The Devil’s Violinist

by Silvaxus

Summary

Lucifer was bored, tired, and ready to go home. But even after he sealed the deal with his new business partner, a good one for him, Lucifer still had no desire to go to the local classical music concert. He always liked music, but the violin wasn’t an instrument Lucifer was interested in.

His opinion changed the instant Lucifer laid his eyes upon the young man handling the instrument. He was tall, young and beautiful in a way men rarely are. With his interest awakened, Lucifer had to get to know the young man. Once he got to know Sam, he had to have him.

Notes

Hey guys,

surprise :) It's a SPN story again! This is my part for this year's Samifer Big Bang. I hope you like it :)

The art made for this story are from wearemykingdom

Credits for the edits for my beloved Beta CrowNoYami
So long
Silva

See the end of the work for more notes.
Lucifer stood in the foyers of the concert hall that his new business partner had dragged him into attending. Nursing his drink, Lucifer kept an eye on the people around him but barely listened to any of the discussions going on around him. He was happy when the deal was finally sealed, and he had hoped to go home, have a drink and dinner and go to bed. He wanted to be alone in his personal space in silence, but here he was; ready to head into the private lounge his new partner owned.

Exhausted and annoyed by the many people all around him, Lucifer had to work to keep his ‘people-face’ in place, smile at the right time and nod politely when someone greeted him. He wanted to go home and be left alone.

When a bell chimed through the foyers, and people wandered as mass to their seats, Lucifer was happy when -finally- silence fell over the room. The private lounge he was invited to was one of the good ones, high above the others with a direct view on the stage. There was a small orchestra hidden in the orchestra pit in front of the stage which was otherwise empty as far as Lucifer could see in the dim light.

Suddenly, the room fell dark, and even the last hushed whispers died before a spotlight fell on the stage.

A young man stepped into the spotlight with a beautiful sleek violin in his hand.
Blinking, Lucifer stared at the young man. Thankfully, his position high up in the lounge paired with his seat helped him to get a better view of the young man. Lucifer’s best guess was that the young musician had to be tall since the instrument looked almost tiny in his hands. A faint blush colored his face as he looked at the number of people filling the concert hall and Lucifer was sure that because of the dim light the young man wouldn’t be able to see the number of people filling the room.

He bowed before his audience, and his long, floppy hair fell him over his shoulders and a bit into his face, but with an elegant movement of his head, he threw his head back, and his hair flipped back in place; it looked like a well-practiced move. There was something completely innocent and boyish in his face which looked young and either he had recently shaven, or he still needed to grow into his facial hair. Lucifer felt his fingers itch with the urge to find out. He didn’t like the black suit the young man wore paired with a white dress shirt. He could see that the suit was of good quality, a curse to notice such things when you have to wear suits daily. The black of the suit was too hard on the musician’s face where the white of his shirt suited him so much better.

The young man lifted the sleek instrument to his shoulder, raised the bow and even over the distance between them Lucifer could see the young man’s chest expand as he took a deep breath right before the bow touched the strings for the first time.

When the first soft note filled the air, Lucifer had to close his eyes as goosebumps rose on his arms. The melody was sweet and almost sad but precise, and Lucifer felt it down to his very core. Still, with his eyes closed, Lucifer listened to the soft tune that seemed to fill him out entirely and touched things within himself he hadn’t known he possessed. Lucifer felt himself relax as his whole being opened under the magic of the music filling the room. When he managed to open his eyes, he saw the same thing on every person around him. They were all transfixed by the soft and sad notes filling the room.

Turning away from the people around him, Lucifer stared at the young man on the stage.

He was completely caught in his music and swayed softly to the notes he elicited from his instrument, but there was something else on his face that made Lucifer pause. As the music wandered to the back of Lucifer’s mind, he looked at the young man casting magic over all these people.

Lucifer tried to pinpoint what he exactly saw on the young man’s face, but sadness would be the most natural word to use. He was entirely in control over his music, but Lucifer now felt the sorrow in each soft note as he saw sadness on the other’s face even when he couldn’t know what caused it.

A shiver of a different kind ran down Lucifer’s back as he watched the young man’s face. There was such a sadness yet acceptance while he played his violin. He moved and swayed in sync as he dragged his bow back and forth over the strings and filled the room not only with his music but with his presence. Lucifer saw people with tears streaming down their faces, and he stared at the young man as if he was the answer to every question they ever had.

While Lucifer appreciated the man’s physical beauty and the music he created there was still something off about it. Lucifer couldn’t name it, his knowledge of this kind of music lacking in its depths, but he could feel it in his soul that something was missing.

The concert ended all too soon for Lucifer’s liking.
The violinist had bowed once more in front of his audience and had accepted their applause, but the sadness he had displayed in his music was now almost touchable in his eyes, and it woke up a desire in Lucifer he hadn’t felt in a long time.

He wanted to hold the young man close, worship him only to coax as beautiful sounds from him as he did with his violin. Lucifer knew himself well enough to know that he liked his bedmates either to be young or look innocent but he was a generous lover and never let them leave unsatisfied. With this young man, it was something completely different.

Lucifer wanted to shelter him, find the reason for the sadness in his music and face, and he wanted to see his eyes up close to read them.

When he left the concert hall, Lucifer grabbed one of the many info brochures and read it in his ride home on the backseat of a taxi. He had been right. The violinist he had just spent two hours on with nothing but staring and listening, was young, only twenty-three years old. According to the short biography in the brochure, he had started to play his instrument when other children were learning to walk. A natural talent it seemed.

Back at home, Lucifer flipped on his laptop, wrote a mail to his secretary only to let him now that he won’t come into the office the next day. His shoes ended up under the table, his tie and suit jacket on his bed and he only opened the two first buttons of his dark blue dress shirt and rolled up the sleeves. He was so used to wearing suits; they were like a second skin to him, even at home.

He grabbed himself a beer from the fridge together with the leftovers from last evening's pizza and threw himself on the couch with the brochure in his hand.

The headline was quick-witted as headlines always were, but Lucifer had to agree with it, and it gave him another information he hadn’t gasped earlier at the concert hall. ‘Samuel Winchester - Violinist Extraordinaire’ read the headline and so Lucifer took a swing from his beer and fed the search on YouTube with the Name: Samuel Winchester.

He found a few interviews and lots of snippets from different concerts. It was a barely watched snippet somebody had recorded with his phone according to the quality that made Lucifer pause before he hit play.

Sam, because Lucifer couldn’t think of him as Samuel, wore a plain white t-shirt and dark jeans while he played. He didn’t seem to be playing for an audience but for himself. The notes were more mysterious, full of passion and strength, and there was a small smile on his face; Lucifer could only describe as sinful. This was a completely different musician than the one Lucifer had seen today.

Hitting replay, Lucifer leaned back and let the music wash over him just like he had done at the concert hall. The dark and sinful notes crawled over his skin like a lover’s fingers until the music dropped into notes that seemed to drip sex and desire. Wetting his lips with his tongue, Lucifer opened his eyes again and could only stare at Sam’s face.

The light was off, and so he still couldn’t make out the color of Sam’s eyes, but the emotions on the young man’s face were... breathtaking. This was the face of a musician in his element when he was creating something, he desired from the deepest parts of himself when he was opening himself to his work.

Needing another swing from his beer, Lucifer watched the video several times more before he got
up to get himself a new beer. Pressing the cold bottle against his neck, Lucifer thought about what he had seen today for himself and the face he had seen in this small snippet. It was like two different people were playing the same instrument.

Going back to his laptop, Lucifer listened to several other videos, and while he appreciated the music, he felt the sadness again, and Sam’s face was devoted to the energy he had been radiating when he seemed to be playing only for himself.

Frowning at the laptop screen, Lucifer checked Sam’s schedule and when he was supposed to be on stage the next time. He couldn’t believe that someone would cut in on himself like this and his music when it was so apparent that he wanted to show his music in a different kind of light.

Maybe it would be different when Sam played on a smaller stage, with a diverse public, but Lucifer wanted to know more about this young man. Thankfully, Lucifer only had to wait about a week until he could see Sam play again. Fuck the meeting he was supposed to have the next day.

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Over the next eight weeks, Lucifer visited one concert per week and watched Sam weave his magic. It never failed to make him shiver and feel the music down to his very core but... something was still missing, and it made Lucifer growl because he couldn’t grasp what was so off when Sam was playing in front of an audience.

Which was the reason Lucifer did something he rarely ever did. He used the power and influence of his name to contact Sam Winchester’s management and arrange a personal meeting with the young musician.

He almost felt bad about using his power for this, but Lucifer needed answers and to get them he needed to meet Sam Winchester in person and ask this gifted musician himself.

Sitting in his private lounge, he booked the whole thing for himself, and the other seats remained empty. Lucifer watched Sam play and enthrall the other people watching him with his magic. In other times people would have called Sam a witcher the way he could pull everyone’s attention in. Chuckling to himself, Lucifer nipped on his drink as he watched Sam bow in front of the audience and remained a moment longer on the stage before he finally vanished behind the curtain.

