled his body, but he stood calmly. His little body was engulfed in a soft light, then he began to shift. In an instant, Charlie was staring back at herself, dressed in black night gown. The real Charlie snapped her fingers and a fake Razzle appeared back at the foot of her bed. The princess opened up her eyes to reveal red scleras and golden irises. She blinked and her eyes were back to normal.

“Cuddle with Vaggie for me, will you? Momma has to do some stuff.” She petted Razzle’s new blonde hair.
The fake Charlie nodded and yawned, heading back to bed and spooned the grey skinned moth. Vaggie audibly sighed in happiness and snuggled into the arms of what she thought was her lover. That should buy Charlie some time.

She ripped the towel off her body and dried her hair. She cursed under her breath that her fifteen minutes were up. Charlie tiptoed to the dresser and slipped on a pair of red and black lace panties (‘Subtle…’ she rolled her eyes at herself) and donned an oversized black shirt that barely covered her bottom. Not entirely sexy, but she also didn’t look like a complete bum. She grabbed the coat and noiselessly slipped out of the room after brushing and braiding her hair.

The princess managed to cross the pitch black room without bumping into anything and made it to the hallway. She sighed in relief and looked up and down the hall, knowing full well nobody was around, but still trying to be cautious. She gulped as she approached the Radio Demon’s door.

‘I’ll leave my door open if you do decide to join me.’ Replayed in her head. She nervously reached for the knob, already feeling herself clam up.

‘Stop, stop! ’

‘Yes! Do it!’

She stopped short of making contact and closed her eyes tightly. Her heart raced in her chest. The heiress took a calming breath.

“Charlie, sweetheart, are you going to stand there all night?” Came Alastor’s filtered voice. He chuckled as she jumped a foot in the air, “I was about to lock my door but lo and behold, here you are, looking rather enticing.” He crossed his arms and leaned against the door frame, a smirk on his lips.

She gave him a once over and felt goosebumps of excitement spread across her flesh. Her stomach flipped. Alastor was dressed in nothing but uncharacteristic loose fitting flannel pants that hung low on his narrow waist. His hair was damp, an indication that he too had showered, and seeing so much bare skin on him made Charlie’s heart do summersaults. Not even Vaggie doing a strip tease for her made her feel this way. Holy hell...

His skin was ash gray, nearly flawless, like porcelain save for a few faint scar like scratches on his left pectoral area, sides, and puncture wounds along the side of his neck. Charlie gulped. What kind of death did he endure? Regardless of the marks, he was a fine specimen. He was deceptively lean, rather than lanky as she had thought. His muscles weren’t incredibly defined, but there was some definition in his abdomen and as she suspected, some meat on his biceps. She hadn’t realize she was drooling as she ogled him.

She made a small noise and looked away embarrassingly, hands on her cheek, his coat squashed again her right bicep and forearm. “H-hey Al… um… I-I brought back your jacket.” She snuck another peek at him and extended her right arm. Alastor took the coat and grinned wider.

“What’s the matter, dear? Cat got your tongue? Come inside before you catch a cold with this draft.” He took her hand to pull her inside and closed the door behind them. Charlie felt as if her heart would explode as nervousness gripped her.

They were engulfed in darkness save for the light coming from the open doorway of his bedroom. Charlie could make out the shapes of some furniture, such as a couch and coffee table in the middle of the open space, but not much else. She could feel her pulse quickening and had to fight down the urge to flee. She wasn’t a lamb being sent to the slaughter house, she wanted this, truly, but the
guilt was also tearing at her frazzled mind.

The two entered the room and the princess looked around. Ahead of her was a massive bed, inside an equally massive and intricate wooden bed frame with posts, a wooden canopy, and a headboard that went from floor to canopy. The mahogany was carved with silhouettes of deer skulls and rose vines. The rim of the canopy was decorated with human skulls, with a blood red curtain tied back on either side of the top of the bed with golden tassels on either side, and protruding from the very top of the headboard was a massive skull of a great big stag, runes carved into it and its antlers that looked like gnarled and twisted tree branches. Underneath the canopy, which was raised in the center, hung a small gas lamp. The bedding and pillows were burgundy with black pin stripes. A bench with a red plush top was at the foot of the bed.

On either side of the bed were night stands. To her left, near entrance to his walk in closet, was a large nine drawer dresser with a mirror secured behind it, a coat rack (which he was currently at to hang his tuxedo jacket) and two long back accent chairs with a table in between, followed by a large book case, stuffed with various works of literature and knick knacks. To her immediate left, a vintage armoire stood with a chaise that had an arm rest on side and an arching backside that stopped down at the end with no rest. Two more book cases, one with an several decanters is various alcohol and glasses, finished the last wall that had the door to the master bathroom and in the middle of them, an accent table with a cathedral style vintage radio sat. She looked up at the bookcases and felt her skin crawl a little at the various creature skulls. Nothing else hung on the negative space of the amber colored walls and from the ceiling hung a small chandelier that lit up the room.

So this was Alastor’s room. She didn’t know what to expect but the aesthetic was very him. She tugged at the back of her shirt and rolled on the balls of her feet, unsure to do with herself as The Radio Demon sat on the bench by his bed. He patted his lap and Charlie came.

She stood between his legs and avoided eye contact, putting her hands up to her chest. She shivered as his cool hands rested on her hips underneath her shirt.

“Nervous?” He said calmly, eyes lidded and a small smile on his face, as usual.

She stole a quick glance at him, “Y-yea... I don’t know what to do, I guess. First times are always awkward for me.” She blushed. “S-sorry...”

Alastor chuckled and sat her on his lap, not minding that her cold wet hair was on his chest. “How should I help you relax then? We can’t play if you’re like this, my pet.” He wrapped his arm around her waist and rested his chin on her shoulder. “You don’t need to be afraid, dear, I won’t bite... hard.” He smiled widely to bare his teeth.

“I... don’t know.” She felt herself blush harder.

“If you don’t want to do anything tonight, as slightly disappointing as it would be, I understand. That’s what makes you charming. You’re so innocent, it’s positively adorable, but I know there’s a sassy little minx in there that’s dying to come out and play with me.” His hands moved to her thighs as he ran them along the inside. Charlie’s breath became shallow. He nudged her legs open and moved her knees so they were above his own, his legs forcing her legs open wider. “Do you want to stop?”

“N-no...” she gasped as he lazily ran his middle finger up her core, applying slightly more pressure where her bundle of nerves was and gently rubbed it. Charlie’s hands clamped down in his legs.

“I won’t force you to do anything you don’t want to, my dear, but please know this, once we do
this, you are mine. I will allow you to still be with your lady friend to keep up the normalcy around here, but I will play with you every chance I get, and as we learn more about one another,” His other hand reached up into her shirt to knead the soft mounds of her breasts, “I expect you to have a little more confidence in yourself. I take only one pet, one lover at a time and there is nobody I desire as much as I do you this moment.” He nipped her pulse, eliciting a cry of pleasure from the woman melting in his arms. She rocked her hips the best she could to make more contact with his finger, “You are mine, Charlotte Magne. Do you understand this?”

She panted, “Y-Yes.”

“What are you to me?”

“A... play thing?” She whimpered as she felt his middle finger toy with the edge of her panties near her womanhood. ‘Please!’ She mentally pleaded.

“Very good. You’re learning already.” He opened his legs slightly wider. Charlie removed her hands from his legs to remove her shirt and tossed it to the ground. Alastor kissed her bare shoulders. “When do I expect for us to play?”

“Whenever... you... desire. Ah!” The demon below her slipped his finger underneath her panties and delicately stroked her, mindful of his claws. “Ah...Alastor...”

“Tell me, Princess, what is it that you desire from me? I won’t always be so generous with giving but because you were such a very good girl, I’ll take care of you tonight, but next time I expect compensation.” He pinched her nipple and twisted slightly, causing her back to arch away from his chest.

“I want...” She took a deep breath and leaned back into him, her right arm reaching behind her to entangle itself in his hair while her left rub her neglect teat. “To... to... feel you touch me. Your mouth on me.”

“Taste you?” He whispered into her ear, his voice dripping with the hunger he felt for her. Before she could respond, he grabbed the sides of her panties and sliced them off with his claws. Charlie would have been upset had it not been for his fingers return to her now fully exposed clit and rubbing it in circle motions with two fingers.

Charlie grasped a fist full of his hair, but the red head didn’t mind. Instead he trailed hot, open mouth kisses from the back of her neck to the middle of her shoulder blades and ran his tongue back up. Charlie let him go and dropped her left hand to rest on top of the one at her core. Wordlessly, Alastor understood what she was asking for and trailed his fingers down toward her throbbing opening, her juices already leaking out to coat his skilled fingers.

“My, oh my, Charlie dearest. Wet so soon?” He chuckled darkly. He slipped his middle finger inside and relished at hot velvety feeling of her insides, clamping down on him with need. He gently pumped her.

Charlie’s eyes closed as her head fell toward her chest, a breathless moan escaping her lips. She braced herself on his strong legs to lift her hips to rock into his hand as he inserted another finger into her.

“Al... Alastor.” It was like music to his ears. She made a whining noise in the back of her throat as he pulled his hand away to see how thick the clear sticky liquid of her excitement was.

“Do you taste good?” He teased as he brought his hand toward her lips. Without thinking, Charlie
took the two digits into her mouth and swirled her tongue around them, suckling them like a new born babe. In all her years, she never actually tasted herself, only on the lips of her lovers. To taste herself purely caused her to moan delightfully. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Alastor picked her up bridal style. Charlie reached up to kiss him but he pulled away, “Nuh uh, darling... no kissing. Not yet at least. You may do so if things between and your lady are done and I have you all to myself. I know what that naughty little mouth of yours has done with her and I don’t wish to taste her. Only you.” She pouted. Alastor chuckled and kissed her black spotted nose.

Gently he placed her as close to the center of the massive bed as he could, crawling in after her. Charlie suddenly felt shy and closed her legs and covered her chest. Alastor shook his head and peeled her arms away.

“Too late for that, my dear. Now, let me take a good look at you. Open up.” He kneeled between her legs. Charlie gulped and nodded, slowly relaxing her legs to bare herself to him. She reached up for a pillow to put behind her head.

Alastor nodded approvingly, “Stunning, simply stunning, sweetheart. Oh how I can’t wait for next time already.” He leaned forward until his hands were on either side of her head to hold himself up above her. He gazed down at her and licked his lips, “I’m going to thoroughly enjoy this while it lasts, and may it last for a while.”

Charlie wanted to slap herself for just nodding like a idiot. She should be hoping that whatever he planned on doing to her would quench the fire he started so she could pull out from their arrangement and forget that she was ever unfaithful to her girlfriend. A deep part of her snarled at the idea of hitting and quitting it. His gentle touches were addicting, imagine his dick?

Alastor retuned his right hand to her folds and once again inserted his fingers into her and placed his thumb on her clit. He started off slowly as first as Charlie began to writhe beneath him, her eyes fluttering close. He caught her wrists in his left hand and held them above her head as he watched her watch him descend on her chest. She let out a shuttered breath as he planted another open mouth kiss in the middle of her chest and trailed feathery kisses to her right nipple.

He continued to watch her with hooded eyes as his tongue slipped out to caress and swirl around the beaded and sensitive nub. She hissed, inhaling a large amount of air that caused her chest to push into his mouth. He closed his mouth around the pink areola and gave it a harsh suck before letting go and soothing it again with his tongue.

Charlie’s mind began to blank as she concentrated on him. ‘Holy shit...’ she thought as she rocked her hips the best she could in her position, ‘Me and Alastor... I’m being finger fucked by the Radio Demon.’ The thought sent a wave of electricity to course through her body, her arousal spiking and more juices to flow out of her tight little hole. Alastor chuckled.

“I wonder darling, are you a squirted?” His smooth voice, unfiltered, drove her mad as he talked dirty to her. “I’ve been curious as to what you are like in bed, but tonight I’ll let you be my pillow princess. Does my hand make you feel good?” His middle finger arched up and deep inside her, touching on a pleasure spot she didn’t know existed. Her eyes popped open and her mouth made a little ‘o’, her muscles clamping even harder in his fingers, as if begging him to stay where he was.

“So expressive you are, Charlie. I absolutely adore it.” He kissed the column of her neck and softly nipped at the delicate skin, causing Charlie to shutter. He then continued down her body, kissing and nipping at the nipple he hadn’t played with and further down he went toward the source of her heat.

Charlie felt as if her heart was going to burst out of her chest. Was he really going to eat her out?

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She was surprised she wasn’t worried about his very sharp teeth. It actually excited her more.

Alastor removed his fingers and spread her folds open, admiring the rosy colored flesh of her dripping pussy. She smelled sweet. He leaned in and kissed her clitt, causing Charlie to cry out. He licked his lips. She tasted just as delicious.

“Ah... Al...” she whimpered, propping herself up on her elbows, “Please...”

“Please what, dear?” He leaned back to stare at her, “I’m a little preoccupied at the moment.” Charlie fell back into the bed and put the pillow over her face as a loud, pleasurable moan erupted from deep within as soon as the Radio Demon’s wicked tongue tortuously licked her sweet spot, flicking her bud when it made contact. He savored her. It was almost peachy in taste. A man could get addicted.

Alastor suckled her clit as carefully as possible, mindful to not knick her with a point of his jagged tooth. Dear sweet Charlie... the noises she was making made him want to forget what he said about him doing all the work as a reward for tonight and just take her.

‘No...’ he scolded himself, ‘Deny her true fulfillment tonight. Make her crave it. She’ll never think to leave you once she gets it. Nothing will satisfy her like I can. Ruin her for all others once you’re done with her. Just like the others.’

He grabbed onto her hips and pulled them up with him as he kneeled again, her top half of her body supported by her shoulders. One of his hand reached for her tender button to rub soft circles on it as he reached as deep as he could inside her with his tongue. His mouth filled with her essence.

Charlie’s muscle began to spasm and her thighs clenched around his head. Her moans became louder, and suddenly she didn’t care if she was heard by the other occupants of the hotel. Alastor wasn’t stopping her.

“Alastor!” She yipped, reaching behind her and felt around for him. She gasped as she made contact with a certain part of his anatomy she desperately wanted. Her eyes bugged. He was definitely a bit above average and based on what she could feel through his pants, he had girth. How the hell did he hide that on an average day? She wanted to see it and taste him. “Alastor please... I want you... in me. Fuck me.”

He lowered her hips to rest on his lap and leaned over her again, “Not tonight, I said only a treat.” His hand returned to her, “Now then... why don’t you cum for me, darling? Let me see what that pretty little face of yours looks like, hmm?”

Charlie’s mouth hung open as her eyes closed again. She rocked her hips against his hand, trying to make them go deeper. He found her g-spot again and she let out a sob. She was going to...

“Alastor... oh, god... Alastor!”

“That’s it, Charlie, be a good girl and cum for me.” She squeaked and arched her back again as she felt one of his fingers from his other hand effortlessly insert itself into her ass. The sensation of both holes being toyed with took her over the edge. Her entire body tensed. She covered her mouth and screeched to high heaven, feeling something coil then rupture as the flood gates opened up. She poured into his waiting hand like a burst water pipe. Alastor cocked a brow. So she was a gusher.

She let a ragged breath and collapsed, her body glowing in the aftermath. “S-sorry... I... I got all over you and your sheets.”
Alastor laughed, “It’s alright. It’s what I asked for anyway.” He raised his hands to his mouth and sensually licked his fingers as Charlie watched him, “Lovely, absolutely lovely dear. I definitely will enjoy this.”

Charlie gulped. “Me too.”

Chapter End Notes

*deep breaths*

That took a while to piece together... but thank you all so kindly for being patient. Perhaps it wasn’t what you expected but I know we were long over due for some action. It’s been really long since I’ve done this so hopefully you liked it :D

Thank you all for your patience!! I’m so glad you all understand how a simple line like “update soon” stresses me. I know I need to take time for myself and I did yesterday, which led to me finishing this up right before work.

I hope you all enjoy it.

Thank you Lilly for reaching out to me on Instagram and showing me the rough sketches of what you have going for your fan art. I am ELATED!!! AHHH!! I can’t wait for the finished product!!