Getting up, Lucifer closed the buttons of his jacket, straightened out any wrinkles and left his private lounge. In front of his door, someone was already waiting for him to lead him through the labyrinth that was behind the curtain.

It was indeed a labyrinth, but his guide showed him an unimpressive door with no nameplate on it. There was only a little scribble on a crumpled piece of paper with “Artists/Musicians” written on it. Frowning at how disrespectful it was, Lucifer knocked softly on the door and waited for the door to be opened.

When the door was finally opened, Lucifer stared into eyes so radiant he had slapped himself on the mental plane. Colors of brown clashed with green and blue until they turned into a soft grey around the black of the pupil. Moisturizing his lips against his nervousness, Lucifer extended his hand to greet the young man.

“Lucifer Nicolas Alighieri. Thank you for your time, Mr. Winchester.”
Warm and slender fingers touched Lucifer’s hand to answer the handshake he offered. Lucifer could feel the strength in Sam’s hand, but he could also feel the marks in his skin, left from years of playing his instrument.

Curious eyes watched Lucifer, and for the first time, he was able to see them up this close. Rare eyes of soft green mixing with grey until it turned into a pale blue.

Sam stepped aside and held the door open for Lucifer to enter after they’ve finished their handshake.

“Please, come in Mr. Alighieri, and please, call me Sam. My father is Mr. Winchester and Samuel is my grandfather.”

Chuckling, Lucifer felt a sense of personal pride when he realized he had been right, Sam and not Samuel. Stepping into the room, Lucifer noticed the organized chaos the room held. Clothes, not as fancy as the suit Sam still wore, but comfortable and practical. Lucifer had almost forgotten what jeans felt like on his skin because he always wore his suits.

“What can I do for you, Mr. Alighieri?”

Sam’s question pulled Lucifer out of his observation of the room, and he turned around to look back at Sam he noticed that the young man looked tired.

“Please, call me Lucifer when you allow me the courtesy to call you Sam.”

Sam smiled, and he looked at Lucifer with a curious gleam in his eyes. Lucifer almost expected the next question but ended up pleasantly surprised.

“Do you know that in Judaism Satan and the Archangel Samael are the same deity? My name, Samuel, is a derivation of Samael. We both carry the same name.”

Laughing at the surprisingly amusing information, Lucifer sat down on one of the only two empty chairs in the room.

“I think I read something about that when I was curious and wanted to learn more about my name. However, I have to admit that I like the fact that people mostly stare at me as if I’m kidding or pulling a prank on them. You, Sam, are the first ever to surprise me. Congratulations.”

Sam blushed heavily at Lucifer’s praise and a part of Lucifer, the part that had already laid its eyes upon Sam, filled this information away for later use... or so he hoped. For now, Lucifer was just happy to be in Sam’s presence.

“Sorry, it’s something my brother likes to tease me with, that sometimes random knowledge just leaves my mouth.”

Lucifer watched the blush deepen as it crawled down Sam’s neck until it vanished under the collar of his white dress shirt. Licking his lips, the only thought dominating Lucifer’s mind was that Sam looked marvelous in red and white.
Only when Sam shifted from one foot to the other under Lucifer’s gaze, did Lucifer blink and it seemed to be enough for Sam to sit down on the other empty chair.

“There is nothing wrong with throwing around random knowledge, Sam. It shows that you have interests in more than just one field. Please, never hold back on your outbursts of random knowledge.”

When Sam smiled shyly at Lucifer, Lucifer started to grin himself and was about to say something when Sam suddenly started to yawn and stretch his shoulders and back like a cat. Embarrassed, Sam slapped his hand over his mouth, but Lucifer only frowned at the clock hanging on the wall.

“I’m sorry, Lucifer. I had a long day, and normally I crash after a concert. It’s exhausting to play for such a long time with barely a break to take a drink. I know that you had to do a few things to get here, to begin with. My boss is kinda neurotic in keeping people away from me.”

Now Lucifer felt like a jerk for keeping Sam from his usual routine after a concert.

“No, Sam. I’m the one who needs to apologize. I was so eager to finally meet you in person that I didn’t think about how exhausting such a concert has to be for you. Do you need a ride somewhere? I used my car to get here tonight.”

Lucifer felt a pang of disappointment when Sam shook his head.

“Thank you for the offer, but you came here for a reason, and tomorrow I have the day off. It won’t kill me to go to bed a bit later today.”

Looking at Sam, Lucifer wasn’t so sure about his statement. Bone-Deep tiredness lay upon Sam’s face, but Lucifer didn’t know if the concert was the reason or if the was the fact that Sam had played once more with a deep sadness in his music. Luckily, Sam’s own words offered him a solution.

“Not, acceptable Sam. You worked hard today, and I’m sure you prepared countless hours beforehand as well. You need your sleep like anybody else. How about we continue our talk tomorrow? Any time and any place you want and I can pick you up if you like; should you even want to see me again.”

Sam tilted his head in a very feline way as he kept looking at Lucifer as he seemed to be thinking about Lucifer’s idea.

“Do you know the park where the cherry trees are blooming right now?”

Raking his head for the requested park, Lucifer remembered the place. Not a part of the city he usually went to. It was more a place for students and family than for a man like him. However, Lucifer nodded in answer to Sam.

“Yes, and I have to admit, I’ve never been there as I live across the city. That’s where you want to meet?”

Happiness bloomed all over Sam’s face as the sun rose over the Earth after a cold winter night before he frowned at Lucifer.
“You have never been there? Not even when the cherry trees are in full bloom?”

Shaking his head, Lucifer felt like Sam had just scolded him for not knowing his favorite place. The part of Lucifer which wanted to do nothing but please Sam ducked its imaginary head.

“I’m afraid so, Sam. However, you could use the day tomorrow to show me the park. Whereat the park do you want to meet? And when?”

Sam jumped out of his chair as if he got zapped and went to a small bag, he had hung up next to his coat. He came back with a miniature and a well-used notebook and a pencil. He opened the notebook and scribbled something on the empty page before he ripped it out and handed it to Lucifer.

Looking down at the ripped out the page, Lucifer saw a basic drawing of the outlines of the park and Sam had marked the place where he wanted to meet with him with an x. Under the scrabble, Lucifer spotted Sam’s phone number, together with the time: 11 am.

Folding the page neatly until it fit into the inner pocket of his suit jacket, Lucifer smiled at Sam. “Thank you for the directions, Sam. I’ll be happy to see you there tomorrow. I’m going to text you later so you’ll have my number as well.”

Lucifer got up together with Sam who seemed to beam for some reason, and a part of the tiredness vanished from his face.

He offered Sam his hand again, who took it, the brief contact that hit Lucifer right into his core.

“Thank you, again, Sam, for your time despite the later hour. I’m looking forward to tomorrow. Do you need a ride home?”

Sam still hadn’t pulled his hand back, and Lucifer didn’t feel like letting go Neither did Sam seem to be ready to let go as he tightened his grip around Lucifer’s hand.

“No, but thank you, Lucifer. I want to get out of this suit before I drive home. The spotlights are always far too hot for my taste, and wearing a suit doesn’t help. I’m gonna change before I drive home, after a shower I’ll fall asleep the second my head hits the pillow.”

Laughing when Sam started to yawn again, and maybe Lucifer’s eyes stuck a moment too long on the long column of Sam’s throat when he stretched.

“Understandable. Goodnight then, Sam. I’m looking forward to our meeting tomorrow.”

Sam was opening the first button of his dress shirt when he wished Lucifer a good night. On his way back home, Lucifer couldn’t get the picture of Sam’s throat when he stretched himself out of his mind, nor the small valley right between his collar bones at the base of his throat. Lucifer wanted to dip his tongue into it while Sam lay under him with his long legs wrapped around Lucifer’s hips as Lucifer was slowly thrusting into him.

Cursing, Lucifer directed his mind and thoughts back on the road. He had barely spoken to Sam, yet he felt so drawn to him that it started to cloud his mind. It had been too long since he allowed himself to feel the hot and tight heat of someone wrapped around his cock. Yet, he didn’t want to call one of his usual contacts. No, his focus was entirely on Sam to allow Lucifer to go astray now.
When his car was finally parked, Lucifer pulled his phone out of his pocket, removed the page from his suit jacket, and typed the number into his cellphone that Sam had given him. After he added Sam’s name, Lucifer wrote a short message just like he promised.

“Hello, Sam, Lucifer here. I hope you are finally at home. Rest well. I’m looking forward to tomorrow - L.”

While Lucifer took the stairs instead of the elevator, too much pent up energy, his phone chimed.

“Hello Lucifer, thank you, I’m already in bed but sadly, couldn’t fall right asleep because I was excited to see if you would write to me. Gonna sleep now, though. Goodnight! - S.”

Smiling while he reread the message several times, Lucifer didn’t write a reply. An hour later, when Lucifer was finally in bed himself, his phone was resting on the edge of his bed.

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The rugged page from Sam’s notebook in his hand, Lucifer supposed he was at the right place Sam had drawn on his makeshift map. Looking around, Lucifer looked back at the vast stone gate guarded by two huge Fu-lions. Both held onto a large globe with their stone paws. Sam had drawn them like grumpy looking cats.

The day was beautiful yet cold, April doing its best to confuse everyone with the weather and the temperature. Lucifer pulled his scarf up until it touched his jaw and hid his hands in the pockets of his coat.

A few people strolled through the park and looked at the blooming trees in wonder and Lucifer could understand their fascination. The trees were huge, with branches full of small and delicate blossoms colored in pink and white and the air tasted sweet and fresh.

“Hello, Lucifer.”

Looking over his shoulder, Lucifer spotted Sam close to him. The smile Lucifer felt on his face when he saw Sam felt ultimately natural as deep happiness warmed him from within. Crossing the distance between them, Lucifer was about to offer Sam his hand again, but Sam was faster. Sam pulled him into a full-body, arms around Lucifer’s shoulders, bear hug before Sam pressed Lucifer against his chest for a brief -and far too short- moment before he let go again and took a step back. Again, a deep blush colored Sam’s face while he looked down on his boots.

“Ehm... sorry.”

Laughing in open joy, Lucifer shook his head and pulled Sam into a hug of his own. It was only then that Lucifer noticed that Sam was a bit taller than him, but what Lucifer could feel through several layers of clothes was nothing but a slim and healthy body.

Pulling back, Lucifer allowed himself to let his hands rest on Sam’s arms while he observed Sam’s still flushed face.

“Never apologize for something mundane as a hug, Sam. You can hug me whenever you want, and you’ll never go to hear me complain.”
The smile Sam gave Lucifer was shy, and Lucifer had to crush the urge to trace Sam’s lips with his thumb before pushing his thumb into Sam’s mouth and make him suck on his digit.

Stepping back before he embarrassed himself, Lucifer squeezed Sam’s arms one last time before he let go. Standing far too close to each other given the fact that they only knew each other for a short time, Lucifer looked once more at the beautiful blooming cherry trees.

“Want to walk for a bit? My feet are freezing off or trying to at least.”

Sam looked left and right and pointed at a way leading deeper into the park.

“This way. I want to show you something.”

Together, they walked through the park at a slow and comfortable pace. They stopped several times to look up at the trees when suddenly a shower of white blossoms rained down on them. Chuckling, Sam picked a few blooms out of Lucifer’s hair. It was effortless, a beautiful day spent in a relaxing place. Lucifer felt like a young man again when Sam picked the blossoms out of his hair and stood so close that Lucifer could smell the other’s aftershave.
“I’m happy you agreed to meet with me here, Sam. It’s just a bit sad that I only discovered this place now.”

Nodding, Sam pushed his hands back into the pockets of his jacket as they went back to follow the path more in-depth into the park.

“Yes, it was kinda an impulsive decision, to be honest. I wasn’t convinced if it would be a good idea. But then you texted me like you said you would. I was surprised and happy to see you again today after I was too tired yesterday.”

There was something in Sam’s voice that made Lucifer look at him.

“Well, I was the one who wanted to meet you and the reason you had to stay longer than you
wanted. It was selfish, and I hadn’t thought about your schedule, or how tired you would be after such a performance. Seeing you again today, here at this wonderful place, is much better. I can only apologize again for being so blunt and rude demanding your time yesterday.”

They came to a stop in front of a small pavilion. Three musicians were playing there, and Sam moved in sync with the music the second they came to a halt. However, his attention was on Lucifer and not on the music.

“You... surprised me yesterday, Lucifer. Not many would have taken it so easy to be, more or less, kicked out. Most people are so ingratiating when they meet me, or they never stop talking about how they love my music but you... you were different and still are. I’m not used to it.”

Looking at Sam while he allowed the music to pull him in, Lucifer considered Sam’s words.

“I consider that rude, and while I have indeed pleasure in listening to your music and have questions of my own, I consider my behavior from yesterday discourteous. As for the people you just mentioned, they have no right to waste your time if you don’t want them to. It’s yours, which makes me happy you decided to spend it with me today.”

Sam looked back down again as he kicked against a small rock on the ground before he met Lucifer’s again.

“My boss is kinda picky with people she allows to meet me. Keeping it exclusive only feeds the masses, she likes to say. I call it bullshit but have to play along unless I change my manager. Before I met you, Lucifer, I thought she made another appointment with one of those rich snobs who go to see so many classical concerts that they consider themselves experts in the field and want to tell me how to play my instrument.”

There was so much anger in Sam’s voice that Lucifer put his hand on Sam’s arm and gave the young man a soft and reassuring squeeze to let him know that he wasn’t alone.

“Why play along at all? You are the one doing the brute part of the work with creating your beautiful music. You should oversee who you meet and when.”

Sam only huffed and threw some money into the bowl the musicians put in front of the pavilion before he led Lucifer away from them. They stopped on a small bright and watched at the little creek running under it until the water hit a small pond.

“I wish I could, Lucifer, but a contract is a contract and I have to play along until I get out and can do what I want with my music.”

“You mean, creating your music like you want instead of how you are told to?”

Lucifer had spoken before he thought but Sam sounded so angry, and it led the way to Lucifer’s question. Was that why the sound of Sam’s magical music so different when he played just for himself and not for the masses.

“What do you mean, Lucifer?”

The way Sam was looking at him with a carefully guarded expression made Lucifer reach for his phone, but before he could pull the right video on the screen, he looked at Sam.
“When I saw you play for the first time a few weeks ago, Sam, it was like magic. It made the hairs on my neck stand up, I could feel every note you created in places I didn’t know I possessed but... then I looked into your face, and suddenly I felt a heavy sadness in your music. Don’t get me wrong, it’s still breathtaking and beautiful, but I think something is missing from it. I looked for more of your concerts online, and I always found the same thing... until I found this.”

Lucifer hit play and held his phone up for Sam to see the video. Surprised played over his features, and because Sam hadn’t had his hands in the pockets of his jacket anymore, Lucifer could see how he was playing the violin in his mind and with ghostly fingers.

The music from the video filled the air around them. All dark and heavy notes, dripping with desire and forbidden sex. This was what Sam was meant to play.

When the video was over, Lucifer put his phone away and glared at Sam who looked like his music had caught him in its net.

“I think this is your real music. The kind of music you want to play when you have the choice. This is the real you, Sam.”

Sam rubbed his face with his hands before he looked back at Lucifer.

“Yes, this is what I want to do. Music so dark on such a light instrument that the day turns dark, but I can’t do it on stage. I tried several times to change it, but I always get told off. It wouldn’t compliment my image, and I can always play such ‘debauchery’ when I’m older as it’s not fitting my image. People only see what they want to see and not what is right in front of him. You are the first one to see this, Lucifer, the first one to see me.”

Closing his hand around Sam’s wrist, Lucifer stepped right into Sam’s personal space and stared directly into Sam’s eyes.

“And the real you is exquisite and magnificent.”
The Dinner

After their lovely walk in the park, Lucifer had a juvenile kind of happiness whenever his phone went off with a new message from Sam. They never talked about it, but having the other in their lives evolved into something important.

When Sam was playing in a different city, or a different continent, he would always tell Lucifer about the concert and the people he met. Lucifer would always listen, and the happiness Sam managed to transfer even via phone never failed to make Lucifer smile.

In return, Lucifer used Sam’s different point of view when he was stuck in a deal, especially when he needed a second opinion or to talk. It was easy, simple, but it fulfilled Lucifer in a way he couldn’t explain.

Lucifer’s days turned out especially good when Sam called ahead to let him know when he was back in the city. Sam made it a habit of sending Lucifer VIP cards for his concert, and while Lucifer never used the second card, Sam always sent two. However, Lucifer liked to think he saw happiness, and a dark hunger, in Sam’s eyes when they looked at each other in a room full people, when Sam saw that the second chair next to Lucifer remained empty every time.

When Sam’s concerts ended, they would talk for a few minutes before calling it a night, only to meet the next day.

They would only ever meet in public, enjoy the time when Spring turned into Summer and would visit small bistros and little restaurants. Places where Sam could be Sam and not the known musician he already was. However, as much as Lucifer craved Sam’s presence, he wanted to have Sam just to himself more and more.

It was when Sam called him a week ahead of his next concert, with two new tickets for Lucifer already in the post, that Lucifer decided to ask Sam for more.

“Sam, would you like to have dinner with me? My place, I can cook, or we can do it together — the evening after your concert. If you want, though. We could still do our usual walk as we always do the day after your concert.”

Lucifer had been so nervous during their call that he was fidgeting around and flipped his pencil around between his fingers and his heart was beating so fast that he could hear his pulse. Which was the reason he barely noticed Sam’s prompt answer.

“Of course, Lucifer! Let’s prepare dinner together, though. I haven’t cooked for myself or someone else in ages. Just send me your address, and I will be there.”

Lucifer handed out his address in person to Sam on the same ripped out page Sam had given him with his phone number. Lucifer felt silly that he had kept the small piece of paper, but it felt important to him. When he handed the page over to Sam, the young musician had looked at the known page for a few seconds before he jumped at Lucifer and pulled him into a tight and long hug. The fact that Lucifer allowed himself to hold Sam close for a second or two too long didn’t seem to irritate Sam.