If y’all make fan art and wanna tag me, or hit me up on Instagram, you can find me at @GlitchtheMighty. I’m not on it often save for the Skeletor Memes I like posting lol but when I am on, I’ll definitely respond!
Chapter Summary

Charlie, unable to cope with her mixed feelings, seeks help from an unlikely friend.

Chapter Notes

I... am... blessed...

I am on the cusp of 1000 kudos, my Charlastor is at the heels of some of the most viewed RadioDust fics (not that I read them, but I had to see what my boyfriend would see if he decided to continue his search for my fic since I confessed to him lol), and I am just so thankful for this experience and my apparent growing fan base。˚(´ω`)˚。 I will be responding to the reviews left behind last chapter later tonight when I’m on break or back home from work.

My apologies for the wait, I actually got hit with some writer’s block because hot damn, how was I supposed to pick up after THAT? I also needed some time to destress from this weekend and I got to spend time with my boyfriend yesterday and some good friends last night. High light of my week: I got to touch the hand of Alfonso Ribiero at work! I miss Fresh Prince and Carlton so much lol

To my friends reading this, may you not judge me at work ¯\_(ツ)_/¯ I probably should have waited until I was transferred to the warehouse so you wouldn’t see my shameless face hahahaha

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Charlie was in a trance as she sat through Alastor’s projected budget estimates for the first quarter of the hotel’s opening, set in three days. The morning had started rather rough during breakfast service as the news reported her and Radio Demon together at the Birds of Paradise Lounge together and snapped a picture of them entering and exiting the building. Thankfully Mimzy had called in and ripped the morning news anchor a new one for violating her guests’ privacy and no picture rule within the building or within 100 yards. An apology was immediately issued, especially since one of Mimzy’s many regulars down below was the station head who did not want to encourage such behavior from his reporters. Charlie wished she never listened to Angel about installing the large plasma TV in the dining room.

Vaggie had been peeved, but calmed down as Alastor had taken it upon himself to apologize for not being more careful in maintaining Charlie’s and the hotel image, which shocked both girls at how sincere he sounded. Charlie was impressed, he was a fantastic liar. She blushed and looked away every time their eyes met. She still couldn’t believe that in the wee hours of the morning, he was knuckle deep inside her until she literally exploded on his hand, wrist, and lap. The looks he would give when Vaggie wasn’t paying attention promised many wicked things to come.

Angel had been the one to get the biggest kick out of it and laughed at the absurdity of it. As he put
it, “Deadly Deer Daddy is no way in hell interested in Princess Goody Goody, but if so, then [he] was the Virgin Mary.” Of course, the whole time their resident porn star gave the golden haired owner a look that promised relentless teasing. Charlie hid her face as Vaggie stared daggers at the spider. Husk actually cracked a smile and laughed a little at how the media tried to spin the story into something scandalous while Niffty giggled. If only they knew...

Charlie gulped. Angel was more perceptive than he let on. Had there been that strong of an an attraction since the beginning? Why hadn’t anyone else noticed? Last night had blown her away, and try as she might to deny it, she wasn’t sure she’d be strong enough to tell Alastor ‘no’ any time soon, or ever. Could Angel be trusted to be a confidante? Probably not, but she needed someone to talk to and her options were limited.

“Charlie, honey?” Vaggie’s voice broke through her thoughts. Charlie jumped a little.

“Huh? Oh, sorry... guess I spaced out.” She covered her mouth and yawned.

Vaggie smiled a little, “It’s ok, you were out late.” She turned back to Alastor, “Color me impressed, Al.” Vaggie said, crossing her legs as she went over the numbers again, mindful of her short spaghetti strap white dress, “We only got three out of the six that came to the reception, plus this Mimzy friend of yours. The only thing is... what’s the catch?”

“Vaggie!” Charlie gasped. Alastor had been more than helpful since his arrival. Had there an ulterior motives, surely one of them would have caught on by now or the very least he’d had upped and left as the wait for the residents had been a long time.

The moth held her hand up toward Charlie, effectively silencing her, “Look... if it were this easy to get nearly thirty grand, if Mimzy will donate this much, it wouldn’t be suspicious. This is a lot of money for 13 people a month, for now, and you’re telling us they’ll up their donations should we get more patients? This doesn’t feel right.”

Alastor smiled as sincerely as he could, though it creeped Vaggie out more than anything as he leaned forward to put his arms on his desk. “My dear, here I thought you were beginning to trust me.” The radio frequency shifted.

“Trying to... but don’t count on it.” She shot back with a smirk of her own. “You said so yourself it wasn’t wise to.”

“Touché.” He grinned and clasped his hands together on the desk, “There isn’t much of a catch. Aside from advertising once we believe we’re sustainable, the donors have asked that I keep them within the circle of what goes on. Much like myself, they believe this to be amusingly ludicrous and would like a report on our guests for entertainment purposes from time to time. I’ll make sure to be brief and vague for confidentiality purposes and fluff the contents to your liking.” He cocked his head to the right, staring at Vaggie as his radio voice shifted in the static. “While I may not believe in the success of what you’re trying to achieve, I still wish for success in keeping this place running until they and I get bored. If all goes well, they may continue to aid you financially even after I take my leave.”

Vaggie glared at him as Charlie’s heart dropped. Entertainment, it was always about the entertaining idea this would blow up in their faces. In Charlie’s case, she didn’t him to go yet, not when she was exploring a new side to herself she didn’t know she had, “How do you plan on that? You’re not heading any of the programs, and I really hope you’re not helping with sessions.” She glanced at Charlie. “We shouldn’t be discussing what goes on during therapy.”

The princess frowned a little, her large black eyes staring at him, “Al, I don’t know... we’re dealing
with a lot of sensitive information here. I don’t want to ruin their trust before we even build it. We revised how we’re going to get to the root of their punishment here in Hell and hopefully find a way to rehabilitate and redeem them. Even if you didn’t mean it, you made us realize that on day one. This isn’t a daycare anymore. We may actually have a chance of redeeming sinners.”

He drummed the fingers of his left hands on his desk, his claws clacking on the hard wood, “Need I remind you without their help, what’s left of the money given by your parents will deplete quickly. I find it unwise for you to sink all your money into this.” He stopped his drumming and propped his chin on his palm. “They drove a hard bargain. This was the best I could do under the circumstances that didn’t involve them visiting to see how we spend their money as you want to be a non-profit, but feel free to renegotiate new terms next time. Perhaps you would have better luck?” Alastor’s grin never wavered.

Charlie rubbed her cheek with her right hand, “He has a point Vaggie. Before you say anything, I know... we shouldn’t discuss what goes on during sessions outside of us and our patients. However, what if we give him summaries? That way they only know what we want them to and Alastor won’t get roped into patient care.” She batted her lashes at Vaggie, a hopeful smile on her face.

Vaggie crossed her arms, weak to Charlie’s cuteness, “I suppose that’s a better option if we have to. I don’t exactly want to lose our sponsorships before getting a chance to put it through good use.” She pursed her lips for a moment before sighing, “Ok. I agree with Charlie’s plan. We give you summaries of information that will appease them but keep our patients information as confidential as possible.”

Alastor nodded. “Very well, I’ll make due with it. Thank you ladies. Is the budget distributed to your liking?” Both of them nodded as they stood up to leave. “Excellent. I will see you later for that interview on the picture show to fix this little mess of a misunderstanding we found ourselves in.”

“I wish we didn’t have to go back yet. Not until everything is settled here.” Vaggie sighed, looking back at the Radio Demon as she reached the doorway, hand on the knob, “Well, I suppose we couldn’t keep you hidden as a silent partner as I had hoped.”

Alastor cocked a brow, “Best we keep things transparent to avoid such scandals in the future. They were bound to find out anyway.”

Vaggie rolled her eye, “Worried about your reputation?”

Alastor chuckled, “Hardly. I only wish to avoid any future public ridicule toward our dear, sweet princess before the real fun begins. I’m sure you understand. If only everyone could be in awe of her as they were last night.” ‘And when she and this ridiculous place serves it purpose, I’ll enjoy the cries of their sweet pain and suffering before ending it all.’ He flashed her a toothy smile as he tilted his head. Vaggie said nothing as she turned to walk out, shaking her head at his typical answer.

“I’ll be out in a moment. I’ll meet you in the front.” Charlie told Vaggie as she closed the door behind the moth. She leaned on it and shyly looked up at Alastor through her lashes. She let out a shaky breath.

“Yes, doll?”

“A-about last night...” she stood up straight and walked toward him to sit at the edge of his desk, “I don’t know how often I can trick Vaggie for a midnight rendezvous, but maybe we could like... set up a schedule or something?” She smiled and laugh nervously.
Alastor’s radio frequency crackled and he chuckled while the ghostly audience laughed, “Where’s your sense of spontaneity and adventure?” He ran his hand through his hair, ears twitching slightly.

She smiled at him, “Spontaneous sexcapades, hmm? I should have known.” Charlie slid off the table and put her hands behind her head as she faced away from him, “I feel bad.”

“No!” She covered her mouth for a moment, embarrassed about the desperation in her voice, “I mean... I don’t know. I’m just babbling now. I guess I don’t know how to put into words what’s in my head. I’m just worried that you’ll get bored easily and leave.... and... and so would the sponsors, of course. I know Vaggie means well, and I’m glad she’s starting to kind of warm up to you even if it doesn’t seem like it, but she’s right. We can’t say much about what goes on during our sessions. I hope they understand and don’t withdraw. I’ll um... I’ll see you later.”

“Good day, my dear.”

As she walked to the door, she looked back at Alastor as he opened a drawer to his left to pull out a typewriter to make a new revised draft. She smiled a little and slipped out the room, closing the door behind her.

Alastor looked up and narrowed his eyes, his smile falling until it was nearly nonexistent. He needed to do something about Vaggie. She was hindering his progress with the princess.

“I suppose if I up the lovey dovey-ness, perhaps she may see things my way. It would be much more savory than offing her.

———-

Vaggie had gone to help Niffty put fresh linen in the rooms that were to be occupied in a few days, leaving Angel free for the rest of the afternoon. He was at the bar enjoying an afternoon Margarita and browsing through HellFace and InstaSin when Charlie stood to his left. He gave her a side eye, his brow up in question.

“Afternoon, Ms. Goody Goody.” He snickered, “What brings you down from your tower to join our lowly ranks?”

“Can... can I talk to you? Perhaps in the green house?” She looked down at her shoes and rubbed her left arm.

He set his margarita down, “Am I in trouble again?” He frowned, “I didn’t mean to break another bed when I was napping. I swear this time.”

“What? No... wait... what bed?” She furrowed her brows, “Angel, we’ve been over this. You don’t need to ‘test’ every bed. What are you even doing on them that’s causing them to collapse? We had
to replace three last week.”

He rolled his eyes, “Quality insurance for the old ones?”

“Angel...” Charlie said in disappointment, crossing her arms.

“I’d say ‘take it out of my check’ but seeing as I live here rent and pay free, you’re tough outta luck. Mom.” He sipped from the straw, purposely slurping the contents.

“She could always just kick you out.” Husk interjected, leaning on the bar with a bottle of booze near his lips, “Save her some money in the long run and spare us from our pain and suffering listening you yap all day.”

Angel looked at him with a mock hurt expression, “Ooh baby, don’t go giving her any ideas. I just wanted to see which ones are good ones for us to have a little fun on. I like it rough, after all.” He rested his head on two of his hands and winked.

“Fuck off.” The cat grumbled.

Angel laughed, “Been trying to with you, handsome. Top or bottom, it’s your choice though I like being bottom. You won’t know if you like it until you try it!” He got up and turned to face Charlie, missing Husk bare his teeth and fight back a disgusted snarl, “After you, toots.”

The two walked to the east side of the building and turned the corner pass the offices to reach a door at the end of the hall that opened up to a large two story Victorian style greenhouse roughly the size of a basketball court. Most of the plants had withered and rotted away, but the dark purple, almost black, succulents clung to life. Angel picked up a pot with small skulls clinging to the dried stem. The label on the pot read ‘Snapdragon’.

“Neat. So... what did you wanna talk about that has us secluded?” He set the pot down on the table and picked up pruning shears to examine with disinterest.

Charlie rubbed her eyes with the heels of her palm and let out a frustrated sigh, “How... how did you know?” She dropped her hands to her side and sat on one of the stools at a work table near them. Angel raised a brow in question, “About... about Alastor?”

Angel was quiet, still confused at what the princess was trying to get at. She tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear and blushed, looking away and gnawed at her bottom lip. The spider gasped excitedly.

“Oh... my... god... you slut!” All four hands clenched into fists at his chest as he squealed, “Details... DETAILS! Does he got a shlong like a regular joe or an actual deer?”

Charlie groaned, “Angel! This is serious.” Charlie’s face contorted into a pained expression, “You can’t breathe a word to Vaggie. She... doesn’t, and can’t, know. I... I honestly don’t know how it ended up like this. I’m trusting you Angel, please. I... I need someone to talk to about this.” She looked up at him, tears pricking her eyes, “I don’t want to lose Vaggie, she completes me in almost every way but the sex... I didn’t realize I needed more than what she could give me and he and I haven’t even gone all the way yet... but... damn.” She covered her face and took a calm breath.

Angel rubbed the back of his head and looked up, feeling awkward already, “Ya know, it’s nice to be trusted. I promise, I won’t snitch. I never was and never will be a snitch. Least I can do for you keepin’ a roof over my head. One condition... maybe two.” Charlie looked up at him hesitantly as he smiled devilishly, “I want all the juicy details. I wanna be able to picture his dick when I close my eyes. Second, I want three days off instead of two per week.” He put his two upper hands to his
cheeks as he leaned back on the other two on the work desk, “Is he as delicious as I think he is? Daddy’s got a face I would love to sit on.”

Charlie felt her face heat up. Maybe this was a bad idea. “I... I haven’t seen it yet but... I kinda felt it. Um, I haven’t been with a lot of guys but he’s pretty um... well endowed? I don’t think it’s a deer penis, not that I’ve ever seen one.”

“I knew that big dick energy was legit! Tell me, Princess, what made you do it? I thought you were all high n mighty with that anti-sin bullshit, but I see you’re just like the rest of us.” He crossed his arms under his chest fluff and crossed his legs at the ankle. He smirked, his golden tooth biting his lower lip.

Charlie looked away, “I know. I’m being hypocritical with discouraging acts of sin. I mean, Vaggie and I aren’t married, but cheating is still just as terrible, regardless. I don’t know why I caved... he just makes me feel, alive? He woke up something in me Vaggie never did and try as I might to ignore it, I couldn’t say no. I thought I was going crazy so I caved. My dad was right... I am weak willed.” She rubbed her arms and frowned.

Angel tsked, “To be fair, I’m sure Vaggie would be sucking his dick if he paid her any attention. He’s a sick and weird bastard, but fuck me, I’m jealous he only swings one way.” The spider stood up straight and walked around a little, “Is that all you wanna talk about?”

“N-not exactly. Angel, I said haven’t been with a lot of guys, and I’m a couple hundred years old. I’ve been with more girls if anything, and last night I realized I can be kinda awkward and he said next time I should be more confident, but I’m honestly really nervous. I was wondering, since you’re so... versed...” She pursed her lips, wondering if she should continue.

“Are... are you asking me for sex advice?” He threw his head back and laughed. Charlie pouted. Angel wrapped his arms around his torso, trying to breath through the fit “I’m sorry... it’s just funny. Sure toots, I’ll help. So we got a deal?”

“Consecutive or spaced out?” She smiled thankfully at him and offered her hand to him to shake on it.

“Honey, consecutive.”

The trio sat in the back of Charlie’s limo as her goat butlers drove them to the news station for their interview on the 6 o’clock news. Vaggie was going over Charlie’s cue cards and sighed as she spotted the pictures of rainbows and unicorns again, but decided it was best not to comment on them. She just hope they didn’t have another musical number. She glanced at Alastor who was also guilty of randomly jumping into song and dance numbers, albeit it had been a one time occurrence since he made life into a brief musical.

Vaggie leaned her head on Charlie’s shoulder and closed her eye, “I swear, if that bitch says anything rude again and talks crap about the hotel... ayudame dios... I’ll ram my spear so far up her ass and put her over a fire to feed her to the cannibals.” She smoothed down the front of her favorite double titty x dress.