During the next day, when Lucifer waited for the day to pass, time seemed to decide to crawl and
die on the way, get resurrected on its way only to go back to crawling. Lucifer very much hated ‘time’ in general that day.

He tried to waste time while he went grocery shopping for them. They had talked about what they wanted to eat and, almost sadly, it was nothing that required further preparations on Lucifer’s side. Back at home and groceries stored away, Lucifer opened his laptop and answered a few of his business emails. Maybe his mood was mirrored his emails because his answers seemed to transfer his annoyance, and his tone was growly enough that everything jumped and did as they were told. Lucifer shouldn’t feel such satisfaction while scaring his partners or employees, but everyone knew that he rarely lost his temper and so they still did their job without getting pissy or bitchy.

With the scheduled time for Sam to arrive only two hours away, Lucifer went into his bedroom to get ready. He was sure it took him half an hour to find an outfit he was satisfied with. When his eyes fell on a dress shirt he rarely wore, Lucifer knew what he was going to wear.

Pulling the dark violet dress shirt out of his wardrobe, Lucifer looked his collection of slacks and frowned. They hadn’t talked about it, but in Lucifer’s mind, this was a date, but it was a date at his own home and not at a public place.

He pulled one of his few jeans out of his wardrobe. Dark blue denim paired with the violet dress shirt would still look elegant without being too over the top.

After he had picked his clothes for the evening, Lucifer walked into the attached bathroom. He had skipped shaving for the last few days to get it done flawlessly today. Carefully as not to cut himself, Lucifer freed his face from every trace of his beard before he jumped under the hot spray of his shower.

His eyes lingered a moment on his shaver before he picked it up. Maybe he was thinking too far ahead, but he thought he saw something in Sam’s eyes the evening before and so he played the card ‘better safe than sorry.’

Washed and smoothly-shaven, everywhere where it counted, Lucifer fixed his hair and got dressed. Looking at himself in his large mirror, he stuffed his shirt into his jeans, rolled the sleeves up to his elbows, and opened the first button of his shirt. Well and comfortably dressed without showing off or showing too much. Perfect.

Trying to keep his eyes off the clock was hard, and so Lucifer focused on finding suitable background music. Nothing that would require any attention but good enough to fill the background while they talked. The hunt for music ended like it usually ended; movie soundtracks.

Another half an hour, really, time wasn’t in Lucifer’s favor today.

He was about to go for his laptop again, he heard the ‘ding’ for new emails several times, but suddenly his doorbell went off, and Lucifer had to restrain himself as not to sprint to the door.

Opening his door, Lucifer had told the desk that he was expecting the company; he found Sam standing in the hallway. Taking Sam’s appearance in, Lucifer noticed that he wasn’t the only one who went this ‘good but comfortable’ for this evening, but it was Sam’s smile that pulled Lucifer in, again.

“Sorry, I know I’m early, but I was too excited to wait any longer.”
The soft blush on Sam’s face made Lucifer’s finger itch; the desire to touch and explore intense and demanding.

“Nothing to be sorry for, Sam. You saved me from the temptation of rechecking my office emails. Come in.” Ushering Sam in, Lucifer helped Sam to take his jacket off, and that was the first time Lucifer noticed the violin case Sam put down to take his coat off.

“I didn’t invite you to work, Sam. I want you to enjoy the evening.”

Once Sam had taken off his shoes as well, he looked at Lucifer and shook his head.

“Not work. I wanted to play for you after dinner.”

The way Sam emphasized his wish to play for him made Lucifer swallow, and so he nodded and placed his hand on Sam’s lower back to direct him into the kitchen.

“I’m so happy to have you here, Sam. I will never stop you from playing, but let’s eat first. I’m a bit hungry, to be honest.”

Sam tried to look everywhere at once while he checked out Lucifer’s home. Deep down, Lucifer felt a comfortable yet possessive satisfaction that Sam seemed to like what he saw as his whole focus was on looking around. He even jumped a bit when Lucifer spoke up.

“Yeah, sure. Let’s make dinner. I skipped lunch, and I’m hungry enough to eat a horse.”

Frowning, Lucifer stepped up to Sam and made the younger man look into his eyes.

“Skipping meals isn’t good for you, Sam. Please, don’t.”

Watching how Sam’s breath hitched and his pupils dilated was almost enough to make Lucifer lean forward and kiss Sam, but for some weird reason he couldn’t explain, he held back. Sam blinked once, the blush returned, and he looked up at Lucifer from between his long lashes.

“I’m sorry, I know, but I was too nervous to eat anything.”

Pushing a wild lock of hair back behind Sam’s ear, Lucifer allowed himself a careful touch on the soft skin behind Sam’s ear, and he felt Sam shiver under his fingers.

Pulling back was one of the hardest things Lucifer had ever done, but he managed and walked over to the fridge to distract himself.

“Let’s get dinner started then. I don’t want to let you starve any longer, Sam.”

The happy sound he heard from Sam made Lucifer think of an overgrown puppy while he took everything they needed from the fridge.

Fresh salmon with a spicy sauce, carefully cooked potatoes a small salad was going to be their dinner. Dessert was already prepared as Lucifer had taken the time to stop at a small bakery which created the best fruit tarts a human could create. They were fresh, tasted like Heaven, and Lucifer was looking forward to them almost as much as he was looking forward to the evening as a whole.

Lucifer was about to hand out a knife to Sam to take care of the salad when he saw Sam shift from
one foot to the other. He was about to ask what was on Sam’s mind when Sam beat him to it.

“Lucifer, is this... is this a date like... a real date?”

Flabbergasted, Lucifer put down what he had in his hands and walked around the kitchen isle until he stood in front of Sam. Sam’s pupils were still huge, and up to this close, Lucifer noticed the smell of Sam’s aftershave. Something light and floral.

He didn’t touch Sam, but he was so close to the younger man, that he could nearly touch without placing his hands out. Something Lucifer craved to do.

“Do you want it to be a date, Sam?”

When Sam bit down on his bottom lip in nervousness, Lucifer licked his own. What would Sam taste like when he kissed him?

“What if I say yes to this being a date?”

Hearing the uncertainty in Sam’s voice was enough to make Lucifer pull Sam into a careful hug. Another scent added to the one of Sam’s aftershave. Something earthy and alluring. Lucifer couldn’t keep himself from rubbing his smooth jaw against Sam’s before he whispered his answer.

“Well, when you say yes to this being a date, a real date, I would consider this a date as well and might ask you if I’m allowed to kiss you.”

Lucifer felt Sam take a deep breath before he pulled back until he looked back at Lucifer, who noticed that the light blush had gotten stronger. Hands found their way to Lucifer’s shirt and elegant fingers ended up buried in the violet fabric of his shirt.

“Yes, to both.”

To say Lucifer expected this answer would have been half a lie, but when he pressed his lips to Sam’s something in Lucifer’s mind started to sing. Sam’s lips were soft and warm, and Lucifer could feel where Sam had buried his teeth in his lip earlier. When he began to soothe the rough skin with his tongue, Sam gasped and went all but pliant under Lucifer’s hands.

With Sam’s hands still buried in his shirt, Lucifer pulled Sam deeper into this kiss as he carefully nudged Sam backward until his back hit the counter of the kitchen isle.

It was hard to keep from ravishing Sam then and there. The small and needy sounds Sam kept making whenever Lucifer did something to him while keeping his hands way above belt level, was enough to drive Lucifer crazy. He could feel Sam’s erection pressing against his thigh, but when Sam started to rub himself against Lucifer’s thigh, Lucifer placed his hands on Sam’s hips, he ended their kiss while he kept Sam still with an iron grip.

Sam whined deep in his chest as he clawed Lucifer’s shirt. It was more than evident that Sam was entirely on board with what they had been doing, but first things first.

“I promise to give you everything you want later, Sam, but you skipped dinner, and you’ll need every bit of strength when we continue this later tonight. Let’s prepare for dinner before we both lose our minds.”
When Sam licked his lips, Lucifer wanted to betray his own words, especially when Sam looked up at him with huge and hungry eyes.

“One last kiss, please?”

Lucifer was about to deny it, for both their sakes, but it was the softly spoken please that made Lucifer change his mind.

“One last kiss but then we’ll start dinner and as much as I want to have my hands on you now, no handsy business while handling kitchen equipment.” Lucifer left no room for argument, and Sam nodded eagerly while he leaned closer to Lucifer for the kiss he asked for.

Chuckling at Sam’s open want, Lucifer allowed himself to reach for something he had denied himself so far. He pulled Sam roughly against his chest while rubbed his hard erection against Sam’s. When Sam gasped in surprise, Lucifer silenced Sam as he pressed his lips to Sam’s. Using the moment, Lucifer pushed his tongue into Sam’s mouth and allowed Sam no room to fight back. Sam didn’t fight him for an inch.

Sam went completely lax in Lucifer’s gasp and under his lips and allowed Lucifer to take and enjoy as he directed Sam any way he wanted. Lucifer’s mind was already drifting apart to other things where he wanted Sam to be equally lenient and opened, and that was the second Lucifer pulled back.

Pressing his face against Sam’s shoulder for a moment, Lucifer allowed himself a deep breath, filled with earthy and floral scents, before he pulled back only to at Sam.