Charlie giggled, “It’ll be fine Vaggie. At least we have more to talk about this time on air. I just hope it doesn’t scare off anyone about to move in. I want to avoid putting a gate around the property, but if they start harassing us...”
“Leave it all to me dear. I can handle the security measures at the hotel while the both of you direct your attention to our hopeless sinners, at least until we know how well this revised plan of yours works.” Alastor looked up from polishing his mic staff.

Vaggie frowned and was about to say something but Charlie cut her off, “Vaggie is in charge of security, but you can help. Thank you.” Vaggie felt her heart flutter a little as Charlie defended her position. Maybe she wasn’t completely at his mercy.

“As you wish.” The car came to a stop, “Ah, seems we’ve arrived. Put on your best smiles, ladies. The show is about to begin.”

Chapter End Notes

โด (ô_ô°)的成功更新！

抱歉它不是激情的，我确定你们都想要更多但没什么好担心的，它将会再次开始挑选起来（≧∀≦）我已接受并接受了这个部分的我，我以为我已经在很多年前杀了它，所以请期待更多的性感时刻在这一复杂的网络中。

我一直看Charlie的前男友的粉丝艺术，我想在故事中介绍他。他肯定是Helsa的哥哥（另一个我正在考虑包含的角色），根据家庭肖像和单独的Charlie和一个绿色男子的图片。你们能为他提出一个名字吗，因为还没有一个名字。我会在3章后选择前5名，然后开始投票。这是一个酷的Von Eldritch名字吗？

谢谢你们的爱和支持！
Charlie discuss Hotel matters at the 666 News studio with Alastor, and certain secrets are revealed.

I would like to take a moment to thank Kryptum for the amazing fanart they did! I’m sorry I forgot to include your shout out last chapter! You and Loveroyal101 are amazing ❤️

I’ve also been trying to heed your guy’s advice and slow my roll with updates and not stress myself out too badly. I also need to rest some because A) Hell week is upon us at work, and B) I feel my tendinitis acting up.

To all of you who finished up finals, I hope you passed! ❤️

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It’s going to be one hell of a crazy week weather wise so watch out for those acid rains and hail storms! Back to you Tom and Katie!”

“Thank you, Bob, for that weather update. Next, at the top of the hour we have a returning...” Katie Killjoy sighed exasperatedly and gritted her teeth. She closed her eyes and clicked her pen, “guest with us who promises not to throw the first punch. Plus an exclusive on this morning’s big news we had to apologize for but apparently can talk about now because station management can’t make up their damned minds!”

“That’s right folks. Hell’s Princess is back in the studio with none other than the Radio Demon himself, Alastor! More after the break!” Tom said cheerily.

“AND CUT!” Cried the camera man. “Two minutes folks, two minutes!”

“God dammit!” Shrieked Katie as she threw her hands in the air, knocking her head back to let out a sickening crack as her neck snapped. A red skinned female Imp intern with a bob cut carefully slid a mug of scorching hot coffee over on the counter and lit up a cigarette for the white skinned news anchor who snatched it. “Why couldn’t we just send the junior news reporters to interview them, catch them in the act if they’re actually fucking.”

Tom shrugged, “Hey, sorry... it’s not like much gets out of B.O.P., but I’m telling you what I saw and what I heard. There’s something sexy going on.” He wiggled his brow on his masked infused face and let out a lecherous giggle. “You gotta know how to read eyes.”

Katie snapped her head back into place, setting her pen down, “Can it, you limp dick noodle. I told you, that’s going to have to be done by a P.I. or something to see if it is true. I would just love to
drag that Goody Goody through the mud. Oh great, they’re here.” She frowned and looked away, taking a large drag from her cigarette to blow toward Tom. He coughed a little and fanned the smoke away. “Charlotte.” She said with disgust once she and Alastor reached the riser.

“It’s Charlie.” She looked everywhere but at the news anchor. She picked some lint off her pink blazer and black slacks. She wasn’t ready to face the two after last time.

Katie rolled her pin needle eyes. “Whatever.”

“Ladies, ladies. Let’s be civil shall we? We’re about to share the spotlight!” Alastor said, pulling a seat out for Charlie to sit in. Vaggie stayed behind camera to cue Charlie when needed in case she froze up. The Radio Demon sat between the princess and the news reporters.

Katie rolled her eyes, “As if you’re any better? Last time we ran into each other, you were such a dick.”

Alastor took his monocle off to polish it, “Have we met? I don’t recall.” He said with a bored tone to his voice despite the smile on his face. Katie snapped her cigarette in half and growled, but opted to bite her tongue instead of responding. Charlie giggled behind her hand.

“Back on air in 3! 2!” The camera men zoomed in on Katie and Tom as they shuffled their notes.

“We’re back, and with us is Princess Charlotte Magne and Alastor, the notorious Radio Demon. As we heard from sources, and by sources I mean micro penis here,” Her fake smile was strained as she turned her head to face the duo.

“Hey!” Tom cried, slapping his hands on the counter.

“Last night you two were seen together and looking rather cozy at the Birds of Paradise Lounge, a Hell renowned sex club with strict near media blackout rules. While we can’t ask for details on other patrons or how one gets access to the club below because not even the fiend next to me made it in, we can, however ask you a few questions as to why you were there since you’re willing to be on air. Care to elaborate?” Katie cocked her head, the sound of more bones snapping mercilessly caused some of the camera crew to mutter.

“Certainly!” Alastor said with a big smile, staring directly at the camera, “Charlie and I were hoping to wait a little longer before making an announcement, but this is a good time as any!” His background audience cheered, “After the brilliant performance on this here picture show two months ago, I sought out our dear princess and offer her some assistance. The poor thing was a little in over her pretty little head.” Everyone in the room whipped their heads to look at the Radio Demon who just sat there and smiled wider, chuckling a little, “Despite my reputation, I can be quite charitable if the right chords are struck and this here charming demon belle of ours played me like a fiddle.”

Katie tilted her head a little, “So, you believe a demon could be redeemed and go to heaven?”

Alastor laughed boisterously, “Good heavens, not at all!” He folded his hands and placed them on the table, giving Katie and Tom a side glance, “I find it amusing and I’m a curious fellow. It seemed like a good idea at the time and I haven’t any regrets thus far, though the residents haven’t arrived just yet. We still have a few days left before the grand reopening,” the radio clapped excitedly, “which at that time we had hoped to make this announcement once our princess’s patients settled themselves in.” He reached over with his right hand and patted Charlie’s shoulder, “A new program has been developed since it was made clear the last idea was nothing more than fantasy! Charlie, dear, care to tell our listeners?”
Charlie blushed. He didn’t have to say it like that. It wasn’t just fantasy. “Thank you, Al. Ooh, I wish I had a board.” Alastor snapped his fingers, materializing a blackboard and some chalk for her. He gave her a toothy smile, “Thanks. Yes... well... after much consideration and debate, we figured the best route to take on the road to redemption is to first analyze why a sinner ended up in Hell in the first place.”

“So it’s a program for sinners and not Hell born demons?” Tom asked, looking bored as he leaned on his hand. Katie yawned next to him.

“For now, yes. Once we figure out the best treatment, we can expand on it. As I was saying...” she cleared her throat and wrote ‘sin’ on the board, “We first need to get to the root of their sin, try to classify it by one of the seven deadly sins. By determining which one, or ones, they committed, we can see which path to take.” From the word sin she extended other bubbles and wrote down each sin. From them she continue with another bubble at each one, “Wrath? Anger management. Sloth? Charity work to keep them going. Gluttony? Dieting and self control. So on and so forth. We need to figure out why these sins were committed, and through one-on-one sessions and group therapy, we can hopefully find redeeming qualities. We also need to break any bad habits they may have that are questionable.” She smacked the chalk stub on the board, wrapping up the bubble chart she created. Her eyes were wide with excitement. She glanced at Vaggie who gave her two thumbs up, then at Alastor who looked a tad bit impressed as this was the first time he was hearing all this. She didn’t know it, but a sense of pride washes over him as she stood there, radiating confidence.

“I believe those who have been here the longest may have a good chance at rehabilitation and be redeemed because theoretically, they would have repented for their sins for some time. Together, despite what my partner thinks, I believe we have a chance for another judgement.”

“What about serial killers, rapists, addicts?” Tom asked, slightly more intrigued now.

“Ah yes, what of those who commit such atrocities for the sheer fun of it? Not out of pride, wrath, envy, or lust. I suppose greed could work.” Alastor summoned his mic and tapped the end of it against his chin to keep himself occupied. The background voices murmured before the frequency shifted. “We haven’t had a chance to thoroughly discuss treatment. While I may be helping in assisting you take care of the hotel finances, I ought to now what’s in store of our helpless sinners.”

Charlie bit her lip, “Without sitting down and discussing their past, I wouldn’t really know, but that’s why this is a leap of faith for all of us involved who believe in this project.” She turned back to her board, “I won’t rest until I find the right formula that’ll help my people, no matter the reason why they’re here.”

The news anchors sat in silence for a moment. Katie frowned and rolled her eyes, “One question, Princess...” Charlie nodded for her to continue, “What of the gays? If I’m not mistaken, your assistant manager at the hotel is also your girlfriend. Is that not a sin in most religions? While you might be able to rehabilitate a drug addict like Angel Dust, I don’t think there’s enough Holy Water in heaven to cleanse him of all the dirty dicks he’s been on. Hypothetically, wouldn’t your relationship with what’s her name prevent her from ascending? Isn’t that... selfish?” She smirked. “Here you are trying to act all high and mighty, trying to do a selfless thing for ‘your people’.” She used air quotes at the last words, “You want to discourage sin, yet you’re committing one.”

Charlie’s eyes widen in horror. The piece of chalk slipped from her hand and clattered in the floor, breaking in half. Even Alastor looked a little shocked as his eyes widen briefly, but he quickly regained composure and turned to look at the female anchor next to him, neck cracking as he didn’t fully turn toward her. The short haired blonde was quick to tear down Charlie, that was for sure.

“My, my, my... such animosity toward a vulnerable class. Love is love, is it not? I have yet to meet
anyone here in Hell who is damned for the rest of eternity for the mere fact they’re a homosexual, or any sexual but hetero.” He pointed his staff toward Katie, clicking his tongue in mock scolding, “I do believe that kind of belief is conjecturing of the living who don’t know how the judgement works. The Bible and all other religious works have been revised and revamped to fit the times, who is to say it was never a sin at all? Look at the ancient Greeks and Romans, even the Chinese and the Japs. They have been known to take same sex lovers. It’s common knowledge, even if still a bit taboo, yet they weren’t stoned to death for it until much later.” Hymns began to play on his current radio frequency, adding to his lament of the injustice, “Even now, men of God up above say being anything but a heterosexual is a sin, yet year after year there are scandals, many with children!” The hymns came to a screeching halt, “I would love to see Charlie here redeem such a deplorable sinner. Even that makes my skin crawl. Of course, I am certain they are here for tearing away the innocence of a child, not because he laid with someone with genitalia like his own. A child is pure. Only a monster would ruin that.”

He turned back to Charlie who was fuming, scleras red, irises golden, and horns protruding from her forehead as she glared daggers at Killjoy. She snapped out of as Alastor stood and reached for her hand to calm her, not caring that they were still live on the air and how the interaction would be perceived. As much as Alastor would have enjoyed seeing his partner rip into Killjoy, he knew it wouldn’t help the hotel in the long run and he had a deal to uphold. Charlie blinked a few times then sighed, returning to her chair with Alastor at her side. They continued to hold hands underneath the table. Charlie was thankful for it as she squeezed his hand in thanks.

“Like I said... without sitting down and discussing why they’re here, I can’t comment much on it. Same goes for any suiciders out there.” She let go of Alastor to rub her temples and stared at Vaggie who was shaking with rage, spear in her hand. The look she gave the news anchor promised a million painful deaths. Killjoy’s comment has rattled the both of them as neither thought to consider what their relationship may have seemed to others of more ‘recent’ times.

Tom leaned over to look at the two from behind his partner, “Interesting... What were you two doing at the B.O.P. lounge any way? You looked rather cozy.”

Alastor rolled his eyes, “That again? You two are trying to spin some whacky nonsense out of it. If you hadn’t realize it from the lashing this morning, Mimzy is a very dear friend of mine and I do frequent the dance floor at that establishment quite often.” Katie nearly choked on her coffee. The Radio Demon had friends? And danced? “While I cannot name any of the other sponsors, for confidential reasons, Charlie and I were there to talk to Mimzy about our project and the hopes of receiving her financial assistance. Of course, aside from what goes down below, my dear partner and I also went to dance, another thing this establishment is known for aside from the wild parties, I hear. Pardon us for having some fun. Who would have thought it create such hearsay. I honestly didn’t know the news reported speculative gossip.”

Katie’s eye twitched as she clicked her pen a few times to calm her nerves. The way he spoke irritated her, “So it was business?”

“Yup! Also a night full of dancing.” Charlie chimed. Her heart was racing. She shouldn’t have felt this nervous all of a sudden, but it felt like the walls were closing in on her, especially with the radio frequency coming Alastor slowly became louder and louder. She looked over at Vaggie who motioned for her to calm down and gave her a loving smile, despite her still being visible upset at Killjoy’s attempted verbal beat down. Charlie took a deep breath.

Tom rubbed his leathery forehead, “You guys missed out on some fun stuff then. Is the Radio Demon also in this program with Angel Dust? The last time you were here, Angel made you look like a complete jackass.” Tom chuckled at the memory, especially thinking back to when the
princess and his co-host got into a physical altercation. He frowned then. No one knew who set him on fire still.

It was Alastor who spoke up, “No, I am not looking for redemption, but the charity I’m providing for the hotel has brought some kind of fulfillment to pass the time while I waste away for eternity. It’s good to have hobbies.”

Katie’s frown spread into a sinister smile. She put her right hand to her ear piece and gasped, “This just in! Does she know you’re a cannibal, Alastor? Some might see this as a rotating buffet for you and a big conflict of interest with her anti-sin sentiments.”

Vaggie gasped and covered her mouth as she looked at Charlie, who sat motionless, staring blankly into the camera that zoomed in on her face. She had had her suspicions considering how he liked his steaks and had heard rumors. She should have been surprised, but she wasn’t.

The air around Alastor was dark and buzzed with radio static. For a brief moment his eyes glowed dangerously, radio dials flashing where his irises had once been. Runes floated about him. His shadow form appeared behind the camera crew, startling several of the employees as its raggedy form twitched in anger, eyes and mouth glowing.

Alastor sighed, a strained smile on his lips as he glared at the news anchor, his demonic shadow dissipating before a camera could capture it, “She... had not. No, I’m not there to eat the patients, I have a more refined palette than most cannibals. If I was such a glutton, I’d be working at the orphanages instead. I’m at the Hotel to see for myself if such a thing as redemption is possible. Is it not a fascinating concept after hearing her speech?”

“What are your thoughts on his dietary preferences, Princess?” Tom asked, ignoring Alastor as he bounced in his seat, hoping beyond hope the murderous red demon would take out his partner. Maybe this interview wasn’t going to be so boring after all. He glanced at the Ratings Board, pleased with the numbers as they slowly ticked back up.

“I’m...” She began, running a hand through her hair, snapping out of her momentary daze, “...a little shocked but my thoughts on him remain the same.” She looked at him and smiled, “He has been up front with us, with me, since his arrival. My fault for not asking.” She placed her right hand on his arm and reached out to hold his right hand on the table with her left. She could feel him relax a little as he reached with his left hand to cover her right hand “I have yet to find a reason not to trust him so far. It’s supposed to be a temporary partnership anyway, until he decides to move on from us. His interactions with the patients will be kept to a minimum so we have nothing to worry about.”

Alastor let her go, “Well, that’s a relief, my dear.”

“Sources also say you’re shacking up at the Hotel.” Katie continued, “Is this true?”

‘This woman...’ Alastor thought, clenching his fist slightly, the leather of his gloves creaking, “I am living on the premises, yes. I am part of Hotel staff after all, and I am assisting Charlie, so being on the property makes it easier for us to determine where our finances should be focused on. Charlie and the others are more concentrated on patient care while I handle the rest.” He turned his head slowly to look at both news anchors, trying to maintain his composure on air, though his patience was running paper thin. His classic Cheshire smile spread across his face but his eyes burned with a heated passion. “Anything else you’d like to know, my dear?” His eyes became dials again, as he slowly tilted his head to the side, “Comments perhaps?”