“Later you can have anything you want from me, Sam.”

Sam only nodded, and when he reached for the things Lucifer had prepared on the counter, his long fingers shook lightly.

They prepared their dinner in heated silence except. The air between them was filled with heat and desire, and while Lucifer could see that Sam wanted to reach out for him several times, he always held himself back at the last moment.

When dinner was finally served, Lucifer placed their plates next to each other on the other side of the kitchen counter where he usually ate with a guest. He didn’t need a big dining table.

Dinner was a short affair except for the second when Sam took his first bite. The sounds he made when he took the first bite of his fish with the spicy sauce weren’t something that belonged in a kitchen and for a second Lucifer was tempted to pull Sam into his bedroom, but then Sam threw himself on his plate and ate with visible joy and hunger. Something that soothed Lucifer’s desire for something else.

Still, after they had polished off their dinner, they both agreed to keep the fruit tarts for later because Sam had a different idea.

“I want to play for you.”

The way Sam looked at Lucifer made it clear that there was no room for an argument, as Sam picked up his violin case.
Leading Sam into his office, Lucifer sat down on the comfortable leather couch he had in his office and waited for Sam to be ready to play.

Sam picked up his instrument from the violin case and handled it with a lover’s careful touch before he lifted it to his shoulder and picked up the bow. The bow held up above the violin, Sam closed his eyes, exhaled slowly; and lowered the bow on the strings and started to play.

Dark and sultry notes filled the room and crawled right under Lucifer’s skin. He hadn’t expected anything specifically to hearing Sam play, but this was so much better than what Sam played during his concerts. Sam’s music spoke of desire, dripped with sex, and every note felt like a featherlight touch on Lucifer’s skin.

As much as he wanted to watch Sam play, Lucifer leaned back on the couch and allowed Sam to lure him in with his music. He made no secret of the fact that he was turned on just as much as when they had been making out in the kitchen. His erection was a visible bulge in his jeans even in the low light he chose for his office.

Sam’s music changed slowly into something sharp, and while Lucifer could describe the first part of his play only as foreplay, almost like a blowjob turned music, this was deeper, music in the shades of red and darkest purple, pure sex and the sweaty act of one body thrusting hard into another.

When the music reached its peak, just like an orgasm, Lucifer pressed his hand down on his cock and hissed lowly as Sam finished his song and stared at Lucifer with equally visible arousal.

Sam stared at Lucifer with huge eyes while he still held onto his bow and violin. Lucifer pointed at the violin case as he got up.

“You should put your instrument away now, Sam.”

Lucifer couldn’t keep the commanding tone out of his voice, and Sam jumped into action the second he had finished his sentence. Just like Lucifer couldn’t keep the praise out of his voice for his next sentence for Sam. “Good boy. I’m going to kiss you now, Sam.”

Sam nodded, and his warm hands closed around Lucifer’s shoulders when Lucifer held onto Sam’s shirt with one hand, and he used his grip to pull Sam into the kiss. The kiss muffled Sam’s moan, but the sound made Lucifer think of what kind of sounds Sam was going to make when he had the young and talented man finally under him.

Giving Sam’s red-kissed lips a finally nip, Lucifer held Sam in position with a firm grip to his hair while he let his other hand wander down from Sam’s chest until he could cup the other’s erection through the rough denim of his jeans.

“The things I want to do to you, Sam, so much sin wrapped in such a radiant package. I can’t wait to have you in my bed, legs around my waist with your face twisted in pleasure as I watch my cock split you open. Once won’t be enough, Sam. I want to ravish you the entire night only to start anew in the morning. My beautiful and gifted artist.”

Lucifer placed kisses along Sam’s throat while he whispered his words of heat and desire into Sam’s skin as Sam became a panting mess in his hands. It was Sam’s next words that made Lucifer not only stop but look up at him with surprise all over his face.
“I’ve never had sex before.”

Slowly the words sank into Lucifer’s mind. Sam had never had sex before. When the words finally made it through the mist of pleasure, clouding Lucifer’s mind, he pulled his hand away from Sam’s still prominent erection and pressed his face against Sam’s shoulder.

Sam was still a virgin, and Lucifer would be the first to show him a real pleasure. Lucifer needed a moment to cope because his desire skyrocketed at the thought. He took so long to reply, that Sam tried to wiggle out of Lucifer’s embrace.

“I know... I know that you were expecting something else, Lucifer, and I can go if you don’t want to deal with this. I won’t be mad; I understand and…”

Growling, Lucifer pulled Sam back against his body and stared hard into Sam’s eyes, which displayed nothing but worry mixed with hunger.

“I’m going to ask you a few questions, and I expect you to answer them. Just yes or no and nothing in-between. Clear?”

Sam’s answer, a simple ‘yes’ came out fast and without hesitation; good.

“Do you want me, Sam?”

The next ‘yes’ came as fast as the first one, and it didn’t fail to please Lucifer.

“There is a difference between wanting someone, and they want to have sex with someone, Sam. Do you want to have sex with me, Sam?

Sam nodded shyly while he blushed hard and his next ‘Yes’ came out smaller; Lucifer was sure it had something to do with the nature of the question and not because Sam wasn’t sure about his answer.

“Good, because I very much want to have sex with you, Sam. I want to see you experience pleasure you’ve never felt before and you will always remember what it felt like when I took you for the first time. However, I’m still not done with asking you questions.”

There was no new question in Lucifer’s words, but Sam stared at him like a deer trapped in a car’s headlights and Lucifer went back to stroking Sam through the denim of his jeans.

“Have you ever played with yourself more than just your warm hand under the shower? Have you gotten some help to find release when your work was stressful?”

Sam groaned and pressed his face against Lucifer’s throat. Lucifer didn’t think of it as a way to hide, and so he didn’t pull Sam back with the grip he still had on the other’s hair. Sam’s large hands wandered down until they rested on Lucifer’s ass, and it felt good to have them there.

“I... I used my fingers, two and sometimes three, when I felt especially horny. I would push them into my hole while I was jerking off. I got a small vibrator, but I can’t always keep with me because... airports, you know.”

Now Sam sounded a bit embarrassed, but that was something Lucifer could understand. He wouldn’t want to find out the TSA agent was able to locate his vibrator in his suitcase either.
Lucifer was more than pleased with what Sam had told him.

“When was the last time you spent time taking care of yourself? Not just a quick handjob under the shower but quality time. This isn’t to embarrass you, Sam. I want you too much, and I want to make this night special for you, not only because it’s your first time.”

Now Sam pulled back, and his hands were now resting on Lucifer’s chest, but Sam didn’t meet Lucifer’s eyes for his next words.

“It was when I came back from Asia. I finally had time for myself again. I had a long shower, got myself clean down to the last spec before I went into my bedroom. Before I took my shower, I prepared everything I might need. I picked the porn clips I wanted to watch, laid out my vibrator and the bottle of lube. I watched a couple of short clips without touching myself; I love being aroused without touching myself right away. When I finally started to stroke my cock, it was to this blond guy. He was a bit older than the guy he fucked. He bent his partner over the edge of the bed, fucked him hard, but whenever the other was close to coming, he stopped and waited. It took the bottom forever to finally cum. At some point, I started to open myself up in the rhythm to the blond fucking his partner before I switched to the vibrator. I kept up the rhythm, fucked myself in sync as the other got fucked. I came so hard I almost nailed myself in the face, but I didn’t pull the vibrator our right away. I’m sure the neighbors heard moaning at some point.”

Holy fuck. With a soft and careful touch, Lucifer pulled Sam’s face up.

“Did you imagine us while watching this video?” Lucifer had caught on the subtle hint and that Sam seemed to have a kink for edging.

Sam’s clipped nod made Lucifer moan before he pulled back and wrapped his hand around Sam’s wrist.

“One rule before I pull you into the bedroom. You want me to stop, or don’t like something or need me to go slower, you’ll tell me. I want to make you feel so good Sam, but for that, I need to trust you and trust that you will tell me when sometimes isn’t to your liking, agreed?”

Sam’s answer, together with the pure need he could see on Sam’s face, was enough for Lucifer to consider if he should take Sam on the couch. He still had a bottle of lube stashed away in his office desk.

“Yes, Lucifer.”
Lucifer pulled Sam into his bedroom, but it took them some time to reach the room. Clothes were pulled off on the way while they traded kisses back and forth. Sam loved burying his hands in Lucifer’s short hair just like Lucifer loved using Sam’s long hair to make him bend his head back so he could suck marks into his skin.

When they finally reached the bedroom, both only wore their underwear, with equally wet patches at the front where their cocks were leaking against the fabric.

Now that they reached their destination, Lucifer slowed down and made Sam first sit down on the bed while he went down on his knees between Sam’s legs as he pulled the other’s boxer briefs down his long legs.

Licking his lips, Lucifer could already picture himself enjoying Sam’s length fucking him. He would make Sam lean back with the order not to come until Lucifer permitted it while he rode Sam like there was no tomorrow. Yeah, that’s something Lucifer was looking forward to should Sam want more after tonight.