Katie and Tom gulped, leaning away from him. Tom was the first to speak up, “Is there anything
going on between you and the Princess aside from a partnership? You two looked very close last night.”

Charlie blushed. Alastor chuckled, “No, not that it’s any of your business anyway. We had a little too much to drink and got caught up with the dancing while celebrating. Aside from that, she is just a business partner. Nothing else.” Alastor didn’t like the taste it left behind in his mouth. She was anything but ‘just a business partner’. She was a great deal of things. A key to opportunities, an alibi, entertainment… a lover. He mentally frowned at the sentiments. “Charlie is in a committed relationship. I respect that, not that I have any feelings for her outside of our mutual friendship. If you have nothing else to ask about the hotel, I do believe we’re done. I am not interested in sitting here to discuss such foolish and childish gossip. We have much to prepare.”

Charlie turned toward the camera, “If anyone would like to give us a shot and join the program, stop by anytime for a free consultation at the Hazbin Hotel, formerly known as the Happy Hotel. We are here to serve the community and put an end to yearly exterminations.” She smiled awkwardly and let out a nervous laugh.

Katie frowned, “Well, looks like that wraps it up for now folks. You heard it hear, live on the 666 News. We’ll definitely touch base with these two to check up on their rehabilitation efforts. I’m your host, Katie Killjoy.”

“And I’m Tom Trench!”

“More after this the break.”

“CUT!”

“I’ll be keeping my eyes on you two.” Katie said as they stood. She lit up another cigarette from her coat pocket, “Especially you.” She looked up at Alastor, “I probably wouldn’t have cared much about this crap but knowing you’re there makes things a bit intriguing.”

“I’ll be sure to be on my best behavior, but you’ll be disappointed to know I can actually be rather boring.” He placed a hand on his chest and bowed, “Ms. Killjoy, Mr. Trench. Until next time.”

“Did you hear about the killings in one of the other circles? Lots of low born royals were killed.” Katie looked away, examining her razor sharp nails, “No one knows who it was, but some evidence points to something similar that happened to a couple of overlords in the third circle a decade ago. Viscera everywhere, hearts missing. Claw marks. Some even say it looked similar to what you’ve left behind when you went on your rampage during your arrival.”

Alastor snickered, “Please. If it was as ghastly as you say it was, I’d probably have broadcasted it again for the sheer fun of it. As I’ve stated, I’ve found a new hobby.” Charlie looked at him with a concern look. Vaggie came and held her hand.

Katie chortled, and looked at Alastor’s female companions, “I’d say be careful, but I don’t give a shit. I’m just hope I’m there first to get it on camera when shit hits the fan and that place falls apart because of him.”

Alastor chuckled darkly, “My dear, I may not have the same views as our sweet princess, but I wouldn’t dare bite the hand that feeds. It’s all for entertainment purposes, and if it doesn’t provide what I seek, I’ll simply move on. I am not as cruel as some other overlords who are displeased. It’s when I am angered or wronged that you should be wary.” His held tilted as his eyes burned red again. Radio static echoed and a speaker at the far end of the room exploded. “Be careful who’s toes you step on, Ms. Killjoy, you’re not as powerful as you think, and I do believe you would taste
quite delicious.” His eyes went back to normal as he licked his lips, “Au revoir.”

The trio left the studio and headed for the elevator. The air was thick with tension. Charlie looked up at Alastor and frowned, “Why didn’t you tell me you were a cannibal?”

Alastor placed both hands at the top of his staff, leaning back against one of the walls of the elevator. “It was never brought up. Besides, it’s not like it’s something that I crave often like some savage. I can be quite picky with what I eat and it’s why I prefer to cook.” Charlie opened her mouth to say something, but Alastor chuckled, “No, I have not fed any of you demon meat or blood, nor have I brought it in. Venison on the other hand, considering what form I have, is perhaps the closest I’ve come to cannibalism at the hotel.”

Vaggie sighed, “I... I should have told you. I’m sorry.” She rested her head on Charlie’s shoulder, “I should have considered your thoughts on it. I thought I could handle it on my own since you already have so much on your plate.”

Charlie placed a chaste kiss on her girlfriend’s head, “It’s ok. It was shocking to hear at first, but I guess I’m not surprised. My parents dabble in it after all.” They reached the first floor and exited into the lobby area. They could see the limo outside the glass doors, “I just realized there’s still a lot I don’t know about you, Al. However, for what it’s worth... Thank you for not trying to eat us yet.” The three laughed. “I know you’re not in the program but... maybe we should have one-on-one sessions to discuss... you? I’ll keep it confidential.” She winked at him as he opened the back door for them, allowing the women to enter first.

Alastor cocked a brow, “You’re not worried that this was my devious plan all along?” The radio audience ‘ooh’ed.

Charlie shook her head, “No, it’s pretty common. So long as you promise not to eat our patients, I’ll let it slide.”

“You’re too lenient sometimes.” Vaggie said, a concern look set on her features.

Charlie looked out the window, watching the skyline fly by, “I have other things to worry about than be upset or whatever. If anything, what he’s done for us so far outweighs him not telling me.” She looked at him from the corner of her eye and smiled.

Everyone in the hotel had turned in for the night, except for Alastor. He sat alone in his dimly lit office, staring off into space as he recalled the interview. He nearly lost his composure. That Katie Killjoy really knew how to get under his skin. The Radio Demon frowned. He had wanted to put her in place more than anything, slice her throat with his claws, crush her neck, hell... rip out her entrails for provoking him. As glorious as it would have been to do it on live television, he couldn’t do anything to cast the hotel in a bad light. At least not yet.

He sighed as he got up to pour himself a drink. His mind drifted off to the possibility of the media snooping into places they didn’t belong, but he was thankful for the warning. He would take care of fail-safe measures, especially since he was sure his presence would catch the eye of some overlords he wasn’t on good terms with whose territories were near by. He growled as he bared his teeth. A minor set back, but nothing he couldn’t handle.

He heard a faint knock at his door and snapped his fingers to open it up. “Yes?” He said, still not facing his visitor, pouring the contents of the decanter into his glass.
"Is this... a bad time?" Came Charlie’s shy voice, “I can come back tomorrow.”

Alastor whirled around, a smile reappearing on his face without him even thinking about it, “Sweetheart, forgive my rudeness. Please come in. I thought you had gone to bed, it’s almost midnight.”

Charlie tightened her silk robe as she entered the room and closed the door behind her, “I couldn’t sleep. I was on my way to the kitchen to get something since I haven’t had a chance to do grocery shopping for me and Vaggie and saw your light on.”

He sat back at his desk and sipped his drink, staring at her over the rim of his glass. He studied her for a moment before setting his drink down on his desk and licked his lips. She looked enticing in red. The robe barely reached her thighs. “You should rest, darling. I can make you some tea if that’ll help. Never cared for it, but my mother used to make some when she couldn’t sleep at times. It always seemed to do the trick.”

Charlie slowly crossed the room. As soon as she reached his desk, she dragged her index finger across the smooth surface as she neared him, looking down while biting her lips.

Internally, she was screaming at herself to go back upstairs and not do the thing Angel told her to do. The damned spider had assured her the best way for him to help her was to first assess her flirting skills.

“Listen, I’m shocked he’d go for someone like ya. I’m not saying you’re a bad catch, but god dammit are you two stupidly different. I think... I think I might know what his kink might be, but we gotta know for sure.” his eyes were wide with excitement, fists clenching at his sides.

Charlie hesitated for a moment, “What do you mean?” She bit her knuckle, regretting telling her housekeeping assistant anything.

“Power play. From what you’ve told me...” he waved a finger on his right upper hand, his left moving behind his head, and the other two on his hips as he paced around, “He’s a top for sure, no doubt about it, but I also think he’s a switcher. Telling you to be confident? Command him? You gotta read between the lines, and believe me, it’s clear as day. Like a fucking neon sign.” All four hands extended out. “Girl, I’m jealous, so you better hold your end of the deal.”

Charlie blushed, “I don’t get it. What’s a switcher?”

Angel smiled sadistically, arching the brow of his blacken eye, “Whether it’s intentional or not, he wants you to be the dom from time to time if he’s not giving you the straight dicking. Probably because it’s royal pussy he’s fucking with.” He giggled, “Holy shit, this is sweeeeeeet.”

Charlie looked like a fish out of water, “R-really? But... he’s... like a super powerful demon. Vaggie told you what he did when he first arrived. I think you’re wrong. I-I don’t know.”

Angel cackled, putting a hand to his forehead, closing his eyes in disbelief, “Nah, of course you wouldn’t. You haven’t been around the block or the world like I have.” He then gave her playful look, “Strip to your underwear, bitch.”

“What!”

The spider walked toward her and with one set of hands began unbuttoning her blouse, the other set on his hips again, “I gotta see what I’m working with. I ain’t trying to cope a feel or see them... oh wow you got bigger titties than my fluff.” He reached for her hips, “How the fuck do you do that? Why are you hiding these? Oh my god, we’re going to drive him crazy. First and foremost,

“Skirts?” Charlie said as she buttoned herself up, feeling her blush darken. What had she done?

“I like Vaggie, and I feel kinda bad for helping you with this, but you’ll be a god damn masterpiece when we’re through.” He let a squeal that startled the demoness, “Ok. Here’s what I want you to do the next time you get a chance, and you better make this daddy proud. It’s simple so you shouldn’t fuck this up if you’re as awkward as you say you are.”

‘Now or never...’ she groaned.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you Th0t for the links to 2 really good pieces on Instagram. Inspiring content indeed!

I’m super stoked you guys like the fact Angel knows. Angel is the guy/gal pal we need.

Oh yes! I also joined Discord! Same user as here ❤ MighiestGlitch #2706

No one has asked, but as we get close to me having to describe a fully nude Strawberry Pimp, I would still like to mention that no, Alastor will not have a fuzzy little tail like so many fan arts. I thought about it, but decided not to use it.

Next chapter is NSFW ;) Let’s hope my thumbs recover soon 😎
Point of No Return

Chapter Summary

Charlie makes her advances on Alastor with surprising results.

Chapter Notes

Kryptum fanart: https://www.instagram.com/p/B5oDJT3ADfV/?igshid=123lp8xsl16a5

Loveroyal101 fanart: https://www.instagram.com/p/B6AiiamlVXi/?igshid=l5x2qltgukvo

Lazybee fanart: https://twitter.com/lazybee_art/status/1207803757494300672?s=21

LOOK AT THEM!!! THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL 😍 My heart sobs in joy. Give them a like, follow them, support independent artists❤️ *cries*

An early Merry Christmas and Happy New Years to you all! Also, Happy Hanukkah!

NSFW content ahead... like the whole damn chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Charlie lingered at the edge of Alastor’s desk, lazily drawing circles on the polished top with her left hand as she tucked a stray strand of hair with her right behind her ear. She swallowed the lump in her throat as she looked up at her business partner with half lidded eyes. Alastor extended a hand to her which she graciously took. Gently he tugged her toward him, pushing his seat out so she could sit on his lap, legs over an arm rest. She snuggled into him and savored the warmth that radiated off him and his now comforting, familiar scent. Her head rested on his shoulder and her right hand moved to tug and loosen his bow tie until it came undone. Her heart thundered in her chest as he lazily wrapped his arms around her waist, holding her gently in place.

“What’s the matter, my dear?” The radio static crackled before remaining a soft, relaxing buzz. “You need all the rest you can get before the day after tomorrow.”

Charlie smiled. Was he always so sweet with her? Was he really as bad as everyone said he was? “I know... it’s just...” She looked up and placed a soft kiss on his jaw, “I wanted to thank you for today at the station with Katie. You didn’t have to defend me. I could have handled it myself.”

Alastor chuckled, relishing at how innocent the princess was. The poor soul. “I’m sure you could have, and I’m proud of you for not striking her,” he cupped her cheek and rubbed his thumb against the soft, delicate flesh. Charlie leaned into his touch, a faint blush on her already rosy cheeks,
“...but that woman was quite infuriating and I did it mostly for my peace of mind. I’m sure you
would not have appreciated if I decapitated her then and there on live television. It was rather
tempting though.” He grinned sadistically.

Charlie nervously laughed, “Heh... yea, that’d be kind of bad.” Right... he was still a murderous
sinner. A part of her screamed to end this and get away, but it was so far in the back of her mind, it
was barely a whisper as another, stronger part of her swooned with the way he looked at her. He
always looked hungry, predatory, amused, yet behind all that, a flicker of concern made its
presence known that moment, and at times, something else, like a shadow in the distance she
couldn’t make out. “Thank you for not doing that.” She rested her head back on his shoulder and
began to unfasten the first few buttons of his shirt. A sense of déjà vu washed over her.

“Is that all, my dear?” He said, radio frequencies shifting again. The soft crackling somehow
soothing the princess. “You look perplexed.” He rested his cheek on her head as he held her close.

He wouldn’t admit it out loud, but he enjoyed moments like these. Just the two of them basking in
each other’s presence with not much care in the world. Peace was something foreign to the Radio
Demon, yet here at this silly mental institution masquerading as a hotel for wayward souls looking
for a second chance of redemption, Alastor could forget for a moment his quest for absolutely
power. Charlie Magne was a funny one, indeed. His brows furrowed as a cynical smile settled on
his lips. When did such soft thoughts come about? This wouldn’t do... perhaps he stepped a little
too close to the flame before it was ready to be contained. He would have to correct that.

Charlie took a steadying breath, “Actually...I wanted to show you my, um... my appreciation for
everything you’ve done so far. I haven’t properly thanked you.” She brought her hands up to her
face to shield her scorching cheeks.

“Is that so?” He lifted his head and leaned back to look at her, arching a brow. “I’m merely doing
what I promised.”

Charlie slipped from his grasp to stand in front of him. Alastor looked up at her curiously, head
tilting slightly to the right. The princess cupped his cheeks with her hands and mustered as much
courage as she could to not stutter.

“Yes... I can either show you here or we could go back to your room.” She got down on her knees
and rested her hands along his inner thighs. “A treat from your pet?” Her large, doe eyes stared up
at him through her dark lashes, a slight hint of fear of possible rejection.

“A treat, you say? Oh, ho! My darling girl, I would be a fool to not accept.” He placed a finger
under her chin and lifted her head up higher. Her lips parted slightly as she exhaled a breath she
didn’t know she was holding. “Let us retire to my room, then. As fun as it would be here, Husk has
sensitive hearing and I’ve learned that being quiet isn’t your strong suit.” Charlie made a noise in
the back of her throat out of embarrassment, causing Alastor to laugh at the cuteness of it.

Together they stood up and Alastor wound an arm around her waist. He smiled widely down at
her, eyes narrowing, as Charlie bit her lower lip, feeling heat already begin to pool at the pit of her
stomach. She wrapped her arms around his neck as he bent down to pick her up by the knees and
hoist her up to his chest effortlessly, bridal style. With a snap of his fingers a portal surrounded by
black and red smoke opened. He stepped through it and emerged in the middle of his room. He
carefully set Charlie down. She toed off her flats as Alastor removed his coat to hang on the rack
and undo his suspenders.

Charlie crawled on to the bed and kneeled in the middle. She tried to remember what Angel had
told her if they had gotten this far without her turning to a puddle of shameful embarrassment. She
gasped a little as Alastor removed his dress shirt. His back was toward her, and all across she could see even more claw and bite marks like that on his chest, though deeper and angrier. Her hands balled into fists on her laps. ‘I really don’t know him, do I?’ She thought to herself.

The bed dipped as Alastor sat down to remove his shoes. Charlie crawled to sit behind him and gently placed her hands on his shoulders, massaging them to the best of her abilities. Alastor let out a filtered hummed, delighted by the feeling as his head lulled forward, a content smile on his lips as he closed his eyes. Encouraged by the response, Charlie continued between his shoulder blades.

“Maybe you should lay down?” She said softly, “It'll be more comfortable.” Alastor said nothing as he situated himself in the middle of his bed, face down with a pillow under his chin, cradled in his arms. Charlie continued to work the stiff muscles underneath his skin. She straddled the back of his legs, running the heels of her hand along side his spinal column. “Does it feel good?”