Nudging against Sam’s chest, Lucifer waited until he leaned back against the bed before he closed his hand around Sam’s hard cock and gave him a few testing strokes followed by sucking Sam down without warning.

Sam’s surprised shout turned into a loud moan while he clawed at the sheets around him. Meanwhile, Lucifer used every dirty trick in his book to make Sam lose his mind. He tugged on Sam’s smooth-shaven balls, rubbed the soft skin behind his globes while doing so and used his other hand to cover the last inches of Sam’s cock he couldn’t fit in his mouth.

Under him, Sam howled and moaned as he tried to keep himself still and to not thrust up into Lucifer’s mouth. While Lucifer appreciated this, he wanted to make Sam lose his mind completely. He wanted him to be as relaxed as possible before Lucifer would sink into his virgin hole. The thought alone was enough to make Lucifer leak more precum.

When Sam was reduced to small whimpers and moans, Lucifer pulled off his cock with a wet slurp, but he didn’t stop rubbing his way to Sam’s hole.

“Oh, I want you to stop holding back. I want you to enjoy this, and I won’t mind you coming in my mouth, okay? Hand me the lube you’ll find under the pillow.”

With his chest rising and falling with quick breaths, Sam searched for the lube but held it like a protective shield in front of himself.

“I... I was so eager to see you tonight and... I was a bit hopeful, and cleaned myself when I showered earlier.”

Sam was blushing so hard that Lucifer pulled himself up, making the lube fell out of Sam’s hand. Lucifer pressed a hard kiss to Sam’s lips. Ending the kiss was challenging for Lucifer, but he managed and stared down at Sam’s wide-blown eyes.

“You have no idea how happy this makes me, Sam. Your eagerness needs to be rewarded. If you
do as I tell you and I will give you your reward afterward, Sam. Alright?"

When Sam nodded, Lucifer uncapped the lube and smeared some of it on his fingers. He sucked Sam’s cock back into his mouth, and when he suddenly felt Sam’s hand in his hair, more for the contact than anything else, Lucifer pressed against Sam’s furled entrance and waited until he could push his fingers in without any resistance.

Sam’s sounds changed into something needy and breathless as he tried to decide if he liked what Lucifer was doing. When he pulled on Lucifer’s hair as a sign of acceptance, Lucifer took a deep breath, crooked his fingers up and swallowed Sam’s length down all the way until he felt Sam bump against the back of his throat.

Sam’s grip on his hair was on the right side of painful while no sound came over his lips as he pumped his release down Lucifer’s throat. Sam was still too deep in his throat for Lucifer to taste him, but he already had a plan to get a real taste of Sam soon enough.

Chuckling when he finally let go of Sam’s cock, his young musician just lay in Lucifer’s bed, covered in sweat with his cock still half-hard as he tried to catch his breath.

Stroking Sam’s dick to get his attention, Lucifer mentioned for Sam to move higher on the bed and turn around. Like in a trance, Sam did as he was told. That Sam followed Lucifer’s order without a word turned Lucifer on to no end.

When Sam was almost in the position Lucifer wanted him to be, Lucifer went from kneeling on the floor to kneeling on the bed as he pushed Sam’s shoulders closer to the mattress so his ass would be on display.

“Stay like this, Sam. It’s time for your reward.”

Spreading Sam’s cheeks to look at his hole, Lucifer spotted that Sam noticed their new position but that he was pressing his face against the covers. Smiling, Lucifer used his thumbs to spread Sam’s hole a bit before he bent forward and licked over Sam’s lube slick opening.

At the first touch of Lucifer’s tongue, Sam started to shout, at the second touch, he began to moan, but at the third touch, he begged. Not with words but needy little sounds made to encourage Lucifer to give him more and Lucifer saw no reason to deny Sam the pleasure he was asking for. He pushed his tongue deep into Sam’s hole, and Lucifer enjoyed his first real taste of Sam. While Lucifer licked and nibbled on Sam’s rim, he used his finger to stretch Sam. Lucifer was getting impatient. He wanted to feel Sam’s virgin channel stretched around his cock and the way Sam’s renewed erection was leaking between his legs; Lucifer knew that Sam felt the same.

Pulling back, Lucifer reached for the lube again as Sam went still in front of him.

Smearing the lube all over his cock, Lucifer made sure to have at least one hand touching Sam’s skin. Sam’s entrance seemed to be winking at Lucifer in an invitation. Soon.

“As much as I want to look into your eyes while I take you, it’s easier to receive me like this for the first time, Sam. I promise you; there will be enough time left for you to watch me fuck you if you want. Are you ready?”

Sam looked back at Lucifer, and there was nothing but pure want on his face when he nodded only to go back to resting his head back on the covers.
Spreading Sam’s cheeks again, Lucifer positioned his cock against Sam’s hole and started to push in slowly.

The covers muffled Sam’s hiss, and Lucifer stopped as he waited for Sam to get used to the stretch. Only when Sam started to push back, to take Lucifer deeper, did he begin to thrust into Sam’s tight heat slowly.

Sam was all but hungry to take him all the way in. His walls fluttered around Lucifer’s cock. Moaning, Lucifer thrust slowly and without any force behind it. He wanted to get Sam used to the sensation and slowly worked up a rhythm that would satisfy them. Early on, Lucifer noticed that Sam would get impatient when Lucifer wanted to go slow, but he would tense up when Lucifer went a bit too fast. Too used to his body’s needs but not familiar with the pleasure Lucifer was offering him, Sam made a myriad of sounds.

When Sam threw his head back in a guttural moan that meant nothing but pleasure, Lucifer finally found his leverage, his rhythm, and a momentum that was just right for them.

The squelch lube and sounds of skin slapping against sweaty skin filled the room while Sam didn’t or couldn’t hold back on his sounds. Lucifer wanted to stay silent to hear every small sound Sam made for him, but the more his pleasure grew, the tighter Sam became on his cock, the more noises fell from Lucifer’s lips.

Sam seemed to reach his point of being unable to hold back when he closed his hand around his cock and started to stroke himself in rhythm with Lucifer’s thrusts. It only took Sam a few pumps of his hand before he finally spilled his release onto the covers under him.

Neither could Lucifer keep his cursed ‘fuck’ to himself when Sam came and tightened even more around his cock nor could he stuff off his orgasm any longer.

Groaning as he bent forward to rest his head between Sam’s shoulder blades, Lucifer pumped his release into Sam’s tight channel which seemed to milk him for every drop. Lucifer couldn’t remember the last time he came so hard with anyone.

When he felt like he had pumped every last drop into Sam’s hole, Lucifer carefully pulled out and lowered Sam onto the bed with a kiss on his back.

“I’m right back with you, Sam. Just gonna quickly brush my teeth.”

Sam’s answer was a raised hand to give him thumbs up before he enjoyed his post-orgasmic state.

Lucifer brushed his teeth, and when he walked out of his bathroom, Sam slipped into the room and closed the door behind him.

With Sam gone, Lucifer used the moment to pull the sullied covers off the bed, and he was about to put the fresh sheets on when Sam came out of the bathroom and helped him with the rest.

When Lucifer was about to lay down, Sam pushed him around until he could slot himself against Lucifer’s side with his head resting on Lucifer’s chest.

Sam sighed comfortably and wrapped his long arm around Lucifer’s belly.
“So that you know, I enjoyed this; and you can bet your sweet ass I want more very shortly.”

Chuckling, Lucifer kissed Sam’s sweaty hair and wrapped his arm around his shoulders.

Nap first, sex round number two later.
Lucifer woke up slowly, surrounded by a comfortable warmth and curious fingers dancing over his naked chest. Lifting his head, Lucifer blinked a few times to clear his vision. Sam was still slotted against his side, but the young man was wide awake and drawing patterns on Lucifer’s chest with his fingers.

Humming low in his throat, Lucifer closed his eyes and rubbed his hand over Sam’s back. The dancing fingers on his chest stopped, which made Lucifer open his eyes again and smiled down at Sam, who was watching up with curious eyes.

“Good Morning, Lucifer.”

Sam pulled himself up until he could look down at Lucifer with a playful smile on his face, his long hair framed his face like a curtain.

“I didn’t mean to wake you. I hope you don’t mind me still being here.”

Wrapping a long strand of hair around his finger, Lucifer tugged once, and Sam leaned close enough that Lucifer could press a kiss to Sam’s lips.

“Good Morning, Sam, and of course, I don’t mind you being still here. I would be more disappointed should you have vanished overnight. It would’ve given me the impression I didn’t treat you well last night.”

Sam chuckled and pressed a kiss to Lucifer’s lips while he rubbed himself against Lucifer’s thigh. The erection Lucifer could feel against his thigh was unmistakable, just like the spark of curiosity in Sam’s eyes.

“Oh, I enjoyed last night very much, Lucifer. So much, I want more.”

With one eyebrow raised while he smiled at Sam. Lucifer nudged against Sam’s ribs until he got what Lucifer wanted him to do. Pushing the covers aside, Sam moved his leg over Lucifer’s thigh and held himself up with the help of his arms while their erections rubbed slowly against each other.

Placing his hand on both sides Sam’s hips, Lucifer rubbed small circles into the warm skin he found with his thumb.