“Heavenly so. I had no idea you were such a masseuse, your highness.” His teasing voice was muffled by the pillow. After some time, Charlie finished, satisfied she worked out all of the kinks in his back. She moved off him. The Radio Demon rolled over, tucking his arms behind his head as he gave her a lazy smile. ‘Not the treat I had in mind, but still pleasant.”

‘Here goes nothing...’ Charlie thought to herself as she once again straddled his pelvis. Alastor’s expression didn’t change as he watched her, hands coming to rest on her hips. He felt a silky material brush against his skin.

“That was... just a warm up.” She undid the tie holding her robe together and slid it off her shoulders in a slow teasing manner before slipping her arms out to fling it off the side of the bed. She wore a black lace teddy with a naval plunging neckline. It was open backed with a satin bow on her hips. The design was simple, but judging by the lust that entered his eyes as they roamed over her body, Charlie’s self esteem boosted.

Her mind then froze as all the advice Angel gave her flew out the window. This was it. This was her opportunity to be fulfilled and stop the aching in her core... and she forgot what he said so she wouldn’t freeze up or make Alastor regret his decision. She needed him. ‘Guess I’ll just wing it. It’s not like I’ve never done this before... it’s just been a long time. I can test Angel’s theory another time.’ She gulped, ‘If there’s another time.’

Hesitantly, the princess ran her hands down his torso, her black fingernails gently scraping against his skin. As she reached his waist, she trailed her hands up her inner legs to her bikini line, then taking hold of his hands and held them just above his head as she leaned forward and trailed wet kisses down his jaw to his neck, nipping the junction of his neck and shoulders. She followed up with soothing the assaulted area with her tongue, much like he had done with her on several occasions. Her hands released his, trailing over his forearms, his triceps, along his sides to settle on his waist. She eyed the scars on his chest and placed sweet, butterfly kisses. She raised herself off his legs to settle to the right of them as her kisses lowered, over the plane of his abdomen.

Alastor made no noise, it was literally radio silence, but he began to breathe deeper, trying to keep himself collected. He inhaled a sharp breath as one of her hands boldly stroked his member that strained against his trousers. She was a tease, and he enjoyed every moment of it. He knew he wouldn’t last nearly as long as he used to this time around, especially after so many year of abstinence as none caught his fancy nor offered anything of value to him. The princess was a wildcard for sure, but with the proper training, he knew he could use her for many things for hopefully a very long time.

Carefully, or perhaps nervously, Charlie unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, swallowing a lump in her throat as she did so. She grabbed hold of both of his pants and undergarment and peeled them
off his form toward his knees, revealing even more painful looking scares. He lifted his hips high enough for her to slide his garments pass his rear. Her eyes bulged as she finally gazed upon him and her lips pursed to prevent her mouth from hanging agape. She knew she must have resembled a tomato. It wasn’t even up all the way. Charlie gulped a little as she finished removing his clothings and settled between his legs.

Gently, she took hold of him with her right hand, feeling his member pulse and grow both in length and width a fraction as she stroked up, the foreskin bunching slightly at the tip until she stroked down with a more sured grip, revealing the head as it glistened with his excitement. With each pump of her hand, Alastor increased in size until her fingers could no longer touch her thumb and the length of him briefly had her worry he could potentially bottom her out. With her left hand, which had been resting on his thigh, went to cup his neglected scrotum.

Alastor watched Charlie as her shyness melted away to fascination and admiration. He took deep, calming breaths, his eyes barely open as she mustered the courage to lick the tip of his now aching cock. He couldn’t tell if it was because it had been some time since the last time he had a release or it was simply because it was Charlie, innocently sweet, beautifully naughty Charlie, that made the experience all the more pleasurable, and he could feel the pressure in his loins build quicker than it ever had. He sighed happily as her mouth took as much of him in. He propped himself up on one of his elbows as he ran his fingers through her hair at the top of her head.

Charlie looked up at him, mouth filled with his thick staff. As she lifted her head off him, her tongue lapped the underside and very carefully allowed a fang to graze the top side. Alastor shivered and couldn’t suppress the moan that escaped his lips, head rolling back as his eyes closing and his hips slowly rocking up into her. Sweet merciful Satan... as she reach the end, she gave a small suck then licked up from the very bottom of his balls to the very tip of his cock, lapping up the bit of ooze that began to secrete. She was surprised to find that he wasn’t bitter in the least bit like the others before him. Aside from the saltiness, there was a hint of sweetness mixed in that made her want more.

“Here I thought I’d have to guide you through this.” He chuckled as he lifted his head to look back at her, eyes glowing brightly, “Such a wicked little mouth you have, sweetheart.”

Charlie blushed and looked away, though continued to pump him in slow, deliberate strokes, “Al?”

“Yes, dear?” He purred, half listening as he savored her touch.

“C-can I...” she reached for her most intimate part, her juices already seeping out and trailing down her inner thighs. The heiress stared back at him with a pleading look, too shy to finish her request.

The Radio Demon sat up completely. His right hand grabbed her breast through the soft lace material of her teddy as the other grabbed her behind the neck to pull her toward him. His mouth latched on to her neck, sucking and licking her jugular carefully to not leave a mark. She moaned as her eyes fluttered shut.

“Darling, just do what you will. I am just as much yours as you are mine. And who am I to deny a request from Hell’s princess? While you are my plaything, I think I’ll enjoy letting you take the lead on occasion.”

Charlie opened her eyes and pushed him back down as she unclasped the buttons at the crotch of her teddy and practically ripped the garment off her body. Alastor was a little taken aback by the forcefulness, but couldn’t deny the rare jolt of exhilaration grip his senses. Her eyes drooped as she began to pant, blood rushing through her veins as she crawled on top of him like a hungry, predatory feline.
Her center hovered above his erection. Alastor could feel the heat radiating from it. Their eyes locked, both panting as the tension began to build. Alastor waited patiently, eyes concentrating on her face. He loved the expression she had. Large bedroom eyes swirling with unmasked desire, black lips slightly parted as her moist hot breath came out in shallow breaths, and the faint blush spread across her wonderful angelic face stirred something deep within him. In all his years and all his lovers, both while living or in the afterlife, none had quite ever made him feel this way. While he enjoyed sex, he never needed it as badly as he did now or made his heart hammer as furiously as it was now.

“To hell with this...” She seethed, brows furrowing as she ignored the part of her that resisted all this since the beginning. Something about the demon below her and the way his eyes communicated his need for her flipped a switch inside her and Charlie couldn't help but feel like she was on fire. She crashed her lips into his for a hungry kiss, not caring as one of his dagger like teeth nicked her lip, blood pooling into their mouths as she plunged him deep into her body.

Charlie pulled away and shrieked at the sensation, body convulsing in pleasure. Alastor's hands shot out to steady her hips as he growled excitedly, shocked still that his usually timid partner decided to take the lead and move them to the next level of this game. He licked his lips where her blood had dripped onto him. The smile he always had stretched and he felt his pulse reverberate with energy.

‘Oh Charlie,’ he thought excitedly, ‘You surprise me with every turn.’

“Alastor...” She whined with need, sitting up and lifting herself off him until just the tip was nestled inside only to fall back down on him. She rocked her hips back and forth, turned on more by the squelching sounds and slapping of skin. Her eyes closed as she tangled her left hand in her air and pulled at the roots at a poor attempt to keep her grounded as every thrust caused her mind to blank. Her right hand came up to her mouth, her index finger touching the now healing cut on her lip.

“Mmm, my dear... you're incredibly tight and unbelievably wet...” he breathed, his hands roaming her body, and a wide, sexy smile spread across his face. She opened an eye to stare down at him. “Exquisite, darling. You’re a sight to behold. No. Look at me Charlie, don’t close your eyes.” Alastor fought hard not to lose control so quickly, but having the princess bouncing happily on him with blood still dripping from her mouth onto her valley of her breasts nearly did him in. In his aroused state, his usually dainty antlers began to grow nearly a foot and twist like gnarled tree branches. There was something about this princess that made him want to loose control.

As she continued to ride him, Charlie began to play with herself with her left hand, mewling helplessly. Her right hand moved to kneaded one of her bouncing tits as a distraction. She fought to keep her eyes open at Alastor’s demand. His heated gaze was intense, driving her mad with the need to find release. His grunts and unreserved moans were a melody that sung to her soul, and Charlie felt shameless pride that it she who was riding his glorious cock that soothed an ache she had carried for so long. It was she who brought them there at that moment. It was she who took the lead for just a moment and for once, allowed herself to take what she wanted without fear of repercussions. The look in his eyes said it all. He wanted her too. She felt the coiling in the pit of her stomach tighten.

“Charlie...” he cooed, almost lovingly as he caressed her thighs and began to pump his hips in sync with her bouncing. “That’s it. Be a good girl and cum for me. Cum all over my cock. I wanna feel your pussy quake around me.” His eyes narrowed mischievously as she stared down at him with wide eyes at his vulgarity.
Her body ceased for a second as a powerful orgasm took hold of her, causing her thighs to clench his hips as she shuddered. There was something about that sultry voice of his she couldn’t resist and way his antlers grew during the frenzy of their fucking made her feel even more powerful. She knew his control had slipped, if even for just a moment. Maybe she did have it in her to be confident in herself in the bedroom with a man. Her eyes nearly rolled to the back of her head as she screwed her eyes shut, her hands on his abdomen to keep herself steady. She wanted to scream toward the heavens, but managed to contain herself and let out a low, sensual moan. Alastor responded with a groan of his own as his body arched. The sensation of her inner muscles constricting around his member nearly did him in, but he somehow managed to blow his load in her. He wasn’t done yet. Spasms rocked Charlie’s body as the last bit of her excitement rushed out of her, soaking his lap and bedsheet once more. She nearly collapsed onto him but yelped in surprise as he rolled them over and began thrusting into her, not once losing contact.

“Oh god... Al!” She cried as he hit a part of her that felt too good to make any of this real. “Yes! Ooh!” ‘Holy shit!’ Her mind screamed happily, ‘I needed this, oh my god I needed this so fucking bad!’

He lifted her legs and hitched them over his shoulders, rolling his hips in a steady rhythm. He leaned forward, the angle sending Charlie closer to the edge again. She looked heavenly, a euphoric look on her face as she smiled happily. How pent up was she? Alastor wondered briefly if it had been all him who did this to her. Her expression told him it wasn’t completely so. His eyes narrowed.

“You kissed me.” He stated breathlessly, moving her legs back to either side of his hips, and stopped, much to her displeasure as she snapped her head up to glare at him. “What did I say yesterday?” The murderous look in her eyes turned him on a great deal.

Charlie cocked a brow and whined, “W-what? I... I don’t...”

“It would be wise for you to remember.” He nearly pulled completely out. “Or else you won’t get to finish a second time.”

They stared at each other for a moment, Charlie trying desperately to clear her foggy mind, and Alastor trying to calm his rapidly beating heart. He couldn’t remember a time he desired someone as much as the blonde, paled skin demoness below him. The Radio Demon had to stick to his rules though, just as much as she, for his sakes.

‘What has she done to me?’

Charlie felt tears well up in her eyes as she suddenly felt like she was body slammed by a ton of bricks, “Vaggie... we could only k-kiss if...” she hissed as Alastor licked the drying blood off her sweaty chest, neck, and chin. His tongue teased her lips but as much as Charlie wanted to feel them on hers again, he pulled away.

“I’ll forgive you this time, Charlie, only because I now have my cock deep inside you.” He snapped his hips back toward her pelvis, causing her body to arch up as she let out a delighted cry, a single tear falling and disappearing into her hair, “Next time there will be some consequences if you and her are still fooling around.” He grabbed her left nipple to tug and twist it nearly painfully. Surprisingly, Charlie enjoyed the sensation as she whimpered his name, “Do you understand?”

“Y-Yes... please... please just fuck me...” She begged, “Alastor, please... give it to me. I’ll be a good girl.” She rocked her hips, hoping to coax him back into their fucking.

Alastor chuckled, “Who would have thought you’d be such a dirty girl when you like to act so
There was no turning back for either of them as Alastor once again began to move his hips, though his antlers shrank back to normal size as he finally collected himself. With a few more powerful thrusts, Charlie once again exploded and collapsed onto the sheets, heaving for much needed air. Alastor pulled out of her and tiredly Charlie rolled over to allow him to lay back down. She got on her hands and knees and pumped him with her hands to keep him hard as she kneeled to his right.

Alastor grabbed a fist full of hair and guided her head down toward his aching cock. She bobbed her head on his length and moaned at their combined flavor. She felt him throb and suddenly her mouth was filled with his seed. She hastily drank him in, enjoying his taste as he climax came to a stop. When he was done, she swallowed and crawled up to his waiting embrace. She nuzzled into him and sighed contently, feeling fulfilled sexually for the first time in what felt like ages.

“That was some treat.” He said amusingly, stroking her hair. He was thankful she chose to rest her head on his chest. His brows furrowed a little as he mentally scolded himself for his small slip ups.

Charlie laughed, “Yea... I only meant to blow you.”

“And blew my mind you did.”

The princess grinned, “Yea, well... things don’t always go according to plan, do they.” She smiled as she felt one of his fingers lazy draw patterns on her shoulder.

“No...” he breathed out, “I suppose not.”

Charlie giggled. Her eye lids felt heavy. She sighed contently and drifted off to sleep in the arms of the Radio Demon.

Chapter End Notes

I’m quite emotional right now because I am extremely tired, sore, and fighting off an other cold. I am a mess... to boot I have been incredibly stressed and depressed because thanks to my unreliable dad, I have less than month to move because we’re being evicted. I’ve poured a lot of blood, sweat, and tears to keep us afloat but thanks to my amazing network of friends who created a safety net for me to screw my head back on right, I’ll be ok until my boyfriend is ready to take me in. There’s a lot of red tape before then but I’ll get through it.

I might go through a brief hiatus to get everything packed and moved but thank you for the overwhelming support and understanding even all this mess. Your kind words definitely helped me overcome the stressed induced writers block.

You can follow me on Twitter for the occasional “Dearest Little Pet” updates: @GlitchtheMighty

I’ll be making a discord thing Tuesday so check the comments for the link! It’ll be mainly for discussion purposes until I have time to expand on it once I learn the damn thing lol

Thank you guys! Much love to you. I hope you enjoyed because I’m not 100% sold on
it but I doubt anything better will come out of me at this point until after January
Unexpected Guests

Chapter Summary

While the Hotel staff tries to enjoy their final day of peace, two unexpected guests drop by for a visit.

Chapter Notes

I am so, so, so sorry! It’s been a long time, I know, and I miss you and haven’t responded to some reviews like I normally do. The holiday season is over and I can finally focus on packing and force myself to make the edits that are needed.

Thank you so much for the new pieces of fan art!

HAHno on Twitter: https://twitter.com/hahno02427127/status/1208924184354545665?s=21

LordMaru4U on Deviantart: http://fav.me/ddnn62k

THANK YOUUUUU 😃😃😃 They’re beautiful!

Slight(?) NSFW content ahead

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alastor turned the page of the morning paper as he reclined on a pool lounge chair outside the hotel’s parking garage entrance with a small coffee table beside him that held his morning beverage and a plate of nearly burnt toast. He wore a solid burgundy colored shirt made from soft combed cotton, sleeves rolled to his elbows, black slacks, and instead of his usual monocle, rounded aviator glasses covered his eyes. He set the paper down on his lap and yawned behind his right gloved hand, for once feeling a bit exhausted since he arrived at the hotel. A devilish smile curled on his lips as to why.

It was mid morning the day before the big opening and with everything already in place, the hotel crew decided it’d be a good day to relax on their final day of peace. Well, mostly everyone got to relax. Husk, wearing a navy jumpsuit to protect his overall body from getting dirty, was underneath the Radio Demon’s Bentley in the process of doing an oil change under a black canopy Razzle and Dazzle set up for him. Niffty was filling a bucket to prepare the car for a wash, dressed up in clothing similar to Husk’s as she assisted him with servicing Alastor’s vehicle. A radio was set near her, playing 50s tunes she hummed or mumbled along to. She looked up at her boss and smiled toothily, waving at him happily. Alastor, noticing her from his peripheral, smiled kindly in return and waved back.

The winged feline grunted as he rolled himself out from the underside of the vehicle, “We’re going to need to order some new brakes soon. I reckon it’s been about several years since the last time since you don’t drive too often.” He took a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his forehead. “It’s
not a priority though. They’ll be good until the next tire change.” He moved to sit on his haunches, barely putting his weight on the creeper. Niftty handed him an open beer bottle from a small cooler to Husk’s left. He grunted his thanks and took a large gulp of the amber liquid.

Alastor nodded, “You have my thanks for keeping my car in such pristine condition. Could I trouble you to check the left headlight? It seems a bit loose.” He folded the paper and set it on the table, stifling another yawn.

“Late night?” Niftty ask as she returned to the hose to water the plants near them all, “Charlie looked exhausted herself, but I don’t blame her. She’s been waiting for this day for a long time.” Her pupil shrank as she smiled wickedly, looking up at the murder of crows that flew over head, “I hope the guys are handsome. Not enough eye candy around here and I barely remember what anyone looked like during the consultations other than that blue wolfy guy. Ho boy!”

Alastor chuckled, “Settle down, Niftty, your day dreaming is drowning the marigolds Charlie’s lady friend planted.” He smirked as memories of Charlie writhing beneath him and the sounds of her yips and moans filled his head. Charlie herself indeed looked worse for wear when she came down for breakfast, but content despite not being able to make direct eye contact with him and covering the blush that spread across her cheeks. They had coupled together thrice more after she had woken up from a brief nap. Alastor’s bed was thoroughly soaked by the end, he wondered if it was better to buy a new duvet than try and get her juices off. Charlie had been so tired at the end of it all, he had to bathe her (which led to another orgasm or two for her as she was fucked nearly raw for not having a man as well endowed as he for so long) and teleport her to her bedside just before the crack of dawn, only for them to come down nearly three hours later. He was impressed with her illusion magic as she kissed her other self in the bed on the forehead, only to reveal one of her goat butlers sleeping in her place.

Vaggie and the others had been slightly concerned but she passed it off as being too nervous and excited for the opening, as Niftty had theorized. Most of them seemed to buy it, but Vaggie noticed Charlie’s slightly unusual behavior around Alastor. Charlie had laughed it off, and muttered something about a whacky dream where Alastor did some hilariously ridiculous things. Vaggie wasn’t convinced, but didn’t pursue the issue either.

‘Naturally she would be suspicious about anything when it comes to Charlie’s well being and myself,’ Alastor thought amusingly, looking at the pool’s direction where the girls and Angel decided to test out the new sauna he surprised them with, ‘She’s no better than a guard dog, and despite how close they are, I’m surprise she hadn’t smelled me on Charlie or noticed the marks still healing.’

He could still feel Charlie’s hand on him, her soft tantalizing lips moving down his body, and the richness of her blood in his mouth. It had been the most delectable thing he had in sometime, if ever, that sent his own blood racing with anticipation and the strong urge to feed sooner than required. She tasted better than the others he had had, and the energy provided by just the bit of her half angelic blood that night was intoxicating, almost as if it were a drug. He almost lost his self control... Almost. The deer demon licked his lips. He could have easily devoured her in the literal sense had it not been for the fact her body pleased him a great deal more and her presence was integral to his plan. Alastor absentmindedly began tracing his lips with the pad of his left thumb, sitting up to straddle the seat and prop his arms on his knees.

Charlie was quite the lover until the sensitivity at her most intimate area was too much to handle and the noises she made were music to his ears. He was pleased with the progress made with her and it’d be only a matter of time before she was his lovely little puppet he could use to get to the other royals and her father. He saw what little bit of will power she possessed to resist him
dwindle. He had her body, without a doubt, but her mind? It would take a little more time. He
would have to find a new approach to make her his alone. The red demon would feed soon enough,
but a small hunt tonight would satiate his hunger and clear his mind. He would just have to make
sure she didn’t have any other outbursts like the kiss they shared. Those lovely, pouty black lips
that paid marvelous homage to his needy cock were like heaven. Soft, supple... dangerously
addictive.

He lowered his hand and clenched his fist. Perhaps he should gag her next time to teach her a
lesson about breaking his simple rules. It was the only thing that stopped him from continuously
taking her. He was surprised by his lack of restraint as soon as her lips came in contact with his.
Perhaps she was part succubus like her mother but no one knew. It would explain a few things.
And her blood! The taste was indescribable, and he craved more, even if just a sip.

Alastor made a mental note to be more careful next time. Four rounds of intense sex should be
enough to satisfy her (and possibly him) until at least the end of the week once they had an idea
what kind of workload they should expect. He had to make sure Vaggie stayed busy enough of if
he wanted to play midday with the princess between sessions. It was the most respectful thing he
could do given the situation, and only because Charlie had begged him for Vaggie to not find out.
He may be doing un-gentlemanly things with the Princess of Hell, but it was a request he was
willing to accommodate for the time being.

The sound of an engine drew him out of his musing. Recognizing the limo pulling up to the
parking structure, Alastor got up from his seat. As he passed by Husk, he patted his servant’s
shoulder, “After you’re done here Husker, please finish the request I made.” Husk rolled his
shoulder to remove Alastor’s hand from him but nodded in response. “I would prefer it’d be done
before the cattle arrive.”

The doors of the black limo opened up and from the back, Mimzy and Rosie appeared. Alastor
opened his arms and offered them a friendly, tooth filled smile. “Look what we have here, my two
favorite gals! Ladies, had I known you’d be dropping by, I’d have prepared lunch. Mimi dear, I
thought you’d be dropping by later. Eager to be a benefactor for this righteous cause our princess
has started?” As he reached them, he greeted them with a kiss on each cheek, “Come, let’s head
inside before you get burnt Mimi.”

The stout woman rolled her eyes, but smiled and chuckled “I’m only here because Rosie insisted
we come before the sinners came but we figured this would also be the best time to talk before this
place ends up as an insane asylum. We will be back soon, though. We want to know what you’re
working with in regards to the others and get first pick. What are friends, right?” Mimzy looked
around, “Where is Charlie anyway? I wanted her input on that jingle you requested.” She placed
her hands in the pockets of her pants. Mimzy wore a navy three piece lady’s suit with a white
blouse and black tie, the bottoms stopping just below her knees, meeting long cream colored socks
and her coat long enough to reach the back of her thighs. Her black dress shoes were shined to the
point they reflected the sunlight.

“What can I say, dear? We need to know what it is we’re investing in! Plus, isn’t this place just
quaint, Mimzy? You should have seen it at that little party they had. The renovations were a
brilliant idea, Alastor. I would very much like a tour.” Rosie said as she opened up her dark purple
parasol with black lace and fringe on the edges, small skulls of pixie like creatures dangling. The
pupil-less demoness wore a white and black pinstriped blouse, a plain full length black skirt that
hovered just the gravel of the driveway and black leather gloves. Her hair was swept into an
elegant bun and adorned with a headpiece that consisted of purple flowers, black feathers, and a rat
skull. With her free hand, she flicked her wrist in a shooing manner as the limo pulled away.
“Mim?” Came Niffty’s surprised voice, “Mimzy!” She squealed and ran to the woman, hugging her from the side, “Long time no see! I’m sorry I’ve been busy!”

The singer returned the hug, “No, I should be apologizing! I was caught up at the clubs I haven’t made time to at least ring you, dear! Once I’m done with this bonehead here, let’s catch up, yes? Is that alright with you, Ally-bear? Can I whisk her away for a few hours?”

Alastor chuckled, the radio static clicking as he did so, and dismissed the light insult, “Yes, so long as she’s back to get a good night’s rest. Tomorrow is sure to be entertainingly chaotic, but truthfully I am quite proud how prepared our Princess is. While there is bound to be hiccups, she has worked tirelessly to make sure the transition for these wayward souls into their new lifestyle goes as smoothly as possible. I think she’s more worried about the media snooping around.” He turned to Niffty who had let Mimzy go, “Niffty, darling, can you please run ahead and prepare a pot of tea for our lovely guests? Take it up to my suite when it’s ready. Would you ladies like the Darjeeling or Earl Gray? I think we may have some jasmine.”

“We also have Rose Congou, the black tea with the rose petals.” Niffty said, scratching her head as she tried to remember their pantry.

“Ooh! That sounds lovely, Nift. Rosie and I will have that one, yes?” Mimzy looked up at her companion. Rosie nodded.

“Okie dokie, you got it!” She dashed away toward the pool area.

Alastor lowered the rim of his glasses as he looked at the other male demon, “Husk, on second thought, take a brief lunch break my good sir. I think you earned it.” He removed his glasses complete and folded them to hand from his shirt pocket.

“Lemme just tighten the light and put the oil in before I forget.”

Rosie looked up at the building, a sharp tooth smile stretched across her face, “I wonder what’s in store for us, Alastor. This is the biggest endeavor you’ve tackled and is sure to be the most difficult to accomplish. When you first talked to us about this partnership, I honestly thought you had gone mad with your boredom.”

Alastor held his arms out for the both of them to hold on to as he escorted them toward the building, “I’ll admit I’ve gotten side tracked more times than I can count since I arrived and things may not have gone according to plan, but overall, everything seems to be coming together quite steadily and it sure has not been dull the entire time.” He looked at Rosie, “After last night’s turn of events, I can’t say I’ve ever felt this invigorated!”

Rosie gasped excitedly, eyebrows shooting into her hair line and her hollowed out eyes wide, “Oh ho! Mimzy, darling, looks like I win this bet!” She craned her head to look down at their short companion, “I get the heart of the first one!”

Mimzy scoffed, refusing to believe the news, “So... I take it you and her...?” Her voice trailed for a moment as she looked away, a blush in her cheeks and a deep frown on her lips. “The way you two were at the club definitely suggested things were headed that way. You’re just too handsome for your own good Alastor, and you know how to use it to get your way. I also can’t deny that the daughter of Lilith has some sort of beauty even you couldn’t resist.”

Alastor’s head tilted back as he burst into laughter, the background audience echoing behind his voice, “I’m usually not one to kiss and tell, but yes, I may be using her to satisfy other needs... in fact she was the one to pull the trigger, my dear. I thought I’d have a bit more fun with the teasing
and building tension, but it seems I’ve riled up something fierce and needy in that one, though she is the sweetest and most wholesome little thing I’ve ever encountered.” Her bright smiling face entered his head, “To be honest, I may have finally found a gal who can keep up. Even if this hotel thing doesn’t end up as entertaining as I think it will be, she sure will keep me occupied.” He glanced down at Mimzy who was simmering with jealousy and anger, cheeks puffed out as her lips were pressed into a fine line. Every time he had a new play thing, she would be like this. Sometimes it was funny while other, like now, it was quite pathetic even if she was a dear friend and only one of two confidants. He rolled his eyes and shook his head slightly, but his amused smile never left his face.

Rosie giggled, “Oh Alastor, darling, you’re a terrible one. When I first saw her on the news, I noticed she was so incredibly pure and daft, but indeed a beauty! Good genes that one has. I would have thought she’d surely die of embarrassment at the very suggestion of something as scandalous as this but I knew sooner or later you’d be railing her like some whore at a brothel! I’d be shock if you didn’t at least have a taste of her. Terrible Alastor, just delightfully terrible!”

“Not as terrible as you, Rosie dearest. At least I don’t eat my toys in one sitting and I don’t eat them for dinner on a silver platter. It’d be much too cold for her. She is truly a treat I’m happy to stumble upon! I won’t be throwing her away any time soon.”

“Oh! Enough you two! I don’t want to hear any more of Alastor sticking his dick where it shouldn’t be! If it weren’t for her promise to get me a royal patron, I’d have put that bitch in her place!” Rosie laughed as Mimzy stormed off, arms crossed as she growled dangerously, her eyes going completely black as she bared her teeth.

Alastor sighed, “Look what you’ve done, my dear. I’m afraid Charlie’s going to have to deal with a disgruntled Mimzy. Good thing I have a bottle of her favorite wine. That should calm her down.”

“Sorry, love. I’ll calm her down before she bites that pretty little head off of your dearest Charlie. Oh Mimzy!” Rosie called, “We were just teasing!” She let go of Alastor as well and scooped a handful of her skirt to pick up her pace, cackling gleefully as she chased her short friend. “Mimzy! Wait up!”

Alastor chuckled to himself as he shook his head, summoning his microphone with a snap of his fingers. Tapping the eye to awaken it, he cleared his throat, “Relay a message for me. Oh Charlie,” he said in a sing song voice as he looked over toward the pool area, “My sincerest apologies for disrupting your day off. We have guests who would like to see you. Do be a dear and join us in my suite when you’re decent.”

“I’m on it!” The mic said cheerfully. Alastor’s shadow minion appeared to receive the cane from its master. Mic in hand, it sunk back into the floor and slithered away.

The Radio Demon sighed, “Here I thought today would be quiet.” He stuck his hands in his pants pockets and caught up to his two female companions who waited for his at the kitchen’s back door.

Charlie, Vaggie, and Angel sighed contently in unison. The heiress used a long wooden ladle to scoop up some water from a large wooden bucket and poured it over smooth super heated rocks and eucalyptus leaves in the center of the room. The hiss it gave off was relaxing.

Vaggie, adjusting her pigtails, chuckled, “Ok, admittedly I’ve been giving Al a bit of a hard time but I really got to hand it to him with this one. The sauna was a great fucking idea because I haven’t felt this good in ages. I should thank him and say sorry for being an ass to him at breakfast.”
“I can thank him for you.” Charlie said as she sat back and crossed her legs, “Plus, I just got a great idea to open up a soup kitchen in the downtown area so I’m wondering if he could set up a budget to acquire some space down there in the future.” Charlie twirled a strand of hair in her right hand, “I would like for you to focus more on the patients arrival for tomorrow. We’ve got some interesting characters for sure and I’m just hoping they get along.”

Angel cocked a brow. With one set of hands, he adjusted the halter top of his pink bikini while the other set was folded across his torso and crossed his long spidery legs. “I’m surprise you two aren’t freaking out right now. The first few days after I started, you bitches were like two headless chickens running around.” He snickered. “You finally got a solid plan instead of just asking me to stay outta trouble and the drugs.”

Charlie was thankful the steam left her pale skin rosy in color as she blushed from embarrassment, “I g-guess. I hadn’t really thought things out back then. It was pretty childish to think if you stopped cussing or making sexual innuendos, it would solve anything.”

Vaggie shrugged, “I’ll admit, your first plan had me worried, but now I do think this’ll work.”

“You... have doubts?” Charlie couldn’t help but feel a bit hurt, “I had no idea.”

Vaggie bit her lower lip and rubbed the back of her neck, “Well... this has never been done before. I’m not saying it’s going to be a complete bust... but babe, I don’t know if it will until we start the process.” Vaggie sudden felt guilty as Charlie’s shoulders slump, “Hey, hon, look at me.”

Angel felt awkward as he looked between the two. Charlie had a far off look on her face as she stopped listening to Vaggie’s apology. He could see the wheels turning in her head. While he may not have been the smartest person in the hotel, or anywhere really, he could at least see how passionate she was about all this and determined to make things work, despite constantly being put down or made fun of. But how long would it be before the weight of it all got to her?

He placed one of his hands on her shoulder, “Hey, you ok kid?”

Charlie jumped a little, “Huh? Oh... sorry...” she cleared her throat and turned to her girlfriend, “It’s ok. It’s all wishful thinking, I know. I should keep one foot on the ground and brace myself should this fail. But if I could just make a small positive difference, at least better my people somehow, maybe God would show some mercy on us and we could focus on our overpopulation ourselves. Maybe expand past the wastelands of insanity or something. I just want the Day of Cleansing and the senseless killing to stop.” She sighed, “No matter how you look at it, it’s a childish dream, but I do believe there is a rainbow in us all. It just needs the right kind of light to shine.”

Vaggie was about to say something when suddenly Alastor’s shadow emerged from the corner holding onto the Radio Demon’s signature cane. The trio jumped in fright as the radio crackled unexpectedly.

“Hello Charlie!” The mic said cheerfully, “A message for you from Alastor!”

“Guests?” Angel asked, “Who the fuck would stop by today? The media or something?”

"Oh Charlie," his voice sent a shiver down her spine and a fire to pool at the pit of her stomach, “My sincerest apologies for disrupting your day off. We have guests who would like to see you. Do be a dear and join us in my suite when you’re decent.” The sound of radio static was heard as the message finished.

“Guests?” Angel asked, “Who the fuck would stop by today? The media or something?”
Vaggie groaned, putting her head in her hands, “I hope not. I’ll come with you.”