“I’m the last one who will keep you from wanting more, Sam, but what do you want exactly?”

The soft blush returned to Sam’s face while he pulled his legs up until he was sitting right over Lucifer’s hard cock. Looking at Sam with his eyebrow still pulled up, Lucifer remained silent as Sam went back to drawing patterns into Lucifer’s skin.

“Can we... like this? I want to watch you, Lucifer.”

Licking his lips while he looked at Sam straddling his hips, Lucifer could already see Sam moving up and down on his cock, fucking himself on Lucifer’s length while he himself would lean back and enjoy the show of Sam learning what he liked.
Lucifer needed a second to find the bottle of lube from the night before between the covers and he handed it to Sam.

“Whatever you want, Sam. Like this, you decide how deep you want to take me; you can set the pace and find the right angle... I want you to use me, Sam. Just for your enjoyment.”

Lucifer handed the lube to Sam who looked him with already widened eyes. He took the bottle from Lucifer and wiggled down until he wasn’t sitting in Lucifer’s lap anymore. Curious and warm fingers were wrapped around Lucifer’s hard cock. Sighing at the subtle pleasure, Lucifer crossed his hands behind his hand while he watched Sam enjoy himself.

Sam didn’t seem to pay any attention to Lucifer as he tugged on Lucifer’s balls, he thumbed the already wet head of Lucifer’s cock only to jerk him off with thoughtful touches. The innocent and juvenile curiosity Sam showed only enhanced the lust and desire Lucifer felt for him.

Lucifer allowed Sam to watch and explore while he was floating on a cloud of soft pleasure. His blissful state was pulled away from under him when Lucifer suddenly felt the slippery cold lube starting to cover his cock.

Growling against the cold before it warmed up, Lucifer tensed for a moment which made his cock jump in Sam’s fingers. Sam, in return, looked up at Lucifer with a frown on his face, which made Lucifer laugh in amusement while Sam was still lathering his cock with lube.

When Sam deemed Lucifer ready, he wiped his hand on his chest, leaving it glistening with lube before he scooted up. Kneeling over Lucifer, Sam held onto Lucifer’s cock and lowered himself slowly down on Lucifer’s cock.

With his arms still crossed behind his head, Lucifer watched Sam while the young man’s focus was entirely on himself and lowering himself onto Lucifer’s cock. Sam took his sweet time, impaling himself on Lucifer’s cock. It was madness for Lucifer to watch Sam focus on himself and his pleasure. The sigh of relief Lucifer heard from Sam when he had finally taken all of Lucifer’s length, was filled with so much pleasure, Lucifer pulled his hands away from behind his head and placed them on Sam’s hips.

At the warm, careful touch, Sam finally met Lucifer’s eyes again. Sam looked flushed, a healthy coloring marking his face while his eyes were blown wide with barely any color left in them. Thick and sticky dollops of precum dripped from Sam’s cock onto Lucifer’s belly.

“How does it feel, Sam? How do you feel?”

Sam’s face was answer enough for Lucifer, but he had to hear it from Sam.

“It’s different than last night, tighter. I feel full, and I think when I move even a bit, I will lose it.”

A smug grin on his face, Lucifer used his grip on Sam’s hips to pull him a bit forward, and a full-body shiver was his reward.

“That’s the fun being on top like this, Sam. You have all the control; you set the pace. It can be fun to use your partner for your selfish pleasure. Using your position of power to chase your orgasm and leave your partner all hot and bothered and left behind.”
Sam started to grind his hips in small and testing movements, and while Lucifer didn’t direct Sam’s actions, he didn’t pull his hands away.

At Lucifer’s words, Sam frowned but lifted his hips a bit up before he lowered himself back on Lucifer’s cock.

“But, isn’t sharing pleasure much more satisfying for us both?”

Laughing, Lucifer used the grip he had on Sam to pull him roughly forward while he thrust upwards. Sam leaned gasping forward and caught himself with his hands resting on Lucifer’s chest.

“It can be, just like denying your parting his pleasure again and again until he can barely stand anymore can be satisfying too. Pleasure exists in many forms. I can give you an example…”

Now Lucifer was directing Sam’s grinding movements until he heard Sam gasp loudly. Smiling, Lucifer repeated the same motion and earned the same gasp once more.

“For example, I would love coming home and finding you here, playing your radiating music. I’ve been thinking about you and how pretty your lips would look around my cock and how I want to bend you over the closest surface and stink into your tight hole which would be a bit open and slippery from the night before. I would fuck you hard and fast until I cum. Pump your tight ass full of my spunk, pull my zipper up again, because I wouldn’t even bother with getting undressed completely. I would give your ass a quick slap to your pale arse and would thank you for the exquisite tightness of your ass and would go into the kitchen to get a coffee. You would still lay or stand there, my seed dripping from your hole, cock hard, an orgasm so close yet so far... but it would be something we both have to agree to. Just like you could push me down wherever I am and ride me until you ruin my shirt and get up again when you’re done with me. It could be the other way around, as well.”

Lucifer felt Sam’s attention was purely on him, and Sam’s groan sounded almost displeased when Lucifer stopped his movements, he pulled his hand away from Sam’s hips only to close them around Sam’s cock.

“Move, Sam.”

At Lucifer’s order, Sam started to move with the same rhythm and at the same angle as Lucifer had used on him while he fucked his cock into Lucifer’s fist.

“You have such a nice cock, Sam. I think I will enjoy laying you out on my bed, cockring on and I will ride you until I run dry. I want to know what you’ll feel like inside of me, Sam.”

The pictures Lucifer was creating for Sam were too much. With a strangled cry, Sam came all over Lucifer’s hand and painted his belly in white stripes. Jerking Sam off to milk the last drops of white from him, made Lucifer consider if he should skip this round, instead enjoy Sam going all malleable on top of him and use him as a tight and oversized cock warmer.

Sam indeed went all soft and pliant on top of Lucifer and didn’t seem to care about the sticky wetness tying them together. With Sam resting on top of him, Lucifer enjoyed the heat around his cock while he bathed in the sated presence of Sam.

Almost lazily, Lucifer dragged his hands over Sam’s neck and back, he placed his hands on the
globes of Sam’s ass, before letting his hands wander back up again.

When Sam finally stirred and pulled himself up, he looked down at Lucifer with a happy and orgasm-drunk smile.

“You are really good at getting me off with your voice, Lucifer.”

Nuzzling the warm skin under Sam’s jaw, Lucifer laughed deeply.

“I have a bit more experience under the belt than you, Sam, but don’t feel bad. Showing you the many ways to find pleasure is pleasure in itself to me.”

Sam bit down on his lip as he followed the lines of Lucifer’s chest with his fingers.

“Yeah, maybe, but I’d like to know you got off too, it will make me feel better Lucifer.”

Thrusting up into Sam’s still stretched ass around Lucifer’s length, Lucifer chuckled even more, when Sam moaned at the new pleasure.

“As I already said, that’s not necessary but if that’s what you want, Sam…” Lucifer left his sentence unfinished when Sam nodded vehemently. “I won’t deny you your wish then, my talented Sam.” Without giving Sam the chance to answer, Lucifer rolled them around on the bed, so he ended up on top. Grinning when Sam looked a bit flabbergasted, Lucifer moved Sam’s legs until they rested on his shoulders as he was kneeling on the bed with his cock still firmly buried in Sam’s hole.

Pulling slowly out, Lucifer pushed back in hard. He never sped up and used more force to thrust back in, pulling slowly out and slowly back in... until Sam made a frustrated sound. Before Sam could finish the noise, Lucifer thrust in with a jerky movement of his hips.

Hearing Sam’s moans, Lucifer pulled out slowly once more only to push back in hard once more. Every hard thrust pulled a new and almost desperate sound from Sam, and so Lucifer kept his thrusts like this. Jerking and shaking, Sam came again when Lucifer more or less forced the second orgasm from him with his thrusts aiming for the young man prostate like it was a marked target.

Lucifer could feel his orgasm rising like a wave, but before he reached his peak, Lucifer pulled out making Sam whine.

Closing his hand around his slippery cock, Lucifer jerked himself off with fast pumps of his hand. It didn’t take him long until he reached his orgasm. Spurt after spurt of his release was added to the already present mess Sam had created between them.

Squeezing his cock until he was completely spent, for now, he marked Sam with his release. Lucifer had to keep himself from just crashing down on Sam and go back to sleep. He felt too good to move anytime soon.

Looking up at Sam who was staring at the mess on his belly, Lucifer saw the fascination playing over Sam’s features before he dragged a finger through Lucifer’s release and pushed the digit into his mouth.

Groaning, Lucifer slapped his clean hand over his eyes. This boy would be the death of him, but he was a lucky man with someone like Sam being the cause of his death.
The Music

Lucifer was sure he was as nervous as Sam. It took them almost a year to get everything done, to set up everything, prepare themselves.

Almost two years had passed since Lucifer considered himself the luckiest man on this planet when Sam asked him if their night, and morning, was just this, once and nothing more, or if there could be something else from their time together. Sometimes Lucifer looked back at these two years in wonder.