“Sorry, doll! Only Charlie is requested.” The mic said as it glanced over at the moth.

“Why his room though and not the office?” Angel smirked, shoot Charlie a knowing look then to Vaggie who frowned and stood up.

“Charlie, ask him to go to his office instead. There’s no reason for you to be in his room. Who could it possibly be?” She looked down at the mic, “Who is it that he has up there?”

“Why... Mimzy and Rosie! Two of his favorite gal pals!” Vaggie felt a little more at ease knowing there were other women, but still wasn’t comfortable with the fact he was hosting them in his room and had asked for Charlie to join them. Sure, Charlie talked quite a bit about them from the club and they seemed like decent women, except they were friends of Alastor. They could have easily gone to one of their offices.

“It’s fine, Vaggie. I know why Mimzy is here, it’s business related. I told you she’s eventually stop by. Maybe being in his suite makes it less awkward for them since they’re friends even though this is serious stuff. I promise, it shouldn’t take too long.” She pecked the grey demoness on the lips, “Relax some more with Angel. After tomorrow, I don’t think you’ll get much alone time here.”

“Ok.” Vaggie sighed dejectedly.

“Knock ‘em dead toots!” Angel called as Charlie walked out of the sauna. ‘Smiles really knows how to keep Vaggie away long enough. She better spill the beans soon!’

Charlie, with cane in hand and her towel in her right arm after drying herself off, dash toward the back entrance of the hotel, perhaps a little faster than necessary. With each step, she gained speed until she was practically sprinting as best she could with flip flops through the dining room, down the hall, and up the stairs, too eager to see Rosie and Mimzy again. Or perhaps it was Alastor she wanted to be near. Flashes of his face filled her mind, with his seductive smile and eyes half lidded, focused on just her. She gulped as she felt herself get excited.

Last night had been surreal, and had it not been for the soreness in her nether region when she woke up, she would have thought it was some unbelievable vivid dream. She had heard many things about the infamous Radio Demon, mostly terrible and cruel things, and even with having gotten to know him a little better the last few weeks, ‘gentle’ was not something she expected him to be. Yes, they had literally fucked until dawn, a whirlwind of raw passion and pent up frustration exploding like a broken dam that left them huffing and puffing in each other’s arms. He rammed into her and hit her core with such force at some points, it was a miracle they didn’t break anything on his bed. Yet, at other times, he displayed such tenderness and care, kissing and licking areas his teeth had grazed or held too hard, carefully running his much larger hands over her body while nuzzling her and inhaling her scent, it was enough to drive any woman mad with the desire to be with him again. It was down right dangerous, in fact. Her body began to hum and she sucked in a breath, feeling the need return to her once more nearly tenfold that had caused her to initiate things to begin with. His teasing had been too much.

She pressed the button of the elevator and bouncing in her spot, holding the cane to her chest. Charlie briefly wondered if they’d have a moment or two alone together. She had hoped once they actually slept with one another she could officially call it quits, but that had back fired on her horrendously. There was no denying it: She wanted to feel whole again, she wanted to be filled, pushed over the edge and drown in pure bliss she didn’t think existed with a soul jerking orgasm.
Vaggie couldn’t hold a candle to what he did to her body and what made her feel terrible was the fact she didn’t feel an ounce of guilt about any of it. Only shameless pride that the infamous Radio Demon, one of Hell’s most lethal Overlords, was hers. He made it clear that he was with the gentleness he used to bathe her and return her to her bedside. At least, that’s what she felt. Despite his stoic, endlessly smiling face, his eyes betrayed him occasionally. His eyes told her that he indeed belong to her, and for once in her life, Charlie felt powerful. It was a strange feeling.

“Excited to see them again, I see.” Came Alastor’s voice from behind her, radio frequency clicking between channels. Charlie yelped in surprise and jumped a little in the air. Her business partner chuckled, “They’re waiting for us upstairs already. I had Nifty escort the two. I decided to wait for you, but you ran right past me darling.” He snapped his fingers and his staff disappeared from her hands.

Charlie turned to face him, eyes wide and face flushed as if caught red handed in doing something she wasn’t supposed to be doing, “Uh... just um... just trying to hurry up so they don’t wait too long for me.” She couldn't help how her legs began to rub against one another as she shifted nervously. She mentally smacked herself for acting like a horny teenager as her body trembled.

The doors opened and both stepped inside. Charlie looked down at the ground as she moved to the left of the elevator. Alastor entered after her and pressed the button to the top floor then moved his hands behind his back, humming to himself behind the radio static. Charlie’s ears strained to make out the tune.

“Al?” She squeaked as soon as the doors closed, looking up at him from the corner of her eye and capturing his crimson gaze.

“Yes, darling?” He practically purred.

“Thank you, f-for last night.” ‘Smooth.’ She mentally groaned. ‘The hell you thanking him for like he did you a service?’

“Well, he kinda did. Your sexually fulfilled after so long.’

‘Well, he kinda did. Your sexually fulfilled after so long.’

He chuckled lightly, “Any time.” He turned and took a step toward her, leaning in and putting his right arm over her head. Charlie backed up against the elevator wall as it began to ascend, dropping her towel on accident. “Though really, I should be thanking you, sweetheart. I didn’t expect that from you since you like to act like such a good girl, but really, you are a very naughty minx and I am pleasantly surprised each time we take things further and further.” He raised his freehand to cup her breast, eliciting a moan from the princess as he squeezed, the palm of his hand rubbing against her nipple. “Here I was going to wait a little more to bed you again but seeing you scantly clothed in your swimwear... I’d be foolish to not at least enjoy the view.”

Alastor’s hands ran down Charlie’s side. He bent down a little when he got to her hips then continued further to the back of her knees. He surprised her by picking her up and pinned her between his body and the wall. Charlie wrapped her legs around his waist and moaned again as he began to nibble and lick her neck. Her arms circled around his neck. He breathed deeply, inhaling the eucalyptus that temporarily clung to her natural scent.

Alastor hiked her up higher on the wall until he was at eye level with her breasts. He lifted the bottom portion of her pentagram top and suckled on her rosy nipple. Charlie gasped as she began to run her hands through his hair to distract herself. She felt a pulse in her womanhood.

‘Should I?’ She thought to herself, ‘They’re waiting for us though.’
'The need is strong.' Her darker self hissed in response. ‘Just make it a quick release and finish later.’

‘But we can’t do this every night. Vaggie will notice.’ She whimpered as his tongue circled her areola then flicked hard over her beaded nip.

‘It wouldn’t be a problem if you two didn’t have sex so far in between nowadays.’

‘Only because of work.’

‘Excuses...’

“Ah! A-Al?” She exhaled. The red eyed demon looked up at her as he continued to tease her chest, moving on to the neglected twin, “You think we have time for maybe a quickie?” She attempted to rock her hips against his torso but failed miserably as he was pressed up against her tightly.

Alastor leaned his head back, releasing her mound with an audio ‘pop’. “If my princess commands it.” She could only nod, too afraid of her voice cracking, “Then my princess shall receive.”

He fixed her top hastily and set her back down on two wobbly feet, and picked her forgotten towel. The bell chimed as they reached their floor and the elevator doors slid open. Charlie grabbed his hands and with long strides, led him to her room. Once inside, Charlie locked her door for the first time in ages.

Chapter End Notes

My Discord launched just over a week ago! Come join us! While packing and in between chapters I’ll be having Q & A sessions to interact with you guys more and to also figure out the direction to take DLP in the future. There’s been some fun discussions so far, and it’s also the best place to get brief previews of chapters before updates ;)

Do check out the news section! I am currently requesting OCs for my fic as the residents are coming. I had to change this chapter to buy myself a little more time so I can read the few submissions I did get through discord. If you don’t have one and don’t want one, hit me up on Twitter or Instagram (@glitchthemighty) and I’ll give you the requirements I need. All characters will remain that of their creator(s) and I’ll make sure to give credit at the end of each chapter.

Why do I need OCs? Charlie’s work is important to the story, so I want to write the sessions she’ll have with the residents. Also, Alastor needs to start offing people at some point. Let’s see if they’ll survive lol I also don’t think I could, or at least have the energy to come up with so many originals aside from Thorn and maybe a couple of more.

If you don’t have Twitter or Instagram, let me know and I’ll give you an alternative to reach me. I would like for your characters to be given me directly so we don’t spoil key things for other readers.

Join us on discord! Link in the tweet: https://twitter.com/glitchthemighty/status/1212785408246870016?s=21
Thank you so much everyone for sticking with me and being so patient! I’ll be going through a brief hiatus to move and unpack and with how the situation looks with my boyfriend, I may be moving again sooner than we think.

Again, THANK YOU! And I love you!

Fun fact: it’s head cannon for me that he’s humming “In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida” by Iron Butterfly, but doesn’t know the lyrics, it’s just a tune he heard before. It’s something I find myself humming or singing it at random all the time next to either “It’s not Unusual” by Tom Jones or “Karma Chameleon” by Culture Club. It makes me laugh sometimes because my favorite genre of music is almost anything Metal :)}
Vaggie rubbed her face with her hands then pinched the bridge of her nose as she began to count backwards from ten to zero in Spanish. Angel watched her amusingly, three arms folded across his midsection while one cupped his cheek, fingers drumming against the damp fur. He crossed his long legs and waited for Vaggie to calm down.

As soon as Charlie had left the steam filled room, Vaggie looked like she was slapped across the face then a look of pure anger washed over her. The air was thick, and Angel, at this point, knew better than to move or say something while she brandished a spear in her white knuckled fists. As soon as it disappeared into nothingness, he let out the breath he didn’t know he had been holding and spoke.

“Ya done?” He said calmly, “What has your taco in a twist? Them two just talkin business with sponsors. I don’t see why yer so worked up.”

Vaggie looked at him, eyebrows furrowed, “Don’t you see it? Lately Charlie’s been spending more time with him, and I’m the one who has to hear about,” she began making quotations marks with her fingers in the air, her face twisted in a sneer, “all the good bullshit he does.” She sighed exasperatedly, shaking her head in disbelief. “I’m sick of it. I want tomorrow to be here because then it puts distance between them and... and...” she caught her head in her hands.

“Uh huh...”

“I’m really trying to give him a chance Angel, don’t get me wrong, I really am.” Vaggie looked up at him, turning her head so she could face him with her good eye as she leaned forward and placed her elbows on her knees so her arms could hang limply between her open legs, “I’m grateful for what he’s done for the hotel, for her, and we’re all in debt to him for it, but when it comes to him being near or alone with Charlie... I don’t know...” she slumped as she sat back on the bench, her feet barely touching the floor as she swung them back and forth, “I’m losing her, I just know it. She says not to worry about it, but that worries me even more.”
Angel didn’t know what came over him, he usually wasn’t one to show concern for anyone but himself, yet he felt a little pang of guilt strike a chord within him. He carefully scooted closer to his missing eyed companion, “Have ya tried talking to her? Princess Goody Goody is all about that shit after all.” He grabbed the ladle and poured another scoop over the rocks and leaves.

Vaggie inhaled deeply, “Yea, I have on a few occasions. I feel like I’ve gotten no where with her though. If anything, she feels further away. Maybe it’s me sounding like a broken record.” She gnawed her bottom lip, looking back down at the floor.

‘You have no idea,’ Angel thought, looking up and nodding as he contemplated his next words carefully. If he had to choose who he was loyal to at the hotel, it would hands down be Charlie for the mere fact she was kinder to him and even trusted him when everyone else found him annoying or bothersome. This was probably the first time he and Vaggie were in the same room alone without an argument erupting.

“So...” he said slowly, trying his hand at the whole ‘talk about your feelings’ Charlie insisted on, “how does that make you feel?”

Vaggie’s head whipped toward him, eye wide. Did Angel just...? “Why do you care?” She said, not angrily, but weary. “I thought you only cared about yourself.”

Angel stood up and stretched, “I don’t, but seems to me ya need to get some stuff off yer chest, so might as well, right? Come on, let’s get ya some fresh air before we prune. I might not be willin’ to listen next time you’re moping like your high school crush ended up banging the entire football team without ya. You being down in the dumps is makin me sad and that’s saying something!”

Vaggie gave him a small smile as she followed him out to the pool area, stopping just enough to turn down the heating source. They dried themselves off and walked over the covered cabana Charlie had set for them when the trio were to finish together. Angel bent down next to an ice chest and grabbed them both a bottle of water. Vaggie settled on one of the chairs and sighed, watching the water sparkle in the sunlight.

“What makes you say that?”

“I do.” Vaggie said without hesitation.

Angel crossed his upper arms behind his head and inspected the nails of his left lower hand, the right holding his bottle, “So why you so angry and tense if he wants to conduct business in his room? Ain’t nothing gonna happen and from what I know, and what my gal pals like Cherri told me, Smiles ain’t had a girlfriend in like... ever. Don’t think he’s capable of it. Too full of himself, really.”

“But... I know he’s had lovers. It’s been a long time, but he’s had... companions.”

‘Fuck...’ he gulped. ‘I didn’t think taco breath knew.’

Vaggie sighed again, “I don’t know Angel, my mind is a jumbled, jealous mess. They were single demonesses too,” Angel let out a breath of relief, “so I should believe he wouldn’t try taking someone in a relationship. I really want to trust them, both of them, but you don’t see the looks he gives her. I know he’s using her for something and sometimes she’s so gullible. Yea, we all know he’s in this to see us fail horribly, but there has to be something else and I just don’t know what.”

“What makes you say that?”

“I haven’t seen his shadow much, so where is it? When I do see it, it’s as if it’s looking for
something. Or inspecting something but as soon as it senses me, it goes away. It’s weird to me.” She brought her knees up to rest her chin on them, “Am I just paranoid?”

Angel scratched his head, “Sounds like it... but sometimes it’s good to be. Keeps you alive. But it’s also not healthy. I think you’re reading too much into things, toots. A lot has been going on in a short time so...” he moved a hand around, trying to figure out the words to express what he was trying to say, “so... it might feel like that but she’s just doin her job to make sure this place is... what’s the word...”

“Successful?” Vaggie offered, turning her head to face him again.

He snapped the fingers of three of his hands, “Yea! That. Before it was just yous two, right? Then Mr. Perfection came in. Now we got this motley crew of degenerates runnin the place and it’s no longer just the two of yas. She spends time with me, Niffty, and Husk too, not just Big Red. They’re business partners, so of course they’ll spend a bit more with one another to get this ship sailin’, but who does she go to bed with every night?” He looked her dead in the eye. ‘You owe me Charlie.’

Vaggie smiled, strangely feeling reassured, “You’re right... it’s been busy even if doesn’t look it. I guess I’ve just been used to how things have been since we’ve been together. I don’t think she realizes how it looks from the outside though, the way she looks at him too, but you’re right. She always comes back to me. I know she loves me.”

“So what if she has a puppy crush she doesn’t know she’s got? Baby cakes comes to you every night, kisses you every day, and lemme guess, says she loves ya, yea?” Vaggie nodded. “Do you believe her?” She nodded again, this time with a look of guilt, “You’re the only one who is gonna understand and give two shits about what she thinks or feels, ya hear? Smiles don’t give a flying fuck, you said so yerself, and I know that’s true too. Let ‘er do her thing, it’ll be ok.” Angel gave her a smirk, but deep down he felt a little bad, ‘I have second thoughts about knowing little miss sunshine’s dirty secret and now she’s got me wondering about Al too. Guess I should pay better attention. He’s just as bad as Val, maybe even Vox.’

“Thank you, Angel. I feel better. You’re not so bad when you’re not making things into a sex joke or about you.” She flashed him a toothy smiled and giggled.

The spider demon rolled his eyes, “I have some fuckin’ class, hon. Plus y’all ain’t fun anymore. No one bats an eye unless I flash some ass, but Husk... oh baby.” He licked his lips, eyes narrowing mischievously, “I swear I’ll make Kitty purr for me one of these fuckin days. That’s the kinda pussy I want.” Both let out a laugh, then laughed even harder as they heard a loud sneeze, a metallic clink, and Husk roar profanities in the distance.

“Pinche cabrón...” she giggled, relaxing in her seat finally with a small smile on her face.

Mimzy and Rosie sat in Alastor’s living room, tea cups and saucers in hand, and waited patiently for their hosts/beneficiaries to arrive. Rosie had a small inkling they’d be waiting a while as she was powdering her nose in the guest bathroom by the main door when she heard footsteps in the hall outside and the distinct sound of radio static before a door being shut almost violently. Mimzy had been distracted by Niffty to not have noticed.

‘Oh Alastor, she’ll have you wrapped around her finger in no time instead.’ She chuckled to herself as she sipped from the ivory cup with a red silhouette of a stag surrounded by black throned vines.
‘While you’ve snuffed many flames, none have burned as bright as she.’

With hollow eye sockets she scanned the room, taking in the details of Alastor’s new home and nodding approvingly of the aesthetics that reminded her of a time when she walked amongst the living. The suite was much larger than she imagined. The top half of the walls including the ceilings were painted red while the bottom half was dark brown slabs of wood with a thin black border separating the two. Upon entering the place, the first door to the left was the guest bathroom. To the right, an accent table with a small cathedral radio sat with half melted red candles on black three tiered candelabra. On the wall space above, a painting of a moonlit bayou hung. The detailing were so life like, it looked like a window separated the occupants of the room from the outside rather than canvas. Further down the wall, a giant wooden book case housed several large tomes and pictures of Alastor and some of his associates through his years in Hell. At the top, much too Rosie’s and Mimzy’s pleasure, was of the three of them after a show at an opera house. On either side of the book case, glass display cases protected peculiar artifacts such as voodoo dolls, small animal skulls in various states of completeness, and the stuffed hides of critters, professionally executed by a taxidermist.

On the adjacent wall were two large sliding glass doors that led to a balcony overlooking the side of the building, the blackout curtains pulled back to allow the natural light to filter in. In between the doors, an ornate fireplace with another antique cathedral style radio sitting on the mantle with more three tiered candelabras, underneath a painting of a mighty red furred buck standing majestically on a hill overlooking what one could describe as the gaping maw of hell’s entrance. The frame was masterfully carved to resemble tree roots and at each corner, an eye stared at the scene. Set up in front of the fireplace we’re two high back red velvet plush chairs with a black stained coffee table in between, and matching ottomans tucked neatly underneath the table.

Moving further around the room, two doors led to the bed rooms. Rosie was certain the one without the carved symbols was the Radio Demon’s private quarters. On the walls, several paintings of hell were hung. “The Last Judgement” by Jan Van Eyck, “Dulle Griet” by Pieter Bruegel the Elder, “Pandemonium” by John Martin, and lastly, a painting of “Dante and Virgil” by William-Adolphe Bouguereau. In between each one, a wall mounted candelabra was fastened. Between the doors, underneath the paintings, a long accent table with vases of dark wilted flowers completed the wall.

Flushed against the next wall was a large wooden cabinet that housed fine china at the top and had three, large drawers underneath. Like most of the other wooden furniture, the wood was stained dark brown, nearly black. The top details of the cabinet resembled that of jagged claws or teeth with an eye at the center point, mere centimeters away from touching the ceiling. Tucked to the right corner was a covered item, most likely a large radio type of equipment, Rosie figured.

The wall continued on to the modest kitchen with a long counter that extended into the room, creating a nice defined space for the large table that could host eight guests at a time (located in front of the cabinet). Lastly to complete the perimeter was the pantry door. In the center of the room, located between the sitting area of the fireplace and dining room area was where the women sat. A large oval black marbled coffee sat at the middle with the black and red plush couch backside facing the kitchen and dining room. On either side were square tables with large stained glass lamps with red lampshades with black tassels. To the left and right, facing one another, Rosie and Mimzy sat on large high backed chairs. They were nearly blood red in color with floral stitching on the cushions. Across from the couch was a love seat. Behind the love seat was a small table with several decanters of various colored liquids for Alastor to entertain his guests with rather than his personal stash in his room. The final piece of the room was a black grand piano, sitting nearest the wall with the book and display cases.
The entire room was lined with a dark reddish brown carpet. Above the sitting area and in the dining room, chandeliers hung, and if one looked closely, the detailing were breathtaking as if was resembled to look like bones and melted creatures clawing their way up.

The housekeeper emerged from Alastor’s kitchen with snacks the deer demon kept for guests and a stack of napkins. She placed the tray down with assorted biscuits, thumbprint cookies with various jelly centers and plain crackers. She arranged everything a few times on the table as both women moved to sit in the loveseat to better share the snacks and nodded approvingly before looking up and smiling at the two.

“I wish I could stay and talk more but I should get lunch started or else Husk won’t have anything other than booze and cigarettes again. Anything else I can get you ladies before I go?” She ran a hand through her hair. “I’ll come back up with some cake. Charlie loves sweets and I made this really good one with strawberries and custard filling I think you’ll like.”

Mimzy shook her head, “No, thank you Nift. Don’t eat too much though! We’ll have dinner and drinks, yes?” She looked at her companion.

Rosie set her tea on the coffee table, “I’m afraid I’ll sit this one out, deary, I should get back to work at the emporium. I’ve been commissioned to make a new suit for some clients and I have several appointments in early morning. I can have Alastor drop me off at home. Thank you for the ride here.”

The stout demoness whined, “I should have thought of that... ugh, fine. You can have him to yourself this time. I’ll see you later Niffty. We’ll catch up tonight.”

Niffty bowed and scurried off, turning on the radio by the door and let the swing music fill the air. Both women sat back and relaxed.

“I wonder when they’ll get here. He said he went to go find her.” Mimzy crossed her legs and gently blew at the piping hot liquid in her cup.

Rosie tried hard not to smile too much, “It’s a rather big place, Mimzy. She could be anywhere and you know Alastor doesn’t have a phone in which to call her.” She reached for a cracker and a napkin.

Mimzy sighed, “Yeah. What do you think of her, anyway? I’m conflicted because I like her, she seems like such a sweet girl, but thinking about her with Alastor... it drives me crazy!”

Rosie chuckled, “Mimzy, dear, come now, you go mad with jealousy if he even breathes toward another woman. How he puts up with it is beyond me! Our dear Alastor is just having his fun. It’s been a while after all since he’s had a play thing. What she has to offer though, I’m not certain as she’s the queerest one he’s ever pursued with not much going for her but a pretty face, a name, and unfathomable wealth. I find her quite a curiosity myself, though. I supposed I should have paid more attention to the royal family, even if they paint her as such a failure in the media and a shame to the Magne name.”

“Yes, but... She’s such a doll though, literally looks like one too! Who would have thought with a lineage like hers, she’d be so...?”

“Whacky?”

“I was going to say a contradiction but yes.” Both women giggled as they reached for a random biscuit. “How does the daughter of Hell’s first sinner and a cast out Seraph end up as pure as she is
when her heritage screams sin? I can’t imagine the kind of power she has! If she has any at all.” Mimzy shoved another biscuit into her mouth. “Maybe she is weak.”

“Doubt it. Perhaps that’s why he’s drawn to her. Whether she’ll end up like the rest, it’s hard to say. But he also just enjoys creating chaos. I’m sure Lucifer wouldn’t appreciate his heir being eaten.”

“Imagine the power he would gain?”

“For all we know she has nothing, and is weak which is why she’s been such a pushover from what I’ve heard. Rehabilitating sinners?” Rosie snorted unladylike, “Whacky nonsense. Perhaps she has a few screws loose in that pretty little head of hers. She’s witty though, I’ll give her that.”

Mimzy rubbed her chin, “I do want to get to know her more, make sure she’s the right fit for our Alastor and his plans.”

Rosie’s brows knitted, “So... you approve? Just like that? You were about to snap her neck when you learned those two were intimate, dear. You even said the thought drives you crazy.”

Mimzy rolled her eyes, setting her now empty cup down to sit further in the seat until her feet were off the ground, “Truthfully, Rosie... I... I should change that, and we know why he’s with her. He sees something that we don’t, and if it’ll help him get to where he wants to be, I’ll help him get there the best I can. I just know it’s going to make me uncomfortable but it’s the price I’ve always paid for loving him.”

Rosie turned to face her, arching a brow as she sat her cup on the saucer, “This ‘love’ of yours is getting you no where, Mimzy. I adore the both of you, all things considered, but seeing you with unrequited feelings is rather depressing. Almost 100 years you’ve claimed to love him. I think you’re just obsessed at this point and don’t know what love really is.”

Mimzy flinched, “Ouch. Is that how you feel?” The other demoness nodded, “If you weren’t my dear friend as well, I’d probably slap you, but I value your input. Hmm...” she placed her right hand on her round cheek and drummed her fingers against her skin, changing the topic, “Where do you think they are?”

“Who knows... close by I’m sure. Be a dear and fill up my cup while I use the restroom again? Thank you, love.”

Downstairs, Vaggie and Angel, both wearing towels over their bodies, joined Husk at the bar who had an ice pack strapped to his forehead with a sweatband. Angel and Vaggie tried not to laugh or say anything as the bartender sent them a glare as soon as they noticed. The moth enjoyed a regular glass of iced tea while Angel had a martini. Husk, who removed his jump suit, was cleaning between the bottles in preparation for tomorrow. The trio were having a light conversation about the up coming residents.

“I didn’t get a good look at ‘em at the reception but got any good lookin’ fellas?” Angel said with a grin, licking his golden tooth.

Vaggie rolled her eye, “Angel, we went over this... you’re not allowed to be alone with the male patients.”

“Good luck with that.” Husk said with his back toward them, “This asshole is a spider. Fuckers always pop outta nowhere and this place is huge. I can’t use the lobby bathroom for a quick piss
He turned to pick up his open bottle of beer and took a drink, “I’m just wondering how you and Charlie plan on doing this shit.”

Vaggie turned her stool around so she could lean against the bar, arms on the counter. She crossed her legs and bounced her foot, “Well, we’re going to give them a day or two to settle in and then work out a schedule as most have jobs while others I’m sure are just here for the free rooms and food. From there, we’ll work on one-on-one sessions, group them according to appropriate sins for group therapy, and then we’ll have to wait and see what Charlie decides. It’s a work in progress so she’s trying to take things as slow as possible. She’s rushed so many other projects before it ended up a disaster.” Vaggie smiled a little.

Angel leaned forward on the counter, resting his head in his two upper hands while his bottom left drummed it’s fingers on the counter and the his right stirred the olive in his glass, “I’m still trying to wrap my head around this. I mean... I wish her all the best but fuck, it’s Hell for Christ sakes.”

“I ain’t never seen anyone else as stubborn as her than fuckwad. Maybe she might not get the result she wants, but I can see her changing some things around here. Ya think her being a princess means shit, but it don’t, so she’s gotta work for it. The fact some of these assholes think it’s possible to change makes me think some of this might work.” Husk removed three stoppers from some bottles and threw them into the sink to clean.

“I didn’t think you could be optimistic.” Vaggie said, turning back around. “Coming from you, I actually think you’re right. Maybe we can’t get anyone to heaven, but we can make some positive changes. We just need to keep the momentum going and hopefully this batch won’t be our only one. Sometimes people want to see examples.”

“Say, toots,” Angel said, finishing his drink, “Didya always doubt this? Doubt her? You were so damn gun ho about this crap when I got here, I’m actually surprised.”

Vaggie sipped her tea, “I don’t doubt Charlie. I doubt the people. Not everyone can change, or will change.”

“I brought lunch!” Niffty cried as she rounded the corner with a push cart with four silver domes. Angel stood to help her and passed out the platters. Once she seated herself at the counter, they removed the tops and licked their lips at the towering sandwiches and sides she put together.

The winged feline opened up a soda can and passed it to the cyclops, “Thanks, Nift.” Husk said as he speared a pickle slice with his sharp claws.

“No worries. Vaggie, when you go up could you stop by Alastor’s room and drop off some cake for them? I have it ready in the kitchen. I’d do it myself but I have a few more chores to do before I go out with Mimzy for dinner.”

“Sure. I was going to head up after lunch anyway. Thank you.”

“Say, Husk?” Niffty said, picking up a carrot stick, “Why do you have an ice pack on your head?”

Husk rolled his eyes and sighed exasperatedly, “I sneezed my brains out while inspecting the Bentley’s headlight and almost knocked myself unconscious.”

“Why you do that...?” Niffty was genuinely curious. Everyone stared at her. Angel and Vaggie covered their mouths as Husk’s left eyebrow began to twitch, the long red hairs bouncing. “What?”

“Forget it...” Husk opened up another beer bottle for himself and took off the ice pack and headband.
As soon as the door had slammed shut behind Alastor, Charlie attacked. She hastily undid the buttons of his dress shirt though half tempted to rip them off. For every inch of skin she could reach she placed open mouth kisses, causing the demon before her to take in a deep breath. As soon as the last button was undone, Alastor shimmied the shirt off his shoulders and ripped his hands out of the sleeves, tossing the shirt into the corner with a snap. In the time it took him to complete said task, Charlie managed to remove her top and discarded it near his shirt.

“You servantes?” He breathed, the static in his voice dissipating while his eyes drooped as her hands returned to him to stroke him through his trousers. He scanned the room, nearly forgetting the two goat demons that served the hotel’s owner. He let out a small gasp as Charlie’s fang grazed his collar bone.

“With my parents until tonight. I send them back when I don’t need them.” She ran her fingers down from his shoulders, his pectorals, then side by side down the rest of his torso to his trousers, hard enough to leave welts by her sharp nails, but soft enough to not break skin. Her eyes flashed red as she looked up at him. His lips curled in a lopsided smile. “Do you wanna do it out here or...?” Her voice trailed as she looked over her shoulder toward her bedroom, “You said you don’t like smelling Vaggie.”

With a slash from his right hand, he tore a portal into her room behind her and shoved Charlie through it. She squeaked as she landed on her back on the bed. Alastor climbed, practically jumping through, landing above her with his arms and legs on either side of her. The predatory look in his eyes caused Charlie’s breath to hitch in her throat. His crimson eyes roamed her body as he grinned devilishly.

“I can stomach it for the sake of some more privacy. Lets not forget, walls have ears, darling.” He dipped his head to kiss along her jawline, down the column of her neck and moved further down her body. Charlie moaned, hands tangling in his hair as he returned to her chest, biting gently at a nipple, then continued further down to tickle her stomach with butterfly kisses. He undid the ties of her bottoms, removed the piece of cloth, and as delicately as possible, slid his middle and index fingers inside as he moved to kneel between her open legs. He grinned as her inner muscles clamped down on them, throwing her head to the side and arching her back off the bed, mouth hung open as she sighed blissfully. She was still sensitive from the night before.

“Al...” her voice was thick with need.

Charlie’s mind was in a lust filled haze, the eroticism of them being on the bed she shared with her significant other fueling her excitement. She closed her eyes tightly, covering her face as Alastor settled on a slow, torturous rhythm. Her breathing became labored as she tried to rock her hips to quicken the pace but whined instead as he pulled away.

Alastor undid the buttons of his trousers. Charlie stared up at him, propping herself up on her elbows, then down at his pelvis as he slid the remainder of his clothes off him. His member twitched as she delicately touched the underside, stroking from base to tip and ran her thumb over the tip.

“Turn around for me, darling.” Charlie’s eyes widened a little but did as she was told, getting on her hands and knees. She looked over her shoulder, slightly embarrassed at the position she was in. Alastor knelt behind her and placed his hands on her hips, teasing her skin with soft strokes of his claws. The princess shivered. “Tell me dear, do you like a little pain mixed with your pleasure?”
Charlie sucked in a breathe, “What?”

Alastor, without warning, slapped her rear. Charlie gasped, and while it had been hard enough to sting, a warm feeling washed over her. Her eyes widen. The male demon laughed at her surprised expression, “We’ll definitely be exploring that another time. Unfortunately we’re on a time crunch.”

He leaned forward and pushed down on her upper back. Charlie took the hint and rested her head on the pillow and left her bottom up to present her aching center, already dripping with her juices, to her lover. Alastor moved his legs so there where on either side of her shins to keep her tight as possible, and slowly entered her from behind, causing the blonde demoness to whimper happily. She didn’t know what about him made it addictive but dammit did it feel so good.

Chapter End Notes

This concludes updates for the next few weeks as I pack and move and get my shit situated. I may also be a bit quiet in discord but do come and join the others! We have had some great conversations and we have some awesome people there.

Thank you so much everyone. Know that I love you all and if you join discord, do stop by for Q & A! I’ll have another after I drop the next chapter.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!