Since then, Lucifer did everything in his power to give Sam every kind of freedom, possibility, love... everything Sam asked for, and everything he didn’t. Lucifer would find things to make him happy even when it was merely a silent weekend far away from everyone.

It was around their first anniversary that Lucifer decided that he needed to do something about Sam’s contract regarding his music. He could see how unhappy Sam was and how he was slowly losing his desire to create his heartbreaking music. He wanted to play his music as he desired and not what ‘fit his image.’ The fact that a concert had been scheduled right on the day they wanted to celebrate their anniversary against Sam’s express wish was the last straw.

Lucifer held Sam tightly while he ranted and raged and while Sam played the concert, with Lucifer sitting at the same spot as usual to see him, there was no real desire in Sam’s music. Lucifer could feel and see Sam’s anger, and it showed in his music.

The next day, Lucifer set up a meeting with Sam’s manager. They hadn’t been happy, but with Lucifer’s power and influence, they had no other choice but to terminate Sam’s contract. No one wanted to end up on the wrong side of Lucifer Nicolas Alighieri.

With the papers that marked Sam’s musical freedom, Lucifer drove home. Sam was already waiting for him, and when Lucifer opened the door to his apartment, he could hear Sam play. A powerful and dark melody made the air vibrate, and it reminded Lucifer of something old and primal, something was on the hunt.

Lucifer walked into his office, and Sam’s music room, and watched Sam play. It wasn’t one of Sam’s usual melodies as Sam was playing just for himself as he gave voice to his emotion like he couldn’t do it with words.

For a short moment, their eyes met, and Lucifer gave Sam a small smile before he retreated into the kitchen. There were times when Lucifer was invited to listen, but this wasn’t one of them.

Silently, while he was still listening to Sam's play, Lucifer prepared their dinner. Something small and easy.

When the scent of grilled cheese filled their home, Sam ended his play and joined Lucifer in the kitchen. While Sam sat down, Lucifer noticed the darkness and the disappointment in Sam’s eyes. Lucifer placed the grilled cheese on a plate and putting it in front of Sam, who only stared at the food in front of him.

Sighing, Lucifer cut the food into small bites and held up the fork for Sam to take a bite. Sam only glowered at Lucifer, and while he knew that Sam wasn’t angry with him, Lucifer saw no reason to
allow Sam to bathe in his self-pity any longer.

“Sam, your fool mood won’t help you, and I know you haven’t eaten since yesterday evening. Please, Sam.”

Without further words, Sam ate what Lucifer had put in front of him and put his plate away when he was done. Everything happened in total silence, and Sam was about to retreat into Lucifer’s office Lucifer stopped him.

“Sam, before you go back playing, I’ve got something for you.”

Frowning, not a reaction Lucifer had ever seen when he told Sam he got something for him, Sam sat back down and looked at him. The tired and hurt look on Sam’s face made Lucifer wish he had done more to Sam’s old management than he already had.

Placing the papers in front of Sam, Lucifer said nothing and turned back around to get himself a beer. Behind him, papers rustled while Sam read through the formal agreement between Lucifer and Sam’s old management. He hoped he had done the right thing. He hadn’t talked with Sam about this and should Sam get angry with him; Lucifer would do everything in his power to find a new and better contract for him.

Sitting down opposite from Sam, Lucifer waited until Sam finished reading the documents. When Sam finally looked up, an expression of pure disbelief on his face with the pages held in both hands; he just stared at Lucifer.

“You... you bailed me out of my contract.”

Nodding, Lucifer sipped on his beer. He couldn’t decide what to make out of Sam’s expression.

“Yes. You have been unhappy about your contract, the restrictions, the way you couldn’t express yourself as you deserve. They let you of your contract without further problems. You are free to do as you please. If you want, I can help you find suitable management who will work with you and will allow you to explore every facet of your musical talent to your fullest. However, I can still keep myself in the background and help you to get to know the right people so you can take care of it yourself. I have faith in you that this won’t be a problem for you, Sam.”

Sam gathered the papers and placed them as a neat stack in front of Lucifer before he got up, and walked around the kitchen counter before he pulled Lucifer into a tight hug. With his face pressed against Sam’s chest, Lucifer felt like Sam was trying to smother him, but he didn’t care. How could he doubt Sam’s reaction for one moment? Lucifer felt so foolish when he heard Sam’s small whisper full of joy and happiness.

“Thank you, Lucifer...”

After Sam was finally free from his suffocating contract, Lucifer did everything he could to find the perfect management for Sam. Only the best for his gifted boy who finally had his spirit and music back in his eyes.

It had taken them a while to find something both considered suitable, and it took even longer to create a concept to Sam’s liking.

It took them almost a year to set everything up, and schedule the first concert and everything
around it. The first evening with Sam showing the world the true colors of his music.

Lucifer had already taken his seat. He had the best view on the stage and couldn’t wait for Sam to start. They had shared a silent moment in Sam’s room where Sam had allowed Lucifer to hold him for long quiet minutes. Sam was nervous, and so was Lucifer, but he had faith in Sam just like he trusted the magic he would weave with his music. He was going to lure his audience in and they would cry tears of joy for the privilege of being allowed to listen to Sam’s music.

The concert hall turned dark but for the spotlight on the stage. The light threw its cold and bright light-colored in frosty blue on the stage like a pillar of ice.

Sam stepped into the light, which gave his whole tall appearance something sinister.

When Sam asked Lucifer to help him pick a new outfit that would fit the latest concert, Lucifer had been thrilled. He had dragged Sam to his tailor, told the guy what he had in mind for Sam while he asked Sam to play along. The result had been breathtaking, and now Sam was wearing said results on stage today.

White, from head to toe, Sam was dressed in white.

The way the white slacks clung to his frame should be illegal in Lucifer’s mind because Sam’s ass looked far too biteable in them. The white dress shirt, with the sleeves, rolled up as not to hinder his performance, seemed to molded right onto his body. It enhanced the sharp lines of Sam’s shoulders the neat collar was like a frame around Sam’s throat and thanks to the waistcoat Sam had picked for himself; Sam looked like sin formed into the body of a young man. The single splash of color on this white on the white suit was the tie Sam had picked.

“It’s the color of your eyes,” Sam had said, and Lucifer couldn’t find the right words to answer.

Seeing Sam like this, dressed in innocent white while he seemed so pure with his long hair tight back, Lucifer wanted to drag him off the stage and make Sam beg for his release.

Slowly, Sam lifted his violin to his shoulder, the bow hovering over the strings, one last silent second, a fleeting heartbeat, a shaky breath... and the first note of his music filled the room.

Lucifer had watched Sam practice in the evening for months now, and he knew each note as well as Sam did, and so Lucifer allowed Sam to lure him in, but at the same time, he watched the audience.

Many of them stared at Sam in disbelief. They had come with the conclusion on the kind of performance as they were used to see from Sam only to get the surprise of the year.

Averting his eyes back to Sam, Lucifer saw the small smirk on Sam’s face. He was now in his element like a fish in the water.

The music changed, darker and meant to catch you, to lure you into the dark of the night, and with the change of the music, the light changed as well. The cool blue turned into darker shades until the blue turned dark purple, a reverse sunrise with the colors varying from light to dark, only to turn into obscure bleeding red when the music reached his crescendo.

Sam lead the bow like it was a sword and the violin his shield as he fought a bloody battle. Full and rich sounds filled the concert hall, and the longer Sam played, bathed in the dark red light, the
more the music turned into the desire, want, sex. There was no mistaking what Sam’s music wanted to tell his audience and when Sam finally looked up at Lucifer, the first time since he walked out on stage, Sam’s eyes seemed to glow from within in the same red light that was still bathing him from above only to give a dark and dangerous appearance.

In Sam’s eyes, Lucifer could see everything Sam was feeding into his music. He made no mystery out of his longing for Lucifer, and you had to be blind for not seeing it.

They just stared at each other while Sam held the audience for a moment longer in his thrall before he reached the end, the end of the battle, the cosmic end, the highest mountain, the orgasmic final.

With bow and violin held in each hand, Sam bowed to his audience. The hall was deadly silent for three long seconds before the audience erupted into applause and standing ovation.

People were still applauding, when the lights went back on, Lucifer could see a blush creeping up Sam’s throat and colored his face in a warm shade of red. Sam beamed brighter than the sun at that moment.

Lucifer got up, closed the buttons of his suit jacket, and left his seat in silence. He was looking forward to their celebration of Sam’s successful start on his new path. Sam would be glorious, and people were going to fall for his music like a moth for the flame.

…

The next morning, when Lucifer opened his laptop to read the news with Sam still sleeping in their bed, Lucifer smirked.

In front of him was an article regarding Sam’s performance the evening before. The headline alone was enough to paint a smile on Lucifer’s face for the next week:

“The Devil’s Violinist enthralls audience…”

Lucifer would get a printed version of the article, a fitting frame, and he would hang it up in his office so he could always look the perfect sin that was his violinist.
End Notes

For more of my insanity, find me on tumblr: Silvaxus You want on my taglist on tumblr? No Problem! Write me a message either here on Ao3 with your tumblr tag or write me on tumblr.

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